

SAINT PETER DAMIAN

SACRED POEMS AND PRAYERS

Carmina Sacra et Preces

SABBATISMUS

Saint Peter Damian (1007–1072)
Carmina Sacra et Preces · Sacred Poems and Prayers

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Beheaded, he perished, but as a victor he sought the stars; while he bears the atrocity of
death, he purchases the glory of life. 67

Rogo te, immensa pietas, Deus Pater omnipotens, ne perdas me creaturam tuam ad tui similitudinem conditam ac pio Filii tui Domini mei Jesu Christi cruore redemptam. Porrige mihi manum tuam, Domine Deus meus, et eripe me de profundissimo lacu iniquitatum mearum. Erige lapsum, solve compeditum, illumina caecum, sana me mille malignorum spirituum vulneribus sauciatum. Heu me miserum, heu me perditum, heu me indeficienti lacrymarum fonte lugendum! qui dum spurcissimae carnis meae legibus vixi, nunquam te de me gaudere permisi, sed semper de reprobae vitae meae flagitiis ad amaritudinem provocavi. Sed scio, Domine, quia in voluntate tua cuncta sunt posita, et non est qui possit tuae resistere voluntati (Esther. XIII). Si enim decreveris salvare nos, continuo liberabimur Produci, Domine, de saxea cordis mei duritia lacrymarum abundantiam, qui de rupe deserti largissimam profluentis aquae copiam prodire jussisti (Exod. XVII; Num. XX; Psal. LXXVII). Domine Jesu Christe, si tu es lux vera, et ego colo te, cur pateris in tenebris esse me? Vae mihi, lumen adoro, et tenebras perfero; veritati deservio, et per inaniam cogitationum figmenta deludor. Domine, qui cavernas tartari divinitatis tuae radiis illustrasti; qui densas Aegypti tenebras Moysis famuli tui precibus effugasti (Exod. X); respice chaos istud, et tenebrosum mei cordis infernum visitationis tuae luce perfunde, ut animam, quam tu dignatus es, lux aeterna, redimere, tenebrarum auctor nequeat in obscuritatis suae caligine possidere. Qui illuminasti caecum a nativitate, illumina me (Joan. IX). Qui leprosos mundasti, purifica me. Qui Lazarum de sepulcro suscitasti, resuscita me vitiis fetidum, et perversae consuetudinis mole depressum (Joan. XI). Qui Daniele in lacu a leonum morsibus custodisti, eripe me (Dan. ult.). Qui tres pueros de camini aestuantis incendio liberasti, libera me (Dan. III). Qui liberasti Israel de oppensione Pharaonis, libera me (Exod. XII et XIII). Qui liberasti David de manibus Goliae et Saulis, libera me (I Reg. XVI). Qui eduxisti Petrum de carcere Herodis, libera me (Act. XII). Domine benedicte, gloriose, piissime vides, et ipse conscientiae meae testis es, quia volo mala mea cuncta respuere sanctisque tuis jussionibus, ut dignum est, obedire; sed quia nequeo ex me, spero in te. Non enim invenio in carne mea bonum. Et revera, Domine, quis unquam sanctorum ex se virtutem vel sanctitatem habere potuit? quis per se, sine auxilio, perfectionis culmen ascendit? Certe, Domine, non Petrus, non Paulus, non martyr, non apostolus, non denique ipsi angeli, non cherubim aut seraphim, nisi a te percepissent, donum aliquod habere potuissent.

I beseech you, O immense piety, God the Father almighty, not to destroy me, your creature, made in your likeness and redeemed by the precious blood of your Son, my Lord Jesus Christ. Extend your hand to me, O Lord my God, and snatch me from the deepest pit of my iniquities. Raise up the fallen, release the fettered, enlighten the blind, heal me who am wounded by a thousand wounds from malignant spirits. Alas for me, wretched one, alas for me, lost one, alas for me, who should be mourned with an unfailing fount of tears! For while I lived according to the laws of my most squalid flesh, I never allowed you to rejoice in me, but always provoked you to bitterness by the shameful deeds of my reprobate life. But I know, Lord, that all things are placed in your will, and there is no one who can resist your will (Esther 13). For if you decree to save us, we shall be freed at once. Bring forth, O Lord, from the stony hardness of my heart an abundance of tears, you who commanded a most generous supply of flowing water to come forth from the rock of the desert (Exodus 17; Numbers 20; Psalm 77). Lord Jesus Christ, if you are the true light, and I worship you, why do you suffer me to be in darkness? Woe is me, I adore the light, and I endure the darkness; I serve the truth, and I am deluded by the fictions of empty thoughts. O Lord, you who illuminated the caverns of Tartarus with the rays of your divinity; you who drove away the dense darkness of Egypt at the prayers of your servant Moses (Exodus 10); look upon this chaos, and flood the dark inferno of my heart with the light of your visitation, so that the author of darkness may not be able to possess in the gloom of his obscurity the soul which you, eternal light, deigned to redeem. You who enlightened the man blind from birth, enlighten me (John 9). You who cleansed the lepers, purify me. You who raised Lazarus from the tomb, resuscitate me, who am fetid with vices and weighed down by the burden of perverse habit (John 11). You who protected Daniel in the den from the lions' bites, rescue me (Daniel, last chapter). You who delivered the three young men from the fire of the blazing furnace, deliver me (Daniel 3). You who delivered Israel from the oppression of Pharaoh, deliver me (Exodus 12 and 13). You who delivered David from the hands of Goliath and Saul, deliver me (1 Kings 16). You who led Peter out of Herod's prison, deliver me (Acts 12). O blessed, glorious, most pious Lord, you see, and you yourself are witness to my conscience, that I wish to reject all my evils and to obey your holy commands, as is fitting; but because I cannot do it of myself, I hope in you. For I do not find good in my flesh. And truly, Lord, which of the saints was ever able to have virtue or holiness from himself? Who by himself, without help, has ascended to the summit of perfection? Certainly, Lord, not Peter, not Paul, not a martyr, not an apostle, not even the angels themselves, not cherubim or seraphim, could have had any gift, unless they had received it from you.

Si ergo ipsae virtutes coelorum nihil habent a se, sed omnia perceperunt a te, quid ergo boni a me, qui sum stereus et vermis, pulvis et cinis, poteris expectare, nisi quod ipse digneris infundere? Tu enim es Pater luminum, a quo omne datum optimum omneque donum perfectum (Jac. I). Tu es, a quo bona cuncta procedunt. Tu fons vitae. Tu auctor salutis aeternae. Sicut enim terrae non a se ipsa, sed de coelo semper lumen infunditur; sic anima mea sicut terra sine aqua tibi (Psal. CXLII), tenebrosa squalet semper et arida, nisi tuae gratiae rore perfusa tui splendoris radio fuerit illustrata. Et quidem inquiri apud me, Domine, ut tibi de meis aliquid offeram, sed, cum omnia mei pectoris arcana revolve, nihil ibi nisi tenebras video, nihil omnino nisi vitiorum tribulos et spinas invenio. Vide ergo, Domine, miseriam meam, vide tantae paupertatis inopiam, mihiq; compunctionis gratiam tribue, quae animae meae rubiginem tergere tamque cruenta meorum criminum valeat inquinamenta lavare. Expelle, Domine, frigus hoc atque torporem de meo pectore, et flammam in me dulcissimae tuae charitatis accende. Nunquid enim, Domine, immensam tuae pietatis abundantiam mea valebit iniquitas vincere, quam totius mundi non potuerunt crimina superare? Nam cum totus pene mundus esset idololatriae deditus, quis te rogare praesumeret, ut quem coeli non capiunt uteri virginalis angustias habitaturus inviseres, mortalitatis nostrae membra susciperes, mortis atrocissimae tormenta perferres, ut inimicos tuos a mortis debitae supplicio liberares?

Si ergo, clementissime et piissime Domine, misericordiae tuae magnitudinem totius mundi flagitia non vicerunt, unius canis mortui peccata quantumlibet gravia superabunt? Absit hoc a te, Domine. Absit a te, qui dixisti: Nolo mortem peccatoris (Ezech. XVIII, XXXIII). Quid est ergo quod dicis: Gaudium esse angelis Dei super uno peccatore poenitentiam agente? (Luc. XV.) Quid est quod de te Propheta dicit: Quia miserationes tuae sunt super omnia opera tua? (Psal. CXLIV.) Nonne tu, Domine, permisisti te ab illa spurcissima et foedissima muliere contingi, quae fluxu erat sanguinis cruentata? (Matth. IX; Luc. VIII.) Cujus praesumptionis audaciam non modo nullatenus condemnasti, sed ut salutem quoque cum ipsa vestimenti fimbria raperet, indulxisti. Nonne tu, mitissime Domine, cum multivira illa Samaritana loqui dignatus es? (Joan. IV.) sive, quod majus est, nunquid non cum Chananaea, quae adorabat idola, colloquium miscuisti? (Matth. XV.) Ejus insuper filiam a daemonio maternis precibus liberasti?

If, therefore, the very virtues of the heavens have nothing from themselves, but have received all things from you, what good, then, can you expect from me, who am dung and a worm, dust and ashes, except what you yourself deign to pour in? For you are the Father of lights, from whom is every best gift and every perfect gift (James 1). You are he from whom all good things proceed. You are the fount of life. You are the author of eternal salvation. For just as light is not poured into the earth from itself, but always from heaven, so my soul, like a land without water unto you (Psalm 142), is always dark, squalid, and arid, unless it is suffused with the dew of your grace and illuminated by the ray of your splendor. And indeed, I search within myself, Lord, to offer you something of my own, but when I turn over all the secrets of my heart, I see nothing there but darkness; I find nothing at all but the thistles and thorns of vices. See, therefore, Lord, my misery; see the indigence of such great poverty, and grant me the grace of compunction, which may be able to wipe away the rust of my soul and wash the bloody stains of my crimes. Expel, Lord, this coldness and torpor from my breast, and kindle in me the flame of your most sweet charity. For surely, Lord, my iniquity will not be able to overcome the immense abundance of your piety, which the crimes of the whole world could not surpass? For when almost the whole world was given over to idolatry, who would have presumed to ask you—whom the heavens cannot contain—to visit, intending to inhabit the narrow confines of a virgin's womb, to take on the members of our mortality, to endure the torments of a most atrocious death, so that you might free your enemies from the punishment of a deserved death?

If, therefore, most clement and most pious Lord, the outrages of the whole world did not overcome the magnitude of your mercy, will the sins, however grave, of one dead dog overcome it? Far be this from you, Lord. Far be it from you, who said: "I do not desire the death of the sinner" (Ezekiel 18, 33). What then is this that you say: "There is joy before the angels of God over one sinner who repents"? (Luke 15). What is this that the Prophet says of you: "For your mercies are over all your works"? (Psalm 144). Did you not, Lord, permit yourself to be touched by that most unclean and foul woman, who was bloodied by a flow of blood? (Matthew 9; Luke 8). Not only did you in no way condemn the audacity of her presumption, but you even granted that she might snatch salvation along with the very fringe of your garment. Did you not, most gentle Lord, deign to speak with that Samaritan woman who had had many husbands? (John 4). Or, what is greater, did you not converse with the Canaanite woman, who adored idols? (Matthew 15). Moreover, did you not free her daughter from a demon at her mother's prayers?

Hanc circa me, quaeso, Domine, mirandae pietatis tuae regulam exhibe; extinctum animae meae infelicitis igniculum his olei tui fomitibus reaccende. Non Pauli, non Petri misericordiam quaero, quia dum alter ignorantia, alter timore peccavit, facile uterque veniam obtinuit. Illud mihi, piissime Domine, misericordiae tuae genus indulge, illud animae meae languenti, vel jamjam potius morienti, suavissimae medicinae tuae poculum porrige, quod latroni in cruce pendenti misericors obtulisti, eumque absorptum ex deglutientis mortis faucibus eduxisti (Luc. XXIII). Illud tuae misericordiae genus quaero, quod deprehensae in adulterio praebuisti (Joan. VIII); quod peccatrici in domo Simonis contulisti (Luc. VII); quae dum pedes tuos crinibus tersit, animam suam a peccatorum sorde purgavit. Hoc modo trahe me ad te, Salvator meus, accende me, purifica me. Impleantur amore tuo omnia viscera mea, ut benedicat tibi anima mea, et descendat super me misericordia tua. Ad hoc enim te Pater omnipotens misit in terras, ut salvos facias peccatores, qui tecum et cum Spiritu sancto vivit et regnat Deus in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

II. Oratio ad Deum Filium.

Recordare, Domine Jesu Christe, quia non auro, vel argento, sed proprii sanguinis tui me pretio redemisti (I Petr. I); et cum tu sis fons patens domus David in ablutione peccatoris et menstruatae, ego solus, Domine, tantae pietatis expers ero, et extra redemptionis tuae lineam remanebo? Heu me, piissime Domine, permittes me cum regenerationis tuae tunica, quam mihi dedisti, cum vexillo sanctae crucis, quam mihi in fronte pinxisti, in manus venire diaboli, et cum ipsis tuis insignibus aeternis incendiis cruciari? Scio, Domine, quia tantae pietatis es, si ego perfecte convertor ad te, quod tu statim recipies me. Sed quia tantae fragilitatis et ignorantiae sum ut ipsa conversio per me sine te digne fieri non possit, tu me converte, Deus salutaris meus, tu illumina animam meam, tu dirige, tu in me flammam tuae dilectionis accende. Et forsitan, justissime et piissime Domine, tanta sunt peccata mea, ut nulla mea poenitentia ad haec plangenda sufficiat; ecce corpus meum, per quod te miser offendi, tu, qui es animarum medicus, verbera, flagella; sive lepra, sive quibuscunque doloribus tibi visum fuerit, durissime percutere. Tua plane creatura sum, conditor meus; tu me tuis cinge flagellis, nec tradas me in manus inimici mei; aut si eousque mea processit iniquitas ut in hac non possit vita deleri, praecipe usque ad diem iudicii tui ultricibus me poenis affligi, ut tunc saltem extremus omnium electorum tuorum merear inveniri. Absit enim a me ut postulem gloriam. Sufficit mihi, ut tantummodo poenas evadam.

Apply to me, I beseech you, Lord, this rule of your wondrous piety; rekindle the extinguished little spark of my unhappy soul with these fuels of your oil. I do not seek the mercy shown to Paul or Peter, for since one sinned out of ignorance and the other out of fear, each easily obtained pardon. Grant me, most pious Lord, that kind of your mercy; extend to my languishing, or rather now dying, soul that cup of your most sweet medicine which you mercifully offered to the thief hanging on the cross, and whom you drew out, having been absorbed, from the jaws of devouring death (Luke 23). I seek that kind of your mercy which you showed to the woman caught in adultery (John 8); which you bestowed upon the sinful woman in the house of Simon (Luke 7), who, while she wiped your feet with her hair, cleansed her own soul from the filth of sins. In this way draw me to you, my Savior; inflame me, purify me. Let all my inmost being be filled with your love, so that my soul may bless you, and your mercy may descend upon me. For to this end the omnipotent Father sent you to earth, that you might save sinners, you who with the Father and the Holy Spirit live and reign, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

II. A Prayer to God the Son.

Remember, Lord Jesus Christ, that you redeemed me not with gold or silver, but with the price of your own blood (1 Peter 1); and since you are a fountain open to the house of David for the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean woman, shall I alone, Lord, be devoid of such great piety, and remain outside the line of your redemption? Alas for me, most pious Lord, will you permit me, with the tunic of your regeneration which you gave me, with the banner of the holy cross which you painted on my forehead, to fall into the hands of the devil, and with your own emblems to be tormented in eternal fires? I know, Lord, that you are of such great piety that if I convert perfectly to you, you will immediately receive me. But because I am of such great fragility and ignorance that this conversion cannot be worthily done by me without you, you convert me, O God my savior, you enlighten my soul, you direct, you kindle in me the flame of your love. And perhaps, most just and most pious Lord, my sins are so great that no penitence of mine is sufficient to lament them; behold my body, through which I, a wretch, have offended you; you, who are the physician of souls, strike, scourge; whether with leprosy, or with whatever pains it may seem good to you, strike most harshly. I am plainly your creature, my creator; gird me with your scourges, and do not deliver me into the hands of my enemy; or if my iniquity has progressed so far that it cannot be erased in this life, command that I be afflicted with avenging punishments until the day of your judgment, so that then at least I may deserve to be found the last of all your elect. For far be it from me that I should ask for glory. It is enough for me that I only escape the punishments.

Sed quoniam preces meae, tam sordido ore prolatae, ad te non merentur ascendere, te rogo, beata virgo Maria, templum Dei vivi, aula Regis aeterni, sacrarium Spiritus sancti, benedicta inter mulieres; redolet ager sacratissimi uteri tui naribus cordis mei; ex quo, videlicet agro, dum unicum illud ac singulare lilium prodiit, omne cum eo virtutum spiritualium germen erupit. Tu enim es coelestis illa terra, quae dedit fructum suum. Te materiam Sapientia coelestis habuit, unde templum sui corporis fabricavit. Te Spiritus sanctus implevit. Te virtus Altissimi ineffabiliter obumbravit. Tu defer preces meas ad Filium Creatorem tuum. Imo tu ora pro me, tu obsecra, cujus nimirum vota non possunt despici, cujus preces in ejus conspectu nequeunt parvipendi. Ecce, Domina mea, infelix ego deprehensus in crimine ducor ad furcas, raptor ad gladium, pertrahor ad supplicium. Exsurgat ergo Regina mundi, opponat se, ingrediatur ad Filium et liberet reum. Accurre et tu, o 5 Michael, coelestis militiae princeps et qui in fine mundi perempturus es Antichristum contra Deum se contumaciter extollentem, jam illum deice in corde meo regnare tentantem. Libera a tentatione animam meam dum vivit in corpore, ut eam post obitum Creatori suo digne valeas praesentare. Adjuva me et tu, o B. Gabriel, foederator coelestium nuptiarum; salva me precibus tuis miserum peccatorem, qui illum missus es nuntiare qui venturus erat in mundum peccatores et miseros liberare (Luc. I). Medere et tu languidae animae meae, S. Raphael, quique Sarae daemonium abstulisti, et Tobiae oculos, quos perdidit reddidisti (Tob. III, XI); malignum ab anima mea spiritum, qui virum ejus Christum ab ea dividere conatur, exclude et caeco cordi meo luminis jubar infunde. Orate pro me, omnes sancti angeli, omnes sancti archangeli, omnes sanctae virtutes, omnes sanctae potestates, omnes sanctae dominationes, omnes sancti principatus. Ora pro me, sancte chorus throni, ora pro me, sancte chorus cherubim, ora pro me, sancte chorus seraphim. Orate pro me, omnes sancti patriarchae, omnes sancti prophetae. Oret pro me iudex apostolorum senatus. Oret pro me candidatus martyrum chorus. Orent pro me sancti confessores omnesque sanctae virgines. Orate pro me misero et funditus perduto, domini mei, omnes sancti Dei.

Et quae est tam crudelis multitudo peccati, quae tot senatorum coelestium nequeant intercessionem deleri? Nec enim potestis esse misericordia vacui qui cum ipso fonte misericordiae inseparabiliter estis uniti. Scio, Domine, quia non mereor ecclesiae tuae limina sacra contingere, nec infelices oculos ad coelum levare. Indignus sum benedictum et gloriosum nomen tuum per polluta et spurcida labia mea proferre; sed veniat, oro, Spiritus tuus in animam meam, et omnia haec inquinamenta detergat.

But since my prayers, uttered by so foul a mouth, do not deserve to ascend to you, I ask you, blessed Virgin Mary, temple of the living God, hall of the eternal King, sanctuary of the Holy Spirit, blessed among women; the field of your most sacred womb is fragrant to the nostrils of my heart; from which field, namely, when that one and singular lily came forth, every seed of spiritual virtues burst forth with it. For you are that heavenly earth, which gave its fruit. Heavenly Wisdom had you as its material, from which it fashioned the temple of its body. The Holy Spirit filled you. The power of the Most High ineffably overshadowed you. You carry my prayers to your Son and Creator. Indeed, you pray for me, you beseech, whose vows certainly cannot be despised, whose prayers cannot be held of little account in his sight. Behold, my Lady, I, an unhappy wretch, caught in a crime, am led to the gallows, a plunderer to the sword, I am dragged to punishment. Let the Queen of the world therefore arise, let her oppose, let her go in to her Son and set the guilty one free. Run also, O Saint Michael, prince of the heavenly host and you who at the end of the world will destroy the Antichrist who contumaciously exalts himself against God, now cast him down who attempts to reign in my heart. Free my soul from temptation while it lives in the body, so that after death you may be able to present it worthily to its Creator. Help me also, O Blessed Gabriel, arranger of the heavenly nuptials; save me, a miserable sinner, with your prayers, you who were sent to announce him who was to come into the world to free sinners and the wretched (Luke 1). Heal also my languid soul, O Saint Raphael, you who took away the demon from Sarah, and restored the eyes of Tobias, which he had lost (Tobit 3, 11); exclude from my soul the malignant spirit, who strives to separate her from her spouse Christ, and pour the radiance of light into my blind heart. Pray for me, all you holy angels, all you holy archangels, all you holy virtues, all you holy powers, all you holy dominations, all you holy principalities. Pray for me, O holy choir of thrones, pray for me, O holy choir of cherubim, pray for me, O holy choir of seraphim. Pray for me, all you holy patriarchs, all you holy prophets. Let the judging senate of the apostles pray for me. Let the white-robed choir of martyrs pray for me. Let the holy confessors and all the holy virgins pray for me. Pray for me, a miserable and utterly lost man, O my lords, all you saints of God.

And what multitude of sin is so cruel that it cannot be erased by the intercession of so many celestial senators? For you cannot be void of mercy, you who are inseparably united with the very fount of mercy. I know, Lord, that I do not deserve to touch the sacred thresholds of your church, nor to lift my unhappy eyes to heaven. I am unworthy to utter your blessed and glorious name with my polluted and filthy lips; but let your Spirit, I pray, come into my soul and wash away all these defilements.

Si enim sol iste, qui non de sublimioribus tuis est creaturis, tantas habet vires ut sordes deleat, terras illustret, arva fecundet; quanto magis, si coaeternus et consubstantialis tibi Spiritus tuus infelicem hanc arbusculam arescentem jam comisque nudatam dignetur invisere, faciet eam protinus revirescere! nec impotens erit eam virtutum floribus ac vernantium fructuum decore vestire. Veni, Domine Jesu, veni, dulcis habitator in me. Odor tuus omnia vincit aromata, suavitas tua favos et omnia mella transcendit. Veni, obsecro, totumque me tuo juri sic vendica; ut nullam in partem de caetero se tyrannus habere cognoscat, sed dedica me undique templum tuum, quia tu es Deus et Dominus meus, qui cum Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

III. Oratio ad Deum Spiritum sanctum.

Spiritus sancte Deus, omnipotens, coessentialis et coaeterne summo Patri ac Filio, ineffabiliter ab utroque procedens, cordi meo dignanter illabere, et nequitiae meae tenebras mirificus illustrator expelle; ut sicut Dei Verbum virginalis potuit uterus te superveniente concipere; ita et ego per auxilium gratiae tuae, 6 eundem meae salutis Auctorem valeam semper in mente portare. Tu enim, Domine, lux es mentium, tu virtus cordium, tu vita es animarum. Tu largitus es sanctis apostolis ut ad plenum redemptionis humanae sacramenta cognoscerent et fidei regulam inoffenso veritatis limite praedicarent. Tu dedisti beatis martyribus sanctae libertatis audaciam, ut et mundi principes non metuerent et exquisita poenarum genera constantissima longanimitate transirent. Tu locutus es in prophetis, tu in patriarchis fidei fundamenta constituisti. Tu sanctis omnibus et velle et posse, omniumque virtutum flores, quibus coelestia scanderent, praebuisti. Et ego, peccator infelix, quomodo sine te salvus fieri valeo, qui scilicet absque te, quid saltem orare debeam, non agnosco? Profecto, Domine, si tu recedis, anima mea non vivit. Sicut enim subtracta anima, corpus emoritur; sic te recedente, ipsa protinus anima, necesse est exstinguatur. Sentio, sentio, Domine, quia cum per occultam gratiam tuus aliquando vigor accedit, meus illico spiritus convalescit. Cum vero te peccatis meis exigentibus subtrahis infelix anima mea protinus arelecta contabescit et corrui; nec ut in studio purae orationis exerceatur assurgit. Descende ergo in me, vivificator aeternae, meique pectoris glaciem flamma tuae caritatis accende. Praebe capiti meo aquam, et saxeam cordis mei resolve duritiam; super hoc scilicet elementum, Domine, et ante mundi originem ferebaris (Gen. I); et nunc ad purificationem animarum in vivifica fontis fluentia descendis. Veni ergo in me cum aqua compunctionis, et potum mihi da in lacrymis in mensura. Vae mihi misero peccatori, qui et innumerabilia quotidie flenda committo, et tamen flere non valeo!

For if this sun, which is not among your more sublime creatures, has such powers as to wipe away filth, illuminate the lands, and make the fields fertile; how much more, if your Spirit, co-eternal and consubstantial with you, should deign to visit this unhappy little tree, already withering and stripped of its foliage, will he make it instantly green again! Nor will he be powerless to clothe it with the flowers of virtues and the beauty of burgeoning fruits. Come, Lord Jesus, come, sweet dweller within me. Your fragrance overcomes all spices, your sweetness surpasses honeycombs and all honey. Come, I beseech you, and so claim me entirely for your own dominion, that the tyrant may know he has no part in me henceforth, but dedicate me wholly as your temple; for you are my God and my Lord, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit live and reign for ever and ever. Amen.

III. Prayer to God the Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, God, almighty, coessential and coeternal with the highest Father and the Son, ineffably proceeding from both, deign to glide into my heart, and as a wondrous illuminator, drive out the darkness of my wickedness; so that just as the virginal womb was able to conceive the Word of God when you came upon it, so I too, through the help of your grace, may be able always to bear the same Author of my salvation in my mind. For you, Lord, are the light of minds, you are the strength of hearts, you are the life of souls. You granted to the holy apostles that they might fully know the sacraments of human redemption and preach the rule of faith within the unerring boundary of truth. You gave to the blessed martyrs the boldness of holy liberty, so that they would not fear the princes of the world and would endure exquisite kinds of punishments with most constant long-suffering. You have spoken in the prophets; you have established the foundations of faith in the patriarchs. To all the saints you have provided both the will and the power, and the flowers of all virtues, by which they might ascend to the heavens. And I, an unhappy sinner, how can I be saved without you, I who, without you, do not even know for what I ought to pray? Truly, Lord, if you depart, my soul does not live. For just as when the soul is withdrawn, the body dies; so when you depart, the soul itself must immediately be extinguished. I feel, I feel, O Lord, that when by a hidden grace your strength sometimes draws near, my spirit immediately recovers. But when, my sins demanding it, you withdraw, my unhappy soul, immediately abandoned, wastes away and collapses; nor does it rise to engage in the pursuit of pure prayer. Descend, therefore, into me, eternal life-giver, and with the flame of your charity, ignite the ice of my breast. Provide water for my head, and dissolve the stony hardness of my heart; for over this element, O Lord, you were borne even before the origin of the world (Gen. I); and now you descend into the life-giving streams of the font for the purification of souls. Come, therefore, into me with the water of compunction, and give me tears to drink in measure. Woe to me, a miserable sinner, who daily commit innumerable things to be wept for, and yet am unable to weep!

Imber ergo gratiae tuae, Domine, distillet in me, ut anima mea, quae a vitae fonte recedens aruerat, per tuae visitationis afflatum noviter revirescat. Paratum cor meum, paratum cor meum. Ecce, Domine, omnes sinus tibi mei cordis aperio, arcana pectoris laxo, tuaeque dignationis accessum inhiante exspecto.

Habet certe oculus carnis lumen suum, visibilem scilicet solem; sed te interior homo meus exspectat, qui lumen est animarum. Qui illuminasti caecum a nativitate (Joan. IX), illumina me. Qui resuscitasti Lazarum (Joan. XI), vivifica me. Heu, heu, infelix anima, cum tu sis vita corporis, ipsa mortua jacens, vivificatorem tuum habere Spiritum non mereris. Mortua tibi, vivis alii; ipsaque in tenebris constituta, exteriori substantiae lumen attribuis; sed videre non vales, quia non proprium lumen habes. Veni tu, obsecro, Spiritus veritatis, et omnes errorum tenebras a me potenter expelle. Judica, Domine, nocentes me, et expugna impugnantes me; apprehende arma et scutum, et exsurge in adiutorium mihi (Psal. XXXIV). Tu purificator et vivificator Spiritus, omnipotens aeternae Deus, ignis consumens es. Tu Spiritus iudicii, tu Spiritus ardoris. Corripe itaque cor meum, et omnium culparum vitiorumque rubiginem virtute tui ardoris exerge, et inimicum tibi nequitiae spiritum a cunctis meis sensibus prorsus exclude. Ex surgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus, et fugiant a facie ejus, qui oderunt eum. Sicut deficit fumus, deficient; sicut fluit cera a facie ignis, sic pereant peccatores a facie Dei (Psal. LXVII). Veni, quaeso, veni, benedicte Spiritus veritatis, et omnes meorum viscerum venas intimus scrutator ingredere. Tolle quidquid fermentatum, quidquid vitiosum, quidquid reperis noxiae vetustatis peste corruptum; meque fac azymum ac tuae munditiae puritate sincerum. Redde me mortuum mihi, viventem tibi. Mortifica in me omnes fomites carnalium voluptatum, excoque me ad purum, et non solum vitiis, sed et mundo me redde prorsus exstinctum. Veni, obsecro, Spiritus benedictionis aeternae, omnesque mei pectoris latebras inenarrabili tuae dulcedinis suavitate perfunde. Anima mea ad tuum liquescat adventum, coelestem virtutem per te renovata concipiat. Ad sui vigoris originem redeat atque in amorem tuum succensis visceribus inardescat. Benedic, anima mea, Dominum, et omnia interiora mea nomen sanctum ejus (Psal. CII). Uberem gratiae tuae benedictionem, Domine, anima mea suscipiat; et, ut tibi medullatas hostias offerat, ineffabili tuae dulcedinis adipe saginata pinguescat. Illumina me, lux veritatis, accende me, purifica me. Tu enim es largitor charismatum, tu auctor sanctificationum, et omnium remissio peccatorum. Tu virtutes angelicas ad amorem tuum indesinenter inflammas; tuae charitatis incendio cherubim et seraphim incomparabiliter aestuant. Tu me, Domine, tibi totum vindica, totum posside, nullamque in me partem a te vacare permitte: sed solus in me vivas, meque tibi soli vivere facias, qui vivis et gloriaris in Trinitate perfecta unus et verus Deus per omnia saecula saeculorum Amen.

Therefore, let the rain of your grace, O Lord, distill upon me, so that my soul, which had withered by departing from the fount of life, may grow green again through the breath of your visitation. My heart is ready, my heart is ready. Behold, Lord, I open to you all the recesses of my heart, I lay bare the secrets of my breast, and I eagerly await the approach of your favor.

The eye of the flesh certainly has its light, namely the visible sun; but my inner man awaits you, who are the light of souls. You who enlightened the man blind from birth (John IX), enlighten me. You who resurrected Lazarus (John XI), give me life. Alas, alas, unhappy soul, since you are the life of the body, you yourself lie dead, not deserving to have the Spirit as your life-giver. Dead to yourself, you live for another; and established in darkness, you attribute light to an exterior substance; but you are not able to see, because you do not have your own light. Come, I beseech you, Spirit of truth, and powerfully expel from me all the darkness of error. Judge, O Lord, those who harm me, and fight against those who attack me; take up arms and shield, and rise up to help me (Psalm 34). You, purifying and life-giving Spirit, almighty eternal God, are a consuming fire. You are the Spirit of judgment, you are the Spirit of burning. Therefore, correct my heart, and wipe away the rust of all faults and vices by the power of your burning, and utterly exclude from all my senses the spirit of wickedness, which is your enemy. Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered, and let them that hate him flee from his face. As smoke vanishes, let them vanish; as wax melts before the fire, so let sinners perish before the face of God (Psalm 67). Come, I pray, come, blessed Spirit of truth, and as an intimate searcher, enter all the veins of my inmost being. Take away whatever is leavened, whatever is vicious, whatever you find corrupted by the plague of harmful oldness; and make me unleavened and sincere with the purity of your cleanness. Make me dead to myself, alive to you. Mortify in me all the tinder of carnal pleasures, refine me to purity, and make me utterly dead not only to vices, but also to the world. Come, I beseech you, Spirit of eternal blessing, and pour into all the hidden recesses of my heart the ineffable sweetness of your delight. May my soul melt at your coming, may it, renewed through you, conceive heavenly virtue. May it return to the origin of its strength and, with its inmost being inflamed, burn with love for you. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name (Psalm 102). May my soul receive, O Lord, the abundant blessing of your grace; and, so that it may offer you rich sacrifices, may it grow fat, nourished by the ineffable richness of your sweetness. Enlighten me, light of truth, set me on fire, purify me. For you are the giver of gifts, you are the author of sanctifications, and the remission of all sins. You unceasingly inflame the angelic virtues to your love; in the fire of your charity the cherubim and seraphim burn incomparably. Claim me whole for yourself, O Lord, possess me whole, and permit no part of me to be empty of you: but may you alone live in me, and make me live for you alone, who live and are glorified in the perfect Trinity, one and true God, forever and ever. Amen.

Te adoro, te colo, te glorifico, te magnifico, benedicte, omnipotens, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus sanctus, trinus et unus Deus. Adjuva me, Domine, absolve me, purifica me, munda me, Rex meus et Deus meus. Da mihi justitiam, fortitudinem, temperantiam et prudentiam. Da mihi perfectam fidem, spem et charitatem. Concede mihi Spiritum sapientiae, et intellectus, consilii, et fortitudinis, scientiae, et pietatis, et timoris tui. Da mihi irriguum inferius et irriguum superius. Da mihi benedictionem de rore coeli et de pinguedine terrae. Mollifica, Domine, lapideum cor meum. Da mihi compunctionem et contritionem cordis, ut defleam innumerabilia peccata mea. Domine, non sum dignus ut intrem in ecclesiam tuam. Indignus sum levare infelices oculos meos ad coelum, vel exprimere nomen tuum benedictum per labia mea; sed tu, qui creasti me sicut vis et sicut scis, miserere mei, Domine, Deus meus.

Miserere, Domine, omnibus amicis meis, et propinquis, et omnibus benefactoribus meis, et omnibus qui orant te pro me, et omnibus qui rogant me orare pro se. Da eis poenitentiam fructuosam, mortifica in eis omnia vitia, et fac eos florere virtutibus tuis. Fac eos, Domine, sic per omnia vivere, ut majestati tuae valeant de bona sua conversatione placere. Miserere, Deus, pontificibus, regibus, potestatibus et omni populo Christiano. Sancta Maria, ora pro eis omnibus. Omnes sancti et sanctae Dei, orate pro eis. Miserere, Domine, omnibus benefactoribus meis defunctis, et pro quibuscunque orare debitor sum; et omnes fideles tuos absolve, et da eis partem et societatem cum sanctis tuis. Sancta virgo Maria; ora pro omnibus; omnes sancti et sanctae Dei, orate pro eis omnibus.

Te adoro unum in trinitate, et trinum in unitate, benedicte, omnipotens, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus sanctus. Miserere mihi miserrimo peccatori, clementissime, Deus meus, et miserere omnibus fidelibus tuis vivis et defunctis. Sancta virgo Maria, mater Dei et hominis, templum Dei vivi, virgo ante partum et virgo post partum, exaltata super choros angelorum, ora pro nobis omnibus. Sancte Michael, princeps militiae coelestis, sancte Gabriel, foederator coelestium nuptiarum, sancte Raphael, medicina Dei, orate pro nobis. S. Joannes Baptista, ora pro nobis. S. Petre, qui habes claves regni coelorum, S. Paule, S. Andrea, S. Joannes evangelista, orate pro nobis omnibus. S. Stephane, S. Apollinaris, S. Laurenti, orate pro nobis omnibus. S. Silvester, S. Martine, S. Benedicte, venerabilis pater noster, orate pro nobis omnibus. Sancta Agatha, S. Agnes, S. Caecilia, orate pro nobis omnibus. Omnes sancti angeli et archangeli, throni et dominationes, principatus, potestates, virtutes, cherubim, et seraphim, omnes sancti patriarchae et prophetae, apostoli, martyres, confessores, virgines, anachoretæ, viduae, omnes sancti et sanctae Dei, orate pro nobis omnibus fidelibus Christi vivis et defunctis. Pater noster.

Deus, cujus munere et trinitatem in personis, et unitatem in divina substantia confitemur, concede propitius ut, hac fidei lorica muniti, a cunctis mereamur adversitatibus liberari. Per Dominum.

I adore you, I worship you, I glorify you, I magnify you, blessed, almighty Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, triune and one God. Help me, O Lord, absolve me, purify me, cleanse me, my King and my God. Give me justice, fortitude, temperance, and prudence. Give me perfect faith, hope, and charity. Grant me the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and fortitude, of knowledge and piety, and of your fear. Give me the lower spring and the upper spring. Give me the blessing of the dew of heaven and of the fatness of the earth. Soften, O Lord, my heart of stone. Give me compunction and contrition of heart, that I may weep for my innumerable sins. Lord, I am not worthy that I should enter into your church. I am unworthy to lift my wretched eyes to heaven, or to utter your blessed name with my lips; but you, who created me as you will and as you know, have mercy on me, O Lord, my God.

Have mercy, Lord, on all my friends, and relatives, and all my benefactors, and all who pray to you for me, and all who ask me to pray for them. Give them fruitful penitence, mortify in them all vices, and make them flourish with your virtues. Make them, O Lord, so to live in all things, that they may be able to please your majesty by their good conduct. Have mercy, O God, on the pontiffs, kings, powers, and all Christian people. Holy Mary, pray for them all. All you holy men and women of God, pray for them. Have mercy, Lord, on all my deceased benefactors, and on all for whom I am bound to pray; and absolve all your faithful, and give them a part and fellowship with your saints. Holy Virgin Mary, pray for all; all you holy men and women of God, pray for them all.

I adore you, one in trinity, and three in unity, blessed, almighty, Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit. Have mercy on me, a most wretched sinner, most clement God, and have mercy on all your faithful, living and dead. Holy Virgin Mary, mother of God and man, temple of the living God, virgin before childbirth and virgin after childbirth, exalted above the choirs of angels, pray for us all. Saint Michael, prince of the heavenly host, Saint Gabriel, arranger of the celestial nuptials, Saint Raphael, medicine of God, pray for us. St. John the Baptist, pray for us. St. Peter, who holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John the Evangelist, pray for us all. St. Stephen, St. Apollinaris, St. Lawrence, pray for us all. St. Silvester, St. Martin, St. Benedict, our venerable father, pray for us all. Saint Agatha, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, pray for us all. All holy angels and archangels, thrones and dominations, principalities, powers, virtues, cherubim, and seraphim, all holy patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, anchorites, widows, all you holy men and women of God, pray for all of us, the faithful of Christ, living and dead. Our Father.

O God, by whose gift we confess both the trinity in persons and the unity in the divine substance, graciously grant that, fortified with this breastplate of faith, we may deserve to be freed from all adversities. Through the Lord.

Concede, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut qui sanctae Trinitatis unam confitemur essentiam; sicut nunc ambulamus, te ducente, per fidem; sic aliquando, te suscipiente, perducamur ad speciem. Per.

Deus, qui nos et sine confusione trinitatem, et sine divisione substantiam tuae majestatis credere docuisti, largire supplicibus, ut super hoc catholicae fidei fundamentum surgat in nobis sanctarum structura virtutum. Per Dominum.

Deus, qui nobis sanctae Trinitatis mysterium revelasti, tribue, quaesumus, ut qui jam ex fide vivimus, per boni operis augmenta crescamus. Per Dominum nostrum.

Ecce parat clausam Regis praenuntius aulam.

Natus ab aeterno prodit de Virginis alvo.

Non capitur coelis, Simeon quem stringit in ulnis.

En fluvius fontem mundum lavat, unda, lavantem Ablue, Jordanis, a quo magis ipse lavaris.

Hinc Deus ostendit quod carnis tegmine clausit.

Astra, polus, terra, metuunt quem portat asella. Voce Deo magna coetus depromit hosanna.

Qui caput est justis vestigia tergit alumnis. Quod vetuit parti, Petrus vult solvere toti.

Esum perpetuae pariunt haec fercula vitae.

Falsa ferox blando lupo oscula porrigit Agno.

Patrem, Christe, rogas, cum quo simul omnia donas,

Quos sopor oppressit, vigilum Rex surgere jussit.

. . . inflicto ad eum respiceret, et venenum exitiale evaderet, optatae salutis vitam adipisceretur, significans te ipsum futura longe post curricula pro tui salute plasmatis crucis patibulo extollendum, ut quos diabolus armis invidiae captivaverat, tua desiderabilis passio ad patriam revocaret. Concede tam mihi misero et peccatori quam omnibus tuo cruore mercatis, qui hodie sanctam passionem tuam supplices venerantur lignumque vitae adorant, ut diabolicas insidias te adjuvante vincamus, et aeternae vitae participes effici mereamur, qui cum Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXIV. In tertia genuflexione.

Grant, we beseech you, almighty God, that we who confess one essence of the Holy Trinity; just as we now walk by faith, with you leading, so may we at last be led to sight, with you receiving us. Through.

O God, who has taught us to believe in the trinity without confusion and in the substance of your majesty without division, grant to your supplicants that upon this foundation of the catholic faith there may arise in us a structure of holy virtues. Through the Lord.

O God, who has revealed to us the mystery of the Holy Trinity, grant, we beseech you, that we who now live by faith may grow through the increase of good works. Through our Lord.

Behold, the forerunner prepares the closed hall of the King.

He who was born from eternity comes forth from the Virgin's womb.

He whom the heavens do not contain, Simeon holds tight in his arms.

Behold, the river washes the pure fount, the wave, the one who washes. Wash, O Jordan, him by whom you yourself are more washed.

Here God shows what he enclosed in the covering of flesh.

The stars, the sky, the earth, fear him whom the she-ass carries. With a great voice the crowd brings forth 'Hosanna' to God.

He who is the head of the just wipes the feet of his disciples. What he forbade for a part, Peter wishes to be done for the whole.

These dishes bring forth the food of perpetual life.

The fierce wolf offers false kisses to the gentle Lamb.

O Christ, you ask the Father, with whom you simultaneously give all things.

Those whom sleep oppressed, the King of the watchful ordered to rise.

. . . inflicted might look upon it, and escaping the deadly venom, might attain the life of desired salvation, signifying that You Yourself, long after future ages, were to be lifted up on the gibbet of the cross for the salvation of Your creation, so that Your desirable passion might call back to their homeland those whom the devil had captured with the weapons of envy. Grant as much to me, a miserable sinner, as to all those redeemed by Your blood, who today suppliantly venerate Your holy passion and adore the wood of life, that with Your help we may overcome the devil's snares, and be made worthy to become partakers of eternal life, You who live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

XXIV. At the third genuflection.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui nos per passionem sanctae crucis hodierna die de diabolica servitute liberasti, ut quo die hominem condideras, eodem et reformares, exaudi me miserum et peccatorem coram hoc signaculo sanctae crucis tuae confitentem et deprecantem, ut hujus venerabilis et vitalis signi tuitione munitus, et hostis nequissimi ignita tela repellere et ab inflictis evacuari vulneribus, et ad vitam aeternam valeam pervenire, per te, Domine Jesu Christe, qui cum Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXV. De S. cruce orationes aliae.

Dum crucem dilectissimi Filii tui, omnipotens Pater, adoro, pateat mihi coelum, obsecro ut et oratio mea pervenire possit ad te, et tua descendat misericordia super me. Haec enim hostia singularis, piissime Domine, in odorem tibi suavitatis oblata, et tuam circa nos justitiam mitigat, et, tanquam pii thuris incendium de thuribulo sacratissimae passionis evaporans, humanarum mentium nares obdulcat. O inenarrabilis victima, quae et cautionem maledicti veteris abolevit, et signaculum nobis aeternae benedictionis impressit. O sacrificium verae placationis et laudis, quod et antiquae transgressionis inimicitias abstulit, et inter coelum et terram foedus aeternae concordiae reformavit. Per hoc, Domine, tuae virtutis insigne vexillum miseram me tui gregis oviculam de cruenti leonis faucibus eripe, ut victus atque contritus a te super me nequeat triumphare. Reduc me ad pascuae tuae semper amoena virentia, nec abjicias servum, pro quo tradere dignatus es Filium, qui tecum et cum Spiritu sancto vivit et regnat Deus in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXVI. Oratio.

Mediator Dei et hominum, Domine Jesu Christe, qui veram carnem ex intemeratis beatae Mariae visceribus suscepisti, quique pro salute nostra ipsum Agnum immaculati tui corporis obtulisti Deo Patri super aram crucis in odorem suavitatis, atque, ut antiquae praevaricationis virus evomeret, temetipsum fecisti humano generi medicinam; absolve me nimis infelicem et miserum, innumeris peccatorum vinculis obligatum. Ecce ante ipsum, Domine, vivificae crucis tuae me prosterno vexillum, novumque et inauditum victoriae tuae supplex adoro triumphum. Tu enim sacerdos et hostia; tu redemptor et pretium.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who on this day through the passion of the holy cross didst free us from diabolical servitude, so that on the same day You had created man, You might also reform him, hear me, a miserable sinner, confessing and praying before this sign of Your holy cross, so that, fortified by the protection of this venerable and life-giving sign, I may be able to repel the fiery darts of the most wicked enemy, be cleansed of the wounds inflicted, and attain eternal life, through You, O Lord Jesus Christ, who live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

XXV. Other prayers on the Holy Cross.

While I adore the cross of Your most beloved Son, O almighty Father, may heaven be opened to me, I beseech, so that my prayer may reach You, and Your mercy may descend upon me. For this singular victim, O most pious Lord, offered to You as a sweet-smelling odor, both mitigates Your justice towards us and, like the burning of pious incense evaporating from the censer of the most sacred passion, sweetens the nostrils of human minds. O ineffable victim, who both abolished the bond of the ancient curse and impressed upon us the seal of eternal blessing. O sacrifice of true propitiation and praise, which both took away the enmities of the ancient transgression and reformed the covenant of eternal concord between heaven and earth. Through this, O Lord, the glorious banner of Your power, snatch me, a wretched little sheep of Your flock, from the jaws of the bloody lion, so that, vanquished and crushed by You, he may not be able to triumph over me. Lead me back to the ever-pleasant green pastures of Your flock, and do not cast away the servant for whom You deigned to give up Your Son, who lives and reigns with You and with the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

XXVI. A Prayer.

O Mediator between God and men, Lord Jesus Christ, who took true flesh from the undefiled womb of the blessed Mary, and who for our salvation offered that very Lamb of your immaculate body to God the Father upon the altar of the cross as a sweet-smelling savor, and, so that it might cast out the poison of the ancient transgression, made yourself a medicine for the human race; absolve me, most unfortunate and wretched, bound by innumerable chains of sin. Behold, O Lord, before the very standard of your life-giving cross I prostrate myself, and as a suppliant I adore the new and unheard-of triumph of your victory. For you are the priest and the victim; you are the redeemer and the price.

Libet, piissime Domine, tanquam sub recenti tuae passionis 11 articulo te in crucis supplicio videre pendentem. Libet pretiosissimum sanguinem in ore meo suscipere distillantem. O beata scilicet hostia, quae et tartarea septa dirumpit, et coelestis regni janua fidelibus aperit. O pretii nostri pondus in crucis statera libratum, quo debiti nostri chirographum antiquus exactor deplorat excisum. Video te interioribus oculis, Redemptor meus, crucis clavis affixum. Video te novis vulneribus sauciatum. Audio te latroni clara voce dicentem: Hodie mecum eris in paradiso (Luc. XXIII). Per istud itaque salutiferae tuae passionis ac mortis imploro mysterium; per hoc, inquam, redemptionis nostrae lacrymabiliter obsecro sacramentum. Noli me, sicut mereor, ab electorum tuorum societate dividere, sed in paradisi gloria cum ipsomet beato latrone constitue. Tu, Domine, animam meam hujus sanctae crucis impressione consigna, tu me hujus virtute purifica. Per hanc me totum undique juri tuo sic vindica, ut nulla prorsus adversarii valeat in me portio reperiri, quatenus te ad iudicium veniente, cum hoc in coelo divinae virtutis insigne claruerit, ego hoc stigmate signatus inveniar, ut crucifixo configuratus in poena, consors fieri merear resurgentis in gloria, qui vivis et, regnas cum Deo Patre in unitate Spiritus sancti per omnia saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Si pietatem tuam, mitissime Deus, humanam mensuram habere cognoscerem, ego tam immanissima scelerum mole depressus funditus desperarem. Sed dum immolari pro me tam potentem hostiam video, quomodo me desperare debeam, non attendo. Nam si agnus ille paschalis, brutum scilicet animal, populum Israel a plaga mortis potuit liberare (Exod. XII); quanto magis illius sacratissimus sanguis, qui Conditor est angelorum, quantaslibet animae meae sordes valet abluere? Tu, piissime Domine Jesu Christe, velut species aromatica redoles in mortario passionis attrita, ut nobis miseris et peccatorum morbo languentibus fieres medicina. Tu tanquam botrus ille terrae lactis et mellis (Num. XIII) irriguae calcatus es in prelo crucis, ut nobis aeternae salutis poculum propinares et arentia corda nostra sancti Spiritus inundatione perfunderes. Tu, Domine, per quinque plagas sacratissimi corporis tui sanasti omnia vulnera, quae nobis inflicta sunt per quinque sensus corporis nostri. Tu Patri victima suavitatis et nobis factus es pretium redemptionis. Adoro, Domine, crucem tuam; adoro vivificam mortem tuam. Abluat, obsecro, sanguis tuus sordes animae meae, nec ulterius teneat exactor obnoxium pro quo tam sublime pretium est solutum.

It pleases me, most pious Lord, to see you hanging in the torment of the cross, as if under the recent article of your passion. It pleases me to receive your most precious blood, dripping into my mouth. O truly blessed victim, who both breaks down the enclosures of Tartarus and opens the gate of the heavenly kingdom to the faithful. O weight of our price, balanced on the scale of the cross, by which the ancient collector laments the canceled bond of our debt. With my inner eyes I see you, my Redeemer, fixed with the nails of the cross. I see you wounded with new wounds. I hear you saying to the thief in a clear voice: "Today you will be with me in paradise" (Luke 23). Therefore, I implore through this mystery of your salvific passion and death; through this, I say, I tearfully beseech the sacrament of our redemption. Do not separate me, as I deserve, from the company of your elect, but establish me in the glory of paradise with that same blessed thief. You, O Lord, seal my soul with the impression of this holy cross; you, purify me by its power. Through this, claim me wholly for your own right from every side, so that no portion of the adversary may be found in me at all, so that when you come to judgment, and this standard of divine power shines forth in heaven, I may be found signed with this mark, so that, conformed to the crucified one in suffering, I may merit to become a sharer of the risen one in glory, who lives and reigns with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

If I knew your piety, most gentle God, to have a human measure, I, so weighed down by the immense mass of my crimes, would utterly despair. But while I see so powerful a victim being sacrificed for me, I do not see how I should despair. For if that paschal lamb, a brute animal, could free the people of Israel from the plague of death (Exodus 12), how much more is the most sacred blood of him who is the Creator of the angels able to wash away any filth whatsoever from my soul? You, most pious Lord Jesus Christ, are fragrant like an aromatic spice ground in the mortar of the passion, so that you might become a medicine for us wretches, languishing with the disease of sin. You, like that cluster of grapes from the land flowing with milk and honey (Numbers 13), were trodden in the winepress of the cross, so that you might offer us the cup of eternal salvation and flood our arid hearts with the inundation of the Holy Spirit. You, O Lord, through the five wounds of your most sacred body, have healed all the wounds that were inflicted upon us through the five senses of our body. You became a victim of sweetness to the Father and for us the price of redemption. I adore, O Lord, your cross; I adore your life-giving death. Let your blood, I beseech, wash away the filth of my soul, and let the collector no longer hold liable him for whom so sublime a price has been paid.

Sit iste victoriae tuae titulus, Domine, in anima mea, semper erectus, ut nullum in possessione tua jus sibi vindicet invasor antiquus, sed hoc prospecto, praesto diffugiat et velut fumus ad accessum tui Spiritus evanescat; ut haereditatem tuam, quam proprio mercatus es sanguine, per continuam digneris gratiam possidere; cui sis per misericordiam tuam et protector invictus et inhabitator assiduus, qui 12 cum Deo Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas per omnia saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Domine Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi, gratias agimus immensae tuae pietati, qui cum in forma Dei esses, pro nobis temetipsum humiliasti, factus obediens usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis. Deprecamur te, Domine, ut quibus tantam contulisti gratiam, veram peccatorum tribuas indulgentiam. Custodi in nobis opera misericordiae tuae, ne pereant quos redemit dextera tua. Sana languores populi tui et da gloriam nomini tuo. Rogo etiam te, Domine piissime, ut me miserum ac fragilem a tua non repellas gratia, et qui hucusque longe a tua voluntate vitiosus discessi, deinceps per ineffabilem misericordiam tuam emendatus tuae placeam feliciter majestati. Depelle a me, Domine, quidquid noxium, quidquid ineptum, quidquid vitiosum, quidquid tuae voluntati est contrarium. Concede mihi, Domine, ut mala mea hic, dum vivo, digne defleam, et acceptabilis sit poenitentia mea in conspectu tuo. Tribue mihi veram fidem, spem firmam, charitatem non fictam. Sit in me fixa humilitas, sobria vita, vera scientia, fortitudo, prudentia, justitia, temperantia, cursus rectus, finis perfectus, te praestante, Deus noster, qui cum Patre, etc.

XXIX. Oratio.

Domine Jesu Christe Nazarene, rex angelorum et sanctorum omnium, qui eras ante saecula in divinitatis essentia cum Deo Patre unigenitus Filius; in plenitudine autem temporis exinanitus formam servilis corporis ex Maria virgine accipiens, in similitudine hominis factus et habitu inventus ut homo. Verum utique hominem in Deo vero assumens, humiliatus et obediens factus usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis, redemisti nos tuo sancto sanguine pretioso. Agnus immaculatus surgens a mortuis, ascendens in coelum, sedes ad dexteram Dei Patris omnipotentis.

May this title of your victory, O Lord, be ever erect in my soul, so that the ancient invader may claim no right for himself in your possession, but seeing this, may he quickly flee and vanish like smoke at the approach of your Spirit; that you may deign to possess through continuous grace your inheritance, which you purchased with your own blood; for which may you be, through your mercy, both an unconquered protector and a constant inhabitant, who live and reign with God the Father and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, we give thanks to your immense piety, who, though you were in the form of God, humbled yourself for us, becoming obedient unto death, even death on a cross. We beseech you, Lord, that to those upon whom you have conferred so great a grace, you may grant true indulgence for their sins. Preserve in us the works of your mercy, lest those whom your right hand has redeemed should perish. Heal the infirmities of your people and give glory to your name. I also ask you, most pious Lord, that you not repel me, wretched and frail, from your grace, and that I, who until now have sinfully departed far from your will, may henceforth, amended by your ineffable mercy, be pleasing to your blessed majesty. Drive from me, Lord, whatever is harmful, whatever is foolish, whatever is vicious, whatever is contrary to your will. Grant me, Lord, that I may worthily bewail my evils here, while I live, and that my penitence may be acceptable in your sight. Grant me true faith, firm hope, and unfeigned charity. Let there be in me steadfast humility, a sober life, true knowledge, fortitude, prudence, justice, temperance, a right course, and a perfect end, through your granting, our God, who with the Father, etc.

XXIX. Prayer.

Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, king of angels and of all saints, who before all ages were the only-begotten Son in the essence of divinity with God the Father; but in the fullness of time, having emptied yourself, taking the form of a servile body from the Virgin Mary, you were made in the likeness of man and found in appearance as a man. Assuming a true man in the true God, having been humbled and made obedient unto death, even death on a cross, you redeemed us with your holy and precious blood. Immaculate Lamb, rising from the dead, ascending into heaven, you sit at the right hand of God the Father almighty.

Quem adorant angeli, et ego infelix peccator te suppliciter adoro, confitens peccata mea, et deprecans ut, sicut me participem sacramentorum mortis et redemptionis tuae per crucem fecisti, ita per virtutem hujus sacrosanctae crucis, omnia in me vitia et peccata exstinguas et perimas, et contra omnes spirituales nequitias et antiqui hostis insidias, ejusdem sacrosanctae crucis virtute invocata, victricia tela efficias; et consurgentem me tecum in novitate spiritus et gloriae, ad ea, quae sursum sunt, cum sanctis et electis tuis ad dexteram tuam positis, pertingere concedas ipse idemque Jesu Christe, Deus immortalis, qui cum Deo Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas per infinita saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXX. Oratio.

Domine Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi, gloriosissime Conditor mundi, qui cum sis splendor gloriae, coaeternus et aequalis Patri sanctoque Spiritui, ideo dignatus es carnem immaculatam ex Virgine sumere, et innocentes ac gloriosas tuas palmas in crucis patibulo permisisti configi ut claustra dissipares inferni et humanum genus liberares de morte. Miserere mihi misero, Domine, oppresso gravi facinorum pondere multarumque nequitiarum sordibus inquinato. Noli me relinquere, piissime Domine, sed indulge misericorditer, quod impie gessi, et quae negligenter feci. Exaudi me, quaeso, clementissime ac misericordissime Jesu, Deus bone et benigne, prostratum ante adorandam gloriosissimam tuam crucem, ut in his sanctis diebus et semper tibi merear assistere mundus, et tuis jugiter placere conspectibus, quatenus liberatus a malis omnibus, tuo sim semper adjutorio consolatus, Christe Domine, Salvator mundi, qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXXI. Oratio.

Christe, qui pro nobis patibulum crucis et mortem subiisti, ut a nobis expelleres mortis potestatem, et sanguinis tui nos pretio liberares, miserere mihi humillimo servo tuo, et omnium meorum mihi veniam tribue peccatorum, et me coram adoranda tua cruce prostratum in his sanctis diebus, et jugiter ab omnibus malis eripe, bonisque tuis misericorditer refice, qui cum Deo Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas per immensa saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXXII. Oratio.

Deus, qui ligno pereuntem hominem per lignum reparasti in melius, quaesumus, ut virtus hujus triumphalis ligni morte et sanguine tuo ditati, cui tota devotione colla submittimus, et vitia in nobis universa mortificet, et contra omnia adversa nos muniat, qui vivis et regnas cum Patre et Spiritu sancto Deus per omnia saecula saeculorum.

XXXIII Oratio.

Whom the angels adore, I, an unhappy sinner, also suppliantly adore you, confessing my sins, and praying that, just as you have made me a partaker of the sacraments of your death and redemption through the cross, so by the power of this most holy cross, you may extinguish and destroy all vices and sins in me, and against all spiritual wickedness and the snares of the ancient enemy, by the invoked power of the same most holy cross, you may fashion victorious weapons; and that you may grant me, rising with you in newness of spirit and glory, to attain to those things which are above, placed with your saints and elect at your right hand, O you, the same Jesus Christ, immortal God, who with God the Father and the Holy Spirit live and reign through infinite ages of ages. Amen.

XXX. Prayer.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, most glorious Creator of the world, who, being the splendor of glory, co-eternal and equal to the Father and the Holy Spirit, therefore deigned to take on immaculate flesh from the Virgin, and allowed your innocent and glorious hands to be nailed to the gibbet of the cross, that you might shatter the bolts of hell and free the human race from death. Have mercy on me, a wretch, O Lord, oppressed by the heavy weight of my crimes and defiled by the filth of many iniquities. Do not abandon me, most pious Lord, but mercifully forgive what I have impiously done and what I have negligently performed. Hear me, I beseech you, most clement and most merciful Jesus, good and benign God, prostrate before your most glorious and adorable cross, that in these holy days and always I may be worthy to stand before you pure, and to be ever pleasing in your sight, so that, freed from all evils, I may always be consoled by your help, O Christ the Lord, Savior of the world, who live and reign for ever and ever. Amen.

XXXI. Prayer.

O Christ, who for us underwent the gibbet of the cross and death, that you might drive out from us the power of death and free us by the price of your blood, have mercy on me, your most humble servant, and grant me pardon for all my sins, and snatch me, prostrate before your adorable cross in these holy days, continually from all evils, and mercifully refresh me with your good things, you who with God the Father and the Holy Spirit live and reign through immense ages of ages. Amen.

XXXII. Prayer.

O God, who through the wood of the cross restored for the better man who was perishing through the wood of the tree, we beseech you, that the virtue of this triumphal wood, enriched by your death and blood, to which we submit our necks with all devotion, may both mortify all vices in us and fortify us against all adversities, you who live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

XXXIII. Prayer

Domine Jesu Christe, qui es et qui eras Deus cum Patre ante saecula genitus, Deus ex Deo vero, conceptus de Spiritu sancto, et natus homo in fine saeculorum de virgine semper Maria, qui obediens Patri usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis, redemisti nos tuo sancto et pretioso sanguine, et destructo mortis imperio, omnibus in te credentibus coelestis gloriae aditum reserasti, te Deum verum, et Dominum meum suppliciter adoro, sedentem ad dexteram Dei Patris omnipotentis, deprecando infinitam et ineffabilem misericordiam tuam, ut per virtutem hujus salutaris signi redemptionis nostrae redimas me miserum et dignum morte peccatorem, ab omnibus criminibus et facinoribus meis, et libera me ab omnibus malis praeteritis, praesentibus et futuris, et mortifica in me omnia vitia spiritualium et carnalium nequitiarum, et fac me resurgere in 14 virtute gratiae et gloriae tuae; et quae sursum sunt, coelestia desiderare et quaerere, et ad aeternae beatitudinis gloriam feliciter pervenire, praestante tua immensa clementia, Domine Jesu Christe, Deus et Dominus noster, qui cum Deo Patre et Spiritu sancto in unitate deitatis omnia creando regis, vivificas et gubernas per immortalia saecula saeculorum. Amen.

XXXIV. Litaniae.

Christe, audi nos, III. Pater de coelis, Deus, miserere nobis. Fili Redemptor mundi, Deus, miserere nobis. Spiritus sancte, Deus, miserere nobis. Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis. Sancta Dei Genitrix, semper intemerata, virgo Maria, et omnia sancta seraphim et cherubim, intercedite pro nobis et pro omnibus vivis et defunctis fidelibus . . .

XXXV. Hymnus de S. cruce. Ad nocturnum.

Crux orbis salus perdit, Perempti vita saeculi, Quam victa tremunt tartara Coeli verentur agmina.

In te dum vita moritur, Mortis catena solvitur, Aegypti jugo liberi Verae sunt lucis filii.

Te ponit Judex omnium, Cum judicatur, solium; Jam tum haedos ab ovibus Segregat in latronibus.

Tu mundi ludis principem, Dum punis impassibilem, Reos offerre solita Quem nunc das, aufert spolia.

In te mactatur victima, Quae mundi purgat crimina, Tibi talentum creditur, Adae quod solvit debitum.

Nos vitae signum protege Quos Rex triumphat gloriae: Per te ad regnum provehat, Quos servitute liberat.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini.

XXXVI. Ad laudes.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who is and who was, God begotten of the Father before all ages, God from true God, conceived of the Holy Spirit, and born as man at the end of the ages from the ever-virgin Mary, who, obedient to the Father unto death, even death on a cross, redeemed us by your holy and precious blood, and, having destroyed the empire of death, opened the way to heavenly glory for all who believe in you; you, true God and my Lord, I suppliantly adore, sitting at the right hand of God the Father almighty, imploring your infinite and ineffable mercy, that by the virtue of this saving sign of our redemption, you may redeem me, a wretched sinner worthy of death, from all my crimes and misdeeds, and free me from all evils past, present, and future, and mortify in me all the vices of spiritual and carnal wickedness, and make me rise again in the virtue of your grace and glory; and to desire and seek those things which are above, the heavenly things, and to happily attain the glory of eternal beatitude, through the grant of your immense clemency, O Lord Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, who with God the Father and the Holy Spirit in the unity of the Godhead, by creating all things, do reign, give life, and govern through immortal ages of ages. Amen.

XXXIV. Litany

Christ, hear us (3 times). Father from heaven, God, have mercy on us. Son, Redeemer of the world, God, have mercy on us. Holy Spirit, God, have mercy on us. Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us. Holy Mother of God, ever immaculate, virgin Mary, and all holy seraphim and cherubim, intercede for us and for all the faithful, living and dead . . .

XXXV. Hymn of the Holy Cross. For Nocturns.

O Cross, salvation of the lost world, Life of the slain age, Before whom the vanquished hells tremble, Whom the hosts of heaven revere.

While on you Life dies, The chain of death is broken, Freed from the yoke of Egypt, They are children of the true light.

The Judge of all makes you his throne, When he is judged; Even then he separates the goats from the sheep Among the thieves.

You mock the prince of the world, While you punish the Impassible One, You who were accustomed to offer up the guilty, He whom you now present, carries away the spoils.

On you is slain the victim Who purges the crimes of the world, To you is entrusted the talent Which pays the debt of Adam.

Protect us, O sign of life, Whom the King of glory leads in his triumph: Through you may he lead us to the kingdom, Those whom he frees from servitude.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, And to the Spirit of them both, Be there equal, highest majesty.

XXXVI. For Lauds.

Crux mundi benedictio, Spes et certa redemptio, Olim gehennae bajula, Nunc clara coeli janua

In te levatur hostia, Ad se qui traxit omnia, Quam mundi princeps impetit
Suumque nihil invenit.

Tuae legis articulus Vetus cassat chirographum, Antiqua perit servitus, Vera libertas redditur.

Odoris tui copia Cuncta vincit aromata, 15 Tui dulcedo nectaris Replet arcana pectoris.

Per crucem, Christe, quaesumus, Ad vitae transfer praemium, Quos ligni fixus stipite, Dignatus es redimere.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini.

XXXVII. Paracleticum carmen de S. cruce.

Unica spes hominum, crux o venerabile signum, Omnibus esto salus, unica spes hominum.

Bajula tu pretii, quod mundi debita solvit, Quo meruit redimi, bajula tu pretii.

Unica spes hominum, crux o venerabile signum, Omnibus esto salus, unica spes hominum.

Tartara victa tuis spoliis cessere triumphis; Lugent vexillis tartara victa tuis.

Pandis et astra piis, proprio quos stigmatibus signas; Das requiem fessis, pandis et astra piis.

Unica spes hominum, crux o venerabile signum, Omnibus esto salus, unica spes hominum.

Chirographum vetiti pepigit quod cautio ligni, Diluis et pomi chirographum vetiti.

Lux, honor, imperium, laus, gloria, doxa per aevum Sit tibi, trine Deus, lux, honor, imperium.

Unica spes hominum, crux o venerabile signum, Omnibus esto salus, unica spes hominum.

XXXVIII. De S. cruce.

Omnibus est una spes haec metuenda figura, Cernite librata pretium pendere statera, Quod mundum redimit protoplasti debita solvit. Crux est vita mihi, mors inimice tibi.

XXXIX. Item, de S. cruce, duobus invicem inimicis.

Ecce rubet Christi crux sanguine tincta recenti, Haec coelum terris confoederat, infima summis: Haec jubet in vobis, ut lux oriatur amoris, Litibus sedatis succedant oscula pacis.

O Cross, blessing of the world, Hope and sure redemption, Once the bearer to hell, Now the bright gate of heaven.

On you is lifted up the victim, He who drew all things to himself, Whom the prince of the world attacks And finds nothing of his own in him.

The article of your law Annuls the old bond, The ancient servitude perishes, True liberty is restored.

The abundance of your fragrance Surpasses all spices, The sweetness of your nectar Fills the secrets of the heart.

Through the cross, O Christ, we beseech you, Transfer to the prize of life Those whom, fixed to the wood of the tree, You deigned to redeem.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, And to the Spirit of them both, Be there equal, highest majesty.

XXXVII. A Paracletic Song of the Holy Cross.

O Cross, venerable sign, the sole hope of mankind, be salvation to all, the sole hope of mankind.

You are the bearer of the price that paid the world's debts, by which it deserved to be redeemed, you are the bearer of the price.

O Cross, venerable sign, the sole hope of mankind, be salvation to all, the sole hope of mankind.

Tartarus, conquered, yielded its spoils to your triumphs; Tartarus, conquered, laments before your banners.

And you open the stars to the pious, whom you mark with your own sign; you give rest to the weary, and you open the stars to the pious.

O Cross, venerable sign, the sole hope of mankind, be salvation to all, the sole hope of mankind.

The bond (chirographum) which the pledge of the forbidden tree established, you dissolve the bond of the forbidden fruit.

Light, honor, dominion, praise, glory, splendor through the ages be to you, O triune God, light, honor, dominion.

O Cross, venerable sign, the sole hope of mankind, be salvation to all, the sole hope of mankind.

XXXVIII. On the Holy Cross.

This revered figure is the one hope for all, Behold the price hanging on the balanced scale, Which redeems the world and pays the debts of the first-formed man. The Cross is life to me, O enemy, death to you.

XXXIX. Likewise, on the Holy Cross, for two mutual enemies.

Behold, the Cross of Christ is red, stained with recent blood, This unites heaven with earth, the lowest with the highest: This commands that in you the light of love may arise, That with disputes settled, the kisses of peace may follow.

XL. Rhythmus paschalis.

Paschalis festi gaudium Mundi replet ambitum, Coelum, tellus, ac maria Laeta promant carmina, Et alleluia consonis Modulentur organis.

Solus ululet tartarus Rapta praeda vacuus, Fractus vectes, et ferrea Strata plorent moenia, Quae subruit Rex gloriae Cum laude victoriae.

Stupenda lex mysterii, Novum genus praelii, Ligatus nexos liberat, Mortuus vivificat; Dumque vita perimitur, Mortis mors efficitur.

Statera crucis pendulum Mundi librat pretium, Quod dum exactor petiit Jus antiquum perdidit, Escam glutire nititur, Sed hamo transfigitur.

Composuit chirographum Protoplastus hominum, Quod Christus post in alia Solvit ligni tabula; Quae primus Adam scripserat, Secundus oblitterat.

Cum Auctor vitae moritur, Orbis et commoritur; Sol radios operuit; Lugens terra tremuit; Templi velum dividitur, Vis saxorum scinditur.

Brevi sepulcro clauditur, Qui coelo non capitur. Praeda vallatus divite, Victo mortis principe Triumphalis potentia Surgit die tertia.

Reddite Christum vigiles Quem servastis milites, Vel mortuum ostendite, Vel in vivum credite, Cur gratis vera dicitis, Empti falsa fingitis?

Mox intonat angelicus Sermo mulieribus, Apostolis ut dulcia Haec deferrent nuntia: In Galilaeam pergite, Ibi Christum cernite.

Jam regis Aegyptiaci, Servitute liberi, Post maris Rubri transitum, Novum demus canticum, Mortis soluti legibus, Christo consurreximus.

Colite, novi populi, Rite Pascha Domini, Paschali Agni sanguine Postes domus tingite; Fermentum vetus pellite, Azyma comedite.

Totis Christe visceribus Tibi laudes reddimus: Qui resurgens a mortuis, Ultra jam non moreris. Sit Patri laus et parili Decus omne Flamini. Amen.

XLI. De ascensione Domini.

Ima Deus petiit, sed non excelsa reliquit; Est ibi quo tendit, permanet unde venit.

XLII. Hymnus in ascensione Domini. Ad laudes.

Clara polorum culmina Laeta mirentur lumina, Quae penetrat Rex gloriae Cum triumpho victoriae.

XL. An Easter Hymn.

The joy of the Paschal feast fills the circuit of the world, Heaven, earth, and seas bring forth joyful songs, And let "alleluia" be sung with harmonious instruments.

Let Tartarus alone howl, empty of its stolen prey, Let it lament its broken bars and iron walls cast down, Which the King of glory overthrew with the praise of victory.

O wondrous law of the mystery, a new kind of battle! He who is bound frees the bound, He who is dead gives life; And while life is destroyed, it becomes the death of Death.

The scale of the cross weighs the hanging price of the world, Which, when the exactor demanded it, he lost his ancient right. He strives to swallow the bait, but is pierced by the hook.

The first-formed man composed a bond, Which Christ later paid on another tablet of wood; What the first Adam had written, the second obliterates.

When the Author of life dies, the world dies with Him; The sun hid its rays; the mourning earth trembled; The veil of the temple is torn, the strength of the rocks is split.

He is enclosed in a small tomb, who is not contained by heaven. Surrounded by rich spoils, the prince of death having been conquered, with triumphant power He rises on the third day.

Give back Christ, O watchful soldiers who guarded Him, Either show Him dead, or believe in Him alive. Why do you speak the truth for free, but, having been bought, invent falsehoods?

Soon the angelic word thunders to the women, That they should carry this sweet news to the Apostles: "Go into Galilee, there you will see Christ."

Now, free from the servitude of the Egyptian king, after the crossing of the Red Sea, let us offer a new song. Released from the laws of death, we have risen with Christ.

Celebrate, O new peoples, the Passover of the Lord in due manner, Stain the posts of your house with the blood of the Paschal Lamb; Drive out the old leaven, eat the unleavened bread.

O Christ, with our whole being we give praises to You: Who, rising from the dead, will now die no more. Let there be praise to the Father and all honor to the co-equal Spirit. Amen.

XLI. On the Ascension of the Lord.

God sought the lowest things, but did not abandon the highest; He is there where He is going, He remains whence He came.

XLII. Hymn on the Ascension of the Lord. For Lauds.

Let the bright peaks of the heavens wonder at the joyful lights, Which the King of glory penetrates with the triumph of victory.

Qui moriturus venerat, Perempta morte remeat Victor ad astra nobilis, Raptis gehennae spoliis.

Acclivis ut erigeret, Venditus ut redimeret, Spretis errantem pascuis Ovem reportat pasculis.

Jam, caro, lutum despice, Coelum, tellus, ingredi: Nam membris via sternitur Quo caput ire cernitur.

Jesu, decus angelicum, Dulcedo, desiderium, Et nos totis visceribus Te fac ambire, quaesumus.

Da nobis in te vivere, Ad te cor nostrum dirige, Accendat nostra pectora Tuus amor in saecula.

XLIII. Ubi Spiritus sanctus descendit super apostolos.

Ignit apostolicum linguarum flamma senatum, Germinat et varias quasi vox fecunda loquelas.

XLIV. In annuntiatione beatissimae virginis Mariae. Hymnus. Ad nocturnum.

Terrena cuncta jubilent, Astra laudibus intonent, Virginis ante thalamum Laudes alternent dragmatum.

Haec Virgo Verbo gravida Fit paradisi janua, Quae Deum mundo reddidit Coelum nobis aperuit.

Felix ista puerpera, Evae lege liberrima, Concepit sine masculo, Peperit absque gemitu.

Dives Mariae gremium Mundi gestavit pretium, Quo gloriamur redimi, Soluti jugo debiti.

Quam Patris implet Filius Sanctus obumbrat Spiritus; Coelum fiunt castissima Sacrae puellae viscera.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine, Sit honor ineffabili Patri sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

XLV. Ad laudes.

Aurora velut fulgida, Ad coeli meat culmina, Ut sol Maria splendida, Tanquam luna pulcherrima.

Regina mundi hodie Thronum conscendit gloriae, Illum enixa filium, Qui est ante Luciferum.

Assumpta super angelos Excedit et archangelos; Cuncta sanctorum merita

Quem foverat in gremio, Locarat in praesepio, Nunc regem super omnia Patris videt in gloria.

Pro nobis, Virgo virginum Tuum deposce Filium; Per quam nostra suscepit Ut sua nobis praebeat.

He who had come to die, returns, death having been destroyed, a noble victor to the stars, with the spoils of hell snatched away.

Inclined, that He might raise up; sold, that He might redeem; He carries back to the pastures the sheep wandering from the scorned meadows.

Now, O flesh, despise the mud; enter heaven, O earth: For the way is laid for the members where the head is seen to go.

O Jesus, angelic glory, sweetness, desire, Make us also, we beseech You, to strive for You with our whole being.

Grant us to live in You, direct our heart to You, May Your love inflame our hearts for ever and ever.

XLIII. Where the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles.

A flame of tongues sets fire to the apostolic assembly, And, like a fertile voice, brings forth various languages.

XLIV. On the Annunciation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. Hymn. For Nocturns.

Let all earthly things rejoice, let the stars thunder with praises, before the Virgin's chamber let the choirs alternate praises.

This Virgin, pregnant with the Word, becomes the gate of paradise, she who gave God back to the world opened heaven to us.

Happy is this mother, most free from the law of Eve, she conceived without a male, she gave birth without pain.

The rich womb of Mary carried the price of the world, by which we glory in being redeemed, freed from the yoke of debt.

Whom the Son of the Father fills, the Holy Spirit overshadows; the most chaste womb of the holy maiden becomes heaven.

Praise be to you, Most High, who were born of a Virgin, let there be honor to the ineffable Father and the holy Spirit. Amen.

XLV. For Lauds.

Like the shining dawn, Mary goes to the heights of heaven, splendid as the sun, as beautiful as the moon.

The Queen of the world today ascends the throne of glory, having brought forth that Son, who is before the Morning Star.

Assumed above the angels, she surpasses the archangels as well; all the merits of the saints

He whom she had cherished in her womb, and placed in a manger, she now sees as king over all things in the glory of the Father.

For us, O Virgin of virgins, beseech your Son; that He, who through her took on our nature, may grant us His own.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine, Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

XLVI. In eadem annuntiatione beatissimae virginis Mariae. Ad missam, Praefatio.

Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Qui intemeratae Genitrici, gratia plenae, per archangeli Gabrielis oraculum, hodierna die salutaris adventus sui patefecit arcanum; quique vernantis vulvae flore conceptus, fermentum vetus in azymam vertit, quia hominem induens, humanae naturae originaliter vitatae contagia non contraxit. Loricam nempe sibi de nostra fragilitate composuit, in qua exsultans ut gigas, et potens ac fortis in praelio, potestates aereas debellavit. Infirmas se carnis obtexit velamine, qui erat omnipotens in perennis essentiae maiestate; dumque se humanae naturae Verbum Patris univit, in virginalis alvi thalamo coelestis Sponsus sanctam sibimet Ecclesiam foederavit, pro cuius amore angustias materni non indignatus est uteri, qui infinita latitudine non capitur coeli. Quem laudant angeli.

XLVII. In assumptione ipsius sanctissimae Virginis, Hymnus ad vespas.

Gaudium mundi, nova stella coeli, Procreans Solem, pariens Parentem Da manus lapsis, fer opem caducis, Virgo Maria.

Te Deo liquet esse scalam, Qua tenens summum, petit altus imum, Nos ad excelsi remeare coeli Culmina dona.

Te beatorum chorus angelorum, Te sacri vates et apostolorum Ordo praelatam sibi cernit unam Post Deitatem.

Aula coelestis speciosa Regis, Fulta septenis sophiae columnis: Quem nequit totus cohibere mundus Claudis in alvo.

Quem tremunt coeli, metuunt abyssi, Fluminum guttae, maris et procellae, Laudat occasus, veneratur ortus, Stringis in ulnis.

Lacte nutritur cibus angelorum, Fertur innuptae gremio puellae Qui sua late ditione terrae Pondera librat.

Sic decus summo sine fine Christo, Sancta quem virgo genuit Maria: Qui Patri compar, Flaminique sancto, Regnat in aevum. Amen.

XLVIII. Ad honorem sanctae Mariae virginis. Officium quotidianis diebus. Ad vespas. Hymnus.

Sidus, Maria, splendidum, Te laudat omne saeculum, Ex qua sub mundi vespere, Sol ortus est iustitiae.

Da cor tenebris eripi, Da vera luce perfrui, Quae noctem vitae veteris Novis illustret meritis.

Per te purgemur vitiis, Solvamus culpae vinculis; Mens vulsis spinis eruta Virtutum ferat germina.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime Qui natus es ex Virgine; Sit honor ineffabili Patri sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

Praise be to you, Most High, who were born of a Virgin, let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and the holy Spirit. Amen.

XLVI. On the same Annunciation of the most blessed Virgin Mary. For the Mass, Preface.

Through Christ our Lord. Who on this day, through the message of the archangel Gabriel, revealed the mystery of His saving advent to the undefiled Mother, full of grace; and who, conceived in the flower of her burgeoning womb, turned the old leaven into unleavened bread, because in putting on man, He did not contract the contagion of human nature, which was originally corrupted. For indeed He fashioned for Himself a breastplate from our fragility, in which, exulting like a giant, and powerful and strong in battle, He conquered the powers of the air. He who was omnipotent in the majesty of His eternal essence covered Himself with the veil of weak flesh; and while the Word of the Father united Himself to human nature, in the chamber of the virginal womb the celestial Bridegroom joined the holy Church to Himself, for love of which He who is not contained by the infinite breadth of heaven did not disdain the confines of a mother's womb. Whom the angels praise.

XLVII. On the Assumption of the same most holy Virgin, Hymn for Vespers.

Joy of the world, new star of heaven, bringing forth the Sun, bearing your Parent, give a hand to the fallen, bring help to the frail, O Virgin Mary.

It is clear that you are a ladder to God, by which the Most High, holding the summit, seeks the lowest; grant that we may return to the heights of lofty heaven.

The choir of blessed angels, the holy prophets and the order of apostles see you alone preferred to themselves after the Godhead.

Beautiful hall of the celestial King, supported by the seven columns of wisdom: He whom the whole world cannot contain, you enclose in your womb.

He whom the heavens tremble at, the abysses fear, the drops of rivers, and the storms of the sea, the west praises, the east venerates, you hold in your arms.

The food of angels is nourished with milk, He is carried in the lap of an unwed maiden, who by His wide dominion balances the weights of the earth.

Thus glory without end to Christ the highest, whom the holy virgin Mary bore: who, equal to the Father and the holy Spirit, reigns forever. Amen.

XLVIII. In honor of the holy Virgin Mary. Office for daily use. For Vespers. Hymn.

O Mary, splendid star, every age praises you, from whom, in the evening of the world, the Sun of justice has risen.

Grant that our hearts be snatched from darkness, grant that we may enjoy the true light, which may illumine the night of our old life with new merits.

Through you may we be purged of vices, may we be loosed from the chains of sin; may the mind, with the thorns torn out and cleared, bear the seeds of virtues.

Praise be to you, Most High, who were born of a Virgin; let there be honor to the ineffable Father and the holy Spirit. Amen.

XLIX. Lectiones ad matutinum. Lectio prima.

Beata Dei genitrix, virgo Maria, templum Dei vivi, aula Regis aeterni, sacrarium Spiritus sancti. Tu virga de radice Jesse. Tu cedrus in Libano. Tu rosa purpurea in Jericho. Tu cypressus in monte Sion, quae singulari privilegio meritorum, sicut nescis in hominibus comparem, ita nihilominus et angelicam superas dignitatem. Cui novo et inaudito miraculo datum est ut Verbum, quod ante saecula Deus genuit, fieret filius tuus, et homo, quem tu in fine saeculi genuisti, verus atque perfectus esset Filius Dei.

O gloriosa puerpera, in qua sola reperitur fecunda virginitas, quae sic ex intemeratis visceribus Filium protulisti ut illibatae pudicitiae integritas cresceret, non libido virginalis clausulae signaculum violaret. Tibi Spiritus sanctus, dum conciperes, obumbravit, non ut ipse, quod absit, in sacratissimo utero tuo fieret pro semine sobolis, sed usus est potius virtute ac potentia Creatoris. De te summus pontifex noster sui corporis hostiam sumpsit, quam in ara crucis pro totius mundi salute sacrificium obtulit. Tu lux oriens Nazareth, tu gloria Hierusalem, tu laetitia Israel, tu decus mundi, tu nobilitas populi Christiani.

O Regina mundi, scala coeli, thronus Dei, janua paradisi, audi preces pauperum, ne despicias gemitus miserorum. Inferantur a te vota nostra atque suspiria conspectui Redemptoris, ut quae nostris excluduntur meritis, per te locum apud aures divinae obtineant pietatis. Dele peccata, relaxa facinora, erige lapsos, solve compeditos. Per te succidantur vepres et germina vitiorum, praebeantur flores et ornamenta virtutum. Placa precibus Judicem, quem genuisti singulari puerperio Salvatorem, ut qui per te factus est particeps humanitatis nostrae, per te quoque nos consortes efficiat divinitatis suae. Qui cum Deo Patre, et Spiritu sancto vivit et regnat in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Beata Dei genitrix, Nitor humani generis: Per quam de servis liberi Lucisque sumus filii.

Fac tuum nobis Filium Pia prece propitium; Quem graviter offendimus, Tu mitem redde, quaesumus.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine: Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

Maria, decus hominum, Regis aeterni solium, Septem columnis edita Domus a sapientia.

Tu nos venturo Judici Commenda prece supplici: Tuis intentos laudibus Mitis cernat ac placidus.

XLIX. Lessons for Matins. First Lesson.

Blessed Mother of God, Virgin Mary, temple of the living God, hall of the eternal King, sanctuary of the Holy Spirit. You are the rod from the root of Jesse. You are the cedar in Lebanon. You are the purple rose in Jericho. You are the cypress on Mount Zion, who by a singular privilege of merits, just as you know no equal among men, so too you surpass even the angelic dignity. To whom it was given by a new and unheard-of miracle that the Word, whom God begot before all ages, should become your son, and that the man, whom you bore at the end of the age, should be the true and perfect Son of God.

O glorious child-bearer, in whom alone is found a fruitful virginity, who brought forth the Son from your undefiled womb in such a way that the integrity of your unblemished modesty increased, and desire did not violate the seal of your virginal enclosure. The Holy Spirit overshadowed you when you conceived, not that He Himself—God forbid—should become the seed of offspring in your most sacred womb, but rather He acted by the virtue and power of the Creator. From you our high priest took the victim of His own body, which He offered as a sacrifice on the altar of the cross for the salvation of the whole world. You are the rising light of Nazareth, you are the glory of Jerusalem, you are the joy of Israel, you are the honor of the world, you are the nobility of the Christian people.

O Queen of the world, ladder of heaven, throne of God, gate of paradise, hear the prayers of the poor, do not despise the groans of the wretched. May our vows and sighs be brought by you into the sight of the Redeemer, so that what is barred by our own merits may, through you, find a place before the ears of divine piety. Blot out our sins, forgive our evil deeds, raise up the fallen, release the fettered. Through you may the thorns and seeds of vices be cut down, and the flowers and ornaments of virtues be brought forth. Appease with your prayers the Judge, whom you bore as Savior in a unique childbirth, so that He who through you became a partaker of our humanity, may through you also make us partakers of His divinity. Who lives and reigns with God the Father and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

Blessed Mother of God, Splendor of the human race: Through whom we, from slaves, have become free And children of the light.

Make your Son propitious to us By your pious prayer; Whom we have gravely offended, Render mild, we beseech you.

To you be praise, O Most High, Who were born of the Virgin: Let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Mary, glory of mankind, Throne of the eternal King, A House built by wisdom Upon seven pillars.

Commend us to the coming Judge With a suppliant prayer: That He may look mildly and placidly Upon those intent on your praises.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine: Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

Maria templum Domini, Dei mater et hominis, Tunc vere Virgo virginum, Cum peperisti Filium.

Da nobis hunc in fervido Mentis gestare gremio; Ex tua carne genitus, Nostris regnet in sensibus.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine: Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

O singularis femina, Sola Virgo puerpera, Praeclara vitae janua, Qua coeli patent atria.

Tu nos culparum nexibus, Sacris absolve precibus: Tua promentes merita Ad coeli transfer praemia.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine; Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

Maria, Virgo regia, David stirpe progenita, Non tam paterna nobilis Quam dignitate sobolis.

Tu, nos avulsos veteri, Complanta novo germini; Per te sit genus hominum Regale sacerdotium.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime, Qui natus es ex Virgine; Sit honor ineffabili Patri, sanctoque Flamini. Amen.

Deus, qui Filium tuum ad nos per Virginem dignatus es mittere, da nobis ad te, suffragantibus ejusdem B. Mariae precibus, jugiter festinare. Per eundem Dominum.

Deus, qui humanae substantiae veritatem de virginalis uteri materia suscepisti, da nobis beatæ Genitricis tuæ precibus ita degenerem exuere vetustatem, ut te novæ generationis induamus Auctorem. Qui cum Patre.

Concede nos, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, B. Mariae semper Virginis precibus sublevari, per cujus ineffabilem partum procurasti salutis humanae remedium. Per Dominum.

LX. Alia.

Deus, qui vitiatæ stirpis originem per virginalis uteri reparas dignitatem, concede propitius, ut quos proprii reatus moles gravat, intercessio beatæ Dei Genitricis attollat. Per Dominum.

LXI. Rhythmus de S. Maria virgine.

O genitrix æterni, Virgo Maria, Verbi, Quæ vox, quæ lingua carnis Par erit tuæ laudis?

Tu nova maris stella, Celsa poli fenestra, Scala quæ coelum terris, Jungis ima supernis.

To you be praise, O Most High, Who were born of the Virgin: Let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Mary, temple of the Lord, Mother of God and of man, Then truly Virgin of virgins, When you bore the Son.

Grant us to bear Him in the fervent Bosom of our mind; May He who was born of your flesh, Reign in our senses.

To you be praise, O Most High, Who were born of the Virgin: Let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

O singular woman, The only Virgin to give birth, Resplendent gate of life, Through which the halls of heaven lie open.

Absolve us from the bonds of our faults With your sacred prayers: Transfer us, who proclaim your merits, To the rewards of heaven.

To you be praise, O Most High, Who were born of the Virgin; Let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Mary, royal Virgin, Born of David's line, Noble not so much by paternal lineage As by the dignity of your offspring.

You, plant us, torn from the old, Into the new shoot; Through you may the human race become A royal priesthood.

To you be praise, O Most High, Who were born of the Virgin; Let there be honor to the ineffable Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

O God, who deigned to send your Son to us through the Virgin, grant that we, supported by the prayers of the same Blessed Mary, may ever hasten toward you. Through the same Lord.

O God, who took upon yourself the truth of human substance from the matter of a virginal womb, grant us by the prayers of your blessed Mother so to cast off our degenerate old nature, that we may put on you, the Author of the new generation. Who with the Father.

Grant, we beseech You, almighty God, that we may be assisted by the prayers of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, through whose ineffable childbirth You procured the remedy of human salvation. Through the Lord.

LX. Another.

O God, who repairs the origin of our corrupted stock through the dignity of a virginal womb, graciously grant that the intercession of the blessed Mother of God may lift up those whom the weight of their own guilt bears down. Through the Lord.

LXI. A Rhythmic Hymn concerning the Holy Virgin Mary.

O Mother of the eternal Word, Virgin Mary, what voice, what tongue of flesh will be equal to your praise?

You, the new star of the sea, the high window of heaven, a ladder which joins heaven to earth, you unite the lowest with the highest.

Immensum concepisti Parentem peperisti. Fit Factor et factura, Creans et creatura.
Quem mundus ferre nequit Totum vulva concepit; Quo circuitur aether, Puellae
clausit venter.

Servi forma indutus, Divina non exutus, Suscepit quidem tua, Sed non amisit sua.
Oritur ortus rerum, Fit antiquus dierum; Orbis origo coepit, Factus ex his quae
fecit.

Conceptus fecundavit, Natus non violavit, Intravit et exivit, Sed clausam dereli-
quit.

Tu Aaron es virga, Fecunda, licet sicca, Quae germen protulisti, Sed Virgo perman-
sisti

Te rubus praelucebat, Qui ardens non ardebat: Quae sine aestu mentis Fructum
dedisti ventris.

Et ante partum Virgo, Sed post virginum Virgo; Crevit in ortu prolis Integritas
pudoris.

Est angelorum cibus Tuo lacte nutritus; Qui mari praebet undas Papillae sugit
guttas.

Geris in sinu prolem Qui terrae librat molem; Foves a quo foveris, Servas a quo
tueris.

Blandire, Mater, charo, Qui te creavit, Nato; Oscula grata fige, Fasciis membra
cinge.

Amplectere coelestem, Quem genuisti Regem, Cui servit sol et luna, Et omnis
creatura.

Chori virtutum tremunt Quem viles panni tegunt: Pavet coelum et terra Quem
bajulat puella.

Vagit in sinu matris, Regnat in throno Patris: Legem matris observat, Mundi jura
gubernat.

Tu fontis fons viventis Oriens orientis; Liber ille signatus Victori viro datus.

Tu porta templi clausa, Superni Regis aula; Aerarium talenti, Per quod sumus
redempti.

Hortus deliciarum Odor suavitatum; Tu ager ille plenus, Cui benedixit Deus.

Ex te botrus egressus, Qui, crucis praelo pressus, Vino rigat arentes Sancti Spiritus
mentes.

Es et terra coelestis Ferax lactis et mellis: Ex qua Veritas orta Tollit errorum dogma.

You conceived the immense One; you gave birth to the Parent. The Maker becomes the made, the Creator a creature.

The One whom the world cannot bear, a womb conceived in His entirety; He by whom the aether is encompassed, a maiden's belly enclosed.

Clothed in the form of a servant, not divested of divine nature, He indeed took on what was yours, but did not lose what was His.

The origin of things arises; the ancient of days is made. The beginning of the world began, made from those things which He made.

Conception made you fruitful, birth did not violate you; He entered and went out, but left you enclosed.

You are the rod of Aaron, fruitful though dry, which brought forth a shoot, yet you remained a Virgin.

The bush prefigured you, which burned but was not consumed: you who without the heat of the mind brought forth the fruit of the womb.

A Virgin before childbirth, and after, the Virgin of virgins; the integrity of your modesty increased in the birth of your offspring.

The food of angels was nourished by your milk; He who provides the waves to the sea sucks drops from your breast.

You carry in your bosom the offspring who balances the mass of the earth; you cherish Him by whom you are cherished, you protect Him by whom you are protected.

Soothe, O Mother, your dear Son who created you; plant grateful kisses, bind His limbs with swaddling clothes.

Embrace the heavenly King whom you bore, whom the sun and moon and every creature serve.

The choirs of virtues tremble before Him whom vile rags cover: heaven and earth are in awe of Him whom a maiden carries.

He wails in His mother's bosom, He reigns on the Father's throne: He observes His mother's law, He governs the laws of the world.

You are the fount of the living fountain, the dawn of the one who dawns; that sealed book given to the victorious man.

You are the closed gate of the temple, the hall of the supernal King; the treasury of the talent through which we are redeemed.

A garden of delights, an odor of sweetnesses; you are that full field which God has blessed.

From you came forth the cluster of grapes which, pressed in the winepress of the cross, waters with the wine of the Holy Spirit the thirsty minds.

You are also a heavenly land, fertile with milk and honey: from which the Truth, having arisen, removes the dogma of errors.

Arcem nobilitatis De prolis stirpe trahis. Filia quidem regum, Sed Mater Regis regum.

Salve, jam Virgo feta, Ave, gratia plena: Nostrum ave digneris, Ut illud Gabrielis.

Ille, dum te salutatur, Evae nomen commutat; Reduc nos, Virgo sancta, Unde est nequam lapsa.

Tu solve quod debemus Averte quod timemus, Impetra quod optamus, Perfice quod speramus.

Sit laus Trinitati, Sit decus Unitati, Cui lex et ordo rerum Per omne patet aevum. Amen.

LXI. Rhythmus de eadem sanctissima Virgine.

Quis est hic qui pulsatur ostium, Noctis rumpens somnum? Me vocat, o virginum pulcherrima, Soror, conjux, gemma splendidissima! Cito surgens aperi, dulcissima.

Ego sum summi Regis Filius, Primus, et novissimus; Qui de coelis in has veni tenebras, Liberare captivorum animas; Passus mortem et multas injurias.

Mox ego dereliqui lectulum, Cucurri ad pessulum: Ut dilecto tota domus pateat, Et mens mea plenissime videat, Quem videre maxime desiderat.

At ille jam inde transierat, Ostium reliquerat. Quid ergo, miserrima, quid facerem? Lacrymando sum secuta juvenem, Manus cujus plasmaverunt hominem.

Vigiles urbis invenerunt me, Exspoliaverunt me, Abstulerunt et dederunt pallium, Cantaverunt mihi novum canticum, Quo in Regis inducar palatium. Amen.

LXIII. Rhythmus super salutatione angelica.

Ave, David filia, sancta mundo nata, Virgo prudens, sobria, Joseph desponsata, Ad salutem omnium in exemplum data, Supernorum civium consors jam probata.

Maria, miseria per te terminatur Et misericordia per te revocatur; Per te navigantibus stella maris datur, Lumen viae panditur, portus demonstratur.

Gratia te reddidit cunctis gratiosam, Te vestivit lilio, sparsit in te rosam, Te virtutum floribus fecit speciosam, Intus et exterius totam luminosam.

Plena medicamine, abundas unguentis, Terge sordes criminum, plagam sana mentis Hujus tui supplicis in te confidentis, Et hos sacros rhythmos coram te psallentis.

You draw the summit of nobility from the stock of your offspring. A daughter of kings indeed, but the Mother of the King of kings.

Hail, now a fruitful Virgin, hail, full of grace: deign to accept our "hail" as you did that of Gabriel.

He, while he greets you, reverses the name of Eve; lead us back, O holy Virgin, from whence the wicked one fell.

Release what we owe, avert what we fear, obtain what we desire, perfect what we hope for.

Let there be praise to the Trinity, let there be glory to the Unity, to whom the law and order of things is manifest through all ages. Amen.

LXI. A Rhythmic Hymn concerning the same most Holy Virgin.

Who is this who knocks at the door, breaking the sleep of night? He calls me: "O most beautiful of virgins, sister, spouse, most splendid gem! Rise quickly and open, sweetest one."

"I am the Son of the highest King, the first and the last; who from heaven have come into this darkness to free the souls of captives; having suffered death and many injuries."

Forthwith I left my little bed, I ran to the bolt: that the whole house might lie open to my beloved, and that my mind might most fully see Him whom it desires most to see.

But he had already passed by, he had left the door. What then, most wretched one, what was I to do? Weeping, I followed the young man, whose hands fashioned man.

The watchmen of the city found me, they stripped me, they took away and gave me a cloak, they sang to me a new song, by which I may be led into the King's palace. Amen.

LXIII. A Rhythmic Hymn upon the Angelic Salutation.

Hail, daughter of David, born holy for the world, Prudent, sober Virgin, betrothed to Joseph, Given as an example for the salvation of all, Already proven a companion of the supernal citizens.

Mary, through you misery is ended And mercy is restored; Through you the star of the sea is given to those who sail, The light of the way is revealed, the harbor is shown.

Grace has rendered you gracious to all, It has clothed you with the lily, scattered the rose upon you, It has made you beautiful with the flowers of virtues, Within and without, entirely luminous.

Full of medicine, you abound in ointments, Cleanse the filth of sins, heal the wound of the mind Of this your supplicant who confides in you, And who chants these sacred rhythms before you.

Dominus Rex omnium ex te sibi fecit Cellam pigmentariam, quam cunctis prae-
fecit: In qua miras species Salvator confecit, Quibus omnes dulciter electos refecit.

Tecum tota Trinitas facit mansionem, 24 Pater, Verbum, Spiritus fixit sessionem;
Propter quod nunc largius ad devotionem Teipsam fidelibus praebes lectionem.

Benedicta, benedic te benedicentes, Fac in tuis laudibus sint proficientes; Infige
dulcedinem in tuorum mentes, Ut in bonis actibus semper sint ferventes.

Tu in mulieribus optima figura, Quae Regis es gloriae Mater, Virgo pura, Quo
probaris dignior omni creatura Hoc agente Domino singulari cura.

Et benedictus Deus, qui cuncta creavit Qui matris in utero te sanctificavit; Bene-
dictus filius, quem tuus portavit Virginalis uterus, quem ipse formavit.

Fructus tuus, domina, fructus est coelorum, Quo pascuntur angeli, coetusque
sanctorum: Christi meditatio cibus est eorum Qui per viam ambulant ejus manda-
torum.

Ventris habitaculum Rex regum intravit Cujus tabernaculum sibi dedicavit: Con-
dens ibi gladium, per quem hostem stravit, Et manna dulcissimum, quo fideles pavit.

Tui sapor germinis nostrum est solamen: Per te vitae sumpsimus aeternae libamen,
Quam det nobis Dominus per tuum juvamen, Qui vivit in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

O miseratrix, o dominatrix, praecipe dictu, Ne devastemur, ne lapidemur grandi-
nis ictu. Est tibi latus pontificatus, mater ab aevo; Ergo precamur, ne moriamur
turbine saevo.

Turbida leni, daque sereni temporis usum: Redde serenum sidus amoenum, nube
reclusum. Virgo, rogamus, ne pereamus peste, vel ira; Tetra diescant, atque quiescant
fulgura dira.

Dominus, the King of all, made from you for Himself A chamber of ointments, which He set over all things: In which the Savior fashioned wondrous species, With which He sweetly refreshed all the elect.

With you the whole Trinity makes its dwelling, 24 The Father, the Word, the Spirit has fixed its seat; For which reason you now more generously offer yourself As a lesson to the faithful for their devotion.

Blessed one, bless those who bless you, Make them to be proficient in your praises; Instill sweetness into the minds of your own, That in good acts they may always be fervent.

You are the best figure among women, Who are the Mother of the King of glory, a pure Virgin, By which you are proven more worthy than any creature, Through the Lord's doing with singular care.

And blessed be God, who created all things, Who sanctified you in your mother's womb; Blessed be the son, whom your virginal womb, Which He Himself formed, carried.

Your fruit, O lady, is the fruit of the heavens, On which the angels and the assembly of the saints feed: The meditation of Christ is the food of those Who walk along the way of His commandments.

The King of kings entered the dwelling of your womb, Whose tabernacle He dedicated to Himself: Forging there the sword by which He laid low the enemy, And the sweetest manna, with which He fed the faithful.

Your offspring's savor is our solace: Through you we have received a foretaste of eternal life, Which may the Lord grant us through your help, Who lives for ever and ever. Amen.

O merciful one, O sovereign lady, command with a word, That we not be devastated, that we not be stoned by the blow of hail. To you belongs the breadth of the pontificate, Mother from eternity; Therefore we pray, that we may not die in the fierce whirlwind.

Calm the turbulent, and grant the use of serene weather: Restore the pleasant star, serene, from the cloud's seclusion. Virgin, we ask, that we may not perish by plague, or by wrath; May the foul things cease, and may the dire lightnings rest.

Scala, thronusque Dei, nitor orbis, janua coeli Mater, ave Christi, scala thronusque Dei; Tu nova stella maris, qua lux est reddita terris Ortus et es solis, tu nova stella maris. Concipis absque viro, tu sola puerpera Virgo, Quae Verbum verbo concipis absque viro. Tartara quod metuunt, tellus pavet, astra verentur, Pectoris antra ferunt, tartari quod metuunt. Virgine vita redit homini, quem virgo peremit; Mors nece victa perit, Virgine vita redit. Tu super astra leva, petimus, quod subruit Eva; Illa gravat culpa, tu super astra leva. Gloria summa Patri, genitae sit gloria Proli, Flamine cum parili, gloria summa Patri. Amen.

Deus, qui antiquis patribus novae gratiae mysterium revelasti, praesta, quaesumus, ut Ecclesia tua Danielis foveatur auxiliis, cujus propheticis est aedificata doctrinis. Per Dominum.

Deus, qui per utriusque Testamenti patres unius Ecclesiae tuae fundamenta constituis, da nobis B. Danielis patrocinio protegi, cujus sumus mysticis revelationibus salubriter instituti. Per Dominum.

Deus, qui Susannam per B. Danielis iudicium liberasti, haec munera propitius respice, atque ejus precibus venerandis ab omni nos adversitate defende. Per Dominum.

Deus, qui per Habacuc prophetam B. Danieli prandium destinasti, ipso interveniente, concede ut quae de coelesti mensa percepimus sinceris mentibus illibata servemus. Per Dominum.

Praevia materno Verbum vox sentit in alvo.

Sperne maris navem, coeli, Petre, suscipe clavem; Fluctibus et spretis, portum mihi redde quietis

LXXII. De S. Petro apostolo hymnus.

Senatus apostolici Princeps et praeco Domini, Pastor prime fidelium, Custodi gregem creditum.

Per pascua virentia, Nos verbi fruge recrea: Refectas oves praevious Caulis infer coelestibus.

Supernae claves januae Tibi, Petre, sunt traditae, Tuisque patent legibus Terrena cum coelestibus.

Tu petram verae fidei, Tu basim aedificii Fundas, in qua catholica Fixa surgit Ecclesia.

Umbra tua, dum graderis, Fit medicina languidis; Textrinis usa vestium Sprevit Tabithae feretrum.

Catena vinctum gemina Virtus solvit angelica, Veste sumpta cum caligis Patescunt fores carceris.

Ladder and throne of God, splendor of the world, gate of heaven Hail, Mother of Christ, ladder and throne of God; You are the new star of the sea, by which light is restored to the lands And you are the rising of the sun, you new star of the sea. You conceive without a man, you alone a Virgin in childbirth, Who by a word conceive the Word without a man. What hell fears, the earth dreads, the stars revere, Your heart's chambers bear what hell fears. Through a Virgin life returns to man, whom a virgin destroyed; Death, conquered by death, perishes; through a Virgin life returns. Raise us above the stars, we ask, what Eve cast down; She weighs down with guilt, you raise us above the stars. Highest glory be to the Father, glory be to the begotten Son, With the equal Spirit, highest glory be to the Father. Amen.

O God, who revealed the mystery of the new grace to the ancient fathers, grant, we beseech You, that Your Church may be cherished by the help of Daniel, by whose prophetic doctrines it has been built up. Through our Lord.

O God, who through the fathers of both Testaments established the foundations of Your one Church, grant us to be protected by the patronage of the Blessed Daniel, by whose mystical revelations we have been wholesomely instructed. Through our Lord.

O God, who delivered Susanna through the judgment of the Blessed Daniel, look favorably upon these gifts, and by his venerable prayers, defend us from all adversity. Through our Lord.

O God, who through the prophet Habakkuk sent a meal to the Blessed Daniel, grant, through his intercession, that what we have received from the heavenly table we may preserve undefiled with sincere minds. Through our Lord.

The preceding voice perceives the Word in his mother's womb.

Spurn the ship of the sea, Peter, receive the key of heaven; And with the waves spurned, grant me the port of quiet.

LXXII. Hymn on St. Peter the Apostle.

Prince of the apostolic senate And herald of the Lord, First shepherd of the faithful, Guard the flock entrusted to you.

Through verdant pastures, Refresh us with the fruit of the word: As a guide, lead the refreshed sheep Into the heavenly folds.

To you, O Peter, are the keys Of the supernal gate entrusted, And to your laws are subject Things earthly and celestial.

You lay the rock of true faith, You the foundation of the building, On which, firmly fixed, the Catholic Church rises up.

Your shadow, as you walk, Becomes medicine for the sick; Using the threads of her garments, Tabitha spurned the bier.

Bound by a double chain, Angelic power set you free; With garment and sandals put on, The prison doors open.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXIII. De S. Paulo apostolo.

Mellifluis omnem Paulus rigat imbribus orbem.

26 LXXIV. De S. Paulo apostolo. Hymnus.

Paule, doctor egregie, Tuba clangens Ecclesiae, Nubes volans ac tonitrum Per
amplum mundi circulum.

Nobis potenter intona Ruraque cordis irriga; Coelestis imbre gratiae Mentis vire-
scant aridae.

O magnum Pauli meritum, Coelum conscendit tertium, Audit verba mysterii,
Quae nullis audet eloqui.

Dum Verbi spargit semina, Seges surgit uberrima; Sic coeli replent horreum
Bonorum fruges operum.

Micantis more lampadis, Perfundit orbem radiis, Fugat errorum tenebras, Ut sola
regnet veritas.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXV. De S. Andrea apostolo. Hymnus.

Captator olim piscium, Jam nunc piscator hominum, Tuis Andrea retibus Mundi
nos rape fluctibus.

Germanus Petri corpore, Nec mortis dispar ordine: Quos una caro genuit, Crux
coelo fratres edidit.

O germen vere nobile! O par corona gloriae! Ecclesiae patres pii, Crucis sunt aequae
filii.

Ad Jesum fratri praeuius, Indexque vitae strenuus, Et nobis esto miseris Beati dux
itineris.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXVI. Divisio.

Andreae festum colitur, Lux clara piis oritur, Per quem tenebras deserunt, Ad
verum lumen redeunt.

Aegeas in apostolum Minaci frendet spiritu: Per quem Achaiae populum Cernit
ire post Dominum.

Nescit minas pavescere, Nequit tormentis cedere, Flammantis ardor fidei Non
sentit vim supplicii.

Crucis vinctus patibulo, Laetus pendebat biduo: In ipsa morte positi Vitae manat
eloquium.

27 Luce delapsa coelitus Repente circumfunditur, Qui sic obire meruit Lucis
Auctorem petiit.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let the highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of both. Amen.

LXXIII. On St. Paul the Apostle.

Paul waters the whole world with honey-flowing showers.

26 LXXIV. Hymn on St. Paul the Apostle.

O Paul, excellent doctor, Trumpet sounding for the Church, A flying cloud and thunder Throughout the wide circle of the world.

Thunder powerfully upon us And water the fields of our heart; With the rain of celestial grace May our arid minds grow green.

O great merit of Paul, He ascended to the third heaven, He heard the words of mystery, Which he dares not speak to any.

While he scatters the seeds of the Word, A most abundant harvest arises; Thus the granary of heaven is filled with The fruits of good works.

Like a shining lamp, He floods the world with his rays, He puts to flight the darkness of errors, So that truth alone may reign.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let the highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of both. Amen.

LXXV. Hymn on St. Andrew the Apostle.

Once a catcher of fish, Now a fisher of men, Andrew, with your nets, Snatch us from the world's waves.

Brother of Peter in body, And not unequal in the order of death: Those whom one flesh begot, The cross brought forth as brothers to heaven.

O truly noble offspring! O equal crown of glory! Pious fathers of the Church, They are likewise sons of the cross.

As a guide to your brother to Jesus, And a vigorous indicator of life, Be for us wretched ones also A leader on the blessed journey.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let the highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of both. Amen.

LXXVI. Division.

The feast of Andrew is celebrated, A bright light arises for the pious, Through whom they abandon the darkness, And return to the true light.

Aegeas against the apostle Rages with a threatening spirit: Because he sees the people of Achaia Following the Lord through him.

He knows not how to fear threats, He cannot yield to torments, The burning ardor of his faith Does not feel the force of the punishment.

Bound to the gibbet of the cross, He hung joyfully for two days: Even when placed in death itself, The eloquence of life flows forth.

27 A light, having slipped down from heaven, Suddenly surrounds him; He who merited to die thus Sought the Author of light.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXVII. De S. Joanne apost. et evang. Hymnus. Ad vespas.

Virginis virgo venerande custos, Magnus aeterni logotheta Verbi, Dele servorum
facinus tuorum, Sancte Joannes.

Tu patrem carnis subito relinquis, Sicque coelestem sequeris Parentem, Piscibus
spretis hominum juberis Claudere turbam.

Fonte prorumpens fluvius perenni Curris arentis satiator orbis, Hausit ex pleno
modo quod propinat Pectore pectus.

Tu decus mundi, jubar atque coeli, Impetra nostris veniam ruinis: Da sacramen-
tum penetrare summum, Quod docuisti.

Patris arcanum speculando Verbum, Tollis errorem fidei per orbem, Nos ad aeter-
nam speciem fruendam, Dux bone, transfer.

Laus honor Patri, parilique Proli, Una majestas, eadem potestas, Cum quibus
sanctus simul implet omnem Spiritus orbem. Amen.

LXXVIII. Ad nocturnum

Fidelis plebs cum angelis Festivis plaudat gaudiis, Nativitati Domini Occurrit laus
apostoli.

Dilectus hic prae caeteris, Apud Magistrum tenuit Ob virginale meritum Amoris
privilegium.

Hausit ex Christi pectore Fluenta sapientiae: Hinc arva cordis irrigat, Et Verbum
Patris insonat.

Huic in cruce positus Matrem commendat Dominus, Fit mater Virgo virgini,
Quem fovet vice filii.

Te pronis, alme, cordibus, Coeli senator, poscimus, Da Verbi vultum cernere, Quo
verbum doces credere.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXIX. Ad laudes.

Magna Joannis merita Sancta promat Ecclesia, Quam tenebris evacuat, Vitae verbis
irradiat.

Hujus cor in sublimibus Sanctis suspendit Spiritus, Ut profunde latentia Cernat
alta mysteria.

Et illa felix aquila Ad escam volat avida. Quae coeli cives vegetat, Et nos in via
recreat.

Hic in choro tot millium Primatum tenet virginum; Fit Agno sic pedissequus, Ut
matris individuus.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let the highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of both. Amen.

LXXVII. Hymn on St. John the Apostle and Evangelist. For Vespers.

O venerable virgin guardian of the Virgin, Great steward of the eternal Word, Blot out the sins of your servants, O holy John.

You suddenly leave your father of the flesh, And so you follow the heavenly Father; Having spurned the fish, you are ordered To enclose the crowd of men.

A river bursting forth from a perennial spring, You run, satisfying the arid world; The breast drank from the full breast What it now pours forth.

You, the glory of the world, and splendor of heaven, Obtain pardon for our ruins: Grant us to penetrate the highest sacrament, Which you have taught.

By contemplating the Father's hidden Word, You remove the error of faith throughout the world; To the enjoyment of the eternal vision, Good leader, transport us.

Praise, honor to the Father, and to the equal Offspring, One is the majesty, the same the power, With whom the Holy Spirit together fills The whole world. Amen.

LXXVIII. For Nocturns

The faithful people with the angels Festively applaud with joys, To the Nativity of the Lord Is joined the praise of the apostle.

This one, beloved above the others, Held with the Master On account of his virginal merit The privilege of love.

He drew from Christ's breast Streams of wisdom: With these he irrigates the fields of the heart, And proclaims the Word of the Father.

To him, placed on the cross, The Lord commends His Mother; The Virgin becomes a mother to the virgin, Whom she cherishes in place of a son.

You, O gracious senator of Heaven, We ask with prostrate hearts, Grant us to behold the face of the Word, In whom you teach us to believe the word.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let there be the highest majesty To the Spirit of them both, equally. Amen.

LXXIX. For Lauds.

Let the Holy Church proclaim The great merits of John, Whom he empties of darkness, And irradiates with the words of life.

The Holy Spirit suspended his heart In the sublime heights, So that he might discern the high mysteries Lying deep within.

And that happy eagle Flies greedily to the food Which nourishes the citizens of heaven And refreshes us on the way.

He, in the choir of so many thousands Of virgins, holds the primacy; He becomes a follower of the Lamb, As he was inseparable from the mother.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

LXXX. Missa in festo S. Bartholomaei apostoli. Oratio.

Deus, qui Ecclesiam tuam in apostolicis voluisti consistere fundamentis, da nobis,
quaesumus, B. Bartholomaei precibus et in recta fide persistere, et piis semper operi-
bus abundare. Per Dominum.

LXXXI.

Precibus B. Bartholomaei apostoli tui, Domine, quaesumus, hoc tibi munus
oblatum vitale nobis perfice sacramentum. Per.

LXXXII.

Quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut donum coeleste, quod sumpsimus, interceden-
te B. Bartholomaeo apostolo tuo, non nobis ad iudicium, sed ad salutis aeternae
proveniat incrementum. Per.

LXXXIII.

Da, quaesumus, Ecclesiae tuae, misericors Deus, ut quae B. Bartholomaei apostoli
tui est aedificata doctrinis, ejus etiam continuis protegatur auxiliis. Per Dominum.

LXXXIV.

Concede, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut Ecclesia tua B. Bartholomaei apostoli
gaudeat suffulta praesidiis, cujus etiam magnificis informatur exemplis. Per.

LXXXV

Quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut B. Bartholomaei apostoli tui nunquam nobis
desit auxilium, cujus quotidie non cessamus venerabilem honorare triumphum. Per.

LXXXVI. Missa in translatione S. Matthaei apostoli. Oratio.

Deus, cujus nutu per diversa terrarum loca ipsa quoque sanctorum corpora dispo-
nuntur, tribue, quaesumus, ut qui B. Matthaei apostoli tui translationem colimus,
ipsi etiam a pravitate nostra ad pie vivendi rectitudinem transferamur. Per.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, Let there be glory to the Only-begotten, Let there be the highest majesty To the Spirit of them both, equally. Amen.

LXXX. Mass for the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle. Prayer.

O God, who willed your Church to stand on apostolic foundations, grant us, we beseech you, through the prayers of Blessed Bartholomew, both to persist in the right faith and always to abound in pious works. Through the Lord.

LXXXI.

Through the prayers of Blessed Bartholomew your apostle, O Lord, we beseech you, make this gift offered to you a life-giving sacrament for us. Through...

LXXXII.

We beseech you, almighty God, that the heavenly gift which we have received, through the intercession of Blessed Bartholomew your apostle, may not lead to our judgment, but may result in the increase of our eternal salvation. Through...

LXXXIII.

Grant, we beseech you, to your Church, O merciful God, that she who is built upon the doctrines of Blessed Bartholomew your apostle, may also be protected by his continual help. Through the Lord.

LXXXIV.

Grant, we beseech you, almighty God, that your Church may rejoice, supported by the protection of Blessed Bartholomew the apostle, by whose magnificent examples she is also instructed. Through...

LXXXV

We beseech you, almighty God, that the help of Blessed Bartholomew your apostle may never be wanting to us, whose venerable triumph we do not cease to honor daily. Through...

LXXXVI. Mass for the translation of St. Matthew the Apostle. Prayer.

O God, by whose will the very bodies of the saints are also disposed in diverse places of the earth, grant, we beseech you, that we who celebrate the translation of Blessed Matthew your apostle, may ourselves also be transferred from our depravity to the rectitude of a pious life. Through...

LXXXVII.

Haec hostia, quaesumus, Domine, vincula nostri reatus absolvat, et intercedente B. Matthaeo apostolo tuo donum nobis gratiae coelestis acquirat. Per.

LXXXVIII.

Praesta, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut qui coelestia dona percepimus, intercedente B. Matthaeo apostolo tuo, per haec ad aeternae refectionis esuriem provocemur. Per.

LXXXIX. Missa de S. Barnaba apostolo. Oratio.

Deus, qui B. Barnabam apostolis tuis in praedicatione sociasti, ad ejus nos, quaesumus, tribue pervenire consortium, cujus gloriosum gaudemus celebrare triumphum. Per.

XC.

Oblata munera, quaesumus, Domine, tua benedictione sanctifica, quae te, donante, illa nos flamma tuae dilectionis accendat, per quam B. Barnabas omnia sui corporis tormenta devicit. Per.

XCI. Postcommunio.

Coelestis mensae dapibus recreati, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut, intercedente B. Barnaba apostolo tuo, quod ore percepimus sincera mente servemus. Per.

XCII. Oratio ad vespas.

Deus, qui B. Barnabae apostolo tuo post adustae carnis incendia coelestis gloriae refrigerium tribuisti, aestus in nobis, quaesumus, passionum carnalium reprime, et corda nostra gratiae tuae rore perfunde. Per.

XCIII. Versus de gestis apostolorum.

Continet hoc corpus Christus, quos lumina pandit Sal mundi pariter esse sacrata Dei.

Omnia falsorum, per quos, figmenta deorum, Ecclesia fulget, diruta valde jacent.
Elegit mundo Dominus, quos ante Creator Saecula praenoscesse Dei Soboles.
Pectora replevit quorum pia Spiritus almus Dans variis linguis alta tonare Dei.
Transferri montes, solvendi jure ligandi Terris, ac tribuit his pietate polis.

LXXXVII.

May this victim, we beseech you, O Lord, absolve the bonds of our guilt, and through the intercession of Blessed Matthew your apostle, obtain for us the gift of heavenly grace. Through...

LXXXVIII.

Grant, we beseech you, almighty God, that we who have received heavenly gifts, through the intercession of Blessed Matthew your apostle, may through these be stirred to hunger for eternal refreshment. Through...

LXXXIX. Mass of St. Barnabas the Apostle. Prayer.

O God, who joined Blessed Barnabas to your apostles in preaching, grant us, we beseech you, to attain to his fellowship, whose glorious triumph we rejoice to celebrate. Through...

XC.

Sanctify with your blessing, we beseech you, O Lord, the gifts offered, that by your granting, that flame of your love may enkindle us, through which Blessed Barnabas overcame all the torments of his body. Through...

XCI. Postcommunion.

Refreshed by the banquet of the heavenly table, we beseech you, almighty God, that, through the intercession of Blessed Barnabas your apostle, we may keep with a sincere mind what we have received with our mouth. Through...

XCII. Prayer at Vespers.

O God, who to Blessed Barnabas your apostle, after the burning of his scorched flesh, granted the refreshment of heavenly glory, repress in us, we beseech you, the heats of carnal passions, and pour upon our hearts the dew of your grace. Through...

XCIII. Verses on the deeds of the apostles.

Christ holds this body, whom He reveals to be the lights and equally the sacred salt of the world of God.

Through whom all the fictions of false gods lie utterly destroyed, while the Church shines forth.

The Lord Creator, foreknowing before the ages, chose for the world those who were to be the Offspring of God.

The nurturing Spirit filled their pious hearts, giving them power to thunder forth the high things of God in various tongues.

In His piety, He granted to them the power for mountains to be moved, and the right of loosing and binding on Earth and in the heavens.

Istorum imperio fugiunt daemonia saeva, Corpora functorum vel rediviva vigent.
Mentibus his sacris dans intima cernere cordis Coelitus et fieri mira patrante Deo.
Hos vocitant coelos, vates, nubesque volantes, Arida qui sancto dogmate corda
rigant.

Languores varios depellunt fame solo Corporis; ast animae per pietatis opem.
Lector apostolicas bene prudens perlege palmas, Credere ne dubites quas tenet
alma fides.

Istorum fines nescit, qui negligit istos, Qualiter aetherea regna beata tenent.
Coetus apostolicus Domini praecepta sequendo, Per fidei dogma clarus in orbe
nitet.

Hic codex retinet Petrum, Paulumque beatos, Et geminos Jacobos, Bartholomae-
umque Thomam, Andream sanctum, Simonem, Thadaeumque Philippum, Evange-
listas quatuor et proceres, Matthiam, pariter Barnabam regia vasa.

.....

Hi lapides nitidi fulgent in stemmate Christi, Climata per mundi quos venerare
licet.

Una fides tenuit, quos nunc tenet alma corona, Una quidem Christo gloria semper
habet.

Martyriale decus, confessorumque beatum Ex his incipiunt virgineusque pudor.
Christicolae cuncti hos semper celebrate patronos Tempore solemni, voce canente
Deo.

Cum quibus adveniens Iudex in limine saeculi Reddere laeta bonis, tristia rite malis,
Omnipotens Dominus donet consortia nobis Omnibus in sanctis luce perenne frui.
XCIV. Unde supra.

At their command, savage demons flee, and the bodies of the dead flourish, brought back to life.

Giving to these sacred minds the ability to discern from Heaven the secrets of the heart, and to see wonders performed by the work of God.

The prophets call them heavens and flying clouds, who water arid hearts with holy dogma.

They drive out various illnesses of the body by word alone; but those of the soul, through the help of piety.

Prudent reader, read well of the apostolic victories, so that you may not doubt to believe what nurturing faith holds.

He who neglects them does not know their ends, nor how they hold the blessed ethereal kingdoms.

The apostolic assembly, by following the precepts of the Lord, shines brightly in the world through the dogma of faith.

This book contains the blessed Peter and Paul, and the two Jameses, Bartholomew and Thomas, holy Andrew, Simon, Thaddeus and Philip, the four Evangelists and leaders, Matthias, and likewise Barnabas, royal vessels.

.....

These shining stones gleam in the crown of Christ, whom it is right to venerate throughout the regions of the world.

One faith held them, whom a nurturing crown now holds; indeed, one glory always possesses them for Christ.

From these begin the glory of martyrdom, the blessed honor of confessors, and virginal modesty.

All you worshipers of Christ, always celebrate these patrons at the solemn time, with a voice singing to God.

May the Almighty Lord grant us fellowship with those with whom the Judge will come at the threshold of the age to render joy to the good and duly sorrow to the wicked, and grant us to enjoy eternal light among all the saints.

XCIV. From the same as above.

Spiritus alme, veni, perflato dindyma nostro, Ad nostrum votum, Spiritus alme, veni. Templata dicata tibi valeam quo extollere digne, Laudibus exaltem templata dicata tibi. Quae sine fine tenent coelorum gaudia celsa, Gloria cum meritis quae sine fine tenent. Ore Dei sobolem prophetarum rite prophetae, Promittit apostolicus ore Dei sobolem. Virginis hic genitus purgavit crimina mundi, Tartara contrivit Virginis hic genitus. Damna poli Dominus restaurat mire perempta, Sanguine restituit damna poli Dominus. Rex pius ipse pios praecepit mergere lymphis; Vexit ad alta poli Rex pius ipse pios. Semina parva Sator cumulavit fructibus amplis, Centuplicare dedit semina parva Sator. Effera corda nitent istorum fame sanctorum, Per varios flores effera corda nitent. Lilia mista rosis violaeque per . . . flagrant, Sancta renitent lilia mista rosis. Aurea regna poli dispensat Christus ubique, Discipulis tribuit aurea regna poli. Primitus alma fides per Petrum clarior exstat, Ejus odore nitet primitus alma fides. Roma beata, nites, Petri de corpore sancti, Dogmate quoque suo, Roma beata, nites. Ampla tropaea crucis pro Christo pertulit ille, Vertice versus abit ampla tropaea crucis. Splendet ubique potens Paulus, mirabilis actor, Abscissus capite splendet, ubique potens. O veneranda nimis Petri Paulique decore, Romula, quos retines, o veneranda nimis Facta salutis agens Jacobus per cuncta necatur, Galliciae recubans, facta salutis agens. Idola caeca colens . . . Armenia nec non Vertitur ad Christum idola caeca colens. Excoriate, nites in mundo, Bartholomaeae, Vertice praecisus, excoriate, nites. Optima gesta canens Macedonia, rite Matthaeus, In Persis passus, optima gesta canens. In cruce, Petre, tuus Germanus praedicat orbem, Achaia salvans in cruce, Petre, tuus. Eripit ille Simon crucifixus fame Salens, Aegyptum simul eripit ille Simon. Millia multa virum Thaddaeus contulit ardens, Pontus et Armenia millia multa virum. Dogmata multa tulit Thomas transfossus in orbe, Persis et Medis dogmata multa tulit. Se super astra ferens purgavit schisma, Joannes, Quem tenet Ephesus se super astra ferens. Tactus amore Dei lapidatur nempe Philippus, Cum vertit Gallos, tactus amore Dei. Jacobe, ecce nites, Domini sanctissime frater, Praecipitatus abis, Jacobe, ecce nites, Inter apostolicos numeraris sorte, Matthia, Judaeam salvans inter apostolicos.

Gracious Spirit, come, breathe through our hearts, to our prayer, gracious Spirit, come. So that I may be able to worthily extol the temples dedicated to you, I may exalt with praises the temples dedicated to you. Which hold without end the high joys of the heavens, the glory with merits which they hold without end. The prophets duly [proclaimed] the offspring from the mouth of God; the apostolic choir proclaims the offspring from the mouth of God. This one, born of the Virgin, cleansed the sins of the world; he crushed Hell, this one born of the Virgin. The Lord wonderfully restores the lost ruins of heaven; with His blood the Lord restored the ruins of heaven. The pious King himself commanded the pious to be immersed in the waters; to the heights of heaven the pious King himself carried the pious. The Sower heaped up small seeds with ample fruits; the Sower granted the small seeds to multiply a hundredfold. Wild hearts are transformed by the speech of these saints; through various flowers, wild hearts are transformed. Lilies mixed with roses and violets are fragrant through . . . ; holy lilies mixed with roses shine back. The golden kingdoms of heaven Christ dispenses everywhere; to His disciples He bestowed the golden kingdoms of heaven. First, nourishing faith stands forth more brightly through Peter; with his fragrance, nourishing faith first shines. Blessed Rome, you shine from the body of Saint Peter; and by his teaching, blessed Rome, you shine. He bore for Christ the ample trophies of the cross; turned upside down he departs, [bearing] the ample trophies of the cross. Everywhere powerful Paul, the wonderful champion, shines; beheaded he shines, everywhere powerful. O [city of Romulus], greatly to be venerated for the glory of Peter and Paul, whom you hold, o greatly to be venerated! Doing deeds of salvation, James is killed throughout all; resting in Galicia, doing deeds of salvation. Worshipping blind idols . . . and also Armenia is turned to Christ, [which was] worshipping blind idols. O flayed one, you shine in the world, Bartholomew; beheaded, O flayed one, you shine. Macedonia, duly singing of his excellent deeds, [praises] Matthew, who suffered in Persia, singing of his excellent deeds. On the cross, Peter, your brother preaches to the world; saving Achaia on the cross, [he preaches], Peter, your brother. That Simon, crucified, leaping forth with speech, rescues; Egypt at the same time that Simon rescues. The ardent Thaddeus converted many thousands of men; Pontus and Armenia [yielded] many thousands of men. Thomas, pierced through, brought many doctrines to the world; to the Persians and Medes he brought many doctrines. Carrying himself above the stars, John purged schism; whom the Ephesian land holds, carrying himself above the stars. Touched by the love of God, Philip is indeed stoned; when he converts the Gauls, touched by the love of God. O James, behold, you shine, most holy brother of the Lord; thrown down from a height you depart, O James, behold, you shine. You are numbered by lot among the apostles, O Matthias; saving Judea among the apostles.

Uritur igne Dei Barnabas, dogmata damnat, Dumque crematus obit, uritur igne Dei. Quam speciose micas, Alexandria, sanguine Marci, Constantina simul, quam speciose micas! Te renitendo nitet fulgens Bithinia, Luca, Urbs quoque regalis te renitendo nitet. Carmina parva dedit famulus pro munere supplex, Parvus, iners, tenuis, carmina parva dedit. Numen, apostolicum dignanter suscipe munus, Vota precesque pias Numen, apostolicum.

XCV. Rhythmus de S. Vincentio martyre.

Coelum, terra, pontus, aethra, Pariter elementa Cuncta promant triumphalem Summi Regis gloriam.

Qui leonis rugientis. Rabiem per robustum Bellatorem, mox victorem Conculcavit Vincentium.

Ille nempe Daciani Sprevit iram iudicis, Truces minas et furorem, Ceu susurros culicis:

Vincla, flagra, carcerales Tenebras, ipsae plagae vulnerantur: Mortes mortibus adduntur; Sed domus supra firmam fixa petram Nequit sterni vi ventorum, vel flaminum.

Fame corpus maceratum Cernitur velut epulis Nutritum sumptuosis, Ac cibis regalibus

Angelorum quippe cibus Reficit ventrem mentis Se quaerentis, quae nil sitit Praeter Deum, vel esurit.

Saevit, fremit, efferatur Mox cruenta bestia; Fervet, frendet, movet cuncta Tormentorum genera:

Ferrum, ignes, testulas, equuleum, Torquet, torret, et compages Dividit articulorum, Imprimis ignitarum laminarum Sectis membris caecus furor cauterium.

Christi miles premit vires Viribus cordis, et igne Carnis ignes exstinguebat, Sancto plenus Spiritu.

Caesus flagris, fossus plagis Jubilat, desides horret Tortores, solam timet Levitatem carnificum.

Bella fremunt, hostes caedunt, Haec est lex victoriae; Pugna surgit, palma crescit, Et coronae gloria.

Clarus Christi triumphator, Curiam summi coeli purpuratus Introivit, comitatus niveo Splendorum angelorum Dulce carmen modulante collegio.

Mox in latos corpus agros Jacitur insepultum, Pavent canes, tremunt aves Propius accedere.

Cives, arvum fert thesaurum nobilem: Non praedones, non latrones, ut occultent, Valent illud effodere.

Barnabas is burned with the fire of God, he condemns [false] doctrines; and while he dies by burning, he is burned with the fire of God. How beautifully you sparkle, O Alexandria, with the blood of Mark; and Constantinople as well, how beautifully you sparkle! Reflecting you, shining Bithynia gleams, O Luke; the royal city also gleams, reflecting you. The suppliant servant gave these small verses as a gift; small, unskilled, slight, he gave these small verses. O Apostolic Power, deign to receive this gift; [receive] the pious vows and prayers, O Apostolic Power.

XCV. A rhythm on St. Vincent the martyr.

Heaven, earth, sea, sky, let all the elements alike proclaim the triumphal glory of the highest King.

Who trampled the rage of the roaring lion through the strong warrior, soon to be victor, Vincent.

For he indeed spurned the wrath of the judge Dacian, his fierce threats and fury, as if the whispers of a gnat:

Chains, scourges, prison darkness—the very blows are wounded: deaths are added to deaths; but the house fixed upon a firm rock cannot be thrown down by the force of winds or blasts.

His body, emaciated by hunger, is seen as if nourished by sumptuous feasts and royal foods.

For indeed the food of angels refreshes the belly of the mind that seeks Him, which thirsts for or hungers for nothing but God.

Soon the bloody beast rages, roars, is carried away; it seethes, gnashes its teeth, and brings forth all kinds of torments:

Iron, fires, heated shards, the rack; blind fury twists, burns, and divides the joints of his limbs, and impresses the brand of fiery plates upon his cut members.

The soldier of Christ overcomes these forces with the strength of his heart, and, full of the Holy Spirit, with fire he extinguished the fires of the flesh.

Beaten with scourges, dug with wounds, he rejoices; he scorns the idle torturers, he fears only the levity of the executioners.

Wars rage, enemies fall, this is the law of victory; the battle arises, the palm grows, and the glory of the crown.

The renowned triumpher of Christ, clad in purple, entered the court of highest heaven, accompanied by a snow-white college of splendid angels modulating a sweet song.

Soon his body is cast unburied into the wide fields; dogs are afraid, birds tremble to approach nearer.

Citizens, the field bears a noble treasure: not plunderers, not thieves, are able to dig it up to hide it.

Nam vesanus Dacianus Suit hunc herunculo, Velut in parricidali Reum claudat
culco, Et marinis jubet mergi fluctibus:

Nequit pontus sacrum pondus cohibere, Sed ad littus coelitus gubernatum depor-
tatur, Et festinos praevenit velox remiges

Nunc serenum victor coelum, O beate coronate, Post triumphum Martyr invic-
tissime.

In aeterni luce regni Radians lapis vivus, Clarum sidus cum ignitis Angelorum
agminibus.

Post sudorem et laborem, Post peractum stadium, Tribuente justo Rege, Fert
promissum bravium.

Trabeatus stola candidissima Solis ardor, lunae candor Tuae cedunt claritati;
Omnia superantur, Quae mirandum sui praebent In hoc orbe spectaculum.

Rector coeli, Nate Dei, petimus, Leva mersos, solve nexos, Magni sancti meritis
Vincentii.

Tu quos multae praemunt culpae suscita, Fige nostra sursum corda, Quo nil
ament praeter coelestia.

Da terrenis in extremis Coeli celsa scandere, Quos misertus redemisti Pretioso
sanguine, Qui per aevum jura rerum ordinas.

Rex immensus et aeternus, Cujus nutum cuncta tremunt condita, Qui cum Patre,
Spirituque sancto Regnas infinita per saecula. Amen.

XCVI. De S. Vitale martyre. Hymnus ad laudes.

Insigne decus martyrum, Astrum Vitalis aureum Per gloriam certaminis Urbem
perfundit radiis.

Ense praecinctus fidei, Christi succurrit militi: Dum lapso manum porrigit,
Hostem calcare docuit.

Equuleo suspenditur, Sed poena parvipenditur, Amoris ardor intimi Non sentit
vim supplicii.

Terrae mersus infoditur, Sed super astra tollitur: Obruitur ruderibus, Radiat in
coelestibus.

Nos, martyr invictissime, Da post ruinam vincere, Digneque post victoriam Ad
coeli transfer gloriam.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

XCVII. In festivitate S. Anthimi. Hymnus.

Insigne decus martyrum Laus nostra promat Anthimum, Cujus testantur omnia
Elementa victoriam.

For the mad Dacian sews him in a sack, as if to enclose a criminal guilty of parricide, and orders him to be submerged in the waves of the sea:

The sea cannot contain the sacred weight, but, guided from heaven, it is carried to the shore, and swiftly outstrips the hasty oarsmen.

Now, O blessed and crowned one, most invincible Martyr, you hold the serene heaven as victor after your triumph.

A living stone, radiating in the light of the eternal kingdom, a bright star with the fiery hosts of angels.

After the sweat and labor, after the race has been run, the just King bestowing it, he bears the promised prize.

Clad in a most white robe, the heat of the sun and the brightness of the moon yield to your clarity; all things are surpassed which offer a wondrous spectacle of themselves in this world.

Ruler of heaven, Son of God, we ask, lift up the submerged, release the bound, by the merits of the great Saint Vincent.

Raise up those whom many faults oppress; fix our hearts on high, that they may love nothing but heavenly things.

Grant to earthly beings in their final moments to climb the heights of heaven, whom You, having had mercy, redeemed with Your precious blood, You who order the laws of things through the ages.

O immense and eternal King, at whose nod all created things tremble, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit reignest for infinite ages. Amen.

XCVI. On St. Vitalis the Martyr. A Hymn for Lauds.

The distinguished glory of martyrs, the golden star Vitalis, through the glory of his contest, bathes the city with its rays.

Girded with the sword of faith, he comes to the aid of a soldier of Christ: while he extends a hand to the fallen one, he taught him to trample the enemy.

He is hung on the rack, but the punishment is esteemed as little; the ardor of his innermost love does not feel the force of the torment.

Buried, he is sunk into the earth, but he is raised above the stars: he is covered with rubble, he radiates in the heavens.

O most invincible martyr, grant that we may conquer after ruin, and after victory be worthily transferred to the glory of heaven.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, let there be glory to the Only-begotten, let there be equal highest majesty to the Spirit of both. Amen.

XCVII. On the Feast of St. Anthimus. A Hymn.

Let our praise bring forth Anthimus, the distinguished glory of martyrs, whose victory all the elements attest.

Furores calcat principum, Manus ridet carnificum, Fundatae robur fidei Non quassat vis supplicii.

Post carcerum custodias, Post verberum victorias, Saxo vinctus suspenditur Et sic in fluctus mergitur.

Sed o felicem naufragum! Mox clarum cernit angelum, Deponit praesto vinculum, Liber redit hospitium.

CAPUT C

aesus interit, Sed victor astra petiit; Dum mortis fert atrociam, Vitae mercatur gloriam.

Magnis votorum laudibus Dignus est martyr Anthimus, Qui signis et mirificis Tot claruit prodigiis.

Hic Piniani languidam Carnem, simul et animam, Cunctis morborum nexibus Sacris absolvit precibus.

Vesana daemon furia Quemdam vexat in vulnera; Pacis hostis expellitur, Sic mens pacata redditur.

Tē, martyr alme, poscimus Cordis orisque vocibus, Ut nos tremendo Judici Comendes prece supplici.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

XCVIII. In solemnitate S. Ursicini. Hymnus.

Dulce martyr eximius Festum praebet Ursicinus, Quo victus victor exstitit, Et clarus astra petiit.

Nam poenas post horrificas Carnis pavet infirmitas, Sed mox ad cor revertitur, Et laetus in se caeditur:

Dignae raptor erubuit Rapinae cum succubuit, Et hoste lapso perdidit, Qui stanti vulnus intulit.

Et nos inter certamina, Martyr insignis, adjuva; Da dissidentes fidere Victosque rursum vincere.

Sic, animarum medicus, Affer opem languentibus; Haustu coelestis gratiae Aegrae curantur animae.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

XCIX. Missa sanctorum septem Dormientium. Oratio. Deus, qui in beatis martyribus tuis Maximiano, Malcho, Martiniano, Dionysio, Joanne, Serapione et Constantino, futurae resurrectionis primitias suscitasti, da nobis sic a mundi perturbatione quiescere, ut ad coelestem vitam mereamur de terrae pulvere vigilare. Per.

He tramples on the fury of princes, he scoffs at the hands of executioners; the force of torture does not shake the strength of his well-founded faith.

After imprisonment in jails, after victories over scourges, he is bound to a stone, suspended, and thus plunged into the waves.

But oh, what a happy shipwrecked man! Soon he beholds a bright angel; at once he lays down his chain, and returns free to his lodging.

BEHEADED, HE PERISHED, BUT AS A VICTOR HE
SOUGHT THE STARS; WHILE HE BEARS THE ATROCITY
OF DEATH, HE PURCHASES THE GLORY OF LIFE.

Worthy is the martyr Anthimus of the great praises of our vows, who shone forth with so many signs and wondrous prodigies.

By his holy prayers, this man freed the languid flesh and, at the same time, the soul of Pinianus from all the bonds of sickness.

A mad demonic fury torments a certain man unto wounds; the enemy of peace is expelled, and thus the mind is rendered peaceful.

You, O nurturing martyr, we beseech with the voices of our heart and mouth, that you may commend us to the tremendous Judge with your suppliant prayer.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, glory be to the Only-Begotten, may the highest majesty be to the Spirit of both, in equal measure. Amen.

XCVIII. On the solemnity of St. Ursicinus. Hymn.

The excellent martyr Ursicinus provides a sweet feast, on which, having been conquered, he emerged as a victor, and, renowned, sought the stars.

For after horrific punishments, the weakness of the flesh is afraid, but soon he returns to his heart, and is joyfully struck down in himself:

The plunderer blushed for the worthy prize when he succumbed to it, and with the enemy having fallen, he lost, who had inflicted a wound on him while he was standing.

And us, in the midst of our struggles, O distinguished martyr, help; grant that the discordant may trust, and that the conquered may conquer again.

Thus, as a physician of souls, bring help to the languishing; by a drink of heavenly grace may sick souls be cured.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, glory be to the Only-Begotten, may the highest majesty be to the Spirit of both, in equal measure. Amen.

XCIX. Mass of the holy seven Sleepers. Prayer. O God, who in your blessed martyrs Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine, have raised up the first fruits of the future resurrection, grant that we may so rest from the disturbance of the world, that we may deserve to awaken from the dust of the earth to heavenly life. Through our Lord.

C. Munera populi tui, quaesumus, Domine, beatorum martyrum tuorum intercessionem sanctifica, ac nos etiam per haec a peccatorum maculis clementer emunda. Per.

CI. Coelestis mensae dapibus recreati, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut nullis nos permittas erroribus decipi, quos per gloriosos septem martyres de beata resurrectionis gloria confirmasti. Per.

CII. De S. Apollinare episcopo et martyre. Ad vesp. responsorium.

Ait B. Petrus apostolus Apollinari discipulo suo: Eia. Vers. Surge. Vers. Ecce enim eruditus es de omnibus, quae fecit Jesus. Et perge. Vers. Multitudo enim populi illic moratur. Praedica. Vers. Constat enim apud te, quod vere sit Dei Filius. Et ne for. Vers. Hodie splendidus martyr Apollinaris victor penetravit coelum; gaudentes socii, canite: Eia.

CIII. Hymnus ad vespas.

Consul aeterni trabeate regni, Mente devota petimus, labora Curiam coeli reserare plebi, Apollinaris.

Janitor summi pius hoc olympi Annuat tanti famulis alumni, Qui tuas gaudent resonare laudes Dulcibus hymnis.

Intimis pressam tenebris Ravennam Daemonumque vanis inhiando sacris, Clarus Eois veniens ab oris Lucifer intrans.

Caecus orbatu puer Irenaei Te probat dextrum rutilare sidus, Qui patri cordis, sobolique frontis Lumina pandis.

Nil potest aegrae medicina Theclae, Nil profanorum numerus deorum; Tu cor ad coelum facis, atque laetum Tollere vultum.

Laeta Classensis monet ora civis Viribus sacrae reserata linguae, Patris aeternum reserata Verbum Verba fatentur.

Morte defunctam duplici puellam Reddis utrique miserando vitae; Flatus hinc carnem, Deus inde mentem Protinus implet.

Gloriam Patri referamus illi, Tanta qui dignis tribuit ministris, Sit decus Nato, Flaminique sancto Omne per aevum. Amen.

CIV. Ad nocturnum.

Chorus exsultet coelitum, Turba plaudentium, Apollinaris passio Mundi sit exsultatio: Cum morte carnis interit.

Sancto exutus corpore, Stola vestitur gloriae, Carnis exuit ergastulum, Coeli scandit palatium.

Exsulta jam, metropolis Ravenna vere nobilis: Quod Roma in clavigero, Tu habes in discipulo.

C. Sanctify, we beseech you, O Lord, the gifts of your people by the intercession of your blessed martyrs, and through them also clemently cleanse us from the stains of our sins. Through our Lord.

CI. Refreshed by the banquet of the heavenly table, we beseech you, almighty God, that you permit us to be deceived by no errors, whom you have confirmed through the glorious seven martyrs concerning the blessed glory of the resurrection. Through our Lord.

CII. Of St. Apollinaris, bishop and martyr. Responsory for Vespers.

The Blessed Apostle Peter said to his disciple Apollinaris: Come! V. Arise. V. For behold, you are learned in all the things that Jesus did. And go forth. V. For a multitude of people dwells there. Preach. V. For it is established with you that he is truly the Son of God. And lest perhaps... V. Today the splendid martyr Apollinaris, as a victor, has penetrated heaven; rejoicing, companions, sing: Come!

CIII. Hymn for Vespers.

O Apollinaris, consul of the eternal kingdom, clad in the trabea, we ask with devout mind: labor to open the court of heaven to the people.

May the pious gatekeeper of highest Olympus grant this to the servants of so great a foster-son, who rejoice to resound your praises with sweet hymns.

Into Ravenna, pressed by deepest darkness and gaping at the vain rites of demons, you entered, a bright morning star coming from the Eastern shores.

The blind boy of the bereaved Irenaeus proves you to be a favorable, shining star, you who open the light of the heart to the father, and of the brow to the son.

The medicine for the sick Thecla can do nothing, nor can the number of profane gods; you make her heart turn to heaven, and lift up a joyful face.

The joyful face of a citizen of Classe, his speech restored by the power of your sacred tongue, gives warning; his words, now unlocked, confess the eternal Word of the Father.

A girl dead with a double death you restore to both lives in your pity; breath from here fills her flesh, and God from there at once fills her mind.

Let us give glory to that Father, who bestows such things upon his worthy ministers; may there be glory to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, for all ages. Amen.

CIV. For Nocturns.

Let the choir of the heavenly ones exult, Let the crowd of the faithful applaud, May the passion of Apollinaris Be the world's exultation: When it perishes with the death of the flesh.

Stripped of his holy body, He is clothed in a robe of glory, He casts off the prison of the flesh, He ascends to the palace of heaven.

Exult now, O metropolis Ravenna, truly noble: What Rome has in the key-bearer (clavigero), You have in the disciple.

Te, summe praesul, poscimus Cordis orisque vocibus, Ut nos venturo Judici Commendes prece supplici.

Gloria sit ingenito Patri, et Unigenito, Sancto simul Spiritui, Deo indivisibili. Amen.

Surge, accipe Spiritum sanctum, simulque pontificatum, et perge ad urbem, quae vocatur Ravenna; praedica ejusdem nomen Jesu, et ne formidaveris.

Psal. Mittat Dominus Jesus Christus angelum suum qui praeparet iter tuum, et quae postula veris annuat tibi.

Deus, qui nos per B. Apollinarem martyrem tuum atque pontificem apostolicis voluisti documentis imbuere, da nobis, quaesumus, et illa servare quae docuit, et ad hoc pertingere quod promisit. Per.

Deus, qui B. Apollinarem, pro confessione tui nominis prunis impositum, suavitatis hostiam suscepisti, da nobis, quaesumus, et pio devotionis incensum tibi semper offerre, et contriti cordis hostias immolare. Per.

Mittat Dominus noster angelum suum, qui praeparet iter tuum, et quae postula veris annuat. Vers. Ponens Petrus manum super caput B. Apollinaris, dixit illi: Alleluia.

Obsecramus suppliciter, Christe, Patris gloria, lux mundi vera, porrige lapsis famulis dexteram, stare qua valeant contra callidi hostis certamina, favente nobis tua clementia. Vers. Deus, qui operaris cum Petro magistro meo, operare et mecum, ut clarificetur nomen tuum.

Clara nobilis praeconia Apollinaris coelica martyris laetis promant vocibus agmina. Omnis et orbis quadrua dramatum dulce melos resonent climata. Exsultet merito nimis alumna tam egregii civis Antiochia. Plaudat praecipue felix Ravenna, sacro ejus cruore purpurata. O virtus nova, vinci nescia; o turris David invictissima, cuncta pro nihilo reputans tormentorum genera! Alta viscerum ridens vulnera, dura verberum spernens stigmata, aqua refrigerat fervida membra flammis torrida. Carcerales hinc tenebras, longa ferens exsilia, famis quoque pertulit inopiam, sustinuit equulei suspendia. Catenarum mox vincula sacra vinciunt brachia, contundere non timet os rabida cum lapide carnificis insania. Eviscerans claustra tartarea, exanimem patritii suscitavit filiam. Quis referat quot caecorum lumina, quot languida divinitus reparavit corpora? Petimus, Ecclesiae radians sidus, et lucerna pontificum nitida martyrumque gemma, Pectora nostra prece sedula vitiis emunda, virtutibus robora, cor in astra leva, Et Christum nos cernere fac in saecula. Amen.

We ask you, O highest prelate, With the voices of heart and mouth, That you commend us to the coming Judge With a suppliant prayer.

Glory be to the unbegotten Father, and to the Only-begotten, Together with the Holy Spirit, To the indivisible God. Amen.

Arise, receive the Holy Spirit, and at the same time the pontificate, and go to the city which is called Ravenna; preach the name of Jesus there, and do not be afraid.

Ps. May the Lord Jesus Christ send his angel who will prepare your way, and may he grant you what you have asked.

O God, who willed to imbue us with apostolic teachings through Blessed Apollinaris, your martyr and pontiff, grant us, we beseech you, both to observe what he taught and to attain what he promised. Through.

O God, who received Blessed Apollinaris, placed on burning coals for the confession of your name, as a sacrifice of sweetness, grant us, we beseech you, both to offer you always the incense of pious devotion and to immolate the sacrifices of a contrite heart. Through.

May our Lord send his angel, who will prepare your way, and grant what you have asked. V. Peter, placing his hand upon the head of Blessed Apollinaris, said to him: Alleluia.

We humbly beseech you, O Christ, glory of the Father, true light of the world, extend your right hand to your fallen servants, by which they may be able to stand against the struggles of the cunning enemy, with your clemency favoring us. V. O God, who works with Peter my master, work also with me, that your name may be glorified.

Let the hosts bring forth with joyful voices the clear, noble, heavenly praises of the martyr Apollinaris. And let all the four climates of the world resound with the sweet melody of songs. Let Antioch, the nursling of so outstanding a citizen, rightly exult exceedingly. Let happy Ravenna, purpled with his sacred blood, applaud especially. O new virtue, that knows not how to be conquered; O most invincible tower of David, counting as nothing all kinds of torments! Laughing at the deep wounds of his entrails, spurning the harsh marks of scourges, he cools with water his fervent limbs, scorched by flames. Hence he endured the darkness of prison, bearing long exiles; he also bore the want of hunger, he sustained the suspensions of the rack. Soon the chains' bonds bind his sacred arms; the rabid madness of the executioner does not fear to strike his face with a stone. Disemboweling the enclosures of Tartarus, he raised the lifeless daughter of a patrician. Who can recount how many lights of the blind, how many languid bodies he divinely restored? We ask, O radiant star of the Church, and shining lamp of pontiffs and gem of martyrs, cleanse our hearts from vices with your diligent prayer, strengthen them with virtues, lift our heart to the stars, and make us to see Christ for ever and ever. Amen.

Dicebat B. Apollinaris vicario: Securus esto, quia manibus meis thura non ponam daemoniis, sed in Domino meo Jesu Christo incensum offeram laudis et suavitatis. Vers. Sacrificium me ipsum offero pro salute filiorum meorum, quos . . .

Sanctifica, Domine, nos venerando hoc mysterio cunctis celeberrimo, sanguine quos redemisti pius proprio; eripe, protege nos ab hoste callido, tuo forti brachio, omnia condita qui regis altissimo cum Patre rerum Domino. Acquisivi. Quapropter securus. Vers. Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea, tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis. Et sua . . .

Aeterne Deus, qui apostolis tuis in assertione veritatis per omnem mundi latitudinem vicarios subrogasti; ex quibus B. Apollinari clavicularii tui discipulo tantam gratiam contulisti, ut Ecclesiam tuam supra novae fidei construeret fundamentum, et bruta corda gentilium ad tuae legis dirigeret institutum; cui etiam te donante concessum est, ut patientia ditatus simul et gloria, et horrenda poenarum tormenta contemneret, et stupendis signorum virtutibus coruscaret: decoratus itaque jure sacerdotii una cum triumpho martyrii et semetipsum tibi hostiam suavitatis obtulit, et uberes de semine suae praedicationis exortas horreis tuis animarum fruges invexit. Per Christum Dominum.

Ego dispono vobis, sicut disposuit mihi Pater meus, regnum, ut edatis et bibatis super mensam in regno meo.

Deus, qui nobis salutis aeternae dignatus es pignus impendere, da nobis, quaesumus, intercedente B. Apollinare martyre tuo, ad ejusdem veritatis plenitudinem pervenire. Per.

De S. Ruffino martyre. Hymnus.

Magnum Ruffini meritum, Turba canat fidelium, Quo mundi victor exstitit, Et liber astra petiit.

Bellator invictissimus Praebet ora lapidibus; Sed verbis grando lapidum Non indidit silentium.

Plumbatis inde caeditur, Jamjam obisse creditur; Sed qui putatur mortuus Surgit in arma promptius.

Detruditur in clibanum Furentem flammis ignium; Caminus sed incendii Fit nemus refrigerii.

Nam flammis crepitantibus Clarus immersit angelus, Ad cujus mox imperium Perdit vires incendium.

Certat martyr egregius, Ut leo vinci nescius; Cuncta poenarum genera Mente calcat intrepida.

Saxum collo suspenditur, Sic fluctibus immergitur; Quem aqua Christo genuit, Per hanc ad ipsum pervenit.

Blessed Apollinaris said to the vicar: Be assured, for with my hands I will not place incense to demons, but to my Lord Jesus Christ I will offer incense of praise and sweetness. V. I offer myself as a sacrifice for the salvation of my sons, whom . . .

Sanctify us, O Lord, by this venerable mystery, most celebrated by all, whom you piously redeemed with your own blood; rescue and protect us from the cunning enemy by your strong arm, you who rule all created things with the most high Father, the Lord of all. I have acquired. Therefore secure. V. You have broken my bonds, O Lord; to you I will sacrifice a victim of praise. And his . . .

Eternal God, who appointed vicars for your apostles throughout the whole breadth of the world for the assertion of truth; among whom you conferred such great grace upon Blessed Apollinaris, the disciple of your key-bearer, that he built your Church upon the foundation of the new faith, and directed the brutish hearts of the gentiles to the ordinance of your law; to whom also, by your gift, it was granted that, enriched with patience and at the same time with glory, he both scorned the horrendous torments of punishments and shone with the stupendous powers of signs: and so, adorned by right of the priesthood together with the triumph of martyrdom, he both offered himself to you as a sacrifice of sweetness, and brought into your granaries the abundant fruits of souls that arose from the seed of his preaching. Through Christ the Lord.

I appoint to you, as my Father has appointed to me, a kingdom, that you may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom.

O God, who deigned to bestow upon us the pledge of eternal salvation, grant us, we beseech You, through the intercession of the Blessed Apollinaris your martyr, to attain to the fullness of the same truth. Through...

Of St. Rufinus, Martyr. Hymn.

Let the crowd of the faithful sing the great merit of Rufinus, By which he stood forth as a victor of the world, And, free, sought the stars.

The most invincible warrior Offers his face to the stones; But the hail of stones Did not impose silence on his words.

Then he is beaten with leaded scourges, He is believed to be on the point of death; But he who is thought dead Rises to arms more readily.

He is thrust into a furnace Raging with flames of fire; But the burning furnace Becomes a grove of refreshment.

For into the crackling flames A bright angel plunged, At whose command the fire Soon lost its strength.

The outstanding martyr fights, Like a lion that knows not defeat; All kinds of punishments He tramples with an intrepid mind.

A stone is hung from his neck, Thus he is plunged into the waves; He whom water bore to Christ, Through it he came to Him.

Nunc carnis liber onere Rubro vestitur pondere, Corona plexus capite De pretioso lapide.

Te, martyr alme, petimus Mentis pronae visceribus, Nos tua solvant merita, Quos nostra gravant debita.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

De SS. Donato et Hilariano. Hymnus.

Gloriam clari canimus triumphi, Quo polum victor petiit Donatus, Compar et poenae simul et coronae, Hilarianus.

Hi velut binae radiant lucernae, Orbis et terras remonent tenebras, Dum tonant verbis, rutilantque signis Prodigiorum.

Daemones captis spoliant rapinis, Quos precum duris cruciant flagellis, Robur aegrotis, reparantque caecis Lumen utrumque.

Mensibus clauso tribus e sepulcro Prodit in fossum mulier talentum, Functa sic vivo tribuit marito, Ne moreretur.

Fragmen obtriti calicis priorem Surgit in formam, pereunte parva Parte, sed nullus liquor inde stillat, Res nova mundo.

Quaesumus, celsi proceres Olympi, Nos simul vestris precibus paternis Erigat lapsos, solidetque fractos Dextera Christi

Laus, honor Patri, parilique Proli, Una majestas, eadem potestas, Cum quibus sanctus simul implet omnem Spiritus orbem. Amen.

Donate, sidus aureum, Martyr et proles martyrum, Sed quos ad fidem praevenis, Martyrio praecederis.

Nobis, praesul egregie, Decus et lux Ecclesiae, Tibi festa colentibus Sacris succurre precibus.

Qui das trimestri mortuae Viva verba depromere, Resuscita per Spiritum Sepultos mole criminum.

Vita, luce, et moribus Hilarianus monachus, Jure functus hospitii Fit censor et martyrii.

Vos, clarae mundi lampades, Coelique vivi lapides, Nos infelices meritis Vestris ascite praemiis.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

De S. Donato episcopo et martyre. Sequentia.

Auratis Domini citharis Laudet, et in cymbalis Cum Tuscia Italia, Nobilis monarchia, Sanctorum domicilium Quam sacrat Aritium.

In qua lucerna praesulum, Via, forma, speculum, Donatus martyr inclytam Obtenet basilicam, Servat et Januarium Coeli sidus aureum.

Now, free from the burden of the flesh, He is clothed in a red garment, A crown woven on his head From a precious stone.

You, O nurturing martyr, we ask From the depths of our inclined mind, That your merits may absolve us, Whom our own debts weigh down.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, May the highest majesty be to the Spirit Of them both, equally. Amen.

Of SS. Donatus and Hilarion. Hymn.

We sing the glory of the renowned triumph, By which Donatus, as victor, sought the heavens, And Hilarion, his companion in punishment and at once in crown.

These two radiate like twin lamps, They remove the darkness from the world and the lands, While they thunder with their words, and gleam with signs Of wonders.

They despoil demons of their captured spoils, Whom they torment with the harsh scourges of their prayers; They restore strength to the sick, and to the blind Both lights.

A woman, dead for three months, comes forth from the tomb And reveals a buried talent, And thus, though dead, she gave it to her living husband, Lest he should die.

A fragment of a broken chalice Rises into its former shape, with a small part Missing, but no liquid drips from it, A new thing for the world.

We beseech you, O lofty princes of Olympus, That the right hand of Christ may at once raise us who have fallen, And strengthen us who are broken, through your paternal prayers.

Praise, honor to the Father, and to the co-equal Son, One majesty, the same power, With whom the Holy Spirit together fills the whole World. Amen.

O Donatus, golden star, Martyr and offspring of martyrs, Though you precede them in faith, You are preceded by them in martyrdom.

To us, O outstanding prelate, Glory and light of the Church, Who celebrate your feasts, Come to our aid with your sacred prayers.

You who grant that a woman dead for three months Should utter living words, Resuscitate through the Spirit Those buried by the weight of their crimes.

Hilarion the monk, in life, light, and morals, Having fulfilled the law of hospitality, Becomes a judge even of martyrdom.

You, bright lamps of the world, And living stones of heaven, Call us, the unfortunate, by your merits To your rewards.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, May the highest majesty be to the Spirit Of them both, equally. Amen.

Of St. Donatus, Bishop and Martyr. Sequence.

Let Tuscany, with Italy, the noble monarchy, the dwelling place of saints which Arezzo consecrates, praise the Lord with gilded harps and on cymbals.

In which Donatus the martyr—a lamp for prelates, the way, the model, the mirror—obtains his renowned basilica, and protects Januarius, the golden star of Heaven.

39 Quem non humana studia Non linguae facundia, Digne valet extollere Pro merito gloriae. Nam quae perferre potuit, Quis referre poterit?

Caminum per continuum Vaporatur triduum, Ut quo crematur longius, Cremet post velocius; Hunc martyr dum ingreditur Nec capillus laeditur.

Solante mox angelico Gaudet contubernio; Dum globi strident ignei Crescit ardor fidei: Sic flamma desiderii Perit vis incendii.

Victor ab igne trahitur, Ad tribunal rapitur, Consulitur, impetitur, Eadem vox redditur; Nam fixa super stabilem Domus viget lapidem.

Cum caro poenis cingitur, Mens in astra figitur, Tormenta reddunt levia Visa illic praemia. Sic poenas mille mortium Dulce credit otium.

Saevae manus carnificum Nervos vellunt viscerum, Compages laxa solvitur, Postquam nexus tollitur Fit diversus exitus, Multiplex interitus.

Hinc traditur ferocibus Belluarum morsibus; Ferae sed indomabilem Reponentes rabiem, Dimissa colla coelitus Sacris flectunt precibus.

O Lucifer Hesperiae, O decus Ecclesiae, Quis tua possit omnia Promere praeconia? Non hoc implere nitimur, Sed gaudendo vincimur.

Te pronis ergo mentibus Supplices petimus, Nos culpae nostrae debitis Tuis solve meritis, Et electorum coetibus Sacris junge precibus.

Sit laus Patri ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Decus omne Flamini: Cujus una potentia Cuncta regit saecula. Amen.

CXXII. De S. Fidele martyre. Hymnus.

Magna Fidelis merita Sancta promit Ecclesia, Qui morte mortem perdidit, Et victor astra petiit.

Abjecto carnis onere 40 Stola vestitur gloriae, Tersis ab ore lacrymis, Veris potitur gaudiis.

Ut ense caesus moritur, Saeva tempestas oritur, Sic intentatur impiis Vindicta justis Judicis.

Quendam ex carnificibus Malus invadit spiritus, Mox sacrae glebae jungitur, Dira pestis excluditur.

Cordis, orisque precibus Te, martyr alme, petimus, Nos tua per vestigia Ad vitae ducas praemia.

39 Whom neither human studies nor eloquence of tongue is able to extol worthily for the merit of his glory. For what he was able to endure, who will be able to recount?

He is steamed in a furnace for a continuous three days, so that the longer he is burned, the more swiftly he might afterwards be consumed. When the martyr enters this, not even a hair is harmed.

Soon he rejoices, consoled by angelic company; while the fiery masses hiss, the ardor of his faith increases: thus by the flame of desire the force of the conflagration perishes.

Victorious, he is dragged from the fire, hurried to the tribunal, he is questioned, he is attacked, the same response is given; for the house, fixed upon a stable stone, stands strong.

While his flesh is encompassed by pains, his mind is fixed on the stars; the rewards seen there render the torments light. Thus he believes the thousand pains of death to be a sweet repose.

The cruel hands of the executioners tear the sinews of his organs; the loose frame is dissolved; after the bond is removed, a different end comes, a manifold destruction.

Then he is handed over to the fierce bites of beasts; but the wild animals, laying aside their indomitable rage, having been sent from heaven, bow their necks to his sacred prayers.

O Morning Star of the West, O glory of the Church, who could bring forth all your praises? We do not strive to accomplish this, but are overcome with joy.

Therefore, we suppliants ask you with humble minds: by your merits, release us from the debts of our guilt, and by your sacred prayers, join us to the assemblies of the elect.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, let there be glory to the Only-begotten, let all glory be equally to the Spirit of them both: whose one power rules all ages. Amen.

CXXII. On St. Fidelis, martyr. A Hymn.

The Holy Church proclaims the great merits of Fidelis, who by death destroyed death, and as victor sought the stars.

Having cast off the burden of the flesh, 40 he is clothed in a robe of glory; with tears wiped from his face, he possesses true joys.

As he dies, struck by the sword, a fierce tempest arises; thus is the vengeance of the just Judge threatened against the impious.

An evil spirit invades one of the executioners; soon he is joined to the sacred earth, and the dire pestilence is driven out.

With prayers of heart and mouth we ask you, O nurturing martyr, that you lead us through your footsteps to the rewards of life.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

CXXIII. De S. Gregorio papa. Hymnus.

Anglorum jam apostolus, Nunc angelorum socius, Ut tunc, Gregori, gentibus,
Succurre jam credentibus.

Tu largas opum copias, Omnemque mundi gloriam Spernis, ut inops inopem
Jesum sequaris principem.

Videtur egens naufragus, Dum stipem petit angelus, Tu munus jam post geminum
Praebes et vas argenteum.

Ex hoc te Christus tempore Suae praefert Ecclesiae, Sic Petri gradum percipis,
Cujus et normam sequeris.

O pontifex egregie, Lux et decus Ecclesiae, Non sinas in periculis, Quos tot
mandatis instruis.

Mella cor obdulcantia Tua distillant labia, Flagrantum vim aromatum Tuum
vincit eloquium.

Scripturae sacrae mystica Mire solvis aenigmata, Theorica mysteria Te docet ipsa
Veritas.

Tu nactus apostolicam Vicem, simul et gloriam, Nos solve culpa nexibus, Redde
polorum sedibus.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa
Flamini. Amen.

CXXIV. De S. Benedicto abbate. Hymnus, ad vespas.

Gemma coelestis pretiosa Regis, Norma justorum, via monachorum, Nos ab
immundi, Benedicte, mundi Subtrahe coeno.

Tu solum spernens, cor in astra figens Cogis haeredes fieri parentes, Vas Deo
plenum reparare fractum Promeruisti.

Magnus in parvis eremita membris, Vincis aetatem, superas laborem, Arcta distric-
tae rudimenta vitae Fervidus imple.

Strage saxorum puerum sepultum, Mox ut orasti, prece suscitasti, Sensus hinc
carni, caro sanitati Redditur aequae.

Jure sub blandae specie columbae Nesciam fellis animam sororis Summa stellati
penetrare coeli Culmina cernis.

Ipsae post, clarum referens triumphum Celsa devicto petis astra mundo; Luce
flammanem radiante cellam Pallia sternunt.

Laus, honor Patri, parilique Proli Una majestas, eadem potestas, Cum quibus
sanctus simul implet omnem Spiritus orbem. Amen.

CXXV. Ad nocturnum.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, let there be glory to the Only-begotten, let there be equal, highest majesty to the Spirit of them both. Amen.

CXXXIII. On St. Gregory, pope. A Hymn.

O Gregory, once apostle to the English, now a companion of the angels, as you then helped the nations, so now aid us believers.

You scorned abundant stores of wealth and all the glory of the world, so that, being poor, you might follow the poor prince, Jesus.

A needy shipwrecked man appears, while an angel asks for alms; you, after a twofold gift, now offer a silver vessel as well.

From this time, Christ sets you over His Church; thus you receive the rank of Peter, whose rule you also follow.

O excellent pontiff, light and glory of the Church, do not permit in perils those whom you instruct with so many commands.

Your lips distill honey that sweetens the heart; your eloquence surpasses the power of fragrant spices.

You wonderfully solve the mystical enigmas of Holy Scripture; Truth itself teaches you the theoretical mysteries.

You who have obtained the apostolic office and glory, release us from the bonds of guilt, and restore us to the seats of heaven.

Let there be praise to the unbegotten Father, let there be glory to the Only-begotten, let there be equal, highest majesty to the Spirit of them both. Amen.

CXXXIV. On St. Benedict, abbot. A Hymn for Vespers.

O heavenly gem of the precious King, Rule of the just, way of monks, O Benedict, draw us away from the foul Mire of the world.

You, spurning the earth, fixing your heart on the stars, Compel heirs to become parents; You deserved to repair the vessel full of God When it was broken.

A great hermit in small limbs, You conquer your age, you overcome labor, The strict rudiments of a disciplined life You fervently fulfill.

The boy buried by the collapse of rocks, As soon as you prayed, you raised by your prayer; Hence sense is restored to the flesh, and the flesh equally To health is returned.

Rightly under the form of a gentle dove The soul of your sister, ignorant of gall, You discern penetrating the highest peaks Of the starry heaven.

You yourself afterwards, bearing a glorious triumph, Seek the lofty stars, the world having been conquered; Garments pave the way from the cell, flaming with radiant light They are spread.

Praise, honor to the Father, and to the co-equal Son, One majesty, the same power, With whom the Holy Spirit together fills the whole World. Amen.

CXXXV. For Nocturns.

Signifer invictissime, Sacraeque dux militiae, Nos, Benedicte, valido Precum defende brachio.

His armis execrabilem Leonis vince rabiem, Quibus olim teterrimam Pellis ab ore merulam.

Urticae junctae vepribus, Vulnus curant vulneribus, Flammata mens divinitus Ignes exstinguit ignibus.

Crucem mittens ut lapidem, Veneni frangis calicem, Von valet mortis vasculum Vitae ferre signaculum.

Frater, quem tunc nequissimus Vagum raptabat spiritus, Dum tua virga caeditur, Stabilitati redditur.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

CXXVI. Ad laudes.

Aurora surgit aurea Festa restaurans annua, Cum Benedictus arduum Coeli scandit palatium.

Quanta in summis accipit, Qui sic in imis claruit, Cujus micant prodigia Per ampla mundi climata.

Ejus carentum gratia Tellus vomit cadavera, Devotis unda liquida Sicca lambit vestigia.

Totius orbis ambitum Per Solis videt radium, Mens in Auctore posita; Subjecta cernit omnia.

Te, Pater alme, petimus Pronae mentis visceribus, Ut coelum des ascendere, Quos terram doces spernere.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

CXXVII. Epitaphium Lodoici sancti presbyteri.

Vir Domini clauso jacet hoc Lodoicus in antro, Cui sine carnificum fit nece martyrium. Vinum respuerat, panem non prorsus edebat, Hebdomas binum, sic dabat una cibum. Ordine diverso pictor fuit atque sacerdos; Obtulit ex aequo munus utrumque Deo. Lux oriens urbi, lux omni claruit orbi Arsit et incendit, ivit et ire dedit. Ecclesiae speculum, vivus lapis, hostia, templum, Nos precibus releva quos mala nostra gravant.

CXXVIII. In natali confessorum pontificum. Hymnus.

Sacri pontificis annus emicat natalis, Celebrans plebs pia gaudeat, et laeto Resonet pectore carmina Christo, Qui regit omnia.

Hic spernens proprii gaudia corporis Longum sustinuit martyrium crucis, Tormentum gravius vulnere pertulit, Qui tortor suus exstitit.

O most unconquered standard-bearer, And leader of the sacred militia, Defend us,
O Benedict, with the strong Arm of your prayers.

With these arms conquer the execrable Rage of the lion, With which you once
drove away the most foul Blackbird from your face.

Nettles joined with thorns, Cure the wound with wounds; The mind, divinely
inflamed, Extinguishes fires with fires.

Sending forth the cross like a stone, You break the cup of poison; The vessel of
death cannot Bear the sign of life.

The brother, whom then the most wicked Spirit was carrying away wandering,
When he is struck by your staff, Is restored to stability.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, May the
highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of them both. Amen.

CXXVI. For Lauds.

The golden dawn arises, Restoring the annual feasts, When Benedict ascends the
arduous Palace of heaven.

How great things he receives in the highest, Who so shone in the lowest, Whose
prodigies shine Through the ample regions of the world.

The earth vomits the corpses Of those lacking his grace; For the devout, the liquid
wave Laps their dry footsteps.

The whole compass of the world He sees through a ray of the Sun; The mind placed
in the Author Sees all things subject.

You, O nourishing Father, we ask With the deep feelings of a prostrate mind, That
you grant us to ascend to heaven, You who teach us to spurn the earth.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, May the
highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of them both. Amen.

CXXVII. Epitaph of Saint Louis the Priest.

The man of the Lord, Louis, lies in this enclosed cave, For whom there is martyr-
dom without the death of executioners. He had spurned wine, he did not eat bread at
all, Thus one week gave him food twice. In a different order, he was both a painter and
a priest; He offered each gift equally to God. A light rising for the city, a light he shone
for the whole world, He burned and set on fire, he went and caused others to go. A
mirror of the Church, a living stone, a host, a temple, Relieve us by your prayers, we
whom our evils weigh down.

CXXVIII. On the Feast of Confessor Bishops. A Hymn.

The anniversary of the holy pontiff's birth shines forth, Let the pious people
celebrate and rejoice, and with a joyful Heart let songs resound to Christ, Who rules
all things.

He, spurning the joys of his own body, Endured a long martyrdom of the cross;
He bore a torment graver than a wound, Who was his own torturer.

Sacrae militiae signifer inclytus Virtutum fuerat forma sequentibus, Accendens validis pectora vocibus, Praeclaris quoque moribus.

Bis senos lapides pectore detulit, Bis tinctae tunicae tegmine splenduit: Cui tintinnabula dulciter obstrepunt Mala punica defluunt.

Ipsius precibus, Conditor omnium, Demersos releva pondere criminum Cui laus, imperium, summaque gloria Sit per omnia saecula. Amen.

CXXIX. Ad laudes.

Christe sanctorum gloria, Certantium victoria, Nos confessoris precibus Culparum solve nexibus.

Fac nos imitabilia Ejus sequi vestigia, Tu sis commune praemium, Qui factus es et pretium.

Nam hic in imo positus Celsis praestabat moribus, Humilis erat ordine, Claro sublimis opere.

Intenta mens coelestibus Mundanos horret strepitus, Nil jam delectat anxiam, Quod non ducit ad patriam.

Accensus illuc spiritus Totis anhelat nisibus, Jam cernit in aenigmate Lumen inaccessibile.

Sit Patri laus ingenito, Sit decus Unigenito, Sit utriusque parili Majestas summa Flamini. Amen.

CXXX. De omnibus sanctis. Versus . Edidit nomina eorum in mundo sortitos, Quorum imbuit per singula bimos trimosque, Hos pariter saeculi doctrina medelam, Nec non divina praestaverat gratia gratis; Utque possint febris putres explodere pestes Atque salutiferam morbis impendere curam, Artubus horrendas pellentes corpora des. Et mutos, claudos, surdosque repertos, Luscus, ac strambos, qui saevis verba loquelis Fantes corrumpunt, et quidquid debile fertur, Coelitus instaurant Christo donante salutem; Sicque lucem carnis trudunt medicamine spurcae. Nec tamen eximio virtutum munere dites; Auri fallentis gestant marsupia farsas, Et loculos nummi calcant, ut tetra venena, Omnia donante gratis pro stirpe superna. Princeps interea mundi, qui sceptrum gerebat, Martyres edictis multabat trucibus atrox. Tum sanctos pelagi gurgite meraserat fratres In pontum, fretos virtute Tonantis, Algidas et vitreis mitescunt aequora frustis, Dum dicto citius sanctos ad littora vectant.

An illustrious standard-bearer of the sacred militia, He was a model of virtues for his followers, Kindling their hearts with powerful words, And also with outstanding morals.

He bore the twelve stones on his breast, He shone in the covering of the twice-dyed tunic: For whom the little bells sweetly ring out, The pomegranates hang down.

By his prayers, O Creator of all, Relieve those submerged by the weight of their sins, To whom be praise, dominion, and highest glory Through all ages. Amen.

CXXIX. For Lauds.

O Christ, glory of the saints, Victory of those who strive, By the prayers of the confessor Release us from the bonds of our faults.

Make us follow His imitable footsteps; May You be the common reward, Who were also made the price.

For he, placed in the lowest station, Excelled in lofty morals; He was humble in rank, Sublime in his brilliant work.

A mind intent on heavenly things Abhors worldly clamors; Nothing now delights his anxious soul, Which does not lead to the fatherland.

His spirit, kindled for that place, Yearns with all its might; Now he sees in a riddle The inaccessible light.

Praise be to the unbegotten Father, Glory be to the Only-begotten, May the highest majesty be equally To the Spirit of them both. Amen.

CXXX. Of all saints. Verses. He made known the names of those chosen in the world, whom, one by one, for two or three years, he imbued with the healing of worldly doctrine, and divine grace had also freely provided; so that they might be able to drive out the putrid plagues of fever and bestow a health-bringing cure upon diseases, driving the dreadful gods from their limbs and bodies. And the mute, the lame, and the deaf they found, the one-eyed and the bow-legged, who corrupt words by speaking with savage speech, and whatever is considered weak, they restore from heaven, with Christ granting salvation; and thus with a remedy they thrust away the light of the foul flesh. Nor, however, are they rich with the excellent gift of virtues; they do not carry purses stuffed with deceitful gold, and they trample on money-bags as foul poisons, with the one from the supernal stock granting all things freely. Meanwhile the prince of the world, who held the scepters, fiercely punished the martyrs with savage edicts. Then he had plunged the holy brothers into the abyss of the sea, into the deep, they who were confident in the power of the Thunderer, and the cold seas grow calm with their glassy fragments, while, quicker than a word, they carry the saints to the shores.

Sic compressa salis sacra virtute potestas, Turgida fluctivagis sopivit caerula campis, Dextera dum Patris portum patefecit immundus, Impius id quod cernens vexilla tropaei, Altera Gorgoneis molitur damna venenis; Nam truculenta ferox flammaram pabula teret, Et sacramentorum fornacem fomite farcit, In quam fragrantem sacros detrudere jussit, Ut rogus insontes prunarum torre cremaret Artus, quos dudum turgescens gurgite pontus Mergere nequibat limpharum fluctibus atris. Sic facula flammae fornacis fomite friget Ut miles Christi neglecto turbine flammae Redderet ingentes pro vita sospite grates; Ceu Salamandra rogis solet insultare focorum, Quamvis congerie glomerentur forte rogorum, Tunc crucis in patulum coguntur scandere robur, Atque pharetrarum densas sufferre sagittas. Mox Sator aeternus, qui sancto jure triumphat, Spicula tortorum confregit dira reorum. Exin martyrii sumpserunt sarta cruenta Ad convexa poli migrantes culmina celsi.

CXXXI. De annuntiatione Virginis. Ecce parat clausam Regi praenuntius aulam.

CXXXII. De nativitate Domini. Natus ab aeterno prodit de Virginis alvo.

CXXXIII. De coena Domini. Qui caput est justis vestigia tergit alumnis. Quod vetuit [f. voluit] parti, Petrus vult solvere toti.

CXXXIV. De baptismo Domini. En fluvius fontem; mundum lavat unda lavantem: Ablue, Jordanis, a quo magis ipse lavaris.

CXXXV. De S. Joanne Baptista. Praevia materna Verbum vox sentit in alvo.

CXXXVI. De oblatione Domini. Nunc capitur coelis Simeon quem stringit in ulnis.

CXXXVII. Ubi pueri dicunt: Hosanna. Astra, polus, terra metuunt, quem portat asella: Voce Deo magna coetus depromit Hosanna.

CXXXVIII. Transfiguratio Domini. Hic Deus ostendit quod carnis tegmine clausit.

CXXXIX. Dominus dicit discipulis suis: Vigilate. Quos sopor oppressit vigilum Rex surgere jussit.

CXL. Ubi Judas Dominum tradit. Falsa ferox blando lupo oscula porrigit Agno.

CXLI. De patena. Esum perpetuae pariunt haec fercula vitae.

Thus the power of the salt sea, suppressed by a sacred virtue, calmed the turgid blue waters in their wave-wandering plains, while the right hand of the Father opened a port. The unclean, impious one, seeing these banners of the trophy, prepares other harms with Gorgonian poisons; for, ferocious, he prepares the savage food of flames, and stuffs the sacred furnace with tinder, into which fragrant furnace he ordered the holy ones to be thrust, so that the pyre might cremate with a brand of burning coals their innocent limbs, which the sea, swelling with its abyss, had been unable to submerge in its dark waves. Thus the little torch of the furnace's flame grows cold from the tinder, so that the soldier of Christ, ignoring the whirlwind of flame, might give huge thanks for his safe life; as the Salamander is accustomed to leap upon the pyres of hearths, although they are perhaps heaped up in a pile of pyres. Then they are forced to climb upon the spreading wood of the cross, and to suffer the dense arrows of quivers. Soon the eternal Sower, who triumphs by holy law, broke the dire darts of the twisted torturers. Thence they took up the bloody garlands of martyrdom, migrating to the vaulted, high peaks of heaven.

CXXXI. Of the Annunciation of the Virgin. Behold, the forerunner prepares the closed hall for the King.

CXXXII. Of the Nativity of the Lord. He who was born from eternity comes forth from the Virgin's womb.

CXXXIII. Of the Lord's Supper. He who is the head of the just wipes the feet of his disciples. What he forbade for a part, Peter wishes to be washed for the whole.

CXXXIV. Of the Baptism of the Lord. Behold the river, the fount; the wave washes the one who washes the world: Wash, O Jordan, him by whom you yourself are more washed.

CXXXV. Of St. John the Baptist. The preceding voice perceives the Word in the maternal womb.

CXXXVI. Of the Presentation of the Lord. He whom Simeon now holds in his arms is contained by the heavens.

CXXXVII. Where the children say: Hosanna. The stars, the heavens, the earth fear him whom the she-donkey carries: The crowd brings forth 'Hosanna' to God with a great voice.

CXXXVIII. The Transfiguration of the Lord. Here God shows what he had enclosed in the covering of the flesh.

CXXXIX. The Lord says to his disciples: Watch. The King of the watchful ordered those whom sleep had oppressed to rise.

CXL. Where Judas betrays the Lord. The fierce wolf savagely offers false kisses to the gentle Lamb.

CXLI. Of the paten. These dishes bring forth the food of perpetual life.

CXLII. Ubi Christus rogat Patrem. Patrem, Christe, rogas, cum quo simul omnia donas.

CXLIII. De ascensione Domini. Ima Deus petiit, sed non excelsa reliquit: Est ibi quo tendit; permanet unde venit.

CXLIV. Ubi Spiritus sanctus descendit super apostolos. Ignit apostolicum linguarum flamma senatum, Germinat et varias quasi vox fecunda loquelas.

CXLV. De S. Petro. Sperne maris navem, coeli, Petre, suscipe clavem; Fluctibus et spretis portum mihi redde quietis.

CXLVI. De S. Paulo. Mellifluis omnem Paulus rigat imbribus orbem.

CXLVII. De illo qui moratur in odio. Qui manet in tenebris, nescit vestigia pacis; Collyrium relevet, cum te glaucoma perurget. Acre suave creat, tegmen male tecta revelat; Nox reparat lucem, dolor aufert saepe dolorem.

CXLVIII. De illo qui placet duobus inimicis. Dum placet utrique, perdit Metecus utrumque.

CXLIX. De Hildebrando. Vivere vis Romae, clara depromito voce: Plus Domino papae quam domno pareo papae.

CL. De eodem Hildebrando. Qui rabiem tygridum domat ora cruenta leonum Te nunc usque lupum mihi mitem vertat in agnum.

CLI. De illo qui omnia timet, vel nihil timet.

Nil metuens, et cuncta timens, ridendus uterque: Hic tumet, ille jacet, medius discrimine pollet.

CLII. De virga Moysi. Virga vorat magicos in se reparanda chelydros.

CLIII. De arca Noe. Arca dat Ecclesiam; baptismatis unda figuram.

Quod melius est ut scribaris rex in ferro, quam servus in auro. Elige Rex ferro quam scribi servus in auro; Clarior in casula rex est quam servus in aula.

45 CLIV. De illo qui prius donat, et postea reposcit. Foedus amicitiae violat sua dona reposcens, Unca manus retrahit quod prius ampla dedit. Qui repetit donum merito mox perdit amicum, Munere de vestro gaudia digna fero.

Quam vana hujus mundi sunt bona. Cum cineres regum videamus et ossa parentum Acida pulvifluis congesta jacere sepulcris, Quo libeat carni vigor aut possessio menti?

CXLII. Where Christ asks the Father. O Christ, you ask the Father, with whom you simultaneously grant all things.

CXLIII. Of the Ascension of the Lord. God sought the lowest things, but did not leave the highest: He is there where he is going; he remains whence he came.

CXLIV. Where the Holy Spirit descends upon the apostles. A flame of tongues ignites the apostolic senate, and like a fertile voice, it brings forth various speeches.

CXLV. Of St. Peter. Spurn the ship of the sea, Peter, receive the key of heaven; and with the waves spurned, give back to me the port of quiet.

CXLVI. Of St. Paul. Paul waters the whole world with honey-flowing showers.

CXLVII. Of him who dwells in hatred. He who remains in darkness does not know the footsteps of peace; let an eye-salve bring relief, when glaucoma afflicts you. The bitter creates the sweet, a covering reveals things badly covered; night restores the light, pain often takes away pain.

CXLVIII. Of him who pleases two enemies. While he pleases each, Metecus loses both.

CXLIX. Of Hildebrand. If you wish to live in Rome, declare with a clear voice: "I obey the Lord of the Pope more than the lord Pope."

CL. Of the same Hildebrand. May He who tames the rage of tigers and the bloody mouths of lions turn you, a wolf until now, into a gentle lamb for me.

CLI. Of him who fears all things, or fears nothing.

Fearing nothing, and fearing all things, both are to be laughed at: The one swells with pride, the other lies low; the one in the middle, with discernment, prevails.

CLII. On the rod of Moses. The rod, to be restored to itself, devours the magic serpents.

CLIII. On Noah's ark. The ark represents the Church; the water, a figure of baptism.

That it is better to be inscribed as a king in iron, than as a slave in gold. Choose to be inscribed a King in iron rather than a slave in gold; a king in a humble hut is more glorious than a slave in a palace.

45 CLIV. On him who first gives, and afterwards asks for it back. He who asks for his gifts back violates the pact of friendship; a hooked hand takes back what a generous one previously gave. He who asks for a gift back deservedly soon loses a friend; from your gift I derive worthy joys.

How vain are the goods of this world. Since we see the ashes of kings and the bones of our ancestors lie corroded, piled up in dusty tombs, to what end should vigor please the flesh, or possession the mind?

CLV. Domnus papa sine me rem incipiebat, et mecum complere volebat; sicque mecum dicebat: Sicut erat in principio; cum mecum non dixisset: Gloria Patri. Sicut erat damno, quia nunquam Gloria canto, Qui caput abrasit caudam quoque jure vorabat: Ossibus ora terat qui sorbuit ante medullas.

CLVI. Illis hoc dicitur qui falsam pacem faciunt. Ut valeant, oris jungantur et oscula cordis; Pax dirimit litem, capiunt cum jurgia finem

CLVII. Quod saepe amicus videtur irasci, et inimicus fraudulenter blandiri. Saevit amor justi, livor blanditur iniqui, Est amor immitis, dulcis furor, ira fidelis: Sunt etiam blandi sub ovina pelle tyranni. Sic et amica patres reddit censura feroces.

CLVIII. Ad papam Alexandrum admonitio. Sedis apostolicae qui vult retinere vigorem Aequa libret rigidae pondera justitiae: Juris enim pariles nescit suspendere lances Quem favor inflectit, spes vel avara trahit. Muneribus plenae cui laxant ora crumena, Justitia vacuum perdit inops animam. Coeli Roma seras tenet, et regit orbis habenas; His qui plura petit, ditior esse nequit.

CLIX. Hoc servus Dei facere debet. Multa quidem tollo, sed fratribus omnia trado: Aufero divitibus, praebeo pauperibus.

CLX. Pransum dicimus: Edent pauperes. Silentium solventes dicimus: Pretiosa in conspectu Domini. Sicut Edent, mensas; reddit Pretiosa, loquelas. Insipiens in corde suo: Non est Deus, inquit.

CLXI. De odio. Ut lita pestifero perimit catapulta veneno, Sic animas hominum perdit edax odium.

CLXII. Qui castratus est non debet episcopari. Qui nequit abscidi non debet honore potiri.

CLXIII. De Romanis febribus. Roma vorax hominum, domat ardua colla viro-
rum, Roma ferax febrium necis est uberrima frugum, Romanae febres stabili sunt jure fideles.

CLXIV. Quod qui ignorat legem vitiorum nequit evitare perniciem. Qui jus ignorat vitiorum peste laborat, Virtutem vitium, fas putat illicitum. 46 Non sit securus qui judicis ore solutus, Sunt a lege poli, dissona jura fori. Arbiter internus ligat hunc quem solvit apertus, Nec fugit esse, nec videt acta Deus.

CLV. The lord pope began the matter without me, and wished to complete it with me; and so he said with me: "As it was in the beginning"; when he had not said with me: "Glory be to the Father." "As it was" is to my detriment, because I never sing "Glory." He who shaved the head also by right devoured the tail: let him who first sucked the marrow grind his teeth on the bones.

CLVI. This is said to those who make a false peace. For it to be valid, let the kisses of the mouth and of the heart be joined; peace resolves the dispute, when quarrels come to an end.

CLVII. That often a friend seems to be angry, and an enemy to flatter fraudulently. The love of a just man rages, the malice of an unjust man flatters. Love is harsh, its fury sweet, its anger faithful: there are also flattering tyrants under sheep's skin. Thus also a friendly censure makes fathers seem fierce.

CLVIII. An admonition to Pope Alexander. He who wishes to retain the vigor of the apostolic see must balance the equal weights of rigid justice: for he does not know how to hold the equal scales of the law whom favor sways, or greedy hope entices. He for whom purses full of gifts loosen the mouth, being destitute of justice, loses his empty soul. Rome holds the keys of heaven and rules the reins of the world; he who seeks more than these cannot be richer.

CLIX. This a servant of God ought to do. I indeed take many things, but I hand all things over to the brethren: I take from the rich, I provide to the poor.

CLX. At lunch we say: "The poor shall eat." Breaking the silence we say: "Precious in the sight of the Lord." Just as "Edent" refers to the tables, so "Pretiosa" restores speech. The fool has said in his heart: "There is no God."

CLXI. On hatred. As a catapult smeared with pestiferous poison destroys, so voracious hatred destroys the souls of men.

CLXII. He who is castrated ought not to be made a bishop. He who is unable to be cut off ought not to obtain the honor.

CLXIII. On the Roman fevers. Rome, devourer of men, tames the proud necks of heroes; Rome, fertile in fevers, is most rich in the fruits of death; Roman fevers are faithful by a firm law.

CLXIV. That he who is ignorant of the law cannot avoid the ruin of vices. He who is ignorant of the law suffers from the plague of vices; he thinks virtue is vice, and the illicit, lawful. 46 Let him not be secure who is absolved by the mouth of a judge; the laws of the forum are dissonant with the law of heaven. The internal judge binds him whom the public one absolves; nor does he escape notice, nor does God fail to see his deeds.

CLXV. De triduo jejunio. Quam triduana gravem soleat illidere calcem Hic rudis ignorat, stomachum qui sedulus inflat, Crebris efflantem reprimat qui fistula ventrem, Utque fabri follem vacuat spiramen utrumque.

CLXVI. Cadaloo non pastori, sed antiquo draconi.

Desinit esse reus qui punit flendo reatum, Sacrilegat coeptam geminata superbia culpam, Caede necans Urbem, nunc auro destruis orbem. Heu! gladio ferri gladius truculentior auri; Is animam penetrat, carnem fons (cod. Vat., foris, MAI.) ille cruentat, Vimque tenet jaculi radiantis vena metalli. Nil differt ferro, perimatur quisque vel auro. Quid juvat an fulvis furvisque quis occidat armis? Hos homicida vibras miseros et utrosque trucas. E coelo rueras, sed adhuc draco lubrice sufflas, Ore vomens rabiem tetrum diffundis odorem: Fractus adhuc reptas, et flammis naribus efflas; Squamea colla tumes, strages et praelia frendes. Desinat horrenda squamis attollere colla, Ut populus vivat, vitam mala bestia perdat; Torva draconteas reprimat jam vipera cristas (cod. Vat., chelas, MAI.), Te superaggestus lapidum tumuletur acervus, Ruder erit lapidum concors sententia Patrum, Haec scrobis atra (cod. Vat., antra, MAI.) lues tumido ne gutture suffles, Mille vorax hominum crepet insatiabile monstrum. Te super inferni sua claudant ora cavernae, Ne reditus pateat, sed mundi bella quiescant.

Fumea vita volat, mors improvisa propinquat. Imminet expleti praepes tibi terminus aevi Non ego te fallo, coepto morieris in anno

CLXVII. Cuidam fratri, cui jejunium et vigiliae in nauseam venerant. Agrigentum Siculis sal gignitur oris; Quod fluit in flammis, crepitat si mergitur undis. Qui naturales trahit in contraria leges, Congruit Auctori quantum sibi dissidet uni.

CLXVIII. Quod quidam benefactis offenduntur, offensione placantur Officium stimulat quosdam, percussio placat, Os in corde suo, cor ponit in ore nabaldus.

CLXIX. De dente et lente. Littera mutetur, quod edebat rursus edetur.

CLXX. Quod caro sine praedicatione prorumpit in silvam vitiorum. Silvescit vitiis caro verbi libera, cultris Virescunt steriles, sarriente ligone, novales. Novimus Annibalem, luscumque fuisse Neronem, Quem ramex etiam pressit, cum sceptrum levarent.

CLXXI. De baculo rectoris. Suscipe diversum moderaminis arte bacillum: Quos feretrum pupugit cornu pietate reducit.

CLXV. On the three-day fast. What a heavy blow the three-day fast is accustomed to strike, this the uncouth man ignores, who diligently bloats his stomach; who with frequent piping represses his belching stomach, and as a double vent empties a blacksmith's bellows.

CLXVI. To Cadalus, not a shepherd, but the ancient dragon.

He ceases to be guilty who punishes his crime by weeping, but doubled pride makes sacrilegious the fault once undertaken. Slaying the City with slaughter, you now destroy the world with gold. Alas! The sword of gold is more savage than the sword of iron; the latter penetrates the soul, the former bloodies the flesh. And the vein of radiant metal holds the force of a dart. It makes no difference whether one is killed by iron or by gold. What does it matter whether one kills with tawny or with dark arms? You, murderer, brandish these wretched things and slaughter with both. You had fallen from heaven, but still, slippery dragon, you hiss, vomiting rage from your mouth, you spread a foul odor: broken, you still creep, and you breathe flames from your nostrils; you swell your scaly neck, and you gnash for slaughter and battles. Let it cease to raise its horrid neck with scales, so that the people may live, let the evil beast lose its life; let the fierce viper now restrain its dragon crests, let a piled-up heap of stones be your tomb, the rubble of stones will be the concordant judgment of the Fathers, this dark pit is your plague, lest you hiss from a swollen throat, let the insatiable monster, devourer of a thousand men, burst. Over you let the mouths of the infernal caverns close, lest a way back be open, but let the world's wars be quiet.

Smoky life flies away, unforeseen death draws near. The swift end of a fulfilled life threatens you. I do not deceive you, you will die in the year you have begun.

CLXVII. To a certain brother, for whom fasting and vigils had become nauseating. Salt of Agrigentum is produced on Sicilian shores; it flows in flames, and crackles if plunged into water. He who draws natural laws to their contraries, is as much in harmony with the Author as he is in disharmony with himself alone.

CLXVIII. That some are offended by good deeds, and placated by offense. Duty provokes some, a blow placates them; the fool has his mouth in his heart, and puts his heart in his mouth.

CLXIX. On the tooth and the lentil. Let the letter be changed, what he was eating will be eaten again.

CLXX. That the flesh, without preaching, breaks forth into a forest of vices. The flesh, free from the word, grows wild with vices; with knives and a weeding hoe, the sterile fallow lands turn green. We know that Hannibal was one-eyed, and Nero too, whom a hernia also afflicted, when they raised their scepters.

CLXXI. On the staff of a ruler. Take up the staff of governance, diverse in its art: those whom the goad has pricked, the horn of piety brings back.

CLXXII. De Ecclesia Romana ab antipapa invasa luctus. Heu! sedes apostolica Orbis olim gloria: Nunc, proh dolor! efficeris Officina Simonis. Terunt incudem mallei, Nummi sunt tartarei: Justo Dei iudicio, Fit ista conditio. Ut quisquis apostolicare Sedem semel comparat, Redimere non desinat, Donec male pereat. Cathedram pestilentiae Pressus anathemate, Tenes cum sacerdotibus Christi peremptoribus. Fit tibi terra ferrea, Coeli sedes aenea; Diligenter igitur intende, quod dico.

CLXXIII. De miseria humanae conditionis. Proh dolor! infelix humanae stirpis origo Per traducem carnis fit adhuc obnoxia mortis; Et miseros gignit, quos vitae limite claudit. Qui non uxorem nisi prolis tangit amore, Etsi mirandus, non omnibus est imitandus; Non sine membellis valet esse refectio membris. Saepe novercalis fit mens materna pupillis Legeque perversa gravis est de matre noverca.

CLXXIV. De eo qui praedicat justum et dimittit impium. Fundit aquam fluviiis vecors sitientibus hortis.

CLXXV. Laus eleemosynae. Fenerat ille Deo qui sumptum praebeo egeno, Reddere promisit, qui non mendacia novit; Solvitur expletum graviore fenore lucrum; Pro modico magnum, pro coeno redditur aurum; Sic hemina cadum, lucratur dragma talentum, Sic obolus regnum, cyathus mercatur olympum, Coelica terrenis redhibentur, fixa caducis. Ignes unda necat, lapsus eleemosyna purgat. Est aqua mors flammae, mors est eleemosyna culpa, Nec replet irriguis lacrymarum corda fluentis. Haec vitiis vacuat, virtutum floribus ornat. Haec redimunt ipsum pietatis viscera Christum.

CLXXVI. Avaro diviti. Qui cedros solidis scit contignare cypressis, Fundamenta struit nullis obnoxia flabris: Ditiore coeno quam sis, Pactole, fluente: Unda levat cumulum, flavescit arena metallum, Lama tulit fruges, rupes praerupta cacumen. His vitam regimus, procul hoc astare videmus, In vidua dives Deus est, in divite pauper.

CLXXVII. Viro superbo.

CLXXII. A lament for the Roman Church invaded by an antipope. Alas! Apostolic See, once the glory of the world: Now, oh sorrow! you are made the workshop of Simon. The hammers beat the anvil, the coins are of Tartarus: By the just judgment of God, this condition comes to be. So that whoever once buys the Apostolic See, may not cease to buy it back, until he perishes badly. The chair of pestilence, oppressed by anathema, you hold with the priests who are the murderers of Christ. The earth becomes iron for you, the seat of Heaven bronze; Therefore, pay close attention to what I say.

CLXXIII. On the misery of the human condition. Oh, sorrow! The unhappy origin of the human race through the propagation of the flesh is still subject to death; And it begets wretched ones, whom it confines within the limit of life. He who touches his wife only for the love of offspring, although admirable, is not to be imitated by all; The refreshment of the members cannot be without its own little members. Often a mother's mind becomes like a stepmother's to her wards, and by a perverse law, a stepmother from a mother is a heavy burden.

CLXXIV. On him who preaches to the just and lets the impious go. The madman pours water on rivers while the gardens are thirsty.

CLXXV. Praise of almsgiving. He lends to God who provides expense for the needy; He has promised to repay, who knows no lies; the fulfilled gain is paid back with heavier interest; for a little, much is returned, for mud, gold; thus a half-pint gains a cask, a drachma a talent, thus an obol gains a kingdom, a cup buys Olympus, heavenly things are given in return for earthly, fixed for fleeting. Water kills fires, almsgiving purges sins. Water is the death of flame, almsgiving is the death of fault, nor does it fill hearts with flowing streams of tears. This empties of vices, and adorns with the flowers of virtues. These bowels of piety redeem Christ himself.

CLXXVI. To a rich miser. He who knows how to join cedars with solid cypresses, builds foundations subject to no winds: You are richer in mud than you are, Pactolus, in your stream: the wave lifts the heap, the sand turns yellow with metal, the marsh has borne fruit, the steep cliff its peak. By these we rule our life, this we see standing far off, God is rich in the widow, and poor in the rich man.

CLXXVII. To a proud man.

Mens scatet in veras causa perhibente loquelas, Vere licet rubeat, nunquam rosa pulchra perannat, Qui stat praesto cadit, ceu flos caro lapsa putrescit. Vita volans hominis decurrit more fluenti. Te patulum vento folium pendere memento, Turgida colla suis subigit mors improba plantis. Vivere qui patitur felici morte fruatur, Qui fruatur vita mortem patietur amaram. Vita brevis prohibet ne longum vivere speres. Vive memor mortis, quo semper vivere possis. Totus vive Deo, totus tibi mortuus esto. Vita parit mortem, mors vitam parva perennem. Qui sibi nunc vivit semper moriendo peribit. In se qui moritur, hunc vita beata sequetur. Sic requies fesso redhibetur vita perempto.

CLXXVIII. Livido obtrectatori.

Esse foret panem melius quam rodere fratrem, Corporis una cibus, animae res altera virus. Rosus non moritur, rodens homicida tenetur. Non alios capreae, te cernas lumine talpae. Non mihi des vultum, promptus tibi vertere tergum, Me faciens speculum, cum sis tibi mantica factus, Polypus haerenti de se non fetet olenti. Lyncea lux radios in viscera figit acutos, Cum se non videat, penetrat procul omne quod astat; Obtusae cotes acuunt, non cedere possunt, Nec sibi, sed vario parent sua jura metallo, Scabra polire lima novit, non ipsa poliri, Prava manet sentum scorium, dum laevigat aurum - Nam scabiosa carnis titulo fit digna fidelis, Si rictu rabido vernam cum jure lacescit. Qui quod vult dicit, quod non vult saepius audit. Non habet os lingua, frangi facit ossa sed ipsa Unaque diversis parit informia membris. Pone malum linguae, quam vibras more sagittae, Ne gladii conto referantur saxa lapillo.

CLXXIX. Duobus inimicis, ut ad pacem redeant.

Hamat amor varios, scindit discordia junctos; Non ibi lux pacis ubi fit divisio cordis; Pax docet ignaros, discordia caecat acutos. Non status est rebus, fortunae vertitur ordo, Cervici rigidae mors improvisa minatur. Turgida colla suis subigit febris ignea plantis, Ac domat indomitos divino jure solutos; Qui tumuere Deo coguntur cedere morbo; Quod dant languori verae vetuere saluti. Vultu saepe trucem, flammam velut ore vomentem, Oraque terribilem frendentia verba tonantem Funda perexiguo stravit contorta lapillo.

CLXXX. Cum idem scriptum bis mittitur.

The mind abounds in true speech when reason provides the cause, Although it may blush in spring, the beautiful rose never lasts a year, He who stands ready falls, just as the fallen flesh rots like a flower. The fleeting life of man runs down like a flowing stream. Remember that you hang like a leaf open to the wind, Wicked death subjugates swollen necks with its feet. He who endures life will enjoy a happy death, He who enjoys life will suffer a bitter death. A short life prevents you from hoping to live long. Live mindful of death, so that you may be able to live forever. Live wholly for God, be wholly dead to yourself. Life begets death, a small death begets eternal life. He who now lives for himself will perish by always dying. He who dies to himself, a blessed life will follow him. Thus rest is given back to the weary, life to the one who has been destroyed.

CHAPTER CLXXVIII. To the envious detractor.

It would be better to eat bread than to gnaw at a brother, The one is food for the body, the other is poison for the soul. The one gnawed upon does not die, but the gnawing one is held a murderer. Do not look at others with the eyes of a roe deer; look at yourself with the eye of a mole. Do not give me your face, for I am ready to turn my back on you, Making me a mirror, when you have become a saddlebag to yourself, The octopus does not stink to the foul-smelling thing to which it clings. The lynx's light fixes its sharp rays into the innards, Though it does not see itself, it penetrates from afar everything that stands near; Dull whetstones sharpen, they cannot cut, Nor for themselves, but they prepare their laws for various metals, The rough file knows how to polish, but not to be polished itself, The crooked, thorny slag remains, while it smooths the gold - For the mangy flesh becomes worthy of the title of faithful, If with a rabid gaping mouth it justly provokes a home-born slave. He who says what he wants, often hears what he does not want. The tongue has no bone, but it makes bones be broken, And it alone produces deformities in different members. Lay aside the evil of your tongue, which you brandish like an arrow, Lest stones be returned for the pebble of your sword's point.

CHAPTER CLXXIX. To two enemies, that they may return to peace.

Love hooks the separated, discord splits the united; There is no light of peace where there is a division of the heart; Peace teaches the ignorant, discord blinds the sharp-witted. There is no stability in things, the order of fortune turns, Unforeseen death threatens the rigid neck. A fiery fever subjugates swollen necks with its feet, And tames the untamed who are loosed from divine law; Those who have swelled up against God are forced to yield to disease; What they give to sickness, they denied to true salvation. Often the one fierce in countenance, as if vomiting flames from his mouth, And thundering terrible words with gnashing jaws, A twisted sling laid low with a very small stone.

CHAPTER CLXXX. When the same writing is sent twice.

Jure notatur idem, qui saepe rescribit eidem; Non tamen absurdum, cum res habet ipsa recursum, Indiga verborum dum sit geminatio rerum. Insimulat vicem carminibus non reddentem. Disticha tot misit quot flumina sunt paradisi, Fonte sed ex vestro nec mihi stilla fluit. Nunc igitur scriptis totidem nisi scripta remittis, Implebit vacuam penna retusa thecam.

CLXXXI. De quibusdam antidotis.

Mors aloen aequat, copulat sapor unus utramque, His quoque tu parilem pigra sortiris acrorem Serapi; non cunctis fatear praestare venenis.

CLXXXII. Quod qui sumit munus debet vicem reddere.

Alterutrum charos componit munus amicos, Si gerulus referat, si dator accipiat.

CLXXXIII. Quibus benedictio de coclearibus mittitur.

Dent alii fulvum trutina librante metallum; Sed mundus vivit, quia ligno Vita pependit: Sic modicum magno lignum pretiosius auro.

CLXXXIV. Pontificali dextera coclearia mittuntur.

Magna perexiguum munus aurea suscipe lignum. Nolo datum trutines, sed dantis viscera libres: Audeo quod parti non est, praesumere toti; Carmina quot scripsi, totidem tibi ligna polivi, Chartula venalis, donantur caetera gratis.

CLXXXV. Quibus benedictio de coclearibus mittitur.

Marmoribus latomi fabri dant signa metallis, Sandapilas inopes compingunt vespiliones, Nec nos signa ducum ferimus, sed signa colonum.

CLXXXVI. Amicum terret.

Quod digitis scribo, totidem tibi carmina mitto, Aspera vox: Ite; nimium jucunda: Venite: Congregat haec agnos, vox altera dissipat haedos; Perpensae voces poterunt componere mores.

CLXXXVII. Ad inimicum.

Si regni requiem cupimus, metuamus et ignem; Inter bella silent leges, in pace loquuntur. Tempus adest belli, venient sua tempora legi; Sic lis obtineat, ne pax post bellica perdat; Ne vincere foro, qui tentas vincere campo.

CLXXXVIII. Discretio inter levem et gravem. Horrens praecipitem noli te ferre limacem, Cum gravitate levis, sis levitate gravis. Si gravis incessus, nec jam quasi compede nexus. Nil vitio vitium cedere proficuum.

CLXXXIX. Quod melius sit agricolae laboranti quam domino praelianti. Bella ciet dominus, proscindit rura colonus; Ille patet jaculis, hic frugum gaudet acervis.

He is rightly censured who often writes back the same thing to the same person; Yet it is not absurd, when the matter itself has recourse, While a doubling of things is in need of words. He accuses the one not returning the favor in poems. He sent as many couplets as there are rivers of paradise, But from your spring not even a drop flows to me. Now therefore, unless you send back writings for so many writings, My blunted pen will fill an empty sheath.

CHAPTER CLXXXI. On certain antidotes.

Death equals aloe, one taste joins them both, To these you also, O Serapis, allot a similar sluggish bitterness; I would confess it does not prevail against all poisons.

CHAPTER CLXXXII. That he who receives a gift ought to return the favor.

A gift establishes dear friends for one another, If the bearer brings something back, if the giver accepts.

CHAPTER CLXXXIII. To whom a blessing of spoons is sent.

Let others give yellow metal, weighed on a scale; But the world lives, because Life hung on a tree: Thus is a small piece of wood more precious than much gold.

CHAPTER CLXXXIV. Spoons are sent by a pontifical right hand.

O great and golden one, receive this tiny gift of wood. I do not want you to weigh the gift, but to weigh the heart of the giver: I dare to claim for the whole what does not belong to the part; As many poems as I have written, so many pieces of wood have I polished for you, The little paper is for sale, the rest is given for free.

CHAPTER CLXXXV. To whom a blessing of spoons is sent.

Stonecutters give shape to marbles, smiths to metals, Pauper-undertakers assemble cheap biers, And we bear not the signs of leaders, but the signs of farmers.

CHAPTER CLXXXVI. He frightens a friend.

What I write with my fingers, so many poems I send to you, A harsh voice: "Go"; a very pleasant one: "Come": This one gathers the lambs, the other voice scatters the goats; Weighed words will be able to shape morals.

CHAPTER CLXXXVII. To an enemy.

If we desire the rest of the kingdom, let us also fear the fire; During wars the laws are silent, in peace they speak. The time for war is at hand, its own time will come for the law; Thus let the lawsuit prevail, lest peace lose what comes after the war; Lest you be conquered in the forum, you who try to conquer on the field.

CLXXXVIII. Discretion between the light and the grave. Shuddering, do not bear yourself like a rushing snail, Be light with gravity, and with levity, be grave. If your gait is grave, it should not be as if bound by a fetter. It is not at all profitable for one vice to yield to another.

CLXXXIX. That it is better for the laboring farmer than for the warring lord. The lord incites wars, the farmer plows the fields; The former is exposed to javelins, the latter rejoices in heaps of grain.

CXC. De his qui non se, sed alios carpunt. Polypus haerenti de se non fetet olenti: Sunt sua qui palpant, aliena piacula damnant.

CXCI. Quod esuriens et sitiens vile quodlibet libenter sumit. Faucibus atra fames herbas commendat agrestes, Hausibilem densam reddit sitis ignea vappam Esuriens comedit, vacuo satus ore ligurit.

CXCII. De illo, qui gloriatur in altitudine vocis. Voce satis celsa vocalis rudit asella, Dulce melos placidis format vox cinea bombis.

CXCIII. De monachis, qui loricas induunt ad carnem. Hamatae vestes praebent inamabile tegmen: Vestes hamatae gemina sunt peste perosae; Ossa premit pondus, constringit viscera frigus.

CXCIV. De Hildebrando, qui parvae quidem staturae, sed magnae videtur esse prudentiae. Parva Tigris missas aequat properando sagittas, Vile quidem ferrum, tamen edomat omne metallum, Sed trahit hoc validus sua post vestigia magnes; Hunc qui cuncta domat Sisiphi mensura coarctat, Quemque tremunt multi, nolens mihi subditur uni.

CXCV. De papa et Hildebrando. Papam rite colo, sed te prostratus adoro: Tu facis hunc dominum; te facit iste deum.

CXCVI. De Romano archidiacono, qui mihi medium piscem misit. Non mirum Petrus si sit mihi semper egenus, Cum generent medios flumina pisciculos.

CXCVII. Urbano gratulatur, qui Romae factus est pauper episcopus. Quod sibi Bethesdae, nunc est mihi Petrus in Urbe: Hoc cum sceptrum tenet, quod erat cum retia neret: Semper lina lavat, pelagi mihi caerulea sulcat, Me premit in terris, qui prorsus egebat in undis Me siliquis recreat, modicus quem piscis alebat.

CXCVIII. De illo qui filium habet. Cum superest soboles, vivunt de morte parentes, Et velut una caro viret in radice propago.

CXCIX. Ut hi qui praedicant invicem non discordent. Non sapiens stulto, non bos societur asello, Qui divina docent a se non prorsus aberrant.

CC. De stercore turdi fit viscus unde turdus ipse capitur. Podice digeritur pede quo turdela tenetur.

CCI. Illi, cui ego prolixam misi epistolam, et ipse mihi parvam. Non obolus solidum, non aequat libra talentum, Plane minor modio cedit et iste choro. Non licet exiguum compenset epistola librum Contrutinet lances pendula libra pares.

CXC. Of those who criticize not themselves, but others. The octopus does not stink to the foul-smelling thing it clings to: There are those who condone their own sins, but condemn the transgressions of others.

CXCI. That one who is hungry and thirsty willingly takes anything, however vile. Black hunger in the throat commends wild herbs, Fiery thirst makes thick, spoiled wine drinkable. The hungry man eats; the sated man licks it with an empty mouth.

CXCII. Of him who glories in the loudness of his voice. The vocal she-ass brays with a sufficiently high voice, The swan's voice forms a sweet melody with placid hums.

CXCI. Of monks who wear chainmail against their flesh. Hooked garments provide an unlovable covering: Hooked garments are hateful for a twofold plague; The weight presses the bones, the cold constricts the entrails.

CXCIV. Of Hildebrand, who is of small stature, but seems to be of great prudence. The little Tigris, by its speed, equals the arrows shot, Iron is indeed base, yet it tames every other metal, But the strong magnet draws it in its wake; The measure of Sisypheus confines him who tames all things, And he whom many fear, unwillingly submits to me alone.

CXCV. Of the Pope and Hildebrand. I duly honor the Pope, but prostrate I adore you: You make him lord; he makes you a god.

CXCVI. Of the Roman archdeacon, who sent me half a fish. It is no wonder if Peter is always needy for me, When the rivers produce half-fish.

CXCVII. He congratulates Urban, who was made a poor bishop in Rome. What Peter was to himself in Bethsaida, he is now to me in the City: He is the same holding the scepters as he was when weaving nets: He always washes linens, he plows the blue of the sea for me, He who was utterly destitute on the waves oppresses me on land, He refreshes me with husks, he whom a small fish used to feed.

CXCVIII. Of him who has a son. When offspring survives, parents live on from their death, And the lineage flourishes in its root as if one flesh.

CXCIX. That those who preach should not disagree with one another. Let not the wise be joined with the foolish, nor the ox with the ass, Let those who teach divine things not be utterly at odds with themselves.

CC. From the dung of the thrush is made the birdlime with which the thrush itself is caught. From its rump is discharged that by which the foot of the thrush is held.

CCI. To him to whom I sent a long letter, and he a short one to me. An obol does not equal a solidus, a pound does not equal a talent, Plainly, this lesser measure yields to the greater one. It is not right that a small letter should compensate for a book; The hanging scale balances equal pans.

CCII. De Florentia, in qua papa Stephanus obiit, et Nicolaus papa ex eadem processit. Parva virum magnae debet Florentia Romae; Quae tenet exstinctum, cogatur reddere vivum: Sic nova Bethlaeis lux mundo fulsit ab oris.

CCIII. De illo qui semetipsum subjugat, ut reum recipiat. Nil sibi prorsus emit qui se sub fenore vendit.

CCIV. Quod Roma mundo praefuit, donec legibus obedivit. Praefuit Urbs orbi, fuerat dum subdita legi; Justitiae spretis regnum contraxit habenis.

CCV. Quod plerique casti sint tenaces. Vix opibus largum videas et corpore castum.

CCVI. De illo qui, nutritus Aretii, Pomposiae abbas fuit. Qui solet insipidis ventrem satiare lupinis, Guttare nunc epulas ructat turgente marinas.

CCVII. De domno Umberto archiepiscopo, qui sedebat ad dexteram papae, et ego ad sinistram. Fortior haedinam, tu sedem tollis ovinam, Laevus habet dextram, dexter quandoque sinistram.

CCVIII. Super saecularibus elegidia.

Lugeo vos, miseri, quibus est mens dedita carni; Coelum despicitis, quaestus bona summa putatis. Quid vos hortor ego, quid vos optare monebo? Nunc male jucundas mundi sorbete medullas, Extā replete cibus, artus onerate saginis, Ne pereant vermes macie vos semper edentes, Fontibus irriguas gelidis extendite villas. Non numerus nummis, non sit mensura metallis. Post erit angustum possessio vestra sepulcrum. At quos spes fulvo ditat pretiosior auro, Quorum divitiae verae sunt praemia vitae Quas fur non temerat, nec edax male tremula sulcat, Vana repentinis obnoxia lucra ruinis Spernite, lapsuro cedant sua munera mundo: Sufficiant Christi famulis patrimonia coeli, Pectoris eximium fidei tegat arca talentum, Sit studium rutilas virtutum condere gemmas, Et male nascentes vitiorum vellere sentes: Turbida fluctivagi vitate negotia mundi, Incubet eloquiis jugiter mens libera sacris, Jam modice gustet mel, quo post plena redundet, Ad sua sic nostra redeat primordia forma. Hae tumulentur opes, isti quaerantur honores, His homo jure potens, his fit per saecula dives.

CCIX. Contra Cluniacensem abbatem, qui eum in Galliam duxit. Mors mea grandaevam perimis, Cluniace, senectam, Efficis ut non sim, dum petis ut bene sim, Ut tibi mella fluant, epulae pigmenta rubescant, Amplaque conditos praebeat olla cibos. Scabra fit ut nostris desint vel cantabra mensis, Dum tibi servo dapes, me manet atra fames.

CCII. Of Florence, in which Pope Stephen died, and from which Pope Nicholas proceeded. Little Florence owes a man to great Rome; She who holds the dead one, let her be compelled to return a living one: Thus a new light has shone upon the world from the shores of Bethlehem.

CCIII. Of him who subjugates himself to receive a guilty person. He who sells himself at interest buys absolutely nothing for himself.

CCIV. That Rome ruled the world as long as it obeyed the laws. The City ruled the world, while it was subject to the law; Having spurned the reins of justice, it contracted its kingdom.

CCV. That most chaste men are tenacious. You would scarcely see a man generous with his wealth and chaste in his body.

CCVI. Of him who, raised in Arezzo, was abbot of Pomposa. He who is accustomed to sate his belly with tasteless lupins, Now belches forth sea-feasts from a swollen throat.

CCVII. Of Lord Humbert the archbishop, who sat at the right hand of the pope, and I at the left. You, the stronger, take the sheep's seat; I take the goat's, The left has the right, and the right sometimes the left.

CCVIII. Short Elegies on Secular Matters.

I mourn for you, wretches, whose mind is given to the flesh; you despise Heaven, you think profit the highest good. What shall I exhort you to, what shall I advise you to desire? Now, suck the ill-pleasing marrows of the world, fill your guts with food, load your limbs with fat, lest the worms that ever eat you should perish from leanness; extend your villas, watered by cool springs. Let there be no number for your coins, no measure for your metals. Afterwards, your possession will be a narrow sepulcher. But as for you whom a hope more precious than yellow gold enriches, whose true riches are the rewards of life which no thief violates, nor does the devouring, trembling moth wickedly furrow, spurn the vain profits subject to sudden ruin; let the perishing world take its own gifts. Let the patrimonies of heaven suffice for the servants of Christ; let the coffer of the heart protect the excellent talent of faith. Let your study be to store up the glittering gems of the virtues, and to pluck out the ill-born thorns of the vices. Avoid the turbulent affairs of the wave-tossed world; let your free mind dwell continually on the sacred words. Let it now taste a little of the honey, that it may afterwards overflow with it, so that our form may return to its own beginnings. Let these be the riches heaped up, let these be the honors sought; by these a man is rightly powerful, by these he becomes rich for ages.

CCIX. Against the Abbot of Cluny, who led him into Gaul. O Cluny, my death, you destroy my advanced old age; you cause me not to be, while you ask that I be well, so that honey may flow for you, spices may redden your feasts, and a large pot may offer you seasoned foods. It becomes rough, so that even coarse bread is lacking from our tables; while I serve you banquets, black hunger awaits me.

CCX. Versus pauperis. Ulceribus vacuus, sed paupertate repletus, Lazarus ecce venit, qui micis vivere quaerit. Absunt ora canum, non desunt rostra pedonum; Illa cutem lambunt, haec membra scatentia rodunt.

CCXI. De triduo jejunio. Quam triduana gravem soleas illidere calcem, Saepius expertis scit mens exercita bellis.

CCXII. Qui dicit quod vult, audit quod non vult. Qui quod vult dicit, quod non vult saepius audit; Qui quod amat loquitur, quod odit perferre meretur.

CCXIII. Epitaphium Petri Damiani. Quod nunc es, fuimus; es, quod sumus, ipse futurus. His sit nulla fides, quae peritura vides. Frivola sinceris praecurrunt somnia veris, Succedunt brevibus saecula temporibus. Vive memor mortis, quo semper vivere possis. Quidquid adest, transit; quod manet ecce venit. Quam bene providit qui te, male munde, reliquit, Mente prius carni quam tibi carne mori. Coelica terrenis praefer, mansura caducis. Mens repetat proprium libera principium. Spiritus alta petat, quo prodit fonte recurat, Sub se despiciat, quidquid in ima gravat. Sis memor, oro, mei; cineres pius aspice Petri. Cum prece, cum gemitu dic: Sibi parce, Deus.

CCXIV. Bennonis epitaphium. Ariminum, luge, lacrymarum flumina funde, Laus tua Benno fuit, proh dolor! ecce ruit; Benno decus regni, Romanae gloria gentis, Ipse pater patriae, lux erat Italiae. Hunc socium miseri durum sensere superbi: Lapsos restituit, turgida corda premit; Fit leo pugnanti frendens, tener agnus inermi, Hinc semper justus perstitit, inde pius. Hic fidei dum jura colit, dum cedere nescit, Firma tenens rigidae pondera justitiae. Recticolae jugulus pravorum pertulit ictus: Per quem pax vixit, bellica sors periit. Obsecro, tam diram, sapientes, flete ruinam, Et pia pro socio fundite vota Deo.

CCXV. Quod vermis eris, et a verme voraberis. Ejus, homo, quod eris, datus es ut ore voreris; Cur, cinis et vermis, tumida cervice superbis?

CCXVI. Ad poenitentiam provocat. Cum cruor excrescit nemitorem vena requirit; Vulnus et incolumem facit, affert plaga salutem, Mens fluidum generat, pia quod confessio purgat; Sic animae sanguis per venam profluit oris. Egere lethifero violat quod viscera tabo: Esto vomax proprii salubri conamine morbi, Ut mentis stomachus relevetur mole reatus.

CCX. Verses of a poor man. Devoid of ulcers, but filled with poverty, behold, Lazarus comes, who seeks to live on crumbs. The mouths of dogs are absent, but the beaks of foot-travelers are not; the former lick the skin, the latter gnaw the teeming limbs.

CCXI. On the three-day fast. How you are accustomed to strike a heavy heel on the three-day fast, a mind exercised by frequent battles knows from experience.

CCXII. He who says what he wants, hears what he does not want. He who says what he wants, often hears what he does not want; he who speaks what he loves, deserves to endure what he hates.

CCXIII. Epitaph of Peter Damian. What you are now, we were; you yourself will be what we are. Have no faith in these things, which you see are about to perish. Frivolous dreams run before sincere truths; ages succeed brief times. Live mindful of death, so that you may be able to live forever. Whatever is present, passes; behold, what remains is coming. How well he provided who left you, wicked world, to die to the flesh in mind before dying to you in the flesh. Prefer heavenly things to earthly, lasting things to fleeting. Let the free mind seek again its own beginning. Let the spirit seek the heights, let it run back to the source from which it came forth; let it despise beneath itself whatever weighs down to the depths. Be mindful of me, I pray; piously look upon the ashes of Peter. With prayer, with a groan, say: "Spare him, O God."

CCXIV. Epitaph of Benno. Rimini, mourn, pour forth rivers of tears; your praise was Benno, alas! behold, he has fallen. Benno, the glory of the kingdom, the glory of the Roman people, he was the father of his country, the light of Italy. The wretched felt him as an ally, the proud as harsh: he restored the fallen, he suppressed proud hearts. He becomes a roaring lion to one who fights, a tender lamb to the unarmed; hence he always remained just, thence pious. While he cultivates the laws of faith, while he knows not how to yield, holding firm the weights of rigid justice. The throat of this righteous man endured the blows of the wicked: through him peace flourished, the lot of war perished. I beseech you, wise men, weep for so dire a ruin, and pour forth pious vows to God for your companion.

CCXV. That you will be a worm, and by a worm you will be devoured. O man, you have been given to be devoured by the mouth of that which you will be; why, ash and worm, are you proud with a swollen neck?

CCXVI. He provokes to penitence. When the blood increases, the vein requires a bloodletter; a wound also makes one whole, a blow brings salvation. The mind generates a fluid, which pious confession purges; thus the blood of the soul flows out through the vein of the mouth. What it expels violates the entrails with lethal decay: be a vomiter of your own disease with a salutary effort, so that the stomach of the mind may be relieved of the mass of guilt.

CCXVII. Versus de Simoniaciis.

Incude Simonis fabrilis, et antra monetae Damnat pestiferas Deus evertendo cathedras: Nam postica latro per diverticula repit, Pervia gratuito pastor petit ostia gressu. Ast ubi mangonum scelerata negotia desunt, Nec grave corbonam turget venale talentum, Non distractor obest, quia non commercia sordent; Nam quid nummati, nequeunt ubi laedere nummi? Imo quid arboreis manus obsit squalida plantis? Saepe salutiferam medicus dedit aeger oryzam, Mancipites pugilem, caeci genuere videntem, Clinica procerum peperit male foeda venustum Nec soboles noxis est addicenda paternis. Quisque sua premitur, socii nec labe tenetur.

CCXVIII. Adversus Simoniacos rhythmus.

Mundi turba turbulenta, Error, et divisio, Haeresis Simoniana, Zelum, et ambitio, In lamentum nos compellunt Styli sub officio.

Exarentur ergo cuncta Strictim a principio, Ex quo summae sedis praesul, Sancto doctus Spiritu, Scelestorum probra coepit Emendare liquido.

Cujus vox erat, ut patris Corrigentis filios; Ut Apostoli vox erat Mitis ad Corinthios: 53 Sic se mitem exhibebat Erga coepiscopos.

Scitis, fratres, vos pastorum Suscepisse regimen; Hinc vos decet, ut doctores, Primum recte vivere, Obsecrare, increpare, Postmodum arguere.

Non elatos, non inflatos Non ex vino turgidos. Non in veste pretiosa, Sed virtute fulgidos, Sine causa non laedentes Castos atque sobrios.

Sint in promptu gesta Patrum, Sintque sancti canones; Cibis vestris recreentur Debiles ac pauperes; Orphanorum mater plorans Ante vos non clमित.

Cedant equi phalerati, Cedant caeci rabulae, Cedant canes venatores Ac mimorum fabulae, Et accipitres rapaces Nec non aves garrulae.

Ad haec, Simonis leprosam Exsecrate haeresim, Sacerdotum simul atque Scelus adulterii, Laicorum dominatus Cedat ab Ecclesiis.

Ecce papae gloriosi Monita Gregorii, Ecce verba summae sedis Praesulis catholici, Quibus irruunt in eum Cives Babylonici.

Hincque Caesaris exarsit Ira in Ecclesia, Inde tumuit in eum Praesulum superbia, Sacerdotem populorum Furit ab Ecclesia.

CCXVII. Verses on the Simoniacs.

On the smith's anvil of Simon, and the dens of coin, God passes condemnation, overturning the pestiferous chairs: for the thief creeps through back ways and detours, while the shepherd seeks the open doors with a free step. But where the wicked dealings of traffickers are absent, and no heavy talent for sale swells the treasury (corbonam), no seller stands in the way, because the commerce is not sordid; for what of the moneyed man, where money cannot harm? Indeed, what harm can a dirty hand do to the shoots of trees? Often a sick physician has given life-saving rice, slaves have begotten a champion, the blind have begotten one who sees, a foul sickbed of the great has brought forth a handsome man. Nor is offspring to be condemned for paternal faults. Each is pressed by his own burden, and is not held by the stain of a companion.

CCXVIII. A Rhythm Against the Simoniacs.

The turbulent crowd of the world, Error, and division, The Simoniac heresy, Zeal, and ambition, Compel us to lament Under the duty of the pen.

Therefore let all things be written down Briefly from the beginning, From when the prelate of the highest see, Taught by the Holy Spirit, Began to clearly correct The shames of the wicked.

His voice was like that of a father Correcting his sons; As the Apostle's voice was Gentle to the Corinthians: Thus he showed himself gentle Towards his fellow bishops.

You know, brothers, that you have undertaken The governance of shepherds; Hence it befits you, as teachers, First to live rightly, To beseech, to rebuke, And then to argue.

Not arrogant, not puffed up, Not swollen with wine. Not in precious vestments, But shining with virtue, Not harming without cause The chaste and the sober.

Let the deeds of the Fathers be ready at hand, And the holy canons; Let the weak and the poor be refreshed With your food; Let the weeping mother of orphans Not cry out before you.

Let the decorated horses depart, Let the blind pettifoggers depart, Let the hunting dogs And the tales of mimes depart, And the rapacious hawks And also the chattering birds.

In addition to this, execrate The leprous heresy of Simon, And at the same time the crime Of adultery of priests; Let the domination of the laity Depart from the Churches.

Behold the warnings of the glorious Pope Gregory, Behold the words of the catholic prelate Of the highest see, On account of which the citizens of Babylon Rush upon him.

And hence the Caesar's wrath Flared up in the Church, Thence the pride of the prelates Swelled against him, The priest of the peoples Rages from the Church.

Ex quo Simon contra Petrum Turrim struxit magia, Inde cecidit percussus
Angulari lapide, Contra cujus ictum plane Nihil est durable.

Quorum rex est alter Christus, Alter est Leviathan; Ille vitae, iste mortis Regnat
super agmina: Ergo quorum quis sit victor Nemo sanus ambigit.

Resipiscant inde cuncti, Et ad corda redeant, Qui non pure, non sincere, Sed mente
malevola, Sacerdotem populorum Rodunt atque lacerant.

Illi vero, quos cibavit Fides apostolica, Solidentur, et fundentur Petri petra solida,
Ut post pugnam consequantur Pleniter victoriam. Amen.

54 CCXIX. Damiano exhortatio, ut monachus fiat.

Omnipotens, agamus, doce, ut quod fecit agamus. Desunt jura tori, teritur
si semita Christi. Jam pater es, soboli spatium largire sequenti, Ut tua contiguis
pateant vestigia plantis, Et seges erumpat, dum non quod protulit obstat, Subdita
maternis torpens vitulamina ramis. Praesto fluunt veteres ad florum germina frondes,
Herbaque sectricem vocat orto semine falcem. Incipiens igitur terreno cespite velli
Transplantare polo, spes hinc animata virescat: Sic radix cordis coeli se transferat arvis,
Et non lapsurus prorumpat in arbore fructus.

CCXX. Rhythmus poenitentis monachi.

Quis infelici fletus aquam capiti, Quis lacrymarum fontem dabit oculis? Flendo,
pupillae tenebras obducite Vae mihi lapso!

Non guttae maris, non arenae littoris, Aequantur meis scelerum flagitiis, Excedunt
stellas pluviasque numero, Pondere montes.

Nam quibus non sim vitiis obnoxius, Qui pravis semper deservivi moribus? Deo
solutus, carnis vixi legibus, Fluxus in ima.

Sprevi praecepta, ausus sum prohibita, Plures everti prava per judicia: Noxius mihi,
aliis inutilis, Arctor utrinque.

Non coelum dignus oculis aspicere, Non Dei nomen labiis exprimere; Prohibet
aedis sacrae limen terere Culpa remordens.

Nunc quoque sacris deditus obsequiis Veteris vitae stimulator illecebris: Ut fugiti-
vum repetunt in famulum Jura tyranni.

From the time when Simon against Peter Built a tower of magic, Thence he fell,
struck By the cornerstone, Against whose blow, plainly, Nothing is durable.

The king of the one is Christ, The other is Leviathan; The former over the hosts
of life, the latter of death Reigns: Therefore, which of them will be the victor No sane
person doubts.

Therefore let all come to their senses, And return to their hearts, Who not purely,
not sincerely, But with a malevolent mind, Gnaw at and tear apart The priest of the
peoples.

But may those whom the apostolic faith Has fed, Be strengthened and founded
On the solid rock of Peter, So that after the battle they may fully obtain The victory.
Amen.

CCXIX. An Exhortation to Damian, that he might become a monk.

O Omnipotent One, let us act; teach us, that we may do what He did. The laws of
the marriage bed are wanting, if the path of Christ is trodden. You are now a father;
grant space to the offspring that follows, so that your footsteps may be open to their
contiguous soles, and the crop may burst forth, while that which produced it does not
stand in the way, the shoots languishing, placed under the maternal branches. The old
leaves readily fall away for the buds of flowers, and the grass, once its seed has sprung
up, calls for the cutting scythe. Beginning, therefore, to be plucked from the earthly
turf to be transplanted to heaven, may hope, animated from this, grow strong: thus
may the root of the heart transfer itself to the fields of heaven, and may fruit burst
forth on the tree, never to fall.

CCXX. A Rhythm of a Penitent Monk.

Who will give a flood of weeping to my unhappy head, who will give a fountain of
tears to my eyes? By weeping, O pupils, cover yourselves in darkness! Woe to me, who
have fallen!

Not the drops of the sea, not the sands of the shore, can equal the wickedness of my
crimes; They exceed the stars and the raindrops in number, the mountains in weight.

For to what vices am I not subject, I who have always been a slave to depraved
habits? Loosed from God, I have lived by the laws of the flesh, flowing down to the
lowest things.

I have spurned the precepts, I have dared the forbidden, I have subverted many
through wicked judgments; Harmful to myself, useless to others, I am constrained on
both sides.

I am not worthy to look upon heaven with my eyes, nor to utter the name of God
with my lips; Gnawing guilt forbids me to tread the threshold of the sacred temple.

Now also, though dedicated to sacred duties, I am spurred by the allurements of
my old life; The rights of a tyrant reclaim me as a fugitive slave.

Conor in fletu, riget cor lapideum, Precibus insto, vagus abit spiritus, Lumen inquiero, tenebrae phantasmatum Protinus adsunt.

Efferum ira, tumidum superbia, Edacem gula, vanum cenodoxia, Omnium fren-dens criminum barbaries Subdere tentat.

Saepe resisto, armaque corripio, Mihi congressus, mecum ipse dimico, Sed legi carnis lex dum cedit spiritus, Praeda fit hosti.

Saepe divino igne cor accenditur, Seque transcendens mens in alta rapitur, Sed genuinae corruptelae labitur Pondere pressa.

Lux inaccessa micat, ut per rimulas, Cui mens intenta sitienter inhians, Cujus obtutus ecce carnis obvians Umbra retundit.

Hostis antiqui telis mille sauciam Ploro peremptam in peccatis animam: Qui vacuasti mortis jura mortuus, Per te resurgat.

Palma justorum, spesque poenitentium, Da, Christe, manum, et profundis eru-tum Solve peccatis, hinc ab imminentibus Eripe noxis.

Tu peccatricis lacrymas non respuis: Tu publicanum poenitentem recipis: Vitam latroni jam in morte posito Te dare spondes.

Per haec, te quaeso, pietatis viscera, Et me de vinclis tot culparum libera: Mereor iram, effunde clementiam, Fons pietatis.

Da tuis semper obsequar imperiis, Sicque supernis dignum redde praemiis, Qui Patri compar, sanctoque Spiritui, Cuncta gubernas. Amen.

CCXXI. De abbatum miseria rhythmus.

Luget, plorat, lamentatur Sancta nunc Ecclesia, Cum suorum tantam videt Abba-tum miseriam, Et eorum contemplatur Diversa pericula.

Nullus pene abbas modo Valet esse monachus, Dum diversum et nocivum Sustinet negotium: Et, quod velit sustinere, Velut iniquus patitur.

Monachorum, tanquam servus, Intus fert superbiam, Et multarum foris rerum Sustinet molestiam; Hanc abbatis collum portat Servitutem geminam.

Spiritualiter abbatem Volunt fratres vivere, Et per causas saeculares Cogunt illum pergere Per tam itaque diversa Quis valet incedere?

Nam dum equitat, mox esse Dicitur vagatio; Ejus namque hebetudo Est claustralis statio; Quidquid miser facit, Semper est detractio.

Delinquentes dum emendat, Omnes clamant impium; Si quandoque illis parcit, Dicunt esse tepidum. Quis portare, rogo, valet Vulgus tam ambiguum?

I try to weep, but my heart is hard as stone; I persist in prayers, but my spirit wanders away; I seek the light, but the shadows of phantoms are immediately present.

Anger makes me savage, pride makes me swollen, gluttony makes me voracious, vainglory (cenodoxia) makes me empty; The gnashing barbarity of all crimes attempts to subdue me.

Often I resist and take up arms; I clash with myself, I fight against myself; But when the law of the spirit yields to the law of the flesh, it becomes prey for the enemy.

Often my heart is kindled with divine fire, and my mind, transcending itself, is snatched up to the heights; But it falls, pressed down by the weight of its innate corruption.

The inaccessible light glimmers as if through cracks, for which my attentive mind thirstily gasps; But behold, the encroaching shadow of the flesh dulls its gaze.

I weep for my soul, wounded by a thousand darts of the ancient enemy, destroyed in sin; O You who, by dying, made void the laws of death, may it rise again through You.

O palm of the just and hope of penitents, give, O Christ, Your hand, and having drawn me from the depths, release me from my sins, and from here snatch me away from imminent harms.

You do not spurn the tears of the sinful woman; You receive the penitent publican; You promise to give life to the thief already placed in death.

Through these bowels of mercy, I beseech You, free me also from the chains of so many faults; I deserve wrath; pour forth Your clemency, O fount of piety.

Grant that I may always obey Your commands, and so make me worthy of the supernal rewards, You who, equal to the Father and the Holy Spirit, govern all things. Amen.

221. A rhythm on the misery of abbots.

The Holy Church now mourns, weeps, and laments, when she sees such great misery of her abbots, and contemplates their various dangers.

Scarcely any abbot now is able to be a monk, while he endures diverse and harmful business: And, what he wishes to endure, he suffers as if he were unjust.

Like a servant of the monks, he bears their pride within, and outside he sustains the annoyance of many affairs; the abbot's neck carries this double servitude.

The brothers want the abbot to live spiritually, yet they force him to proceed through secular matters. Who can advance through such diverse paths?

For while he rides, it is soon said to be wandering; for his remaining in the cloister is called dullness; whatever the wretched man does, it is always a subject of detraction.

While he corrects the delinquents, all proclaim him impious; if sometimes he spares them, they say he is lukewarm. Who, I ask, can bear a crowd so ambiguous?

Phinees si imitatur, Fugit, vel expellitur: Si Eli, tunc irridetur Atque parvipenditur;
Odiosus est, si fervens; Et vilis, si tepidus

Valet forsā emendare Facta, si sint levia; Et quae duas tantum poscant Vel unam
veniam; Graviores quae sunt abbas Supprimit, ne pereat.

Nam si velit de immundo Quidquam loqui vitio, Monachorum intestina Oritur
seditio, Et occulte statim ejus Tractatur perditio.

56 Si quandoque vel jejuna, Vel tenet silentium: Vanae laudi mox abbatem Dicunt
esse deditum; Et si loquitur, vel mandat, Velut fur reprehenditur.

Si sermonem facit abbas, Denotatur garrulus: Et si tacens nil exponit, Denotatur
fatuus; Huc se vertat illuc pergat, Semper erit anxius.

Intus, foris, si contingat Quaelibet adversitas, Hoc incuriae abbatis Fratres omnes
deputant: Illum rodunt, et perrodunt Et appellant bestiam.

Domus sancta si non crescat, In abbatem invehunt: Si crescat, mox abbatem Velut
hostes expetunt; Ut incudem, sic abbatem Simul omnes feriunt.

O beatum tale caput, Quod a membris roditur! Bonus pastor, quem depascunt
Saevi dentes ovium! Felix pater, filiorum Morsus timet omnium!

Istud malum monachorum Intus abbas tolerat, Saecularium et foris Simul portat
onera, Anxiatur et tristatur; Quod sic premant omnia.

Noctem namque, curis pressus, Verbosus dimidiat, Et auroram, ut loquatur
Saepius anticipat; Totum diem in loquendo Postmodum continuat.

Haec et alia praelatus Sustinet quamplurima; Saeculares foris pungunt, Intus
fratres vulnerant; Illi corpus prosequuntur, Hi corrodunt viscera.

Dic, praelate, rogo, chare, Quae est ista dignitas? Intus dolor, foris labor; Hinc inde
calamitas Corpus, fateor, iis malis Perditur et anima.

Quis abbatum, rogo, valet Ferreo nunc tempore, Inter tot calamitates Virgas ferre
fertiles? Praelatorum certe modo Sunt honores steriles.

His honoribus, abbates Venerandi, cedite; Grave pondus et inane Ultro jam abji-
cite; Et de caetero quieti Ac securi vivite.

57 CCXXII. De omnibus ordinibus omnium hominum in hoc saeculo viventium
rubrica.

Episcopi, attendite, Dei verba discernite: Vobis praecepit Dominus Pro vestris
mori ovibus.

Si bona, quae loquimini, Operibus feceritis, Exempla bona dabit Vestris commis-
sis filiis.

If he imitates Phinehas, he flees or is expelled: if Eli, then he is mocked and made light of; he is hateful if fervent, and base if lukewarm.

Perhaps he is able to correct deeds if they are light, and those which demand only two or one pardon; but the heavier ones the abbot suppresses, lest he perish.

For if he wishes to speak anything concerning unclean vice, internal sedition of the monks arises, and his destruction is immediately plotted in secret.

56 If sometimes he either fasts, or keeps silence, they soon say the abbot is devoted to vain praise; and if he speaks or gives orders, he is reprimanded like a thief.

If the abbot makes a speech, he is marked as garrulous: and if, remaining silent, he expounds nothing, he is marked as foolish; let him turn hither or proceed thither, he will always be anxious.

Inside and outside, if any adversity happens, all the brothers attribute this to the abbot's negligence: they gnaw at him, and gnaw at him again, and call him a beast.

If the holy house does not grow, they inveigh against the abbot: if it grows, they soon attack the abbot like enemies; like an anvil, so do they all strike the abbot together.

O blessed is such a head, which is gnawed by its members! A good shepherd, whom the savage teeth of his sheep feed upon! A happy father, who fears the bites of all his sons!

The abbot tolerates this evil of the monks within, and simultaneously bears the burdens of seculars outside; he is anxious and saddened because all things press upon him so.

For, pressed by cares, he halves the night with words, and often anticipates the dawn in order to speak; afterwards he continues the whole day in speaking.

These and very many other things the prelate sustains; the seculars prick him from without, the brothers wound him from within; the former pursue his body, the latter gnaw at his vitals.

Tell me, I ask, dear prelate, what is this dignity? Inside is pain, outside is labor; on all sides is calamity. The body, I confess, and the soul are destroyed by these evils.

Which of the abbots, I ask, is able now in this iron age, amid so many calamities, to bear fertile branches? The honors of prelates are certainly barren now.

Yield to these honors, venerable abbots; willingly cast away now the heavy and empty burden; and for the rest, live quietly and securely.

57 222. Rubric concerning all the orders of all men living in this world.

Bishops, pay attention, discern the words of God: the Lord has commanded you to die for your sheep.

If you do in works the good things which you speak, you will give good examples to the sons entrusted to you.

Presbyteri, diaconi, Qui fertis vasa Domini Estote semper nitidi In conspectu Altissimi.

Qui vult esse canonicus, Sit bonus et idoneus, Obediat episcopo, Ut seniori inclyto.

Ad matutinum veniat, Cum signum horae resonat; Postposita pigritia Festinet ad officia.

Plebani recte audiant Quod sancti patres clamitant: Ut acquisita praedia Relinquant in Ecclesia.

Magister doctus litteris Flagella det discipulis: Ut, docti ab infantia, Doctrinam bene sapiant.

Scriptores recta linea Veraces scribant litteras, Distinctiones proprias Usque in finem compleant.

Illitteratus clericus Elationi deditus, Despiciens mysteria, Ut stulta jacet bestia.

Discurrit per basilicam Pro vanitate nimia; In loco si permanserit, Cervice torta respicit;

Verba Dei non nuntiat, Privatim semper mussitat; Et recitat parabolas Inanes atque vacuas.

Abbates semper vigilant, Ab omni namque crimine, Non pro mundi astutia Sancta relinquunt studia.

Non potest esse monachus Qui vagus est, improvidus Si vivit sine regula, Peribit morte pessima.

Deo devoti monachi, Servate legem optime, Viventes casto corpore, Terrena cuncta spernite.

Potestas est in populo A summo data Domino Et cum fide. Qui sacramenta fecerant.

Pro nullo malo merito, Vel placitato pretio, Aut aliqua amicitia, Vertat vera judicia.

Judex sedens in placito Non speret de lucratio, Sed Deum recte timeat, Et legem cito finiat.

Testes, pro nullo munere Falsa loqui praesumite, Sed vera verba dicite Praesente vero Principe.

Veraces sint notarii, Tenendo fidem animi: Nec unquam pro denariis Falsa scribant in chartulis.

Castaldiones populi, Et omnes vicedomini, Ne torqueant justitiam, Nec manducant servitia.

Tenentes ministeria, Cum malis non conveniant, Recte tamen deserviant, Ne bona perdant merita.

Advocatores placita Ne fraudent arte aliqua; Relaxent cordis vitia, Et exquirant judicia.

Presbyters, deacons, who carry the vessels of the Lord, be always clean in the sight of the Most High.

He who wishes to be a canon, let him be good and suitable, let him obey the bishop as a renowned elder.

Let him come to matins when the sign of the hour resounds; setting aside laziness, let him hasten to the offices.

Let parish priests rightly hear what the holy fathers proclaim: that they should leave acquired estates to the Church.

Let the master learned in letters give stripes to the disciples: so that, taught from infancy, they may taste doctrine well.

Let scribes write truthful letters in a straight line, and let them complete the proper distinctions all the way to the end.

An illiterate cleric devoted to pride, despising the mysteries, lies like a foolish beast.

He runs about through the basilica out of excessive vanity; if he remains in one place, he looks back with a twisted neck;

He does not announce the words of God, he always mutters privately; and he recites empty and vacuous parables.

Let the abbots always be vigilant against every crime; let them not abandon holy studies for the sake of the world's cunning.

He cannot be a monk who is a wanderer and improvident; if he lives without a rule, he will perish by the worst death.

Monks devoted to God, keep the law excellently; living with a chaste body, despise all earthly things.

Power is in the people, given by the highest Lord, and with faith... .. who have made oaths.

Let him not overturn true judgments for any evil desert, or for an agreed price, or for any friendship.

Let the judge sitting in court 58 not hope for lucre, but let him rightly fear God, and swift finish the law.

Witnesses, presume to speak false things for no reward, but say true words in the presence of the true Prince.

Let notaries be truthful, holding the faith of their mind: nor let them ever write false things on charters for money.

Let the stewards of the people, and all vice-lords, not twist justice, nor consume the service-dues.

Those holding offices, let them not agree with the wicked, yet let them serve rightly, lest they lose good merits.

Let advocates not defraud pleas by any art; let them relax the vices of the heart, and search out judgments.

Nullus consiliarius, Aut auricularius, Propter mundana prospera, Se confidat in gloria.

Missus prudenter sapiat Enarrare missatica, Ne stupefactus publice Verbum dicat inutile.

Nutritus atque sapiens, Timens Deum veraciter, Amandus est a Domino, Laudandus est a populo.

Receptor celans vitia, Ut falsa canit fistula, Ridendo verba dudum In corde male seminat.

Hypocrita se simulans Multa abscondit vitia, Vultum demonstrat placidum, In corde portat gladium.

Ebriosi miserrimi Infremunt ut phrenetici, Mentis perdunt memoriam, Nihil boni excogitant.

Audite etiam, laici, Qui Christo famulamini: Pro ullo unquam crimine, Pastores non despice; Operibus perficite, In cordibus describe.

Antequam mors adveniat, Deo donate decimas: Securi hinc exhibitis, Et coelum possidebitis.

Uxores vero diligite, Natos vestros corripite; Sed vos ancillas regite, Opus eis impendite.

Qui timet Deum omnium Non juret per negotium: Nec pro concupiscentia Ullius fraudet pretia.

Duces cum beneficiis Ad invicem conveniant, Deo cum fide serviant. 59 Miles ad pugnam peragrans Deum in mente teneat: Fillones semper caveant Ne dicant plus quam audiant:

Placentes per mendacium Peccatum agunt maximum; Viles apparent saeculo, Et sunt in vituperio.

Potestas mundet vitia, Furta et latrocinia; Ut caeteri, perterriti Timeant poenam consequi.

Conjugatae feminae, Tenete fidem provide; Domos vestras disponite, Ad templum Dei currite.

Mutate vestem, viduae, In castitate vivite: Luxuriantes fugite, Ne possint vos decipere.

Puellae se custodiant Ab omni vana gloria, Ne juventute fervida Cadant in adulteria.

Meretrices, convertite, Veniam vobis quaerite: Qui semper solet parcere Exspectat vos quotidie.

Servi, cum recto animo Vestro servite domino: Ancillae et utiliter Deserviant similiter.

In prosperis laetitiam, In adversis tristitiam Supra modum non habeat Ulla fidelis anima.

Let no counselor, or whisperer, on account of worldly prosperity, trust himself in glory.

Let the envoy know how to relate his messages prudently, lest, stupefied in public, he speak a useless word.

One well-nourished and wise, truly fearing God, is to be loved by the Lord and praised by the people.

The receiver concealing vices, as a false pipe sings, by laughing ill sows words previously in the heart.

The hypocrite pretending conceals many vices, shows a placid face, but carries a sword in his heart.

The most wretched drunkards rage like madmen, they lose the memory of the mind, and think of nothing good.

Hear also, laymen, who serve Christ: never despise the shepherds for any crime; perfect it in works, describe it in your hearts.

Before death comes, give tithes to God: you will depart securely from here, and you will possess heaven.

But love your wives, correct your children; yet rule your handmaids, and assign work to them.

He who fears the God of all, let him not swear by business: nor out of concupiscence let him defraud the price of any.

Let leaders with benefits come together mutually, let them serve God with faith. 59 A soldier traversing to battle, let him keep God in mind: let scoundrels always beware lest they say more than they hear:

Those pleasing through a lie commit the greatest sin; they appear vile to the world, and are in reproach.

Let the power cleanse vices, thefts, and robberies; so that the rest, terrified, may fear to suffer the penalty.

Married women, keep faith prudently; arrange your homes, and run to the temple of God.

Change your garment, widows, live in chastity: flee from those who are luxurious, lest they be able to deceive you.

Let girls guard themselves from all vain glory, lest in their burning youth they fall into adulteries.

Harlots, convert, seek pardon for yourselves: He who is always accustomed to spare expects you daily.

Servants, serve your lord with a right mind: and let handmaids serve usefully in like manner.

Let not any faithful soul have joy in prosperity or sadness in adversity above measure.

Qui vivitis in saeculo, Omnes, servite Domino, Ut juti sua dextera Regnetis super aethera.

CCXXIII. De die mortis rhythmus.

Gravi me terrore pulsas, Vitae dies ultima, Moeret cor, solvuntur renes, Laesa tremunt viscera, Tui speciem dum sibi Mens depingit anxia.

Quis enim pavendum illud Explicit spectaculum, Cum, dimenso vitae cursu, Carnis aegrae nexibus Anima luctatur solvi, Propinquans ad exitum?

Perit sensus, lingua riget, Resolvuntur oculi, Pectus palpitat, anhelat Raucum guttur hominis, Stupent membra, pallent ora, Decor abit corporis.

Ecce diversorum partes Confluunt spirituum; Hinc angelicae virtutes, Illinc turba daemonum; Illi propius accedunt, Quo invitat meritum.

Praesto sunt et cogitatus, Verba, cursus, opera; 60 Et prae oculis nolentis Glomerantur omnia: Illuc tendat, huc se vertat, Coram videt posita.

Torquet ipsa reum suum Mordax conscientia, Plorat acta corrigendi Defluxisse tempora; Plena luctu, caret fructu Sera poenitentia.

Falsa tunc dulcedo carnis In amarum vertitur, Quando brevem voluptatem, Perpes poena sequitur: Jam quod magnum credebatur. Nil fuisse cernitur.

Atque mens in summae lucis Gloriam sustollitur, Aspernatur lutum carnis, Quo mersa provolvitur, Et ut carcerali nexu Laetabunda solvitur.

Sed egressa durum iter Experitur anima, Qua incursant furiosa Dirae pestis agmina, Et diversa suis locis Instruunt certamina.

Nam hic incentores gulae, Illic avaritiae, Alibi fautores irae, Alibi superbiae; Vitii cujusque globus Suas parat acies.

Jam si cedat una turma, Mox insurgit altera: Omnis ars tentatur belli, Omnis pugnae machina, Ne ab hostium pudore Sic evadat anima.

O quam torva bellatorum Monstra sunt feralium; Tetri, truces, truculenti Flammæ efflant naribus, Dracontea tument colla, Virus stillant faucibus.

Serpentinis armant spiris Manus doctas praeliis, His oppugnant adventantes Telis velut ferreis: His, quos attrahunt, aeternis Mancipant incendiis.

Quaeso, Christe, Rex invicte, Tu succurre misero, Sub extremae mortis hora, Cum jussus abiero: Nullum in me jus tyranno Praebeat impio.

All you who live in the world, serve the Lord, so that aided by His right hand you may reign above the stars.

223. Rhythm concerning the day of death.

With heavy terror you strike me, last day of life. The heart mourns, the kidneys fail, the wounded vitals tremble, while the anxious mind depicts your image to itself.

For who can explain that fearful spectacle, when, with the course of life measured out, the soul struggles to be loosed from the bonds of the sick flesh, approaching its exit?

Sensation perishes, the tongue grows stiff, the eyes are loosed, the chest palpitates, the hoarse throat of the man gasps, the limbs are stupefied, the face grows pale, the beauty of the body departs.

Behold, parties of diverse spirits flock together; on this side angelic virtues, on that side a crowd of demons; they approach nearer, where merit invites them.

Present also are thoughts, words, courses, works; 60 and before the eyes of the unwilling all are gathered: let him stretch thither, let him turn hither, he sees them placed before him.

Biting conscience itself torments its guilty one, it weeps that the times for correcting deeds have flowed away; full of grief, the late repentance lacks fruit.

The false sweetness of the flesh is then turned into bitterness, when perpetual punishment follows brief pleasure: now what was believed great is discerned to have been nothing.

And the mind is raised to the glory of the highest light, spurns the mud of the flesh, in which it had wallowed immersed, and is freed joyfully as if from a prison bond.

But the soul, having departed, experiences a hard journey, where furious hosts of dire plague assault it, and instruct diverse battles in their places.

For here the instigators of gluttony, there of avarice, elsewhere the patrons of anger, elsewhere of pride; the band of every vice prepares its own battle lines.

Now if one troop yields, another soon rises up: every art of war is tried, every machine of battle, lest the soul escape thus from the shame of the enemies.

O how grim are the monsters of the savage warriors! Foul, fierce, truculent, they breathe flames from their nostrils, their dragon necks swell, their jaws drip poison.

They arm their hands skilled in battles with serpentine coils, with these they attack the arriving ones as with iron weapons: with these, those whom they drag along they consign to eternal fires.

I ask, Christ, unvanquished King, that You succor a wretched one, exactly at the hour of extreme death, when bidden I shall depart: let no right over me be granted to the impious tyrant.

Cadat princeps tenebrarum, Cadat pars tartarea: Pastor ovem jam redemptam
Tunc reduc ad patriam, Ubi te videndi causa Perfruar in saecula. Amen.

62 CCXXIV. In eos qui de regis ultione securi sunt, sed Christum evadere
nequeunt. Rhythmus.

Jucundantur, et laetantur Simul omnes reprobi, Qui regis adventum prius Exspec-
tabant terri, Fremunt, cedunt, intumescunt, Et insultant miseris.

Quique sunt lugendi totis Lacrymarum fontibus, In superbiae sublimes Extollun-
tur cornibus, Phrenesin robur putantes, Sanis rident flentibus.

Sed quid juvat, o perversi, O gehennae filii! Non vitare, sed mutare Tribunal
judicii? Sub mortali rege tuti Christum non evaditis.

Ecce veniet ut fulgur, Minax ac terribilis, Solis ardor, lunae candor Involventur
tenebris, Ima terrae petent stellae, Coeli vulsae cardine.

Terra funditus ardebit, Coeli tremant climata, Elementa turbabuntur, Rugient
tonitrua, Ignei micant corusci, Crebra cadunt fulmina.

In furore venientis Fit tempestas valida, Tota mundi tremefacta Conquassatur
machina, Aestuantis flammae globus Vastum perflat aera.

Tunc qui eum pupugerunt Cernunt omnes impii, Throno igneo subnixum Specie
terribili, Rogant montes, orant colles, Postulantes obrui.

Mox occulta singulorum Cunctis patent cordium, Verba, facta, mens videtur,
Velut corpus solidum, Et amarum in auctores Reddunt testimonium.

Ipsi spiritus iniqui Probra, quae suggesserant, Longis exarata tomis Relegentes
explicant, Loca, tempora gestorum, Et modos enumerant.

Irascuntur cuncta pravis Angelorum agmina, Adversantur elementa, Coelum,
terra, inanima, Omnis rerum creatura Imminet contraria.

Ecce caput iniquorum, Ferox illa bestia, Sub cunctorum denudata 62 Trahitur
praesentia: Patent artes, furta, doli, Fraudes et ingenia.

CCXXV. Hucusque de adventu; hinc de poenis inferni.

O quam dira, quam horrenda Voce Judex intonat, Cum paratis mergi flammis
Maledictos imperat; Mox deglutiens viventes Stygis olla devorat.

Vaporantur infelices Intus, et extrinsecus; Crepitantes strident flammae, Velut
ardens clibanus: Ore, naribus, et ipsis Profluunt luminibus.

Let the prince of darkness fall, let the tartarean faction fall: Shepherd, lead the sheep now redeemed back to the fatherland, where for the sake of seeing you I may enjoy for ages. Amen.

62 224. Against those who are secure concerning the vengeance of the king, but are unable to evade Christ. Rhythm.

All the reprobates rejoice and are glad together, who previously awaited the coming of the king in terror; they roar, yield, swell up, and insult the wretched.

And those who are to be mourned with all fountains of tears, are lifted up on high by the horns of pride, thinking frenzy to be strength, they laugh at the sane who weep.

But what does it avail, O perverse ones, O sons of Gehenna! not to avoid, but to change the tribunal of judgment? Safe under a mortal king, you do not evade Christ.

Behold, He will come like lightning, menacing and terrible, the heat of the sun, the whiteness of the moon will be enveloped in darkness, the stars torn from the hinge of heaven will seek the depths of the earth.

The earth will burn from its foundations, the climates of heaven will tremble, the elements will be disturbed, thunders will roar, fiery flashes will gleam, frequent lightnings will fall.

In the fury of His coming a mighty tempest arises, the entire trembling fabric of the world is shattered, a globe of seething flame blows through the vast air.

Then all the impious who pierced Him will discern Him, resting on a fiery throne with terrible appearance, they will beseech the mountains, they will pray to the hills, asking to be crushed.

Soon the secrets of the hearts of each will be open to all, words, deeds, mind will be seen, like a solid body, and will bear bitter witness against their authors.

The very iniquitous spirits themselves, rereading the shameful acts which they had suggested, ploughed in long scrolls, explain them, and enumerate the places, times, and manners of the deeds.

All the hosts of angels are angry with the depraved, the elements oppose them, heaven, earth, lifeless things, every creature of things threatens them contrarily.

Behold, the head of the iniquitous, that fierce beast, is dragged stripped before the presence of all: its arts, thefts, guiles, frauds and contrivances be patent.

225. Thus far concerning the coming; from here on concerning the punishments of hell.

O with how dire, how horrendous a voice the Judge intones, when He commands the cursed to be submerged in prepared flames; soon swallowing them living the pot of Styx devours them.

The unhappy are vaporized inside and from without; the crackling flames hiss, like a burning furnace: they flow forth from their mouth, nostrils, and from their very eyes.

Immortalis mors occidit, Nec omnino perimit: Ignis urit, non consumit, Nec defectum recipit: Vita moritur, mors vivit; Finis semper incipit.

Rediviva septem plagae Renovant supplicia, Fumus, fetor, albor, ardor, Fames, sitis ignea, Vermes nunquam satiantur, Qui corrodunt viscera.

Illic dolor, cruciatus, Fletus, stridor dentium, Adsunt fremitus leonum, Sibili serpentium: Quibus mixti confunduntur Ululatus flentium.

Molis trabeae dracones Laxa pandunt guttura, Quorum oculi sagittas Jaculantur igneas; Caudae chelas scorpionum Plantae produnt viperas.

Tendunt quidem ad non esse, Sed non esse desinunt: Vivunt morti, volunt mori, Sed omnino nequeunt: Qui male vixere, vitam Pro tormento perferunt.

Haec prae oculis, vesani, Formidantes ponite, Haec subtili pertractantes Studio revolvite, Et pravorum vinclis morum Colla mentis solvite.

Nam paratus est conversis Indulgere veniam, Qui perversis adhuc premit Vindictae sententiam. Salus, honor pio Regi Per aeterna saecula. Amen.

CCXXVI. De gloria paradisi. Rhythmus.

Ad perennis vitae fontem Mens sitivit arida, Claustra carnis praesto frangi Clausa quaerit anima: Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur Exsul frui patria.

63 Dum pressuris ac aerumnis Se gemit obnoxiam, Quam amisit, cum deliquit, Contemplatur gloriam. Praesens malum auget boni Perditi memoriam.

Nam quis promat summae pacis Quanta sit laetitia, Ubi vivis margaritis Surgunt aedificia, Auro celsa micant tecta, Radiant triclinia!

Solis gemmis pretiosis Haec structura nectitur, Auro mundo tanquam vitro Urbis via sternitur: Abest limus, deest fimus, Lues nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, aestas torrens Illic nunquam saeviunt: Flos purpureus rosarum Ver agit perpetuum: Candent lilia, rubescit Crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata, Rivi mellis influunt, Pigmentorum spirat odor, Liquor et aromatum, Pendent poma floridorum Non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices, Sol, vel cursus siderum: Agnus est felicitis Urbis Lumen innociduum; Nox et tempus desunt ei, Diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique, velut Sol praeclarus, rutilant. Post triumphum coronati Mutuo conjubilant, Et prostrati pugnas hostis Jam securi numerant.

Immortal death slays, nor does it utterly destroy: fire burns, not consumes, and receives no failure: life dies, death lives; the end always begins.

Seven plagues renew revived punishments; smoke, stench, cold, heat, hunger, fiery thirst, worms that corrode the vitals are never glutted.

There pain, torment, weeping, gnashing of teeth, present are the roarings of lions, the hissings of serpents: mingled with which are confounded the howlings of the weeping.

Dragons of trabean mass open wide their throats, whose eyes hurl fiery arrows; their tails produce the claws of scorpions, their feet produce vipers.

They tend indeed to non-being, but they cease not to be: they live to death, they wish to die, but they absolutely cannot: those who lived badly endure life as a torment.

Put these things before your eyes, madmen, in fear; consider and ponder these things with subtle study, and loose the necks of your mind from the bonds of depraved habits.

For He is prepared to grant pardon to the converted, who as yet restrains the sentence of vengeance for the perverse. Salvation, honor to the pious King through eternal ages. Amen.

226. Concerning the glory of paradise. Rhythm.

To the fount of perennial life the parched mind has thirsted, the soul seeks that the closed cloisters of the flesh be broken soon: the exile yearns, strives, and struggles to enjoy the fatherland.

63 While it groans that it is subject to pressures and tribulations, it contemplates the glory which it lost when it transgressed. Present evil increases the memory of lost good.

For who can utter how great is the joy of highest peace, where buildings rise of living pearls, lofty roofs gleam with gold, the dining-halls radiate!

This structure is bound with precious gems alone, the street of the city is paved with pure gold like glass: mud is absent, filth is lacking, no pestilence is seen.

Bristling winter, torrid summer never rage there: the purple flower of roses makes perpetual spring: lilies gleam white, the crocus grows red, balsam sweats.

Meadows are green, crops are verdant, rivers of honey flow in, the odor of pigments and the liquid of spices breathes, the apples of florid groves hang never to fall.

The moon does not alternate its phases, nor the sun, nor the courses of the stars: the Lamb is the unsetting light of the happy City; night and time are lacking to it, it bears a continuous day.

For also all the saints shine like the bright sun. Crowned after triumph they rejoice mutually together, and prostrate, now secure, they recount the battles of the conquered enemy.

Omni labe defaecati Carnis bella nesciunt, Caro facta spiritalis Et mens, unum sentiunt: Pace multa perfruentes Scandala non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti Repetunt originem, Et praesentem veritatis Contemplantur speciem, Hinc vitalem vivi fontis Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper iidem Existendi capiunt, Clari, vividi, jucundi, 64 Nullis patent casibus: Absunt morbi, semper sanis Senectus juvenibus.

Hinc perenne tenent esse, Nam transire transiit: Inde virent vigent, florent, Corruptela corrui, Immortalitatis vigor Mortis jus absorbit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt, Qui nescire nequeunt; Nam et pectoris arcana Penetrant alterutrum: Unum volunt, unum nolunt, Unitas est mentium.

Licet cuique sit diversum Pro labore meritum, Charitas haec suum facit Quod amat in altero: Proprium sic singulorum Commune fit omnium.

Ubi corpus, illuc jure Congregantur aquilae, Quo cum angelis et sanctis Recreentur animae: Uno pane vivunt cives Utriusque patriae.

Avidi, et semper pleni, Quod habent desiderant: Non satietas fastidit, Neque fames cruciat: Inhiantes semper edunt, Et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonias Vox meloda concrepat, Et, in jubilum prolata, Mulcent aures organa; Digna, per quem sunt victores, Regi dant praeconia.

Felix coeli quae praesentem Regem cernit anima, Et sub sede spectat alta Orbis volvi machinam, Solem, lunam, et globosa Cum planetis sidera.

Christe, palma bellatorum, Hoc in municipium Introduc me post solutum Militare cingulum: Fac consortem donativi Beatorum civium.

Praebe vires inexhauste Laboranti praelio: Ut quietem post praecinctum Debeas emerito: Teque merear potiri Sine fine praemio. Amen.

CCXXVII. Rhythmus in mortem Widonis .

Audistis quiddam noviter Accidisse perniciter, Widonem illustrissimum Mortis solvisse debitum.

Proprii sui militis Circumdatus insidiis, Dum hostis captum tenuit, Capite plexus corrui.

Dum equo coepit ruere Secundo fossus vulnere, Ut duo purgent vulnere Mentis et carnis vitia.

Ne daretur daemonibus Cruciandus diutius, Datur suorum manibus, Ut moriatur citius.

Defecated from every stain they know not the wars of the flesh, the flesh made spiritual and the mind feel as one: enjoying much peace they endure no scandals.

Stripped of mutable things they seek again their origin, and they contemplate the present form of truth, hence they draw the vital sweetness of the living fount.

Thence they always receive the same state of existing, bright, vivid, joyous, 64 they are subject to no falls: diseases are absent, old age to the always healthy youths.

Hence they hold a perennial being, for passing away has passed: thence they are green, they are vigorous, they flourish, corruption has collapsed, the vigor of immortality has swallowed up the right of death.

They who know Him who knows all things, know all things, who cannot not know; for they penetrate also the secrets of each other's breast: they will one thing, they nil one thing, there is unity of minds.

Although the merit may be diverse for each according to labor, charity makes this its own which it loves in another: thus the proper thing of individuals becomes the common thing of all.

Where the body is, thither by right the eagles are gathered, that there the souls may be recreated with angels and saints: the citizens of both fatherlands live by one bread.

Eager, and always full, they desire what they have: satiety does not disgust, nor does hunger torment: hungering they always eat, and eating they hunger.

The melodious voice always resounds with new harmonies, and, produced in jubilee, the organs soothe the ears; they give worthy praises to the King, through whom they are victors.

Happy the soul of heaven which discerns the present King, and beneath the high throne watches the fabric of the world revolved, the sun, the moon, and the globose stars with the planets.

Christ, palm of warriors, introduce me into this municipality after the military belt is loosed: make me a sharer of the donative of the blessed citizens.

Grant unexhausted strength to the one laboring in battle: that You may owe rest to the veteran after he is girt: and that I may merit to possess You as a prize without end. Amen.

227. Rhythm on the death of Wido.

You have heard that something recently happened swiftly, that the most illustrious Wido has paid the debt of death.

Surrounded by the ambushes of his own soldier, while the enemy held him captive, struck on the head he fell.

While he began to fall from his horse, pierced by a second wound, so that the two wounds might purge the vices of mind and flesh.

Let he be given to the demons to be tormented longer, he is given over to the hands of his own men, so that he might die more quickly.

Christe, qui jam non judicas, Nec damnas in perpetuum, Sit Widoni remedium,
Quod hic tulit supplicium.

Prosit ei, piissime, Quod studuit invisere Loca persacratissima Digna tui praesentia.

Praesepe tuum cernere Quid est, nisi te credere Natum ibi de Virgine Verum lumen de lumine?

Gloriosum inspicere Tuum sepulcrum, Domine, Quid est, ni vere credere Te surrexisse ex inde?

Dum mons Olivae scanditur, Coelos redisse crederis: Parce Widoni, Domine, Tunc cum iudex redieris.

Hic semel atque iterum Tuum petiit tumulum, Deliberabat tertio Indulto sibi termino.

Hoc in affectu habuit, Si in effectum non potuit, Pari repende munere, Gratis largitor gratiae.

Locum beatae Virginis Toto orbe clarissimum Supplex frequenter adiit, Excoluit ut potuit.

Apostolorum grandia Saepe quaerens suffragia, Ut spero, plus quam vices Romam venit et quinquies.

Quos adjuutores petiit, Advocatos constituit, Eisque dum superfuit Suaque se vi contulit.

Dicit de eo aliquis Nimium fuit fragilis; Et ego dico plurimum Deum esse propitium.

Sinistrum quid de aliquo Ego dicere nequeo, Hujus scripsi itinera, Quae sunt in parte dextera.

Si cui placet legere, Et vult juste discernere, Non respiciunt tartara, Sed ad sanctorum gaudia.

Qui vult ad plenum discere Tanti mali notitiam, Primum debet cognoscere Auberinam nequitiam.

Hic pertractavit perdere Duos sub uno tempore Seniores quos habuit, Falso, ut vere patuit.

Unus, qui non superfuit, Cum audivit, indoluit Occubuisse socium Natura sibi proximum.

Patrator tanti sceleris Sub umbra falsi militis Promisit his aliquando Manibus et perjurio.

Ut fidem eis congruam, Si et pacem continuam Servaret omni tempore, Dum viveret in corpore.

Si firma stent haec foedera, Deus, qui novit omnia, Ipse scit, ipse iudicet, Ut sibi placet, vindicet.

Et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam, Deus.

Christ, who now do not judge, nor condemn in perpetuity, let there be a remedy for Wido, because he bore punishment here.

Let it profit him, Most Pious One, that he studied to visit the most sacred places worthy of Your presence.

To discern Your manger, what is it but to believe You born there of the Virgin, true light from light?

To inspect Your glorious sepulcher, Lord, what is it, unless to truly believe that You rose from thence?

While the mount of Olives is climbed, You are believed to have returned to the heavens: spare Wido, Lord, then when You will have returned as Judge.

Here once and again he sought Your tomb, he deliberated a third time, a term having been granted to him.

He had this in his affection, even if he could not in effect, repay with an equal reward, O gratuitous bestower of grace!

A suppliant, he frequently approached the place of the blessed Virgin, the most famous in the whole world, and cultivated it as he could.

Often seeking the great suffrages of the Apostles, as I hope, he came to Rome more than twenty-five times.

Those whom he sought as helpers, he established as advocates, and while he survived he applied himself to them by his own force.

Someone says of him that he was excessively fragile; and I say very much that God is propitious.

I am unable to say anything sinister about anyone, I have written of his journeys, which are on the right side.

If it pleases anyone to read, and he wishes to discern justly, they do not look towards Tartarus, but towards the joys of the saints.

He who wishes to learn to the full the knowledge of so great an evil, first ought to know the Aubertine wickedness.

This man plotted to destroy at one time two lords whom he had, falsely, as has clearly appeared.

The one, who did not survive, when he heard, grieved that his companion, nearest to him by nature, had fallen.

The perpetrator of so great a crime, under the shadow of a false soldier, promised these sometimes by hands and perjury.

That he would preserve suitable faith to them, and continuous peace for all time, as long as he lived in the body.

If these treaties stand firm, God, who knows all things, Himself knows, let Himself judge, let Him vindicate as it pleases Him.

And my tongue will exult in Your justice, O God.