

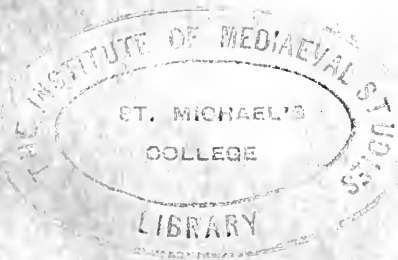
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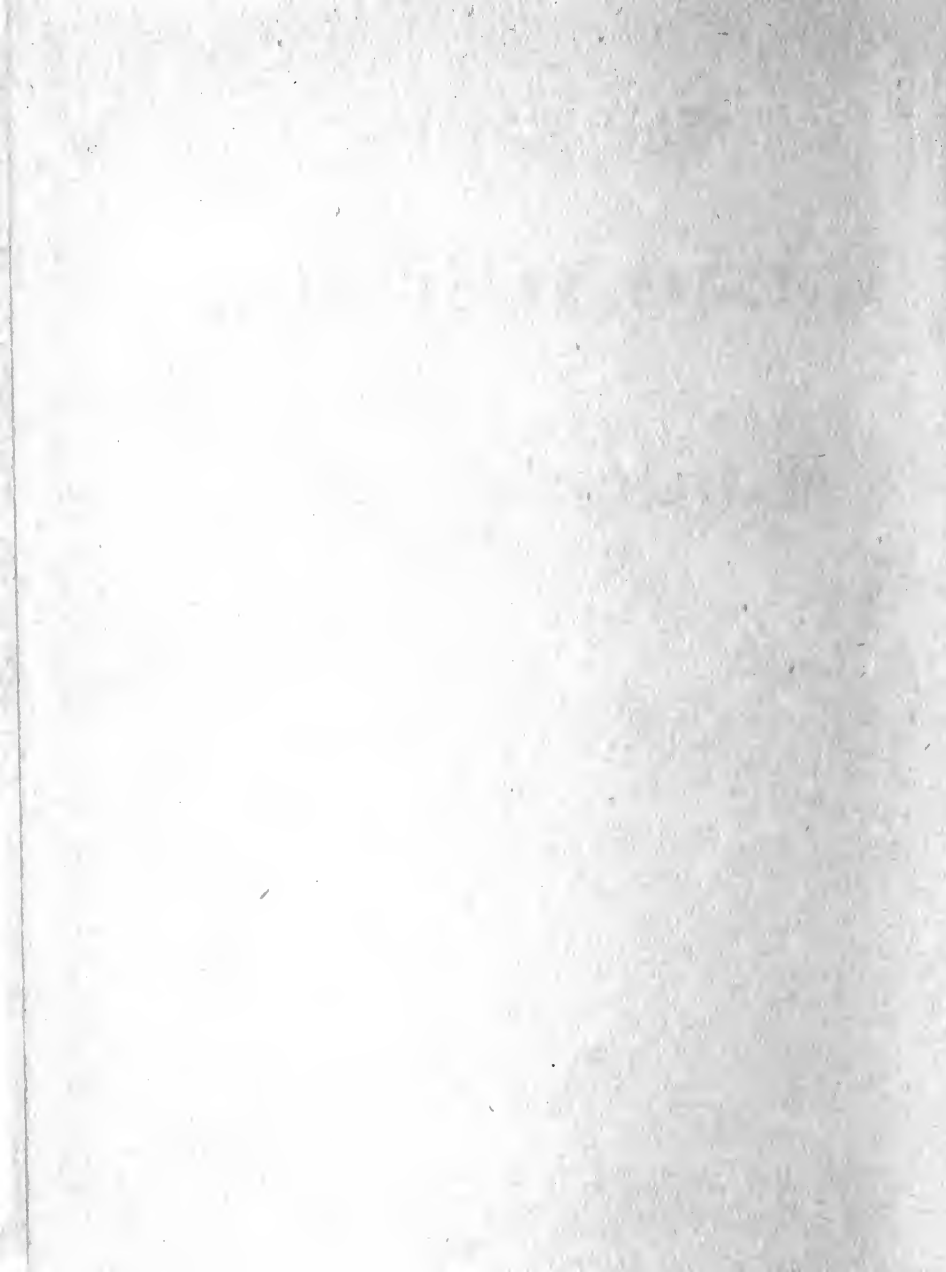
The Rhythm of  
Bernard de Morlaix  
on the Celestial Country







JUN -1 1935



The Rhythm  
OF  
Bernard de Morlaix  
MONK OF CLUNY  
ON THE  
Celestial Country

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY THE LATE  
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JUN 1988

TO THE  
SISTERS  
OF  
SAINT MARGARET'S CONVENT,  
EAST GRINSTED,  
AND OF  
SAINT MARGARET'S OF SCOTLAND,  
ABERDEEN,  
THIS TRANSLATION  
OF  
THEIR FAVOURITE POEM  
IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

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IN the xii. century, the Abbey of Cluny, under its celebrated head, Peter the Venerable,—(he held that dignity from 1122 to 1156,)—was at the very height of monastic reputation. Its glorious church, the most magnificent in France, the fulness and exactness of its ritual, and the multitude of its brethren, raised it to a pitch of fame which, perhaps, no other house ever attained.

At that time, one of its children was Bernard, born at Morlaix, in Bretagne; but of English parents. He occupied a portion of his leisure by the composition of a poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, in about three thousand lines. The greater part is a bitter satire on the fearful corruptions of the age; and hence it was for the first time edited by Flacius Illyricus, the red-hot Reformer, in his "*Varia poemata de Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu*," Basle, 1556. It has been reprinted, at least six times: by Chytræus, at Bremen, 1597; at Rostock, 1610; at Leipsic, 1626; by Lubinus, at Lunenburg, 1640; in Wachler's New Theological Annals, December,

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1820 ; and in Mohnike's Studien, I. 18. There is a short notice of the author in Leyser (Hist. Poet., p. 412). Bernard has in some parts the energy of a second Juvenal ; and the abyss of moral corruption which he exposes cannot be looked into without a shudder.

But, as a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth, the poem opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty, as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*," has given a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work. Yet it is a mere patchwork—much being transposed as well as cancelled ; so that the editor's own admission that he has adopted "some prudent omissions," would scarcely give a fair idea of the liberties which have in reality been taken with it.

From that cento I translated the larger part, in my "*Mediæval Hymns*," following the arrangement of Dean Trench, not of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have

found their way into modern collections ; so that, in some shape or other, the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalised among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry.

My own translation is so free, as to be little more than an imitation. "The poet," observes the Dean of Westminster, "instead of advancing, eddies round and round his object, recurring again and again to that which he seemed to have thoroughly treated and dismissed" : and this observation may, in itself, plead against a very close translation.

The metre of the original, whatever may be said of my taste, seems to me one of the loveliest of Mediæval measures. The verses are technically called *leonini cristati trilices dactylici*—a rhythm of intense difficulty. On this, and some other matters, let us hear the poet himself :

"Often and of long time I had heard the Bridegroom, but had not listened to Him, saying—Thy voice is pleasant in Mine ears. And again the Beloved cried out : Open to Me, My sister. What then ? I arose, that I might open to my Beloved.

And I said, LORD, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may set forth Thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth Thy grace. And the LORD said, Open thy mouth. Which He straightway filled with the SPIRIT of wisdom and understanding: that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in nowise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly: that unless that SPIRIT of Wisdom and Understanding had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a metre, I could not have composed so long a work. For that kind of metre, continuous dactylic (except the final trochee or spondee), preserving also, as it does, the Leonine sonorousness, had almost, not to say altogether, grown obsolete through its difficulty. For Hildebert\* of Laverdin, who from his immense learning was first raised to the episcopate and then to the Metropolitan dignity; and Vuichard, Canon of Lyons, excellent versifiers, how little they wrote in this metre, is manifest to all."

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\* Hildebert, first, Bishop of Le Mans, and then Archbishop of Tours, was also a monk of Cluny. He died in 1132.

He gives his own argument in the following terms. "The *subject* of the author is the Advent of CHRIST to Judgment: the joys of the Saints, the pains of the reprobate. His *intention*, to persuade to the contempt of the world. The *use*, to despise the things of the world: to seek the things which be God's. He fortifies his exordium with the authority of the Apostle John, saying, 'Little children, it is the last time'; where he endeavours to secure aforehand the favour of his readers, by setting the words of the Apostle before his own. At the commencement he treats of the Advent of the Judge, to render them in earnest, and by the description of celestial joy, he makes them docile."

There would be no difficulty in forming several hymns, by way of cento, from the following verses: suitable to any Saint's day, to the season of Advent, or to an ordinary Sunday.

If any of Bernard's verses are thus employed, I shall be thankful indeed that "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

SACKVILLE COLLEGE, *Advent*, 1858.

*Preface to the Third Edition.*

In this Third Edition, a few verses have been a little polished, and one or two phrases brought nearer to the original. I am deeply thankful that Bernard's lines seem to have spoken to the hearts of so many: I can reckon up at least fourteen new Hymnals in which more or fewer of them have found a place.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,  
*Second Sunday in Lent, 1861.*

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*Preface to the Fourth Edition.*

I have so often been asked to what Tune the words of Bernard may be sung, that I may here mention that of Mr Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and with children the most popular; (no small proof, in my estimation, of the goodness of Church-music:)—that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical;—and that of another friend, Mr Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,  
*Wednesday of the First Week in Advent, 1861.*

*Preface to the Sixth Edition.*

While I would continue to express my most deep thankfulness to Him from Whom all good things come, for the ever increasing favour with which the Cluniac's verses have been received in the most recent Hymns, I am yet more thankful that they have been permitted to solace the death-beds of so many of His servants, and not seldom to have supplied them with the last earthly language of praise.

DUBLIN,  
*Vigil of S. John Baptist, 1864.*

---

*Preface to the Seventh Edition.*

Where any cento from the following poem is sung, it would be well to conclude it with the Doxology as given in Hymns Ancient and Modern :—

In mercy, JESU, bring us  
To that dear Land of Rest  
Where Thou art, with the FATHER  
And SPIRIT, ever blest. *Amen.*

Bernard would have been surprised, could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his

poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a minister of the Scotch Establishment, a Swedenborgian minister, and a hymn-book for the use of the "American Evangelical Lutheran Church," sanctioned by the "Ministerium of Pennsylvania," which extracts largely from it.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,  
*S. Katherine*, 1865.



THE world is very evil ; \*  
 The times are waxing late :  
 Be sober and keep vigil ;  
 The Judge is at the gate :  
 The Judge That comes in mercy,  
 The Judge That comes with might,  
 To terminate the evil,  
 To diadem the right.

---

\* The very able (Eastern) author of *Quelques Mots d'un Chrétien Orthodoxe*, (Leipsic, 1858) says :—

C'est la conviction intérieure de l'impossibilité que leur rêve se réalise, c'est le sentiment d'une soif qu'ils ne pourront jamais éteindre, qui donne aux œuvres des Reformés de notre temps un caractère tout particulier de souffrance profonde, et de désespoir véritable, masqué par des mots d'espérance. On croirait entendre cette hymne si magnifique et si douloureusement inspirée que chantait le monde Romain à peu près un siècle après sa séparation de l'Eglise :

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt ; vigilemus !  
 Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.

When the just and gentle Monarch  
     Shall summon from the tomb,  
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
     For Man, the God, shall doom.  
 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
     Let right to wrong succeed ;  
 Let penitential sorrow  
     To heavenly gladness lead ;  
 To the light that hath no evening,\*  
     That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
     The light that is but one.  
 And when the Sole-Begotten  
     Shall render up once more  
 The kingdom to the FATHER  
     Whose own it was before,—

---

\* Compare a beautiful hymn on the Theban Legion, which says :

Dies sine vesperâ, nocte non sepultus :  
 Quem non sol per aëra, sed divini vultus  
 Illustrat serenitas ; tali fato fultus,  
 Quo senes sunt juvenes ; nemo fit adultus.

Then glory yet unheard of  
    Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
    An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
    The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
    The year of Jubilee ;  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
    Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
    Each happy Israelite :  
The Home of fadeless splendour,  
    Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
    Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
    And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
    Shall glad the Saints around :

The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolate, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be too for earth :  
The palace that re-echos  
With festal song and mirth ;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high ;  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,  
    There none can ever mourn,  
There nothing is divided,  
    There nothing can be torn :  
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
    'Tis peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
    The halls of Syon know.  
O happy, holy portion,  
    Refection for the blest ;  
True vision of true beauty,  
    Sweet cure of all distrest !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
    Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
    Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till JESUS gives the portion  
    Those blessed souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
    The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shall gain.  
Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great ;  
So glorious in its fulness,  
Yet so inviolate :  
And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand :  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall pass to rest ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
The fulness of the Blest.

Jerusalem demands them :

They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest

In blissfulness and mirth :

The glorious holy people,

Who evermore relied

Upon their Chief and Father,

The King, the Crucified :

The sacred ransomed number

Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword

Of JESUS Nazarene :

Who, fed with heavenly nectar,

Where soul-like odours play,

Draw out the endless leisure

Of that long vernal day :

While through the sacred lilies,

And flowers on every side,

The happy dear-bought nations

Go wandering far and wide.

Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
What time, now safe for ever,  
On former sins they gaze :  
The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
The ampler are the praises  
Of Him Who pardoned all.  
Their one and only anthem,  
The fulness of His love,  
Who gives, instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :  
Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death, that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;



The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *There*.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;  
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place :  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground :  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin-souls abound.  
There grief is turned to pleasure :  
Such pleasure, as below

No human voice can utter,  
    No human heart can know.  
And after fleshly scandal,  
    And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
    Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
    But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
    And passionless renown :  
And now we watch and struggle,  
    And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
    With Babylon must cope :  
But He Whom now we trust in  
    Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
    Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
    Of the body shall decay :

The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away :  
And none shall there be jealous ;  
And none shall there contend :  
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I ?  
—All ill, all ill shall end !  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow :  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us,  
There JESUS be embraced,—  
That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence meaner love is chased.

Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall shew Him us ; and shewing,  
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward,  
While here we must be fed  
With milk, as tender infants,  
But there with Living Bread.

The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness :  
The Cross becomes our harbour,  
And we triumph after sadness :

And JESUS to His true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see :  
And JESUS shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee.

Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :

And every ear shall hear it ;—

Behold thy King's array ;  
Behold thy God in beauty ;  
The Law hath past away !

Yes! God my King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rahel  
For ever shall be changed :  
Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete ;  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country  
     Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
 For very love, beholding  
     Thy happy name, they weep :  
 The mention of thy glory  
     Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
     And love, and life, and rest.  
 O one, O onely Mansion !  
     O Paradise of Joy !  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
     And smiles have no alloy ;  
 Beside thy living waters  
     All plants are, great and small,  
 The cedar of the forest,  
     The hyssop of the wall :  
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;  
     Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
     Unite in thee their rays :

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
     With amethyst unpriced :  
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
     And the corner-stone is CHRIST.  
 The Cross is all thy splendour,  
     The Crucified thy praise :  
 His laud and benediction  
     Thy ransomed people raise  
 JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,  
     True God and Man, they sing  
 The never-failing Garden,  
     The ever-golden Ring ;  
 The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
     The Guardian of His Court :  
 The Day-star of Salvation,  
     The Porter and the Port.  
 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
     Thou hast no time, bright day !  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
     To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower :  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile :  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl, thine own ;  
The LAMB is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone :  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion,  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not :



And all thine endless leisure  
 In sweetest accents sings,  
 The ill that was thy merit,—  
 The wealth that is thy King's !

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,\*  
 WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,  
 BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION  
 SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED :  
 I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,  
 WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE ;  
 WHAT RADIANCY OF GLORY,  
 WHAT LIGHT BEYOND COMPARE !  
 AND WHEN I FAIN WOULD SING THEM,  
 MY SPIRIT FAILS AND FAINTS,—  
 AND VAINLY WOULD IT IMAGE  
 THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS.  
 THEY STAND, THOSE HALLS OF SYON,  
 CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,

---

\* The Hymn "*Jerusalem the Golden.*"

AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANGEL,  
 AND ALL THE MARTYR THROG :  
 THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM ;  
 THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE ;  
 THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED  
 ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEEN.  
 THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID,—  
 AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEASED,  
 \*THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMPH,  
 THE SHOUT OF THEM THAT FEAST ;  
 AND THEY WHO, WITH THEIR LEADER,  
 HAVE CONQUERED IN THE FIGHT,  
 FOR EVER AND FOR EVER  
 ARE CLAD IN ROBES OF WHITE.

O holy, placid harp-notes  
 Of that eternal hymn !  
 O sacred, sweet refection,  
 And peace of Seraphim !

---

\* He is referring to the Vulgate Translation of Psalm xlii. 4, 5.

O thirst, for ever ardent,  
    Yet evermore content !  
O true, peculiar vision  
    Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
    For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
    That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
    That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
    And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
    The glory of the Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
    That eager hearts expect :  
Even now by faith I see thee :  
    Even here thy walls discern :

To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn !  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe ;  
And though my body may not,  
My spirits seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light

Promote, increase, make holy,  
 Identify, unite.  
 Thou City of the Angels!  
 Thou City of the LORD!  
 Whose everlasting music  
 Is the glorious decachord!\*

And there the band of Prophets  
 United praise ascribes,  
 And there the twelvefold chorus  
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes:  
 The lily-beds of virgins,  
 The roses' martyr-glow,  
 The cohort of the Fathers  
 Who kept the faith below.  
 And there the Sole-Begotten  
 Is LORD in regal state;

---

\* *Decachord.* With reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instrument of ten strings" of the perfect harmony of heaven.

He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
     He, Lamb Immaculate.  
 O fields that know no sorrow !  
     O state that fears no strife !  
 O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
     O Realm and Home of Life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
     On that securest shore,  
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
     And love thee evermore !  
 I ask not for my merit :  
     I seek not to deny  
 My merit is destruction,  
     A child of wrath am I :  
 But yet with Faith I venture  
     And Hope upon my way ;  
 For those perennial guerdons  
     I labour night and day.

The Best and Dearest FATHER

Who made me and Who saved  
Bore with me in defilement,

And from defilement laved :  
When in His strength I struggle,

For very joy I leap ;  
When in my sin I totter,

I weep, or try to weep :  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,

Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain

Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !

O lovelier far than gold !

With laurel-girt battalions,

And safe victorious fold :

O sweet and blessed Country,

Shall I ever see thy face ?

O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace?  
I *have* the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!  
Shall I ever win the prize itself?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The LORD shall be thy part:  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The LORD shall be thy part:  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!



## Bernardus Cluniacensis de Contemptu Mundi ad Petrum Abbatem.

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!  
Ecce minaciter imminet Arbiter Ille supremus :  
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,  
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet.  
Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustæ,  
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.  
Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus, ecce venit Rex :  
Surgat homo reus, instat Homo Deus, a Patre Judex.

Curre, vir optime, lubrica reprime, præfer honesta,  
Fletibus angere, flendo merebere cœlica festa.  
Luce replebere jam sine vespere, jam sine lunâ :  
Lux nova, lux ea, lux erit aurea, lux erit una.  
Cum Sapientia, sive Potentia Patria, tradet  
Regna Patri sua, tunc ad eum tua semita vadet :  
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,  
Solvat enigmata, veraque Sabbata continuabit.

Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus, ibit Hebræus ;  
 Liber habebitur, et celebrabitur hinc Jubilæus.  
 Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia litis,  
 Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis :  
 Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,  
 Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.  
 Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora Tonatis  
 Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis.  
 Pax erit omnibus illa fidelibus, illa beata,  
 Irresolubilis, invariabilis, intemerata :  
 Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixâ ;  
 Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.  
 Pax erit omnibus unica. Sed quibus ? Immaculatis,  
 Pectore mitibus, ordine stantibus, ore sacratis ;  
 Pax ea, pax rata, pax superis data, danda modestis,  
 Plenaque vocibus, atque canoribus atria festis.  
 Hortus odoribus affluet omnibus, hic paradisus,  
 Plenaque gratia, plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus ;  
 Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena :  
 Vi, lue, luctibus aufugientibus, exule pœnâ.

Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum ;  
 Res ibi publica pax erit unica, pax in idipsum.  
 Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace ;  
 Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus in Syon arce.  
 O sacra potio, sacra refectio, visio pacis,  
 Mentis et unctio, nullaque mentio ventris edacis !  
 Hâc homo nititur, ambulat, utitur, ergo fruetur ;  
 Pax rata, pax ea, spe modo, postea re, capietur.  
 JESUS erit pius, et decor illius esca beatis,  
 Pascua mentibus, hanc sitientibus, hâc satiatis ;  
 Et sitiens eris, et satiaberis hâc dape vitæ ;  
 In neutro labor, una quies, amor unus utrique.  
 Civibus ætheris associaberis, advena civis ;  
 Hic tuba, pax ibi, vita manens tibi, qui bene vivis.  
 Hic erit omnibus una fidelibus ultima cœna ;  
 Tunc cumulabitur atque replebitur illa sagena ;  
 Denique, piscibus integra pluribus, integra magnis,  
 Glorificabitur : hic removebitur anguis ab agnis.  
 Per sacra lilia, perque virentia germina florum,  
 Expatietur, ac modulabitur ordo piorum :

Pectora plausibus atque canoribus ora parabit,  
 Cum sua crimina, lapsaque pristina stans memorabit.  
 Quo fuit amplior error, iniquior actio mentis,  
 Laus erit amplior, hymnus et altior, hanc abolentis.  
 Unica cantio tunc, miseratio plena Tonantis ;  
 Laus erit unica, pro stipe cœlica præmia dantis ;  
 Pro stipe præmia, pro cruce gaudia, pro nece vita  
 Illa tenebitur, inde replebitur Israëlita.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur ;  
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.  
 O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;  
 O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis.  
 Quid datur et quibus æther ? egentibus et cruce dignis,  
 Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis.  
 Cœlica gratia criminis omnia non modo donat,  
 Sed super æthera (suscipe viscera tanta) coronat.  
 Omnibus unica cœlica gratia retribuetur,  
 Omnibus, omnibus ulcera flentibus accipietur.  
 Tunc rosa sanguine, lilia virgine mente micabunt ;  
 Gaudia maxima te, pia lacryma te recreabunt.

Nunc tibi tristia; tunc tibi gaudia; gaudia quanta?  
 Vox nequit edere, lumina cernere, tangere planta.  
 Post nigra, post mala, post fera scandala, quæ caro  
 præstat,

Absque nigredine lux, sine turbine pax, tibi restat.  
 Sunt modo prælia, postmodo præmia. Qualia?  
 Plena :

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna.  
 Spe modo vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone ;  
 Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ.  
 Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur, atque sciatur :  
 Ipse videntibus atque scientibus attribuetur.  
 Plena refectio, tunc pia visio, visio JESU :  
 Hôc specularitur, hôc satiabitur Israel esu ;  
 Hôc satiabitur, huic sociabitur in Syon arce.  
 O bone Rex, ibi nullus eget tibi dicere, Parce !  
 Cor miserabile, corpus inutile, non erit ultra ;  
 Nulla cadavera, nullaque funera, nulla sepulchra ;  
 Quodque beatius est, mala longius omnia fient :  
 Ob tua crimina, jam tua lumina non madefient.

Flendaque gaudia, blandaque prælia carnis abibunt;  
 Fraus, probra, jurgia,—quid moror? OMNIA prava  
 peribunt.

Gens benevivida, vitæque florida, fons David undans;  
 Lux erit aurea, terraque lactea, melle redundans.  
 Lux ea vespere, gens lue, funere vita carebit;  
 JESUS habebitur, ipse tenebitur, ipse tenebit.  
 Spe modo nitimur; ubere pascimur hic; ibi pane;  
 Nox mala plurima dat; dabit intima gaudia Mane:  
 Gaudia passio, regna redemptio, crux sacra portum,  
 Lacryma plaudere, pœna quiescere, terminus ortum.  
 JESUS amantibus afferet omnibus alta trophæa;  
 JESUS amabitur, atque videbitur in Galilæâ.  
 Mane videbitur, umbra fugabitur, ordo patebit;  
 Mane nitens erit, et bona qui gerit, ille nitebit.  
 Tunc pia sentiet auris, et audiet, Ecce tuus Rex;  
 Ecce DEUS tuus, ecce decor suus hic stat, abit lex.  
 Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio DEUS ipse decore  
 Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.

Tunc Jacob Israel, et Lia tunc Rahel efficietur ;  
 Tunc Syon atria, pulchraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur :  
 Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrymantur :  
 Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,  
 Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.  
 Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus :  
 Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.  
 Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo  
 Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo.  
 Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus :  
 Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque CHRISTUS.  
 Lux tua, mors crucis, atque Caro Ducis est Crucifixi :  
 Laus, benedictio, conjubilatio personat ipsi.  
 Dos tibi florida, Gemmaque lucida, Rex Nazareus :  
 JESUS, Homo DEUS, Annulus aureus, Hortus amœnus :  
 Janua, Janitor, ipseque Portitor, ipseque Portus,  
 Ipse salutifer est tibi Lucifer, Arrha, Vir, Ortus.

Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,  
 Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.  
 Ipse tuus DEUS est lapis aureus, est tibi murus  
 Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.  
 Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,  
 Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicias ora.  
 Candida lilia, viva monilia, sunt tibi, sponsa :  
 Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.  
 Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte :  
 Pax tua, præmia ; conditor, atria ; crux sacra, portæ ;  
 Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,  
 Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conjubilare.  
 Sors tua gaudia fine carentia, nil dare triste ;  
 Lex tua psallere, gloria dicere, Laus tibi, CHRISTE.  
 Urbs Syon, urbs bona, Patria consona, Patria dulcis,  
 Ad tua gaudia corda soles pia ducere, ducis.  
 Jerusalem pia Patria, non via, pulchra platea :  
 Ad tuâ munera sit via dextera, Pythagoræa.  
  
 Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea, cive decora,  
 Omne cor obruis, omnibus opstruis et cor et ora.



Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
 Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.  
 Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit ;  
 O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.  
 Stant Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,  
 Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena.  
 Est tibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis ;  
 Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.  
 Gens duce splendida, concio candida, vestibus albis,  
 Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;  
 Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite  
 In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitæ.  
 Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla,  
 Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lacryma nulla.  
 O sacra potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum,  
 O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum !

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,  
 Tu bona viribus interioribus intima pandis ;

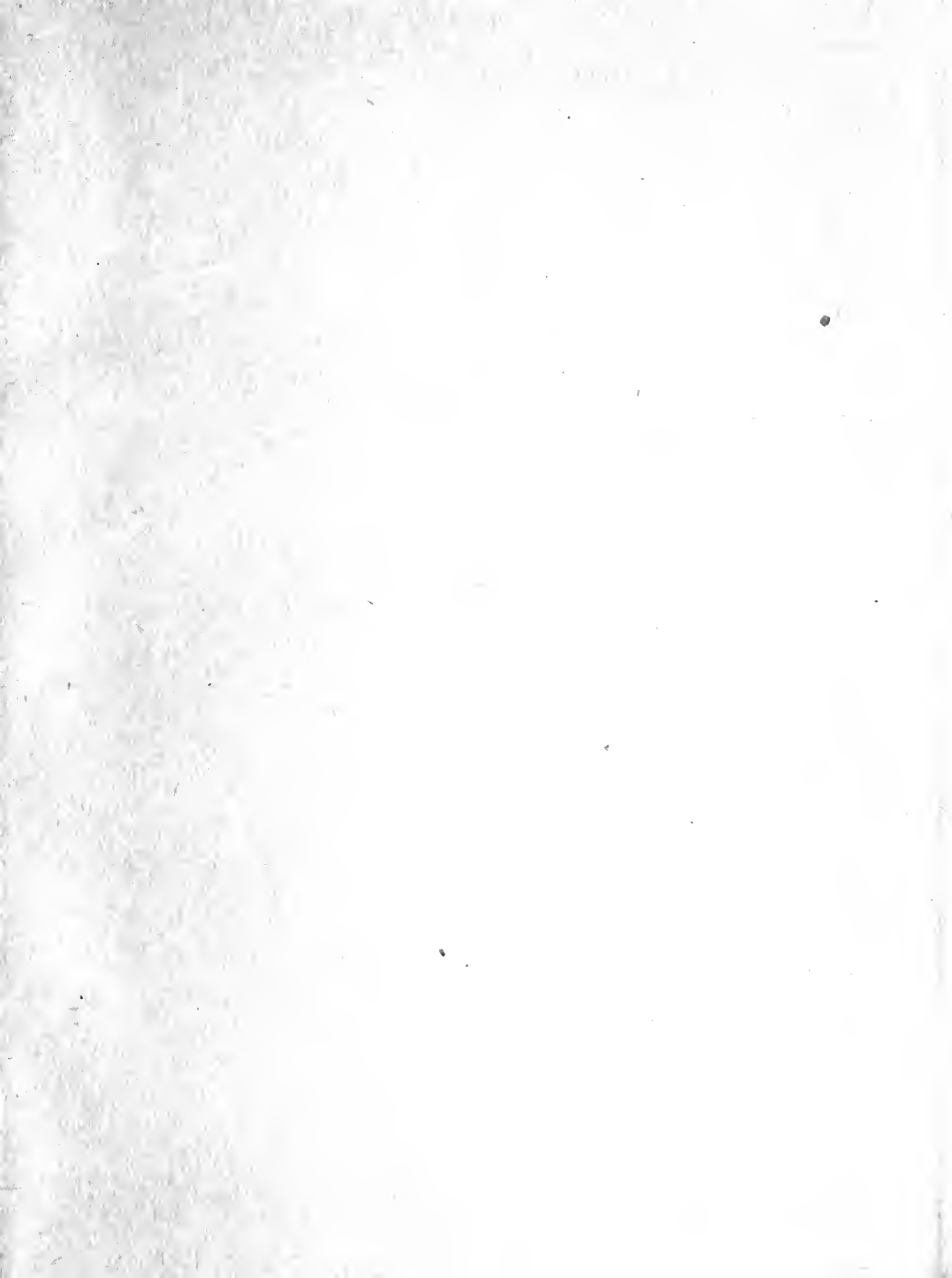
Intima lumina, mentis acumina, te specularunt ;  
 Pectora flammea spe modo, postea sorte, lucrantur.  
 Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cœlo,  
 Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelò :  
 Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro ;  
 Sed, caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro.  
 Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,  
 Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia, plena nitore.  
 Id queo dicere, quomodo tangere pollice cœlum ;  
 Ut mare currere, sicut in aëre figere telum.  
 Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O  
     pax :  
 Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi  
     mendax :  
 O nova mansio, te pia concio, gens pia munit,  
 Provehit, excitat, auget, identitat, efficit, unit.  
 Te DEUS expolit, angelus incolit, incolit ordo,  
 Cui cubus additur, et sonus editur a decachordo.  
 Florida vatibus, aurea patribus es duodenis ;  
 Clara fidelibus, esurientibus hic, ibi plenis.

Sunt tibi lilia pura cubilia virginitatis,  
 Est rosa sanguine purpura, lumine sobrietatis.  
 Teque Patrum chorus ornat, habet thorus immaculatus:  
 Sanctaque victima, sanctaque lacryma pœna reatus.  
 Rex tibi Filius unicus, illius Ille Mariæ,  
 Stirps sacra Virginis, Author originis, Ensque sophiæ;  
 Rex tibi præsidet, et tua possidet atria, magnus,  
 Qui Patris Unicus est, Leo mysticus, et tamen Agnus.  
 O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite,  
 Splendida Curia, florida Patria, Patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,  
 Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto :  
 Nec meritis peto ; nam meritis meto morte perire  
 Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ  
 Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,  
 Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.  
 Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque, fideque ;  
 Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque :

Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit,  
 In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.  
 Dum sua suppleo roboram, gaudeo: cum mea  
     ploro,  
 Tunc sibi gaudeo, tunc mihi defleo, flere laboro:  
 Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, Fons David undans:  
 Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans.

O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,  
 Agmine splendida, stans duce florida perpete  
     lauro;  
 O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?  
 O bona Patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?  
 Dic mihi, flagito; verbaque reddito, dicque,—  
     Videbis:  
 Spem solidam gero: rem-ne tenens ero? Dic,—  
     Retinebis.  
 Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars DEUS: ejus es, et sis:  
 Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars DEUS: ejus es, et sis.





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