

Lyrics to St. Hildegard's Songs

Alleluia! O virga mediatrix

Alleluja!
O virga mediatrix,
sancta viscera tua
mortem superaverunt
et venter tuus omnes creaturas
illuminavit in pulchro flore
de suavissima integritate
clausi pudoris tui orto.

Ave Generosa

Ave generosa gloriosa et intacta
puella, tu pupilla castitatis,
tu materia sanctitatis,
que Deo placuit.

Nam hec superna infusio in te fuit,
quod supernum Verbum in te carnem induit.

Tu candidum liliū quod Deus ante omnem creaturam
inspexit.

O pulcherrima et dulcissima,
quam valde Deus in te delectabatur,
cum amplexionem caloris sui in te posuit,
ita quod Filius eius de te lactatus est.

Venter enim tuus gaudium habuit
cum omnis celestis symphonia de te sonuit,
quia virgo Filium Dei portasti,
ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.

Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt
sicut gramen super quod ros cadit
cum ei viriditatem infundit, ut et in te factum est,
O mater omnis gaudii.

Nunc omnis ecclesia in gaudio rutilet
ac in symphonia sonet
propter dulcissimam Virginem
et laudabilem Mariam,
Dei Genitricem. Amen.

Alleluia!

O branch and mediatrix,
your sacred flesh
has conquered death,
your womb all creatures
illumined
in beauty's bloom from that exquisite purity
of your enclosed modesty
sprung forth.

Hail thee, noble one

Hail, nobly born, hail, honored and inviolate,
you Maiden are the piercing gaze of chastity,
you the material of holiness—
the one who pleased God.

For heaven's flood poured into you
as heaven's Word was clothed in flesh in you.

You are the lily, gleaming white, upon which God
has fixed his gaze before all else created.

O beautiful, O sweet!
How deep is that delight that God received in you,
when 'round you he enwrapped his warm embrace,
so that his Son was suckled at your breast.

Your womb rejoiced
as from you sounded forth the whole celestial symphony.
For as a virgin you have borne the Son of God—
in God your chastity shone bright.

Your flesh rejoiced
just as a blade of grass on which the dew has fall'n,
viridity within it to infuse—just so it happened unto you,
O mother of all joy!

So now in joy gleams all the Church like dawn,
resounds in symphony
because of you, the Virgin sweet
and worthy of all praise, Maria,
God's mother. Amen.

Ave Maria, o autrix vitae

Ave Maria,
O auctrix vite,
reedificando salutem,
que mortem conturbasti
et serpentem contrivisti,
ad quem se Eva erexit
erecta cervice
cum sufflatu superbie.
Hunc conculcasti
dum de celo Filium Dei genuisti,
R. quem inspiravit
Spiritus Dei.

O dulcissima atque amantissima
mater, salve,
que natum tuum
de celo missum mundo edidisti:

quem inspiravit
Spiritus Dei.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui sancto.

quem inspiravit
Spiritus Dei.

Columba Aspexit

Columba aspexit
per cancellos fenestreae
ubi ante faciem eius
sudando sudavit balsamum
de lucido Maximino.

Calor solis exarsit
et in tenebras resplenduit
unde gemma surrexit
in edificatione templi
purissimi cordis benivoli.

Iste turris excelsa,
de ligno Libani et cipresso facta,
iacincto et sardio ornata est,
urbs precellens artes
aliorum artificum.

Hail Mary, O authoress of life

Hail Mary,
O authoress of life,
rebuilding up salvation's health,
for death you have disturbed,
that serpent crushed
to whom Eve raised herself,
her neck outstretched
with puffed-up pride.
That serpent's head you ground to dust
when heaven's Son of God you bore,
on whom has breathed
God's Spirit.

O sweet and most beloved
mother, hail!
Your Son
from heaven sent you gave unto the world:

on whom has breathed
God's Spirit.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

On him has breathed
God's Spirit.

The dove peered in

The dove peered in
through the lattices of the windows
where, before its face,
a balm exuded
from incandescent Maximilian.

The heat of the sun burned
dazzling into the gloom:
whence a jewel sprang forth
in the building of the temple
of the purest loving heart.

He, the high tower,
constructed of Lebanon wood and cypress,
has been adorned with jacinth and diamonds,
a city excelling the crafts
of other builders.

Ipsa velox cervus cucurrit
ad fontem purissime aque
fluentis de fortissimo lapide
qui dulcia aromata irrigavit.

O pigmentari
qui estis in suavissima viriditate
hortorum regis,
ascendentes in altum
quando sanctum sacrificium
in arietibus perfecistis.

Inter vos fulget hic artifex,
paries templi,
qui desideravit alas aquile
osculando nutricem Sapientiam
in gloriosa fecunditate Ecclesie.

O Maximine,
mons et vallis es,
et in utroque alta edificatio appares,
ubi capricornus cum elephante exivit,
et Sapientia in deliciis fuit.

Tu es fortis
et suavis in ceremoniis
et in choruscatiane altaris,
ascendens ut fumus aromatum
ad columpnam laudis.

Ubi intercedis pro populo
qui tendit ad speculum lucis,
cui laus est in altis.

Cum eribuerint

Cum erubuerint infelices
in progenie sua,
procedentes in peregrinatione casus,
tunc tu clamas clara voce,
hoc modo homines elevans de isto malicioso casu.

Cum processit factura

Cum processit factura digiti Dei
formata ad imaginem Dei
in ortu mixti sanguinis
per peregrinationem casus Ade,

This swift hart sped
to the fountain of clearest water
flowing from the most powerful stone
which courses with delightful spices.

O Perfume-Makers,
you who are in the sweetest greenness
of the gardens of the King,
ascending on high
when you have completed the holy sacrifice
with the rams.

This builder shines among you,
the wall of the temple,
who longed for the wings of an eagle,
kissing his nurse Wisdom
in the glorious fecundity of the Church.

O Maximilian,
you are the mount and the valley
and in both you seem a high building,
where the goat went with the elephant
and Wisdom was in rapture.

You are strong
and beautiful in rites
and in the shining of the altar,
mounting like the smoke of perfumes
to the column of praise.

Where you intercede for the people
who stretch towards the mirror of light
to whom there is praise on high.

While downcast parents blushed

While downcast parents blushed,
ashamed to see their offspring
wand'ring off into the fallen exile's pilgrimage,
you cried aloud with crystal voice,
to lift up humankind from that malicious fall.

Although the craft

Although the craft of God's extended finger,
created in God's image,
came forth in birth of blood commingled,
in pilgrimage exiled by Adam's fall;

elementa susceperunt gaudia in te,
o laudabilis Maria,
celo rutilantea
et in laudibus sonante.

Cum vox sanguinis

Cum vox sanguinis
Ursule et innocentis turbe eius
ante thronum Dei sonuit,
antiqua prophetia venit
per radicem Mambre
in vera ostensione Trinitatis et dixit:
Iste sanguis nos tangit,
nunc omnes gaudeamus.

Et postea venit congregatio Agni,
per arietem in spinis pendentem, et dixit:
Laus sit in Ierusalem,
per ruborem huius sanguinis.

Deinde venit sacrificium vituli,
quod vetus lex ostendebat,
sacrificium laudis circumamicta varietate,
et que faciem Dei Moysi obnubilabat,
dorsum illi ostendens.

Hoc sunt sacerdotes,
qui per linguas suas Deum ostendunt
et perfecte eum videre non possunt.
Et dixerunt: O nobilissima turba,
virgo ista que in terris Ursula vocatur
in summis Columba nominatur,
quia innocentem turbam ad
se collegit.

O Ecclesia, tu es laudabilis
in ista turba.

Turba magna, quam incombustus rubus
quem Moyses viderat significat,
et quam Deus in prima radice plantaverat
in homine, quem de limo formaverat,
ut sine commixtione viri viveret,
cum clarissima voce clamavit
in purissimo auro, topazio et saphiro,
circumamicta in auro.

Nunc gaudeant omnes celi,
et omnes populi cum illis ornentur. Amen.

the elements received their joys in you,
O Mary, worthy of our praise,
as heaven gleams with rubied light
and echoes gladsome shouts of praise.

When the voice of Ursula's blood

When the voice of Ursula's blood,
and of the blood of her innocent host,
sounded before God's throne,
an ancient prophecy passed
through the root of Mamre and spoke
in the revealed truth of the Trinity:
"This blood touches us;
let us all now rejoice!"

And afterwards the congregation of the Lamb came,
through the ram caught in the thorns, and said:
"Let there be praise in Jerusalem
for the redness of this blood."

Then came that sacrifice of the calf
which the old law indicated,
a sacrifice of praise, praise clothed in many colors,
praise that hid God's face from Moses,
showing him only God's back.

This stands for priests
who disclose God with their mouths
and cannot see him in full.
And they said: "O noblest host:
that Virgin called Ursula on earth
is named Columba [Dove] in heaven,
because she gathered around her a host
of innocents."

O Ecclesia: you are worthy of praise
in that host.

That great host which is signified
by the unconsumed bush Moses saw,
and which God planted in the first root
in the human being he made of earth,
so that it might have life without any mixture with man:
that host called out in a radiant voice
in purest gold, topaz, sapphire,
all set in gold.

Now let all the heavens rejoice,
and let all peoples be honored with them. Amen.

De Patria etiam earum

De patria etiam earum
et de aliis regionibus
viri religiosi et sapientes
ipsis adiuncti sunt,
que eas in virginea custodia servabant,
et qui eis in omnibus ministrabant.

From their homeland

From their homeland
and from other lands
religious men and sages
joined them,
keeping them in holy care,
and ministering to them in all ways.

Deus enim rorem in illas misit

Deus enim rorem in illas misit,
de quo multiplex fama crevit,
ita quod omnes populi
ex hac honorabili fama
velut cibum gustabant.

For truly God showered them in a dew

For truly God showered them in a dew,
from which grew many aspects of fame,
thus all people partook
of this honorable fame
as nourishment.

Et ideo puelle iste

Et ideo puelle iste
per summum virum sustentabantur,
vexillate in regali prole virginee nature.

And therefore these young girls

And therefore these young girls
were sustained by the supreme man
for their virginal nature is the standard of royal descent.

Favus distillans

Favus distillans
Ursula virgo fuit,
que Agnum Dei amplecti desideravit.
Mel et lac sub lingua eius,
quia pomiferum hortum
et flores florum
in turba virginum
ad se collegit.
Unde in nobilissima aurora
gaude, filia Sion.

Honeycomb dripping

A honeycomb dripping honey
was Virgin Ursula
who desired to embrace the Lamb of God.
Honey and milk beneath her tongue,
for she gathered around her,
in a crowd of virgins,
a fruit-bearing orchard
and a garden in bloom.
Therefore rejoice in the noblest dawn,
o daughter of Sion.

Quia pomiferum hortum
et flores florum
in turba virginum
ad se collegit.

For she gathered around her,
in a crowd of virgins,
a fruit-bearing orchard
and a garden in bloom.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

Quia pomiferum hortum
et flores florum
in turba virginum
ad se collegit.

For she gathered around her,
in a crowd of virgins,
a fruit-bearing orchard
and a garden in bloom.

Hodie aperuit nobis

Hodie aperuit nobis clausa porta
quod serpens in muliere suffocavit,
unde lucet in aurora
flos de Virgine Maria.

Today was opened unto us

Today was opened unto us a shut-up gate.
For the serpent drew it tight, in woman choked
yet from it gleams within the dawn
the Virgin Mary's flower.

In matutinis laudibus. Sed diabolus.

Sed diabolus in invidia
sua istud irrisit,
qua nullum opus Dei
intactum dimisit.

But the devil

But the devil in his envy
laughed at all that.
thus none of God's works
remained unjured.

Item de virginibus

O nobilissima viriditas, quae radicas in sole,
et quae in candida serenitate lucet in rota,
quam nulla terrena excellentia comprehendit,
tu circumdata es amplexibus divinatorum mysteriorum.
Tu rubes ut aurora et ardes ut solis flamma.

Also, of the maids

O most noble Greenness, rooted in the sun,
And who shines in bright serenity upon the wheel,
Nothing on earth can comprehend you,
You are encircled in the arms of divine mysteries.
You are radiant as the dawn and burn as the solar flame.

Caritas habundat

Caritas habundat in omnia,
de imis excellentissima
super sidera
atque amantissima
in omnia,
quia summo regi osculum pacis dedit.

Love abounds

Love abounds in all,
from the depths exalted and excelling
over every star,
and most beloved
of all,
for to the highest King the kiss of peace she gave.

Laus Trinitati

Laus Trinitati, quae sonus et vita
ac creatrix omnium in vita ipsorum est,
et quae laus angelice turbe
et mirus splendor archanorum,
que hominibus ignota sunt, est,
et quae in omnibus vita est.

Praise to the Trinity

Praise to the Trinity—the sound and life
and creativity of all within their life,
the praise of the angelic host
and wondrous, brilliant splendor hid,
unknown to human minds, it is,
and life within all things.

Mathias, sanctus per electionem

Mathias, sanctus per electionem,
vir preliator per victoriam,
ante sanguinem Agni electionem non habuit,
sed tardus in scientia fuit

Mathias, a saint through being chosen

Mathias, a saint through being chosen,
a champion in his victory,
did not know himself chosen before the Lamb's blood was
shed:

quasi homo qui perfecte non vigilat.

Donum Dei illum excitavit,
unde ipse pre gaudio sicut gygas
in viribus suis surrexit,
quia Deus illum previdit
sicut hominem
quem de limo formavit
cum primus angelus cecidit,
qui Deum negavit.

Homo qui electionem vidit –
ve, ve, cecidit!

Boves et arietes habuit,
sed faciem suam ab eis
retrorsum duxit
et illos dimisit.

Unde foveam carbonum invasit,
et desideria sua osculatus
in studio suo,
illa sicut Olimpum erexit.

Tunc Mathias per electionem divinitatis
sicut gygas surrexit,
quia Deus illum posuit
in locum quem perditus homo noluit.

O mirabile miraculum
quod sic in illo resplenduit!

Deus enim ipsum previdit
in miraculis suis
cum nondum haberet meritum operationis,
sed misterium Dei
in illo gaudium habuit,
quod idem per institutionem suam
non habebat.

O gaudium gaudiorum
quod Deus sic operatur,
cum nescienti homini gratiam suam impendit,
ita quod parvulus nescit
ubi magnus volat,
cuius alas Deus parvulo tribuit.

Deus enim gustum in illo habet
qui seipsum nescit,
quia vox eius

he was tardy in knowledge,
like a man who is not perfectly awake.

God's gift aroused him,
so that for joy he rose like a giant
in his strength:
God foresaw him
as he had foreseen the man
whom he formed of clay
when the first angel,
who denied God, fell.

The man who saw his choice,
alas, alas, he fell!

He had oxen and rams at his bidding,
yet he looked away from them,
turned his back
and abandoned them.

Thus he plunged in the pit of coal
and, kissing his own desires,
in his ardor
he raised them high, like an Olympus.

Then Mathias, divinely chosen,
rose like a giant,
because God set him
in the place that Judas, the lost, rejected:

O wondrous miracle
that shone through him thus!

For God foresaw him
in his miracles,
though he had not yet the merit of accomplishment,
but the mystery of God
had joy in him,
joy that in its original plan
it did not have.

Joy of joys
that God works in this way,
when he lavishes his grace on one who does not know,
so that the child does not know
where the grown man will fly,
whose wings God has given to the child!

For God savors the one
who does not know himself,
because his voice

ad Deum clamat
sicut Mathias fecit, qui dixit:
O Deus, Deus meus,
qui me creasti,
omnia opera mea tua sunt.

Nunc ergo gaudeat omnis ecclesia in Mathia,
quem Deus in foramine columbe
sic elegit. Amen.

Nunc gaudeant materna viscera

Nunc gaudeant materna viscera Ecclesie,
quia in superna simphonia filii eius
in sinum suum collocati sunt.

Unde, o turpissime serpens, confusus es,
quoniam quos tua estimatio
in visceribus suis habuit
nunc fulgent in sanguine Filii Dei,
et ideo laus tibi sit, Rex altissime. Alleluia.

O Ecclesia

O Ecclesia,
oculi tui similes saphiro sunt,
et aures tue monti Bethel,
et nasus tuus est sicut mons mirre et thuris,
et os tuum quasi sonus aquarum multarum.

In visione vere fidei
Ursula Filium Dei amavit
et Virum cum hoc seculo reliquit
et in solem aspexit
atque pulcherrimum iuvenem vocavit, dicens:

In multo desiderio
desideravi ad te venire
et in celestibus nuptiis tecum sedere,
per alienam viam ad te currens
velut nubes que in purissimo aere
currit similis saphiro.

Et postquam Ursula sic dixerat,
rumor iste per omnes populos exiit.

Et dixerunt:
"Innocentia puellaris ignorantie
nescit quid dicit."

is crying out to God,
as Mathias cried, saying:
God, my God,
who created me,
all my works are yours!

So now let all Ecclesia take joy in Mathias,
he whom God thus chose in the cleft where the
dove nestles. Amen.

Now let the womb and heart

Now let the womb and heart of Mother Church rejoice!
For in the starry symphony her children
are gathered to her bosom.

O vile snake, you are confounded,
for those your hollow jealousy
had thought it clutched within its guts
now sparkle in the blood of God's own Son,
praise be to you, the highest King! Alleluia!

O Ecclesia

O Ecclesia,
your eyes are like sapphire:
your ears the mount of Bethel,
your nose like a mountain of myrrh and incense,
and your mouth is like the sound of many waters.

In a vision of true faith
Ursula loved the son of God
and rejected betrothed and world alike;
she gazed at the sun
and implored the most beautiful youth, saying:

With a great desire
I have desired to come to you
and rest with you in the marriage of Heaven
running to you by a new path
as the clouds course in the purest air
like sapphire.

And after Ursula had said this
rumour spread amongst the people.

And they said:
In the innocence of girlish ignorance
she does not know what she is saying.

Et ceperunt ludere cum illa
in magna symphonia,
usque cum ignea sarcina super eam cecidit.

Unde omnes cognoscebant
quia contemptus mundi
est sicut mons Bethel.

Et cognoverunt etiam
suavissimum odorem mirre et thuris,
quoniam contemptus mundi super omnia ascendit.

Tunc diabolus
membra sua invasit,
que nobilissimos mores
in corporibus istis
occiderunt.

Et hoc in alto voce omnia elementa audierunt
et ante thronum Dei dixerunt::
"Wach! rubicundus sanguis innocentis agni
in desponsatione sua effusus est."

Hoc audiant omnes celi
et in summa symphonia
laudent Agnum Dei,
quia guttur serpentis antique
in istis margaritis
materie Verbi Dei
suffocatum est.

O beata infantia

O beata infantia
electi Disibodi,
que a Dio ita ispirata est
quod post sanctissima opera
in mirabilibus Dei
ut suavissimum odorem balsami exudasti.

O beatissime Ruperte

O beatissime Ruperte,
qui in flore etatis tue
non produxisti nec portasti vicia diaboli,
unde naufragum mundum reliquisti:
nunc intercede
pro famulantibus tibi in Deo. Alleluia.

And they began to play with her
in a great music,
until the burden of fire
fell upon her.

Whence they all knew,
for scorn of the world
is like the mount of Bethel.

And they sensed also
the sweetest odour of myrrh and incense,
for scorn of the world rises over all things.

Then the devil
invaded those that were his own,
they that in the bodies of these women
had struck down the noblest qualities.

And all the Elements heard the great cry,
and before the throne of God they said:
O! the red blood of the innocent lamb
has streamed out in the moment of union.

Let all the Heavens hear this,
and with the celestial harmony,
let them praise the lamb of God
for the throat of the Ancient Serpent
with these pearls
made of the word of God
has been choked.

Blissful childhood

Blissful childhood
of Disibod, the chosen one,
a childhood so inspired by God
that later your holiest deeds,
among the miracles of God,
were as if you were exuding the softest scent of balm.

Most blessed Rupert

Most blessed Rupert,
you who in the flower of your age
did not beget or bear the devil's vices,
so that you left the shipwrecked world behind –
now intercede
for those who attend on you in God! Alleluia.

O Bonifaci

O Bonifaci,
lux vivens vidit te
similem viro sapienti,
qui puros rivulos
ex Deo fluentes
ad Deum remisisti,
cum viriditatem florum rigasti.
Unde es amicus Dei viventis
et cristallus lucens in benivolentia
rectarum viarum,
in quibus sapienter cucurristi.

O choruscans lux stellarum

O choruscans lux stellarum,
o splendidissima specialis forma
regalium nuptiarum,
o fulgens gemma:
tu es ornata in alta persona
que non habet maculatam rugam.
Tu es etiam socia angelorum
et civis sanctorum.
Fuge, fuge speluncam
antiqui perditoris,
et veniens veni in palatium regis.

O clarissima mater

V. O clarissima
mater sancte medicine,
tu unguenta
per sanctum Filium tuum
infudisti
in plangentia vulnera mortis,
que Eva edificavit
in tormenta animarum.
Tu destruxisti mortem,
edificando vitam.

R. Ora pro nobis
ad tuum natum,
stella maris, Maria.

V. O vivificum instrumentum
et letum ornamentum
et dulcedo omnium deliciarum,
que in te non deficient.

Boniface

Boniface,
the living light saw you
in the likeness of a sage,
you who returned to God
the pure rivulets flowing from God
when you bedewed
the greenness of the flowers.
Thus you are a friend of the living God
and a lucent crystal in the graciousness
of the paths of right,
on which, sage-like, you ran.

O glittering starlight

O glittering starlight,
O most splendid and special form
of regal marriage,
O shining gem:
you are adorned like a noble lady
who has no blemish.
And you are a companion of angels
and a citizen among the saints.
Flee, O flee the cave
of the old betrayer
and come, O come into the king's palace.

O radiant bright

O radiant bright,
O mother of a holy medicine,
Your ointments
through your holy Son
you've poured
upon the plangent wounds of death,
by Eve constructed
as torture chambers of the soul.
This death you have destroyed
by building life.

Pray for us
to your child,
O sea star Mary.

O instrument of life
and joyful ornament,
and sweetener of all delights,
that in you will not fail.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.

R. Ora pro nobis
ad tuum natum,
stella maris, Maria.

O cohors milicie

O cohors milicie
floris virge
non spinata,
tu sonus
orbis terre
circuiens regiones
insanorum sensuum
epulantium cum porcis,
quos expugnasti
per infusum adiutorem
ponentis radices
in tabernacula
pleni operis Verbi Patris.

Tu etiam nobilis es gens Salvatoris,
intrans viam
regenerationis
aque per Agnum,
qui te misit in gladio
inter sevissimos canes,
qui suam
gloriam destruxerunt
in operibus digitorum suorum,
statuentes non manufactum
in subiectionem manuum suarum,
in qua non invenerunt eum.

O cruor sanguinis

O cruor sanguinis
qui in alto sonuisti,
cum omnia elementa
se implicuerunt
in lamentabilem vocem
cum tremore,
quia sanguis Creatoris sui
illa tetigit,
ungue nos
de languoribus nostris.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

Pray for us
to your child,
O sea star Mary.

O cohort of the guard

O cohort of the guard
of the thornless
branch's flower:
You are the sound
of all the world,
surrounding all the places where
the senseless sensuous
are feasting with the swine
that you subdue
by the Comforter, the Aide poured out
of the Father's Word that plants the roots
that grow into the tabernacles of
his fulfilled work.

You are the Savior's noble race,
entering upon the way
of birth anew
of water through the Lamb,
who's sent you with the sword
among the wildest dogs—
their glory they
themselves destroy
within the works of their own fingers,
as the One Not Made by hand they rate
as subject to the works of their own hands,
in which they cannot find him.

O bloodshed

O bloodshed
that rang out on high,
when all the elements
joined together
in a voice of lamentation
and a vast tremor,
because the blood of their creator
had touched them:
anoint us
where we are sick.

O dulcis electe

O dulcis electe,
 qui in ardore ardentis
 effulsisti, radix,
 et qui in splendore Patris
 elucidasti mystica,
 et qui intrasti
 cubiculum castitatis
 in aurea civitate
 quam construxit rex,
 cum accepit sceptrum regionum:

Prebe adiutorium peregrinis.

Tu enim auxisti pluviam
 precessoribus tuis,
 qui miserunt illam
 in viriditate pigmentariorum.

Prebe adiutorium peregrinis.

O dulcissime amator

O dulcissime amator,
 o dulcissime amplexator:
 Adiuva nos custodire
 virginitatem nostram.

Nos sumus orte in pulvere, heu, heu,
 et in crimine Ade.
 Valde durum est contradicere
 quod habet gustus pomi.
 Tu erige nos, Salvator Christe.

Nos desideramus ardentem te sequi.
 O quam grave nobis miseris est
 te immaculatum et innocentem
 regem angelorum imitari.

Tamen confidimus in te,
 quod tu desideres gemmam requirere in putredine.

Nunc advocamus te,
 sponsum et consolatorem,
 qui nos redemisti in cruce.

In tuo sanguine copulate sumus tibi
 cum desponsatione,
 repudiantes virum et eligentes te,

O chosen sweet

O chosen sweet,
 inflamed by Flame
 you gleamed, a root,
 and in the Father's radiance
 you beamed the mysteries,
 and went into
 the bed of chastity
 within the golden City,
 constructed by the King
 when he received the scepter of the lands:

To pilgrims lend your aid.

For you have swelled the rain
 together with your predecessors,
 who cast it
 with the spicers' viridity.

To pilgrims lend your aid.

O lover sweet

O lover sweet,
 so sweet the embrace:
 Help us to keep
 our virginity!

In dust we were begotten— alas!—
 in Adam's guilt.
 So rough it is now to refuse
 whatever tastes of that one fruit.
 Set us aright, O Savior Christ!

We burn in our desire to follow you.
 How hard it is for us, the wretched,
 to imitate your innocence,
 the spotless King of angels.

Yet we have put our trust in you,
 for you desire to seek again a gem in putrefaction.

Now unto you we cry,
 our bridegroom and our consolation,
 who has redeemed us on the Cross.

For in your blood we are betrothed to you—
 your blood our wedding gift;
 for mortal husbands we refuse, choosing you instead,

Filium Dei.

O pulcherrima forma, o suavissime odor
desiderabilium deliciarum,
semper suspiramus post te
in lacrimabili exilio.

Quando te videamus
et tecum maneamus?

Nos sumus in mundo
et tu in mente nostra,
et amplectimur te in corde
quasi habeamus te presentem.

Tu fortissimus leo rupisti celum,
descendens in aulam Virginis,
et destruxisti mortem,
edificans vitam in aurea civitate.

Da nobis societatem cum illa
et permanere in te, o dulcissime sponse,
qui abstraxisti nos de faucibus diaboli,
primum parentem nostrum seducentis.

O eterne Deus

O eterne Deus,
nunc tibi placeat
ut in amore illo ardeas,
ut membra illa simus,
que fecisti in eodem amore,
cum Filium tuum genuisti
in prima aurora
ante omnem creaturam,
et inspice necessitatem hanc
que super nos cadit,
et abstrahe eam a nobis
propter Filium tuum,
et perduc nos in leticiam salutis.

O Euchari in leta via

O Euchari,
in leta via ambulasti
ubi cum Filio Dei mansisti,
illum tangendo
et miracula eius que fecit videndo.

Tu eum perfecte amasti

the Son of God.

O beauteous form, O fragrance sweeter than
the most desired of delights:
our sighs of longing ever seek for you
within this lonely wilderness of tears.
When shall we look on you
and with you ever stay?

We live within the world,
and you within our minds,
and we embrace you in our hearts
as if you're present even now.

The mighty lion, you have burst the heavens,
descending to the Virgin's palace-womb,
destroying death
and building life within a golden city.

Grant us her company
to dwell with you, O bridegroom sweet,
who saved us from the devil's jaws
who dragged our primal parents into death.

O eternal God

O eternal God,
may you be pleased
to blaze once more in love
and to reforge us as the limbs
you fashioned in that love,
when first you bore your Son
upon the primal dawn
before all things created.
Look upon this need
that over us has fallen,
draw it off from us
according to your Son,
and lead us back into salvation's wholesome happiness.

O St. Eucharius

O St. Eucharius,
you walked upon the blessed way
when with the Son of God you stayed—
you touched the man
and saw with your own eyes his miracles.

You loved him perfectly

cum sodales tui exterriti erant,
pro eo quod homines erant,
nec possibilitatem habebant
bona perfecte intueri.

Tu autem in ardenti amore
plene caritatis
illum amplexus es,
cum manipulos preceptorum eius ad te collegisti.

O Euchari,
valde beatus fuisti
cum Verbum Dei te in igne columbe imbuit,
ubi tu quasi aurora illuminatus es,
et sic fundamentum ecclesie edificasti.

Et in pectore tuo
choruscat dies
in quo tria tabernacula
supra marmoream columpnam
stant in civitate Dei.

Per os tuum Ecclesia ruminat
vetus et novum vinum,
videlicet poculum sanctitatis.

Sed et in tua doctrina
Ecclesia effecta est rationalis,
ita quod supra montes clamavit
ut colles et ligna se declinarent
ac mamillas illius sugerent.

Nunc in tua clara voce
Filium Dei ora pro hac turba,
ne in cerimonia Dei deficiat,
sed ut vivens holocaustum
ante altare Dei fiat.

O Euchari, columba virtutem illius

O Euchari,
columba virtutem illius
in signis tibi dedit,
qui olim in medio rote clamavit:

quem cum amplius
corporaliter non vidisti,
plena signa in umbra illius perfecisti.

Et sic in pectore eius fulsisti

while your companions trembled,
frightened by their mere humanity,
unable as they were to gaze
entirely upon the good.

But you embraced him in the ardent love
of fullest charity—
you gathered to yourself the bundles of
his sweet commands.

O St. Eucharius,
so deeply blessed you were
when God's Word drenched you in the fire of the dove
illuminated like the dawn
you laid and built upon the Church's one foundation.

And in your breast
burst forth the light of day—
the gleam in which three tents
upon a marble pillar stand
within the City of our God.

For through your mouth the Church can savor
the wine both old and new—
the cup of sanctity.

Yet in your teaching, too,
the Church embraced her rationality—
her voice cried out above the peaks
to call the hills and woods to be laid low,
to suck upon her breasts.

Now in your crystal voice
pray to the Son of God for this community,
lest it should fail in serving God,
but rather as a living sacrifice
might burn before the altar of our God.

O Eucharis, the dove gave you strength

O Eucharis,
the dove gave you strength
through signs of Him
who once called out from the center of the wheel.

When you no longer
saw Him in the flesh
you carried out abundant signs in His shadow.

And so, you sparkled in His soul

ac in cherubin sigillum fecisti.

Quem cum amplius
corporaliter non vidisti,
plena signa in umbra illius perfecisti.

O Euchari
columba virtutem illius
in signis tibi dedit,
qui olim in medio rote clamitavit.

Quem cum amplius
corporaliter non vidisti,
plena signa in umbra illius perfecisti.

O felix anima

O felix anima,
cuius corpus
de terra ortum est,

quod tu cum peregrinatione
huius mundi conculcasti.

Unde de divina rationalitate,
que te speculum suum fecit,
coronata es.

Spiritus Sanctus etiam te
ut habitaculum suum intuebatur.

Unde de divina rationalitate,
que te speculum suum fecit,
coronata es.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

O felix apparicio

O felix apparicio,
cum in amico Dei Ruperto
flamma vite chorusavit,
ita quod caritas Dei
in corde eius fluxit,
timorem Domini amplectens.

Unde etiam agnitio eius
in supernis civibus floruit.

and took on form among the Cherubim.

When you no longer
saw Him in the flesh
you carried out abundant signs in His shadow.

O Eucharis,
the dove gave you strength
through signs of Him
who once called out from the center of the wheel.

When you no longer
saw Him in the flesh
you carried out abundant signs in His shadow.

O blissful soul

O blissful soul,
whose body,
born of earth,

you trod down in the pilgrimage
of this world.

Thus by divine rationality,
which made you its own mirror,
you have been crowned.

The Holy Spirit, moreover, was wont to gaze
upon you as its own dwelling-place.

Thus by divine rationality,
which made you its own mirror,
you have been crowned.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy
Spirit.

Blissful sight

Blissful sight,
when in Rupert, God's friend,
the flame of life sparkled,
so that love of God
flowed in his heart,
embracing fear of the Lord;

so too his fame
among the citizens on high flowered.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio
et nunc et semper
et in secula seculorum. Amen.

O frondens virga

O frondens virga
in tua nobilitate stans
sicut aurora procedit:
nunc gaude et letare
et nos debiles dignare
a mala consuetudine
liberare
atque manum tuam porrige
ad erigendum nos.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc
et semper et in secula seculorum. Amen.

O gloriosissimi lux vivens angeli

O gloriosissimi lux vivens angeli,
qui infra divinitatem
divinos oculos
cum mistica obscuritate
omnis creature aspicitis
in ardentibus desideriis,
unde numquam
potestis saciari:

O quam gloriosa
gaudia illa vestra
habet forma,
que in vobis est
intacta ab omni pravo opere,
quod primum ortum est
in vestro socio,
perdito angelo,
qui volare voluit
supra intus latens
pinnaculum Dei,
unde ipse tortuosus
dimersus est in ruinam,
sed ipsius instrumenta casus

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning
and is now and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen.

O blooming branch

O blooming branch,
you stand upright in your nobility,
as breaks the dawn on high:
Rejoice now and be glad,
and deign to free us, frail and weakened,
from the wicked habits of our age;
stretch forth your hand
to lift us up aright.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and always will be
forever and ever. Amen.

O living light, O angels glorious!

O living light, O angels glorious!
Below divinity,
upon the eyes divine you gaze
within the darkness mystical
of all creation—
in yearnings set alight
where you can ne'er
be quenched nor satiated:

How glorious too
are these, your joys
your form possesses—
that form that in your number
remains untouched by ev'ry wicked deed
that first arose
in your companion,
that now lost angel
who wished to fly
above, within the hidden
pinnacle of God—
then twisted, tortured, he
was plunged into his ruin.
But yet, his fall's devices

consiliando facture
digiti Dei instituit.

O ignee Spiritus

O ignee Spiritus, laus tibi sit,
qui in tympanis et citharis
operaris.

Mentes hominum de te flagrant
et tabernacula animarum eorum
vires ipsarum continent.

Inde voluntas ascendit
et gustum anime tribuit,
et eius lucerna est desiderium.

Intellectus te in dulcissimo sono
advocat ac edificia tibi
cum racionalitate parat, que in aureis operibus sudat.

Tu autem semper gladium
habes illud abscidere
quod noxiale pomum
per nigerrimum homicidium profert,

Quando nebula voluntatem
et desideria tegit,
in quibus anima volat et undique circuit.

Sed mens est ligatura voluntatis et desiderii.

Cum vero animus se ita erigit,
quod requirit pupillam mali videre et maxillam nequicie,
tu eum citius in igne comburis cum volueris.

Sed et cum racionalitas se per mala opera
ad prona declinat,
tu eam, cum vis, stringis et constringis et reducis
per infusionem experimentorum.

Quando autem malum ad te gladium suum
educit, tu illud in cor illius refringis
sicut in primo perduto angelo
fecisti, ubi turrim superbie
illius in infernum deiecisti.

Et ibi aliam turrim
in publicanis et peccatoribus elevasti,
qui tibi peccata sua

by cunning plot he laid against the craft
of God's creative finger.

O fiery Spirit

O fiery Spirit, praise to you,
who on the tympana and lyre
work and play!

By you the human mind is set ablaze,
the tabernacle of its soul
contains its strength.

So mounts the will
and grants the soul to taste—
desire is its lamp.

In sweetest sound the intellect upon you calls,
a dwelling-place prepares for you,
with reason sweating in the golden labor.

Yet in your hand you always hold the sword
to cut away
the deadly apple offering
its blackened heart—a homicide,

when once that cloud reached out
to overshadow the will and its desires,
in which the soul takes flight and circles round about.

But of the will and of desire the mind serves as the bond.

For when the spirit rears itself
to seek to see the evil eye, the gaping maw of wickedness,
then swiftly in your fire do you consume it, when you will.

But when the reason strays and, working evil things,
falls flat and low,
then as you will, you draw, constrain, and bring it back
through floods of trials and ordeals.

When evil yet its sword against you
draws, you break its blade into its heart—
the thrust against the fallen angel first
you made when into Hell you cast
his tower of pride.

Another tower you raised up in its place,
amongst the taxmen and the sinners—
to you their sins

cum operibus suis confitentur.

Unde omnes creature
que de te vivunt, te laudant,
quia tu preciosissimum
ungentum es fractis et fetidis vulneribus,
ubi illa in preciosissimas
gemmas convertis.

Nunc dignare nos omnes ad te colligere
et ad recta itinera dirigere. Amen.

O ignis Spiritus paracliti

O ignis Spiritus paracliti,
vita vite omnis creature,
sanctus es vivificando formas.

Sanctus es unguendo periculose
fractos, sanctus es tergendo
fetida vulnera.

O spiraculum sanctitatis,
o ignis caritatis,
o dulcis gustus in pectoribus
et infusio cordium in bono odore virtutum.

O fons purissime,
in quo consideratur
quod Deus alienos
colligit et perditos requirit.

O lorica vite et spes compaginis
membrorum omnium
et o cingulum honestatis: salva beatos.

Custodi eos qui carcerati sunt ab inimico,
et solve ligatos
quos divina vis salvare vult.

O iter fortissimum, quod penetravit
omnia in altissimis et in terrenis
et in omnibus abyssis,
tu omnes componis et colligis.

De te nubes fluunt, ether volat,
lapides humorem habent,
aque rivulos educunt,
et terra viriditatem sudat.

they do confess by their own works and deeds.

So ev'ry creature, as it takes
its life from you, returns to you its praise,
for you are that most precious balm
for broken, fetid wounds,
transforming them into
most precious gems.

Now deign to gather us, to draw us all to you,
and to direct us on the upright course. Amen.

O fire of the Spirit and Defender

O fire of the Spirit and Defender,
the life of every life created:
Holy are you—giving life to every form.

Holy are you—anointing the critically
broken. Holy are you—cleansing
the festering wounds.

O breath of holiness,
O fire of love,
O taste so sweet within the breast,
that floods the heart with virtues' fragrant good.

O clearest fountain,
in which is seen the mirrored work of God:
to gather the estranged
and seek again the lost.

O living armor, hope that binds
the every limb,
O belt of honor: save the blessed.

Guard those enchained in evil's prison,
and loose the bonds of those
whose saving freedom is the forceful will of God.

O mighty course that runs within and through
the all—up in the heights, upon the earth,
and in the every depth—
you bind and gather all together.

From you the clouds flow forth, the wind takes flight,
the stones their moisture hold,
the waters rivers spring,
and earth viridity exudes.

Tu etiam semper educis doctos
per inspirationem Sapientie letificatos.

Unde laus tibi sit, qui es sonus laudis
et gaudium vite, spes et honor fortissimus,
dans premia lucis.

O Jerusalem

O Ierusalem, aurea civitas,
ornata regis purpura,
o edificatio summe bonitatis,
que es lux numquam obscurata,
tu enim es ornata
in aurora et in calore solis.

O beata puericia,
que rutilas in aurora,
et o laudabilis adolescentia,
que ardes in sole.

Nam tu, o nobilis Ruperte,
in his sicut gemma fulsisti,
unde non potes abscondi
stultis hominibus,
sicut nec mons valli celatur.

Fenestre tue, Ierusalem,
cum topazio et saphiro
specialiter sunt decorate.

In quibus dum fulges, o Ruperte,
non potes abscondi
tepidis moribus,
sicut nec mons valli,
coronatus rosis, liliis et purpura,
in vera ostensione.

O tener flos campi
et o dulcis viriditas pomi,
et o sarcina sine medulla
que non flectit pectora in crimina.

O vas nobile
quod non est pollutum
nec devoratum
in saltatione antique spelunce,
et quod non est maceratum
in vulneribus antiqui perditoris –
in te symphonizat Spiritus Sanctus,

You are the teacher of the truly learned,
whose joy you grant through Wisdom's inspiration.

And so may you be praised, who are the sound of praise,
the joy of life, the hope and potent honor,
and the giver of the gifts of light.

Jerusalem, city of gold

Jerusalem, city of gold,
graced with royal purple,
building of utmost bounty,
you never-darkened light,
you are made beautiful
in the dawn, and in the sunlight's blaze.

You blessed childhood,
sparkling in the dawn,
and you, admirable time of youth,
burning in sunlight.

In these, noble Rupert,
you gleamed like a gem,
so you cannot be obscured
by foolish men:
the valley cannot hide the mountain.

Jerusalem, your windows
are framed wondrously
with topaz and sapphire.

As your brightness, Rupert, gleams in them,
you cannot be obscured
by the apathy of men's ways:
the valley cannot hide the mountain –
crowned with roses, lilies and purple,
in a true vision.

Tender flower of the field,
and sweet green of the apple,
fruit with no bitter core,
enticing no hearts into crimes!

Noble urn
that remains untarnished,
not drunk to the dregs
in the dance in the ancient cave,
nor destroyed
in the attacks of the ancient ravager –
the Holy Spirit makes music over you,

quia angelicis choris associaris,
et quoniam in filio Dei ornaris,
cum nullam maculam habes.

Quod vas decorum tu es,
o Ruperte,
qui in puericia
et in adolescentia tua
ad Deum anhelasti in timore Dei,
et in amplexione caritatis,
et in suavissimo odore bonorum operum

O Ierusalem,
fundamentum tuum positum est
cum torrentibus lapidibus,
quod est cum publicanis et peccatoribus,
qui perditae oves erant,
sed per Filium Dei invente
ad te cucurrerunt
et in te positi sunt.

Deinde muri tui fulminant vivis lapidibus,
qui per summum studium bone voluntatis
quasi nubes in celo volaverunt.

Et ita turres tui, o Ierusalem,
rutilant et candent per ruborem
et per candorem sanctorum,
et per omnia ornamenta Dei,
que tibi non desunt, o Ierusalem.

Unde vos, o ornati
et o coronati,
qui habitatis in Ierusalem,
et o tu, Ruperte,
qui es socius eorum in hac habitatione,
succurrite nobis famulantibus
et in exilio laborantibus.

O lucidissima apostolorum turba

O lucidissima
apostolorum turba,
surgens in vera agnitione
et aperiens
clausuram magisterii diaboli,
abluendo
captivos in fonte
viventis aque,
tu es clarissima lux

for you belong to the dances of angels,
since in the Son of God you are made beautiful,
having no flaw.

What a glorious urn you are,
Rupert,
you who in your childhood
and youth
thirsted for God, in fear of God,
in the embrace of love,
and in the softest fragrance of holy works!

Jerusalem,
your foundations are set
with fiery stones,
that is, with publicans and sinners:
they were the lost sheep,
but, found through the Son of God,
they raced towards you
and were set in you.

Thus your walls flash with living stones
which, through a supreme exertion of good will,
flew like clouds in the heavens.

And so your towers, Jerusalem,
glint red and white through the redness
and whiteness of the saints
and all the limbs of God made beautiful –
you lack none, Jerusalem.

As for you, made beautiful
and crowned,
who live in Jerusalem,
and you, Rupert,
who are their companion in this habitation,
help us, the household
laboring in exile!

O luminous apostles' band

O luminous
apostles' band
to recognize the truth you rise
and open wide
the schoolhouse prison of the devil's mastery,
to wash
its captives clean within the font
of living water
you are a brilliant light

in nigerrimis tenebris,
fortissimumque genus columnarum,
sponsam Agni sustentans
in omnibus ornamentis

ipsius, per cuius gaudium
ipsa mater et virgo est
vexillata.

Agnus enim immaculatus
est sponsus ipsius
sponse immaculate

ipsius, per cuius gaudium
ipsa mater et virgo est vexillata.

O magne Pater

O magne Pater,
in magna necessitate sumus.
Nunc igitur obsecramus,
obsecramus te per Verbum tuum
per quod nos constituisti
plenos quibus indigemus.
Nunc placeat tibi, Pater,
quia te decet, ut aspicias in nos
per adiutorium tuum,
ut non deficiamus,
et ne nomen tuum
in nobis obscuretur,
et per ipsum nomen tuum dignare nos adiuvere.

O mirum admirandum

O mirum admirandum,
quod absconsa forma praecellit,
ardua in honesta statura,
ubi vivens altitudo
profert mystica.

Unde, o Disibode,
surges in fine,
succurrente flore
omnium ramorum mundi,
ut primum surrexisti.

within the darkest shadows,
the strongest kind of pillars
the Lamb's Bride to uphold
in all the ornament

of him through whose rejoicing
that Mother Virgin bears
her banner.

For the spotless Lamb's
the Bridegroom of
that spotless Bride

of him through whose rejoicing
that Mother Virgin bears her banner.

O Father Great

O Father great,
in great necessity we are.
Thus we now beg, we beg of you
according to your Word,
through whom you once established us
full of all that we now lack.
Now may it please you, Father,
as it behooves you—look upon us
with your kindly aid,
lest we should fail again
and, lost, forget your name.
By that your name we pray—
please kindly help and bring us aid!

O wonder, O how wondrous

O wonder, O how wondrous!
A hidden form, so hard, so high, so steep,
surpasses in its lofty honor—
where Living Height itself
reveals the mysteries.

And so, O Disibod,
you shall arise at the end of time
as first you rose—
the flow'r of all the branches
of the world comes to your aid.

O nobilissima viriditas

O nobilissima viriditas,
que radicas in sole
et que in candida
serenitate
lucis in rota
quam nulla terrena excellentia
comprehendit:

Tu circumdata es
amplexibus
divinorum ministeriorum.

Tu rubes ut aurora et ardes
ut solis flamma.

O orzchis ecclesia

O orzchis Ecclesia,
armis divinis praecincta,
et hyazintha ornata,
tu es caldemia
stigmatum loifolum
et urbis scientiarum.
O, o, tu es etiam crizanta
in alto sono
et es chorzta gemma.

O pastor animarum

O pastor animarum
et o prima vox
per quam omnes
creati sumus,
nunc tibi,
tibi placeas
ut digneris nos liberare
de miseriis
et languoribus nostris.

O Pater omnium

O Pater omnium et o rex et imperator gentium,
qui constituisti nos in costa prime matris,
que construxit nobis magnum casum erumpne,
et nos secute sumus illam
in propria causa in exilio sociantes nos

O noblest green viridity

O noblest green viridity,
you're rooted in the sun
and in the clear
bright calm
you shine within a wheel
no earthly excellence
can comprehend:

You are surrounded by
the embraces of the service,
the ministries divine.

As morning's dawn you blush,
as sunny flame you burn.

O vast Church

O vast Church,
shielded with divine might
and adorned with hyacinth:
you are the scent
of the stigmata of the peoples
and a city of knowledge.
O, o, you are indeed anointed
in the lofty sound;
you are a shining jewel.

Oh Shepherd of Souls

Oh shepherd of souls
Oh first voice
By which we all
Have been created
May it now
Please you
To consider freeing us
From our misery
And our pain.

O Father of all

O Father of all and King and Emperor of the nations,
you founded us in our first mother's rib,
who drew up for us our hardship's grandest fall.
So we have followed her,
in our own right in exile sharing

illius dolori.

O tu nobilissime genitor,
per summum studium currimus ad te,
et per dilectissimam
atque per dulcissimam penitentiam
que nobis per te venit, anhelamus ad te
et post dolorem nostrum
devotissime amplectimur te.

O gloriosissime
et o pulcherrime Christe, qui es resurrectio vite,
nos reliquimus propter te
fertilem amatorem coniunctionis,
et comprehendimus te in superna caritate
et in virginea virga nativitatis tue,
ac in altera vice copulate sumus tibi
quam prius essemus secundum carnem.

Adiuva nos perseverare et tecum gaudere
et a te numquam separari.

O pulcre facies

O pulcre facies
Deum aspicientes
et in aurora edificantes,
o beate virgines,
quam nobiles estis,
in quibus rex
se consideravit, cum in vobis
omnia celestia ornamenta presignavit,
ubi etiam suavissimus hortus estis,
in omnibus ornamentis redolentes.

O quam magnum miraculum est

O quam magnum miraculum est
quod in subditam femineam
formam Rex introivit.
Hoc Deus fecit
quia humilitas
super omnia ascendit.
Et o quam magna felicitas
est in ista forma,
quia malicia,
que de femina fluxit,
hanc femina postea detersit
et omnem suavissimum

commonly her pain.

O noblest Sire,
our course with keenest zeal we run to you,
and in penitence
so sweet and savored,
which comes to us from you, to you we heave our sighs,
and when our pain is past,
devotedly do you embrace.

O Christ, most glorious and fair,
you are life's resurrection!
For you we have relinquished
the fertile lover of a marriage,
and you we have embraced in heaven's charity
and in the virgin branch of your nativity—
to you we're joined with different turn
than once we were as to the flesh.

Help us to persevere and with you to rejoice
and from you never to be cleaved.

O faces fair

O faces fair
that gaze on God
and build upon the dawn
O virgins blessed,
how noble!
In you the King
can glimpse himself, for in you
he sealed once all the ornaments of heaven,
where too you are the lushest garden,
the fragrances of all its ornaments.

How great the wonder is!

How great the wonder is!
Into the female form subdued
the King
has come.
This God has done, for meekness
mounts o'er all.
And O how great the happiness
is in that form,
for malice,
which from a woman flowed—
a woman then this malice wiped away,
and ev'ry sweet

odorem virtutum edificavit
ac celum ornavit
plus quam terram
prius turbavit.

O quam mirabilis est

O quam mirabilis est
prescientia divini pectoris,
que prescivit omnem creaturam.

Nam cum Deus inspexit
faciem hominis,
quem formavit,
omnia opera sua
in eadem forma hominis
integra aspexit.

O quam mirabilis est inspiratio,
que hominem sic suscitavit.

O quam preciosa

O quam preciosa est
virginitas virginis huius
que clausam
portam habet,
et cuius viscera
sancta divinitas
calore suo infudit, ita
quod flos in ea crevit.

Et Filius Dei per secreta ipsius
quasi aurora exivit.

Unde dulce germen,
quod Filius ipsius est,
per clausuram ventris eius
paradisum aperuit.

Et Filius Dei per secreta ipsius
quasi aurora exivit.

O rubor sanguinis

O rubor sanguinis,
qui de excelso illo fluxisti,
quod divinitas tetigit,

perfume of virtues she has raised—
the heavens graced
far more than e'er the earth
in chaos cast.

Oh How Wonderful It Is

Oh, how wonderful it is
The prescience of the divine heart
That has foreseen every living being

Because when God examined
The beauty of man
That he had shaped
He considered all his works
With this form of man
To be complete¹

Oh, how wonderful the soul is
That makes man stand out in such a way.

How precious

How precious is
this Virgin's sweet virginity,
a closéd
gate
whose womb
divinity most holy with
its warmth has flooded so
a flower sprung within it.

The Son of God has come forth from
her hidden chamber like the dawn.

And so the sweet and tender shoot
her Son
has through her womb's enclosure
opened Paradise.

The Son of God has come forth from
her hidden chamber like the dawn.

O ruby blood

O ruby blood
which flowed from on high
where divinity touched.

tu flos es,
quem hiems
de flatu serpentis
numquam laesit.

O spectabiles viri

O spectabiles viri qui pertransistis,
occulta aspicientes,
per oculos spiritus
et annuntiantes
in lucida umbra acutam
et viventem lucem
in virga germinantem,
que sola floruit
de introitu
radicantis luminis:

Vos antiqui sancti,
predixistis salvationem
exulum animarum
que inmerse fuerant morti,
qui circuisti
ut rote mirabiliter
loquentes mistica montis
qui celum tangit,
pertransiens unguendo multas aquas,
cum etiam inter vos
surrexit lucida lucerna,
que ipsum montem precurrens ostendit.

O speculum columbe

O speculum columbe
castissime forme,
qui inspexisti mysticam largitatem
in purissimo fonte:

O mira floriditas
que numquam arescens cecidisti,
quia altissimus
plantator misit te:

O suavissima quies
amplexuum solis:
tu es specialis filius Agni
in electa amicitia
nove sobolis.

You are a flower
that the winter
of the serpent's breath
can never injure.

O men of sight

O men of sight, what a sight! You've passed,
as mysteries perceiving,
through spirit's eyes
to announce
in shining shadow
a living, piercing light
that buds upon that single branch
that flourished at
the entrance of
deep-rooted light:

You saints of old!
You have foretold salvation
of souls in exile plunged,
in death immersed.
You circled
wondrously like wheels,
proclaimed the mountain's mysteries
whose top the heavens touched
and passed through many waters with anointing
yet still among you
rose a shining lamp
that raced ahead, that mountain to reveal.

O mirror of the dove

O mirror of the dove
the chastest form
you gazed upon the mystic bounty
within the clearest font:

O wondrous, flourished bloom
that never withered, never fell
the Most High
Gardener has sent you forth:

O sweet repose
of sunshine's warm embrace:
the Lamb's especial son you are
within that privileged friendship of
a new posterity.

O splendidissima gemma

O splendidissima gemma
et serenum decus soli
qui tibi infusus est,
fons saliens
de corde Patris,
quod est unicum Verbum suum,
per quod creavit mundi
primam materiam,
quam Eva turbavit.
Hoc Verbum effabricavit
tibi Pater hominem
et ob hoc es tu
illa lucida materia
per quam hoc ipsum Verbum
exspiravit omnes virtutes,
ut eduxit in prima materia
omnes creaturas.

O successores fortissimi leonis

O successores
fortissimi leonis,
inter templum et altare
dominantes in ministracione eius
sicut angeli sonant in laudibus
et sicut assunt populis
in adiutorio,
vos estis inter illos
qui hec faciunt,
semper curam habentes in officio Agni.

O tu illustrata

O tu illustrata
de divina claritate,
clara Virgo Maria,
Verbo Dei
infusa,
unde venter tuus floruit
de introitu
Spiritus Dei,
qui in te
sufflavit
et in te exsuxit
quod Eva abstulit
in abscisione puritatis,
per contractam

Oh most splendid gem

O most splendid gem,
this fair grace like the sun
which pours through you,
is as a spring leaping from the Father's heart,

For this is His only Word,
and from this
the prime matter of the world was created,
which Eve disturbed.

So the Word was fashioned, by the Father,
into human form,

And therefore you are that one shining matter,
whereby the Word exhales all virtues,
drawing out all creatures from prime matter.

Successors of the mighty Lion

Successors of
the mighty Lion,
between the temple and the altar
commanding in his service:
as angels sing in praise resounding
and quicken to defend the people
with their aid—
so you among them
as they do these things
keep ever carefully the office of the Lamb.

O thou Illumined

O thou illumined by
God's clearest brightness,
O Virgin Mary bright,
with the Word of God
infused,
your womb then flourished at
the entrance of
God's Spirit—
within you
he breathed,
within drew out
the loss of Eve,
a purity cut off and silenced
by that disease

contagionem de
suggestione diaboli.

Tu mirabiliter abscondisti in te
inmaculatam carnem
per divinam rationem,
cum Filius Dei
in ventre tuo floruit,
sancta divinitate
eum educente
contra carnis iura
que construxit Eva,
integritati copulatum
in divinis visceribus.

O tu suavissima virga

O tu suavissima virga
frondens de stirpe Jesse,
O quam magna virtus est
quod divinitas
in pulcherrimam filiam aspexit,
sicut aquila in solem
oculum suum ponit:

Cum supernus Pater claritatem Virginis
adtendit ubi Verbum suum
in ipsa incarnari voluit.

Nam in mistico misterio Dei,
illustrata mente Virginis,
mirabiliter clarus flos
ex ipsa Virgine
exivit:

Cum supernus Pater claritatem Virginis
adtendit ubi Verbum suum
in ipsa incarnari voluit.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui
sancto, sicut erat in principio.

Cum supernus Pater claritatem Virginis
adtendit ubi Verbum suum
in ipsa incarnari voluit.

O victoriosissimi triumphatores

O victoriosissimi triumphatores,

contracted at
the Devil's sly persuasion.

You wondrously held hid within yourself
a flesh kept undefiled
according to God's Reason—
for when the Son of God
within your womb was blossomed,
divinity most holy
brought him forth
to abrogate the laws of flesh
established by Eve,
for he was joined to whole integrity
in flesh and womb divine.

O sweetest branch

O sweetest branch,
you bloom from Jesse's stock!
How great the mighty power,
that divinity
upon a daughter's beauty gazed—
an eagle turns his eye
into the sun:

As Heaven's Father tended to the Virgin's splendor
when he willed his Word
in her to be incarnate.

For in God's mystic mystery,
the Virgin's mind illumined,
the flower bright—a wonder!—
forth from that Virgin
sprung:

As Heaven's Father tended to the Virgin's splendor
when he willed his Word
in her to be incarnate.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and the Spirit
Holy, as it was in the beginning.

As Heaven's Father tended to the Virgin's splendor
when he willed his Word
in her to be incarnate.

O victors in your triumph!

O victors in your triumph!

qui in effusione sanguinis vestri salutantes
edificationem ecclesie,
intrastis sanguinem Agni,
epulantes cum vitulo occiso:

O quam magnam mercedem habetis,
quia corpora vestra viventes despexitis,
imitantes Agnum Dei,
ornantes penam eius,
in qua vos introduxit
in restaurationem hereditatis.

O virga ac diadema

O virga ac diadema purpure regis
que es in clausura tua sicut lorica:

Tu frondens floruisti in alia vicissitudine
quam Adam omne genus humanum produceret.

Ave, ave, de tuo ventre alia vita processit
qua Adam filios suos denudaverat.

O flos, tu non germinasti de rore
nec de guttis pluvie
nec aer desuper te volavit sed divina
claritas in nobilissima virga te produxit.

O virga, floriditatem tuam Deus in prima die
creature sue previderat.

Et te Verbo suo auream materiam,
o laudabilis Virgo, fecit.

O quam magnum est in viribus suis latus viri,
de quo Deus formam mulieris produxit,
quam fecit speculum
omnis ornamenti sui et amplexionem
omnis creature sue.

Inde concinunt celestia organa et miratur
omnis terra, o laudabilis Maria,
quia Deus te valde amavit.

O quam valde plangendum et lugendum
est quod tristitia in crimine
per consilium serpentis
in mulierem fluxit.

Nam ipsa mulier, quam Deus matrem omnium

Your blood poured out, you hail
the building of the Church
for you have entered in the Lamb's own blood,
and now enjoy the feast with the slaughtered calf.

How great is your reward!
Your living bodies you've despised
in imitation of God's Lamb
his pain you take as glory,
for through it he has brought you
to your inheritance restored!

O branch and diadem in royal purple clad

O branch and diadem in royal purple clad,
who like a shield stand in your cloister strong.

You burst forth blooming but with buds quite different
than Adam's progeny—th' entire human race.

Hail, o hail! For from your womb came forth another life,
that had been stripped by Adam from his sons.

O bloom, you did not spring from dew
nor from the drops of rain,
nor has the windy air flown over you; but radiance divine
has brought you forth upon that noblest bough.

O branch, your blossoming God had foreseen
within the first day of his own creation.

And by his Word he made of you a golden matrix,
O Virgin, worthy of our praise.

O, how great in power is that side of man,
from which God brought the form of woman forth,
a mirror made
of all his ornament, and an embrace
of all his own creation.

The heavens' symphony resounds, in wonder stands
all earth, O Mary, worthy of our praise,
for God has loved you more than all.

O cry and weep! How deep the woe!
What sorrow seeped with guilt
in womanhood because
the serpent hissed his wicked plan!

That woman, whom God made to be the mother of the

posuit,
viscera sua cum vulneribus ignorantie decerpsit, et
plenum dolorem
generi suo protulit.

Sed, o aurora, de ventre tuo novus sol processit,
qui omnia crimina Eve abstersit
et maiorem benedictionem per te protulit
quam Eva hominibus nocuisset.

Unde, o Salvatrix, que novum lumen humano generi
protulisti: collige membra Filii tui
ad celestem armoniam.

O virgo Ecclesia

O virgo Ecclesia,
plangendum est,
quod seivissimus lupus filios tuos
de latere tuo abstraxit.
O ve callido serpenti!
Sed o quam preciosus est
sanguis Salvatoris,
qui in vexillo regis
Ecclesiam ipsi
desponsavit,
unde filios
illius requirit.

O viridissima virga

O viridissima virga
ave, que in ventoso flabro sciscitationis
sanctorum prodisti.

Cum venit tempus quod tu floruisti in ramis tuis,
ave, ave fuit tibi, quia calor solis in te sudavit
sicut odor balsami.

Nam in te floruit
pulcher flos qui odorem dedit
omnibus aromatibus que arida erant.

Et illa apparuerunt omnia in viriditate plena.
Unde celi dederunt rorem super gramen
et omnis terra leta facta est
quoniam viscera ipsius frumentum
protulerunt et quoniam volucres coeli nidos
in ipsa habuerunt.

world,
had pricked her womb with wounds of ignorance—
the full inheritance of grief
she offered to her offspring.

But from your womb, O dawn, has come the sun anew;
the guilt of Eve he's washed away
and through you offered humankind a blessing
even greater than the harm that Eve bestowed.

O Lady Savior, who has offered to the human race
a new and brighter light: together join the members of
your Son into the heavens' harmony.

O Virgin Mother Church

O Virgin Mother Church,
lament and mourn!
A savage wolf has snatched
your children from your side.
O woe to serpent's trickery!
But O, how precious is
the Savior's blood
that with the royal banner sealed
his bridegroom's promise
to the Church,
whose children
he is seeking.

Oh branch of freshest green

O branch of freshest green,
O hail! Within the windy gusts of saints
upon a quest you swayed and sprouted forth.

When it was time, you blossomed in your boughs—
“Hail, hail!” you heard, for in you seeped the sunlight's
warmth like balsam's sweet perfume.

For in you bloomed
so beautiful a flow'r, whose fragrance wakened
all the spices from their dried-out stupor.

They all appeared in full viridity.
Then rained the heavens dew upon the grass
and all the earth was cheered,
for from her womb she brought forth fruit
and for the birds up in the sky
have nests in her.

Deinde facta est esca hominibus
et gaudium magnum epulantium.
Unde, o suavis Virgo, in te non deficit ullum gaudium.
Hec omnia Eva contempsit.
Nunc autem laus sit Altissimo!

O viriditas digiti dei

O viriditas digiti Dei
in qua Deus constituit plantationem,
que in excelso resplendet
ut statuta columna
tu gloriosa
in preparatione Dei.

Et O altitudo montis,
que numquam dissipaberis
in discretione Dei,
tu tamen stas a longe
ut exul,
sed non est in potestate armati,
qui te rapiat.

Tu gloriosa
in preparatione Dei.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto

Tu gloriosa
in preparatione Dei.

O Virtus Sapientiae

O virtus Sapientiae,
quae circuiens circuisti
comprehendendo omnia
in una via, quae habet vitam,
tres alas habens,
quarum una in altum volat,
et altera de terra sudat,
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet,
O Sapientia.

O Vis Aeternitatis

O vis eternitatis
que omnia ordinasti in corde tuo,

Then was prepared that food for humankind,
the greatest joy of feasts!
O Virgin sweet, in you can ne'er fail any joy.
All this Eve chose to scorn.
But now, let praise ring forth unto the Highest!

O Green Finger of God

O Green Finger of God:
in you God planted a heavenly vineyard
that glistens
like a pillar of light.
You are glorious
as you prepare for God.

And O height of the mountain
which will not be destroyed
by the judgment of God,
Yet you stand far away,
exalted one, like an exile,
But it is not in the power of an armed man
to seize you.

You are glorious
as you prepare for God.

Glory to the Father, the Spirit and the Son.

You are glorious
as you prepare for God.

oh strength of wisdom

O strength of Wisdom
who, circling, circled,
enclosing all
in one lifegiving path,
three wings you have:
one soars to the heights,
one distils its essence upon the earth,
and the third is everywhere.
Praise to you, as is fitting,
O Wisdom

O power within eternity

O power within Eternity:
All things you held in order in your heart,

per Verbum tuum omnia creata sunt
sicut voluisti,
et ipsum Verbum tuum
induit carnem
in formatione illa
que educta est de Adam.

Et sic indumenta ipsius
a maximo dolore
abstersa sunt.

O quam magna est benignitas Salvatoris,
qui omnia liberavit
per incarnationem suam,
quam divinitas exspiravit
sine vinculo peccati.

Et sic indumenta ipsius
a maximo dolore
abstersa sunt.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui sancto.

Et sic indumenta ipsius
a maximo dolore
abstersa sunt.

O vos angeli

O vos angeli
qui custoditis populos,
quorum forma fulget
in facie vestra,
et o vos archangeli
qui suscipitis
animas iustorum,
et vos virtutes,
potestates,
principatus,
dominationes et troni,
qui estis computati
in quintum secretum numerum,
et o vos
cherubin
et seraphin,
sigillum secretorum Dei:

Sit laus vobis,
qui loculum antiqui cordis

and through your Word were all created
according to your will.
And then your very Word
was clothed within
that form of flesh
from Adam born.

And so his garments
were washed and cleansed
from greatest suffering.

How great the Savior's goodness is!
For he has freed all things
by his own Incarnation,
which divinity breathed forth
unchained by any sin.

And so his garments
were washed and cleansed
by greatest suffering.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

And so his garments
were washed and cleansed
by greatest suffering.

O Angels

O angels, you
who guard the peoples in your care
whose form reflects in flash
upon your face;
O archangels, you
who lend your aid
to righteous souls;
O virtues,
powers,
principdoms,
dominations, thrones
you're reckoned
in the mystic fifth;
and O you
cherubim
and seraphim,
the seal upon God's mysteries:

Praise be to you,
who glimpse the chamber of the ancient heart

in fonte aspicitis.

Videtur enim
interiorem
vim Patris,
que de corde illius
spirat quasi facies.

Sit laus vobis,
qui loculum antiqui cordis
in fonte aspicitis.

O vos felices radices

O vos felices
radices cum quibus
opus miraculorum
et non opus
criminum
per torrens iter
perspicue umbre
plantatum est, et
o tu ruminans ignea vox,
precurrans limantem
lapidem subvertentem abyssum:

Gaudete in capite vestro.

Gaudete
in illo quem non viderunt
in terris multi
qui ipsum ardentem vocaverunt.

Gaudete in capite vestro.

O vos imitatores

O vos imitatores excelsae personae
in preciosissima
et gloriosissima significatione,
o quam magnus est vester ornatus,
ubi homo procedit,
solvens et stringens in Deo
pigros et peregrinos,

etiam ornans
candidos et nigros et magna onera
remittens.

within the fount, the source.

For you look into
the Father's
inner strength
the breathing of his heart
as of his face.

Praise be to you,
who glimpse the chamber of the ancient heart
within the fount, the source.

O merry roots

O merry roots
with whom
the work of miracles—
but not the work
of crimes—
was planted by a journey
rushing, tearing forth,
a path of shade per-lucid;
and you, O voice of ruminating fire,
forerunner of the whetstone,
the Rock that overthrows the abyss:

Rejoice in him, your captain!

Rejoice
in him whom most on earth
have never seen—
yet ardently they've called on him.

Rejoice in him, your captain!

O ye actors

O actors, you who play the Highest Role
within that precious drama,
that glorious sacrament!
How great and beautiful your vested costume,
as steps forth such a man
to loose and bind in God
the slacker and sojourner,

to beautify
the shining and the squalid, and their heavy burdens
to remit.

Nam et angelici ordinis officia habetis,
et fortissima fundamenta prescitis,
ubicumque constituenda sunt,
unde magnus est vester honor—

etiam ornans
candidos et nigros et magna onera
remittens.

Presul vere civitatis

O presul vere civitatis,
qui in templo angularis lapidis
ascendens in celum,
in terra prostratus fuisti
propter Deum.

Tu, peregrinus a semine mundi,
desiderasti exul fieri
propter amorem Christi.

O mons clause mentis,
tu assidue pulcram faciem aperuisti
in speculo columbe.

Tu in absconso latuisti
inebriatus odore florum,
per cancellos sanctorum
emicans Deo.

O culmen in clavibus celi,
quod propter perspicuam vitam
mundum vendidisti:
hoc certamen, alme confessor,
semper habes in Domino.

In tua enim mente
fons vivus clarissima luce
purissimos rivulos eduxit
per viam salutis.

Tu magna turris
ante altare summi Dei,
et huius turris culmen obumbrasti
per fumum aromatum.

O Disibode,
in tuo lumine
per exempla puri soni
membra mirifice laudis edificasti

For you both hold the office of the angels
and foreknow where'er the firm foundations
of the Church are to be laid
this twofold duty marks your honor grand:

to beautify
the shining and the squalid, and their heavy burdens
to remit.

O dance-leader of the true city

O dance-leader of the true city,
who in the temple with the finial-stone
soaring Heavenwards
was prostrate on the earth
for God.

You, wanderer of the seed of Man,
longed to be an exile
for the love of Christ.

O summit of the cloistered mind
you tirelessly showed a beautiful face
in the mirror of the dove.

You lived hidden in a secluded place,
intoxicated with the aroma of flowers,
reaching forth to God
through the lattices of the saints.

O gable on the cloisters of Heaven,
because you have bartered the world
for an unclouded life
you will always have this prize in the Lord,
O nourishing witness.

For in your mind
the living fountain in clearest light
courses purest rills
through the channel of salvation.

You are an immense tower
before the altar of the Highest
and you cloud the roof of this tower
with the smoke of perfumes.

O Disibod,
by your light,
and with models of pure sound,
you have wondrously built aisles of praise

in duabus partibus
per Filium hominis.

In alto stas,
non erubescens ante Deum vivum,
et protegis viridi rore
laudantes Deum ista voce.

O dulcis vita
et o beata perseverantia
que in hoc beato Disibodo gloriosissimum
lumen
semper edificasti
in celesti Ierusalem.

Nunc sit laus Deo
et in forma pulcre tonsure
viriliter operante.
Et superni cives gaudeant
de his qui eos
hoc modo imitantur.

Quia ergo femina

Quia ergo femina mortem instruxit,
clara virgo illam interemit,
et ideo est summa benedictio
in feminea forma
pre omni creatura,
quia Deus factus est homo
in dulcissima et beata virgine.

Quia felix pueritia lyrics

Quia felix puericia
in laudabili Ruperto
ad Deum anhelavit
et mundum reliquit,
ideo ipse in celesti armonia fulget,
et ideo etiam angelica turba
Filium Dei laudando concinit.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.
Et exultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.
Quia respexit humilitatem
ancille sue:
ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent
omnes generationes.
Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est:

with two parts
through the Son of Man.

You stand on high
not blushing before the living God,
and you cover all with refreshing dew:
let us praise God with these words:

O sweet life,
and O blessed constancy,
which in the celestial Jerusalem
has always built
a glorious light
in this blessed Disibod.

Now praise be to God
in the worthy form
of the meaningful, beautiful tonsure.
And let the Heavenly citizens
rejoice in those
who have imitated them in this way.

For since a woman

For since a woman drew up death,
a virgin gleaming dashed it down,
and therefore is the highest blessing found
in woman's form
before all other creatures.
For God was made a human
in the blessed Virgin sweet.

Because blissful childhood

Because blissful childhood
in Rupert, worthy of praise,
thirsted for God
and left the world behind,
he now gleams in the heavenly harmony,
and so the angelic throng likewise
harmonizes, praising the Son of God.

My soul glorifies the Lord
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior,
for he has been mindful of the humble state
of his servant.
From now on all generations
will call me blessed,
for the Mighty One has done great things for me –

et sanctum nomen eius.
Et misericordia eius, a progenie in progenies:
timentibus eum.
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo:
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede:
et exaltavit humiles.
Esurientes implevit bonis:
et divites dimisit inanes.
Suscepit Israel puerum suum:
recordatus misericordie sue.
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros
Abraham, et semini eius in secula

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio
et nunc et semper
et in secula seculorum. Amen.
Quia felix puericia.

Rex noster promptus est

Rex noster promptus est
suscipere sanguinem innocentum.
Unde angeli concinunt et in laudibus sonant.

Sed nubes
super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Tirannus autem
in gravi somno mortis
propter maliciam suam suffocatus est.

Sed nubes
super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui sancto.

Sed nubes
super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Spiritui Sancto

Spiritui Sancto honor sit,
qui in mente Ursule virginis
virginalem turbam velut columbas collegit,

holy is his name.
His mercy extends to those who fear him,
from generation to generation.
He has performed mighty deeds with his arm;
he has scattered those who are proud in their inmost
thoughts.

He has brought down rulers from their thrones
but has lifted up the humble.
He has filled the hungry with good things
but has sent the rich away empty.
He has helped his servant Israel,
remembering to be merciful,
just as he promised to our ancestors,
to Abraham and his descendants for ever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning
and is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Because blissful childhood.

Our King is swift

Our King is swift and ready to
receive the blood of innocents.
So sing the angels and with praise resound.

But yet the clouds
this blood bewail.

That tyrant still
was choked by death's oppressive sleep
in punishment of his grave wickedness.

But yet the clouds
this blood bewail.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

But yet the clouds
this blood bewail.

Holy Spirit

Honor be to you, O Holy Spirit,
who, through the mind of the virgin Ursula,
brought together a whirling tumult of the purest doves.

Unde ipsa patriam suam
sicut Abraham reliquit.
et etiam propter amplexionem Agni
desponsationem viri sibi abstraxit.

Nam iste castissimus et aureus exercitus
in virgineo crine mare transivit.
O quis umquam talia audivit?

Et etiam propter amplexionem Agni
desponsationem viri sibi abstraxit.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

Et etiam propter amplexionem Agni
desponsationem viri sibi abstraxit.

Spiritus sanctus vivificans

Spiritus sanctus vivificans
vita movens omnia,
et radix est in omni creatura
ac omnia de inmunditia abluit,
tergens crimina
ac ungit vulnera,
et sic est fulgens ac laudabilis vita,
suscitans et resuscitans omnia.

Studium Divinitatis

Studium divinitatis
in laudibus excelsis osculum pacis
Ursule virgini
cum turba sua in omnibus populis dedit.

Unde quocumque venientes perrexerunt

Unde quocumque
venientes perrexerunt,
velut cum gaudio
celestis paradisi
suscepte sunt,
quia in religione
morum honorifice apparuerunt.

Thereupon, like Abraham,
she relinquished her homeland,
and releasing herself from worldly betrothal,
she entered into the embrace of the Lamb.

So this pure golden army with flowing hair
passed over the sea.
O whoever heard of such as this?

For she released herself from worldly betrothal,
and entered into the embrace of the Lamb Himself.

Glory to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

She released herself from worldly betrothal,
and entered in to the embrace of the Lamb Himself.

The Holy Spirit, living and life-giving

The Holy Spirit: living and life-giving,
the life that's all things moving,
the root in all created being:
of filth and muck it washes all things clean—
out-scrubbing guilty staining,
its balm our wounds constraining—
and so its life with praise is shining,
rousing and reviving all.

Divine devotion

Divine devotion
bestowed the kiss of Peace
upon the Virgin Ursula,
with her flock, and before all people.

Whence, wherever they came

Whence,
wherever they came,
as though rejoicing
with heavenly paradise
they were received,
because in the religious life
they appeared honorable.

Vos flores rosarum

Vos flores rosarum,
qui in effusione sanguinis vestri
beati estis in maximis gaudiis redolentibus
et sudantibus in emptione que fluxit
de interiori mente
consilii manentis ante evum

in illo, in quo non erat constitutio a capite.

Sit honor in consortio vestro,
qui estis instrumentum ecclesie
et qui in vulneribus vestri
sanguinis undatis:

In illo, in quo non erat constitutio a capite.

You buds of roses,

You buds of roses,
within your blood outpoured
you're blessed in joys supreme and fragrant,
distilled of that redemption that flowed
from th' inmost heart
of counsel kept before all time

in him who was unfounded at the source.

An honor in your fellowship!
The Church's instrument you are
as in your wounds, your waves
of blood, you surge:

in him who was unfounded at the source.