

**Aria.**

*Nulla in mundo pax sincera  
sine felle; pura et vera,  
dulcis Jesu, est in te.*

*Inter poenas et tormenta  
vivit anima contenta  
casti amoris sola spe.*

**Recitative.**

*Blando colore oculos mundus  
decepit  
at occulto vulnere corda conficit;  
fugiamus ridentem, vitemus  
sequentem,  
nam delicias ostentando arte  
secura  
vellet ludendo superare.*

**Aria.**

*Spirat anguis  
inter flores et colores  
explicando tegit fel.  
Sed occulto factus ore  
homo demens in amore  
saepe lambit quasi mel.*

**Alleluia.**

**Aria.**

In this world there is no honest peace  
free from bitterness; pure and true (i.e.  
peace)  
sweet Jesus, lies in Thee.

Amidst punishment and torment  
lives the contented soul,  
chaste love its only hope.

**Recitative.**

This world deceives the eye by surface  
charms,  
but is corroded within by hidden wounds.  
Let us flee him who smiles, shun him who  
follows us,  
for by skilfully displaying its pleasures, this  
world  
overwhelms us by deceit.

**Aria.**

The serpent's hiss conceals its venom,  
as it uncoils itself  
among blossoms and beauty.  
But with a furtive touch of the lips,  
a man maddened by love  
will often kiss as if licking honey.

**Alleluia.**