

## Ordo Virtutum - text and translation

(based on translation by Peter Dronke, 1981 and 1997)

### Incipit Ordo Virtutum

*Patriarche et Prophete*  
Qui sunt hi, qui ut nubes?

*Virtutes*  
O antiqui sancti, quid admiramini in nobis?  
Verbum dei clarescit in forma hominis, et  
ideo fulgemus cum illo, edificantes membra  
sui pulchri corporis.

*Patriarche et prophete*  
Nos sumus radices et vos rami, fructus  
viventis oculi, et nos umbra in illo fuimus.

*Querela Animarum in carne positarum*  
O nos peregrine sumus. Quid fecimus, ad  
peccata deviantes? Filie Regis esse  
debuimus, sed in umbram peccatorum  
cecidimus. O vivens sol, porta nos in  
humeris tuis in iustissimam hereditatem  
quam in Adam perdidimus! O rex regum, in  
tuo prelio pugnamus.

*Felix Anima*  
O dulcis divinitas, et o suavis vita, in qua  
perferam vestem preclaram, illud accipiens  
quod perdidit in prima apparitione, ad te  
suspiro, et omnes Virtutes invoco.

*Virtutes*  
O felix Anima, et o dulcis creatura dei, que  
edificata es in profunda altitudine sapientie  
dei, multum amas.

*Felix Anima*  
O libenter veniam ad vos ut prebeatis michi  
osculum cordis.

*Virtutes*  
Nos debemus militare tecum, o filia regis.

*Sed, gravata, Anima conqueritur*  
O gravis labor, et o durum pondus quod  
habeo in veste huius vite, quia nimis grave  
michi est contra carnem pugnare.

*Virtutes ad Animam illam*  
O Anima, voluntate dei constituta, et o felix  
instrumentum, quare tam flebilis es contra  
hoc quod deus contrivit in virginea natura?  
Tu debes in nobis superare diabolum.

*Anima illa*  
Succurrite michi, adiuvando, ut possim stare!

*Scientia Dei ad Animam illam*  
Vide quid illud sit quo es induta, filia  
salvationis et esto stabilis, et numquam  
cades.

*Infelix, Anima*

### Here begins the Play of the Virtues:

*Patriarchs and Prophets:*  
Who are these, who seem like clouds?

*Virtues:*  
O ancient holy ones, why do you marvel at  
us? The Word of God grows bright in the  
form of a man, and thus we shine with him,  
building the limbs of his beautiful body.

*Patriarchs and prophets:*  
We are roots, and you are branches, the fruit  
of the living eye, of which we were the  
shadow.

*Lament of embodied Souls:*  
We are strangers here! What have we done,  
straying to realms of sin? We should have  
been daughters of the King, but we have  
fallen into the shadow of sins. Living Sun,  
carry us on your shoulders back to that most  
just inheritance we lost in Adam! O king of  
kings, we are fighting in your battle.

*Soul, joyful:*  
Oh sweet divinity, o gentle life, in which I  
shall wear a bright robe, accepting that  
which I lost in my first formation - I cry to you  
and invoke all the Virtues.

*Virtues:*  
Oh happy Soul, oh sweet creature of God,  
fashioned in the great height of the wisdom  
of God, you show much love.

*Soul, joyful:*  
Oh let me come to you freely, that you may  
give me the kiss of your heart!

*Virtues:*  
We must fight with you, oh royal daughter.

*Soul turns to sadness:*  
Oh heavy toil, oh harsh weight that I bear in  
the dress of this life: it is too heavy for me to  
fight against my body.

*Virtues to Soul:*  
Anima, you that were given your place by  
the will of God, you instrument of bliss, why  
are you so tearful in the face of the evil God  
crushed in a maidenly being? You must  
overcome the devil in our midst.

*Soul:*  
Support me, help me to stand firm!

*Knowledge-of-God to Soul:*  
See the dress you are wearing, daughter of  
salvation: be steadfast and you will never  
fall.

*Soul, sadly:*

michi, non possum perficere hoc quod sum induta. Certe illud volo abicere!

*Virtutes*

O infelix conscientia, o misera Anima, quare abscondis faciem tuam coram creatore tuo?

*Scientia Dei*

Tu nescis, nec vides, nec sapis illum qui te constituit.

*Anima illa*

Deus creavit mundum: non facio illi iniuriam sed volo uti illo!

*Streptus Diaboli ad Animam illam*

Fatue, fatue quid prodest tibi laborare? Respice mundum, et amplectetur te magno honore.

*Virtutes*

O plangens vox est hec maximi doloris! Ach, ach, quedam mirabilis victoria in mirabili desiderio dei surrexit, in qua delectatio camis se latenter abscondit, heu, heu, ubi voluntas crimina nescivit et ubi desiderium hominis lasciviam fugit. Luge, luge ergo in his, Innocentia, que in pudore bono integritatem non amisisti, et que avariciam gutturis antiqui serpentis ibi non devorasti.

*Diabolus*

Que est hec Potestas, quod nullus sit preter deum? Ego autem dico, qui voluerit me et voluntatem meam sequi, dabo illi omnia. Tu vero, tuis sequacibus nichil habes quod dare possis, quia etiam vos omnes nescitis quid sitis.

*Humilitas*

Ego cum meis sodalibus bene scio quod tu es ille antiquus dracho qui super summum volare voluisti - sed ipse deus in abyssum proiecit te.

*Virtutes*

Nos autem omnes in excelsis habitamus.

*Humilitas*

Ego, Humilitas, regina Virtutum, dico: venite ad me, Virtutes, et enutriam vos ad requirendam perditam dragmam et ad coronandum in perseverantia felicem.

*Virtutes*

O gloriosa regina, et O suavissima mediatrix, libenter venimus.

*Humilitas*

Ideo, dilectissime filie, teneo vos in regali talamo.

*Karitas*

Ego Karitas, flos amabilis - venite ad me, Virtutes, et perducam vos in candidam lucem floris virge.

is me, I cannot perfect this dress I have put on! Indeed I want to cast it off!

*Virtues:*

Unhappy state of mind, oh poor Anima, why do you hide your face in the presence of your Creator?

*Knowledge of God:*

You do not know or see or taste the One who has set you here.

*Soul:*

God created the world: I'm doing him no injury - I only want to enjoy it!

*Devil, shouting at Soul:*

What use to you is toiling foolishly? Look to the world: it will embrace you with great honour.

*Virtues:*

Is this not a plangent voice of the greatest sorrow? Ah, a certain marvellous victory already rose in that Soul, in her wondrous longing for God, in which a sensual delight was secretly hidden, alas, where previously the will had known no guilt and the desire fled man's wantonness. Mourn for this, mourn, Innocence, you who lost no perfection in your fair modesty, who did not devour greedily, with the belly of the serpent of old.

*Devil:*

What is this Power - as if there were no one but God? I say, whoever wants to follow me and do my will, I'll give him everything. As for you, Humility, you have nothing that you can give your followers: none of you even know what you are!

*Humility:*

My comrades and I know very well that you are the ancient dragon who wanted to fly higher than the highest one: but God himself hurled you in the abyss.

*Virtues:*

As for us, we dwell in the heights.

*Humility:*

I, Humility, queen of the Virtues, say: come to me, you Virtues, and I'll give you the skill to seek and find the drachma that is lost and to crown her who perseveres blissfully.

*Virtues:*

Oh glorious queen, most gentle mediator, we come gladly.

*Humility:*

Because of this, beloved daughters, I'll keep your place in the royal wedding-chamber.

*Charity:*

I am Charity, the flower of love - come to me, Virtues, and I'll lead you into the radiant light of the flower of the rod.

*Virtutes*  
O dilectissime flos, ardenti desiderio  
currimus ad te.

*Timor Dei*  
Timor Dei, vos felicissimas filis preparo ut  
inspiciatis in deum vivum et non pereatis.

*Virtutes*  
O Timor, valde utilis es nobis: habemus  
enim perfectum studium numquam a te  
separari.

*Diabolus*  
Euge! euge! quis est tantus timor? et quis  
est tantus amor? Ubi est pugnator, et ubi est  
remunerator? Vos nescitis quid colitis.

*Virtutes*  
Tu autem exterritus es per summum  
iudicem, quia, inflatus superbia, mersus es  
in gehennam.

*Obedientia*  
Ego lucida Obedientia - venite ad me,  
pulcherrime filie, et reducam vos ad patriam  
et ad osculum regis.

*Virtutes*  
O dulcissima vocatrix, nos decet in magno  
studio pervenire ad te.

*Fides*  
Ego Fides, speculum vite: venerables filie,  
venite ad me et ostendo vobis fontem  
salientem.

*Virtutes*  
O serena, speculata, habemus fiduciam  
pervenire ad verum fontem per te.

*Spes*  
Ego sum dulcis conspectrix viventis oculi,  
quam fallax torpor non decipit - unde vos, o  
tenebre, non potestis me obnubilare.

*Virtutes*  
O vivens vita, et o suavis consolatrix, tu  
mortifera mortis vincis et vidente oculo  
clausuram celi aperis.

*Castitas*  
O Virginitas, in regali thalamo stas. O quam  
dulciter ardes in amplexibus regis, cum te  
sol perfulget ita quad nobilis flos tuus  
numquam cadet. O virgo nobilis, te  
numquam inveniet umbra in cadente flore!

*Virtutes*  
Flos campi cadit vento, pluvia spargit eum.  
O Virginitas, tu permanes in symphoniis  
supernorum civium: unde es suavis flos qui  
numquam aresces.

*Virtues:*  
Dearest flower, we run to you with burning  
desire.

*Fear-of-God:*  
I, Fear-of-God, can prepare blissful  
daughters to gaze upon the living God and  
not die of it.

*Virtues:*  
Oh Fear, you can help us greatly: we are  
filled with the longing never to part from you.

*Devil:*  
Bravo! Bravo! What is this great fear, and  
this great love? Where is the champion?  
Where the prize-giver? You don't know what  
you are worshipping!

*Virtues:*  
But you, you were terrified at the supreme  
Judge, for, swollen with pride, you were  
plunged into Gehenna.

*Obedience:*  
I am shining Obedience - come to me, lovely  
daughters, and I'll lead you to your  
homeland and to the kiss of the King.

*Virtues:*  
Sweetest summoner, it is right for us to  
come, most eagerly, to you.

*Faith:*  
I am Faith, the mirror of life: worthy  
daughters, come to me and I shall show you  
the leaping fountain.

*Virtues:*  
Oh Serene one, mirror-like, we trust in you:  
we shall arrive at that fountain through you.

*Hope:*  
I am the sweet beholder of the living eye, I  
whom no dissembling torpor can deceive.  
Darkness, you cannot cloud my gaze!

*Virtues:*  
Living life, gentle, consoling one, you  
overcome the deadly shafts of death and  
with your seeing eye lay heaven's gate  
open.

*Chastity:*  
O Virginitas, you remain within the royal  
chamber. How sweetly you burn in the  
King's embraces, when the Sun blazes  
through you, never letting your noble flower  
fall. Gentle maiden, you will never know the  
shadow over the falling flower!

*Virtues:*  
The flower of the fields fails in the wind, the  
rain splashes it. But you, Virginitas, remain in  
the symphonies of heavenly habitants: you  
are the tender flower that will never grow  
dry.

*Innocentia*  
Fugite, oves, spurcias Diaboli!

*Virtutes*  
Has te succurrente fugiemus.

*Contemptus Mundi*  
Ego, Contemptus Mundi, sum candor vite. O misera terre peregrinatio in multis laboribus - te dimitto. O Virtutes, venite ad me et ascendamus ad fontem vite!

*Virtutes*  
O gloriosa domina, tu semper habes certamina Christi, o magna virtus, que mundum conculcas, unde etiam victorose in celo habitas.

*Amor Celestis*  
Ego aurea porta in colo fixa sum: qui per me transit numquam amaram petulantiam in mente sua gustabit.

*Virtutes*  
O filia regis, tu semper es in amplexibus quos mundus fugit. O quam suavis est tua dilectio in summo deo!

*[Disciplina]:*  
Ego sum amatrix simplicium morum qui turpia opera nesciunt; sed semper in regum regem aspicio et amplector eum in honore altissimo.

*Virtutes*  
O tu angelica socia, tu es valde ornata in regalibus nuptiis.

*Verecundia*  
Ego obtenebro et fugo atque conculco omnes spurcias Diaboli.

*Virtutes*  
Tu es in edificatione celestis Ierusalem, florens in candidis liliis.

*Misericordia*  
O quam amara est illa duricia que non cedit in mentibus, misericorditer dolori succurrens! Ego autem omnibus dolentibus manum porrigere volo.

*Virtutes*  
O laudabilis mater peregrinorum, tu semper erigis illos, atque ungis pauperes et debiles.

*Victoria*  
Ego Victoria velox et fortis pugnatrice sum - in lapide pugno, serpentem antiquum conculco.

*Virtutes*  
O dulcissima bellatrix, in torrente fonte qui absorbit lupum rapacem - o gloriosa coronata, nos libenter militamus tecum contra illusorem hunc.

*Innocence:*  
My flock, flee from the Devil's taints!

*Virtues:*  
We shall flee them, if you give us aid.

*Contempt-for-the-World:*  
I, Contempt-for-the-World, am the heat life. Oh wretched, exiled state on earth, with all your toils - I let you go. Come to me, you Virtues, and we will climb up to the fountain of life!

*Virtues:*  
Glorious lady, you that always fight the battles of Christ, oh great power that treads the world under your feet, you thereby dwell in heaven, victoriously.

*Heavenly Love:*  
I am the golden gate fixed in heaven: whoever passes through me will never taste bitter rebelliousness in her mind.

*Virtues:*  
Royal daughter, you are held fast in the embraces the world shuns: how tender is your love in the highest God!

*Discipline:*  
I am one who loves innocent ways that know nothing ignoble; I always gaze upon the King of kings and, as my highest honour, I embrace him.

*Virtues:*  
Angelic comrade, how comely you are in the royal nuptials!

*Modesty:*  
I cover over, drive away or tread down all the filths of the Devil.

*Virtues:*  
Yours is a part in the building of heavenly Jerusalem, flowering among shining lilies.

*Mercy:*  
How bitter in human minds is the harshness that does not soften and mercifully ease pain! I want to reach out my hand to all who suffer.

*Virtues:*  
Matchless mother of exiles, you are always raising them up and anointing the poor and the weak.

*Victory:*  
I am Victory, the swift, brave champions I fight with a stone, I tread the ancient serpent down.

*Virtues:*  
Oh gentlest warrior, in the scorching fountain that swallowed up the voracious wolf - glorious, crowned one, how gladly we'll fight against that deceiver, at your side!

*Discretio*

Ego Discretio sum lux et dispensatrix  
omnium creaturarum, indifferentia dei, quam  
Adam a se fugavit per lasciviam morum.

*Virtutes*

O pulcherrima mater, quam dulcis et quam  
suavis es, quia nemo confunditur in te.

*Pacientia*

Ego sum columpna que molliri non potest,  
quia fundamentum meum in deo est.

*Virtutes*

O firma que stas in caverna petre, et o  
gloriosa bellatrix que suffers omnia!

*Humilitas*

O filie Israhel, sub arbore suscitavit vos  
deus, unde in hoc tempore recordamini  
plantationis sae. Gaudete ergo, filie Syon!

*Virtutes*

Heu, heu, nos Virtutes plangamus et  
lugeamus, quia ovis domini fugit vitam!

*Querela Anime penitentis et Virtutes  
invocantis*

O vos regales Virtutes, quam speciose et  
quam fulgentes estis in summo sole, et  
quam dulcis est vestra mansio - et ideo, o ve  
michi, quia a vobis fugi.

*Virtutes*

O fugitive, veni, veni ad nos, et deus  
suscipiet te.

*Anima illa*

Ach! ach! fervens dulcedo absorbit me in  
peccatis, et ideo non ausa sum intrare.

*Virtutes*

Noli timere nec fugere, quia pastor bonus  
querit in te perditam ovem suam.

*Anima illa*

Nunc est michi necesse ut suscipiatis me,  
quoniam in vulneribus feteo quibus antiquus  
serpens me contaminavit.

*Virtutes*

Curre ad nos, et sequere vestigia illa in  
quibus numquam cades in societate nostra,  
et des curabit te.

*Penitens Animo ad Virtutes*

Ego peccator qui fugi vitam: plenus ulceribus  
veniam ad vos, ut prebeat michi scutum  
redemptionis. O tu omnis militia regine, et o  
vos, candida lilia ipsius, cum rosea purpura,  
inclinate vos ad me, quia peregrina a vobis  
exulavi, et adjuvate me, ut in sanguine filii  
dei possim surgere.

*Discretion:*

I am Discretion, light and moderator of all  
creatures - the impartiality of God, that Adam  
drove away by acting wantonly.

*Virtues:*

Fairest mother, how sweet you are, how  
gentle - in you no one can be confounded.

*Patience:*

I am the pillar that can never be made to  
yield, as my foundation is in God.

*Virtues:*

You that stay firm in the rocky cavern, you  
are the glorious warrior who endures all.

*Humility:*

Daughters of Israel, God raised you from  
beneath the tree, so now remember how it  
was planted. Therefore rejoice, daughters of  
Jerusalem.

*Virtues:*

Alas, alas, let us lament and mourn,  
because our master's sheep has fled from  
life!

*Soul, lamenting, penitent and calling to the  
Virtues:*

You royal Virtues, how graceful, how brilliant  
you look in the highest Sun, and how  
delectable is your home, and so, what woe is  
mine that I fled from you!

*Virtues:*

You who escaped, come to us, and God will  
take you back.

*Soul:*

Ah, but a burning sweetness swallowed me  
up in sins, so I did not dare come in.

*Virtues:*

Don't be afraid or run away: the good  
Shepherd is searching for his lost sheep - it  
is you.

*Soul:*

Now I need your help to gather me up - I  
stink of the wounds that the ancient serpent  
has made gangrenous.

*Virtues:*

Run to us, follow those steps where you'll  
never falter, in our company; God will heal  
you.

*Soul, penitent, to the Virtues:*

I am the sinner who fled from life: covered in  
sores I'll come to you - you can offer me  
redemption's shield. All of you, warriors of  
Queen Humility, her white lilies and her  
crimson roses, stoop to me, who exiled  
myself from you like a stranger, and help  
me, that in the blood of the Son of God I  
may arise.

O Anima fugitiva, esto robusta, et indue te arma lucis.

*Anima illa*

Et o vera medicina, Humilitas, prebe michi auxilium, quia superbia in multis viciis fregit me, multas cicatrices michi imponens. Nunc fugio ad te, et ido suscipe me.

*Humilitas*

O omnes Virtutes, suscipite lugentem peccatorem, in suis cicatricibus, propter vulnera Christi, et perducite eum ad me.

*Virtutes*

Volumus te reducere et nolumus te deserere, et omnis celestis milicia gaudet super te - ergo decet nos in symphonia sonare.

*Humilitas*

O misera filia, volo te amplecti, quia magnus medicus dura et amara propter te passus est.

*Virtutes:*

O vivens fons, quam magna est suavitas tua, qui faciemi istorum in te non amisisti, sed acute previdisti quomodo eos de angelico casu abstraheres qui se estimabant illud habere quod non licet sic stare; unde gaude, filia Syon, quia deus tibi multos reddit quos serpens de te abscidere voluit, qui nunc in maiori luce fulgent quam prius illorum causa fuisset.

*Diabolus*

Que es, aut unde venis? Tu amplexata es me, et ego foras eduxi te. Sed nunc in reversione tua confundis me - ego autem pugna mea deiciam te!

*Penitens Anima*

Ego omnes vias meas malas esse cognovi, et ideo fugi a te. Modo autem, o illusor, pugno contra te. Inde tu, O regina Humilitas, tuo medicamine adiuva me!

*Humilitas ad Victoriam*

O Victoria, que istum in cela superasti, curre cum militibus tuis et omnes ligate Diabolum hunc!

*Victoria ad Virtutes*

O fortissimi et gloriosissimi milites, venite, et adiuva me istum fallacem vincere.

*Virtutes*

O dulcissima bellatrix, in torrente fonte qui absorbit lupum rapacem - o gloriosa coronata, nos libenter militamus tecum contra illusorem hunc.

*Humilitas*

Ligate ergo istum, o Virtutes preclare!

*Virtutes*

Fugitive Anima, now be strong: put on the armour of light.

*Soul:*

And you, true medicine, Humility, grant me your help, for pride has broken me in many vices, inflicting many scars on me. Now I'm escaping to you - so take me up!

*Humility:*

All you Virtues, lift up this mournful sinner, with all her scars, for the sake of Christ's wounds, and bring her to me.

*Virtues:*

We want to bring you back - we shall not desert you, the whole host of heaven will rejoice in you: thus it is right for us sound our music.

*Humilty:*

Oh unhappy daughter, I want to embrace you: the great surgeon has suffered harsh and bitter wounds for your sake.

*Virtues:*

Living fountains, how great is your sweetness: you did not reject the gaze of these upon you - no, acutely you foresaw how you could avert them from the fall the angels fell, they who thought they possessed a power which no law allows to be like that. Rejoice then, daughter Jerusalem, for God is giving you back many whom the serpent wanted to sunder from you, who now gleam in a greater brightness than would have been their state before.

*Devil:*

Who are you? Where are you coming from? You were in my embrace, I led you out. Yet now you are going back, defying me - but I shall fight you and bring you down!

*Soul, penitent:*

I recognised that all my ways were wicked, so I fled you. But now, you deceiver, I will fight you face to face. Queen Humility, come with your medicine, give me aid!

*Humility:*

Victory, you who once conquered this creature in the heavens, run now, with all your soldiery, and all of you bind this fiend!

*Victory:*

Bravest and most glorious warriors, come, help me to vanquish this deceitful one!

*Virtues:*

Oh sweetest warrior, in the scorching fountain that swallowed up the voracious wolf glorious, crowned one, how gladly we'll fight against that deceiver, at your side!

*Humility:*

Bind him then, you shining Virtues!

*Virtues:*

tua in omnibus adimplebimus.

*Victoria*  
Gaudete, a socii, quia antiquus serpens  
ligatus est!

*Virtutes*  
Laus tibi, Christe, rex angelorum!

*Castitas*  
In mente altissimi o Satana, Caput tuum  
conculcavi, et in virginea forma dulce  
miraculum colui, ubi filius dei venit in  
mundum; unde delectus es in omnibus  
spoliis tuis, et nunc gaudeant omnes qui  
habitant in celis, quia venter tuus confusus  
est.

*Diabolus*  
Tu nescis quid colis, quia venter tuus vacuus  
est pulchra forma de viro sumpta - ubi  
transis preceptum quod deus in suavi copula  
precepit; unde nescis quid sis!

*Castitas*  
Quomodo posset me hoc tangere quod tua  
suggestio polluit per immundiciam incestus?  
Unum virum protuli, qui genus humanum ad  
se congregat contra te; per nativitatem  
suam.

*Virtutes*  
O deus, quis es tu, qui in temet ipso hoc  
magnum consilium habuisti, quod destruxit  
infernalem haustum in publicanis et  
peccatoribus, qui nunc lucent in superna  
bonitate! Unde, O rex, laus sit tibi. O pater  
omnipotens, ex te fluit fons in igneo amore,  
perduc filios tuos in rectum ventum velorum  
aquarum, ita ut et nos eos hoc modo  
perducamus in celestem Ierusalem.

In principio omnes creature viruerunt, in  
medio flores floruerunt; postea viriditas  
descendit. Et istud vir preliator vidit et dixit:

Hoc scio, sed aureus numerus nondum est  
plenus. Tu ergo, patrem speculum aspice:  
in corpore meo fatigationem sustineo, parvuli  
etiam mei deficiunt.

Nunc memor esto, quod plenitudo que in  
primo facta est arescere non debuit, et tunc  
te habuisti quod oculus tuus numquam  
cederet usque dum corpus meum videres  
plenum gemmarum. Nam me fatigat quod  
omnia membra mea in irrisionem vadunt.  
Pater, vide, vulnera mea tibi ostendo.

Ergo nunc, omnes homines, genua vestra  
ad patrem vestrum flectite, ut vobis manum  
suam porrigat.

out your orders to the full.

*Victory:*  
Comrades, rejoice: the ancient serpent  
snake is bound!

*Virtues:*  
Praise be to you, Christ, King of the angels!

*Chastity:*  
In the mind of the Highest, Satan, I trod on  
your head, and in a virgin form I nurtured a  
sweet miracle when the Son of God came  
into the world; therefore you are laid low,  
with all your blunder, and now let all who  
dwell in heaven rejoice, because your belly  
has been confounded.

*Devil:*  
You don't know what you are nurturing, for  
your belly is devoid of the beautiful form that  
woman receives from man; in this you  
transgress the command that God enjoined  
in the sweet act of love; so you don't even  
know what you are!

*Chastity:*  
How can what you say affect me? Even your  
suggestion smirches it with foulness. I did  
bring forth a man, who gathers up mankind  
to himself, against you, through his nativity.

*Virtues:*  
Who are you, God, who held such great  
counsel in yourself, a counsel that destroyed  
the draught of hell in publicans and sinners  
who now shine in paradisaal goodness!  
Praise to you, King for this! Almighty Father,  
from you flowed a fountain in fiery love:  
guide your children into a fair wind, sailing  
the waters, so that we too may, steer them in  
this way into the heavenly Jerusalem.

[Processional]

In the beginning all creation was verdant,  
flowers blossomed in the midst of it; later,  
greenness sank away. And the champion  
saw this and said:

"I know it, but the golden number is not yet  
full. You then, behold me, mirror of your  
fatherhood: in my body I am suffering  
exhaustion, even my little ones faint.

Now remember that the fullness which was  
made in the beginning need not have grown  
dry, and that then you resolved that your eye  
would never fall until you saw my body full of  
jewels. For it wearies me that all my limbs  
are exposed to mockery: Father, behold, I  
am showing you my wounds."

So now, all you people, bend your knees to  
the Father, that he may reach you his hand.