

I

Tempus irae
 Calamitatis,
 Caelus tonitrit ferrox.
 Fulmen fulminat
 Nubes illuminat
 Color caelureo.
 Pluvia plovit
 Terram perfundit
 Provocationi Iuppiter respondit.
 Deus iratus!
 Deus rabidus!
 Mittit filium suum
 Natus de Iove formosaque
 Filia Regis Maronis
 Puella maximae amoenitatis.
 Puer semideus
 Pulcher et fortis,
 Aspecto praestringat
 Atque virtute incantat
 Dominus fulgurum
 Dominus nebularum
 Rex caelorum
 Hercules nominatus.

I

Time of wrath
 Of calamity
 Thunders the sky ferocious
 Lighting flashes
 the clouds illuminating
 With the colour of blue
 The rain is pouring
 The ground, drenches
 Jupiter responds to the challenge
 Angered God
 Raging God
 Sends his son
 Born of Jove and a beautiful girl
 The daughter of King Maron
 Girl of most splendid beauty.
 The boy, demi-god
 Handsome and courageous
 Dazzling with his beauty
 and with his physical prowess, enchanting.
 Lord of the lightning
 Lord of the clouds
 King of the skies
 by the name of Hercules

II

Instigat Pluto provocationem
 Potestates liberando,
 Avernum permovens
 Terram tremendo
 Aperit abyssum.
 Donat natum,

Pluto instigates the challenge
 Unleashing his powers
 The Underworld, shaking
 With the earth quaking
 He opens an abyss
 Birth he gives

Pueri semidivino	To a demigod boy
Nativus a puella capillo nigro	Born by a girl with a hair of black
Tanta pulchra filia, Reginae Laetiae.	Such a beautiful daughter, of Queen Laetia
Deus improbus! Deus aeneus!	Audacious God, self-serving God,
Utatur fillium terram regnare	Using his son to rule the Earth
Instrumentum voluntatis suae.	An instrument to his own will.
Mundum periclitaturum,	The world is going to be endangered,
Certamen pugnaturum	A battle is going to be waged
Inter filios duos!	Between those two sons!

Chorus

Dies irae!	Days of wrath!
Dies illae!	Those hard days!
Mundus venit in favilla!	The world goes into ash!
Mutatam marem in vapore,	Turns the sea into vapour,
Fressam montem in pulvere.	The mountain to dust is ground.
Corruit supra pedes terra	The ground crumbles beneath the feet,
Fluit sanguine flumena!	Flows the river with blood!
Piscum vitam suffocatur	Life is choked out of the fishes
Florum colorem siccatur	Colour drained from the flowers
Ab igno in quo ardetur sylvas!	From the fire in which burn the forests
Flant venti venena ferendo	The winds are blowing, poison carrying
Convenimus cuncti in moriendo!	We'll all meet in dying.

III

Venit primus	Comes the first one
Tunc secundus	Then the second
In aeureo vestitus	Donned in gold
Armatura nitida,	Shining armour,
Aliter in argento	The other one in silver
Aequae splendidae.	Of equal splendour.
Crepat in Hercule, fulmen divina	Crackles in Hercules, the divine lightning
Ex oculis, emittit ignicula	Out of his eyes, sparkles emitting.

Ardit in Hade ignis divinus	Burns in Hades the divine fire
Ex oculis saltant linguae flammae	Out of his eyes tongues of flames are dancing
Pugnum est imminens!	The fight is imminent!
Quo victor in fine erit?	Who will in the end be victor?
Ille quis unus remanebit,	The one who will end up remaining,
Fatum omnium habebit!	The fate of all will be having!
Vivamus in prosperitate?	Will we live in prosperity?
Vel moriamus in acerbitate?	Or in anguish perish?

IV

Equitat Fulminator	Rides the Lighting-Hurler
Aqulam albam	The White Eagle
Aviem illam pennantam	That feathered bird
Fulminibus alis	With wings of lightning
Nubifer nominata!	Named Cloud-Bringer!
Contra illem advenit	Against him adverts
Ignifer, draconem magnum nigrum	the Fire-Bringer, a great black dragon
Equitans, serpens illa	riding, that serpent
Ignibus alis	with wings of fire
Se spectant,	They stare at each other
Potestates mensurant.	Measuring their powers.
Tonitrit gladius Herculis,	The sword of Hercules thunders,
fulmina ad Hade iacit	hurling lightning at Hades
Incendit gladius Hadis,	Bursts forth the sword of Hades,
Fulmina extinguit!	Extinguishing the lightning!
Certamen! Est certamen! X 3	Battle, it's a battle!
Certamen divinum	Divine battle!
Versus dui, semidei!	Against two, demigods!
Ferox est! atque horridus!	It is fierce! And horrendous!
Se vulnerant! Cum tantis vulnis!	They wound each other! With such wounds!
Secundo penetranter!	Cutting deeply!
Fodendo inhumane!	Stabbing mercilessly!

Ardentes! Secantes! Fodentes!
Bestiae divinae tamen pugnant
Se diripiunt acutis unguis
Ignis spiritator, flumen sputator
Caro adusto, membra separata!

Burning! Slashing! Stabbing!
The divine beasts are also fighting
Tearing with sharp claws and talons
Fire-breather, lightning spitter
Charred flesh! Severed limbs!

Chorus

Dies irae!
Dies illae!
Mundus venit in favilla!
Mutatam marem in vapore,
Fressam montem in pulvere!
Corruit supra pedes terra
Fluit sanguine flumena!
Piscum vitam suffocatur
Florum colorem siccatur,
De igno in quo ardetur sylvas!
Flant venti venena ferendo
Convenimus cuncti in moriendo!

Days of wrath!
Those hard days!
The world goes into ash!
Turns the sea into vapour,
The ground crumbles beneath the feet,
Flows the river with blood!
Life is chocked out of the fishes
Colour drained from the flowers
By the fire in which burn the forests
The winds are blowing, poison carrying
We'll all meet in dying.

V

Finis non videnda
Matres duae appropinquant
Fillos suos imploratum
Causa pugna sistere
Oculis lacrimosis
Territae, turbatae
Voces tremulis,
Placitam est dictam.
Causa sonitum pugnandi
Plorati matrum ne'nt auditi!
Clamant illae in desperatione
Ad fine respondent item mariti

Not seeing the end
The two mothers approach
To implore their sons
To stop the fighting
With teary eyes
Frightened, perturbed
With voices shaking
Their plea is made.
Because of the sounds of fighting
The pleas of the mothers are silent!
In desperation they are shouting
At the end their husbands also respond

Sistite! Sistite! obsecrate sistite! Stop it! Stop it! Please stop!
Matres vestrorum fertis patere! You bring your mothers to pain!
Vidite, vidite! Lacrimosae! Look! Look! At the tears!
Non audiunt dui, nec vir nec mater The two do not hear, not man nor mother
Dum unus ne'st mortuurus, aliter exaltaturus. Until the one is dead, and the other exalted.

VI

Patres illorum divini Their divine fathers,
Solum spectant frigidi Only watch cold-hearted
Nil faciunt illis sistere They do nothing to stop them
Habent dui agendas sui Own agendas they are having
Iurgium divinum enodandum, The divine dispute must be ended,
Quis ab duobus capiat mundum? To whom will the world be granted?
Sed quando audiunt, clamorae feminarum But when they hear,
Non posunt silens sedere The clamouring women, they cannot sit silent
Atque cernunt intercedere And decide in intervening
Pro pulcherissimis feminis For the sake of the most beautiful women
Nolunt tantum essent tristate! They did not wish for their sadness!
Sistite! Sistite! Matres tristae non facite! Stop! Stop! Make not your mothers sad!
Ita stat, consorbini dui, a lacrimis mulcentur And so they stop, the two cousins,
Inter duobus pacem faciantur Touched by the tears, between them peace appears
In fine vincunt amor et humanitas! In the end love and humanity prevail!
Salvans mundum, venit a prosperitate! Saving the world, it goes to prosperity!