

Hildegard von Binger: Columba Aspexit

Columba aspexit per cancelos fenestre,
Ubi ante faciem eius sudando sudavit
Balsamum de lucido Maximino.

A dove gazed in through a latticed window:
There balm rained down on her face raining
from lucent Maximin.

Calor solis exarsit
Et in tenebras resplenduit
Unde gemma surrexit
In edificatione templi
Purissimi cordis benivoli.

The sun's heat blazed out
to irradiate the dark;
A bud burst open, jewel-like
in the temple of his heart--
limpid and kind his heart.

Iste, turris excelsa
De lingo Libani et cipresso facta
Iacincto et sardio ornata est,
Urbs precellens artes aliorum artificum.

A tower of cypress is he,
And of Lebanon's cedars—
Rubies and sapphires frame his turrets—
A city passing the arts of all other artisans.

Ipse, velox cervus
Cucurrit ad fontem purissime aque
Fluentis de fortissimo lapide
Qui dulcia aromata irrigavit.

A swift stag is he
who ran to the fountain,
pure wellspring from a stone of power--
to water sweet-smelling spices.

O pigmentarii, qui estis
In suavissima viriditate hortorum regis
Ascendentes in altum
Quando sanctum sacrificium
In arietibus perfecistis:

O perfumers! You who dwell in the
luxuriance of royal gardens
climbing high
when you accomplish the holy
sacrifice with rams.

Inter vos fulget hic artifex paries templi,
Qui desideravit alas aquile,
Osculando nutricem Sapientiam
In gloriosa fecunditate Ecclesie.

Among you this architect is shining,
a wall of the temple, he who longed
for an eagle's wings as he kissed his
foster-mother Wisdom in Ecclesia's garden.

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

O Maximim, mountain and valley,
on your towering height the mountain goat
leapt with the elephant
And Wisdom was in rapture.

Tu es fortis et suavis in cerimonia
Et in chorsatione altaris,
Ascendens ut fumus aromatum
Ad columpnam laudis

Strong and sweet in the sacred rites and in
the shimmer of the altar,
you rise like incense
to the pillar of praise.

Ubi intercedis pro populo
Qui tendit ad speculum lucis
Cui laus est in altis.

Where you pray for your people
who strive toward the mirror of light.
Praise him in the highest!