

1. Heu! quid ja - ces sta - bu - lo om - ni - um cre - a - tor?  
 2. Is - tuc a - mor ge - ne - ris me tra - xit hu - ma - ni,  
 3. O Te lau - dum mil - li - bus, lau - do, lau - do, lau - do!

om - ni - um cre - a - tor?  
 me tra - xit hu - ma - ni,  
 lau - do, lau - do, lau - do!

om - ni - um cre - a - tor?  
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Sources: Melchior Franck, Rosetulum Musicum, das ist: Newes Musicalisches Rosengärtlein, Coburg 1628

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The text is an excerpt of a poem ("Eia mea anima") by Jean Momboir (latin form: Johannes Mauburnus, english: John Mauburn), 1460 - 1503 which was often used for hymns. The work also contains a german version of this work which is published separately in cpdl: "Warum liegt im Krippelein".

Melchior Franck, Heu! quid jaces stabulo

Va - gi - ens cu - na - bu - lo, mun - - di re - pa - ra - tor. Si Rex, u - bi pur - pu -  
quod se no - xa sce - le - ris oc - - ci - dit pro - fa - ni his me - is in - o - pi -  
tan - tis mi - ra - bi - li - bus plau - do, plau - do, plau - do, glo - ri - a sit glo - ri -

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tan - tis mi - ra - bi - li - bus plau - do, plau - do, plau - do, glo - ri - a sit glo - ri -

mun - - di re - pa - ra - tor.  
oc - - ci - dit pro - fa - ni  
plau - do, plau - do, plau - do,

mun - - di re - pa - ra - tor.  
oc - - ci - dit pro - fa - ni  
plau - do, plau - do, plau - do,

mun - - di re - pa - ra - tor.  
oc - - ci - dit pro - fa - ni  
plau - do, plau - do, plau - do,

mun - - di re - pa - ra - tor.  
oc - - ci - dit pro - fa - ni  
plau - do, plau - do, plau - do,

**1** Heu! quid jaces stabulo  
omnium creator?  
Vagiens cunabulo,  
mundi reparator.  
Si rex, ubi purpura,  
vel clientum munera,  
ubi aula Regis?  
hic omnis penuria,  
paupertatis curia,  
forma novae legis.

Ach! Was liegst du im Stall,  
du Schöpfer von allem?  
Weinend in der Wiege,  
du Erneuerer der Welt.  
Wenn du König bist, wo ist dein Purpur  
oder das Murmeln deines Gefolges,  
wo ist der königliche Palast?  
Hier ist alles Mangel,  
ein Ort der Armut,  
Abbild des Neuen Bundes.

Wherefore in the lowly stall,  
O Thou great Creator,  
Dost Thou raise Thine infant call,  
Glorious Renovator?  
Where Thy purple if a King?  
Where the shouts Thy subjects bring?  
Where Thy royal castle?  
Here is want with all her train,  
Poverty proclaims her reign—  
These Thy court and vassal.

Melchior Franck, Heu! quid jaces stabulo

ra?  
is  
a,

u - bi au-la Re - gis?  
te - per-go di-ta - re  
Do - mi-no in al - tis,

pau-per-ta - tis  
ve - ro sa - cri -  
dan-tur et prae -

ra?  
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8

8

8

8

vel cli-en-tum mur-mu - ra, u - bi au-la Re - gis? hic om-nis pe - nu - ri - a,  
gra - ti - a - rum co - pi - is te - per-go di-ta - re hoc - ce na - ta - li - ci - o  
a - man-ti me - mo - ri - a, Do - mi-no in al - tis, cu - i tes-ti - mo ni - a

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2 Istuc amor generis  
me traxit humani,  
quod se noxa sceleris  
occidit profani  
his meis inopiis  
gratiarum copiis  
te pergo ditare,  
hocce natalitio  
vero sacrificio  
te volens beare.

Die Liebe zum menschlichen Geschlecht  
hat mich hergeführt,  
da die Schuld des Frevls  
die Gottlosen zugrunde richtet.  
Durch meine Niedrigkeit,  
mit der Fülle der Gnaden  
werde ich dich bereichern.  
mit meiner Geburt,  
einem wahren Opfer,  
will ich dich selig machen.

Hither, by My love impelled,  
Have I come to save thee;  
Sin has long thy nature held,  
Powerful to enslave thee.  
By My emptiness and woe,  
By the grace that I bestow,  
Do I seek to fill thee.  
By My humble, lowly birth,  
By this sacrifice on earth,  
Blessing great I will thee.

Melchior Franck, Heu! quid jaces stabulo

11

cu - ri - a, for - ma no - vae le - gis. for - ma no - vae le - gis.  
 fi - ci - o te vo - lens be - a - re. te vo - lens be - a - re.  
 co - ni - a coe - li - cis à Psal - tis. coe - li - cis à Psal - tis.

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**3** O Te laudum millibus  
 laudo, laudo, laudo!  
 tantis mirabilibus  
 plaudo, plaudo, plaudo,  
 gloria sit gloria,  
 amanti memoria,  
 Domino in altis,  
 cui testimonia,  
 dantur et præconia  
 cœlicis à Psaltis.

O, mit Tausenden von Lobgesängen  
 preise, preise, preise ich dich!  
 Mit so vielen Wundertaten  
 spende ich dir Beifall, Beifall, Beifall,  
 Ehre sei  
 dem Andenken des liebenden  
 Gottes in der Höhe  
 dessen Zeugnisse  
 und Verkündigungen gegeben werden  
 durch himmlische Psalmen.

Songs of praise, ten thousand songs,  
 Sing I will and laud Thee;  
 For such grace my spirit longs,  
 Ever to applaud Thee.  
 Glory, glory let there be,  
 Lover of mankind to Thee,  
 In the heaven supernal.  
 Let this testimony fly  
 Over earth, and sea, and sky,  
 Borne by songs eternal.

(Gerhard Weydt)

(John Brownlie)

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me traxit humani,  
quod se noxa sceleris  
occidit profani  
his meis inopiis  
gratiarum copiis  
te pergo ditare,  
hocce natalitio  
vero sacrificio  
te volens beare.

Die Liebe zum menschlichen Geschlecht  
hat mich hergeführt,  
da die Schuld des Frevlers  
die Gottlosen zugrunde richtet.  
Durch meine Niedrigkeit,  
mit der Fülle der Gnaden  
werde ich dich bereichern.  
mit meiner Geburt,  
einem wahren Opfer,  
will ich dich selig machen.

Hither, by My love impelled,  
Have I come to save thee;  
Sin has long thy nature held,  
Powerful to enslave thee.  
By My emptiness and woe,  
By the grace that I bestow,  
Do I seek to fill thee.  
By My humble, lowly birth,  
By this sacrifice on earth,  
Blessing great I will thee.

Melchior Franck, Heu! quid jaces stabulo

cu-ri-a, for-ma no-vae le-gis. for-ma no-vae le-gis.  
 fi-ci-o te vo-lens be-a-re. te vo-lens be-a-re.  
 co-ni-a coe-li-cis à Psal-tis. coe-li-cis à Psal-tis.

cu-ri-a, for-ma no-vae le-gis. for-ma no-vae le-gis.  
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**3** O Te laudum millibus  
 laudo, laudo, laudo!  
 tantis mirabilibus  
 plaudo, plaudo, plaudo,  
 gloria sit gloria,  
 amanti memoria,  
 Domino in altis,  
 cui testimonia,  
 dantur et præconia  
 cœlicis à Psaltis.

O, mit Tausenden von Lobgesängen  
 preise, preise, preise ich dich!  
 Mit so vielen Wundertaten  
 spende ich dir Beifall, Beifall, Beifall,  
 Ehre sei  
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 Gottes in der Höhe  
 dessen Zeugnisse  
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 durch himmlische Psalmen.  
 (Gerhard Weydt)

Songs of praise, ten thousand songs,  
 Sing I will and laud Thee;  
 For such grace my spirit longs,  
 Ever to applaud Thee.  
 Glory, glory let there be,  
 Lover of mankind to Thee,  
 In the heaven supernal.  
 Let this testimony fly  
 Over earth, and sea, and sky,  
 Borne by songs eternal.  
 (John Brownlie)