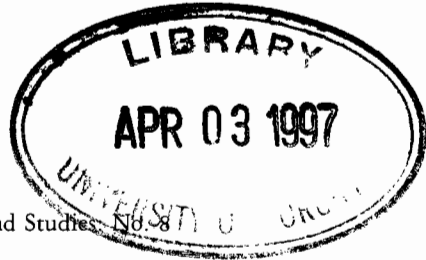


**Scorn for the World:
Bernard of Cluny's
*De Contemptu Mundi***

THE LATIN TEXT WITH ENGLISH
TRANSLATION AND AN INTRODUCTION

Ronald E. Pepin

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For
ZEPHERIN O. PEPIN
Father and Friend

Quaeris Zephyrino parem
Nemo est nisi ipse

593	it	ad
645	Non aquilis	Nunc aliquis
673	nomine	nomina
773	Commoda carnea	terrea flumina
	lucraque terrea	lucra volumina
796	est	et
844	omnis	ejus
864	mortis	moris

DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI

PROLOGUS

DOMINO et patri suo Petro dignissimo abbati clunacensium fratrum Bernardus ejus filius eorum frater in auream unam.¹ Quod ad aures publicas sive ad multorum ora profertur sapientis est correctione accusandum iudicio absolvendum. Opus quippe suum etiam atque etiam retractare auctori gloriam comparat; temere et precipitanter exponere ignominiam. Quo fit ut in alterutram partem omnis scriptor se conferat, et si quidem aliorum prudentium examine stilum suum corrigit, prudentis sibi titulum et nomen et si non querit acquirit. Si vero superbum spirans ferule manum submittere² dedignatur non minus fatuitatis quam superbie arguitur, ac propterea nec a rudibus quidem nec ipse nec ejus sermo accipitur. Mentior si non etiam Flaccus Oratius ad Pisones suos illos instruendos et ad nos reprimendos qui juxta illud poetae scribimus indocti doctique poemata³ passim, mentior, inquam, si non et Flaccus in arte poetica idem quod ego consentit; quippe ibi precipit ut scriptum quod non multa dies et multa litura cohercuit atque perfectum decies non castigavit⁴ ad unguem, nonum prematur in annum. Ceterum imprudentes immo impudentes quique sua inventa, sua passim scripta et efferunt et inferunt, qui "semper discentes et nunquam ad scientiam pervenientes,"⁵ dum alienum iudicium reprobant contenti suo aliquid scire putant. Et quoniam ipsi sibi magistri ipsi auditores sunt, et in ingeniolis suis gloriantes confidunt, aliena quidem dicta vel nullius vel parvi sua vero magni faciunt. At contra sapientis et docti sunt cum doctorum eloquiis sua conferre, in illis et cum illis et ab illis scribendi formam modumque addiscere, et tum sensuum tum verborum ipsorum posi-

¹Job 42.11; cf. Proverbs 25.12.

²Juvenal 1.15.

³Horace, *Ep.* 2.1.117.

⁴Horace, *Ars Poetica* 293, 388.

⁵2 Timothy 3.7.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS LORD and father, Peter, most worthy abbot of the brothers of Cluny, Bernard, his son, their brother, offers one earring of gold. What is brought before the ears of the public or the faces of many must be taken to task by the correction of a wise man, absolved by his judgment. In fact, to revise his own work again and again procures honor for an author; to publish rashly and hastily procures disgrace. For this reason it happens that every writer betakes himself to one part or the other, and if he corrects his own composition according to the examination of other prudent men, he gains for himself the title and reputation of a prudent man, even if he does not seek it. If indeed an arrogant man deems it unworthy to submit a proud hand to the rod, he is accused no less of folly than of pride, and therefore neither he nor his discourse is accepted, not even by the uncultured. I am lying if even Horatius Flaccus, for instructing those Pisos of his and for curbing us who according to that saying of the poet, "unlearned and learned we write poems everywhere"—I am lying, I say, if even Flaccus in the *Art of Poetry* did not agree with the same thing as I do; in fact, there he ordered that a written work which many days and much erasure have not held back and corrected to perfection ten times, be suppressed to the ninth year. Yet the imprudent, indeed impudent, all bring forth and bring forward their own inventions, their own written works everywhere, those who, "ever learning and never arriving at knowledge," while they reject the judgment of others, content with their own, think they know something. And since they are their own masters, their own disciples, and boasting they trust in their own small abilities, indeed they make others' sayings nothing or little, their own truly great. But on the contrary, it is the part of the wise and learned man to compare his own with the eloquence of learned men, in them and with them and from them to learn the form and manner of writing, and now to emulate the position of meanings, now to follow the structure of words. Doubtless it is the custom for every educated

tionem emulari sequi structuram. Moris nimirum est omni erudito sua majorum iudicio studia si diligentiori egent lima, elimare, si ornatu, expolire, si emendatione, corrigere. Si nullo horum tum demum legenda absolvere. Haec ego considerans opus subjectum quod de mundi contemptu dactilico metro paravi et peroravi vestre auctoritati, pater doctissime, preostendere non neglexi. Non neglexi, inquam, preostendere. Neque enim libera fiducia aut fida libertate promulgandum iudicavi, nisi prius lingua Petri et vere Petri esset approbatum, favore munitum, iudicio correctum, testimonio roboratum. Quod nudo nomine tantam personam vocaverim rogo nemo mihi succenseat quod tantam laudem geminans inculcaverim nemo adulationi appingat. Scio quia sicut apud male liberas mentes gloria sive laus excidium virtutis est, sic contra apud egregias incitamentum. Nec falso a poeta dictum est, "Gloria calcar habet."⁶ Studet enim semper liberalis animus quotiens aliquid de se laudis dicitur, ut si non ita est sicut dicitur, sit ita quia dicitur. Nichil vero quisquam absurdum fecerit si virum bonum et timoratum laudet, quando ei ipsa laus virtutis materia est. Sed de his satis.

Nunc ad omissum revertar. Vestrae igitur correctioni, doctissime pater et domine, committendum opusculum de contemptu mundi excogitavi. Scripsi, distinxi, nondum omnino absolutum edidi. Cur autem metri potius tenore quam producta oratione scribere placuerit, si vel alius quis vel etiam vosipse queritis, sic accipite. Nimirum ut poeticis verbis utar, "aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae aut utrumque, et honesta et idonea dicere vitae."⁷ Quippe quod metrico carmine digestum edicitur et libentius auditur et avidius legitur, eoque facilius altae memoriae commendatur. Quo fit ut dum specie versuum dum sonoritate verborum lector allicitur, ad exhibitionem eorum quae vel legerit vel audierit accendatur et accingatur. Et dum

⁶Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto* 4.2.36.

⁷Horace, *Ars Poetica* 333–34.

man to polish his works according to the judgment of greater men if they need assiduous revision, to refine them if they need ornament, to correct them if they need emendation. If they need none of these, then at last to release them to be read. Considering these things, the work placed below *On Contempt for the World*, which I prepared in dactylic measure and have finished, I have not neglected, Most Learned Father, to present beforehand to your authority. I have not neglected, I say, to present it beforehand. For I judged that it must not be promulgated in free assurance or sure freedom unless first it should have been approved by the tongue of Peter and truly fortified by the favor, corrected by the judgment, strengthened by the testimony of Peter. That I have called so great a person by his bare name, I ask that no one be angry at me; that I have emphasized so great a praise by repeating, I ask that no one ascribe to fawning. I know that just as among subject minds glory or praise is the ruin of virtue, so, on the contrary, among eminent minds it is an incitement to virtue. Neither was it said falsely by the poet: Glory has a spur. For, as often as something of praise is said about itself, the liberal spirit always strives so that, if it is not as is said, it might be so because it is said. Truly, anyone will have done nothing absurd if he praises a good and devout man, since praise itself is the source of virtue for him. But enough about these things.

Now I shall return to what was set aside. Therefore, I have thought that the little work *On Contempt for the World* should be entrusted to your correction, Most Learned Father and Lord. I have written it, I have divided it, I have published it not yet entirely complete. Moreover, why it pleased me to write in the style of meter rather than drawn-out speech, if either another man or even you yourself ask, learn thus. It is no wonder that I employ poetic words; "poets wish either to profit or to delight or both, and to say things honorable and suitable to life." In fact, what is published arranged in metrical verse is both heard more willingly and read more eagerly, and thus more easily committed to the profound memory. Wherefore it happens that while a reader is enticed by the form of the verses, by the melodiousness of the words, he is incited toward and made ready for the presentation of the things which either he read or heard. And while he contemplates

verborum elegantiam considerat efficaciam exerceat. Quare sicut in metro plurimum decoris est, sic in decore plurima utilitas, alterutrumque horum duorum pendet ex altero. Quod videri perfacile est. Si enim lector in illo delectatur consequenter et in isto. Etenim qui sollicitus contemplatur verborum speciem, sepe sollicitior amplectitur ipsarum rerum frugem. Hinc est quod poete omnia, aut pene omnia, quae scripserunt metricè scripserunt; metrica ut ita dicam cantione scripta emisserunt, scilicet id vel maxime attendentes, ut quae minus poterant plano sermone digesta, metrico depicta grata redderent. Hinc quoque accedit quod et ipsum (sicut patres perhibent) psalterium lirici composuere pedes. Pretereo quod plurimae testamenti paginae quibus enumerandis supersedeo; ob superius datam rationem in metro emissae sunt, non in metrum transmissae. Nam in tempore revelatae gratiae, jam fide, jam evangelio, jam crucifixo nostro Jesu ubique gentium regnante, eo processit versificatoriae artis gratia ut quidam catholicorum non timuerunt maiestatem quoque evangelicae paginae in spondeum dactylumque transmittere. Sic igitur et ego horum quos emulor Dei emulatione stilum imitatus; et si non valui quantam illi vel in hoc vel in aliis exercitiis scientiam assequi, sequi tamen et volui et valui et secutus sum. Nam quia inter contemporaneos meos fama bene versificandi mihi licet immerito circumvolabat, et vicia perditorum vix aliquis aut nullus viva voce nedum litterali reprehendebat, concaluit cor meum intra me; cumque in meditatione mea non paucos dies et noctes exardesceret ignis zeli, tandem accinxi me, et locutus sum in lingua mea quod animo conceptum diu celaveram apud me. Quippe ego sepe ab sponso audieram, sed non exaudieram, "Sonet vox tua in auribus meis."⁸ Et mihi iterum a dilecto clamabatur, "Aperi mihi soror mea." Quid igitur? Surrexi ut aperirem dilecto meo, et dixi, "Domine ut cor meum cogitet ut stilus scribat ut os annuntiet laudem tuam, infunde et cordi et stilo et ori meo gratiam tuam." Et dixit mihi Dominus, "Aperi os tuum et ego adimplebo illud."⁹ Aperui igitur os

⁸Canticles 2.14, 5.2.

⁹Proverbs 31.9; Psalms 80.11.

the elegance of the words, he may practice their virtue. Therefore, just as there is much of beauty in meter, so there is much usefulness in beauty, and either of these two depends on the other. That is very easily seen. For if the reader delights in the former, consequently he delights in the latter. And indeed one who considers the form of words with care often more carefully embraces the fruits of the things themselves. Hence it is that poets have written all, or almost all which they have written, in meter; they have published metrical writings, in song, so to speak, of course attending as much as possible to this, that what they were less able to render pleasing arranged in plain speech, they might render pleasing described in metrical speech. Hence also it happened that lyric poets arranged the Psalter itself in verses, just as the fathers assert. I pass over that there are very many pages of the Testament which I omit from those to be counted; on account of the reason given above, they were produced in meter, not transmitted into meter. For in the time of revealed grace, with now faith, now the gospel, now our crucified Jesus ruling nations everywhere, the favor of the art of versifying has advanced to such an extent that certain catholics have not feared to transmit even the majesty of the evangelical page into the spondee and the dactyl. So, therefore, I also have imitated the style of these whom I emulate in the zeal for God; and if I have not been able to reach a knowledge as great as those men either in this or in other exercises, yet I wished to follow, and I was able, and I have followed. For since among my contemporaries a reputation for versifying well hovers about me (although undeservedly), and the vices of the profligate scarcely anyone or no one rebukes in oral, still less in written discourse, my heart glows within me; and since in my contemplation the fire of zeal was kindled for many days and nights, at last I have girded myself, and I have expressed in my speech what, conceived in my mind, I had long concealed within myself. In fact, I often heard from the Spouse, but I had not perceived: Let your voice sound in my ears. And again it was shouted to me by my Beloved: Open to me, My Sister. What, then? I have arisen that I might open to my Beloved, and I said: Lord, that my heart may consider, that my pen may write, that my mouth may announce your praise, pour your grace into my heart and pen and mouth. And the Lord said to me: Open

meum, quod inplevit Dominus spiritu sapientiae¹⁰ et intellectus, ut per illam vera, per istum perspicua dicerem. Non ego arroganter sed omnino humiliter affirmaverim quia non spiritus sapientiae et intellectus mihi affuisset et affluxisset, tam difficili metro tam longum opus contexere non sustinuissem. Id enim genus metri, tum dactylum continuum exceptis finalibus trocheo vel spondeo, tum etiam sonoritatem leonicam servans ob sui difficultatem jam pene ne dicam penitus obsolevit. Denique Hildebertus de Lavardino, qui ob scientiae prerogativam prius in episcopum post in metropolitanum promotus est, et Wilchardus Lugdunensis canonicus, versificatores praestantissimi quam pauca in hoc metrum contulerint palam est. Quorum Hildebertus dum illam beatam peccatricem Mariam (loquor Egyptianam) exametris commendaret hoc metro quattuor tantum coloravit versus; Wilchardus vero plus minus triginta in sua illa contra quosdam satyra. Quorsum haec? Ut illud scilicet intelligatur quod non nisi Deo cooperante et sermonem confirmante tres libellos eo scripsi metro quo illi paucos immo paucissimos scripserunt versus. Et haec pace illorum dicta sint. Jam vero vestri examinis censurae, pater doctissime, meditata nostra exhibeo, et obedientiam vobis velut in aurem unam auream¹¹ offero. Ante hos enim dies cum essetis Nogenti et aliquam opusculorum nostrorum acceptione vestra dignatus fuissetis, hoc etiam quia et de hoc apud vos mentionem induxeram vobis oblatum iri percepisti. Quod quia tunc non potui, non enim ad manum habebam, nunc tribus libellis discretum vobis exhibeo; et hic correctionem vestram, si necesse fuerit, peto. Nec ab re est succincte praelibare quam cuique libro materiam indiderim. In primo namque de contemptu mundi disputatum est. In duobus subjectis tam materiei quam intentionis una facies respondet; quia et materia est mihi viciorum reprehensio et a viciis revocare intentio. Quae scribere quid utilitatis pariat, quid honesti neminem latet. Quid multa? Opus nostrum qualecumque vobis, pater, assignavi; assignatum scripsi.

¹⁰Exodus 35.31.

¹¹Job 42.11; Proverbs 25.12.

your mouth and I shall fill it. Therefore, I opened my mouth, which the Lord filled with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, that through the former I might proclaim true things and through the latter clear things. I have not asserted this arrogantly, but altogether humbly, since, had the spirit of wisdom and understanding not assisted me and hastened to me, I would not have endured to compose so long a work in so difficult a meter. For this kind of meter, preserving not only the continuous dactyl, with the final trochee or spondee excepted, but even leonine melodiousness, on account of its difficulty, now has become almost (lest I say entirely) obsolete. In short, it is well known how few things Hildebert of Lavardin, who was promoted on account of the privilege of wisdom first to bishop, later to archbishop, and Wilchard, the canon of Lyon, the most extraordinary versifiers, contributed to this meter. Of these Hildebert colored only four verses with this meter while he commended that blessed Mary the sinner (I am speaking of the Egyptian) in hexameters; indeed Wilchard thirty, more or less, in that satire of his against certain ones. To what purpose do I mention these? That it might be clearly understood that I have not written three small books in the meter in which those men had written few, indeed very few verses, unless God were helping and strengthening my discourse. And may these things be said with peace to those men. Now, in truth, to the judgment of your examination, Most Learned Father, I present our thoughtful work, and to you, just as one earring of gold, I offer obedience. For before now when you were at Nogent and you had deemed another of our little works worthy by your acceptance, this likewise, since also about this I had made mention to you, you understood was going to be offered to you. But since I was unable then, for I did not have it at hand, now I present to you the work divided into three small books; and here I request your correction, if it be needful. Neither is it without advantage to foretaste briefly the subject which I have imparted to each book. For truly in the first is treated of contempt for the world. In the two following, of subject as of purpose, one face appears, since my subject is censure of vices and my intention to recall from vices. What of benefit, what of virtue it might produce to write these things is concealed from no one. Why say more? Our work, of whatever kind, I

Scriptum Deo fautore, vel mittam absens vel offeram praesens. Accipiat ergo gratanter gratus pater scriptum filii, magister discipuli, dominus servi; teste enim conscientia mea fidenter audeo dicere et dico quia sum vobis filius,¹² non adulterinus. Sum vobis discipulus, non alienus. Sum vobis servus, non servilis. Quid vos michi? Immo et ego vobis? Plane, vos eritis mihi in patrem et ego vobis in filium. De cetero, Deus pacis et dilectionis¹³ vos et vestros in pace in idipsum conservet pater venerande. Amen.

¹²Hebrews 12.8

¹³2 Corinthians 13.11.

have consigned to you, Father; the work consigned I have written. The work written with God as patron either absent I shall send or present I shall offer. Therefore, may the gracious Father graciously accept the son's work, the master the disciple's, the lord the slave's; for with my conscience as witness I confidently dare to say, and I do say, that I am a son to you, not a bastard. I am a disciple to you, not a stranger. I am a slave to you, not a villein. What are you to me? And I, indeed, to you? Clearly, you will be to me for a father and I to you for a son. For the rest, may the God of peace and love keep you and yours for Himself in peace, Venerable Father. Amen.

LIBER PRIMUS

HORA¹ NOVISSIMA, tempora pessima sunt—vigilemus.
 Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
 Imminet imminet ut mala terminet, aequa coronet,
 Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet.
 Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustae, 5
 Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.
 Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus ecce venit rex.
 Surgat homo reus; instat homo deus, a patre iudex.
 Surgite, currite simplice tramite, quique potestis;
 Rex venit ocius ipseque conscius, ipseque testis. 10
 Dum licet, impia, dum vacat, omnia fluxa laventur,
 Detur egentibus, alta parantibus ima parentur.
 Imminet arbiter ille fideliter expositurus,
 Quae dabit aut dedit; ad bona lux redit, ad mala durus.
 Qui modo spernitur, ille videbitur imperiosus, 15
 Intolerabilis, irrevocabilis ac animosus.
 Agmina sobria dextra, nefaria laeva tenebit,
 Hinc reprobabilis ordo, probabilis inde manebit.
 Hinc chorus impius indeque sobrius, audiet, "Ite
 Ite manus rea; grex meus in mea regna venite." 20
 Ibit in aethera concio dextera, praeduce Christo.
 Perdita crimine, planget in ordine turba sinistro
 Crimine perdita, crimine debita, turba gehennae.
 Stat modo, tunc ruet, hic stat, ibi luet acta perenne.
 Tunc sacra concio sacra creatio percipietis, 25
 Perpetualia, credite, gaudia, qui modo fletis.
 Grex renovabitur ac removebitur a grege latro;
 A veteri novus, a reprobato probus, albus ab atro,
 Hostis ab ausibus, agnus ab hostibus, haedus ab agnis,

¹ John 2.18

BOOK ONE

IT IS THE FINAL HOUR, the times are most wicked—be watchful!
 See, the highest judge menacingly draws near. He draws near to end
 evils, draws near to crown justice, to reward virtue, to release from
 worries, to bestow heaven, to remove harsh and heavy burdens from
 the troubled mind, to fortify temperance, to punish wickedness, both
 justly. See, He comes, that most just, most majestic king. Let guilty
 man arise; the God-man, the Father's arbiter, approaches. Arise, has-
 ten on the straight path, you who are able; the king, the knowing
 witness comes swiftly. While it is permitted, wash away impiety; while
 there is time, wash away all laxness, give to the poor, make ready the
 lowest places for those preparing the highest. The judge draws near to
 make known surely what He will bestow or what He did bestow; He
 returns, a light to goodness, harsh to evil. Though now scorned, He
 will seem most mighty, irresistible, unalterable, fully alive. He will
 have the temperate multitude on His right hand, the impious on his
 left; the reprobate company will remain here, the upright there. On
 this side the wicked band will hear, "Away, away, accursed crowd"; on
 that side the temperate band will hear, "Come, my flock, into my
 kingdom."

Led by Christ, the assembly on the right will enter Heaven. Lost
 through sin, the crowd on the left in turn will wail, the crowd lost
 through sin, bound by sin to Gehenna. Now it stands, then it will fall;
 here it prospers, there it will atone for its deeds forever. Then, O holy
 assembly, holy creation, you who now weep will see everlasting joys,
 believe me. The flock will be restored and the thief removed from it.
 The new man will be separated from the old, the honest from the
 false, the clean from the unclean, the enemy from his ventures, the
 lamb from his foes, the goat from the lambs; the poor will proceed to

Pauperioribus astra petentibus, ima tyrannis. 30
 Cedet ad aethera, qui flet; ad infera qui male gaudet.
 Carnea gaudia, mens luet ebria, sobria plaudet.
 Denique montibus altior omnibus ultimus ignis
 Surget inertibus ima tenentibus, astra benignis.
 Flammaque libera surget in aera, surget ad astra, 35
 Diruet atria, regna, suburbia, moenia, castra.
 Excoquet omnia sorde fluentia nunc elementa
 Reddet et omnia luce nitentia, jam lue dempta.
 Mundus habebitur atque novabitur ipse, sed alter,
 Alter imagine, non et origine; non ibi pauper, 40
 Non ibi debilis aut homo flebilis, aut furor aut lis,
 Aut cibus aut cocus aut Venus aut iocus aut tumor aut vis.
 Terra novabitur et reparabitur orbis imago,
 Quam modo polluit, obtinet, obruit una vorago.
 Terra patrum gerit ossa; dehinc erit ut paradisus; 45
 Amplius, ut solet, incola non colet hanc, bove nisus.
 Non erit amplius aeris istius ista figura,
 Sed nive, nubibus igne, tonitribus, imbreque pura.
 Solis et orbita lunaque concita tunc sita stabunt,
 Astra, polus, mare circuitum dare non properabunt. 50
 Omnia sidera coelica dextera clarificabit,
 Sideribus dupla lux, tibi septupla sol radiabit.
 Gens pia flens modo, tunc ita quomodo sol renitebit,
 Doctaque pectora pulchraque corpora prorsus habebit,
 Pulchra, citissima, fortia, libera, deliciosa, 55
 Sana, vigentia jamque carentia morte perosa.
 Absolon indecor esset ibi decor, et coma nec non
 Pes piger Asahel et manus Israel, arida Samson.
 Nullaque Caesaris inscia comparis illa facultas,
 Et Salomoniam nulla potentia, nulla voluptas. 60
 Non Moyses ibi sana daret sibi lumina, dentes,
 Matusalas breve viveret, haec bene quaerite mentes.
 Quaerite, quaerite, quaerere surgite gaudia pura,
 Gaudia stantia, non pereuntia, nec peritura.
 Nonne potentia fert latro gaudia de cruce flenda, 65

the stars, tyrants to the depths. The one who now weeps will go to Heaven; the one who delights in sin will go to Hell. The drunken soul will atone for its carnal pleasures, the temperate soul will clap its hands. Then will the final fire rise up higher than all mountains; the slothful will inhabit the depths, the merciful will inhabit the heavens. The unrestrained flame will rise in the sky, rise to the stars; it will destroy courts, realms, estates, towns and castles. It will dry up all the waves now flowing in filth, and, with decay removed, will restore all things shining with light. The same world will be kept and renewed, but it will be another, another in form, not in origin; no poor man will be there, no weak or weeping man will be there, no madness or strife or food or cook or lust or sport or pride or violence. Earth will be renewed and the world's form restored, which now one abyss has defiled; one abyss possesses and overwhelms it.

Earth now bears the bones of our fathers, but hereafter it will be as Paradise. No more will the farmer laboring with his ox till the earth, as now. No more will the shape of the sky itself be the same, but it will be free of snow, storm clouds, lightning, thunder, and rain. Then will the circling sun and swift moon remain in place; constellations, stars and seas will not hasten to make their rounds. The right hand of Heaven will make all the stars bright, the stars will have double light, and for you the sun will beam sevenfold. The faithful race that weeps now will then shine like the sun; it will surely have wise hearts and glorious bodies, glorious, most swift, strong, free, delightful, sound, thriving, without hateful death. There the beauty and the hair of Absalom would be ugly, likewise the foot of Asael would be slow, and the hand of Israel, the hand of Samson would be withered. There would be none of that unequaled might of Caesar, and none of the power, none of the pleasure of Solomon. There Moses would not have healthy eyes and teeth, Methuselah's life would be short. O souls, seek well these joys!

Seek, seek, arise to seek pure joys, lasting joys, not passing nor perishing ones. Does a thief not receive apparent joys when he has

Raptus ad afflua regna vel ardua sceptra regenda?
 Sunt sua tristia nullave gaudia juncta supernis
 Confer eis, ea nil fore terrea gaudia cernis.
 Illa videbimus, illa tenebimus, illa sciemus,
 Gaudia coelica, qui modo lubrica singula flemus. 70
 Omnibus omnia clausa patentia perspicientur:
 Membraque singula quomodo lumina constituentur.
 Lumina sobria, clausa per omnia sicut aperta
 Aspicient ibi, quippe Deus sibi visio certa.
 Ora videbimus et penetrabimus abdita nostra 75
 Nilque verbere; probra patescere flendo reposta.
 Ille sciet tua crimina, tu sua, nilque pudebit.
 Gratia gratior hinc, manus altior illa patebit.
 Quo magis effera sunt tua vulnera, sive querela,
 Tanto probatior et manifestior illa medela. 80
 Clausa vel omnia tunc tibi pervia, nil erit obstans.
 Scis bona fingere, plura lucrabere, vox mea constans,
 Orbeque fortior, ibis et ocior alite visu,
 Fortis habebere secula vertere vel sine nisu.
 Par superis eris, actibus hos geris, arte sequeris, 85
 Et patris illius, O sonus hic pius! ore frueris;
 Stans super aethera, sub nigra Tartara tuto videbis,
 Moesta, molestaque, flenda timendaque nulla timebis.
 Turba nefaria perdita gaudia nunc procul ante
 Judicium videt; hinc flet et invidet impia sanctae. 90
 Flet quia plurima stat sibi lacrima, gaudia sanctis.
 Flet quia decidit illaque perdidit ora tonantis.
 Ut reprobam proba sic modo reproba turba beatam
 Mutuo conspicit, illaque despicit hanc sibi stratam.
 Pulcrior est olor ex merula, color albus ab atro, 95
 Ex gemitu tonus, ex pice nix, bonus ex reprobato.
 Nec bona filia matre fit anxia, nec patre natus.
 Illa stat, haec ruit, hic bona fert, luit ille reatus.
 Ut placet aequore nunc tibi cernere ludere pisces,²

²Dolphins, perhaps?

been rescued from a sorrowful cross to rule rich realms or lofty kingdoms? His are dismal joys or none at all! Compare them to those above: you see these earthly joys will be nothing. Those heavenly joys we shall see, those we shall possess, those we shall know, we who now weep over fleeting pleasures. All things now closed will be seen, open to all, and our individual limbs will be as eyes. Temperate eyes, as if opened amidst all things closed, there will see, indeed God will be a sure sight for them. We shall look upon faces and penetrate our own secrets, and you will fear nothing; in weeping you will expose your stored-up shame. That man will know your sins, you his, and there will be no shame. Here will be pleasing grace, here will be seen that sustaining hand. The more savage your wounds, the more fierce your complaint, so much more proved and evident will that remedy be. Everything now closed will then be open, nothing will stand in your way. You know how to imagine good things, but then you will gain even more (my word is sure), and you will proceed, stronger than the universe, swifter than a winged glance; you will appear strong enough even without effort, to overturn the world. You will be equal to those above, resemble them in actions, follow them in knowledge, and you will delight in the Father's countenance—O this word is true!

Standing safely above the heavens, you will see the black regions of Hell below; you will fear nothing sorrowful and grievous, nothing lamentable and dreadful. Before the judgment seat the abominable multitude sees lost joys now far off; from here the faithless mob weeps and envies the holy assembly. It weeps because many a tear remains for it, but joys for the saints. It weeps because it has fallen and lost the face of God. As the virtuous throng contemplates the shameful, so now the shameful mob in turn contemplates the blessed, and those despise these cast down beneath them. A swan is fairer seen right after a blackbird, the color white after black, a melody after groaning, snow after pitch, a good man after a reprobate. Neither does a good daughter become anxious for her mother, nor a good son for his father. That daughter stands, this one falls; this son has rewards, that one atones for guilt. As it pleases you now to observe fishes sport in the ocean, so

Sic apud infera nec tua viscera visa gemiscis. 100
 Curre vir optime, lubrica reprime, praefer honesta,
 Fletibus angere, flendo merebere coelica festa,
 Luce replebere jam sine vespere, jam sine luna;
 Lux nova, lux ea lux erit aurea, lux erit una.
 Cum sapientia sive potentia patria tradet 105
 Regna patri sua, tunc ad eum tua semita vadet,
 Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
 Solvet aenigmata veraque Sabbata continuabit.
 Liber ab hostibus et dominantibus ibit Ebraeus,
 Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilaus.³ 110
 Patria luminis inscia turbinis, inscia litis,
 Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israhelitis.
 Patria splendida terraque florida, libera spinis,
 Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
 Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora tonantis 115
 Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax rata sanctis;
 Pax erit omnibus illa fidelibus, illa beata,
 Inresolubilis, invariabilis, intemerata;
 Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixa,
 Meta laboribus atque tumultibus, anchora fixa. 120
 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 paradus, 125
 Plenaque gratia plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus,
 Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena,
 Vi, lue, luctibus aufugientibus, exule poena.
 Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum;
 Res ibi publica, pax erit unica, pax in idipsum. 130
 Hic furor, hic mala scismata, scandala, pax sine pace;
 Pax sine litibus et sine luctibus in Sion arce.
 O sacra potio, sacra refectio, visio pacis,

³Leviticus 25.10

you will not groan over your own offspring seen in Hell.

Hurry, most blessed man, keep back fleeting joys, prefer what is good, be choked with weeping, for in weeping you will purchase heavenly feasts, you will then be filled by light without evening, without a moon. This light, this new light, will be a golden light, a singular light. When Wisdom or Power will deliver His paternal realms to the Father, then your path will go to Him, then a new glory will illuminate temperate hearts, it will solve mysteries and continue true Sabbaths without interruption. The Hebrew will go free from his enemies and rulers, he will be free, and hence the jubilee will be celebrated. The country of light which knows no storm, knows no strife, will be filled by citizens, will be increased by Israelites. The shining country and land of flowers, free of thorns, here given to strangers, must there be given to faithful citizens. Then for all the saints who gaze upon God's countenance there will be the greatest power, full knowledge, sure peace. That peace will be for all the faithful, that blessed peace, indissoluble, unchangeable, inviolate, peace without crime, peace without storm, peace without contention, an end to toils and tumults, a fixed anchor. For all there will be a single peace, but who are they? The undefiled, the humble of heart, those persevering in their order and holy in speech.

This peace, sure peace, peace given to those above, must be given to the meek, and there will be halls filled with joyous voices and melodies. This garden, this paradise will abound in all fragrances, full grace and full joys, songs and laughter, full redemption, full refreshment, full glory; violence, plague and sorrows will flee away, pain will be an exile. There nothing will be weak, there nothing doleful, there nothing torn apart. There a commonwealth will exist, a single peace, peace itself. Here is madness, here wicked schisms and scandala, peace without peace, but on Zion's height is peace without contentions and without sorrows. O holy draught, holy refreshment, vision of peace,

Mentis et unctio, non recreatio ventris edacis.
 Hac homo nititur, ambulat, utitur, ergo fruetur. 135
 Pax rata, pax ea spe modo, postea re capietur.
 Jesus erit pius et decor illius esca beatis,
 Pascua mentibus hanc sitientibus ac satiatis.
 Et sitiens eris et satiaberis hac dape vitae
 In neutro labor; una quies, amor unus utrinque. 140
 Civibus aetheris associaberis, advena civis.
 Hic tuba, pax ibi, vita manens tibi qui bene vivis.
 Hic erit omnibus una fidelibus ultima coena.
 Tunc cumulabitur atque replebitur illa sagena.
 Denique piscibus integra pluribus, integra magnis 145
 Glorificabitur, hic removebitur anguis ab agnis,
 Scissa ruentibus, integra stantibus integritate.
 Inde cremabitur, hinc solidabitur, O Deus a te,
 Gens nova, grex novus, et numerus bonus ille bonorum
 Jerusalem petet; hic dat, ibi metet ordo piorum. 150
 Grex erit inclytus hoc patre praeditus, hoc duce nixus,
 Qui tulit omnia sanguine noxia, rex crucifixus.
 Grex sacer ordine, splendidus agmine, lumine plenus,
 Vivet eo duce, qui tulit in cruce, rex Nasarenus.
 Pastus odoribus interioribus, atque superno 155
 Nectare dulcia protrahet ocia perpete verno.
 Per sacra lilia, perque virentia germina florum
 Exspaciabitur ac modulabitur ordo piorum,
 Pectora plausibus atque canoribus ora parabit,
 Dum sua crimina lapsaque pristina stans memorabit. 160
 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 coelica praemia dantis,
 Pro stipe praemia, pro cruce gaudia, pro nece vita; 165
 Illa tenebitur, unde replebitur Israhelita.
 Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur.
 O retributio, stat brevis actio, vita perennis;

this is the soul's anointing, not a recreation of the devouring belly.
 This peace man relies on, walks in, uses, and so will he delight in it.
 This peace, sure peace, now hoped for, hereafter will be had in fact.
 Merciful Jesus and His beauty will be food for the blessed, a pasture
 for souls desiring this food, as well as those which are satisfied. You
 will be both desiring and satisfied by this banquet of life; there will be
 one repose, one love in both, and hardship in neither.

You, now a stranger, then a citizen, will be joined to the citizens of
 Heaven. Here is war's trumpet, but there peace and eternal life for you
 who live well. Here will be one last supper for all the faithful. Then at
 last that great net will be heaped up and filled, unbroken by many
 fishes, unbroken by great fishes. He will be glorified; the serpent will
 be separated from the lambs, with the net's wholeness torn for those
 falling, unbroken for those standing upright. On one side there will
 be burning, on the other, O God, a new race, a new flock will be
 established by You, and that goodly number of good people will go
 toward Jerusalem; here the faithful throng gives, there it will reap.
 The flock will be glorious, possessed of the Father, dependent on the
 Guide, the crucified King, who removed all offenses by His blood.
 The flock holy in order, brilliant in procession, full of light, will have
 life because of this Guide, the Nazarene King, who removed all
 offenses by the cross. The flock, nourished by fragrances within and
 heavenly nectar, will spend sweet leisure in everlasting springtime.
 The faithful throng will stroll and dance amidst holy lilies and bloom-
 ing flowerbuds. It will prepare hearts for gladness and mouths for
 songs; while standing upright it will recall its sins and ancient failings.
 The greater the error, the more unjust the soul's deed, so much greater
 will be the praise and loftier the hymn, the unparalleled praise of the
 One who effaces this; then God's forgiveness will be full. There will be
 unparalleled praise of the One who bestows heavenly rewards for the
 stake, rewards for the stake, joys for the cross, life for death. That life
 will be possessed by which the Israelite will be made full. Here one
 lives a short time, laments a short time, weeps a short time. The
 recompense will be not to live a short time, not to lament even a short
 time. O recompense, a brief action and then everlasting life remains;

O retributio, coelica mansio stat lue plenis. 170
 Quid datur? Et quibus? Aether egentibus et cruce dignis,
 Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis.
 Coelica gratia luminis omnia non modo donat,
 Sed super aethera suscipe viscera tanta coronat.
 Omnibus unica coelica gratia retribuetur, 175
 Omnibus omnibus ulcera flentibus accipietur.
 Tunc rosa sanguine, lilia virgine mente micabunt,
 Gaudia maxima te pia lacrima te recreabunt.
 Nunc tibi tristia, tunc tibi gaudia, gaudia quanta,
 Vox nequit edere, lumina cernere, tangere planta. 180
 Post nigra, post mala, post fera scandala quae caro praestat,
 Absque nigredine lux, sine turbine pax tibi restat.
 Sunt modo proelia, postmodo praemia, qualia? plena,
 Plena refectio nullaque passio, nullaque poena.
 Spe modo vivitur, et Sion angitur a Babylone; 185
 Nunc tribulatio, tunc recreatio, sceptrum, coronae.
 Ergo Rachel Lea tunc patriae via, Martha Mariae,
 Ira Saul David, Assyrii Judith, Achab Eliae
 Cedet, et omnia mitibus obvia, spes speciei,
 Semina fructibus et sonus actibus, umbra diei. 190
 Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur atque scietur,
 Ipse videntibus atque scientibus attribuetur.
 Plena refectio, tunc pia visio, visio Jesu;
 Hunc specularitur, hoc satiabitur Israel esu,
 Hoc satiabitur, huic sociabitur in Sion arce. 195
 O bone Rex, ibi nullus eget tibi dicere, "Parce."
 Cor miserabile, corpus inutile non erit ultra,
 Nulla cadavera nullaque funera, nulla sepulcra;
 Quodque beatius est, mala longius omnia fient.
 Ob tua crimina, jam tua lumina non madefient, 200
 Flendaque gaudia blandaque praelia carnis abibunt.
 Fraus, probra, jurgia, quid moror? omnia prava peribunt,
 Nulla gravamina, jam cruciamina nulla timebis:
 Nulla nefaria, nulla nocentia, nil grave flebis.
 Quae cruce se terit, haec caro flos erit, haecque favilla 205

O recompense, a heavenly mansion remains for those now filled with decay.

What is given, and to whom? Heaven to the poor and those worthy of torture, constellations to worms, the best things to sinners, stars to the wicked. The heavenly grace not only bestows all light, but crowns our flesh above the sky—listen to these wonders! The unparalleled grace of Heaven will be the recompense for all, it will be received by all, with all weeping for their sores. Then the rose will gleam for its blood, the lilies will gleam for their pure soul, and you, pious tear, you the greatest joys will refresh. Now you have sorrows, then you will have joys; voice cannot proclaim, eyes see nor foot reach the great joys that will be there. After darkness, after evils, after fierce offenses which the flesh is responsible for, there awaits you light without darkness, peace without tumult. Now there are battles, but afterward rewards. What kind? Full ones, full refreshment; no suffering, no pain. Now one lives in hope, and Zion is choked by Babylon; now there is distress, but then recovery, scepters, crowns. Then Leah will yield to Rachel, the journey to the homeland, Martha to Mary, the wrath of Saul to David, the Assyrians to Judith, Ahab to Elijah, all obstacles will yield to the meek, hope to vision, seeds to fruit, words to deeds, dawn to day. He in whom we now believe, He himself will be seen and known, He will be given to those seeing and knowing Him. Then there will be full refreshment, the true vision, the vision of Jesus. Israel will look upon him, Israel will be filled with this food, filled with Him, in His company on Zion's heights. O Good King, no one there needs to say to You, "Have mercy." There the heart will no longer be wretched, nor useless. There will be no corpses and no burials, no tombs. And what is more blessed, all evils will be far away. Your eyes will no longer be weeping on account of your sins; joys to be lamented and alluring battles of the flesh will vanish. Deceit, disgraces, quarrels—why delay?—all evils will perish.

No longer will you fear troubles or torments. You will weep for no heinous crimes, no injuries, nothing grievous. This flesh which wears itself down with torments will be a flower, and this ash which causes a

Non erit amplius, unde sit anxius ille vel illa.
 Nec stipe pascere, nec prece flectere, quem quis egebit,
 Nec lue perditus aut nece territus aut cruce flebit.
 Flendo merebere gaudia sumere, sumere vitam
 Nec stipe, nec prece, nec lue, nec nece, nec cruce tritam. 210
 Coelica copia, coelica gloria compatefiet,
 Lux nova mentibus, et Deus omnibus omnia fiet.
 Gens bene vivida vitae florida, fons David⁴ undans
 Lux erit aurea, terrae lactea,⁵ melle redundans.
 Lux ea vespere, gens lue funere vita carebit. 215
 Jesus habebitur, ipse tenebitur, ipse tenebit.
 Lux erit illius, illius unius esca benignis,
 Absque cibo cibus his proprie quibus est cor ut ignis.
 Hunc speculabimur, et saturabimur hunc specularando,
 Cum chorus infimus, astra replebimus agmine sancto. 220
 Spe modo nitimur, ubere pascimur hic, ibi pane⁶.
 Nox mala plurima dat, dabit intima gaudia mane,
 Gaudia passio, regna redemptio, crux sacra portum,
 Lacrima plaudere, poena quiescere, terminus ortum,
 Jesus amantibus afferet omnibus alta trophaea; 225
 Jesus amabitur atque videbitur in Galilaea.
 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." 230
 Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
 Visus amabitur, atque videbitur auctor in ore.
 Tunc Jacob Israel, et Lea tunc Rachel efficietur.
 Tunc Sion atria pulchraque patria perficietur.
 O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur, 235
 Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrimantur;
 Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,

⁴Zacharias 13.1

⁵Exodus 3.8 et al.

⁶Allusion to 1 Corinthians 3.1-2?

man or a woman to be troubled will be no more. No one will need to
 nourish another by alms or move him by entreaty, nor will anyone
 weep, wasted by pestilence, or frightened by death or torment. By
 weeping you will be worthy to receive joys, to receive a life not worn
 down by alms nor entreaty nor pestilence nor death nor torment.
 Heavenly abundance, heavenly glory will be disclosed, a new light for
 our minds, and God will be all things to all. There will exist a race
 truly-alive, abundant life, David's flowing fount, golden light, a land
 overflowing with milk and honey. This light will be free from dark-
 ness, this race from pestilence, this life from death. Jesus Himself will
 be held; He will be embraced and He will embrace. His light will be
 there; He alone will be food for His friends, and there will be suste-
 nance without meals for these especially whose heart is like fire. We
 shall look upon Him and in looking be satisfied when, a lowly choir,
 we shall fill the heavens with a holy procession. Now we rely on hope,
 here we are nourished by milk, but there by bread. Night bestows
 many evils, but dawn will bring profound joys, suffering will bring
 joys, redemption realms, the holy cross a harbor, tears rejoicing, pain
 rest, the end a beginning. Jesus will impart lofty prizes to all who love
 Him; Jesus will be loved and will be seen in Galilee. Dawn will appear,
 the shadow will be driven away, order will be manifested, dawn will
 shine, and He who bears rewards will shine. Then the pious ear will
 discern and hear, "Behold your King. Behold your God. Behold, here
 stands His beauty. The Law is gone." My portion, my King, God
 Himself seen in His own beauty will be loved, and the Creator will be
 seen face to face. Then Jacob will become Israel and Leah will become
 Rachel. Then the halls of Zion and the glorious homeland will be
 perfected.

O good homeland, sober eyes watch for you, at your name sober
 eyes are filled with tears. To say your name is an anointing for the
 heart, a cure for sorrow, the fire of love for souls desiring Heaven. You

Concipientibus aethera mentibus ignis amoris.
 Tu locus unicus illeque coelicus es Paradisus.
 Non ibi lacrima, sed placidissima gaudia, risus. 240
 Est ibi consita laurus et insita cedrus hysopo;
 Sunt radiantia jaspide moenia, clara pyropo.
 Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus;
 Est tua fabrica concio coelica, gemmaque Christus,
 Lux tua mors crucis, atque caro ducis est crucifixi. 245
 Laus, benedictio, conjubilatio personat ipsi.
 Dos tibi florida gemmaque lucida Rex Nasareus,
 Jesus homo-Deus, annulus aureus,⁷ hortus amoenus,
 Janua, janitor, ipseque portitor ipseque portus.
 Ipse salutifer est tibi lucifer, artha-vir, ortus. 250
 Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modo rivus,
 Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.⁸
 Ipse tuus Deus et lapis aureus est tibi murus,
 Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.
 Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora, 255
 Primaque principis oscula suscipis; inspicis ora,
 Candida lilia viva monilia sunt tibi sponsa;
 Agnus adest tibi sponsus, ades sibi tu speciosa;
 Pax tua praemia conditor atria, crux sacra portae,
 Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte. 260
 Tota negocia cantica dulcia, dulce sonare,
 Tam mala debita, quam bona praebita conjubilare.
 Sors tua gaudia sine carentia, nil dare triste,
 Lex tua psallere, "gloria" dicere, "Laus tibi Christe."⁹
 Urbs Sion urbs bona, patria consona, patria lucis, 265
 Ad tua gaudia corda soles pia ducere dulcis.
 Jerusalem, pia patria, non via, pulcra platea,

⁷James 2.2

⁸1 Peter 2.4

⁹Theodulph of Orleans' hymn, "Gloria, laus et honor tibi," was a Palm Sunday processional.

are the place unparalleled, You are the heavenly Paradise. There are
 no tears, but joys most peaceful, and laughter. There is laurel and
 cedar mingled with hyssop. The walls gleam with jasper, they are
 bright with bronze. On this side you will have a carnelian, there a
 topaz, here an amethyst. Your fabric is the heavenly assembly, your
 jewel is Christ, your light is the death on the cross and the flesh of the
 crucified Lord. Praise, blessings, joyous shouting resound for Him.
 You will have a dowry of blossoms and a brilliant jewel, the Nazarene
 King, Jesus the God-man, the golden ring, the garden of delight,
 Himself the door and the doorman, the boatman and the harbor. For
 you He is the healing star of morning, the man-pledge, the begin-
 ning. Now you are a never-ending stream, a timeless fountain. You
 savor sweetness and have a living stone everywhere. Your God Himself
 is there, and your wall of defense is a golden stone, invulnerable,
 insurmountable, not about to fall. You are given a dowry of laurel, a
 golden dowry, O lovely bride, and you receive the first kisses of the
 Prince; You look upon His face, and bright lilies, O bride, form your
 living necklace. Your bridegroom, the Lamb, is there and you stand in
 beauty before Him. Peace is your reward, the Creator your halls, the
 holy cross your gates; Your work is to be glad, your duties are to live
 now without death. Your whole occupation will be sweet songs, to
 sing sweetly, to rejoice over the punishments you deserve and the
 blessings you have been granted. Your portion will be joys without
 want, to suffer nothing sad; your rule will be to chant "Glory," to say,
 "Praise to You, O Christ." City of Zion, noble city, land of harmony,
 land of light, sweet land, you lead pious hearts to your joys.

Jerusalem, you are the pious homeland, not the journey. A beauti-
 ful wide-street, the path of virtue is the way to your gifts. Golden city

Ad tua munera fit via dextera Pythagoraea.¹⁰
 Urbs Sion aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
 Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.¹¹ 270
 Nescio, nescio quae 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.
 Sunt Sion¹² atria conjubilantia, martyre plena, 275
 Cive micantia, principe stantia, luce serena.
 Sunt ibi pascua mitibus afflua praestita sanctis.
 Regis ibi thronus agminis et sonus est epulantis,
 Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis;
 Sunt sine fletibus in Sion aedibus, aedibus almis. 280
 Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite,
 In Sion arcibus editioribus Israhelitae.
 Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla;
 Nulla molestia, nulla tragoedia, lacrima nulla.
 O sacra potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum; 285
 O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum.
 Sufficiens cibus est Deus omnibus ipse redemptis,
 Plena refectio propria visio Cunctipotentis.
 Ejus habent satis, his tamen est sitis ejus anhela,
 Absque doloribus, absque laboribus, absque querela. 290
 Huic magis, huic minus, ille patens sinus est deitatis,
 Plurima mansio stat, retributio plurima patris.
 Luna minoribus ante fit ignibus et sibi Phoebus,
 Praeest ea noctibus huique fretantibus, ille diebus.
 Cernis in aethere plus renitescere sidere sidus; 295
 Sic mediocria summaque praemia credito fidus.
 Urbs Sion incluta, gloria debita glorificandis,
 Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis,
 Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,

of Zion, homeland flowing with milk and adorned with citizens, you overwhelm every heart, you silence the hearts and mouths of all. I know not, I know not what rejoicing, what light you have, how many the joys of companionship, how special the glory. My mind is overcome, it grows weak striving to exalt these with praise. O noble glory, I am overcome! Your praise is victorious over all things! The halls of Zion are full of rejoicing, full of martyrs, bustling with citizens, abiding with the Prince, bright with light. There abundant pastures are given to the gentle saints. There is the King's throne and the sound of the feasting multitude, the illustrious race with its Lord, the assembly shining in white garments. They are without weeping in Zion's dwellings, those bountiful dwellings. The Israelites on Zion's lofty heights are without crime, without tumult, without strife. There peace flourishes, there are thriving pastures, living marrow. There is no trouble, no tragedy, no weeping. O holy draught, holy refreshment, the peace of souls; O pious, O noble, O peaceful is the sound of their hymn. God Himself is sufficient food for all the saved; the perpetual sight of the Almighty is their full refreshment. They have enough of Him, yet they have for Him a panting thirst, but without sorrows, without hardships, without complaint. God's bosom is open, more to this person, less to that one; the vast mansion, the ample retribution of the Father, stands firm. The moon ranks before lesser stars and the sun before it. The moon rules the nights, the stars rule the seas, the sun rules the days. In the sky you see one constellation shine more than another. Thus, let the man of faith believe in moderate and supreme rewards.

Renowned city of Zion, glory due to those to be glorified, you expose your secret blessings to our inner visions; the interior eyes and the acuteness of the soul look for you; hearts now aflame with hope

¹⁰See note to 2.761.

¹¹Romans 3.19

¹²Urbs Sion, etc.: cf. Hildebert of Lavardin, ed. Scott, 53.

Pectora flammea, spe modo, postea sorte luquantur. 300
 Urbs Sion unica, mansio mystica condita caelo,
 Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristior, anhele.
 Te, quia corpore non queo, pectore saepe penetro;
 Sed caro terrea terraque carnea, mox cado retro.
 Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore, 305
 Quo tua moenia, quo capitolia plena nitore;
 Id queo dicere, quomodo tangere pollice coelum,
 Ut mare currere, sicut in aere figere telum.
 Opprimat omne cor ille tuus decor, O Sion, O Pax;
 Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax. 310
 O nova mansio, te pia concio, gens pia munit,
 Provehit, excitat, auget, identitat efficit, unit.
 Te Deus expolit, angelus excolit, incolit ordo,
 Cui cibus additur, et sonus editur a decachordo;
 Florida vatibus, aurea patribus es duodenis, 315
 Clara fidelibus esurientibus hic, ibi plenis;
 Sunt tibi lilia, pura cubilia virginitatis,
 Est rosa sanguine, purpura lumine sobrietatis;
 Teque patrum chorus ornat, et est torus immaculatus,
 Sacraque victima sacraque lacrima, poena reatus. 320
 Rex tibi praesidet et tua possidet atria magnus,
 Qui patris unicus est leo mysticus, et tamen agnus.
 Rex tibi filius unicus illius ille Mariae,
 Stirps sacra virginis, auctor originis osque Sophiae.
 Hic sapientia linguaque patria, patria dextra. 325
 Continet arbiter omnia sub, super, intus et extra,
 Astra regit Deus, astra cinis meus audet in illo,
 Qui quasi propria continet omnia facta pugillo.
 Cum patre filius atque paraclitus aequus utrique,
 Omnia continet, omnibus eminet, omnis ubique. 330
 Hunc bene quaerimus, ergo videbimus, immo videmus.
 Hunc speculabimur, hoc satiabimur, hunc sitiemus.
 Cernere jugiter atque perenniter ora tonantis
 Dat lucra jugia, perpetua, dat lucra sanctis.
 O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite, 335

gain their share of you hereafter. Unparalleled city of Zion, mystical mansion established in Heaven, now for you I rejoice, for myself I mourn, I am sad, I pant. Since I cannot enter you with my body, I often enter with my heart, but being made of earthly flesh, I soon fall backward. No one is able to disclose, to proclaim with his mouth how full of splendor are your ramparts, your citadels. I can tell that just as I can tell how to touch the sky with a finger, how to run on the sea, how to fasten a lance in the air. O Zion, O peace, your beauty overwhelms every heart. Timeless city, no praise for you can be false. O new mansion, the pious assembly, the pious race fortifies you, it constantly exalts, enlivens, increases, perfects and unifies you. God embellishes you, His angel adorns you, His people inhabit you. They are given food and a song from the ten-stringed lyre. You are blooming with prophets, golden with the twelve patriarchs, shining with the faithful who hunger here but there are full. There you have lilies, the undefiled beds of virginity, and there is the blood-red rose, purple in the light of temperance. The chorus of the Fathers extols you, and there is the unstained couch, the holy sacrifice and the holy tear, the penalty of guilt. The King presides over you and dwells in your halls, the mighty King who is the Father's only Son, the mystical Lion, yet a Lamb. Your King is Mary's only Son, the Virgin's Holy Offspring, the Author of creation and the Mouth of Wisdom. He is the wisdom and the tongue of the Father, the Father's right hand. As judge He holds together all things below, above, inside and outside; God rules the stars, and my ashes venture to the stars in Him who holds together all His own creation as if in His hand. The Son, with the Father, and the Paraclete equal to both, holds together all things; He stands forth, everything to everyone everywhere. Well do we seek Him, and so we shall see Him, in fact we do see Him. We shall look upon Him, in Him we shall be content, for Him we shall thirst. To discern the face of God continually and perpetually bestows riches on the saints, constant, everlasting riches.

O brilliant court without excesses, flourishing homeland without

Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitae,
 Urbs Sion inclyta, patria condita 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 irae;
 Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,
 Quippe reatibus exitialibus, obruta, trita.
 Spe tamen ambulo, praemia postulo, speque fideque,
 Illa perennia postulo praemia nocte dieque.
 Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit,
 In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.
 Spes mihi plurima, spes validissima stat, stet in ipso,
 Qui sua lumina post tua crimina praebet abyssio.
 Dum sua suppleo robora, gaudeo; dum mea, ploro,
 Cum sibi gaudeo, tum mihi defleo, flere laboro.
 Dum sua cogito viscera, suscito gaudia cordis;
 Dum mea sordida, mens jacet algida, conscia sordis.
 Magna potentia, maxima gratia laxet iniquo
 Magna piacula, maxima vincula daemone victo,
 Gratia coelica sustinet unica totius orbis
 Parcere sordibus interioribus, unctio morbis;
 Diluit omnia, coelica gratia, fons David¹³ undans
 Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans.
 O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere praesta,
 Ut videam bona festaque consona, coelica festa.
 Non animo coquar aut sequar aut loquar omne profanum;
 Jungar habentibus aethera civibus, et sequar agnum.
 Sim lue pectoris intro carens, foris hoste, labore,
 Frigore, grandine, carne, libidine, morte, timore.
 O sine crimine vel sine turbine, patria coeli,
 Te reus ardeo (plus loquar audeo mente fideli)
 O mea spes, mea tu Sion aurea, clarior auro,
 Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro.
 O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?

¹³Zacharias 13.1

grief, homeland of life without contention, renowned city of Zion,
 homeland established on a safe shore, I seek you, I revere you, I burn
 for you, I desire you, I praise you, I hail you. Not for my merits do I
 seek you, for I reap death for my merits, nor do I conceal in silence
 that for my merits I am a child of wrath. Indeed my life, my too-guilty
 life, in fact my life of death has been overcome and worn away by
 deadly guilt. Yet I walk in hope, in hope and faith I ask rewards; night
 and day I ask those perpetual rewards. The Father, that best, most
 pious Father created me, in mud He finished me, from mud raised me
 up, from mud cleansed me. For me the greatest, most firm hope
 resides in Him. May your hope reside in Him who, after your sins,
 offers His own light to the abyss. I rejoice while I depend on His
 strength, but while I depend on my own, I wail; when I rejoice in
 Him, then I weep for myself, I struggle to weep. While I contemplate
 His flesh, I arouse joys in my heart, but while I contemplate my
 uncleanness, my soul, conscious of its filth, lies cold.

May a great power, the greatest grace, unloose for the sinner his
 great guilt, his greatest chains, when the devil has been conquered.
 Heavenly grace alone, an anointing for the sick, is able to have mercy
 on the profound filth of the whole world. Heavenly grace, David's
 flowing fountain, washes all filth, it washes all and flows for all men,
 cleansing all filth. O pious grace, allow me to discern the lofty palaces
 that I might see your blessings and your harmonious feasts, your
 heavenly feasts. Let me not contrive to pursue or to proclaim any
 impiety, but let me be joined to the citizens of Heaven, and follow the
 Lamb. Let me be without sickness of the heart inside, and outside
 without enemy, toil, cold, hail, flesh, lust, death, or fear. O heavenly
 home without sin or storm, I, a guilty man, burn for you—I shall say
 more—with a faithful soul I dare say more—you are my hope, my
 golden Zion, brighter than gold, shining with your multitude, abid-
 ing with your Leader, blooming with everlasting laurel.

O good homeland, shall I not see you and your joys? O good

O bona patria, num tua praemia plena tenebo? 370
 Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, "Videbis."
 Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? Dic: "Retinebis."
 Plaude, cinis meus, est tua pars Deus, ejus es et sis.
 Rex tuus est tua portio, tu sua; ne sibi desis.
 Mens mea, mens rea, non tibi pars ea jam rapietur; 375
 Est tibi lacrima pars erit optima, posce, feretur
 Optima portio, plena refectio, pax rata mentis,
 Visio numinis oraque luminis omnipotentis.
 Huic sitis intima sanctaque lacrima spirat, anhelat,
 Flendo fit hostia, flet sua noxia, flendoque velat, 380
 Membra gravans gravat, acta, cor, os lavat et levat aequae,
 Despicit extima, pulsat ad intima nocte dieque
 Se flet et improbat, angit, agit, probat, est sibi fornax;
 Flendo cor excitat atque reclamitat: "O Sion, O Pax."
 Est lacrimantibus, esurientibus, exanimatis, 385
 Pneuma, refectio, vivificatio, visio Patris.
 O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus
 Cui sua pars Deus; O miser, O reus hac viduatus.
 Omnis et unica gloria coelica, conditor unus,
 Muneris est dator, ipse poli sator ipseque munus. 390
 Cor fovet illius, illius unius ora videre,
 Agmina cernere, praemia sumere, lumen habere.
 Gens pia vocibus, impia gressibus, invida morum,
 Cur male vivitis et bona perditis illa bonorum?
 Gens adamantina, saxea germina, germina dura, 395
 Quid bona spernitis atque requiritis interitura?
 Gens male provida turbaque turbida turbine mortis,
 Gens foris actibus introque cordibus orba retortis,
 Quid retro ceditis illaque spernitis intima dona?
 Manna relinquitis atque recurritis ad Pharaona. 400
 Cur ea quaeritis, unde peribitis, unde ruetis?
 Cur pereuntia fine, ruentia morte tenetis?
 Turba theatra, turba phrenetica, quo properatis?
 Quo rea pectora, quo rea corpora praecipitatis?
 Quid, rogo, spernitis ante requiritis ire retrorsum? 405

homeland shall I not have your full rewards? Say to me, I entreat you, speak and say, "You will see them." I have firm hope. Shall I have the very thing? Say, "You will." O my ashes, rejoice, God is your part and you are His. So may you be! Your King is your portion and You are His. Do not fail to obtain Him. My soul, my guilty soul, this part will not be taken from you. Now you weep, but then you will have the best part. Ask and you will obtain the best portion, full refreshment, certain peace of mind, the sight of God, and the face of the Almighty Light. This man has the deepest thirst for this portion, and holy tears. He is inspired, pants, becomes a sacrifice by his weeping, weeps for his faults and in weeping covers them; he oppresses his limbs, he cleanses his deeds, heart, and mouth and lifts them up; he disdains the outer and knocks at the inner doors night and day; he weeps for himself, he blames, vexes, stirs and proves himself. He is a furnace for himself. He awakens his heart in weeping and cries out, "O Zion, O peace." For those who weep, who are hungry, who are exhausted, there will be breath, refreshment, renewed life, the sight of the Father. O holy, O pious, O triple-blessed and more is the man who possesses God; O wretched, O guilty the man bereft of this part! The one entire glory of Heaven, the one Creator, the very Maker of Heaven, is the gift-Giver and is Himself the gift. It sustains the heart to look upon His face, His alone, to see the multitude, to receive rewards, to have the light.

O race pious in words but impious in your ways, hostile to morals, why do you live evilly and lose the goodness of good men? Race of iron, children of stone, hard children, why do you reject good things and seek perishable ones? Race unforeseeing, crowd confounded by the whirlwind of death, race bereft of good deeds outside and converted hearts inside, why do you go backward and reject those profound gifts? You leave the manna and run back to Pharaoh. Why do you seek things which will cause you to perish and to fall? Why do you grasp things which perish in the end, which fall in death? Crowd given to spectacles, delirious crowd, where do you hasten? Where do you hurl your guilty hearts, your guilty bodies? Why, I ask, do you refuse to go forward, why seek to go backward? Lost race, you turn your face

Perdita gens satis, ad scelus os datis, ad bona dorsum.
 Fluxa manentibus, obruta stantibus, ultima primis,
 Cur homo praeficis altaque despicias, omnis in imis?
 Surge, revertere, tende resurgere, tende reverti,
 Pande reum reus; ultor adest Deus, ultor operi. 410
 Detege vulnera, detege funera quatruiduana,¹⁴
 Vulnera detege flendoque contege, percute sana;
 Gens Babylonia surgite noxia gaudia flere,
 Flendo repellere pulsaque tergere, tersa cavere.
 Hora novissima, lux venit ultima, crimina torrens, 415
 Grata sed effera, blanda sed aspera, clara sed horrens.
 Imminet ultio, mors, tribulatio, qualis? amara,
 Luxque jacentibus evigilantibus horrida clara.
 Qui modo sustinet, arbiter imminet ille, sed ille
 Versibus editur atque retexitur ore Sibyllae.¹⁵ 420
 O tremor omnibus igne ruentibus, his quoque coelis.
 Rex venit ocius, hunc tremet impius atque fidelis.
 Hoc duce praemia, iudice gloria percipietur;
 Hoc quoque vindice fraus ruet, indice culpa scietur.
 Mitis atrocior, agnus acerbior, alter at idem 425
 Ipse videbitur et famulabitur aether eidem.
 Aetheris agmina summaque culmina concutientur;
 Aether, humus, mare tunc sonitum dare conspicientur.
 Celsa cacumina sunt simul agmina celsa ruenda,
 Summa vel infera, sol, mare, sidera concutienda. 430
 Qui modo conticet, ut bene iudicet, ille tonabit;
 In mala rugiet, in mala saeviet, in mala stabit.
 Blandus amantibus, efferus hostibus aspicietur;
 Hinc revocabilis, intolerabilis inde feretur.
 Unius ipsius, his gravis, his pius (O stupor ingens) 435
 Vultus habebitur, his miserebitur, illa refringens.
 Longanimis, bonus, ille ferens onus hic reproborum,
 Tunc mala puniet ipseque muniet acta bonorum.

¹⁴John 11.39¹⁵Augustine, *De Civitate Dei* 18.23

to crime, your back to goodness. Why, O man, do you prefer fleeting things to abiding ones, the fallen to the standing, the last over the first, and why do you and everyone shun the heights for the depths? Arise, return, strive to rise again, strive to return. Guilty man, make known your guilt. God the avenger is at hand, the avenger of hidden guilt. Uncover your wounds, uncover your four-day corpse, uncover your wounds and cover them again with weeping; chastise your sound flesh. Race of Babylon, arise and weep for harmful joys; repel them with weeping, cleanse those repulsed, and avoid those cleansed.

The final hour, the last day comes, drying up sins, welcome but wild, agreeable but harsh, bright but dreadful. At hand are vengeance, death, distress. What kind? Bitter! And light which is terrible for those who are lying idle, but bright for those who are watchful. He draws near, that Judge who now holds back, but He is proclaimed in the verses of the Sybil and revealed by her mouth. O, there will be trembling when all things are collapsing in flames, even the heavens! The King comes swiftly; both the faithless and the faithful will tremble at His coming. With Him as leader, we shall obtain rewards, with Him as judge, we shall obtain glory, and with Him as avenger, deceit will end; with Him as witness, guilt will be known. He will appear meek, but more fierce, a lamb, but more severe, another, but the same, and Heaven will serve Him. The stars of Heaven and the highest summits will be shaken; then the heaven, earth and sea will seem to thunder. The lofty peaks together with the stars on high will be cast down, the highest or lowest constellations, the sun, the sea, all will be shaken. He will thunder, who now is silent in order to judge well. Against evils He will roar, against evils He will rage, against evils He will stand. Then He will be seen to be gentle to those who love Him, but fierce to His enemies; to the ones He will be welcome, to the others unbearable. O mighty wonder! His countenance will be harsh to those, mild to these. Those He will break to pieces, these He will have pity on. Here He is long-suffering, good, bearing the burden of the wicked, but then He will punish evils and reward the deeds of the

Hunc meritum teret, hunc pietas feret unica patris,
 Nec sibi debita, sed sibi praebita gratia gratis. 440
 Cum via sordeat, actio langueat una duorum,
 Hic reprobabitur, ille merebitur alta polorum.
 Cum via lubrica, cum sit et unica causa duobus,
 Alter amabitur, alter habebitur hostis et orbis.
 Plurima pluribus immo vel omnibus hic fit abyssus, 445
 Quod bene sumitur, hic bene pellitur, ille remissus,
 Impenetrabilis, irreserabilis, hic labyrinthus.
 Nos bona corporis, aspiciamus foris; auctor at intus.
 Corda Deus pia scit, negat impia, justus utrisque.
 Quisque tremat sibi, gaudeat et tibi, Gratia, quisque. 450
 Quisque scelus fleat atque tremens eat, et tremebundus.
 Cras ruit ordine, qui stat in agmine nunc quasi mundus.
 Omnia qui regit, hos premit, hos legit omnipotens Rex.
 Est hominis via nunc mala, cras pia, nunc rosa, cras fex.
 Mox rosa fit rubus, ipseque cras lupus haeret ovili. 455
 Os homo, cor Deus inspicit, est reus huic, bonus illi.
 Facta tremat sua quisque, Deus, tua viscera fidat,
 Fidat, et impia fedaque gaudia flendo relidat.
 Ludite, ludite, corpore sospite, gens Babylonis,
 Ludite, cordibus ad bona segnibus, ad mala pronis. 460
 Lux venit ultima quae procul optima vestra fugabit,
 Vestra palatia, gazophylacia vestra cremabit.
 Rex veniet pius, et furor ipsius, absque furore,
 (O tremor intimus) his rigidissimus, his pius ore.
 Virga ruentibus ordine mentibus, adveniet rex, 465
 Stantibus ordine mitior, et sine vindice iudex.
 Judicium tulit esseque pertulit ante Pilatum;
 Justus id exeret, id tulit, inferet id toleratum.
 Virgine rex satus, ipse dator datus, ipse patebit.
 Cur morulas paro? Carne satum caro cuncta videbit. 470
 Turba nefaria cernet et impia quem crucifixit,
 Cui bene vocibus improperantibus,¹⁶ heu maledixit.

¹⁶Matthew 27.44

good. Punishment will wear down one man, the Father's unparalleled love will bear up another, a grace not deserved but freely given.

Although the path of two men is filthy, although the action of both is sluggish, this one will be condemned, that one will gain the heights of Heaven. Although the path is slippery and there is a single condition for both, one will be loved, the other will be an enemy and an outcast. A very great abyss is here for many people, indeed even for all, since this man is rightly adopted, but that sluggard is rightly driven away. This labyrinth is impenetrable, unsolvable. We look upon the exterior blessings of the body, but the Creator sees within. God knows the pious hearts, He rejects the impious ones, being just to both. Let everyone tremble for himself and rejoice, O grace, for you. Let everyone weep for his wickedness, and go forth trembling and quaking. The man who now stands in the multitude as if free of guilt, tomorrow will fall in rank. The omnipotent King who rules all things crushes these, He chooses those. A man's path is evil now, but it will be dutiful tomorrow; now a rose, tomorrow dregs. Soon the rose becomes a bramble, and tomorrow the wolf clings to the sheepfold. Man looks at the face, but God looks into the heart. One who is guilty to Him seems good to man. O God, let everyone tremble at his own deeds, let him trust in your heart; let him trust and in tears reject faithless, foul joys.

Play, play with your bodies unharmed, O race of Babylon, play with your hearts sluggish to goodness, prone to evils. The last day comes, which will drive far away your best possessions, which will consume in fire your palaces, your treasuries. The merciful King will come, and His fury (O profound trembling!) will be most severe to these, but to those He will be merciful, His face without fury. The King will come, a rod to souls failing in their order, but a mild judge without vengeance to those persevering in their order. He submitted to judgment and endured to stand before Pilate; the just Judge will disclose that, He bore that, He will show that to be bearable. The King born of a virgin, He, the Giver, will Himself be seen as the gift. Why do I delay? All flesh will see Him who was born of flesh. The wicked impious mob will see the One whom it crucified, whom it cursed, alas, with taunt-

Fructus in horrea tendet,¹⁷ et area discutietur,
 Sumet in omnia secula gaudia cui modo fletur.
 Gens ruet impia, pars Babylonia nata perire; 475
 Cedet ad aethera pacis, ad infera filius irae.
 Tunc cumulabitur atque replebitur illa gehenna,
 Agmine criminis atque libidinis agmine plena.
 Huic ibi mitius, huic erit acrius, hinc fuga nulla.
 Deinde remissio sive redemptio non erit ulla. 480
 Hic mala plangite, caetera quaerite, vos genus Evae;
 Hic dolor utilis, ordo parabilis hic, ibi "Vae, vae".
 Fraus ibi vapulat et tumor ejulat, at sine fructu.
 Flet petulantia, luget inertia perpete luctu.
 Cor variabile maeret inutile, plorat amarum, 485
 Fit sine se, sine spe, sine nomine gens tenebrarum.
 Quos Veneris modo, pessima postmodo flamma gehennae,
 Torret, agit, terit, his furit, hos ferit, ultio poenae.
 Pectora crimine, membra libidine, torrida torret,
 Falsiloquos premit, in tumidos fremit, omnibus horret. 490
 Innovat et necat, integrat et secat, ut moriantur
 Non morientia corpora, stantia non statuuntur,
 Frigus ut ardeat, ignis ut algeat, idque petatur
 Hunc fugientibus, hunc repetentibus id fugiatur.
 Mors ibi plurima, flamma nigerrima, lux tenebrosa, 495
 Singula tangere, non pede paupere, non queo prosa;
 Ut nequit edere vox, homo proderet laeta bonorum,
 Sic nequit edere vox, homo proderet moesta malorum.
 Cui dolus est modo, tortio postmodo dura doloris,
 Tortio turpia mentis, et impia puniet oris, 500
 Ut flagra scilicet ultio duplicet in mala gesta,
 Pectora devoret ossaque perforet intus et extra.
 Audiatur hoc pius ut stet, et impius ut cito surgat.
 Stare timor creat huncque statu beat, hunc lue purgat.
 Poena jacentibus inferet auribus ultima sensum, 505
 Veraque lacrima plectet ad ultima cor reprehensum,

¹⁷Matthew 3.12

ing cries. The fruit will go into the barns, the threshing-floor will be swept, and he who now weeps will receive joys forever. The impious race, the part of Babylon born to perish, will fall. The child of peace will go to Heaven, the son of wrath to Hell. Then will that Gehenna be heaped up and full, full of the troops of sin and the troops of lust. It will be milder there for this one, more violent for that one, but from this place there will be no escape. There will be no remission or redemption then.

Bewail evils here, seek other things here, O you descendants of Eve; here sorrow is useful, here order is easily attained, but there is only "Woe, woe." There deceit is flogged and Pride wails, but without effect. Wantonness weeps and Idleness mourns in everlasting grief. The fickle heart grieves uselessly, the bitter heart laments; the race of shadows is without substance, without hope, without a name. Hereafter the worst flame of Gehenna, the punishment of pain, will burn those whom now the flame of lust burns; it will pursue them, wear them away; it will rage at them and strike them. It burns hearts scorched by sin, limbs scorched by lust; it overwhelms liars, roars against the proud; it is dreadful to all sinners. It renews and it kills, it restores and it cuts apart, so that undying bodies die, those abiding do not abide, so that cold is hot, fire is cold, and one is sought by those fleeing the other, while one is shunned by those seeking the other. There is much death, blackest flame, gloomy light. Neither in my poor verse nor in prose can I touch upon the individual torments. As the voice cannot proclaim the joys of the blessed, as man cannot discover them, so the voice cannot proclaim the woes of the wicked, so man cannot discover them.

Hereafter there will be hard torment of grief for the one who now is guileful; torment will punish disgraces of the soul, torment will punish profanities of the mouth, so that vengeance will surely double the lash against evil deeds, it will devour the hearts inside and pierce the bones outside. Let the pious man hear this, that he might persevere, and the impious one, that he might raise himself quickly. Fear makes this man persevere and it blesses him in this state; it cleanses the other of his filth. The final punishment will bring sense to ears that hear not, and real tears at last will turn the heart that has been censured.

Quos scelus alligat hic, ibi colligat ultio plectens,
 Mollia mollibus, improbioribus improba nectens.
 Nunc levis actio, tunc ligat ultio sordidiores
 Sordidioribus, improbioribus improbiores. 510
 Criminis agmina quomodo sarcina stricta ligantur,
 Et, quia sunt sine fructificamine, ligna cremantur.
 Sunt sine fructibus interioribus, arida ficus,¹⁸
 Ramus inutilis, immo cremabilis, utpote siccus.
 Sunt caro terrea terraque carnea, grex reproborum, 515
 Prava creatio, mixta ligatio fasciculorum,
 Postmodo fletibus, hic modo risibus excipiuntur.
 Mortis in ignibus inque doloribus haud moriuntur.
 Quantaque crimina sunt, cruciamina tanta malignis;
 Cum mala plurima, tum duo pessima frigus et ignis, 520
 Sed neque levius est neque mitius illud ab isto;
 Corpora cordaque crux premit, utraque vindice Christo.
 Temporis hic focus est ad eum iocus umbraque dictus.
 Est levis ignibus iste perennibus, et quasi pictus.
 Hic ita plurimus, hic ita maximus ignis habetur, 525
 Ut neque fluctibus aequoris omnibus opprimeretur.
 Frigora sunt ea tanta quod ignea sarcina montis
 Inde gelasceret; haec mala perferet actio sontis.
 Lumina, tempora, frons, labra, pectora, viscera, mammae,
 Os, gula, mentula cruraque pabula sunt ibi flammae. 530
 Flent ibi lumina, flent sua crimina transita pridem,
 Foetor et horridus, et grave foetidus horror ibidem.
 Visio daemonis illaque Gorgonis ora¹⁹ rigescunt;
 Omnibus omnia foeda vel impia facta patescunt.
 Gens mala vermibus haud morientibus instimulatur, 535
 Atque draconibus igne flagrantibus excruciat.
 Vermis in ignibus ille realibus est ita vivens,
 Sicut in aequore piscis, et haec fore sic, lego scribens,
 Crux, flagra, malleus, ignis et igneus est ibi torrens.

¹⁸Mark 11.20¹⁹Ovid, *Tristia* 4.7.12

There tormenting vengeance will bind up those whom sin fetters here,
 binding weakness to the weak and shame to the shameless. Now an
 action is easy, but then vengeance binds the foul to the more foul, the
 shameless to the more shameless. The troops of sin are bound like a
 tight sack and burned like firewood, since they are without fruitful-
 ness. They are without fruit within, like a withered fig tree, a useless
 branch, in fact one to be burned since it is dry. They are earthly flesh,
 earth made flesh, this flock of wicked ones, a deformed creation, a
 mixed bundle of sticks; here they are seized with laughter, but here-
 after with weeping. By no means do they die in the fires of death and
 in sorrows.

As great as their sins are, so great are the torments of the wicked.
 While there are many punishments, the worst two are cold and fire,
 but neither is one gentler or milder than the other. This torture afflicts
 bodies and minds, and Christ is the punisher of both. Temporal fire
 here is called a trifle, a shadow, next to that fire. It is mild, and like a
 picture next to those eternal flames. This fire is so thick, so immense,
 that it would not be put out by all the waves of the sea. The cold is so
 great that the fiery weight of a mountain there would become ice; the
 indictment of sin will bring these penalties. There the eyes, temples,
 brow, lips, chest, innards, breasts, mouth, throat, penis and legs are
 all food for flames. There eyes weep, they weep for sins long past;
 there is both frightful stench and foul terror, a heavy burden. There is
 the sight of the devil, and the faces of the Gorgon are turned to stone.
 All shameful or impious deeds are manifest to all. The wicked race is
 goaded on by undying serpents and tormented by dragons glowing
 with fire. The serpent in those real fires is as alive as a fish in the sea,
 and while writing I read that these things will be so: torment, whips,
 hammer, fire and fiery stream are there. O flesh, there thick night

O caro, nox ibi densa manet tibi, lumen abhorrens. 540
 Nox simul omnibus est habitantibus in regione
 Mortis. Homo geme, plange, dole, treme, terrea pone.
 Ignea vincula denique singula membra catenant,
 Corpora lubrica membraque scaenica vincula frenant.
 Stat cruce triplice gens rea, vertice mersa deorsum, 545
 Ora tenet sua dorsa simul sua versa retrorsum,
 Sunt super horrida nam lue sordida, crura pedesque,
 Inferius caput. Haec mala sunt apud infera certe.
 Gens rea, plangite non ego, credite, talia fingo.
 Haec noto paucula (non scio singula) plura relinquo. 550
 Sermo ratus meus, ut clibanum Deus ignis²⁰ iniquos
 Ponet; id astruit, hos David innuit orbis amicos.
 Collige, mens mea, quam gravis est ea flamma furoris:
 Hic clibani calet, haud clibanus solet esse caloris.
 Volvito pectore cur clibanus fore dicitur ignis. 555
 Mens pigra, mens vana, disce timens flagra parta malignis.
 Si mala suggeris hic, ibi redderis ipsa tibi fax,
 Ipsa cremans eris, ipsa cremaberis ignea fornax.
 Heu lacrimabile, vae miserabile, mens mea clama,
 Non ibi lucida, crede, sed horrida, sed nigra flamma, 560
 Quae tamen emicat et mala duplicat igne micante,
 Nam patet huic tua poena, tibi sua luce nigrante.
 Ultio pectora frigore, corpora concremat igne;
 Utraque pars ruit in scelus, hoc luit utraque digne,
 Quod gravioribus iste reatibus est cruciatus, 565
 Dicit homo-Deus illeque Job meus, ille probatus.
 Qui male praeminet utroque sustinet interiores,
 Ut Deus astruit, in tenebras ruit exteriores.²¹
 Hic nisi fles, ibi fletus erit tibi denteque stridor.²²
 Fumus ab ignibus hunc cremat editus, hunc gravis algor. 570
 Sana probatio quod cruciatio frigoris, ignis,

²⁰Psalms 20.10²¹Matthew 8.12, 22.13²²Matthew 8.12, 22.13

shrinking from the light awaits you. There is night for all who dwell in the region of death. O mankind, groan, lament, grieve, tremble, put aside earthly things. Finally, fiery chains bind individual limbs, chains curb wanton bodies and indecent limbs. The guilty race abides in triple torment: their heads are plunged downward, their faces and backs reversed, their legs and feet filthy with mud are sticking out above, with the head below. These are surely the punishments in Hell.

Guilty race, lament! Believe me, I do not invent such things. I record these few, I leave out more, I do not know each one. But my report is certain. God will make the wicked as an oven of fire. David affirmed this, and he meant the friends of the world. O my soul, consider how harsh this flame of fury is: the heat of that oven is not as an oven here is accustomed to be. Ponder in your heart why the oven is said to be of fire. Lazy soul, vain soul, learn in fear the scourges devised for evildoers. If you heap up evils here, there you become a torch to yourself; like a fiery furnace, you will burn and be burned. O my soul, cry out a mournful "Alas," a pitiable "Woe." The flame there is not bright, but dreadful and black, believe me, which yet leaps up and doubles our pains in glowing fire, for your punishment is exposed to this man, while his is shown to you in the gloomy light. Vengeance consumes hearts with cold, bodies with fire; each part rushed into sin, each fittingly pays for this. The God-man tells us that one is tormented for his grievous offenses, and Job, that tested man, says the same. One who excels in wickedness and willingly maintains his inner darkness is cast into outer darkness, as God has affirmed. Unless you weep here, there you will have weeping and gnashing of teeth. Smoke from the fires consumes this one, harsh cold that one. There is sure proof that the torment of cold and fire is there for evildoers who perish

Sit pereuntibus atque luentibus acta malignis.
 Job quoque pagina, si sacra carmina Job bene signes,
 Hos ait incitus a nive transitus²³ urget ad ignes.
 Testis et hic ratus; ergo stili latus est mihi tectum, 575
 Rege, satellite, principe, milite, quod bene septum.
 Quomodo praemia, sic flagra jugia, regna piorum,
 Regna perennia, perpetua flagra malorum.
 His decor amplior, his dolor auctior est sine fine.
 Pars habet aethera, perditur altera strata ruinae. 580
 Corpora lubrica, corda tyrannica percruciantur;
 Frigore grandinis haec, face fulminis illa cremantur.
 Arctat, arat, terit, angit, agit, ferit illa gehenna,
 Vi, cruce, pondere, frigore, verberare, perpete poena.
 Est ibi, credite, crux sine stipite, mors sine morte, 585
 Vox sine carmine, lux sine lumine, nox sine nocte.
 Non ibi publicus arbiter Aeacus aut Rhadamanthus;
 Non ibi Cerberus aut furor inferus, ultio, planctus.
 Non ibi navita cymbaque praedita voce Maronis;
 Sed quid? adustio, nox, cruciatio, mors Babylonis. 590
 Non tenet Orpheus, lex data TYPHEA fortia lora,
 Non lapis hic gravis aut lacerans avis interiora.
 Poena nigerrima, poena gravissima, poena malorum,
 Mens male conscia cordaque noxia, vermis eorum.
 Caeditur invida mens, caro sordida membraque lena, 595
 Perpete vulnere, perpete sulphure, perpete poena.
 Assur ibi tremis²⁴ et sua gens gemit, esca draconis;
 Post sua lilia perdita, filia flet Babylonis.²⁵
 Quam male florida, quam sibi fulgida, quam stetit aucta,
 Tam modo marcida, tam jacet horrida, tam labefacta. 600
 Est meretrix ea facta sibi dea, plena venenis;
 Subdita sordibus extitit, omnibus est quoque poenis.
 Dulce mel illius, immo fel ipsius, ore biberunt,

²³Job 24.19²⁴Isaiah 30.31²⁵Psalms 136.8

and atone for their actions. The book of Job also, if you mark well Job's holy verses, says that a swift transition drives them from snow to fire. This witness is approved; therefore, my pen's flank is protected, which is now encircled by king, attendant, prince and soldier.

Just as there are rewards for the pious, so there are continual scourges for the wicked; everlasting realms for the pious, perpetual scourges for the wicked. For the pious, there is full glory, for the wicked full sorrow without end. One has Heaven, the other is lost, prostrate in ruin. Their wanton bodies and tyrannical hearts are greatly tormented; the hearts are burned by the cold of hail, the bodies by the fire of lightning. Gehenna constrains them with force, makes furrows on them with torture, bruises them with weights, vexes them with cold, drives them with whips, strikes them with perpetual punishment. There, believe me, is the cross without the tree, death without death, voice without song, light without light, night without night. No Aeacus or Rhadamanthus is there to judge people; no Cerberus nor raging nor revenge nor lamentation beneath the earth. No boatman nor the bark proclaimed by Vergil's voice; but what is there? Burning, night, torment, the death of Babylon. The law imposed here holds no Orpheus, thick cords hold no Typhoeus, there is no heavy stone or bird tearing at innards.

The punishment of the wicked is most black, most heavy, and their serpent is a mind that knows evil and hearts that are guilty. The envious mind is struck by a perpetual wound, filthy flesh by perpetual brimstone, seductive limbs by perpetual pain. There the Assyrian trembles and his nation groans, food for the devil. After her lilies have been lost, the daughter of Babylon weeps. As she once stood wickedly flourishing, so now she lies decayed, once shining, now shuddering, once full, now fallen. This harlot became a goddess full of venom to herself. She was subject to filth, and she is also subject to all punishments. Those who now seek wanton, fleeting joys, those who wickedly

Qui modo lubrica sive volatica gaudia quaerunt,
 Qui pereuntia lucra, ruentia regna, perenni 605
 Anteferunt male, qui fatuo sale sunt sibi pleni.
 Vina cupidinis atque libidinis illius hausit
 Turba nefaria cui Babylonia sidera clausit.²⁶
 Vertitur alea; quam fuit antea deliciata,
 Tam cruciatibus asperioribus est modo strata. 610
 Quid modo noscitur aut fore cernitur illa favilla?
 Illa peraruit illaque corrui, et ruit illa.
 Illaque Jezabel, illa tonans Babel ore rebelli
 Ivit in infera; plaudite sidera, psallite coeli!
 Quae male creverat auctaque dixerat, "Est meus orbis!" 615
 Se quoque perdidit, occidit, occidit in loca mortis.
 Terra profundior ac tenebrosior est ea terra;
 Gens ibi flet rea, sed nimis est ea lacrima sera.
 Terra nigredine terraque turbine mortis operta;
 Mors ibi plurima certaue lacrima, passio certa. 620
 Illa tragoedia durat in omnia secula, durat,
 Cum dolor ubera, tortio viscera, flamma cor urat.
 Clamor ibi tacet, horror ibi jacet umbraue mortis;
 Fert ibi crimina, fert cruciamina fortia fortis. .
 Corda potentia sunt patientia flagra potenter. 625
 Ardet edax gula linguaue garrula crapula, venter,
 Tortio plurima constat et intima poena malignis,
 Plurima tortio, plurima passio, plurimus ignis.
 Undat ibi niger ignis et impiger excruciare,
 Corda nefaria luxuriantia membra cremare. 630
 Nox mala duplicat et Stygis emicat olla vaporans,
 Flamma nigerrima torret et intima, nil ibi rorans.
 Planctibus insonat, ignibus intonat unda camini;
 Non ea tristia, non querimonia subdita fini.
 Ignea flumina, nigra volumina flamma retorquet; 635
 Brumaue torrida flammaue frigida pectora torquet.
 Vermis edax scatet et puteus patet altus abyssi.

²⁶Job 9.7

put perishing gains and falling realms before everlasting ones, those
 who are full of insipid salt, have drunk her sweet honey, in fact, they
 have her poison in their mouth. The abominable crowd for whom
 Babylon has blocked off the stars has swallowed her wines of desire
 and lust. The die is turned. As Babylon was delightful before, so now
 she is overthrown by harsh torments. What is she seen or thought to be
 now? Ashes! She has withered, she has collapsed, she has fallen. That
 Jezebel, that roaring Babel with the rebellious mouth has gone into
 Hell. Rejoice, O stars! Sing, O heavens! She who grew and increased in
 wickedness had said, "The world is mine!" She also destroyed herself,
 she perished, perished into the regions of death.

The land there is deeper and darker than this land of ours. There
 the guilty race weeps, but the tears are too late. The land there is
 covered by blackness and the whirlwind of death. There is much
 death, certain weeping, certain suffering. That tragedy endures, it
 endures for all ages, since grief consumes the breast, torment the
 flesh, a flame the heart. There clamor is silent, there lie terror and the
 shadow of death; there a powerful man bears his sins, bears powerful
 pains. Mighty hearts are suffering scourges mightily. The devouring
 gullet burns, and the tongue babbling in drunkenness, and the belly.
 The greatest torment remains for evildoers, and profound punish-
 ment, the greatest torture, greatest suffering, greatest fire. There
 black fire surges and it is swift to torment, to burn impious hearts and
 lustful limbs. Night doubles the pains, and the steaming pot of the
 Styx springs forth, but moistening nothing there; the blackest flame
 scorches even the innards. The wave resounds with wailing, thunders
 with the fires of a furnace. Neither are these sorrows nor these woes
 subject to an end. The flame casts about fiery streams and black
 eddies. Both burning winter and freezing flame torment hearts there.
 The devouring serpents swarm and the deep pit of the abyss lies open.

Sunt ibi pectore, sunt ibi corpore quique remissi.
 Ludite, vivite foenore divite, gens aliena!
 Vos caro decipit hic, ibi suscipit illa gehenna. 640
 Non ibi visio, non ibi mansio luce repleta,
 Non locus ordinis aulaque luminis arvaque laeta.
 O Maro falleris hic ubi conseris arva piorum;
 Elysios ibi non reperis tibi, scriptor eorum.
 Musa poetica, lingua scholastica, vox theatralis, 645
 Haec quia disseris et male falleris, et male fallis.
 Fulgurat ignibus haud radiantibus illa gehenna;
 Plena nigredine plenaque turbine plenaque poena.
 Plena libidinis ac vitaminis est famulabus,
 Exilientibus hinc, recidentibus huc animabus. 650
 Quos vomit hos vorat undique perforat, undique pestes,
 Vitaque mortibus est venientibus una superstes.
 Uritur inguinis atque libidinis ignis in igne,
 Uritur, uritur; ista rependitur ultio digne.
 Qui male tollitur hic, ibi plectitur actus ad imum; 655
 Tunc loca pessima, tunc tenet infima, qui modo primum.
 Qui laniat, capit, excruciat, rapit, hic rapietur,
 Dilaniabitur, excrucabitur, arripietur.
 Quos modo fictio, tunc premit ultio, quos probra moeror,
 Quos Venus ustio, quos gula tortio, quos lucra terror. 660
 Dum licet auribus haec vigilantibus accipiatis,
 Qui lucra conditis, in lucra curritis, ad lucra statis.
 Gens cita pascere viscera viscere carneque carnem,
 Qui tumidis satis exiguis datis heu! neque panem.
 Est modo Lazarus hic, ibi Tartarus, et gula pridem 665
 Ebria potibus, ebria pastibus ardet ibidem.
 Dives obit sine spe, sine nomine dives, (egenus
 Nomine Lazarus) unde flet inferus, est modo plenus.
 Dives aquam petit, esuriens metit ubera plena;
 Gratia fletibus, ebrietatibus est modo poena. 670
 Post sua funera dives ad infera, pauper ad astra.
 Qui flet in ulcere gaudet in aethere, flet gula pasta.
 Stillula quaeritur et gula plangitur oraque sicca.

All who are remiss at heart are there, all remiss in body are there.

Play, live with your rich profits, O alien race! Here your flesh
 beguiles you, there Gehenna receives you. There is no vision of God,
 there is no mansion filled with light, no place of order, no court of
 light, no happy fields. O Vergil, you are deceived here where you
 place the fields of the blessed. There you find no Elysian fields, O
 writer of these things. O Muse of poetry, O tongue of the schools, O
 voice of the theater, in your discourse on these things, you are badly
 deceived and you deceive badly. Gehenna shines with no radiant fires.
 It is full of blackness, full of confusion, full of pain. It is full of the
 servants of lust and vice, full of souls leaping up here and falling back
 there. Gehenna swallows down those whom it vomits up; on all sides it
 pierces them, on all sides there is destruction, and life alone remains
 for the corpses who come there. In this fire, the fire of passion and lust
 is burned and burned and burned; vengeance is fittingly repaid. He
 who is wickedly exalted here, there is punished by being driven to the
 bottom. He who has the best place now, then has the worst, the
 lowest. He who lacerates others here, there will be torn apart; he who
 takes will be taken, who torments will be tormented, who seizes will
 be seized. Then vengeance, grief, burning, torment and fear oppress
 those whom guile, dishonor, lust, gluttony and riches now motivate.
 You who store up riches, who run after riches, who serve riches, hear
 these words with your ears alert while you can.

O race quick to nourish your fat with fat and your flesh with flesh,
 you who give bread to those swollen with food and not, alas, to the
 needy, here now is Lazarus, but there is Tartarus; there the gullet full
 of drink, full of food, is in flames. The rich man dies without hope,
 the nameless rich man (the poor man is named Lazarus) is filled now,
 for which he weeps below. The rich man begs for water, but the
 hungry one reaps abundant fullness. Now there is recompense for
 weeping, punishment for drunkenness. After his burial the rich man
 goes to Hell, the poor man to Heaven. He who weeps in sores rejoices
 in Heaven, but the feasted gullet weeps. A little drop of water is
 sought, the gullet laments, the mouth is dry. The little drop is not

Non data stillula. Cur? quia parvula non data mica.
 Qui minus haud dedit ad minimum redit ille petendum. 675
 Ad phialas stetit et fluvium petit haud tribuendum.
 Gratificans ape vina, dapes dape, vesteque vestes,
 Fert sua crimina, fert cruciamina, fert modo pestes.
 Flos ruit et decus in Stygium specus, in specus atrum.
 Flos quasi flos fuit; enituit, ruit ad cruciatum. 680
 Cui fuerat minus huic Abrahae sinus, huic paradisus;
 Cui magis ustio, lacrima, tortio poenaque, risus.
 Nunc ubi pallia? Nunc ubi prandia? Nunc ubi coena?
 Pallia, prandia sunt fugientia; stat sibi poena.
 Purpura transiit escaque finiit; ultio restat. 685
 Restat et acriter, immo perenniter illa molestat.
 Flamma, fames, sitis, ultio divitis extat egentis,
 Pro grue, pro sue, pro dape, pro lue, pro face ventris.
 Grus, lepus, ostrea vel caro taurea, juncta suillae,
 Faxque cupidinis, alea criminis et iocus ille, 690
 Maneque prandia, sero cibaria praeterierunt;
 Luce tyrannica nocteque lubrica facta ruerunt.
 Ille vir affluus, ille vir efferus illeque multus
 Est apud infera, fert ita littera sacra, sepultus.
 Aure capescite, mente recondite talia, dites: 695
 Tollite saucia, ferte jacentia, pascite mites,
 Hos stipe pascite qui prece divite vos bene pascant,
 Ne vel egentia vel sitientia membra labascant.
 Conдите mentibus, edite moribus, edite factis,
 Quaeque fides pia clamat, amat via sobrietatis. 700
 Mente reponite, vocibus edite, re date rectum:
 Sitis egentibus esca, viantibus atria, tectum.
 Vos date vestraque; vult Deus utraque, gaudet utrisque;
 Se domino sua pauperibus lucra det bene quisque.
 Multa quid astruo? Jam simul instruo vos ego mecum. 705
 Demus egentibus ima gerentibus optima secum.
 Qui dedit omnia Christus ad ostia nostra gemiscit;
 Indiget, eiulat, ultima postulat, "huc date" dicit.
 Nemo dat, indiget. Ergo quid? Exiget ipse negatum.

given. Why? Because not even a tiny morsel had been given. He who did not give even a small thing is reduced to begging for the smallest. He stood at the drinking bowls, and now he begs for water not granted. After adding pleasing honey to his wine, food to food and clothes to clothes, he now endures reproaches, endures torments, endures curses. His glory and splendor have fallen into the Stygian chasm, the black chasm. His glory was like a flower; it shone, then it fell into torment. For this man who had less, there is the bosom of Abraham and paradise; for the man who had more, there is burning, tears, torment, pain and mockery. Where are his clothes now? Where are his meals now? Where is his dinner now? His clothes and his meals are vanishing; pain abides. His purple garment is gone and his food has ceased; punishment remains. Punishment remains, and it vexes him sharply, in fact continually. Flame, hunger, thirst, punishment of this rich man, now poor, stand in place of crane and boar, in place of food and drink, in place of the appetite. Crane, hare, oysters and beef and joints of pork have passed away, the torch of desire, the game and sport of sin have passed away, morning meals and late suppers have passed away. The tyrannical deeds of day and the lewd deeds of night have perished. That rich man, that man both cruel and mighty, is buried in Hell, so Sacred Scripture says.

O rich men, hear these words, store them in your mind. Lift up the injured, bear up the sick, nourish the meek, nourish with alms these who nourish you with precious prayer, so that their hungry and thirsty limbs do not fall down. Store in your minds, proclaim by your habits, proclaim by your actions what pious faith demands, what the way of temperance loves. Store up justice in your mind, proclaim it in your words, grant it in your deeds. May you be food for the needy, a dwelling and a shelter for wayfarers. Give yourselves and your goods; God wants both and rejoices in both. Let each one give generously, himself to the Lord and his riches to the poor. Why am I asserting many things? Now at once I instruct both you and myself. Let us give our best along with ourselves to the poor who have the least. Christ, who gave all, groans at our doors. He is in need, He wails, He asks the least things, He says, "Give here." No one gives. He is in need. What, then? He will exact what was denied. O drunken race, now we take up

Tollimus ebria gens, modo gaudia, post cruciatum. 710
 Ecce peculia lueraque grandia condis, Avare,
 Nec numerum geris hic, quia pauperis est numerare.
 Impia bestia, cernis ad ostia plangere Christum,
 Esurientibus et sitientibus hic modo mixtum.
 Hinc tibi Lazarus indeque Tartarus, hic fugis illum. 715
 Pasce, fer, aspice, ne reus abijce corde pusillum.
 Terrea tu sibi, pauper homo tibi coelica praestat.
 Pane Deum dabit; hic obit, hic abit, hic tibi restat.
 Terrea gloria, terrea copia plena favillae.
 Gloria corrui et status aruit illius ille. 720
 Audiatur auribus interioribus, audiatur orbis.
 Orbis ut orbita vertitur incita turbine mortis;
 Praeterit et perit et nebulam gerit orbis amoenum.
 Tollitur ocius ipse vel ipsius omne serenum.
 Orbis honor levis est, atomus brevis, et breve festum; 725
 Nil dat amabile, nil amat utile, ridet honestum.
 Hosteque pectoris hosteque corporis intus et extra,
 Horruit aridus, aruit horridus et sua festa.
 Orbis amor perit atque suos terit orbis amantes,
 Et sua gaudia, gaudia tristia vera putantes. 730
 Evigilabimus an remanebimus in lue mundi,
 Quem patet ignibus, alluvionibus, hoste retundi?
 Quid vaga, quid rea corda colunt ea quae nihil extant,
 Quae breve plaudere, non breve plangere, post breve
 praestant?
 Cur caro proximus ignis et intimus hostis amatur? 735
 Carnis amor perit; est rosa, fex erit; ergo spuat.
 O caro candida, post breve foetida plenaque fecis,
 Flos modo, mox fimus, et fimus infimus, unde tumescis?
 O caro carnea jam, modo glareae, postmodo vermis;
 Nunc homo, cras humus, istud enim sumus. Unde superbis? 740
 O caro debilis, O cito labilis, O male mollis,
 Quid petis ardua, quid tibi cornua ferrea²⁷ tollis?

²⁷³ Kings 22.11

joys, but later torment. See, Miser, you store up property and great riches, and you do not keep a count, since here to count is the way of a poor man. Impious beast, you see Christ lament at your gates, united to those who hunger and thirst here. You have Lazarus here, whom you shun, but there you have Tartarus. Nourish the poor one, support him and look upon him; do not in guilt cast him from your heart. You offer him earthly goods, but the pauper offers you heavenly ones. In exchange for your bread, he will give you God. He dies and departs, but he remains for you.

Earthly glory, earthly abundance is full of ashes. Glory fails and the condition of abundance is dried up. Let the world hear, let it hear with its inner ears. The world is turned as a wheel moved by the wind of death. The world's charm is a mist: it passes away and vanishes. The world itself is swiftly taken away, or all its fair weather is removed. The world's esteem is fickle, its moment is brief, its feast is short. The world bestows nothing loveable, it loves nothing useful, it ridicules integrity. Because of the enemy of the heart inside and the enemy of the body outside, the withered world shudders, the shuddering world and its feasts have withered. Love of the world perishes, and the world wears down its own friends, those who think that its joys, its mournful joys, are true joys. Shall we be watchful, or shall we remain in the mire of a world which is clearly weakened by fires, floods and foe? Why do our fickle hearts cherish things that are nothing, things which our guilty hearts briefly rejoice about, but do not briefly grieve about a short time later? Why is the flesh, our nearest fire and inmost enemy, loved? Love of the flesh perishes. It is a rose, but it will be dregs. Thus, let it be spat out.

O beautiful flesh, after a short time stinking and full of filth, now a flower but soon dung, the lowest dung, why are you puffed up? O flesh, you are flesh now, soon dirt, hereafter worms; you are a man now, tomorrow earth, for that we are. Why are you proud? O weak flesh, O flesh swiftly-perishing, O flesh wickedly soft, why do you seek high places, why take iron horns for yourself? What is this drunken-

Quid tibi crapula milleque fercula milleque pastus?
 Res lue proflua vivaque mortua, cur tibi fastus?
 Unde superbia? Fex tua gloria; morte remissa. 745
 Fex tua prandia, fex tua gaudia, fex es et ipsa.
 Quid tibi balnea vestis et aurea? Quid tibi venter?
 Culta licet caro, semper eris caro, nec caro semper.
 Post hominem cinis es, caro desinis esse, putrescis.
 Vis tibi quantula sit docet urnula massaque fecis. 750
 O caro lactea, nunc rosa, postea sarcina vilis,
 Flos tibi corruet et rosa defluet haec juvenilis.
 Quae modo florida, cras erit horrida plus loquor, horror,
 Horror amantibus horror et hostibus, omnibus horror.
 Cras eris horrida, cras eris arida, vilis, amara, 755
 Tu modo candida, tu modo florida, tu caro cara.
 Tristia replico, defluet illico forma decoris,
 Illico defluet, illico corruet, hic nitor oris.
 Plurima quid sequor? Illa caro, decor ille peribit,
 Haec Venus, hic calor, ars ea seu valor ibit, obibit. 760
 Quid caro labilis aut quid inutilis est homo? Coenum.
 Quid, rogo, carnea gloria? Glarea. Quid rosa? Foenum.
 Carnea gloria carnis et omnia, carne vigente,
 Sunt quasi stantia, deficientia deficiente.
 Cur homo nascitur aut puer editur? Ut moriatur. 765
 Exit in aera, sustinet aspera, migrat, humatur.
 Glarea labilis, aura volatilis est homo natus.
 Mane stat aggere, nec mora, vespere fertur humatus.
 Qui modo flos fuit, in spacio ruit unius horae.
 Mox rapitur, licet ingenio micet atque decore. 770
 Fit cinis infimus, ille probissimus et preciosus,
 Irreparabilis, irrevocabilis, officiosus.
 Gleba reconditur atque recluditur hospite tumba.
 Laus stat imaginis umbraque nominis, immo nec umbra.
 Vir subit Aethera, si bene; Tartara, si male gessit. 775
 Corpus humi jacet, ars perit, os tacet, aura recessit.
 Fex fit, homo fuit, hunc et amans spuit, horret amatus,
 Nosseque denegat, instat ut obtegat ocus artus,

ness of yours, these thousand dishes and thousand foods? O thing
 flowing with decay, thing living and dead, why are you arrogant?
 Where does your pride come from? Your glory is dregs, it is removed
 by death. Your meals are dregs, your joys are dregs, and you yourself
 are dregs. What are these baths of yours, this golden attire, this belly?
 Although your flesh is adorned, you will always be flesh—not even
 always flesh. After being a man, you are ashes, you cease to be flesh,
 you decay. A small urn and a lump of clay show how little strength you
 have. O milky flesh, now a rose, hereafter a filthy burden, your blos-
 som will fall and this youthful rose will droop. Flesh blooming now
 tomorrow will be terrifying—I say more—it will be a terror, a terror to
 friends, a terror to foes, a terror to all. Tomorrow you will be terrify-
 ing, tomorrow you will be withered, filthy and offensive, you flesh
 now shining, you flesh now blooming, you dear flesh. I repeat sad
 things—the shape of beauty will soon droop, soon this splendor of
 face will droop, soon it will fall. Why do I pursue more? That flesh,
 that beauty will vanish, this passion, this warmth will depart, this skill
 or this strength will die.

What is perishing flesh or what is useless man? Dirt. What, I ask, is
 the glory of the flesh? Sand. What is the rose? Dried grass. The glory
 of flesh and all things of flesh abide, as it were, when the flesh thrives,
 and they cease when the flesh ceases. Why is a man born or a child
 brought forth? That he might die. He goes out into the air, he bears
 his troubles, he departs, he is buried. As perishing sand, as a fleeting
 breeze has man been born. In the morning he stands on a hill—no
 delay—in the evening he is brought to be buried. He who was just
 now a blossom has fallen in the space of one hour. Although he shines
 with wit and beauty, he is soon snatched away. That most upright and
 worthy man becomes the lowest ash, that irreplaceable man cannot be
 called back, that dutiful man. He is buried in the earth and enclosed
 in a strange tomb. Praise of his statue remains, and the shadow of his
 name, but it is not even a shadow.

If a man has lived well, he enters Heaven, but if badly, he goes to
 Hell. His body lies on the ground, his skill perishes, his mouth is
 silent, his breath has departed. He was a man, but now he becomes
 dregs, and his beloved friend rejects him and trembles at him, denies

Instat ut efferat, et flet et imperat et parat urnam,
 Nec triduum gemit; heu! lacrimam premit ungue diurnam. 780
 Mox feretrum vehit aut feretrum praeit aut subit orans;
 Denique plangentibus exequialibus it quasi plorans.
 Flens it, ovans redit; ut tumulo dedit ossa, recessit;
 Cessit amor pius, ut manus illius afflua cessit.
 Occidit, occidit hic ubi perdidit aes et amicum 785
 Qui sibi riserat; aeris amans erat, O cor iniquum!
 Ille probissimus, ille potissimus, ille vir, ille,
 Ille quid est, precor, illius et decor? urna favillae.
 Pulcher, amabilis, irreparabilis, unicus, aptus
 Instar aquae fluit, e medio fugit illico raptus. 790
 Occidit ut pecus et decor et decus omne repente,
 Et calor et color alget, abit dolor inde juventae.
 Cur morulas paro? Cara jacens caro, fex es, humaris,
 Esse quod es sinis; in cineres cinis extenuaris.
 Quid fluitat cibus et gula potibus undat et escis? 795
 Pasta cibus cibus es caro, vermibus, atque putrescis.
 Est tua cernere pallida funere membra vel ora
 Funere pallida, sensibus algida, seque minora.
 Flava vel aurea, quam per eburnea colla²⁸ rotabas,
 Caesaries jacet, et cor et os tacet, unde tonabas. 800
 Lumina visibus auris et auribus, os caret ore,
 Nasus odoribus et cor amoribus, ossa calore.
 Ad mala pes citus ac oculus situs in muliere
 Collaque lactea,²⁹ brachia cerea computruere.
 Cereae brachia³⁰ tam specialia quam speciosa, 805
 Membraque lubrica continet unica parvaque fossa.
 Candidus antea dens, labra flammea, flos faciei
 Et gena lucida sunt modo putrida, pars saniei.
 Nunc ubi pocula, nunc ubi fercula, fercula mille?
 Flos ubi primulus et rubicundulus est color ille? 810

²⁸Ovid, *Met.* 3.422 (and 4.335)

²⁹Vergil, *Aeneid* 8.660

³⁰Horace, *Carmina* 1.13.2-3

having known him, insists on covering his limbs quickly, insists on burying him; he weeps, he orders an urn and prepares it. He does not even mourn for three days. Alas, he presses out one day's tears with his finger. Soon he carries the bier, or he precedes the bier, or he follows it praying. At last he goes, as if crying, to the funeral lamentations. He goes weeping, but he returns rejoicing. As soon as he gave the bones to the grave, he left. His pious love ceased as soon as that man's copious hand ceased. Love died, it died when he lost the money and the friend who had smiled on him. He was a friend of the money, O unjust heart! That most upright man, that most powerful man, that manly man, what is that man and his glory, I ask? An urn of ashes. The handsome, loveable, irreplaceable, singular, talented man vanished like water; he fled, snatched instantly from our midst. All his beauty and honor died suddenly, as the cattle; his warmth and hue grow cold, then the anguish of youth departs. Why do I delay? Dear flesh lying dead, you are dregs, you are being buried, you cease to be what you are. O ash, you are reduced to ashes!

Why is there such a stream of food, and why does the throat overflow with drinks and meals? O flesh stuffed with food, you are food for worms, and you rot. We see your limbs pallid in death or your face pallid in death, cold to the touch, less than themselves. Your yellow golden hair which you whirled about your ivory neck lies motionless; your heart is still, and your mouth which roared is now silent. Your eyes are deprived of seeing, your ears of hearing, your mouth of speech, your nose is deprived of scents, your heart of desires, your bones of warmth. Your foot swift to evil and your eye set on a woman, your milk-white neck and waxen arms have putrefied. A single, small ditch contains your waxen arms, so special, so splendid, and your wanton limbs. Your teeth once white, your flame-red lips, the former bloom of your face and clear cheeks are now rotten, part of corruption. Where are your cups now, where are your dishes now, your thousand dishes? Where is that first bloom and that ruddy hue? Where is your

Vox ubi fractior, illecebrosior est ubi risus,
 Sermoque lubricus atque phreneticus in probra visus?
 Nunc ubi baltheus, annulus aureus, aurea vitta?
 Patria nomina nunc ubi culmina sunt proavita?
 Rege caro sata vermibus est data factaque vermibus;
 815 Regibus edita rebus et obsita, nunc es inermis.
 Corpus amabile nunc es inutile corpus, et atrum;
 Morte resolveris atque cadaveris es simulacrum.
 Terrea gloria nunc quasi lilia, cras quasi ventus:
 820 Pulchra fugit modo tempore postmodo morte juvenus.
 Splendida pectora, splendida corpora corpus habentur,
 Utque senilia sic juvenilia busta videntur.
 Mox puer interit ut rosa deperit edita vere,
 A valido vigor, eripitur nitor a muliere.
 Lyncea lumina³¹ mentis acumina si quis haberet,
 825 Fellea dulcia pulchraque turpia, credo, videret;
 Corpora candida, pectora vivida, membra venusta
 Ossaque regia sint modo qualia, consule, busta.
 Vociferantia seque minantia busta loquuntur:
 "Primus et ultimus, altus et infimus, hic capiuntur."
 830 Est homo res levis, est homo res brevis, est homo non ens;
 Est homo glarea terraque terrea mente reponens.
 Est homo flosculus atque statunculus est animatus.
 Hunc vegetat, fovet, implet, agit, movet, ad breve flatus.
 835 Hic ubi deserit ossa vir interit, est caro sordens;
 Est caro carnibus una vel omnibus amplius horrens;
 Mortua vilior, aegra remissior, est caro nostra,
 Quam caro caetera, sicque cadavera nulla reposta.
 Verme cito scatet atque (satis patet) aegra dehiscit,
 Moxque per aspera, per flagra, per fera quaeque fatiscit.
 840 Quod cito morbida, quod cito sordida fiat, omitto;
 Quod cito putrida, quod cito tabida, dicere vito.
 Adde quod horrida morte quod hispida quod fera plus est,
 Foetida plus olet, aegra magis dolet, illico pus est.

³¹Horace, *Serm.* 1.2.90

softened voice, where is your enticing smile, your wanton speech and frantic glances toward lewd acts? Where is your golden belt now, your golden ring, your golden chaplet? Where are your ancient names now, your ancestral honors? Your flesh sired by kings is given to worms and becomes a worm. O flesh born of kings and covered with possessions, now you are defenseless. O lovely body, now you are useless and black. You are dissolved in death, and you are the shadow of a corpse.

Earthly glory is like lilies now, but tomorrow like the wind. Fair youth now flies away because of time, but later because of death. Noble hearts and noble bodies become a corpse, and tombs of the young are seen just as tombs of the old. A child dies soon, just as a rose put forth in spring perishes, vigor is snatched away from a healthy man, beauty from a woman. If anyone might have the eyes of a lynx and keenness of mind, he would see, I believe, that sweet things are full of gall and handsome things are ugly. Take counsel: let beautiful bodies, lively hearts, comely limbs and regal bones be now just as tombs. The resounding tombs, the menacing tombs say, "Here are held the first and the last, the high and the low."

Man is a fleeting thing, man is a brief thing, man is nothing, man is sand and earth storing up earthly goods in his mind. Man is a small flower and an animate little statue. For a brief time breath animates, it warms, fills, rouses and moves him. When it abandons his bones, man dies; he is foul flesh. He is flesh even more dreadful than all other flesh together. Our dead flesh is more worthless, our sick flesh more rejected than other flesh, and thus no corpses are preserved. Diseased flesh quickly swarms with worms and gapes open (this is clear enough), and soon it falls apart on account of hard sufferings, scourges, every savage thing. That it becomes ill quickly, vile quickly, I pass over; that it becomes putrid quickly, decayed quickly, I shun to say. Add to this that in death the flesh is dreadful, foul, more savage, that it stinks more when it is rank, it hurts more when it is sick, and directly it is corruption. From the death or the carcass of cattle you

Non tibi funere sive cadavere de pecuali; 845
 Vel metus ingruit aut febris irruit, ex sociali.
 Caesus iter secus, inde vir, hinc pecus efflat uterque;
 Ejus an istius est timor amplius? Ejus, aperte.
 Non tibi fit metus exanimum pecus aequore prati;
 Amplius effera sunt tibi funera fratris humati. 850
 Ossa revisere vel prope pergere nocte timebis,
 Cum minime secus exanimum pecus ire pavebis.
 Nostra cadavera nostraque funera foetidiora,
 Esse relinquatur esseque noscitur, horridiora.
 Flatus homo levis atque vapor brevis, ad breve parat; 855
 Parat et enitet; illico delitet, herba fit, aret.
 Flens homo nascitur et cito tollitur; efflat, humatur.
 Stat breve, mox cadit; est modo, cras abit, hic breve statur.
 Turbo levissimus atque brevissimus est homo flatus.
 Ipse laboribus, ipse doloribus est generatus. 860
 Hic caput exerit, emicat, interit, est quasi bulla;
 Bulla citacius, aura fugacius haud perit ulla.
 Est caro terrea terraque carnea, fumus, imago,
 Massa putredinis, unda voraginis, immo vorago.
 Dum sibi coelitus influit halitus est rosa, floret; 865
 Cum vapor abfuit, illico corrui, est fimus, horret.
 Hic homo gignitur ex lue, nascitur ex muliere;
 Nuper homo satus est lacrimis datus, hic sibi flere.
 Vagit ad ubera, vivit ad aspera, mors vocat, itur.
 Qui modo floruit illico corrui et sepelitur. 870
 Illico labitur, illico tollitur, illico transit.
 Transit, abit, ruit; hic modicum fuit, hic breve mansit.
 Huc cito prodiit, hinc cito transiit, et quasi nunquam
 Exstiterit, perit; hic tribulos serit, hic saliuncam.
 Hic tribulos petit, hic tribulos metit, hic tribulatur. 875
 Laetitia favet et flet, amat, pavet, inde gravatur.
 Donec homo viget, affluit, indiget, ut rota currit;
 Dat, rapit, it, fremit, opprimitur, premit, uritur, urit.
 Urit et uritur, angit et angitur; ad mala crescit.
 Gaudet honoribus inque laboribus his requiescit. 880

have no fear, but from a companion's, either fear assails you or fever attacks you. A man is slain beside the road on that side, a beast on this side, and both expire. Is there greater dread of the man or the beast? The man, clearly. You have no fear of a lifeless beast on a stretch of meadow; the rites of a buried brother are more frightful to you. You will fear to see his bones again at night or to come near them, although you will not be afraid to walk by a lifeless beast. It is granted that our corpses are more disgusting, it is known that our burials are more frightful.

Man, a fleeting breath and a brief mist, appears for a brief time. He appears and shines forth, then at once he lies hidden; he becomes grass, he dries up. Man is born weeping and quickly he is taken away; he expires, he is buried. He stands briefly and soon falls; now he is here, tomorrow he departs; one remains here briefly. Man is a spinning-top most fleeting, a breath most brief. He is born to hardships, born to sorrows. He thrusts out his head, he springs forth, he dies: he is like a bubble. No bubble vanishes more quickly, no breeze more swiftly. He is flesh made of earth, earthly flesh, smoke, a shadow, a lump of rottenness, the wave of an abyss, in fact he is an abyss. While breath from heaven flows into him, he is a rose, he flourishes. When the warmth has left him, he soon falls; he is dust, he is frightful.

Here man is begotten from mire, he is born of woman. A newborn man here is given to tears, to weeping for himself. He cries for the breast, he lives for adversities; death calls him and he goes. The man who just now flourished soon falls and is buried. Soon he fades away, soon he is taken away, soon he passes away. He passes away, he departs, he perishes. He was here a short time, he stayed here briefly. He came forth to this place quickly, he passed away from here quickly, and, as if he had never existed, he dies. Here he sows thorns, here he sows wild nard. Here he seeks thorns, here he gathers thorns, here he is afflicted by thorns. He delights in gladness and then he weeps, he loves and then he fears; he is burdened. While man lives, he is rich or he is poor, as the wheel spins. He gives and takes, he advances, he rages, he oppresses and is oppressed, burns and is burned. He burns and is burned, binds and is bound; he rises toward evil. He rejoices in

Crux sibi plurima qui petit infima summa petendo.
 Ergo tumultuat, obstrepit, aestuat, haec satagendo.
 Ut rota vertitur, ut rosa cernitur, et quasi claret.
 Dives eget, tremit, altus ovans gemit, affluus aret.
 Denique mortibus undique pluribus excruciatum 885
 Urna furens capit, opprimit et rapit, O grave fatum!
 Laude superstite, nomine divite, dives habetur;
 Urna putredine, patria nomine tota repletur.
 Fama fit, est sonus; hic probus, hic bonus, hic fuit ille
 Clarus origine, fortis imagine, plenus Achille. 890
 Fama virum dabat ipsaque mox labat aret et ipsa,
 Ad breve florida, post breve marcida, scissa, remissa.
 Mox ubi transiit, hic homo desiit esse, vocari.
 Haud anima calet, haud animal valet ergo probari.
 Truncus iners jacet,³² ille modo tacet; ante tonabat. 895
 Fex jacet horrida, qui rosa florida culmine stabat.
 Vita volubilis, immo volatilis est quasi punctum,
 Quod geometrica dat tibi fabrica, quam cito sumptum!
 Mors via maxima, mors patet ultima linea³³ rerum,
 Quo pede testea calcat et aurea; nil sibi serum. 900
 Imminet omnibus, hinc famulantibus, inde tyrannis.
 Irruit ocius, unica totius est via carnis.
 Socrate doctior, Hercule fortior, a triduana
 Febre resolvitur, indeque noscitur omnia vana.
 Vanaque vivere vanaque currere, sole sub isto. 905
 Omnia perspice, denique codice scito magistro.
 Ecce patentibus ad mala visibus, ad bona caecis,
 Igniculus febris est tibi funebris; unde tumescis?
 Quid tibi roboris? illius Hectoris, illius ossa,
 Quae minus eminet, unica continet arctaque fossa. 910
 Quid tibi grammatis? arida Socratis ossa tenentur.
 Vox animae Plato, justitiae Cato, pulvis habentur.
 Quid tibi faminis? illa Demosthenis et Ciceronis

³²Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.895

³³Horace, *Ep.* 1.16.79

honors, and he reposes in these hardships. There is many a cross for him who seeks the depths in seeking the heights. Thus, in troubling over these he is in an uproar; he roars and rages. As a wheel is turned, as a rose is seen to be, he also shines, as it were. The rich man is poor, the great man trembles, the joyous man groans, the wealthy man dries up. At last a foolish urn snatches the man tormented on all sides by many deaths, it seizes him and carries him away—O heavy fate! When his praise and his rich name survive, a man is considered rich. The whole country is filled with his name, but an urn with his rottenness. He becomes the talk of the multitude, he is a sound; here he was upright and good, famous in lineage, strong in appearance, full of Achilles' manly strength. Fame gave him manhood, and soon this slips away and dries up, blooming for a short time, but after a short time wasted, broken and slack. When this passed away, he ceased to be, he ceased to be called a human being. His breath is no longer warm, and so he can no longer be judged a living being. He used to thunder forth before, but now he is silent; he lies still, a motionless trunk. The man who stood on the summit, a rose in bloom, now lies still, a dreadful sediment. Life is swift, indeed it is fleeting, just like the point which the geometrician gives you, how quickly taken away!

Death is the final way, death is clearly the last limit of things, death treads on things of clay and things of gold; nothing escapes it. Death menaces all, servants here, tyrants there. Death attacks swiftly, it is the one way of all flesh. A man more learned than Socrates, stronger than Hercules, is destroyed by a three-day fever, and from this we know that all things under the sun are vain. To live is vain and to run is vain. Observe all things, and then learn from the Book, your teacher. Your eyes are open to evil, blind to goodness; look, a fever's little fire is deadly to you. Why are you proud? What strength have you? A single, inconspicuous grave holds the bones of Hector, a narrow grave holds the bones of Hector himself. What learning have you? The bones of Socrates are parched. Plato, the voice of the soul, and Cato, the voice of justice, are made dust. What eloquence have you? The tongue of Demosthenes and Cicero has dried up; the breath of art and of the

Lingua peraruit, aura superfluit artis et oris.
 Quid tibi sanguinis est vel originis? et Fabiorum 915
 Stirps ruit ardua turbaque mortua fluxit eorum.
 Te decor extulit, Absalon; abstulit ultio duplex.
 Fex caro lactea, redditur aurea caesaries fex.
 Quae tibi culmina? quae tibi nomina? quid tibi laudis?
 Culmina, nomina, laus quoque pristina quod ruit, audis. 920
 Quae tibi gloria, quae tibi gratia, quid tibi doni?
 Non tibi gloria nec tibi gratia quae Salomoni.
 Est tibi regia magnificentia; prole Philippi
 Non eris altior at meritis minor hoc quoque scribi.
 Huic pudor, ocia, sessio regia, colla fuere, 925
 Ludere, proelia, cunctaque moenia sponte patere.
 Orbis et extima vidit et ultima, vir fore natus,
 Gentibus, urbibus et dominantibus est dominatus.
 Vicerat omnia; vincitur obvia fata secutus.
 Post hominem cinis est, quasi turbinis aura solutus. 930
 Flos erat, est fimus, ille potissimus illeque fortis;
 Vix modo sportula parva³⁴ vel urnula quo prius orbis.
 Est ubi gloria nunc Babylonia, nunc ubi dirus
 Nabuchodonosor et Darii vigor illeque Cyrus?
 Qualiter orbita viribus incita praeterierunt. 935
 Fama relinquitur illaque figitur; hi putruerunt.
 Nunc ubi curia pompaque Julia? Caesar, obisti.
 Te truculentior, orbe potentior ipse fuisti.
 Orbis ut exera sanguine, sidera laude subires,
 Mota furentia sunt tibi brachia, proelia, vires. 940
 Cum genero sene brachia non bene conseruisti,
 Nec socer illius aut socius pius³⁵ esse tulisti.
 Qui cinis es modo, tantus eras homo, quantus et orbis.
 Vi tibi subditus extitit ambitus urbis et orbis.
 Ecce resolveris area pulveris, urna favillae; 945
 Caesar et nudus es et prope nullus es; O ferus ille!

³⁴Juvenal 1.95-96³⁵Hildebert of Lavardin 36.10

mouth has become unnecessary. What blood or lineage have you? The lofty race of the Fabii has fallen and their dead throng has vanished. O Absalom, beauty exalted you, but a double vengeance carried you off. Your milky flesh is made dregs, dregs your golden locks. What powers have you? What reputation? What praise? You hear that the powers, the reputation and the praise of old have fallen. What glory have you, what favor, what gift? You have neither the glory nor the favor which was Solomon's. You have regal grandeur, but you will not surpass Philip's son; you will even be depicted as less than he in merits. He had decency, leisure, a regal court and slaves, games and combats, and all ramparts opened freely to him. Born to be a warrior, he saw the world's farthest and remotest end, he had dominion over nations, cities, and rulers. He conquered all; he pursued the fates before him, and now he is conquered. After being a man, he is ashes, scattered just as a breath of wind. That most powerful man, that strong man was a flower, but now he is dust. The man who had the world before, now has scarcely a little basket or a small urn.

Where is the glory of Babylon now, where are dreadful Nebuchadnezzar and the strength of Darius and Cyrus now? They have passed away in their might just as swiftly as a wheel-track. Their fame is left, and that is fixed, but they have decayed. Where is the court and pomp of Julius now? Caesar, you have perished. You were fierce, more powerful than the world. Furious arms, battles, forces were set in motion that you might reach the ends of the world by blood, that you might approach the stars by praise. Not faithfully did you join arms with your aged son-in-law, nor did you bear to be his father-in-law or faithful comrade. You who were so great a man, even as great as the whole world, are ashes now. The circumference of the City and the world stood subjected by force to you. Look, you are dissolved into a plot of dust, an urn of ashes. Caesar, you are naked and you are almost no one. O that fierce man! Where is Marius now, and Fabricius,

Nunc ubi Marius atque Fabricius, inscius auri?
 Mors ubi nobilis et memorabilis actio Pauli?
 Diva Philippica³⁶ vox ubi coelica nunc Ciceronis?
 Pax ubi civibus atque rebellibus ira Catonis? 950
 Nunc ubi Regulus aut ubi Romulus aut ubi Remus?
 Stat Roma pristina nomine, nomina nuda tenemus.
 Quam cito labilis atque volubilis orbita sphaerae;
 Corda valentia, corpora fortia praeteriere.
 Et breve floruit et cito corrui unda priorum, 955
 Gloria finiit, area transiit omnis eorum.
 Nos quoque tollimur, et proficiscimur ad quod et ipsi?
 Imus ad infera, perdimus aethera, mente remissi.
 Mors vocat; ibimus, haud retinebimus orbis honores.
 Mors animantibus imminet omnibus, ibimus omnes. 960
 Ibimus, ibimus atque redibimus. Ad quid? ad imum.
 Ima petentia sunt profitentia corpora limum;
 Est via libera mentis ad aethera, carnis ad ima.
 Haec bene suscipit, haec male despicit ad sua prima.
 Stat caro, mens gemit, Eva virum premit, inde reatus; 965
 Mens levat et lavat, at caro cor gravat, inquinat actus.
 Dulcia iurgia dum feret obvia cornua luna;
 Haec aget illaque desinet, utraque facta quod una.
 Cur caro carnea terraque terrea ferre laboras?
 Carnea, terrea, temporis alea versat in horas.³⁷ 970
 Tempus et omnia temporis inscia stare rotantur;
 Singula currere, nulla recurrere fluxa probantur.
 Corporis optima cerne simillima currere vento;
 Currere singula, currere saecula caeca memento.
 Est resolubilis, immo volubilis orbis ut orbis, 975
 Illius omnia peste ruentia, tabida morbis.
 Lux sua claruit; ecce peraruit ejus amoenum;
 Lux sua floruit et cito corrui; est modo coenum.
 Quomodo flumina cerne volumina currere rerum.

³⁶Juvenal 10.125³⁷Hildebert of Lavardin 22.21

unknowing of gold? Where is the noble death and memorable deed of Paulus now? Where is the godlike, Philippic, heavenly voice of Cicero now? Where is peace for the citizens and Cato's wrath for the rebels? Where is Regulus now, or Romulus or Remus? Rome of old stands in name, we have mere names.

How swiftly gliding and whirling is the circuit of the globe. Stout hearts, strong bodies have passed away. Waves of our ancestors briefly flourished and quickly faded; their glory ended, their whole course of life passed by. We also are taken away, and to what do we proceed? We march to Hell, with souls remiss we lose Heaven. Death summons and we shall go; we shall retain no worldly honors. Death draws near for all living things, and we all shall go. We shall go, we shall go and we shall return. To what? To the depths. Our bodies, avowing that they are dust, seek the depths. The unimpeded way of the soul is to Heaven, the way of the flesh is to Hell. The one accepts well, the other despises its own beginnings. The flesh stands upright, but the soul groans; Eve overcomes Adam, and from this comes our guilt. The soul uplifts and cleanses the heart, but the flesh oppresses it and stains its acts. There is sweet strife while the moon shows her horns. This one will expire and that one will cease, each made as one. Why, flesh and earth, do you strive to obtain carnal and earthly goods? Time's game of chance alters carnal, earthly goods every hour. Time and everything in time revolve, unknowing how to remain still. Individual things hasten away, and nothing perishable is shown to return. See how the goods of the body hasten away like the wind. Remember, individual things hasten away, the blind ages hasten away.

The world, like a globe, is easily dissolved and swiftly rolling, all its parts falling in ruin, decaying in diseases. Its day shone, but look, its charm has dried up. Its day flourished and swiftly fell. Now it is mud. See how the whirling courses of things hasten away, like streams of

Orbis honos ruit et fugit et fluit orbe dierum. 980
 Ut rota volvitur indeque pingitur ut rota mundus,
 Quippe volubilis et variabilis ac ruibundus.
 Irritus est ratus, instabilis status est status ejus.
 It, redit, ut mare, denique nunc male, cras ibi peius.
 Gloria terrea, quomodo glarea stat labefacta; 985
 Glarea flumine, gloria turbine labitur acta.
 Cuncta fluentia, nulla manentia sunt bona mundo.
 Ridet honoribus exterioribus intus arundo.
 Gloria terrea, gloria vitrea, vitrea plane,
 Illico tollitur atque resolvitur ejus inane. 990
 Si bene sentio, fit variatio quaque dierum.
 Et bene sentio, fit variatio, fit fuga rerum.
 Mundus et omnia quomodo somnia vana recedunt,
 Signaque plurima tempora proxima judicis edunt.
 Sidera flammea lunaque ferrea visa refertur, 995
 Sol sine lumine, terra voragine subruta fertur.
 Terra locis tremit, Eumenidum fremit umbra proterva;
 Bellica currere fertur in aere visa caterva.
 Agmina mortua currere conflua visa feruntur.
 Signa gravissima monstraque plurima conspiciuntur. 1000
 Gratia corrui, ordo refriguit, undat iniquum,
 Quisque dolo studet; esse probum pudet, esse pudicum.
 Jus premitur cruce, grex grege, dux duce rexque regente,
 Agmen et agmine, culmina culmine, gens quoque gente.
 Omnia lubrica sunt modo publica, nulla teguntur, 1005
 Ingenialia vel furialia probra coluntur.
 Ah! petulantia militat ebria nocte dieque.
 Vox sacra displicet; illicitum licet et libet aequae.
 Qui fore vult bonus est miser, est onus, est onerosus;
 Qui mala postulat ille deambulat imperiosus. 1010
 Iustitiae via nulla manet quia virgo recessit,³⁸
 Cumque sororibus introeuntibus aethera cessit.
 Jus ruit, officit; ars mala proficit, ars mala prodest.

³⁸Ovid, *Met.* 1.149–50

water. The world's glory has fallen and fled and vanished in the cycle of days. The world revolves as a wheel; hence it is depicted as a spinning and changeable and collapsing wheel. Its position is unfixd, its status is unstable. It goes and it returns, like the sea, now badly and tomorrow even worse. Earthly glory is like loosened gravel; gravel driven by water slides away, and glory driven by the wind slides away. Worldly goods all flow away, none remain. Inwardly my pen laughs at outward honors. Earthly glory, glory clearly made of glass, is instantly taken away, and its emptiness is revealed. If I judge rightly, change occurs every day, and I do judge rightly; there is change, there is the flight of things. The world and all things vanish like empty dreams, and many signs proclaim that the time of judgment is near. Reports tell of fiery constellations and an iron moon, the sun without light, earth shaken from its depths. In places the earth trembles, the violent shades of the Furies rage. A warlike troop was seen to race across the sky, it is said. Troops of the dead seen running together are reported. Most grievous signs and many portents are sighted.

Grace has fallen, order has grown cold, injustice swells; everyone strives after deceit. It is shameful to be honest, to be chaste. Justice is repressed by torture, flock is repressed by flock, duke by duke, king by king, troop by troop, crown by crown, even nation by nation. All lewd desires are common now, none are concealed; lewdness of mind or raving infamies are revered. Ah, drunken wantonness marches night and day. The sacred word is displeasing, but what is unlawful is both allowed and agreeable. One who wishes to be good is vile; he is a burden, he is irksome. One who desires evils promenades like a mighty ruler. No path of justice remains since the virgin departed and retired with her sisters into the heavens. The law fails, the law obstructs; evil artifice makes progress, evil artifice is useful. Deceit

Fraus stat, amor jacet, ordo flet, ars placet, et gula frons est;
 Haec praeuentia certaue nuntia credite finis. 1015
 Finis enim venit, orbis honor perit hoste, ruinis,
 Seditioibus, illuvionibus, igne, procellis,
 Lite, libidine, fraude, gravedine, sanguine, bellis.
 Surgite, surgite spemque resumite, spe tremebundi;
 Cernite currere regna, labascere culmina mundi. 1020
 Ultima tempora, ni sacra littera fallit, aguntur.
 Dicta prophetica verbaque coelica perficiuntur.
 Fertur ut alea gloria carnea, plena favillae.
 Ille minaciter imminet arbiter, arbiter ille.
 Censor adest Deus, evigilet reus, est prope Christus. 1025
 Quid modo detinet? en ferus imminet Antichristus.
 Stirps venit impia, stirps mala, bestia perditionis.
 Quo duce sidera coget in infera cauda Draconis.³⁹
 Imminet impius, est prope filius impietatis,
 Imminet imminet et caput obtinet in sibi stratis. 1030
 Multiplicabitur et dominabitur hoc dominante,
 Mors, tribulatio tantaue passio quanta nec ante.
 Jam tuba septima, plaga novissima⁴⁰ jam properatur.
 Ecce recessio quam tua lectio, Paule, profatur;
 Regna labascere, retro recedere Roma videtur, 1035
 Nec thronus ipsius aut status ut prius altus habetur.
 Actio lubrica fit modo publica, de medio fit.
 Roma, prior tua gloria mortua, Rex tibi deficit.
 His praeuentibus, immo sequentibus ordine signis,
 Imminet impius ille, vel illius horror et ignis. 1040
 Suntque patentia signa, minantia, signa furoris,
 Prorsus ut ultima jam fore proxima tempora noris.
 Flammivomus, niger, hispidus, aliger est draco visus
 Nuper in aere—Nil ego dicere nunc paro risus -
 Claruit omnibus hic equitantibus atque colonis. 1045
 Fugit, inhorruit, et fuga terruit illa draconis.

³⁹Apoc. 12.3–4

⁴⁰Apoc. 8.2, 15.1

stands upright, love lies low, order weeps, artifice pleases; there is impudence and gluttony. These are forerunners and sure tidings of the end, believe me. For the end comes, the glory of the world perishes from enemies, disasters, discords, uncleanness, fire, tumults, strife, lust, deceit, oppression, blood, wars.

Rise up, rise up and renew your hope with hope, you who are trembling. See, realms hasten away, and the crowns of the world are tottering. The last days are set in motion, unless Sacred Scripture deceives us. The sayings of the prophets and the words of heaven are being fulfilled. The glory of the flesh, full of ashes, is said to be like a game of chance. The judge draws near, the judge menacingly draws near. Let the sinner be watchful: God the judge appears, Christ is near. What now holds Him back? Look, the fierce Antichrist draws near. The faithless offspring arrives, the evil offspring, the beast of perdition. Under this leader the dragon's tail will force the stars down to the depths. The faithless one draws near, the son of impiety is at hand; he draws near, he draws near, and he becomes chief among those prostrate before him. Under this ruler death will be multiplied and tribulation will reign, and there will be great suffering as never before. Now the seventh trumpet, now the last plague is being prepared with haste. Behold, this is the decline which your text predicts, Paul. Realms are seen to totter; Rome seems to fall backward, nor is its throne or its status high, as before. Now the sinful act is common, it is done in public. Your former glory is dead, Rome, your King leaves you. With these signs preceding, indeed with these signs following in order, that wicked one draws near, the dread and the fire of Antichrist draw near.

There are clear signs, menacing signs, signs of fury, so you know that now the last days are really near. Recently in the sky a winged dragon vomiting flames was seen, a black, bristling dragon—I tell no laughing matters now—was visible to all, knights and farmers. It fled, it shuddered, and the dragon's flight terrified them. The savage pest

Pestis et horrida transiit oppida transque volavit;
 Et loca plurima, fert ita maxima fama, meavit.
 In geminum caput egrediens apud Anglica rura,
 Femina prodiit ipsaque finiit in duo crura. 1050
 Crura quidem duo, sed sibi bis duo brachia stabant.
 Hanc duo pectora, quatuor ubera mirificabant.
 Vos volo credere me rata dicere, scribere verum.
 Par erat actio, par via, sessio, par mulierum.
 Ex mulieribus, immo sororibus, O stupor, istis, 1055
 Altera transiit atque superfuit altera tristis.
 Post breve denique pars ruit utraque morte soluta,
 Utraque pars ruit, hanc obitu fuit illa secuta.
 Vir magus actibus in regionibus ivit Iberis,
 (Quae noto versibus, haec ego testibus assero veris) 1060
 Is sine semine, simplice virgine se fore natum;
 (Proh furor!) edidit, et sibi credidit area fratrum.
 Dixit ad ultima vipera pessima se fore Christum;
 Hoc prope praedicat esse vel indicat Antichristum.
 Non minor artibus in regionibus est orientis 1065
 Notus et editus ipseque perditus ordine mentis.
 Dixit et impius hic quia maximus esset Helias;
 Hinc fore proxima certior ultima tempora scias.
 Gens temeraria, dum licet, impia facta fleamus.
 Ille minaciter advenit arbiter—expaveamus. 1070
 Nemo capescere jus, mala plangere nemo relinquat;
 Gaudia flentibus, irreverentibus ira propinquat.
 Jam tuba septima, plaga novissima,⁴¹ lux pia, dira,
 Intonat, ingruit, emicat, irruit et venit ira.
 Gens male conscia, lubrica gaudia flendo tegamus; 1075
 Gens male conscia, quae fugientia sunt, fugiamus.
 Stare refugimus, ad mala fluximus; ad bona stemus.
 Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt—vigilemus!

⁴¹Apoc. 8.2, 15.1

went by towns and flew over them. It passed many places, so the widest report tells. In the English countryside a woman appeared with a double head above and two legs below. Indeed, two legs, but she had four arms. Two chests and four breasts made her a marvel. Please believe me; I am telling facts, I write the truth. These women shared the same actions, the same walking and sitting. O wonder! one of these women, in fact sisters, died and the other survived in mourning. At last, after a short time, each part failed, released by dying; each part failed, and sister followed sister in death. In the Spanish provinces a magic-worker went about (I affirm from actual witnesses what I write in these verses), and this man claimed to be born of a pure virgin, without seed, (O madness!), and a chapter of brothers believed him. The wicked serpent said that at the end of time he would be Christ. This proclaims, this reveals that Antichrist is at hand. In the provinces of the East, one no less cunning was known and proclaimed, and he had lost his mind. This impious one declared that he was the great Elias. From these things you may know for certain that the last days are very near.

O thoughtless race, let us weep for our impious deeds while we can. The judge comes menacingly—let us be sorely afraid. Let no one neglect to grasp justice, to lament evil. Joys are approaching for those who weep, but wrath for those who are irreverent. Now the seventh trumpet sounds, the last plague attacks, the sacred day shines, the dreadful day rushes in, and wrath comes forth. O imprudent race, let us cover our wanton joys with weeping. O imprudent race, let us flee what is fleeting. Now we flee from standing firm and we stream toward evil; let us stand up for goodness. It is the final hour, the times are most wicked—be watchful!

LIBER SECUNDUS

AUREA TEMPORA primaque robora praeterierunt,
 Aurea gens fuit et simul haec ruit, illa ruerunt.
 Flebilis incipit aurea suscipit aurea metas;
 Transiit ocius et studium prius, et prior aetas.
 Gratia firmior, ordo valentior esse solebat, 5
 Melleque lactea¹ lacteque mellea terra fluebat,
 Afflua frugibus arva rigantibus arida coelis,
 Dans bona dantibus atque fidelibus ipsa fidelis.
 Pax dabat ocia, gens erat inscia prorsus obesse;
 Terra fidelibus afflua patribus, afflua messe. 10
 Pax jacet irrita terraque perdita, jusque, bonumque;
 Hujus amor ruit, illius aruit, aret utrumque.
 Terra negat sata, pax homini data sola fugatur,
 Quae rata floruit, irrita corrui, et violatur.
 Dum rata perstitit, affluus exstitit omnis arator, 15
 Pristina respuit, et nova messuit agricolator.
 Donec erat rata, multa satis sata reddidit arvo,
 Dans bona gramina largaque semina semine parvo.
 Gens erat optima, gens solidissima corde modesto,
 Lucra forensia cogere nescia, dives honesto. 20
 Nescia fallere, se sua tollere, sedula juri,
 Nescia criminis, igne cupidinis haud levis uri.
 Nulla pericula, quippe piacula nulla ferebant;
 Arva fidelia tectaque patria rite colebant,
 Foedera jugia, cum lue proelia sola gerebant. 25
 Quaerere culmina scireque crimina crimen habebant.
 Tunc quasi ludere sueverat ubere copia cornu,
 Multaque copia vitaque sobria, re, dape, potu.
 Multa modestia multaque copia conveniebant;

¹Ovid, *Met.* 1.111-12

BOOK TWO

THE GOLDEN AGE and primal strengths have perished. The race of gold existed, and once this fell, those too collapsed. The golden race begins to be wept over, the golden age accepts its end. The former zeal has swiftly passed away, and the former age. Favor used to be more constant, order was stronger, earth was flowing with milk and honey mingled; she was rich in fruits while the heavens watered arid fields, she gave her bounty to the generous, and she was true to her faithful ones. Peace granted repose, the golden race was utterly unknowing of the siege. Earth was rich in faithful fathers, rich in harvest. Now peace lies broken, the earth is destroyed, together with justice and goodness. The love of goodness has fallen, the love of justice has withered, both are dried up. Earth refuses her crops, the peace given to man alone is routed. When peace was confirmed, it flourished, but when peace has been broken, it falls and is violated. While peace stood confirmed, every plowman was rich, every farmer cast out the old crops and reaped the new. As long as peace was confirmed, it bestowed many crops on the field; it gave good pastures and many shoots from a little seed.

This was the best race, the most reliable race, sober of heart, unknowing how to assemble foreign riches, but rich in virtue, unknowing how to cheat, how to exalt itself, but zealous for justice, unknowing of crime, but not swift to be burned by the fire of greed. Men endured no trials, in fact they bore no guilt. They duly cared for faithful fields and fathers' homes, they always kept agreements, and they fought battles only with disease. They held it a crime to seek power, to know crimes. Abundance with her full horn used to frolic then, there was much abundance, and life was temperate in goods, in food, in drink. Modesty and abundance were much in accord, for

Vivida corpora, nam bene pectora viva vigebant. 30
 Tunc erat inclita, quae modo perdita, mentis honestas;
 Quae modo maxima tunc erat ultima nilve potestas;
 Tam lyra musica, quam tuba bellica tunc reticebat,
 Nec lyra gaudia, nec tuba proelia praecipiebat.
 Gens erat aurea, cui furor alea, cui scelus aurum, 35
 Cui pudor emptio, cui neque mentio divitiarum.
 Non erat abdere fas neque tollere lucra crumenis.
 Plenus opum Tagus aurifluus, vagus ibat arenis.
 Moribus aemula lucra pericula quam preciosa,
 Non homo foderat aut fore noverat invidiosa. 40
 Sumpsit ut aurea pondera ferrea spicula quisque,
 Mox tumor iraque sustulit utraque pugnat utrisque.
 Pristina secula non nisi regula nata regebat,
 Secula pristina non nisi pagina viva docebat.
 Non capitolia marmore fortia tunc neque jaspis, 45
 Non color Indicus aut lapis unicus ex Arimaspis.
 Gens erat utilis, invariabilis, alta, severa,
 Sueta cubilia conjugialia ducere sera.
 Nulla libidinis, unica germinis insita cura;
 Tunc sacra vincula, tunc dabat oscula crimine pura. 50
 Quisquis erat pater, ille decem quater egerat annos.
 Ergo viros genus hoc dabat, haud Venus ebria,² magnos,
 Effigialiter in puero pater ipse redibat;
 Stirps bona patribus intereuntibus orta subibat.
 Non Venus ebria³ sed pia gratia tunc dabat orbi, 55
 Sospite sanguine quosque satos sine semine morbi.
 Membra virilia, corpora stantia, stans cor habebant,
 Non ea potibus, haec dape, luxibus illud alebant.
 Criminis alea velleque balnea non erat illis,
 Colla teigentibus aut refluentibus ire capillis. 60
 Cygnea tempora canaque pectora non revereri,
 Vina cupiscere, ludicra dicere, vim profiteri.

²Juvenal 6.300³Juvenal 6.300

vigorous bodies and lively hearts were thriving. Then honorableness of soul was celebrated, which is now defunct. Power, which is now the greatest thing, was last then, or nothing. The musician's lyre and the warlike trumpet were silent then, neither did the lyre command joys nor the trumpet battles. Golden was the race for whom gambling was madness, gold was a vice, buying was shameful, wealth was not even mentioned. To conceal riches, to carry riches in purses was unlawful. The wandering Tagus, full of treasures, flowed with golden sands. Man did not dig for riches, the enemy of morals, as dangerous as they are precious, nor did he know that they would stir envy. Each man took up weights of iron just as weights of gold, but soon Pride and Wrath raised their spears, and each fights the other.

Nothing governed the ancient ages but the rule of nature, nothing taught the ancient ages but the page of life. There were no strong capitols of marble then, no jasper, no indigo or the unique stone from Scythia. The race was fit, steady, noble and austere, accustomed to marry late in life. Their sole natural concern was offspring, not lust. Bonds were sacred then, kisses were free from sin then. Whoever became a father had lived for forty years. Thus, this race of people, not drunken Venus, made mighty men, and a father appeared again in the features of his son. After parents died, their progeny continued. Not drunken Venus, but faithful love then gave to the world offspring of pure blood, offspring without the seed of sickness. They had manly limbs, strong bodies, a strong heart. They did not nourish the limbs with drinks, the bodies with feasts, the heart with lusts. Gambling was a crime to them, and they had no desire for the baths or to go about with flowing hair covering their necks. They did not disrespect white heads and hoary breasts, they did not crave wines, talk nonsense or profess power. That race was rightly knowing, that race was rightly

Gens bene conscia, gens bene sobria, gens erat ipsa,
 Non sibi corpora, non sibi pectora, mensve remissa.
 Non dabat illius ordo quid amplius, aut minus aequo. 65
 Ad nova pocula, non sibi crapula, non sibi praeco.
 Vina pericula vinaque vincula, vina venena
 Dicere sueverat et fore noverat aspide plena.
 Fons sibi vinea, tegmina linea rarus habebat,
 Serica tegmina tunc neque foemina sponsa trahebat; 70
 Portio propria non nisi sobria sponsa vacabat.
 Nunc nimis unica, tunc bona publica quisque vocabat.
 Publica vellera, lac, sata, jugera, fertilitates,
 Pocula, prandia, pascua, praedia, prata, penates.
 Prandia mentior, haec etenim prior haud tulit aetas, 75
 Sueta reposcere nec nisi vespere, nec satis escas,
 Pars quota vivere de Jovis arbore rite solebat.
 His eremitica prandia carica contribuebat.
 His cibus ex ove, somnia sub Jove, status in herba.
 Jussa minoribus a gravioribus, a sene verba. 80
 Pax sacra gaudia, pax dabat ocia, fertilitatem,
 Sed neque gaudia probra, nec ocia debilitatem.
 Pax dabat ocia sancta, negocia cultus agrestis,
 Terra legumina, pocula flumina, cingula restis;
 Obsequium pecus, hospitium specus, hordea victum, 85
 Herba cubilia, petra sedilia, pellis amictum,
 Ramus opercula festaque fercula raro legumen.
 Lux pede tendere, nox requiescere, taedaque lumen.
 Quae modo marmore, qualibet arbore templa struebant,
 Quae modo cultibus atria frondibus expoliebant. 90
 Secula lactea, gens erat aurea, gens bona, de qua
 Audeo paupere carmine dicere, gens fuit aequa.
 Aurea gens fuit, aurea gens ruit, orba subivit;
 Quae cupit afflua mentequae mortua vivere vivit,
 Afflua censibus, indiga sensibus, orba patronis, 95
 Se dat in impia, raptat in invia perditionis.
 Mundus origine, non nisi nomine 'mundus' habetur,
 Mundiciam spuit, in Veneres ruit, hisque repletur.

sober, that race had no slack bodies, hearts or minds. The rule of that race was to give no more, no less than what is fair. That race had no herald, no drunkenness at the new draughts. "Wines are dangerous, wines are fetters, wines are venom," it used to say, and it knew that wines were full of poison. Its vineyard was a spring of water, and rare was the man who had linen garments. A bride did not spin silken garments then; a modest bride had nothing but her proper share. Now everyone calls his very own what were common goods then. Wool belonged to all, and milk, crops, land, fruits, drinks, lunches, fodder, farms, meadows, and hearths. I am speaking falsely about the lunches, for that first age had none; it was accustomed to require scant food only in the evening, and by habit to live on acorns—how small a portion! The wild fig provided lunches for them, their nourishment was from sheep, their sleep was under the sky, their place was in the grass. The young obeyed their elders and the words of the old.

Peace bestowed holy joys, peace gave repose and fruitfulness, but the joys brought no disgraces, the repose brought no weakness. Peace bestowed holy repose, agriculture gave occupation, earth gave vegetables, rivers gave drink, rope gave their belts. The herd gave service, the cave lodging, barley gave sustenance, the grass gave them beds, rocks gave them seats, the hide gave them a cloak, the branch gave cover and rarely eaten plants gave them festive dishes. The day was for going about, the night for rest, and their light was a pine-torch. Temples, which now are made of marble, they built from any tree, and homes, which now are full of ornaments, they embellished with leafy boughs. The age was pure, the race was golden, the race of which I dare tell in humble verse was good, the race was just. The golden race lived, then the golden race perished; a destitute race succeeded, one which seeks wealth and yet lives dead of soul, rich in possessions, poor in understanding, and bereft of protectors, it serves wickedness, it hastens along the pathless ways of perdition. The world, pure at its beginning, now is "mundus" in name only, it spurns purity, it rushes toward lusts and is filled with them.

Ille prior ruit, alter inhorruit, alter at idem;
 Non modo tempora sunt neque pectora qualia pridem. 100
 Tempora florida, pectora vivida primo fuerunt;
 Tempora florida, pectora vivida praeterierunt.
 Aurea transiit, horrida prodiit orbis imago,
 Plaga novissima veraque lacrima, vera vorago.
 Haec neque nomine digna nec ordine recta stat aetas 105
 Haec vitiis perit, haec animas gerit irrequietas.
 Cumque ruens eat, haec populum creat ad mala stantem,
 Rebus, honoribus, ebrietatibus invigilantem.
 Haec bona perdidit, haec genus edidit omne dolosum,
 Pectore mobile, re variabile, mente probrosum. 110
 Ista novissima dicitur infima fex aliarum,
 Ista novissima prodiit intima mors animarum.
 Recta perhorruit, ordine corrui, eminent astu,
 Sollicitudine, fraude, libidine, crimine, fastu.
 Est sine nomine, nam sine numine, nam sine jure, 115
 Perdita cladibus, est quia fraudibus, haec sibi curae.
 Istius omnia flenda nefaria flere, profari,
 Cuncta minus queo, credite, flens eo, paucula fari.
 Ut breve claruit, ille peraruit aureus orbis,
 Convenientibus undique mortibus, undique morbis. 120
 Secula perdita re, lue perdita, praevaluere,
 Stando jacentia, falso virentia, marcida vere.
 Talia dum loquor, uror et excoquor igne fideli,
 Concremor aestibus interioribus et face zeli.
 Dum noto turpia, quanta quot impia, quae mala terrae, 125
 Sit licet inscia lingua silentia non queo ferre.
 Unde quid ordiar? Unde subaudiar? Eloquar unde?
 Unde Deus monet, ipse quod os sonet afflat abunde.
 Quid prius insequar? An mala persequar, an bona strata?
 Stant mala, jus latet, hinc satirae patet area lata. 130
 Parce, modestia, multa sequentia sunt inhonesta,
 Cura tamen mea facta vetat rea, suadet honesta.
 Da veniam precor; hic satiram sequor, hic mala sperne,
 Indue cor sene; dico malum bene, tu bene cerne.

The first age collapsed and another rose up, another, and yet the same. Now neither the times nor men's hearts are as before. At first the times were fruitful and hearts were vigorous, but the fruitful times and vigorous hearts have passed away. The golden age has passed and a frightful image of the world has appeared, the last plague and true weeping, a true abyss has appeared. This age is not worthy in name nor upright in order, this age perishes in vices, this age produces restless souls. While this age proceeds to ruin, it creates a people persisting in evils, a people watchful for possessions, preferments, drunkenness. This age has destroyed goodness, this age has brought forth every kind of deceit; it is fickle in heart, changeable in circumstance, shameful in soul. This final age is called the lowest dregs of all, this final age has appeared as the innermost death of souls. This age has shuddered at what is right, it has sunk in order, it excels in cunning, anxious care, deception, lust, crime and pride. This age is nameless, for it is godless, it is without justice, it is destroyed by slaughters, by deceptions, since it cares for these. Believe me, I am unable to weep for all the lamentable deeds of this age, unable to tell all the impious deeds. While weeping, I report a few. As soon as it shone briefly, that golden world grew dry, with deaths on all sides, with diseases on all sides. Ages ruined by profits prevailed, ages ruined by pestilence, falling while standing, thriving falsely, languishing truly. While I tell such things, I burn and melt in the fire of faith. I am consumed by inner ardor and the torch of zeal. While I note such baseness, so many impieties which are the evils of the earth, although my tongue is unskilled, I cannot keep silence.

Where shall I begin? Where shall I gain understanding? From what point shall I speak? Where God instructs, He Himself inspires fully what my mouth will say. What shall I censure first? Shall I set forth the evils or the goods which are cast down? Evils abide but justice lies low, and thus a wide way is open to satire. O modesty, forbear! Much that follows is indecent, yet my concern is to prevent wicked deeds and to encourage virtuous deeds. Grant pardon, I pray. Here I follow satire. Scorn evils, envelop your heart with wisdom. I speak honestly of evil. May you discern it well. This age ruined by sin is on the very threshold

Perdita crimine secula limine mortis in ipso. 135
 Vociferans fleo, flere dolens eo carmine misso,
 O mala secula, quaerere sedula rem, pigra rectum,
 Fraus quibus edita, gratia perdita, jusque reiectum.
 O mala tempora, quae mala pectora progenuere,
 Nulla volentia, pauca valentia recta videre. 140
 Castus amor latet et Veneris patet alta lacuna;
 Omne bonum jacet, una Venus placet omnibus una.
 Vos, mea lumina, fundite flumina nunc lacrimarum.
 Recta perit via, cor grave, mens pia, ploret amarum.
 Luxuries viget, ut stipulas liget ignis Averni, 145
 Luxuries calet atque palam valet, edita cerni.
 Pax flet, amor gemit, ira stat et fremit, exule recto.
 Qua fero lumina laetaque crimina, laxaque specto,
 Non ego visibus, immo nec auribus haurio quicquam,
 Quid memorabile laude, quid utile re, fore dicam. 150
 Quo libet exeo, cernere lugeo mox inhonesta,
 Qua feror obuius, est furor impius,⁴ intus et extra.
 Nemo libidinis aut vitiaminis effugit exsors.
 Qua geminus polus eminet, est dolus, est furor, est mors.
 Fraus sedet omnibus incolitur quibus utraque zona. 155
 Omnis in omnibus ad mala partibus est caro prona.
 Civica proelia nilque fidelia corda probantur.
 Colchica pocula nec minus oscula perfida dantur.
 Prava licentia criminis omnia, vult, valet, audet.
 Post mala ducitur, in mala labitur, in mala gaudet! 160
 Nomine gens tua, Christe, tibi sua, se dat Averno.
 Flenda perennibus, undique fletibus, audio, cerno.
 Plausus ad impia, clamor ad ebria post, sed et ante.
 Terga sonant mea, facta sedent rea jure labante.
 Intrat inania milite moenia rex Babylonis, 165
 Ipseque praesidet, ipsius assidet ala furoris.
 Exul origine se patre lumine fit Sedechias;
 Prospice, mens, tibi, ne similis sibi crimine fias.

⁴Vergil, *Aeneid*, 1.294

of death. Crying out I weep, I walk in grief with my poem dismissed.
 Oh, evil is the age eager to seek wealth but slow to seek the right, the
 age in which deceit is born, grace ruined, justice rejected. Oh, evil are
 the times which have begotten wicked hearts, none of them willing
 and few of them able to see what is right.

Pure love is hidden, and the deep chasm of Venus is exposed. All
 good lies low, and Venus alone pleases all. You, My Eyes, now pour
 forth streams of tears. The right way perishes. Let the sober heart and
 pious soul lament bitterly. Lust is thriving, so that the fire of Hell
 binds its stalks. Lust is hot and prevails openly, elevated to view. Peace
 weeps, love groans, wrath persists and rages, while right is in exile.
 Wherever I look, I see sins prosperous and diffuse. I take in nothing
 with my eyes or my ears which I might call memorable for merit or
 useful in fact. Wherever I go, I soon mourn to see shameful things,
 and along my way I meet impious madness inside and outside. No one
 escapes free of lust or corruption. Where the twin poles stand, there is
 guile, there is madness, there is death. Deceit sits on all who inhabit
 both zones of the earth. All flesh in all parts of the world is disposed to
 evils. There are civil wars, and loyal hearts are shown to be nothing.
 Poisoned cups are given no less than faithless kisses. The boldness of
 sin wills everything perverse, is capable of everything perverse, dares
 everything perverse. People are led after evils, they fall into evils, they
 delight in evils! O Christ, your race in name only gives its goods to
 You, but gives itself to Hell. I hear and I see everywhere deeds to be
 lamented with unceasing tears. There is applause for profanity, shout-
 ing for drunkenness, behind, but also before. My tymbals sound, but
 guilty deeds are established, while justice sinks. The king of Babylon
 enters a city empty of soldiers and he commands it. His troop of
 madness attends him. Sedechias becomes an exile from his race, from
 himself, from his father, from his sight. Look out for yourself, O Soul.
 Do not become like him in sin.

Proh dolor! omnia nunc querimonia sunt rationis,
 Nuda tragoedia lacrima propria religionis. 170
 Secula lubrica possidet unica mortis imago,
 Lubrica secula gens replet aemula, prava propago,
 (Docta sed inscia) blanda sed impia, sed vitiosa,
 Dissociabilis, insatiabilis, ingluviosa.
 Gens pia vocibus, impia moribus, ecce creatur, 175
 Gens sibi provida, moribus invida, multiplicatur,
 Est mala fame, peior acumine, pessima re gens,
 Quae mala digerit, incitat, exerit, in mala vergens.
 Gens pia transiit in Sion exiit hanc Babylona.
 Nunc Jacob Israel et Lea fit Rachel, ordo corona; 180
 Regnat in aethere, sugit ab ubere Philosophiam,
 Jam patriam via, Rachel habet Lea, Martha Mariam.
 Ille chorus pius et status illius ivit, obivit;
 Vivit in aethere, jam sine funere, credite, vivit.
 Gens fuit aurea, quam modo laurea viva coronat, 185
 Salvat adoptio, liberat actio, palma perornat.
 Gens pia transiit, impia prodiit, et numerosa,
 Vulgus inutile, corpore debile, corde perosa;
 Gens sine pectore plurima tempore fervet in isto,
 Obvia moribus, obvia legibus, obvia Christo. 190
 Torpet in ordine, gaudet in agmine crescere, crescit,
 Fit grege plurima, lucra scit infima, cetera nescit.
 Ad mala labilis, ad bona debilis, his ea praefert,
 In vitium perit, huic vacat, id gerit, id scit, id effert.
 Est, neque mentior, ad mala laetior, ad bona tristis; 195
 Reproba comprobatur et proba reprobatur, omnis in istis.
 Scit bona vocibus, acta sed actibus edere nescit,
 Prompta malo viget, aegra deo riget, et lapidescit.
 Aurea secula cordaque credula praeterierunt,
 Sunt modo sarcina, qui neque crimina, nec mala quaerunt; 200
 Suntque peripsema,⁵ qui lucra plurima non sibi servant,
 Qui lucra grandia, lucra forensia non coacervant.

O grief, now all things are a complaint of reason, all things are a naked tragedy, lasting tears for religion. One image of death takes possession of this wanton age, an envious race fills up this wanton age, a perverse generation, taught but unknowing, charming but wicked, corrupt, irreconcilable, insatiable, voracious. See, a race devout in words but wicked in morals is created, a race caring for itself but hostile to morals is multiplied; it is a race bad in reputation, worse in cunning, worst in action, a race inclined to evil, a race which directs, incites, and rushes into evil. The pious race has passed over into Zion, has left this Babylon. Now Jacob becomes Israel, Leah becomes Rachel, the pious throng has its crown. It reigns on high, it is nourished by love of Wisdom, and now the way has a homeland, Leah has Rachel, Martha has Mary. That pious multitude has departed, its earthly condition has perished. Now it lives on high, believe me, it lives without death. It was a golden race which living laurel now crowns, which adoption saves, action frees, a palm adorns. The pious race has passed away and a wicked, prolific one has come forth, a useless mob feeble in body and hateful in heart. A numerous, heartless race swarms forth in our time, adverse to morals, adverse to laws, adverse to Christ. This race is lax in order, it rejoices to increase in number, it does increase, it becomes a great crowd; this lowest race knows riches, but knows nothing else. This race is feeble toward goodness, prone toward evil, and it prefers evil, it is lost to vice, it is open to vice, it cherishes vice, knows vice, carries out vice. It is delighted at evil, sad at goodness (I am not lying!). This race approves what is false, it rejects what is honest, it is entirely given to the former. This race speaks of goodness, but it does not know how to proclaim it by actions; this sick race thrives on evil, is hardened and becomes stone toward God.

The golden age and faithful hearts have passed away; now they are a burden who seek neither sins nor evils; they are filth who do not lay up many riches for themselves, who do not heap up great riches, who do not heap up foreign riches. Now everyone wants carnal goods, now

⁵1 Corinthians 4.13

Vult modo carnea, commoda terrea vult modo quisque,
 Praeest gula plebibus, aes senioribus, error utrisque.
 Gratia venditur omneque curritur in scelus aere. 205
 Cumque fides labet, omnis habens habet, horret egere,
 Cana fides⁶ fuit, hac amor hac ruit ordo ruente.
 Stante fide stetit ordo; fugam petit hac fugiente.
 Pectora sobria praetereuntia praeterierunt,
 Corda virilia, casta cubilia, terga dederunt. 210
 Lex domini ruit, improba non luit improbus ausus.
 Ausibus ultio deest, datur unctio, pro cruce plausus.
 Vis caret obice, crimina vindice, iudice lites,
 Probraque verberare, furtaque carcere, praesule mites.
 Prorsus ad impia larga licentia fertur, ubique 215
 In mala curritur et male vivitur, itur inique.
 Juris abit status, est scelerum latus undique fultum.
 Qui male quod libet audet et exhibet, audit inultum;
 Fertur ad omnia transgredientia ramus olivae.
 Mors replet aemula crimine secula, Tartara cive. 220
 Transgredientibus evenit omnibus, O furor, O fraus,
 Pro cruce plaudere, pro truce suggere, pro stimulo laus.
 Vis habet ubera, fictio prospera, fastus honorem,
 Lac levis actio, sceptrum remissio, probra favorem,
 Justitiae vigor, Ecclesiae rigor, ordoque patrum 225
 Nunc ubi praeminet aut ubi permanet unio fratrum?
 Quae manus obvia sumit in impia, sive superba?
 Non ego verbera dico sed aspera, dicere verba.
 Corde quis aestuat ut scelus arguat invaluisse?
 Quis pater ordinis est similaginis hostia? frissae? 230
 Quis modo dux bonus excipiens onus omne suorum?
 Qui bona clamitet et bene militet in lucra morum?
 Quis gemit impia, quis mala stantia, jusque relictum?
 Quis gladium vibrat oris et hinc librat in scelus ictum?
 Quis docet ocia pellere noxia, flendaque flere? 235

⁶Vergil, *Aeneid* 1.292

⁷Ecclesiasticus 38.11

everyone wants earthly goods, gluttony rules the populace, money rules their elders, error rules both. Favor is sold, and for money people rush toward every crime. Whenever Faith wavers, everyone clutches his possessions, everyone is afraid to be in need; venerable Faith existed before, but with her decline, love and order are failing. When Faith abided, order stood, but with her fleeing, order flees. Sober hearts, now disregarded, have passed away; manly hearts and chaste marriages have fled. The law of the Lord falls, wicked daring does not atone for its wicked deeds. For wicked daring there is no punishment, but anointing, and applause in place of torment. Violence has no barrier, crimes have no avenger, disputes no judge, infamies no lash, thefts no prison, the humble no protector. Abundant license leads straightway to impieties, and everywhere people run toward evil, live in evil, and walk in unfairness. Justice departs, crimes are supported on all sides. One who wickedly dares what he pleases and displays it hears this go unpunished. An olive branch is offered to all transgressions. Envious death fills the times with sin, the infernal regions with citizens. O madness! O deceit! To all transgressors comes applause in place of torment, support in place of harshness, praise in place of a goad. Violence possesses fullness, falsehood has prosperity, arrogance has honor, levity gains sweetness, laxness gains scepters, disgrace holds favor.

Where now is the force of justice prominent, the firmness of the Church, the order of the fathers, or where now does the unity of brothers remain? What hand now opposes impious deeds or proud deeds? I do not speak of whips, but of stern reproaches. Who seethes at heart to show that crime has grown powerful? What father of an order is sacrifice of fine flour? Who now is a good leader, accepting every burden of his people, one who might proclaim goodness and fight well for the advance of morals? Who groans over impieties, who groans over evil abiding and justice abandoned? Who brandishes the sword of his tongue and levels a blow against crime? Who teaches how to expel harmful idleness and to weep for what must be lamented?

Quis probra spernere spretaque tergere, tersa cavere?
 Omnis ad omnia nititur impia gens, gradus, ordo,
 Et male vivitur et male psallitur in decachordo.⁸
 Omnis ad omnia nititur impia mundus oberrans;
 Est senior gravis, est juvenis levis, est puer errans. 240
 Praesul adest; praecit, ipse suum vehit, ipse suorum.
 Hinc scelus, hinc onus, altus ei thronus est grave lorum.
 Sceptriger est; fremit, hos levat, hos premit, estque tyrannus,
 Quodque magis fleo, mitibus est leo, furibus agnus.
 Presbyter est; iter utile presbyter ad bona debet, 245
 Non iter utile sed lacrimabile vel sibi praebet.
 Clericus est; legit, haud bene se regit, ima volutat,
 Et facienda scit et minime facit, his ea mutat.
 Miles adest; gerit arma, furit, ferit, emicat hasta,
 Castra perambulat, omnia strangulat, estque cerasta. 250
 Nobilis est; tumet, ipse nihil timet, ergo timetur,
 Erigit ardua tortaque cornua, nil reveretur.
 Censor adest; labra vendit, amat lucra, censet iniquum,
 Astat habentibus, obstat egentibus, os inimicum.
 Institor est; fora girat et aequora, propria laudat, 255
 Et sua comprobat et tua reprobat, indeque fraudat.
 Rusticus est; serit et sata congerit, horrea farcit,
 Primicias tegit et decimas legit, hinc sibi parcit.
 Singula latius et spaciosius haec repetendo,
 Addo revolvere crimina rodere denuo tendo. 260
 Pontificalia corda pecunia contenebravit,
 Pontificalia corda carentia corde probavit,
 Pontificis status ante fuit ratus, integer ante,
 Ille statum dabat, ordine nunc labat ille labante;
 Qui super hoc mare debuerat dare se quasi pontem, 265
 In Sion omnibus est via plebibus in phlegetontem.
 Si nova dicere vel nova discere non grave nossem,
 Quos scio sed te go, pontifices ego dicere possem.
 Stat sibi gloria, pompa, superbia divitiarum,

⁸Psalms 91.4

Who teaches how to reject infamy, to amend what is rejected, to beware of what has been amended?

Every race, every rank, every order strives toward every impiety; each lives wickedly and each plays badly upon the ten-stringed lyre. The entire errant world strives toward all impieties. The elder is harsh, the youth is fickle, the child wanders into error. Here is a bishop. He goes forth, he bears his own goods and those of his people. From here comes crime, from here a burden, and to him the high throne is a heavy lash. Here is a king. He rages, he relieves these, he oppresses those, he is a tyrant, and what I lament more, he is a lion to the meek, a lamb to robbers. Here is a priest. A priest ought to be a useful path toward good. He offers not a useful path but a tearful one, even to himself. Here is a cleric. He chooses badly, he governs himself badly, he ponders the lowest things, he knows the things to be done and does not do them at all; he changes these for those. Here is a soldier. He bears arms, he raves, he strikes, his lance springs forth, he wanders through camps, he suffocates everything, and he is a horned-serpent. Here is a nobleman. He is puffed up, he fears nothing, and so he is feared, he raises up lofty, curved horns, he respects nothing. Here is a judge. He sells his lips, he loves profits, he decrees injustice, he assists the rich, his hostile face thwarts the poor. Here is a merchant. He makes the circuit of markets and goes overseas, he praises his own goods; he approves his own and he rejects yours, and then he cheats. Here is a peasant. He sows and gathers crops, he crams his barns, he hides the first fruits and removes tithes, and from this he spares himself. By repeating these single offenses more widely and extensively, I shall add more crimes to consider, and then I shall endeavor to attack them.

Money darkens the hearts of bishops, it confirms that the hearts of bishops are lacking in heart. The position of a bishop was formerly approved, formerly blameless; it gave stature, but now with order collapsing, it collapses. The one who ought to give himself as a bridge over this sea into Zion is a path for all the people into Phlegethon. If I did not realize that it is burdensome to describe or learn novelties, I could describe bishops whom I know, but I conceal them. For them there exist fame, pomp and the arrogance of wealth, and now almost

Hoc prope tempore nemo studet fore pons animarum. 270
 Praesulis infula, solve vincula, vincla tenere,
 Canone respuit aereque destruit, astruit aere.
 Regia culmina vel moderamina regia nactus,
 Praedo fit hosticus estque tyrannicus illius actus.
 Rex modo nomine, consul imagine, mente tyrannus, 275
 Civibus improbus est, reprobis probus, et sibi magnus.
 Hoc probra iudice, norma caret duce, fit via lucris;
 Hoc male vindice, non volat a cruce pasta volucris.
 Pro grege paupere recta capescere despicit arma,
 Tetra latronibus esse timentibus affore parma. 280
 Ecclesiae vigor, imperii rigor interierunt;
 Est via fraudibus, his, ea, stantibus, occubuerunt;
 Schismata mutuo, stant gladii duo, nil metuuntur;
 Juraque regia, pontificalia jura premuntur.
 Lex Domini tacet et gladius jacet imperialis. 285
 Mors animae fremit et gladius tremit heu! synodalis,
 Plebs sine praeside pressa tyrannide dilaceratur,
 Crimine perditur, hoste reliditur, igne crematur.
 Nec stola praesulis, hanc neque consulis obvia dextra
 A capitalibus intus, ab hostibus eripit extra. 290
 Qui stat in agmine primus imagine presbyteratus,
 Est vicio levis, officio brevis, inguine fractus;
 Ut soror intima fit sibi proxima presbyterissa,
 Ipsa patrem vocat, ipsa toro locat, assidet ipsa;
 Servit uti solet et cerebro dolet ipsa dolenti. 295
 Ipsa dapes emit, assidet et gemit ipsa gementi.
 Ipsa fovet, favet, audit, amat, pavet, ipsa magistrum;
 Est thalamo sera, mittit ad externa saepe ministrum.
 Praestat inaniter ordine presbyter ille vocatus,
 Heu! sibi corporat et populi vorat ille reatus. 300
 Quam venerabile, quam sacret utile, qualeque sacrum
 Non satis aspicit, ordinis efficit hinc simulacrum.
 Pura libidine dignaque sanguine carneque Christi;
 Ora minus gerit orbaque plebs ferit acta magistri.
 Non nisi nomine clerus in agmine sorteque cleri 305

no one strives to be a bridge for souls. The chasuble of the bishop refuses to loosen bonds or to hold them fast according to the canon, but for money he tears down and for money he builds up.

When one has gained royal heights or royal helms, he becomes a plundering fiend, and his action is tyrannical. King only in name, count only in appearance, tyrant at heart, he is bad to citizens, good to reprobates, great to himself. Under this judge, honest rule lacks a leader, it becomes a way to riches. Under this evil avenger, the feasting vulture does not fly away from the cross. He disdains to seize righteous arms repulsive to robbers for his poor flock, or to be a shield for those in fear. The vigor of the Church and the strength of civil authority have perished, the way is open to deceits, and with these abiding, those have fallen. In turn there are schisms, there are two swords, and they fear nothing. Royal rights and pontifical rights are crushed. The law of the Lord is silent and the imperial sword lies still. The death of the soul roars and, alas, the sword of the synod trembles; the nation, without a defender and oppressed by a tyrant, is torn to pieces, destroyed by crime, struck by the enemy, burned by fire. The bishop's stole does not rescue it from deadly sins inside, nor does the count's right hand rescue it from enemies outside.

The one who stands first in the battle line in the image of the priesthood is light-armed against vice, brief in his duty, weakened by lust. The priest's concubine becomes as his intimate sister, she calls him "Father," she puts him to bed herself, she attends him. She serves him as he is accustomed, and when he has a headache, she feels pain. She buys his meals, attends him, and sighs when he sighs. She cherishes, she favors, she listens to, she loves, she fears her master. She is late to bed, and often she sends the servant outside. That one called a priest stands forth vainly in his order, alas, he devours the guilt of the people and makes it into a body for himself. He does not perceive sufficiently how to consecrate the venerable, the useful, he does not perceive what the sacred is, and thus he produces a mere semblance of his order. He does not have lips free of lust, lips worthy of Christ's body and blood, and the people without a father affect the deeds of their master.

The cleric only in name presumes to live in the host and rank of

Vivere sustinet, arduus eminet esse videri.
 Fervet in agmine, torpet in ordine quo titulatur,
 Nomine clericus, actibus aulicus esse probatur.
 Aspicias sine lege vel ordine currere clerum,
 Atria visere, regia volvere turbida rerum, 310
 Ad popularia stare negocia resque forenses;
 Adde quod exserit arma quod ingerit ensibus enses.
 Agmina ducere, proelia jungere, miles haberi,
 Clericus eligit et sacra negligit oia cleri.
 Miles atrox, rapit, angit, agit, capit, urget egentes, 315
 Quos premit opprimit, omnibus imprimit undique dentes.
 Non modo non regit ore, manu tegit agricolantes,
 Sed fugat et ferit, et cremat et terit arva terentes.
 Raptus ei cibus hos operit, quibus hos male nudat;
 Ad mala militat, ad mala cursitat, ad mala sudat. 320
 Miles edacior igne, rapacior est quoque milvo,
 Tigride saevior atque nocivior igne nocivo.
 Saevit in agmine, clarus origine nobilitatis,
 Nec sibi propria sed reverentia stat sibi patris.
 Praeficitur, praeit, ore patres vehit, haud vehit actu, 325
 Stemmata nobilis, est reprobabilis ipse reatu.
 Rebus, origine, carne, nec ordine nobilitatur,
 Est resolubilis et caro nobilis, aret, humatur.
 In vitium tener est homo degener, altus et imus.
 Cur? Quia corpore non animo fore vult quasi primus. 330
 Ad lucra supplicat et male iudicat ob lucra iudex.
 Te scelus impedit, aureus expedit aere silet lex.
 Aes domat omnia, res piat impia, lex silet aere.
 Vim lupus ingeris, agnus habebereis, offer habere.
 Per tua munera tangis et aethera, lege cremandus. 335
 Census adest tibi, censor erit tibi, ne fuge, blandus.
 Munere non sinis ullius ordinis hunc meminisse.
 Ad lucra clamitat, his sua venditat ora, premit se,
 Denique lex ita fit sibi subdita, non homo legi.
 Aspice munere tot mala surgere, tot bona mergi. 340
 Proh furor! aspice quam cito iudice lucra tenente,

clergy; he strives to seem important. He is impetuous in the crowd, but he is listless in the order in which he is enrolled. He is shown to be a cleric in name, a courtier in actions. You may see the cleric hasten without law or order to look upon regal halls, to ponder turbulent affairs, to attend to common occupations and public matters. Add to this that he takes up arms, that he bears sword against sword. The cleric chooses to lead troops, to join battles, to be considered a knight, and he disregards the cleric's sacred freedom from affairs.

The savage knight plunders, torments, carries off, seizes and besets the poor whom he overwhelms, whom he overpowers, and everywhere he sinks his teeth into all. Not only does he not guide the farmers with his mouth and protect them with his hand, but he scatters them and strikes them, he burns the fields and treads upon the workers. He plunders his food, and he covers these men with what he wickedly strips from those. He serves evil, he runs toward evil, he exerts himself for evil. The knight is more consuming than fire, more rapacious than any bird of prey, more ferocious than a tiger and more harmful than a harmful flame. Made famous by a noble lineage, he raves among the troops, neither is the respect which he has his own, but his father's. He is given command, he leads, he resembles his forefathers in countenance, not in action, he is noble in pedigree, but reprehensible in his guilt. He is noble for his possessions, his origins, his flesh, but not for his order. His noble flesh is dissoluble; it withers, it is buried. Degenerate man, both high and low, is tender toward vice. Why? Since he wishes to be first, as it were, in body, not in soul.

The judge worships riches and judges badly on account of riches. Crime shackles you, but a gold piece frees you, and for money the law is silent. Money subdues everything, property atones for wickedness, for money the law is silent. Inflict violence like a wolf, offer possessions, and you will be considered a lamb. Though by law you should be burned, through your bribes you will reach the heavens. If you have money, do not flee; the magistrate will fawn on you. By your bribe you do not allow him to remember any just order. He cries out for riches, for these he sells his tongue, he degrades himself and so, finally, the law becomes subject to him, not man to the law. See, so many evil deeds arise because of bribes, so many good deeds are sunk.

Stent mala, jus ruat, haec legat, haec spuat ille triente.
 Quam sine iudice iudicet, aspice, quam sine iure;
 Quippe pecunia, non Theodosia lex sibi curae.
 Institor omnia pene negotia fraude volutat, 345
 Lucra lucris emit, haec levat, haec premit, his ea mutat;
 Per nigra frigora, per juga, per fora, per freta currit;
 Fur capit, hunc ferit hostis, hiems terit, aestus adurit.
 Captus, egens abit et vacuus canit ante latronem;⁹
 Lucra resuscitat, hinc iter incitat in Babylonem, 350
 Inde repatriat, huc nova nunciat, et nova defert.
 Fraudat emens tua, quippe tuis sua pondera praefert.
 Est male perfidus, ambulat invidus agricolator,
 Saepe novalia proxima propria jurat arator.
 Jurat ut auferat et cito peierat, atque scienter, 355
 Inde frequentia mutuo iurgia, causa frequenter.
 Rusticus hordea mittit in horrea, farra recondit,
 Horrea grandia, vasa capacia, multaque condit,
 Nec pecus aut sata, dante Deo data, vult decimare,
 Nec sacra portio nec decimatio redditur aerae. 360
 Prava stat actio quaeque professio, gens, gradus, aetas,
 Quaeque nefaria patrat; habet via sobria metas.
 Omne bonum perit, omnis homo gerit alteritatem;
 Pugnat inertia solvere fortia, fraus pietatem.
 Nunc premit omnia sola pecunia, res dominatur; 365
 Mammona conditur, ad fora curritur, ad lucra statur.
 Stat modo Mammona, sunt oneri bona, crimen honori.
 Opprobrio via iusticiae, pia facta pudori.
 Culmine clericus, arce monasticus excidit ordo.
 Pars ea frangitur, ista resolvitur ordine torto, 370
 Altera flebilis, est miserabilis altera prorsus.
 Utraque nomine stat, jacet ordine versa retrorsus;
 Utraque pars labat, illa decus dabat, ista decorem;
 Utraque decidit, utraque perdidit arida florem.
 Quis bonus est? bene spernitur a sene sacra senecta, 375

⁹Juvenal 10.22

O madness! See how quickly evil deeds stand forth when a judge grasps at riches, how quickly justice falls, how he chooses these and spits out those for a small coin. See how he judges without judgment, how he judges without justice. In fact, his concern is money, not the Theodosian code.

The merchant conducts nearly all his business by deception. He buys riches with riches, he raises these prices, lowers these, changes these for those. He races through the dark cold, over mountains, through markets, over seas. A thief seizes him, an enemy strikes him, winter bruises him, summer scorches him. He is captured, he goes away poor and sings empty-handed before the robber. He renews his riches and then hastens his journey into Babylon, returns home from there, here announces news and brings news. When he buys your goods, he cheats; in fact, he prefers his weights to yours.

The farmer is dishonest, he walks about in envy, and often the plowman swears that neighboring fields are his own. He swears, he lies swiftly and knowingly in order to steal, and then in turn there are frequent quarrels, there is frequently a law suit. The peasant sends his barley into barns, he hides away his grain, he builds vast barns, he stores away many large measures. Although God bestows gifts on him, he is not willing to tithe herd or crops; neither a consecrated share nor a tithe is rendered to the altar.

Wickedness abides and each profession, race, rank and age performs every crime; the temperate way has reached its end. All goodness perishes, every man bears himself otherwise. Idleness fights to destroy vigorous action, fraud fights to destroy piety. Now money alone overwhelms all, profits hold sway, mammon is stored up, all rush to markets, all stand fast for riches. Now mammon abides, goodness is a burden, crime is an honor. The path of justice is a shame, pious deeds are a disgrace. The clerical order falls from the heights, and the monastic order falls from the peak. This part is broken, that part is scattered, its rule bent; one is lamentable, the other is utterly deplorable. Each part stands in name, but with its order turned backward it lies prostrate. Each part falls; the one used to bestow honor and the other grace. Each has fallen, each withered part has lost its bloom. Who is

A puero pudor, a valido rubor, et via recta.
 Denique crimina, differo nomina dicere quorum
 Clamat, amat, gerit et parit et perit ordo malorum.
 Est facies ita crimine perdita totius orbis
 Ut neque jam puer exeat integer a lue morbis. 380
 Sunt puerilia, sunt juvenilia cum senis aevo,
 Sordida pectora nullaque tempora sunt sine naevo.
 Ipseque parvulus, haud quasi masculus—at reticebo;
 Talia, talia, tam furialia probra silebo.
 Parco retexere, differo prodere sordidiora. 385
 Quod vitio fuit edere, polluit et cor et ora.
 Stat Venus ignea, solvitur aurea zona pudoris.
 Stant probra stantia, sunt modo retia tensa furoris,
 Parcere clunibus excidit omnibus, omnibus inquam;
 Non ego rodere, non reprehendere quemque relinquam. 390
 Vulgus in impia, vulgus in omnia turpia fluxum,
 Lugeo, rideo, Diogenes ego, Democritus sum.
 Nam meretricia nosse cubilia gens putat aequum;
 Lex genii jubet, inquit, ut hic cubet illaque secum.
 Cur etenim data foemina vel sata, ni patiat? 395
 Sexus id imperat, inquit, ut haec ferat, ille feratur.
 Quomodo prandia, sic meretricia probra licere
 Gens putat ebria, scilicet inscia se cohibere.
 Omnis in omnibus ad mala partibus omnia mundus
 Sponte sua ruit, ordine stans fuit, est ruibundus. 400
 Ultro relabitur, ultro resolvitur, occidit ultro,
 Stante libidine stanteque crimine, jure sepulto.
 Qua Tanais fluit et tropicum subit ora Syenes,
 Quisque resolvere nemoque cingere vult sibi renes.
 Gens asinaria jugiter ebria luxuriatur; 405
 Vitaque sobria castaque gratia vituperatur.
 Quisque, velut pecus aut saliens equus, in scelus hinnit,
 In Venerem salit, hanc fovet, hanc alit, hinc mala gignit.
 Nulla nefaria, cernimus omnia pulchra relinqui.
 Dant sibi vincula carnis et oscula carne propinqui, 410
 Oscula turpia nilque sororia, clanculo fratri

good? Venerable old age is entirely rejected by the old man, decency by the child, modesty and the straight path by the robust man. In short, a troop of wicked men cries out for, loves, supports and produces crimes, whose names I put off saying, and it perishes.

The face of the whole world is so ruined by sin that not even a child now goes forth untouched by corruption, by disease. The hearts of children, the hearts of young men and old are unclean, and no age is without its fault. Even the little boy, not nearly a man—but I shall be quiet—about such infamies, such dreadful infamies, I shall be silent. I refrain from disclosing, I put off exposing things so filthy. What was a vice to tell now pollutes both heart and tongue. Ardent Venus stands forth, the golden girdle of decency is loosed. Abiding infamies stand forth; now the nets of madness are spread, and to abstain from lewdness is forgotten by all, all I say! I shall not neglect to sting everyone, to reproach everyone. The common crowd has rushed toward all impieties, toward all baseness. I lament, I laugh; I am Diogenes, I am Democritus. People think it right to have known the beds of whores; the law of natural appetite bids that he and she sleep together, they say. Indeed, why was woman given or brought forth unless this be allowed? Sex commands this, they say, that she bear him and he be borne by her. This drunken race, clearly ignorant of how to restrain itself, thinks that whorish acts of shame are for sale in the same way as meals are for sale.

The whole world in every part rushes freely toward all evil; it stood upright in order before, but now it is collapsing. Wantonly it sinks, wantonly it is destroyed, wantonly it perishes, while lust flourishes, while crime flourishes, while justice is buried. Where the Tanais flows and the Tropic follows the shores of Syene, everyone wants to unbind his loins, no one wants to gird himself. A race of asses, constantly drunk, runs riot; the sober life is disparaged, pure love is disparaged. Everyone, like the herd or like a leaping stallion, neighs at crime, leaps toward Venus, favors her, nourishes her, and from this produces wickedness. We see nothing impious abandoned, we see everything noble abandoned. Close relatives give each other bonds of flesh and kisses; a sister often bestows upon her brother shameful kisses in secret, and not sisterly kisses! Why do I delay? Wide is the way of the abyss. The

Congeminat soror; est via, quid moror? ampla barathri.
 Conseritur genus, omnibus est Venus unica cura.
 Non modo septimus est gradus ultimus in genitura;
 Legitimus perit, arva patris terit haud patris heres. 415
 Conserit omnia caeca licentia per mulieres.
 Pignora spuria dat vaga curia nobilitatis,
 Pluribus ordine dispare, sanguine compare natis.
 Fervet adultera; nec probat integra foedera magnus;
 Herodias vaga pluribus est data, nemo Johannes. 420
 Nunc quoque lilia spiritualia prostituuntur,
 Viva monilia, coelica lilia subjiciuntur.
 Dos sacra rumpitur atque resolvitur in probra velum.
 Quisque sibi cavet atque Dei pavet edere zelum.
 Virgineus chorus aret, abit thorus immaculatus, 425
 Sponsa Dei ruit, omnis homo fluit in probra fractus.
 Ah, gemit omnia vivere turpia regula casta,
 Haec querimonia sive tragoedia clamat ad astra.
 Horreo dicere quae reprehendere saepe reflammor,
 Criminis unius heu ferit obvius aethera clamor. 430
 Criminis actio vociferatio dicitur ejus,
 Quod Noe tempore nunc scelus affore vel puto peius,
 Est modo sanguine, fraude, libidine terra repleta.
 Ventre modestia, munere gratia, re bona spreta.
 Omne quod aspicias in probra fornicis est resolutum; 435
 Nil stat in ordine, nil stat ab inguine nunc bene tutum.
 Daemonialia denique retia stant modo scorta,
 Corpora perdita tritaque semita, publica porta.
 Luxuries viget, impietas riget, undat iniquum.
 Inquinat omnia turba nefaria, grex meretricum. 440
 Vita procacibus est meretricibus ire licenter,
 Lingua, cor, actio, commaculatio, crapula, venter;
 Omnis et unica gloria lubrica carnis amare,
 Corda voragine, membra libidine commaculare.
 Foemina sordida, foemina perfida, foemina fracta, 445
 Munda coinquinat, impia ruminat, atterit aucta.
 Ad scelus, ad bona, fit mala foemina calcar, habena,

human race is united: all care only for Venus. Now in generation the seventh degree of relation is not last. When the lawful son dies, it is not the father's heir who treads the father's fields. Blind license sows everything through women. The roving court of nobles brings about illegitimate offspring, and for many children rank is unequal but the blood is the same. The adulteress burns with lust, and the nobleman is not satisfied with a blameless marriage. An inconstant Herodias is given to many men, but no one is John. Now even the lilies of the Church are prostituted, the living gems, the lilies of heaven are exposed for sale. The holy dowry is violated and the veil is opened for shameful acts. Everyone looks out for herself and is afraid to show zeal for God. The choir of virgins is thirsty, the unstained bed is gone, the bride of God rushes toward shameful acts, every weak man flows toward shameful acts. Ah, the rule of chastity groans that all baseness is thriving, and this complaint, or rather this tragedy, cries out to the heavens.

I shudder to tell the things which I am often burning to reprove; alas, the uproar of sin alone strikes against Heaven, and the indictment of sin is that there is such an outcry for sin. I think that crime is even worse now than in Noah's time. Now the earth is filled with blood, deceit, and lust. Shame is scorned for the belly, kindness is scorned for a bribe, goodness is rejected for a profit. Everything you see has been laid open to the shameful acts of the brothel. Now nothing stands upon order, nothing stands secure from lust. In short, now there stand ready the devil's nets, harlots, lost bodies, the worn path, the public gateway. Excess thrives, impiety stands erect, injustice abounds. The impious crowd, the troop of whores, defiles all. The life of shameless whores is to walk without restraint; their tongue is defilement, their heart is drunkenness, their life is the belly. Their one and only glory is to love the lewd desires of the flesh, to defile hearts in their abyss, to defile bodies in their lust. Woman is filthy, woman is faithless, woman is feeble; she pollutes the clean, she contemplates the impious, she wears away one's abundance. An evil woman becomes a spur to wickedness, a rein to goodness. An evil woman is a

Est fera foemina, sunt sua crimina sicut harena.
 Non eo carpere quas benedicere debeo justas,
 Sed quia debeo, carmine mordeo mente Locustas.¹⁰ 450
 Nunc mala foemina fit mihi pagina, fit mihi sermo.
 Se satis approbo, sed sua reprobato, persequare ergo.
 Foemina nutibus artibus actibus impia suadet,
 Cogere crimina totaque foemina vivere gaudet.
 Nulla quidem bona, si tamen et bona contigit ulla, 455
 Est mala res bona namque fere bona foemina nulla.
 Foemina res rea, res male carnea, vel caro tota,
 Strenua prodere nataque fallere,¹¹ fallere docta;
 Fossa novissima, vipera pessima, pulchra putredo,
 Semita lubrica, res male publica¹² praedaque praedo, 460
 Horrida noctua, publica janua, dulce venenum.
 Nil bene conscia, mobilis, impia, vas lue plenum,
 Vas minus utile, plus violabile, flagitiosum,
 Insatiabile, dissociabile, litigiosum.
 Merx leve vendita sed cito perdita, serva metalli, 465
 Flamma domestica, diligit unica fallere falli.
 Extat amantibus hostis et hostibus extat amica.
 Ni petitur petit idque lucri metit ut sit iniqua.
 Sunt sua gaudia, sunt sua propria, lux sua nocte.
 Haec nihil excipit, ex patre concipit, exque nepote; 470
 Fossa libidinis, arma voraginis, os vitiorum
 Haec fuit, est, erit et per eam perit ordo bonorum.
 Donec erunt sata ruricolis data, credita ruri,
 Haec lea rugiet, haec fera saeviet obvia juri.
 Haec furor ultimus,¹³ hostis et intimus, intima pestis. 475
 Dum negat illicit et scelus injicit ipsa modestis.

¹⁰Juvenal 1.71 (Locusta, famous for her poisons, was in the employ of Nero. I think that Bernard intends her, rather than the common noun *locusts*; cf. Tacitus, *Annales* 13.15.

¹¹Hildebert of Lavardin 50.11

¹²Hildebert of Lavardin 50.11

¹³Hildebert of Lavardin 50.9

wild beast; her sins are as sand. I am not going to revile righteous women whom I ought to bless, but since I must, in my poem I sting those who think like Locusta.

Now the evil woman becomes my theme, she becomes my discourse. Her I regard as good, but her acts I condemn, and therefore I censure them. Woman induces impious deeds by her nods, her arts, her actions; she rejoices to compel crimes and to live wholly woman. Indeed, no woman is good, yet if any happens to be good, a bad thing is good, for almost no woman is good. Woman is a guilty thing, a wickedly carnal thing, or rather all flesh, quick to betray and born to deceive, taught to deceive, the lowest ditch, the worst serpent, beautiful rottenness, a slippery path, a wickedly common thing, plunder and plunderer, a horrid night-owl, a common doorway, sweet poison. She knows nothing honestly; she is fickle and impious, a vessel full of decay, a useless vessel, a vessel more breakable, shameful, insatiable, irreconcilable, quarrelsome. She is merchandise sold for a trifle but quickly lost, a slave of gold, a familiar flame; she alone loves to deceive and to be deceived. She is an enemy to her friends and a friend to her enemies. If she is not sought, she seeks, and she considers it a gain to be unjust. Her joys, her special joys are at night; her day is at night. She excludes nothing: she conceives by her father, she conceives by her grandson. A ditch of lust, arms of an abyss, a mouth of vices she was, she is, she will be, and through her the order of good men perishes. As long as crops are given to farmers and crops are entrusted to the farm, this lioness will roar, this wild beast will rage against justice.

She is the final madness, she is an intimate foe, she is an intimate plague. While she refuses, she entices, and she brings wickedness upon virtuous men. She is all flesh, but in decay; she is known to

Haec caro carnea sed lue Protea mobilitate
 Vincere noscitur, haec pia cernitur impietate.
 Haec vitium docet, ars mea non vocet hanc vitiosam;
 Hanc vitium voco, perfidiam probo, nomino noxam. 480
 Merx ea plurima, res ea pessima, pessima rerum,
 Cautior omnibus una fit artibus ars mulierum.
 Non lupa nequior hac quia parciior impetus ejus.
 Non draco, non leo sed quid ea queo dicere peius?
 Istius omnia non modo noxia sed bona dampnes. 485
 Hoc scelus arguit enseque corrui ille Johannes.
 Hac quoque vir fuit Hippolytus ruit, hac ruit Ammon,
 Hac Joseph angitur et coma raditur hac tua, Samson.
 Hac Ruben, hac David, hac Salomon cadit, hac homo primus.
 Haec dat, agit, gerit, unde pudor perit, unde perimus. 490
 Foemina cordibus, ore vel actibus est draco dirus,
 Flamma gravissima serpit in intima, quomodo virus.
 In sua crimina se mala foemina pingit, adornat,
 Fucat, adulterat, innovat, alterat atque colorat.
 Dum scelus instruit, ut leo circuit, ut fera currit, 495
 Currit et ignibus ignis edacibus¹⁴ uritur, urit.
 Lubrica lumine, fervida crimine, crimen et ipsa,
 Stans in amoribus, in levitatibus est modo fixa.
 Glutinat, illicit, ut nimis inspicit insipientem,
 Et quoties licet, hanc toties libet esse nocentem. 500
 Quando fidelior et tibi junctior aspicietur,
 Tunc famulum tibi praeficiet, sibi si mage detur.
 Cor leve, vox levis atque fides brevis in muliere.
 Foemina munere dat breve ludere, non breve flere;
 Ultima tristia primaque dulcia sunt in amore, 505
 Criminis exitus assolet obsitus esse dolore.
 Pectora perdita primitus excita flamma refflammat,
 Criminis exitus: heu mihi! funditus, heu mihi! clamat.
 Foemina foetida, fallere fervida, flamma furoris,
 Prima peremptio, pessima portio, praedo pudoris. 510

¹⁴Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.758

surpass Proteus in inconstancy, but in her impiety she is perceived as pious. She teaches vice. My verse shall not call her vicious; I call her a vice, I prove her a treachery, I name her crime. She is most saleable, she is the worst thing, the worst of things; the artifice of women is craftier than all other artifices. A she-wolf is not more mischievous than a woman, since its attack is more moderate. Neither is a dragon nor a lion, but what can I call worse than a woman? You may condemn all her actions, not only the guilty, but the good ones. John the Baptist accuses this wickedness, and he dies by the sword. Hippolytus also was a man and because of her, goes to ruin; because of her Ammon goes to ruin, because of her Joseph is confined, and because of her your locks are shorn, Samson. Because of her Ruben falls, David falls, Solomon falls, the first man falls. She gives, she does, she brings forth things which cause decency to perish, which cause us to perish. In heart, in word or in actions a woman is a dreadful dragon, and in her inmost parts a most grievous flame crawls like venom.

The evil woman paints herself for wickedness; she adorns, rouges, falsifies, alters, changes, and colors herself. While she makes ready her wickedness, she circles like a lion, she rushes like a wild beast; she rushes, and like a fire she burns and is burned by devouring flames. She is seductive in her glance, seething in her sin, and she is herself a sin, now abiding in passions, now fixed in fickleness. She clings, she allures, she gazes intently on the man who looks at her, and it pleases her to be bad as often as she can. When she seems very faithful and more united to you, she will then prefer a servant to you if he gives her more. In a woman there is a fickle heart, fickle speech, and brief trust. For a gift a woman gives brief play, long weeping. In love, the delights are first, the sadness last, and the end of sin is usually covered with sorrow. At first the aroused flame kindles lost hearts, but the end of sin cries from the depths, "Woe, woe to me!"

Woman is foul, burning to deceive, a flame of fury, our first destruction, the worst portion, the robber of decency. O cruel sin! She

Propria germina, proh fera crimina! decutit alvo,
 Edita desecat, abjicit, enecat, ordine pravo.
 Foemina vipera,¹⁵ non homo sed fera, nec sibi fida.
 Plasmatis illius, immo sui prius, est homicida,
 Aspide saevior et furiosior est furibundis. 515
 Proh truculentia! viscera propria mergit in undis.
 Foemina perfida, foemina foetida, foemina foetor,
 Est Sathanae thronus; huic pudor est onus, hanc fuge lector.
 Et legitur quia plus domino pia, plus quoque grata,
 Prava virilia quam muliebria sunt bene facta. 520
 O mala tempora! Cur? quia stercorea tot pepererunt,
 Tantaque sordida, ne loquar horrida, tanta dederunt.
 Omne bonum ruit, omnis homo fluit in probra quaeque,
 Omne bonum jacet, omne malum placet omnibus aequae.
 Casta cubilia¹⁶ sunt modo vilia, lata petuntur; 525
 Conjugalia sive jugalia pacta sinuntur.
 Nupta virum sputit inque viros ruit, hos trahit ad se;
 Ne cubet unica, ne quasi rustica, dat sua, dat se.
 Quae bona foemina? cui bona nomina? Quae bene casta?
 Quae pia praeminet aut fore sustinet integra claustra? 530
 Quae sacra foedera? ne sit adultera, ne rea signat,
 Ne sobolem sine lege vel ordine, ceu lupa, gignat,
 Ut patris hic puer, hic pueri pater ore notetur,
 Nil in origine, nil in imagine degeneretur.
 Stirpsque viro data, patre viro sata, non patre verna, 535
 Os patris exserat ipsaque praeferat acta paterna.
 Cui rata pactio vel benedictio quae fit in ara?
 Cui pia lumina? quae bona foemina? credite, rara.
 Rarior haec avis,¹⁷ haec nimis est gravis herba reptu.
 Talia mordeo, talia rideo, non sine fletu. 540
 Rara fidem gerit, omnis enim perit ordo marito.
 Grex sine turture, nam sine passere nulla cupito.

¹⁵Juvenal 6.641¹⁶Catullus 66.83¹⁷Juvenal 6.165

expels her own seed from her womb, and in a depraved series she cuts off the fetus which has been brought forth, casts it away, kills it. Woman is a serpent, not a human being but a wild beast, and she is not even faithful to herself. She is the murderess of her own flesh and blood, in fact the first of her kind; she is more savage than an asp, more furious than madmen. O ferocity! She drowns her own offspring in the waves. Woman is faithless, woman is foul, woman is foulness; she is the throne of Satan, and decency is a burden to her; flee from her, Reader. We read that bad deeds of men are more pious, even more pleasing to the Lord than the good deeds of women.

O evil times! Why? Because so many have brought forth so much shit and (lest I say uncouth things) have bestowed so much filth. Everything good has failed, every man has fallen into shameful acts; everything good lies prostrate, everything evil pleases everyone equally. Chaste beds are now worthless and wide beds are sought; marriage compacts or nuptial agreements are given up. The bride rejects her husband and runs after men; she draws them to herself, she gives her goods so that she will not sleep alone, she gives herself so that she will not be like a country-girl. What woman is good? What woman has a good name? What woman is chaste? What woman stands out as pious or keeps her chambers undefiled? What woman keeps sacred agreements so that she will not be an adulteress, so that she will not seal her guilt, will not bear offspring without law or order, like a she-wolf, so that this boy and his father will resemble one another, so that there will be no degeneracy in lineage or in looks, and so that offspring given to her husband, sired by him and not by a servant, shows the father's face and manifests the father's deeds? For what woman does the promise or the blessing at the altar remain firm? What woman has pious eyes, what woman is good? A rare one, believe me! This bird is very rare, this plant is very difficult to find. I attack such things, I ridicule such things, but not without weeping.

A rare woman keeps faith, indeed all order perishes for her husband. The flock of women is without a turtle-dove, for no flock is without its desirous sparrow. The husband pleases the entire popula-

Vir populis placet omnibus, ut vacet unica nupta.
 Pluribus unica fit via lubrica, semita rupta.
 Vir petit extera, gaudet adultera, publica gaudet. 545
 Mox scelus instruit, evocat, annuit, ardet et audet.
 Conjugis otia conspicit anxia, laeta feretrum,
 Laeta pericula laetaque vincula laetaque letum.
 Jussio Julia lexque Scatinia nunc ubi dormis?¹⁸
 Vivitur omnibus et sine legibus et sine normis; 550
 Plurima foemina, plurima crimina, multa ruina.
 Plurima Lydia; rara Lucretia, nulla Sabina;
 Nulla fere bona, nullus Amazona nunc videt ullam.
 Absque procis tribus hisque procacibus, audio nullam.
 Tam sine lumine¹⁹ quam sine crimine vult fore quaeque, 555
 Ter fore clinica quam semel unica diligit aequae.
 Uxor adultera quaerit in infera plus quoque mitti,
 Quam comes unius—o furor impius!—esse mariti.
 Sufficientior et sibi gratior unus ocellus
 Quam comes unicus, o furor ethnicus! o rea tellus! 560
 Elige quaslibet, excipe quodlibet, has coaduna,
 Non rea corpore castaque pectore paene nec una.
 Per varium genus imperitat Venus imperiosis.
 Flebile, sed quibus? astra flagrantibus, ima perosis. 565
 Ipsa coinquinat et sibi glutinat omnia mundi,
 In sua retia cogit inertia corda refundi.
 Ipsa voracior atque rapacior ignibus ignis,
 Ardet inertibus et male putribus insita lignis.
 In Venerem ruit, in coitum fluit omnis ut unus,
 Conjugis illius arrha fit istius, est prope funus. 570
 Quis modo non pater? et pueros puer instat habere;
 Imminet atria tectaue patria prole replere.
 Quisque suam cupit et thalamos subit, estque maritus,
 In Jacob agmine, non sine semine, fit benedictus.
 Fit pater, editur, edita traditur huic nova proles, 575

¹⁸Juvenal 2.37¹⁹Juvenal 6.53–54

tion so that his bride alone might be at leisure. She alone becomes a slippery way for many men, a broken path. The husband goes out and the adulteress rejoices, the prostitute rejoices. Soon she devises wickedness, she elicits, assents to, burns for and dares wickedness. She is anxious to see her husband at rest, but glad to see his bier, glad to see his perils, glad to see his chains, glad to see his death. O laws of marriage and morality, where now do you sleep? Everyone is living without laws and without precepts. More women mean more crimes, much ruin. There are more Lydias, but a rare Lucretia, and no Sabine woman. Almost no woman is good, no one now sees any Amazon. I hear of no woman without three suitors, three insolent suitors. Every woman would rather be without an eye than without sin, and she loves equally to be a widow three times as once. An adulterous wife seeks more to be dispatched to Hell than to be the partner of one husband. O accursed madness! One eye is more sufficient and more pleasing to her than one partner. O pagan madness! O guilty earth! Choose any women you please, exempt anything you like, join them together, and almost no woman is innocent in body and pure of heart.

Throughout this fickle race Venus rules the mighty. This is a lamentable thing, but for whom? For those who ardently desire the stars, who detest the depths. Venus defiles everything in the world and glues it to herself; she forces indolent hearts to flow into her nets. She is a fire more consuming and more rapacious than flames and, joined to inert, rotten wood, she blazes. All rush as one toward Venus, all stream toward intercourse; a funeral is near, and the pledge-money of one spouse becomes another's. Who is not a father now? Even a child insists upon having children; he longs to fill his father's halls and house with offspring. Each boy seeks his own wife; he mounts the bridal bed, he is a husband, and, not without seed, he becomes blessed in the band of Jacob. He becomes a father, and to him a new offspring is brought and handed over, a great monument to the

Patris ad extera, matris ad ubera plurima moles.
 O nova secula! Nunc quoque parvula nubere gliscit,
 Cruda puellula conjugis oscula vimque cupiscit.
 Dos sibi traditur, annulus additur, arrha dicatur.
 Hinc lyricus jocus, inde strepit cocus, esca vagatur,²⁰ 580
 Fervet ovariantibus atque canentibus aula choreis,
 Pompa sequentibus et praeceuntibus est hymenaeis.
 Nec mora: concipit, est gravis, accipit omnia matris,
 Plena trahentibus atque bibentibus ubera natis.
 Maior et ardua stirps sua, mox sua stirps dubitatur, 585
 Qui sibi filius est, pater illius esse putatur.
 Morbida germina gignit et agmina multa libido,
 Saepe parens gravis est et adest avis afflua nido.
 Grex cito nascitur et seges editur hinc puerorum,
 Fit generatio, multiplicatio crescit eorum. 590
 Quid mora? plurimus ipseque pessimus errat ubique
 Grex hominum, sine simplice lumine, mentis iniquae.
 Rura per omnia paene frequentia spargitur urbis,
 Nulla vacantia, nulla carentia sunt loca turbis.
 Jam loca singula, mons, specus, insula, jugera, prata, 595
 Sunt habitantibus atque meantibus assiduata.
 Jam juga Caspia primitus in via, sunt pede trita;
 Non modo maximus est quia plurimus est heremita;
 Innumerabilis et miserabilis est hodie gens,
 Post mala promptior, in mala pronior, ad mala vergens. 600
 Quisque malum docet et minime nocet esse nocentem;
 Quisque mero calet et minime valet esse scientem.
 Quaeritur ocus atque libencius uda taberna,
 Quam sacra numine splendida lumine templa superna.
 Gens bibit impia vina furentia plus satis aequo, 605
 Fert oleum focus²¹ inde subit jocus ordine caeco.
 Gens sitit ebria, vina celebria, bellica vina,
 Vina furentia vimque ferentia, plena ruina.

²⁰Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.17

²¹Horace, *Serm.* 2.3.321

father's organs, to the mother's breasts! O novel age! Now even a small girl is eager to marry; an immature child desires the kisses of a spouse, the potency of a spouse. A dowry is handed over, a little ring is added, the pledge-money is affirmed. Then there is a jesting song, the cook shouts, the meal is spread out, the hall swarms with cheering people and melodious dances; there is a procession with wedding songs preceding and following. There is no delay. She conceives, she is pregnant, she accepts all the duties of a mother, with children tugging on and sucking on her full breasts. Her progeny becomes older, taller, and soon her progeny is doubtful: her son is thought to be his father. Lust begets sickly offshoots and a great multitude; the mother is often pregnant and a fertile bird is in the nest. Swiftly a flock is born and then a crop of children is brought forth; there is reproduction, and multiplication of these increases. Why delay? Everywhere there wanders about a great flock of men, a most deformed flock without a guileless eye, a flock of dishonest mind. Throughout all the countryside a throng of cities is scattered; there are no empty places, there are no places without crowds. Now individual places, the mountain, the cave, the island, the plains, and the meadows are constantly full of inhabitants and passersby. Now the Caspian ridges, once impassable, are footworn. Now the hermit is not special, since there are very many. Today people are countless and wretched, more ready for evil, more prone to evil, inclined toward evil.

Everyone teaches evil, and to be wicked is not wicked; everyone is hot from wine, and to be wise is of no value. The dank tavern is sought more swiftly and more willingly than lofty temples made holy by God and shining with light. This impious race drinks maddening wines to excess; the fire receives the oil from which comes trifling sport when order is blinded. This drunken race thirsts for numerous wines, strong wines, maddening wines and forceful wines, wines full of destruction.

His Noe frangitur, his Loth aduritur, ante pudicus,
 Haeret edacibus atque bibacibus ardor iniquus. 610
 Qui fore crebrius expetis ebrius atque recumbis
 Ad mera pocula vis cito vincula solvere lumbis.
 His quoque vinceris, uris et ureris ignis amore,
 Mens furialibus aestuat ignibus, ossa calore.
 Vermis edacior, haud ego mentior, insitus hostis 615
 Est tibi renibus et viget ignibus intro repostis.
 Verme libidinis ilico desinis esse modestus.
 Hic furit hostibus hostis et aestibus acrior aestus.
 Vina Venus cupit, hac face mens furit, actio fumat;
 Mox stomachus satur in Venerem datur, in probra spumat. 620
 Ob mera pocula primo furit gula, postea venter:
 Mox Venus excita concitat abdita membra furenter.
 Sunt fluitantia stanteque stantia ventre pudenda.
 Hunc cibus, hunc Venus implet, amant scelus haec duo
 membra;
 Alterius ruit in phialas, fluit in probra luxus; 625
 Inde libidinis atque putredinis ilico fluxus.
 Alterius furor efficit ut pudor abjiciatur,
 Ut pereat vigor, intereat rigor, ordo prematur;
 Cura stat unica luctaque publica carnis in esu,
 Ebrietas placet et tua vox jacet, O bone Jesu. 630
 Regnat edax gula plenaque crapula, corda gravantur
 Ebrietatibus, improbitatibus exstimulantur.
 Plena voragine, plena libidine, ventreque plena,
 Tempora sunt quibus unus amor: cibus et caro, lena.
 Viscera pastibus, os dare potibus est modo clarum, 635
 Et Venus et gula sunt modo regula ventricularum.
 Christicolae nego, ventricolae ego dico gulosos,
 Nulla nefaria denique turpia nulla perosos.
 Nunc bonus est reus, est stomachus deus, est schola venter.²²
 Quisque gulae studet, ah! piget et pudet ire pudenter. 640
 Quod loquor accipe: diruta principe stante coquorum,

²²Philippians 3.19

By these wines was Noah weakened, and by these wines Lot, a chaste man before, was inflamed. A harmful desire clings to gluttons and drunkards. You who seek repeatedly to be drunk and who sit down to undiluted drinks quickly wish to loose the bonds from your loins. By these wines you also are overcome. You burn and are burned by love's flame; your mind glows with raging fires and your bones glow with heat. The devouring serpent (I am not lying!) is implanted in your loins, and the enemy thrives on the fires stored within you. Because of the serpent of lust, you immediately cease to be a temperate man. It rages, a foe fiercer than other foes, a fire hotter than other fires.

Venus desires wines, and because of this torch one's mind is raving, one's actions are steaming. Soon the full stomach is given to Venus, it foams forth toward lewdness. On account of undiluted drinks the gullet raves first, then the belly. Soon, aroused Venus madly incites the hidden members. The shameful parts are flowing, and they stiffen as the belly stiffens. Food fills one, Venus fills the other: these two members love wickedness. The excess of the one rushes toward drinking-cups, it flows toward lewdness. Then immediately there is a flow of lust and rottenness. The frenzy of the other causes modesty to be cast aside, vigor to pass away, firmness to perish, order to be crushed. A single care remains, and there is a public contest in eating of flesh; drunkenness is pleasing, and your voice is of no avail, O good Jesus. Devouring gluttony reigns, and complete inebriation; hearts are weighed down by drunkenness, they are goaded on by depravities. Full of chasms, full of lust, full of the belly are the times which have a single desire: food and flesh, the seductress. Now it is honorable to give the bowels to foods, the mouth to drinks. Now Venus and gluttony are the rule of belly-worshippers. I deny that they are Christ-worshippers, but I call them gluttonous belly-worshippers who despise nothing abominable and nothing shameful. Now a guilty man is good, the stomach is a god, the belly is a school. Everyone studies gluttony! Ah, to act modestly is irksome and shameful. Hear what I say: while the prince of cooks stands firm, Jerusalem lies demolished,

Jerusalem jacet, unda cibi placet, immo ciborum.
 Semita spernitur atque requiritur ecce platea,
 Dant sua vincula cuique prius gula, post Cytheraea.
 Proh dolor! aspice secula triplice stricta furore, 645
 Triplice crimine nexa: libidine, fraude, tumore.
 Corda superbia sed Venus ebria²³ corpora nectit.
 Corpora cordaque fraus ligat utraque mors sibi flectit.
 Sarcina terrea corda premit rea collaque prona,
 Corde reflectimur immo revertimur ad Pharaona. 650
 Imus in invia, stamus ad impia, sed male stantes,
 Praetereuntia vel pereuntia prorsus amantes.
 Imus et ibimus, unde peribimus, unde ruemus,
 Qui pereuntia sive ruentia sola videmus.
 Pax flet, amor perit, hic furit et ferit, ille feritur. 655
 Mars rigidus²⁴ fremit, ille stat, hic gemit, in scelus itur,
 Sanguineum rapit et rotat et quatit ira flagellum,
 Fert fera spicula, saeva pericula funebre bellum,
 Pax viget ethnica, pax ruit unica Christicolarum.
 Si bene sentio, junctior unio paxque ferarum. 660
 Cernite, gens rea: nulla leam lea, non aper aprum
 Devorat aut secat et sobolem necat ultio patrum.
 Spiritualia denique praelia nos male tentant
 Semper et impia mens homicidia saepe cruentat.
 Ah pede compare lugeo currere fasque nefasque! 665
 Militat hinc furor, inde manus furor armat utrasque,
 Guerra parentibus hic ibi fratribus est uterinis.
 In sua viscera gens furit, effera regnat Erinnyes.
 Proh truculentia! funera patria filius ardet,
 Conqueritur quia mors homini via posthuma tardet;²⁵ 670
 Et pater impius expetit illius, ordine pulchro,
 Ante recondere splendida paupere membra sepulcro.
 Matris anilia lumina filia claudere gaudet,

²³Juvenal 6.300²⁴Ovid, *Met.* 8.20²⁵Ecclesiasticus 14.12

and the stream of food is pleasing, indeed, the stream of foods. The narrow path is scorned and, see, the wide way is sought. First gluttony, then Venus imposes her bonds on everyone.

O grief! Observe the age bound by a triple madness, fettered by a triple sin: lust, deceit, vanity. Pride fetters hearts, but drunken Venus fetters bodies. Deceit binds bodies and hearts, and death turns both to itself. An earthly burden oppresses our guilty hearts and our bent necks; we are turned back at heart, in fact we return to Pharaoh. We proceed upon impassable ways; we stand up for impieties, but we stand badly, loving things that pass away and that perish directly. We who see only perishing and failing things are proceeding and we shall proceed to where we shall perish, where we shall fall. Peace is weeping, love is dying; this man rages and he strikes, that one is struck. Stern Mars roars, that one stands, this one groans; men proceed to wickedness. Wrath seizes a bloody scourge, she whirls and brandishes it; she brings fierce arrows, dire dangers, deadly war. Peace thrives among the heathens; the peace of Christians alone collapses. If I am right, there is more unity and peace among wild beasts. See, guilty race: no lioness devours lioness, no boar wounds another boar and no revenge of their fathers kills the offspring. In short, we always wickedly incite spiritual strife, and an impious mind often causes bloody murders.

Ah, I lament that the lawful and the unlawful run apace! On this side madness wages war, on that side madness arms both hands; here there is war on parents, there on brothers from the same womb. This race rages against its own vitals, the fierce Fury reigns. O savagery! A son is eager for his father's funeral; he complains because death, man's last journey, is slow, and, in fine order, the impious father seeks first to bury his son's noble limbs in a paltry tomb. A daughter rejoices to close her mother's aged eyes in death and to weep at her funeral; then,

Flereque funera, postea libera quodlibet audet.
 Aspide pocula dant nece pabula plena novercae. 675
 Mors subit effera, qui petit extera divite merce.
 Dives opes luit, in jugulum ruit hospitis hospes.
 Rara superstite nullaque sospite conjuge sospes.
 Conjuge vir perit hancque viri ferit ensis acutus;
 A rigido tener, a socero gener est male tutus; 680
 Persequitur nece, si minus aut prece frater amicum;
 Quem nequit ensibus, opprimit artibus, O cor iniquum!
 Gens sibi noxia, turba praeimpia sunt sibi damno.
 Proximus est tibi, mutuo tu sibi quod lupus agno.
 Gratia corrui atque refriguit ignis amoris; 685
 Est modo perdita regia semita, semita moris;
 Cassaque lumine²⁶ plenaque crimine corda gelantur;
 Frigida pectora veraque frigora stare probantur.
 Gratia corrui, algor inhorruit amplior Istro.²⁷
 Est populus sine moribus, ordine, rege, magistro. 690
 Lex Domini ruit huicque caput fluit undique rore,
 Qui tepidos bonus—O gravis hic sonus—evomit ore.²⁸
 Denique quid moror? et tumor et soror, Ira, tumoris
 Stant super omnia frausque bifaria cordis et oris.
 Gens proba transiit, improba prodiit atque probrosa, 695
 Garrulitatibus, ebrietatibus, officiosa,
 Plena pigredine, plena libidine, crimine plena,
 Callida pectore parvaque corpore, frontis egena.
 Patria pectora, patria robora fert prope nemo;
 A patre filius est quasi Sisyphus a Polyphemo. 700
 Forma parentibus atque nepotibus haud manet una;
 Corporis omnia deficientia sunt quasi luna.
 Corporis ut status excidio datus; est ita mentis.
 Gens scatet arida, corpora languida cordaque gentis.
 Pectore pessimus et sibi proximus est modo quisque, 705

²⁶Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.85

²⁷Hister = the lower Danube.

²⁸Apoc. 3.16

free, she dares anything she pleases. Step-mothers give cups full of poison, they give food full of death. Savage death follows the man who seeks foreign lands with his rich wares. The rich man pays for his treasure: the host rushes at the throat of his guest! A rare wife is safe while her spouse is surviving, and no wife is safe while he is safe. A man dies because of his spouse, and the man's sharp sword strikes her. A tender boy is not secure from a hard man, a son-in-law is not secure from a father-in-law. A brother pursues his friend with death, not even for a price! Whom he cannot subdue with swords, he subdues with cunning. O evil heart! The race is harmful to itself, the most impious mob is its own penalty. Your neighbor is to you what the wolf is to the lamb, and you are so in turn to him.

Grace has collapsed and the fire of love has grown cold. The royal path, the path of law, has now been lost. Hearts are frozen, void of light and full of sin. Cold hearts and true winter are shown to flourish. Grace has collapsed, and a coldness has shuddered colder than the Danube. People are without morals, without order, without a king, without a master. The law of the Lord has failed, the Lord whose head streamed on all sides with blood, the good Lord who—Oh, harsh is this sound!—vomits lukewarm men from His mouth. In short, why do I delay? Both Pride and Wrath, the sister of Pride, stand over all, and so does the double deceit of heart and mouth. The honest race has passed away; a dishonest and shameful race has advanced, a race ready to serve babbling and drunkenness, a race full of indolence, full of lust, full of sin, a race sly in heart, slight in body, lacking in shame.

Almost no one now has the heart of his forefathers, the strength of his forefathers. A son differs from his father just as Sisyphus from Polyphemus. By no means does a single appearance remain for parents and descendants. All the failings of the body are just like the waning moon. As the condition of the body is given to ruin, so is the condition of the mind. A withered race swarms; the bodies and the hearts of this race are sluggish. Now everyone who humbles himself before you is very wicked at heart and he is nearest to himself; he doubles himself

Qui tibi supplicat; intima duplicat arte dolisque,
 In duo scinditur, unio solvitur alteritate,
 Schismate foedera simplaque viscera duplicitate.
 Ille fit istius iste fit illius hostis amicus.
 Ridet et invidet, obstat et assidet, aequus iniquus. 710
 Proditur irrita regia semita simplicitatis,
 Induit impia fictio pallia duplicitatis.
 Vos volo credere quod volo dicere, pseudo-prophetas²⁹
 Nulla feracius aut numerosius hac tulit aetas.
 Denique sordibus interioribus hi Pharisaei 715
 Sunt via lubrica, janua publica perniciei.
 Pestis inhorruit, agmen et irrui hypocritarum,
 Hispida corpore,³⁰ lubrica pectore, gens tenebrarum.
 His sacra nomina sacraque tegmina, corda superba;
 Agnus eis patet in tunica, latet anguis in herba.³¹ 720
 Sunt petulantia corda, rigentia fronte Catonis,
 Cerea moribus, aerea vultibus in mala pronis,
 Corda minantia, corda rapacia, corda lupina,
 Fucat imagine, palliat ordine, vestis ovina;
 Corda tumentia, corda carentia monade cordis, 725
 Sunt pia frontibus, impia fructibus, atria sordis.
 His dolus additur, ut coma raditur et mutilatur;
 Fingit ovem lupus³² atque rosae rubus assimilatur.
 His mera pocula pluraque fercula, regula tota;
 His locus unio, jus simulatio, lex sua vota. 730
 Scandala, schismata nullaque Sabbathata mentis in illis.
 Denique tollitur actibus, additur ordo capillis,
 Forpice, pectine, crinis et ordine canonicantur,
 Insipientior hic ego mentior, at simulantur.
 Fronte vetustior et quasi justior unus eorum 735
 Inferioribus ordine fratribus est schola morum.

²⁹Matthew 24.11³⁰Juvenal 2.11³¹Vergil, *Eclogues* 3.93³²Matthew 7.15

by inmost cunning and tricks, he is split in two; his oneness is divided by otherness, his simple agreements are divided by schism and his heart by duplicity. That man becomes the enemy of this man, and this man becomes the friend of that man. He smiles and envies, he hinders and helps; he is honest, he is dishonest. The royal path of candor is shown to be useless, and impious falsehood puts on the robes of duplicity.

I wish you to believe what I wish to declare: no age has produced false-prophets more fruitfully or more numerously than this age. In short, in their inner uncleanness these Pharisees are a slippery way, a common doorway to destruction. This plague rises up and the army of hypocrites attacks, a race of shadows, prickly in body, slippery in mind. Their names are holy and their garments are holy, but their hearts are proud. Among them one sees the lamb in a tunic, but the snake is hidden in the grass. Their hearts are wanton, but firm with the countenance of Cato; their hearts are pliant in morals, but like bronze in faces inclined to evils; their menacing hearts, their plundering hearts, their wolf-like hearts sheep's clothing disguises in form, sheep's clothing covers in the order. Their proud hearts, hearts lacking unity of heart, are pious in appearances, impious in effects, halls of filth. As their hair is shaved and shorn, deceit is added; the wolf feigns the lamb, and the bramble pretends to be a rose. The entire rule for them is undiluted drinks and more meals. Unity for them is a place, justice is a pretense, the law is their own desires. In those men are scandals, schisms and no Sabbathats of the soul. In short, the order is removed from their actions and added to their locks; they are invested with scissors, comb and the order of the hair. I am foolishly inventing here, but they are like that!

One of them with ancient brow, as if more righteous, is a school of conduct for brothers lower in the order. His heart ponders evil, but his

Cor mala ruminat, os bona seminat, et bona fatur.
 O pudor, O scelus! est Sathan, angelus esse putatur,
 Est Sathan actibus ipseque vocibus angelus idem.
 Quod sonus edocet, actio dedocet, hostis eidem. 740
 Nec sua turpia nec videt impia fratribus Argus,
 Eloquii sator et veniae dator est sibi largus.
 Corde carent sene dicta, senis bene dicta probantur;
 Membra senilia sub juvenilia³³ vota citantur;
 Vulpe lupum tegit, ordine se regit exteriori, 745
 Ore patet bonus inque suo dolus interiori.
 Mens male conscia, sarcina propria, proxima pestis,
 Se sibi subjugat, effugit, effugat intima testis.
 Frons gerit Hectora, vincere Nestora creditur aetas,
 Est cutis arida fertque per hispida brachia setas. 750
 Jam prope funera pollice dextera computat annos,
 Cumque senex labet hic, animos habet ipse tyrannos.
 Jam quid apertius? en Cato tertius³⁴ aethere missus,
 Fronte severior, in cute justior, intro remissus.
 Est Cato; tempore cernitur affore Maurus Hiarba. 755
 Hinc Venus evirat, inde virum parat hispida barba,
 Frons hominem gerit, intus homo perit, est lupus intus.³⁵
 Sed tua gloria stat tibi filia regis ab intus.
 Quid mora nectitur? Ordo relinquitur, ad mala statur,
 Stat simulatio, morigeratio ludificatur. 760
 Irrita dextera fit tibi littera Pythagorea,³⁶
 Dextra tibi jacet et scelerum placet ire platea.
 Arta relinquitur et via carpitur ampla quibusque,
 Quaerimus invia, fluxa, fluentia, confluimusque, 765
 Architrclinia, sceptra, sedilia prima petendo;
 Quisque tumultuat, instat et aestuat haec satagendo.
 Mundus honoribus est neque moribus omnis anhelus,

³³Juvenal 11.5³⁴Juvenal 2.40³⁵Psalms 44.14³⁶Gamma, a symbol of diverse paths.

mouth sows goodness, his mouth proclaims goodness. O shame! O wickedness! He is a Satan, but he is thought an angel; he is a Satan in his actions, and the very same man is an angel in his words. What his voice teaches, his action contradicts, an enemy to that same voice. This Argus sees neither his own baseness nor the impieties in his brothers. He is a sower of eloquence and a generous giver of pardon to himself. The sayings of the old man lack heart, but well-said, they are approved. His old limbs are incited by youthful desires. He conceals a wolf by means of a fox; he governs himself with external order, and outwardly he appears good, but inwardly he is a fraud. An unscrupulous mind, his particular burden and his nearest bane, subjects him to itself, and his innermost witness flees; he puts it to flight. He has the face of Hector, his age is thought to surpass Nestor's, his skin is withered, and he has coarse hair on his shaggy arms. Now, near death, he reckons his years on his right thumb, and though this old man totters, he has a tyrant's spirit. Now what is clearer? Look, a third Cato has been sent from Heaven, more stern in expression, more just on the surface, but slack within. He is Cato, but in time he will be shown to be Iarbas the Moor. Here Venus emasculates him, but there a bristly beard makes him a man; he has the face of a man, but inside the man dies, inside there is a wolf. But it is from within that your glory remains, O king's daughter.

Why contrive delays? Order is abandoned, evil is established, pretense stands and obedience is mocked. The right side of the Pythagorean letter becomes useless to you; the right is disused, and it pleases you to walk the way of wickedness. The narrow path is abandoned and the wide path is taken by everyone; we seek trackless ways, fleeting things, perishing things, and we rush together in desiring lofty places, scepters and first seats. Everyone is in an uproar; everyone presses on and is agitated in greatly striving for these. The whole world is panting after honors, not good morals. Now excess, idleness, falsehood and

Stant modo stantia luxus, inertia, fictio, zelus;
 Stat simulatio, dissimulatio, crimen utrumque,
 Alea, crapula, fraus, facinus, gula, flagitiumque, 770
 Ora bilingua,³⁷ lis, homicidia, Mars, tuba, terror,
 Vis, probra, jurgia—quid moror?—omnia quae docet error.
 Talia germina, scilicet agmina, sunt vitiorum,
 Germina talia sunt capitalia vulnera morum;
 Prima superbia suadet in invia pergere mentem, 775
 Ingerit agmina, maxima crimina, crimina septem;
 Prima superbia jussa dat impia, grex ululatum,
 Prima cor obsidet et cito possidet hoc grege stratum.
 Haec monet, hoc ruit et bona subruit, et mala servat,
 Stante libidine stanteque crimine crimen acervat. 780
 Mascula pignora³⁸ vivaque pignora mergit Hebraei,
 Sed muliebria servat et omnia molliciei.
 O mala secula! Cur? quia regula nulla tenetur;
 Promptus ad extima, doctus ad intima stultus habetur.
 Non patientia sed violentia dat modo pacem. 785
 Qui tacet esurit et lucra parturit esse loquacem.
 Lingua sophistica, lingua tyrannica, lingua forensis
 Praecipit omnia, percutit obvia, qualiter ensis.
 Lingua volubilis est modo nobilis, "huc ades" audit.
 Mutus Episcopus ordine reprobus, ostia claudit. 790
 Nil tumidum sapis; aut pecus aut lapis esse probaris.
 Es quasi vipera; pectora libera testificaris.
 Nunc mala reddere gloria cedere culpa tenetur,
 Irreverentia laus patientia crimen habetur.
 Quam stipe vivere, non mala reddere, tam pudet aequae. 795
 Ad scelus, ad probra gens viget improba nocte dieque.
 Heu! mala mentio, peior et actio, pessimus usus,
 Stat modo criminis, est vigor ordinis ille retrusus.
 Tot nego sobria corda quot ostia refluæ Nili,³⁹

³⁷Proverbs 8.13³⁸Exodus 1.22³⁹Juvenal 13.27

jealousy are abiding; pretense and dissembling abide, both a sin, and there abide gambling, drunkenness, deceit, crime, gluttony and shame, double-tongued mouths, strife, murders, war, trumpet and terror, violence, infamies, quarrels—why do I delay?—all the things which error teaches. Clearly such offshoots are the troops of the vices, such offshoots are deadly blows to morals. Pride first urges the mind to proceed on trackless ways; she leads in her troops, the greatest sins, the seven sins. First Pride gives her impious commands, and there is a band of shrieking vices. Pride first besieges the heart and swiftly occupies the heart subdued by this band. She teaches them, and the heart sinks to ruin; She subverts goodness and saves evil. With lust abiding and sins abiding, She multiplies sin. She drowns the male children and the living children of Israel, but She saves the female and all the children of weakness.

O evil age! Why? Because no rule is maintained. A man ready for the most remote things and instructed in those nearest him is held to be a fool. Not patience, but violence now grants peace. A man who is silent goes hungry, but to be a babler produces riches. A sophisticated tongue, a tyrannical tongue, a public tongue commands everything; it strikes everything in its way like a sword. A fluent tongue is noble now, it hears, "You may enter here." If you are speechless, the bishop, false in his order, shuts his doors. If you savor of nothing pompous, you are judged to be a brute or a stone. If you are like a snake, you give evidence of a bold heart. To render evil is held to be an honor now, but to abandon evil is a fault. Disrespect is held to be a glory, but forbearance is a sin. It is as shameful not to render evil as to live by alms. This shameless race lives night and day for wickedness, for shameful acts. Alas, now the talk of sin is bad and the performance is worse; the worst habit of sin now abides, but the vigor of order is thrust back. I say that now not as many sober hearts are found as receding mouths of the Nile, not as many pious hearts as wandering

Tot pia viscera, quot vaga sidera, nunc reperiri. 800
 Sicubi quem fore simplice pectore cerno modestum,
 Id rude deputo monstraque computo pectus honestum!
 Comparo curribus aequor arantibus,⁴⁰ arida velis,
 Ruraque piscibus, aera navibus, astra camelis.
 Flaccus Horatius, et Cato, Persius et Juvenalis: 805
 Quid facerent, rogo, si foret his modo vita sodalis?
 Temporis istius acta Lucilius ille stupelet,
 Et sua prospera sanctaque tempora non reticeret.
 Diceret optima, quae fore pessima tempora dixit;
 Scriberet aurea, quae nigra, quae rea, quae mala scripsit. 810
 Prospice secula, prospice singula mersa tenebris!
 In mala labere, lapsus amabere, rectus egebis.
 Vis mala linquere, recta capescere,⁴¹ vivere recte?
 Es lyra publica, scena theatra fit tibi de te.
 Proh dolor! omnia mergit in impia vera Charybdis. 815
 Crimina congere, primus habebere, maximus ibis.
 Vis requiescere, tutoque vivere? vis tibi pacem?
 Leno potentibus esto reatibus, unge minacem.
 Facta videns rea, percipe caprea lumina talpae.
 Visa tuo cito corde repellito, radito, scalpe. 820
 Si mala prodere, crimina rodere vis aliena,
 Nil tibi consulis: insuper exulis est tibi poena.
 Fert fera jurgia pungere turpia nunc vitiorum;
 Est probra carpere veraque dicere, fons odiorum.
 Est mihi sarcina qui mea crimina vel bene prodit, 825
 Mens male conscia luminis omnia rodit et odit.
 Gens bibit ebria pocula noxia, pocula lethes,⁴²
 Quae morientibus invenit omnibus ille poetas.
 Quisque mali memor, unius immemor est pietatis.
 Justus eget lare; nemo bonis dare vult sua gratis. 830
 Singula censibus, omnia mercibus, at sine nummo,

⁴⁰Ovid, *Tristia* 3.12.36

⁴¹Horace, *Serm.* 2.7.7

⁴²Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto* 2.4.23

planets. If ever I see a modest man with a pure heart, I consider it untested, and I reckon an honest heart a marvel! I compare it to men ploughing the sea with carts, the desert with sails, the fields with fish, the air with ships, the heavens with camels.

What would Horace and Cato, Persius and Juvenal do, I ask, if they were alive now? Lucilius himself would be stunned at the deeds of this age, and he would proclaim his own times fortunate and blessed! He would call those times best which he said were worst. He would depict as golden times those which he depicted as black, as guilty, as evil. Look at the age, look at all the things immersed in shadows! You fall into evil, and when you have fallen you will be loved, but if you are honest, you will be poor. You want to abandon evils, to seize what is right, to live rightly? You are the subject of a public song, and a theater show is made about you. O grief! A true Charybdis engulfs everything in impieties. If you heap up sins, you will be deemed first, you will be foremost. You want to rest and to live safely? You want peace? Become a pimp for the powerful in their guilt, anoint the man full of threats. When you see guilty deeds like a wild she-goat, assume the eyes of a mole. Swiftly repulse, tear out, scrape from your heart what you have seen. If you want to expose evil, to attack the sins of others, you have no regard for yourself, moreover your penalty is exile. To sting the disgrace of vices now brings fierce strife; to reproach shameful acts and to tell the truth is a source of hatred. The man who reports my sins, even rightly, is a burden to me. The unscrupulous mind attacks everything and hates everything of the light.

This drunken race drinks of harmful draughts, draughts of forgetfulness which the poet invented for all the dying. Everyone is mindful of evil, unmindful of piety alone. The just man lacks a hearth; no one wants to give his possessions freely to the good. For gifts you gain certain things, for merchandise you gain all things, but without

Nil, nisi nil, geris. Heu! casa pauperis est sine fumo.
 Divitis atria seu laquearia celsa reudent,
 Mascula pignora primaque roborata nunc sibi rident.
 Accubat affluus, ambulat arduus, ipse Liburno,⁴³ 835
 Et quoties placet in thalamo jacet altus eburno.
 Mane coquos citat et stomacho litat ilico taurum.
 Mellea pocula crassaque fercula sustinet aurum.
 Nox sibi somnia, sol dare prandia festa recurrit.
 Par barathro gula, quid nisi secula tota ligurrit. 840
 Nidor ei sapit atque gulam rapit esca culinae.⁴⁴
 Sunt sua prandia, foenora, jurgia, lucra, rapinae.
 Est homo bestia, ventris et hostia, bestia nemphe,
 Ventreque turgida denteque vivida, mortua mente.
 Vult bona prandia, vult bona praedia, vult bona prata, 845
 Vult bona pocula, vult bona fercula, non bona facta.
 Res valet aes sapit his titulos rapit arca diebus;
 Lingua, scientia vitaeque sobria nil sine rebus.
 Munera ditibus at flagra mitibus ingeminantur.
 Jura minoribus, inferioribus arma minantur. 850
 Omnia praecipit, insuper accipit omnia nummus.
 Dives it inclytus aereque praeditus, arceque summus;
 Terrea possidet; haec sibi providet, auget, acervat.
 Forte latronibus illa vel hostibus aucta reservat;
 Denique scrinia fracta vel ostia flens magis aret, 855
 Quam sua pignora caraque corpora si tumularet.
 Secula circinat, impia ruminat, ima volutat,
 Itque per aequora, per juga, per fora, sidera mutat.
 Trans mare nititur, exulat, utitur orbe recenti.
 Dant sibi littora, dant maris aequora, non freta venti. 860
 Res sua frivola, mens sua subdola, sors sua flenda.
 Vendita somniat, empta perampliat, artat emenda.
 Lucra lucris parat et graphiis artat illa vel ista.
 Debita, credita, quaeque recondita divite cista.

⁴³Juvenal 3.239 (Liburnians were commonly sedan-bearers in Juvenal's Rome).

⁴⁴Juvenal 5.162

money you gain nothing but nothing. Alas, the pauper's hut is without smoke. The rich man's lofty halls glitter like paneled ceilings, his male children and their first strength now smile on him. He reclines at ease; he goes about elevated in a Liburnian chair, and as often as he pleases he lies up high on an ivory couch. In the morning he rouses the cooks and immediately offers a steer to his stomach. Gold supports his honeyed cups and heavy dishes. Night brings him dreams, and the sun returns to grant him festive meals. His gullet is like an abyss. What does it feed on but the whole world? The smell of the kitchen is savory to him, and its food captivates his gullet. He has his meals, his profits, his disputes, his riches, his plunder. The man is a beast and a victim of the belly; indeed he is a beast swollen in belly, alive for eating, dead for thinking. He wants good meals, good manors, good meadows; he wants good cups, he wants good dishes, but not good deeds.

In these days property has power, money is wise, a coffer seizes titles of honor. Eloquence, knowledge and a sober life are nothing without possessions. Gifts are increased for the rich, but scourges are increased for the meek. Laws threaten the weak, arms menace the lowly. Money rules everything; moreover, money gets everything. A rich man is renowned, endowed with money, and highest in his castle. He possesses earthly goods; he provides these for himself, he increases them and heaps them up. He reserves them, increased perhaps for robbers or enemies. In short, he languishes in tears more over broken cases or doors than if he should bury his own children's dear bodies. He circles the world, he contemplates impious deeds, he ponders the depths, he travels over oceans and mountains and markets, he changes his stars. He presses on across the sea, he lives in exile, he is guided by the new moon. The winds grant him shores, they grant him smooth seas, not the straits. His property is worthless, his mind is crafty, his lot lamentable. He dreams of sales, he increases purchases, he contracts things to be purchased. He acquires riches with riches, and he contracts these goods or those in writing. Both debts and credits are concealed by the rich man in his money-chest. To repose under a heap of riches is sweet

Huic requiescere dulce sub aggere divitiarum; 865
 Saepe revolvere, diligit addere saepius aurum.
 Denique deficit, his quia proficit, aet inundans;
 Mammona conditur et sitis additur, O sitis undans!
 Fit sine nomine nominis omine Tantalus ille.
 Sunt sua gaudia, lucra, pecunia, praedia, villae. 870
 Horrea construit, omnibus affluit unus opimus,
 Ad bona serior, ad mala promptior, ad fora primus.
 Dives ad omnia concitus impia, tardus ad aequum;
 Ut rosa cernitur, ut rota sternitur et sua secum,
 Stans hodie cluit ipseque cras ruit, ipse sed alter. 875
 Mane videt sua dives et haec tua vespere pauper.
 Dormiet affluus, ilico mortuus omnia perdet;
 Mox sua non sua latro feret sua se nece sternet.
 Ut folium leve subtrahit ad breve fur sua, mors se,
 Deserit omnia; tunc lucra noxia stant sibi noxae. 880
 Quae labor intulit annuus abstulit una vel hora,
 Divitis omnia quaeque nitentia, quaeque decora.
 O miserabilis, O sibi flebilis, O miser idem.
 Quanta pecunia, tanta molestia crescit eidem.
 Pertimet omnia, quem sua copia reddit egentem; 885
 Res sua possidet, angit et obsidet undique mentem.
 Cura cor anxiat,⁴⁵ angor inebriat, impedit error.
 Pallet ei color, hinc dolus, hinc dolor, undique terror.
 Somnus inania multaque somnia, nil sibi praestant;
 Luce negocia, nocte minacia visa molestant. 890
 Scrinia frangere, caetera tollere latro videtur,
 Dives egens tremit, evigilans gemit idque veretur;
 Ilico surgitur, arca revolvitur, aes reperitur.
 Noctis abit mora, lux vocat ad fora, merx strepit, itur.
 Post lucra cursitat, in lucra militat, ad lucra spirat. 895
 Spirat et aequora nauta pedes fora saepe regirat.
 Per mala maxima, per flagra plurima vitat egere.
 Fraudat et eripit, id dat id accipit, aes novat aere.

⁴⁵Psalms 60.3

to him; often he loves to return to his gold, but more often he loves to add to his gold. Finally, he fails. Since he gains in riches, he thirsts in his abundance. Mammon is stored up and thirst is added, O abounding thirst! He becomes Tantalus without the name, but with the omen of the name. His joys are riches, money, manors and farms. The rich man builds barns, he alone abounds in all things; he is slower to goodness, faster to evil, first to market.

The rich man is aroused toward all impieties, slow toward equity. He appears like a rose, he is overthrown like a wagon and its contents. Today he stands esteemed, but tomorrow he falls, himself, but changed. In the morning, a rich man, he sees his own goods, but in the evening, a poor man, he sees that they are yours. He will sleep at ease, and then he will be dead; he will lose everything. Soon his own goods are not his own; a thief carries off his goods, and he will lie stretched out, murdered. The thief takes away his goods for a short time, but death takes him away like a light leaf, and he forsakes everything; then his harmful riches are a harm to him. Even a single hour carries off all the rich man's things, the glittering things, the elegant things which a year's toil brought in.

O pitiable, O lamentable, O wretched man! As much as his money increases, so much does his trouble increase. He is greatly afraid of everything, a man whose own wealth renders him poor. His property occupies his mind, it vexes and utterly besets his mind. Care disturbs his heart, anguish fills it, uncertainty entangles it. His complexion is pale; there is guile here, grief there, fear everywhere. Sleep brings vanities, and many dreams bring him nothing. His affairs trouble him by day, menacing visions trouble him at night. A thief seems to break open his chests, to remove the other things. The "poor" rich man trembles, wakes up, groans and fears this dream. Immediately, he arises, the coffer is reopened, the money is found. Night's delay departs, light summons him to market, the wares rattle, he goes. He runs after riches, he serves riches, he lives for riches. A sailor, he lives for the seas; a soldier, he often makes the circuit of markets. He avoids want through the greatest evils, through many scourges. He cheats and he steals; he gives this, he takes that, he changes money for money.

Pauca suis dare, nil tibi, Lazare, quaerit avarus,
 Fletus inest tibi, fletus erit sibi, qualis? amarus. 900
 Nunc locuples eat, expleat, impleat impia vota,
 Post breve defluet illaque corruet area tota;
 Quomodo glarea decidet area divitiarum,
 Copia concidet, area decidet, et vir earum.
 Lucra ruentia praetereuntia lucra patenter, 905
 Vult, voluit, volet, et colit et colet haec homo semper.
 Dum dabit Anglia lac, ebur India, Smyrna cicadam,
 Per fora, per juga curret agens lucra plurimus Adam.
 Lucra, pecunia, res, opulentia, nunc dominantur.
 O mala! lacrima pauperis optima nullificantur. 910
 Plurima praedia sive peculia fraude lucratus
 Nunc benedicitur ipseque dicitur esse beatus.
 Quisque palatia vult sibi grandia, construit aedes,
 Hic quasi propria secla per omnia sit sibi sedes.
 Atria splendida castraque florida sunt rosa mundi, 915
 Nemo perennia construit atria; terrea cuncti.
 Pingimus atria, turba nefaria, gens Cananaea,
 Atria marmore forsitan arbore structa Sabaea.
 Pingimus atria—Christus ad ostia nostra gemiscit.
 Nos dape tendimur et bene pascimur—ille famiscit. 920
 Nos mala crapula solvit, agit gula, tibia frangit;
 Ille sitit, gemit, esurit et tremit et grave plangit.
 Nos grue pascimur, ansere vescimur illeque neutro.
 Ah! reus ungitur et Deus angitur—ordine pulchro!
 Nos ave, nos ove, nos sue, nos bove vescimur—hic non. 925
 Pectora saxea stringit et aerea viscera daemon.
 Gens sumus ebria, gens sumus impia, daemone plena,
 Pessima natio, prava creatio, gens aliena.
 Fercula plurima quaerimus optima pondera ventri,
 Vilia mittimus, immo relinquimus esurienti. 930
 O mala secula! Cur? Quia singula nunc vitiantur,
 Illaque luxibus, improbitatibus ista ligantur.
 Dux stat, inops ruit, hunc populus spuit, excolit illum.
 Stultus habens fremit inque probos emit ille sigillum.

The miser seeks to give few things to his own family, nothing to you, Lazarus; weeping is yours now, but weeping will be his. What kind of weeping? Bitter! Now let the wealthy man thrive, let him fulfill impious wishes, let him satisfy impious wishes, but after a brief time he will vanish, and his entire threshing-floor will collapse; that threshing-floor of riches will sink down like gravel, the abundance will fail, the threshing-floor will sink down, and the master of these will sink down.

Man always wants, has wanted, and will want riches that are falling, riches that are clearly passing away; these he worships and these he will worship. While England gives milk, India ivory, Smyrna crickets, many an Adam will rush through markets and through mountains chasing riches. Riches, money, property and opulence now rule. O evils! the pauper's tear, the best things are now despised. Now a man is blessed and said to be blessed when by deceit he has gained more manors or property. Everyone wants lofty palaces for himself, everyone builds houses as if his own abode is here for all ages. Glittering halls and flourishing castles are the rose of the world. No one builds everlasting halls, all build earthly ones. O wicked crowd, race of Canaan, we decorate our halls, halls made of marble or perhaps of wood from Arabia. We decorate our halls, but Christ groans at our gates. We are distended by banquets and feast well, but He is hungry. Evil drunkenness relaxes us, gluttony impels us, the flute weakens us, but He thirsts, He groans, He hungers, He trembles and laments bitterly. We feast on crane, we eat goose, and He has neither. Ah! guilty man is anointed and God is tormented—a lovely order! We eat fowl, we eat mutton, we eat pork, we eat beef, but He has nothing. The devil binds our hearts of stone and our innards of bronze. We are a drunken race, we are an impious race, full of the devil, the worst stock, a perverse creation, a strange race. We seek more dishes, we seek the costliest burdens for our belly, but we send the cheapest dishes, in fact we abandon them to the one who is hungry.

O wicked age! Why? Because now individual things are corrupted; these are bound to excesses, those are bound to depravities. A duke stands, a pauper falls; the people spit out this one and honor that one. A fool with money rages against upright men, and he buys a seal

Jus periit, quia lata patet via luxuriei,
 Garrulitatibus, ebrietatibus, ingluviei; 935
 Carnis amantibus, ordinis hostibus, invidiosis,
 Concubitoribus, irreverentibus, ambitiosis,
 Nulla nefaria nullaque turpia non peraguntur.
 Re modo prodita, non prius agnita voce geruntur. 940
 Ingenialia vel furialia crimina fiunt;
 Illa novissima tempora pessima jam patefiunt.
 Nam meretricia poene cubilia nil reputantur,
 Et venialia quod genialia sint vocitantur.
 Frons perit omnibus in lue stantibus, in probra stratis. 945
 Quando boni minus, amplior aut sinus improbitatis?
 Quando nefaria plus dominantia? Quando malorum
 Copia⁴⁶ latior? aut fuit artior area morum?
 Si Deus impia, si capitalia cuncta juberet,
 Quis vigilantius illa quis amplius ista teneret? 950
 Si scelus addere, sobria spernere jure liceret,
 Quis magis adderet haec ea sperneret atque caveret?
 Per varium genus omne caput Venus una sagittat,
 Quisque salubria, nemo nefaria promere vitat.
 Ob mala grandia si modo praemia celsa darentur, 955
 Non mala promptius aut bona tardius appeterentur.
 Dum loquor horreo. Non scio, non queo, non volo fari,
 Fanda nefandaque, quis queat utraque vel lacrimari?
 Quae rogo flumina quaeve volumina sint lactimarum
 Sufficientia tergere turpia tot furiarum? 960
 Si furialia dixero talia, non erit aequum,
 Si scelus est minus; heu! jacet eminus actio legum.
 Carmen arans fleo; carmine non queo, non queo prosa,
 Tot mala dicere, probra retexere, ferre probrosa.
 Plurima sunt ea, deficit eis mea vox referendis, 965
 Non ea vocibus est pudor omnibus his retegendis;
 Deficiet scio charta, locutio, tempus et hora,
 Si volo tangere, si reprehendere vel graviora.

⁴⁶Quando malorum copia: Juvenal 1.87

against them. Justice has perished because a wide way lies open to excess, to chatter, to drunkenness, to gluttony. No heinous deed and no base acts are left undone by those who love the flesh, by the enemies of order, by the envious, by concubines, by the irreverent, by the ambitious. Now things are done in fact, things are reported, which were not even known in speech before. Sins have become unnatural or raving mad. Now those final times, the worst times are visible. Now the beds of harlots are thought to be no cause of punishment and, since they are natural, they are called venial offenses. Shame perishes for all who abide in decay, for all who are prostrate in lewdness. When was there less good or a wider harbor for depravity? When were heinous deeds more dominant? When was there a wider access to evil or a narrower space for morals? If God should order impious acts, if God should order all deadly deeds, who would grasp those more vigilantly, who would grasp these more extensively? If it were allowed by law to increase wickedness, to reject moderation, who would increase that more, who would spurn and avoid this more? Venus alone shoots at every head throughout this fickle race; everyone avoids doing salutary acts, but no one avoids doing heinous deeds. If great rewards were now given for great evils, no evils would be sought more readily or goodness more slowly.

While I speak, I tremble. I know not how, I am not able, I am not willing to tell things which must be told and things which are unspeakable. Who can even weep for both? What streams, I ask, or what eddies of tears are adequate to cleanse the baseness of so many raging passions? If I shall tell of such raving madness, it will not be right if wickedness is less, but, alas, the indictment of law lies far off. While writing my poem, I weep to tell so many evils; in my poem I am unable to reveal so many disgraces, in prose I am unable to disclose so many shameful acts. There are very many, and my voice fails for reporting them, but there is shame for all the voices that do not reveal them. I know the paper, the words, the season and the hour will not be enough if I want to touch upon, to reproach even the more serious

Musa quidem mea, jam nimis est ea lassa notare,
 Non tamen est rea progenies ea lassa patrare.
 Ergo parum stylus isteque dactylus hic reprimetur.
 Secula perdita post quoque subdita Musa loquetur,
 Alta per aequora currimus anchora nunc jaciatur;⁴⁷
 Vis ubi plenior auraque gratior ibit, eatur.

970

acts. Indeed, my Muse is already too weary to censure them, yet this guilty race is not too weary to perform them. Therefore, my pen and this dactyl will be restrained a little here. Afterwards, my Muse will tell of the lost ages, and also of those succeeding them. We race over deep seas; let the anchor be cast now. When strength is fuller and the breeze is more pleasant, let us sail.

⁴⁷Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.772

LIBER TERTIUS

PERDITA SECULA moribus aemula praevaluerunt,
 Sunt sine nomine, qui sine crimine vivere quaerunt.
 Aurea secula pacis et oscula deperiere;
 Secula perfida, secula foetida sunt modo vere.
 Secula foetida, non voco sordida; sed voco sordem; 5
 Sordibus afflua, non voco mortua; sed voco mortem.
 O mala tempora! perfida pectora nobilitantur;
 Fraude carentia, criminis inscia bruta vocantur.
 Fraus decus obtinet arceque praeminet, arce potitur,
 Quartus homo sine fraudis acumine vix reperitur. 10
 Fraus ove simplice, fraus dupla duplice compta colore
 Fert dupla pallia, continet impia corde, mel ore.
 Diploidem gerit, intus enim ferit, in cute ridet,
 Scorpio fraudibus interioribus, ore renidet.
 Heu mihi, quo ferar? et queror et querar ista querelae 15
 Subdita tempora; persequar ulcera clausa medellae.
 Ardeo carpere, cogor et edere non sat honeste,
 Plena furoribus haec, ea sordibus, omnia peste.
 Nunc Venus aestuat, ira tumultuat, aes dominatur,
 Norma relinquitur, unio scinditur, ordo fugatur. 20
 Stat petulantia, deest reverentia, luxus inundat,
 Sobrius indiget, hypocrisis viget, error abundat.
 Praeminet uncia, praest opulentia, servit egestas,
 Floret inertia, flet pia gratia, moeret honestas,
 Flet sacra regula, venditur infula, Simon amatur, 25
 Fictio iudicat, aureus emicat, arca minatur.¹
 Qui tumet enitet, ars pia delitet, impia claret;
 Pauperies ruit, affluus affluit, aridus aret.
 Jus crucifigitur, ultio quaeritur, arma reident.

¹Horace, *Ars Poetica* 350

BOOK THREE

THE LOST AGES striving after good morals were superior, but now those who seek to live without sin are without a name. The Golden Age and kisses of peace have perished. Now the age is faithless, the age is truly foul. The age is foul; I do not call the age filthy, but I call it filth itself. The age abounds in filth; I do not call the age dead, but I call it death itself. O wicked times! Faithless hearts are made noble, but hearts without deceit, hearts ignorant of sin, are called stupid. Deceit gains glory and stands on the summit, deceit masters the summit. Scarcely is one man in four found without the cunning of deceit. Deceit in undyed wool, twofold deceit adorned with false hue has two cloaks; she keeps impieties in her heart, honey in her mouth. She wears a double robe, for on the inside she strikes, on the surface she smiles; this scorpion with her inner deceptions has a smile on her face. Alas, where am I being led? I complain and I shall complain about these times open to accusation; I shall describe ulcers which are prevented from healing. I am burning to revile these times, and I am compelled to declare unbecomingly that these things are full of madness, these are full of filth, all are full of disease.

Now Venus is inflamed, wrath is ranting, money holds sway, precept is abandoned, unity is split, order is routed. Wantonness flourishes, respect is lacking, excess overflows, the sober man is in need, hypocrisy thrives, error abounds. A trifle is prominent, wealth presides, indigence serves, idleness flourishes, true grace weeps, integrity mourns, the holy rule weeps, the chasuble is sold, Simon is loved, falsehood is a judge, the coin is conspicuous, the coffer is menacing. The man who is puffed up is distinguished, pious character lies hidden, impious character is renowned. Poverty sinks down, the affluent man overflows with riches, the thirsty man languishes from thirst. Justice is crucified, vengeance is sought, arms glisten. The just man is

Justior exulat, indigus ejulat, improba rident. 30
 Gratia deperit et pudor interit, occidit ordo;
 Ordo relinquitur et male psallitur in decachordo.²
 Mens pia vapulat, utilis exulat, utile marcet.
 Recta remissio, rem simulatio, jus dolus arcet.
 Ad probra cedere turpeque vivere, dat modo quaestum, 35
 Ad probra curritur, utile perditur, aret honestum.
 Stat schola criminis, occidit ordinis, ad mala statur.
 Impius ungitur, ah! pius angitur, et lapidatur.
 Falsa dat oscula, vera pericula, frater amico.
 Lex sacra rumpitur et male subditur aequus iniquo. 40
 Stant mala secula, stant probra, stat gula, fraus stat, abit
 frons,
 Dis stat, inops jacet, heu! sapiens tacet, angitur insons.
 Quisque fluentia, nemo manentia captat habere,
 Nemo salubria, spiritualia nemo videre.
 Gens viget invida vesteque fulgida, gens tenebrarum, 45
 Cui sua condere, non sua tollere, nil dare clarum.
 Quomodo vestibus haec ita mentibus est variata;
 Est variabilis, est reprobabilis, est reprobata.
 Adde quod algida corde quod invida plenaque fellis,
 Mutuo dissidet, opprimit, invidet estque rebellis. 50
 Mundus ad omnia volvitur impia sordibus hirtus;
 Crimen inhorruit, unica corrui unica virtus.
 Innumerabile, debile, labile, stat genus Evae.
 Dic, mea tibia, tolle, tragoedia, flebile vae vae!
 Gens male libera tendit ad infera calle sinistro, 55
 Nil nisi flebile, nil nisi debile sole sub isto.
 Sermo Dei tacet, ordo perit, placet alea fati,
 Esse pium pudet, omnis homo studet impietati.
 Per caput illius iste per istius ille licenter
 Jurat³ et abnuat omne quod eruit irreverenter. 60
 Tollit in aethera proh male! libera brachia latro,

²Psalms 91.4³Per caput . . . jurat: Juvenal 6.16-17

exiled, the needy man wails, vile deeds laugh. Grace perishes and
 modesty dies, order is gone; order is gone and hymns are badly played
 on the ten-stringed lyre. A pious mind is flogged, a useful mind is
 exiled, what is useful withers. Remission hinders what is right, pre-
 tence hinders a case, guile hinders justice. Now to yield to shameful
 acts and to live basely bestows a profit; there is a rush to shameful acts,
 the useful is destroyed, honesty languishes. The school of sin stands,
 the school of order falls, a school for evil is established. Ah, the
 impious man is anointed, the pious man is bound and attacked with
 stones. A brother gives his friend false kisses, true perils. Holy law is
 broken and the just man is wickedly subjected to the unjust.

An evil age now flourishes, shameful acts flourish, gluttony flour-
 ishes, deceit flourishes, shame departs. The rich man stands, the poor
 lies prostrate, alas, the wise man is silent, the innocent tormented.
 Everyone strives to have passing things, no one to have lasting things;
 no one strives to see salutary things, to see spiritual things. An envious
 race is thriving, a race of shadows in shining clothes, a race for whom it
 is honorable to store up its own goods, to take goods not its own, to
 give nothing. This race is as diverse in dispositions as it is in clothes; it
 is fickle, disreputable, condemned. Add the fact that it is cold at
 heart, envious and full of poison; by turns it is divided, it oppresses, it
 envies, it is rebellious. The world, shaggy with filth, turns toward all
 impieties; sin stands, virtue alone collapses, only virtue collapses.
 Innumerable, frail, perishable stands the race of Eve. Speak, my pipe,
 raise, my tragedy, a doleful woe, woe! This wickedly-free race marches
 on its perverse path to Hell; there is nothing under the sun except
 what is doleful, except what is weak.

The word of God is silent, order perishes, the game of Fate is
 pleasing; to be pious is shameful, and every man strives after impiety.
 This man freely swears by the head of that one, that man by the head
 of this one, and he denies everything which he has irreverently
 brought out. Ah, the robber wickedly raises his unchained arms to

Jurat et omnia purget ut obvia crimina sacro.
 Depositum negat⁴ utque scelus tegat est scelerosus,
 Non timet abdere rem neque tangere sacra⁵ probrosus,
 Qui male conscius evolat ocuis occupat aras, 65
 Denegat abdita, quae sibi credita, salva putaras.
 Per sua lumina, per sacra numina, per crucifixum
 Jurat alacriter atque procaciter urget idipsum.
 Pejerat heu! leve sicque lucrum breve fert homo fictus,
 Nec sibi criminis ultio fulminis irruit ictus. 70
 Nec sibi pes dolet, ambulat ut solet alite dextro.
 Omnia prospera dat Deus aspera nulla scelesto.
 Stas tua quaerere, quaeris et addere monomachiam,
 Duplice corpore conspicis affore sponte Goliam.
 Te ferus opprimit et tibi comprimit ora manusque, 75
 Vincit, inania sunt tua praelia causaque jusque.
 Fit sibi frigida, fit sibi fervida lymfa probamen;
 Id quoque perferet, haud sibi proferet esse gravamen.
 Omnia debita sunt tibi reddita voce, nihil re;
 Ille tenet sibi, quam repetis tibi, rem tenet ille. 80
 Transeo carmina tactaque limina⁶ sortilegorum,
 Transeo carmina vel speculamina necromantorum.
 O facinus grave! vir putat ex ave fata doceri,
 Pennaque vulturis exprimit auguris omen haberi;
 Dextera plaudere laevaue plangere pennula tradit. 85
 Gracculus obviat, ille repatriat; ardea, vadit.
 Stella comas dedit, ille cito redit in sua castra.
 Fata scit inscius, est liber illius ales et astra.
 Hactenus haec satis. Ulterius ratis haec mea tendat,
 Quae mala, quae rea, quae nigra, sunt mea vox reprehendat. 90
 Mens modo conscia, fraudis et inscia sorte sub aequa,
 Vir malus est bonus, est bonitas onus, O via caeca!
 Fratris amor ruit atque Dei fluit, est modo ventris,

⁴Leviticus 6.2⁵Juvenal 13.89⁶Ovid, *Met.* 10.456

heaven, and he swears to expiate all his sins against what is holy. He denies what was entrusted to him and, in order to cover his wickedness, he is wicked; this shameful man who rushes forth without conscience does not fear to hide property nor to touch holy things; he swiftly attacks the altars, he denies the hidden things which you thought safe, entrusted to him. Eagerly he swears by his own eyes, by the divine powers, by the crucifix, and he boldly urges that very thing. Alas, he perjures himself, and so this dissembling man wins a slight and brief gain, neither does a thunderbolt, the revenge of sin, strike him. Nor does his foot ache, but he walks under favorable augury, as he is accustomed. God grants the wicked man all prosperity, no adversity. If you stand firm to seek what is yours, and you seek to go on to single-combat, you will see a Goliath twice your size stand forth of his own accord. The fierce one crushes you, and he restrains your mouth and hands, he conquers you: your strife, your cause and your rights are useless. He undergoes the ordeal of cold water, of hot water; this also he will endure, and he will not make known that it is a trouble to him. Everything owed to you is paid in word, nothing in fact. He holds for himself what you claim for yourself, he has your property.

I pass over the spells and the crossed thresholds of fortune-tellers; I pass over the spells or the observations of necromancers. O grievous outrage! A man thinks that fates are taught from birds, and he claims that the augur's omen is gained from the flight of a vulture. A little feather on the right yields applause, on the left, lamentation. If a grackle blocks his way, that man returns home; if he sees a heron, he goes on. If he observes a shooting star, he quickly returns to his own castle. Ignorant, he knows the fates; his book is a bird and the constellations. Enough! So much for this. My little boat takes its course farther, my voice reproaches things which are evil, which are guilty, which are black.

Now the mind knowing of deceit and the mind unknowing of deceit are under equal lot; ah, blind way! an evil man is good, but goodness is a burden. Love of brother fails and love of God vanishes; now there is love of the belly and much care of the body, but care of the mind is last, or there is none at all. A school of sin abides, and the desire of the groin and of the palate. Ah, shame trembles at her losses,

Curaque plurima corporis ultima nullave mentis.
 Stat schola criminis et sitis inguinis atque palati; 95
 Damna pudor pavet, ah! probitas favet improbitati.
 Vir sine crimine, lite, cupidine felleque pingui
 Est neque mentior, est bove rarior ille trilingui;
 Ocius aliger hircus, olor niger invenientur,
 Ante triceps pecus atque biceps equus exorientur. 100
 Crimine plectitur et cruce sternitur aequus iniqui,
 Et nimii modus et reprobi probus ordoque ficti.
 Gens Belial sine lege vel ordine quae sua quaerunt,
 Quae Domini minus est, pudor eminus, aequa ruerunt.
 Plura nefaria, major inertia non fuit unquam; 105
 Qui rosulas petit, innumeram metit, heu! saliuncam.
 Nemoque talia, tanta, tot impia vellere curat;
 Nemo sat imminet, ut bona seminet, ut scelus urat.
 Sobrius actibus est gravis omnibus, omnibus unus,
 Nilque superfluus est quasi mortuus, est quasi funus. 110
 Vix stat in agmine, legis agens bene jota vel unum
 Qui reprobet probra, qui faciat bona, nullus ad unum.
 Stant fera vulnera nullaque dextera vel prope nulla,
 Vel mala vellere vel bona ponere suscipit ulla.
 Grex flet amarius, est operarius in grege rarus; 115
 Pontificum status excidio datus, extat avarus.
 Stertite, stertite, gutture sospite pseudomagistri,
 Vestraque stent prius, ordo jubet pius, hinc lucra Christi.
 Solvit inertia, luxus et ocia, cum grege clerum.
 Nunc gula regula, vox sacra fabula, fabula verum. 120
 Vis bona dicere? Diceris edere gesta novella;
 Risus es omnibus et quasi cornibus hirta capella.
 Jus ruit, aes viget. Ah! pudet et piget esse pudicum.
 Floret honoribus affluit omnibus ausus iniquum;
 Ausus atrociam, nescius ocia ferre vir extat. 125
 Exprimit Hectors, qui fera pectora crudaque gestat.
 Accipis atria, nomina, praedia, si scelus audes;
 Pocula mellea dat, replet horrea, tendere fraudes.
 Vis tibi culmina? Suggere crimina, cernere, pare;

modesty befriends depravity. A man without sin, strife, lust and thick bile is rarer than a triple-tongued ox. I do not lie! A winged goat, a black swan will be found more quickly, and sooner will there appear a three-headed cow and a two-headed horse. Because of the sin of an unjust man, a righteous one is beaten and stretched on a cross, a moderate man for one of excess, an honest man for a dishonest one, order for falsehood. The race of Belial without law or order desires things which are its own, things which are not the Lord's; shame is far off, equity has fallen. Never were there more heinous acts, never was there more idleness; alas, the man who seeks rosebuds reaps countless thistles, and no one cares to pluck up such impieties, so great and so many impieties. No one is eager to sow goodness, to burn up wickedness.

The man who is temperate in his actions is burdensome to all; he alone is burdensome to all, and he is nothing; he is superfluous, as if a dead man, as if a corpse. Scarcely one man in a multitude stands firm, performing well even a single jot of the law; there is no one at all who reproaches shameful deeds, and does good ones. Cruel wounds remain and no right hand, or hardly any, undertakes to pluck up evils or to set forth any good works. The flock weeps more bitterly, for one who works among the flock is rare; the status of bishops is given to ruin, a greedy one stands forth. Snore, snore with your gluttony safe and sound, You false-teachers, and let your riches stand foremost, then Christ's. Good order bids it! Laziness, lust and idleness weaken the cleric with his flock. Now gluttony is the rule, the Holy Word is a fable, truth a fable.

You wish to talk of goodness? You are said to proclaim novelties; You are a joke to all and like a shaggy she-goat with horns. Justice fails, money thrives. Ah, to be pure is shameful and irksome. A man who has dared iniquity flourishes with honors, he abounds with all honors. A man who has dared savage deeds, who does not know how to endure leisure, stands forth with all honors. The man who has a fierce and merciless heart resembles Hector. You get homes, titles, manors, if you dare wickedness; to spread deceits confers honeyed cups, it fills barns. You want power for yourself? Be ready to stir up sins, to decide upon sins; give, take, carry off, oppress, break, thun-

Da, rape, fer, preme, frange, tona, fremere, fare, minare. 130
 Crimina culmine, culmina crimine, plena feruntur.
 Fers fera cornua, culminis ardua quaere—dabuntur.
 Barba vocabere, sceptrum lucrabere, si mala quaeris;
 Si mala praeficis et bona deicis, antefereris.
 Vivis iners homo, nomen habes Dromo; si bene vivis. 135
 Si male, rex eris, aequiparaberis ordine divis.
 Tisiphone fremit, heu! nocet et premit esse benignum.
 Ars mala te beat atque ducem creat, ut duce dignum.
 Arce levaberis, unus eras; eris altus, opimus,
 Altus honoribus exterioribus, ordine primus. 140
 Si prior incipis impia, principis ad latus ibis;
 Principis ad latus ibis, eris, status his, tremor illis.
 Consiliarius atque vicarius et lateralis
 Regis habebis atque foveberis illius alis.
 Qui bene vivere vult, ruit aggere; qui secus est rex. 145
 Frons perit et pudor, ira stat et furor, ordo flet et lex;
 Impatentia, fraus, petulantia fert, petit, urit.
 Schismata, faenora, ferrea pectora, mors ita currit;
 Mortua regula, fictio, crapula flet, tegit, arcet.
 Vivere noxia cor leve sobria, jus ita marcet. 150
 Qui bona spernere, spreta recondere non dubitavit,
 Qui mala praetulit, is lucra retulit, aes cumulavit.
 Accipe, tertius est tibi filius, ille probatur,
 Qui bona despicit et mala perficit et mala fatur.
 Qui crucis omnia divaque brachia membraque jurat, 155
 Se quoque grandior et sene cautior, ad mala durat.
 Caetera pignora vivere corpora mortua moeres,
 Cui nihil est Deus, "hic," ais, "est meus, hic erit haeres."
 Qui sine cornibus aut sine cordibus appetit esse,
 Vel sine dentibus, eligit omnibus iste subesse. 160
 Qui furit et ferit, ille decus gerit, ille fit ille.
 Qui timet et tacet, hic flet, eget, jacet umbra favillae.
 Dum loquor haec, fleo, flendo dolens eo, plango, gemisco;
 Haec fleo culminis illa libidinis oblita visco.
 Secula culminis hinc amor inguinis inde sagittat. 165

der, roar, speak, threaten. Sins are said to be full of power and power full of sin. Bear fierce horns, seek the heights of power, and they will be granted. If you seek evil, you will be called a worthy man, you will win scepters; if you establish evil and cast down goodness, you will be given preference. If you live rightly, you will be a lazy man, you will have the name Dromo. If you live badly, you will be a king, you will equal the gods in rank. Tisiphone roars; alas, to be kind harms and crushes you. An evil craft blesses you and makes you a leader, worthy as a duke. You will be raised on high. You were alone, but you will be great, rich, high in outward honors, first in rank. If you first initiate impious acts, you will advance to the side of your prince; you will walk at the prince's side, you will be a guardian to these, a terror to those. You will be considered a counselor and deputy and close companion of the king, and you will be protected by his wings.

A man who wants to live rightly falls from the height; one who lives otherwise is a king. Shame and modesty perish, wrath and madness abide, order and law weep. Impatience brings schisms, deceit seeks profits, wantonness inflames hearts of iron, and thus death hastens on. The rule, now dead, weeps that offenses are thriving; falsehood conceals the fickle heart, drunkenness hinders sober deeds, and thus justice grows weak. The man who did not hesitate to condemn goodness, to hide what has been condemned, the man who preferred evil, he has carried off riches, has heaped up money. Observe: you have a third son, and he is shown to be one who disdains goodness and does evil and speaks evil, one who swears by all the divine arms and limbs of the cross; even more advanced and more wary than an old man, he injures himself to evil. You mourn that your other offspring are alive, you mourn their dead bodies. You say, "this is my son, this will be my heir" to the one to whom God is nothing. The son who strives to be without horns or without strong feelings or without teeth elects to be subject to all. That son who rages and strikes, that one has honor, that one becomes the heir. This son who is fearful and silent, this one weeps; he is in need, he lies in the shadow of the embers. While I say these things, I weep; in tears I grieve, I lament, I sigh; I weep for these things smeared with the birdlime of power, those with the birdlime of excess.

Stat Venus ignea nemoque carnea vincula vitat.
 Heu modo qualia, quanta, quot impia quaeve nefanda!
 Gens agit impia, turba perebria, turba cremanda.
 Membra libidine, pectora crimine polluit, urit,
 Ingenialia laxa per omnia crimina currit. 170
 Omnis in omnia denique turpia gens modo jurat.
 Quisque nitescere carne requirere carnea curat.
 Ordinis agmina claudite lumina, nec minus aures;
 Ne, rogo, credite, credere parcite res stabulares.
 Parcite credere, quae pudet edere, sed tamen edam; 175
 Horrida nomine, plus mala crimine, crimina quaedam.
 Heu! male publicus est Sodomiticus ignis et aestus.
 Nemo scelus tegit aut premit aut gemit esse scelestus.
 Ad fera crimina claudite lumina quotquot adestis,
 Fit furor impius, est ubi conscius, est ubi testis? 180
 Ingenialiter et furialiter, ille fit illa,
 Juno relinquitur, ipsa repellitur et Petronilla.
 Plangite secula, plangite singula crimine plena.
 Mas maris immemor, O furor, O tremor! est ut hyaena.
 Aspice sordibus ingenialibus, aspice multos, 185
 Quo scelus ordine, quo noto nomine? nempe sepultos.
 Criminis istius, heu! sonat impius horror ad astra.
 Nuda fit actio, vociferatio; mens geme casta!
 Mutuo conscius, ille fit istius, illius iste.
 Est prope mortua lex tua, vox tua, sors tua Christe. 190
 Faex Sodomae patet, innumerus scatet, heu! Ganymedes,
 Dum scelus exhibet, haec fera quaslibet incolit aedes.
 Prima sedilia, culta cubilia sunt Ganymedis.
 Juno relinquitur et capra subditur—O furor!—haedis,
 Si numerum gregis istius exigis, ocius edo; 195
 Eloquor ocius, explico promptius ore tragoedo:
 Quot seges hordea, pontus et ostrea, litus arenas,
 Cycladas Adria, thura dat India, Tibur avenas.
 Castra, suburbia, quippe sacraria, non minus undant,
 Hac lue sordida, proh pudor! horrida cuncta redundant. 200
 Mundus iners perit, horrida vult, gerit horridiora;

On this side love of power attacks the age, on that side love of lust.
 Fiery Venus flourishes, and no one shuns the chains of the flesh. Alas,
 of what kind, how great, how many are the impieties of today, or how
 unspeakable! An impious race brings them forth, a drunken crowd, a
 crowd to be burned. It defiles its limbs with lust, it inflames its hearts
 with sin, it runs unchecked through all the lustful sins. In short, the
 entire race now swears allegiance to everything disgraceful. Everyone
 takes care to be beautiful in the flesh, to seek things of the flesh. Oh
 people of right order, shut your eyes and your ears; do not believe, I
 beg, these stories of the stable, cease to believe them. Cease to believe
 things which it is shameful to proclaim, but yet I shall proclaim certain
 sins terrible in name, sins more evil than sin.

Alas, the flame and the ardor of Sodom are wickedly common. No
 one conceals or represses this wickedness, or grieves to be wicked. All
 you who are here, shut your eyes to savage sins. There is impious
 madness, but where is the accomplice, where is the witness? Unnatu-
 rally and insanely he becomes she; Juno is abandoned, and Petronilla
 herself is rejected. Bewail the times, bewail all things full of sin. O
 madness! O terror! the male, unmindful of his manliness, is like a
 hyena. Observe, observe many men in unnatural filth, in fact buried
 in it; in what order do I censure this wickedness, with what name do I
 censure it? Alas, the impious horror of that sin resounds to the skies.
 The naked deed occurs, the clamor for it occurs; O chaste soul, be
 mournful! By turns this man becomes that one's accomplice, and that
 one becomes his. O Christ, your law, your word, your portion are
 nearly dead. Alas, the filth of Sodom is openly seen, countless Gany-
 medes are swarming, while this wild beast displays its wickedness,
 while it inhabits any dwellings you please. First are the benches of
 Ganymede sought, the couches of Ganymede. O madness! Juno is
 abandoned, and a she-goat is put in the place of the young goats. If
 you demand the number of this herd, I proclaim it quickly, I say it
 quickly, I state it readily in tragic speech: as many as the field has ears
 of barley and the ocean oysters, the shore sands, the sea islands, India
 incense, the Tibur reeds. O shame! castles and towns are full of this
 filthy plague, indeed sacristies are no less full of it, all places overflow
 with this savage plague.

Sulphure pascitur esseque cernitur una Gomorrha.
 O furor ultimus! est modo plurimus Hermaphroditus,
 Reddit inania conjugialia pacta maritus.
 Ingenialia crimina stantia regula maeret, 205
 Lepra minoribus et potioribus ista cohaeret.
 Lex genii perit, usus et interit hac lue notus.
 Nescit eam pecus aut canis aut equus et homo totus.
 Semimares voco, semiviros probo, se maculantes,
 Debita sexibus inferioribus heu! sibi dantes, 210
 Haec nimis effera crimina caetera justificarunt;
 Myrrha Jocastaque, Phaedra Lycissaque, jam sibi plaudunt.
 Gens animalibus insipientibus assimilanda,
 Plus animalibus insipientibus est reprobanda.
 Bestia non sapit et tamen haec capit hic rationem; 215
 Vir sapiens sapit et minime capit hic rationem.
 Aetheris agmina celsaque culmina, quando videtis
 Talia crimina, cur fera fulmina, cur cohibetis?
 Aetheris agmina celsaque numina num vigilatis?
 Crimina talia totque nefaria, cur toleratis? 220
 O Deus, O Deus! ut quid in hoc reus est tuus orbis?
 Cur tibi perditus et sibi traditus his modo morbis?
 Cur tua plasmata sunt vitio data tam furiali?
 Cur tua plasmata crimine perditata, crimine tali?
 Vos, mea lumina, tam fera crimina stantia flete; 225
 Flete per omnia, gens bene conscia, flendo dolete.
 Luxus et ocia crimen alentia, proh dolor! undant;
 Plurima turpia, ne loquar omnia, nunc superundant.
 Omne bonum ruit, omnis homo fluit in probra fractus;
 Omne ruit decus, in pecudes pecus est homo factus. 230
 Mors premit omnia vitaeque sobria clamat "Obivi.
 Facta vigent rea, mortua lex mea, parcite Divi."
 Clamat amor pius, "O fera totius orbis imago,
 Heu modo qualia, quanta, quot impia quaeve vorago!"
 Crimina plurima, crimina pessima sunt patefacta, 235
 Nec prius agnita nec prius edita nec prius acta.
 Polluit aera, dicere tam fera, tam ferianda,

This sluggish world is dying, it wants savage things, it produces more savage ones. It is nourished on brimstone, and it is seen to be one Gomorrha. O final madness! there is many a Hermaphrodite now; the husband renders void the marriage agreements. Right rule grieves over unnatural sins flourishing. That leprosy clings to the lowly and the mighty. The law of natural appetite perishes, and the recognized intercourse ceases because of this plague. The sheep or dog or horse is unacquainted with this, and a whole man is unacquainted with it. I call them half-male who defile themselves, alas, I declare them half-men who give to themselves what is owed to the weaker sex; they justify these excessively savage sins, and others. Myrrha and Jocasta, Phaedra and Lycisca applaud themselves now. This race must be compared to senseless animals, it must be condemned more than senseless animals. A beast has no sense, and yet here it has reason; a knowing man has sense, and here he has no reason. O armies of heaven and lofty summits, why, why do you hold back fierce thunderbolts when you see such sins? O armies of heaven and lofty powers, are you watchful? Why do you tolerate such sins and so many heinous deeds? O God, O God! how is your world guilty in this? Why is the world lost to You and handed over to itself in these diseases? Why are your creatures given to so dreadful a vice? Why are your creatures lost in sin, in such sin? O my eyes, weep for such savage sins now flourishing; O race of good conscience, weep for all, in tears lament for all.

O grief! excesses and ease which nourish sin are abounding; many shameful acts, lest I say all, are now overflowing. Every good rushes toward disgraceful deeds, every man in his weakness proceeds toward disgraceful deeds. Every dignity rushes toward the beasts, every man is made a beast. Death overwhelms all, and the sober life cries out, "I have perished. O gods have mercy! Guilty deeds thrive, my law is dead." Pious love cries out, "Oh, the image of the whole world is savage. Alas, now what kinds, how great, how many are the impieties of the world, or what an abyss is this world!" Very many sins are exposed, the worst sins, sins neither known before nor told before nor done before. It pollutes the air to tell of sins so savage, so punishable, so fit for the stable, so dreadful, so secret. To tell more is shameful; I

Tam stabularia, tam furialia, tam reticenda.
 Plus pudet edere, desino solvere talibus ora.
 Plurima diximus hic neque novimus his graviora. 240
 Jam mea pagina talia crimina jam reticescat,
 Lubrica pandere, cor sine pondere frangit, inescat.
 Quis probra talia, tanta nefaria, totque venena,
 Quis ferat edere? Non ego paupere pauper avena.
 Et Maro deficit hic neque sufficit os Ciceronis, 245
 Naso retunditur, arida redditur unda Salonis.
 Ora trilingua, vociferantia—da mihi centum -
 Non tamen omnia proloquar impia facta nocentum.
 Musa tamen mea percutiens ea, carpere tendet,
 Si nequit impia sternere, stantia vel reprehendet. 250
 Nam modo quis sine mortis imagine? num gravis aetas?
 At levis est ea nec vetitis rea vult dare metas.
 Num puer? At puer est vitio celer, est sine loris.
 Num juvenum valor? At juvenes calor urit amoris.
 Num vir? At omnia facta virilia vir fugat omnis. 255
 Corda fleant pia. Cur? quia stat via perditionis,
 Stat via latior, area largior impietatis,
 Ad scelus omnibus omne ruentibus, ad mala stratis.
 Gaudia lubrica, lucra volatica sola putantur;
 Ut mare fluctibus, omnia pestibus exagitantur. 260
 Vela Nothus ferit, Ecclesiae perit unica navis,
 Credita patribus, ad bona segnibus, ad mala gnavis,
 Mersa reatibus, orba regentibus, acta procellis,
 Obruta fraudibus, obruta litibus, obruta bellis.
 Dormit in aequore, despicit affore coelica dextra, 265
 Scandala fratribus intus agentibus, hostibus extra.
 Nemo per aequora remus et anchora navis habetur;
 Crimine mergitur, ordine scinditur, hoste repletur,
 Per mala plurima, per probra maxima mersa dehiscit.
 Ventus agit mare, perstitit hanc male vincere, vicit. 270
 Vox sonet anxia, "Celsa potentia surge, perimus.
 Nos fer et erige, ne sine remige gens tua simus."
 Se sacra concio, se generatio sacra refflammet.

cease to open my mouth for such things. Here we have spoken of very many sins, nor have we known more grievous ones than these. Now let my page grow silent about such sins; to make known lewd things weakens a heart without firmness, it entices a heart without firmness. Who can bear to tell such disgraceful deeds, to tell such heinous crimes and so many poisons? Not I, a poor man with a poor reed-pipe. Here even Maro fails and Cicero's tongue does not suffice; Naso is restrained, Solon's stream is dried up. Give me a hundred triple-tongued mouths crying aloud, and yet I would not declare all the impious deeds of the wicked. Still, my smiting Muse strives to revile them; if she cannot overthrow flourishing impieties, at least she will censure them. Who now is without the image of death? Is old age serious? But old age is capricious, nor in its guilt does it want to set limits on forbidden things. Is the boy serious? But the boy is rash in vice, he is without reins. Is the strength of youths serious? But the ardor of love burns youths. Is the man serious? But every man puts all manly deeds to flight. Let pious hearts weep. Why? Because the way of perdition flourishes, the wider way; the larger field of impiety abides, while all are rushing toward every wickedness, all are prostrate before evil.

People think only of lewd delights, of fleeting riches; all things are stirred up by deadly pests, as the sea is stirred up by billows. The south wind strikes the sails, the singular ship of the Church is lost, the ship entrusted to fathers who are sluggish toward goodness, diligent toward evil, the ship engulfed in guilt, bereft of guardians, driven by tempests, sunk by deceits, sunk by disputes, sunk by wars. The Right Hand of heaven sleeps upon the sea, It disdains to help while brothers are causing scandals inside, enemies are causing them outside. No one is considered to be an oar and an anchor of the ship in the midst of the sea; the ship is engulfed in sin, split in its ranks, filled with enemies, it gapes open, engulfed in very many evils, engulfed in the greatest disgraces. The wind stirs the sea, it has continued wickedly to overwhelm the ship, it has overwhelmed the ship. Let the anxious voice cry out, "Heavenly Power, arise. We are perishing! Support us and rescue us lest we your people be without an oarsman." Let the holy assembly, the holy generation kindle itself again. Let the soul free of sin cry out

Clamet ad aethera, crimine libera, mens pia clamet,
 "Surge piissime, flumina reprime, frange procellas,
 Des pia pectora, des bona tempora, crimina pellas;
 Esto memor gregis, hunc rege qui regis Aetheris aulam;
 Reprime flumina tantaque flamina confer in auram;
 Pax Aquilonibus aufugientibus assit ab Austro;
 Integra deforis ipsaque pectoris insita claustro. 275
 Surge, quid, omnibus, heu! pereuntibus in lue, dormis?"
 Vivitur omnibus et sine legibus et sine normis.
 Parca perit manus,⁷ esurit orphanus, hostis abundat.
 "Das mihi, do tibi." quisque cavet sibi, ne sua fundat.
 Grandia pondere, lucra recondere quisque laborat, 285
 Aes quasi numina gens adamantina servat, adorat.
 Quisque pericula moribus aemula vult—lucra dico—
 Robora languida florequae florida lilia sicco.
 Ordinis et valor et rigor et calor est tepefactus.
 Proh furor ultimus! in lucra vendimus ora, cor, actus; 290
 Ad bona claudimus, ad mala vendimus osque manumque.
 Plebs emit inscia, stulta peritia vendit utrumque,
 Stulta peritia lucra scit impia, caetera nescit;
 Vatis imagine, carnis acumine quisque tumescit.
 Quis modo coelica sudat ut ethnica scripta doceri? 295
 Ore quis edere, corde reponere carmina veri?
 Qui bene disputat et cito computat arte scholarum
 Non petit actibus at petit artibus abba creari.
 Garrula Socrate, curva sophismate qui gerit ora,
 Jactat acumina, vult sacra culmina, se potiora. 300
 Per sua grammata sive sophismata pontificatur,
 Nec fit ad aethera pons sed ad infera porta levatur.
 Qui trivii leve, quadrivii breve dogmata legit,
 Ardua postulat, arduus ambulat, ut leo pergit.
 Fert fera pectora, qui scit Agenora vel Melibaeum, 305
 Qui metra Sapphica, qui mala civica, qui Capaneum.
 Pristina grammata, prisca poemata, prisca Thalia,

⁷Horace, *Carmina* 3.16.43

to Heaven, let the pious soul cry out, "Most Faithful One, arise. Repress the waves, subdue the tempests, grant us pious hearts, grant us decent times, banish sins. You who rule the court of Heaven, be mindful of your flock and guide it. Repress the waves and turn such great gales into a gentle breeze. Let there be peace from the south, while the north winds are fleeing. Heal our bodies outside, and heal those parts within the cloister of the heart. Arise! Alas, with everything perishing in corruption, why do you sleep?" Everyone is living without laws and without precepts.

The sparing hand perishes, the orphan is hungry, the enemy abounds. "You give to me, I give to you." Everyone looks out for himself lest he spend his own goods. Everyone strives to store up vast riches. This hardened race guards money, it adores money as a god. Everyone wants these perils hostile to good morals—I am speaking of riches. Now the oaks are weak, and the lilies blossom with dried-up flowers. The vigor and firmness and zeal for order are lukewarm. O final madness! For riches we sell our mouths, our heart, our actions; we close our mouth and our hand to goodness, we sell them to evil. The unknowing people buy both, foolish experience sells both; foolish experience knows impious riches, it knows nothing else. Everyone is puffed up by the image of the seer, by the cunning of the flesh.

Who now toils so that divine writings are taught as pagan writings are? Who toils to proclaim the verses of truth with his mouth, to store them in his heart? One who disputes well and reckons quickly by the scholar's craft seeks to be made an abbot not by deeds, but by the arts. One who has a mouth babbling of Socrates and crooked with sophisms, one who boasts of his cunning, wants sacred heights that are higher than himself. Through his grammar or his sophisms he is made a bishop; he does not become a bridge to heaven, but is raised up as a gateway to Hell. One who reads slightly the teachings of the trivium, briefly the quadrivium, demands high places, he walks on high, he advances like a lion. He has a fierce heart, the one who knows Agenor or Meliboeus, who knows Sapphic measures, who knows the civil wars, who knows Capaneus. Ancient grammar, antique poems, antique

Sunt modo maxima suntque peroptima Philosophia.
 Gregorius meus, immo tonans Deus illius ore,
 Sero revolvitur et cito clauditur absque favore; 310
 Sed sua gloria secla per omnia fine carebit,
 Mundus eum canet et sua laus manet atque manebit.
 Jam stylus aureus ejus et igneus haud morietur,
 Aurea pagina per sua germina suscipietur.
 Ille Platonibus et Ciceronibus ad Styga raptis, 315
 Raptus ad aethera, vivit ad ubera stans Deitatis.
 Hic specialiter atque fideliter est relegendus,
 Sed stylus ethnicus atque poeticus abjiciendus.
 Dant sibi turpiter oscula Jupiter et schola Christi,
 Laus perit illius, eminent istius, est honor isti. 320
 O mala secula! Cur? quia fabula praeest modo vero,
 Vita ruentibus est mala plebibus, est mala clero.
 Militat inguinis atque libidinis una voluptas,
 Cumque pudor labet, ipsa vias habet unica ruptas.
 Non modo plumbea,⁸ sed jacit aurea tela Cupido, 325
 Perdidit omnia lite superbia, sorde libido.
 Haec duo retia sunt capientia nunc prope cunctos,
 Tam sibi crimine, quam sibi sanguine, carneque junctos.
 Haec draco suggerit, haec caro digerit, his cor obedit;
 Haec meditatio, dextra, locutio vult, agit, edit. 330
 Sic scelus exerit, explicat, ingerit Eva, vir, hostis;
 Mens jacet ignibus usta patentibus, usta repostis.
 Turpia quilibet eligit, exhibet, explicat, audet;
 Audet, amat, gerit, indicat, exerit indeque gaudet.
 O furor, O tremor! O quid agam? Cremor intro, tacebo? 335
 Corde tacens coquar, improba tot loquar, aut cohibebo?
 An dabo versibus? Hinc ego pluribus ipse jocosus.
 An loquar auribus? Ibo nocentibus, hinc odiosus.
 Res fera dicere sed reticescere crimina crimen.
 Mens mihi dicere, non reticescere mens mihi crimen. 340
 Stant modo stantia, criminis omnia, crimen ubique;

⁸Ovid, *Met.* 1.468-71

comedy are now the greatest things, and they are the very best philosophy. My Gregory, in fact God thundering forth with the mouth of Gregory, is read late and quickly closed without approval. But his glory will be without end through all ages; the world will sing of him, and his praise remains, and it will remain. His golden, his fiery style will by no means die; his golden page will be taken up by his offshoots. When Platos and Ciceros have been snatched away to the Stygian realms, he has been snatched away to Heaven; he is alive, standing before the bosom of God. He must be reread in detail and faithfully, but the style of the pagan and the poet must be cast away. Jupiter and the school of Christ kiss one another with shame. Praise of the latter perishes, but praise of the former is prominent, for the former there is honor.

O wicked age! Why? Because now fables rule over truth; life is evil for the people falling into ruin, life is evil for the clergy. Only the pleasure of the groin and of lust serves now, and when shame gives way, this one pleasure holds the broken ways. Cupid hurls not only shafts of lead, but shafts of gold; pride destroys all things with strife, lust destroys them with uncleanness. These are the two snares which now catch nearly all men, joined as they are to each other in sin as in flesh and blood. The serpent supplies them, the flesh arranges them, the heart obeys them. Our thoughts want them, our right hand does them, our speech proclaims them. Thus, Eve puts forth wickedness, the man carries it out, the enemy presents it. The soul lies prostrate, burned by fires which are exposed, burned by fires which are concealed. Everyone chooses shameful deeds; he reveals, completes and dares them. Everyone dares shameful deeds; he loves, does, talks about, puts forth and then rejoices in them.

O madness, O trembling! Oh, what shall I do? Inside I am burning. Shall I be silent? Shall I melt at heart in silence? Shall I tell so many shameful deeds, or shall I hold them back? Or shall I commit them to verses? Then to many men I will be humorous. Or shall I whisper them in men's ears? Then to the culpable ones I shall be hateful. To talk about sins is a savage thing, but to keep silent about sins is a sin. My intention is to talk about sin, not to keep silent about it. All kinds of sins are flourishing now, sin is everywhere; Venus and gluttony have

Nil Venus aut gula frena tenent sua, calcar utrique.
 Quodlibet hoc licet, instat ut explicet improba quisque.
 Plebs it, euntibus ad mala patribus, error utrisque.
 Pontificum vigor aret, abit rigor, est rea dextra, 345
 Mens mala cogitat, os scelus incitat, intus et extra.
 Cessit episcopus estque Dei domus absque decore,
 Zelus et igneus, arcus et aereus⁹ absque rigore.
 In mala stemmatis haud anathematis insonat arcus,
 Stirpe tumentibus, aere fluentibus est cito parcus. 350
 Est cito flexilis in mala nobilis et generosi,
 Pertimet illius aes, genus istius et scelerosi.
 Nullius ulcera perfodit aspera vox face zeli,
 Crimina maxima sunt probra plurima, plurimus Heli.
 Se simul obruit is quia noluit acta suorum; 355
 Et pater occidit et bona perdidit illa bonorum.
 Iezabel impia ducit in invia, nullus Helias,
 Quo duce justior ac cumulatio hospite fias.
 Sola colentibus infima patribus ecclesiarum,
 Mors furit intima, nempe gravissima mors animarum. 360
 Res lacrimabilis est via praesulis, ut via plebis.
 Secula consule, secula praesule nuda videbis.
 Si bona promere, caetera tergere, praesulis extat,
 Fugit episcopus, est mitra, deest opus, hinc ea praestat.
 Si ducis est bene subdita ducere, dux modo nemo. 365
 Si ducis est bene subdita ducere, dux perit ergo.
 Res caret indice, dux grege, grex duce, plebe sacerdos,
 Plebs patre. Plebs ruit et dominos luit arce superbos.
 Agmina nescia cogis in impia, tu Draco, cogis,
 Probra fiventibus atque faventibus his pedagogis. 370
 O nigra lacrima, sunt gregis optima quaeque vorantes,
 Nocte canes sine sollicitudine, luce latrantes.
 Quomodo culmine sunt ita crimine saepe priores.
 Infatuant male corda suo sale, schismate mores,

⁹Psalms 17.35

no reins, both have a spur. Whatever is pleasing is allowed, and everyone insists upon carrying out shameful deeds. While the fathers go toward evil, the people go too, both going astray.

The vigor of prelates dries up, their firmness departs, their right hand is guilty, their mind ponders evil, their mouth incites wickedness inside and outside. The bishop is remiss, and the house of God is without honor; both the fiery zeal and the bronze bow are without firmness. The bow of anathema does not resound against the evils of the nobility; it is soon sparing of those who are puffed up because of their lineage, those who are lax because of their money. It is soon bent against the evils of the noble and the well-born; it fears the money of the former and the rank of the latter, the accursed latter. A voice harsh with the fire of zeal pierces no one's sores. There are now the greatest sins, more disgraceful acts, very many an Eli. He destroyed himself also because he did not forbid the deeds of his sons; the father died and lost those blessings of good men. An impious Jezebel leads you into impassable ways, and no one is an Elias; with him as your guide you might become more just, with him as your guest you might become more perfect. While the fathers of the churches are worshipping only the lowest things, an innermost death rages, indeed a most grievous death of souls.

The way of the prelate is a lamentable thing, as is the way of the people. Consider the age and you will see an age destitute of prelates. If a prelate exists to promote goodness, to cleanse the rest, the bishop has fled; there is a miter, but the work is lacking, and hence the miter is preeminent. If it is a leader's duty to lead his subjects well, no one is a leader now. If it is a leader's duty to lead his subjects well, then the leader has died. The truth lacks a witness, the leader a flock, the flock a leader, the priest a people, the people a father. The people go to ruin, and they atone for the proud lords on high. You drive the unknowing multitude into impieties, O Serpent, you drive them by these teachers who foster and favor shameful deeds.

O black tears! they are devouring the best of the flock, these dogs without care at night, barking by day. Even as they are foremost on the summit, so are they often foremost in sin. By their own cunning they wickedly make hearts foolish, by their schisms they make morals fool-

Coecaque lumina¹⁰ dant super agmina coeca ducatum, 375
 Qui praeit et subit in foveam, ruit inque reatum.
 Hos vigiles nego damnoque non ego, sed sua merces.
 His timor edere jus, probra caedere, tergere faeces,
 Urere putrida, tollere morbida, quaerere fractos,
 Hos Sathanæ dare quos liquet in mare mortis adactos, 380
 Verba minacia, facta rapacia ferre, ligare,
 Fluctibus obvia tendere brachia, pro grege stare.
 Grex pius esurit atque fames furit unica verbi,
 Pauca mali sine fructificamine dant sata servi.
 Lingua probabilis, est reprobabilis actio patrum. 385
 Janua clauditur, his neque dicitur, "Euge beatum,"¹¹
 Dogmata coelica raro famelica turba docetur,
 Nec lucra stantia sed pereuntia lucra monetur.
 Dum bona negligit, impius eligit ordo regentum
 Abdere stercore, quam grave foenore ferre talentum. 390
 Saepe neophytus aut puer obsitus aggere culpae,
 Frons sine lumine, mens nigra crimine plenaque culpae,
 Praesit honoribus et pater omnibus est adolescens,
 Nec sene tempora nec patre pectora laxa coercens.
 Is ne studet, precor, Ecclesiae decor ac paronymphus, 395
 Panis egentibus et sitientibus affore scyphus,
 Qui lucra colligit et male porrigit illa ministris,
 Qui puerum sapit, his dat, eis rapit, omnis in istis?
 Scit tibi praefore, qui sibi praefore qui sibi nescit,
 Cui gena mascula barbaque primula vix bene crescit? 400
 Turba neophyta fert sacra vendita, res mala talis
 Est modo regia; cras sibi gratia pontificalis.
 Mane vir aulicus, aspice, clericus est modo tonsus;
 Ventris episcopus, Ecclesiae procus est, neque sponsus.
 Ad sacra culmina denique crimina suscipiuntur, 405
 Sobria pectora canaque tempora rejiciuntur.
 Horreo dicere, parco retexere, vito profari

¹⁰Matthew 15.14¹¹Matthew 25.21

ish, and over the blind multitude they give blind eyes the lead, which goes before and falls into a pit and rushes into guilt. I deny that these are watchmen, and I do not condemn them, but their own reward condemns them. They are afraid to proclaim justice, to strike down shameful deeds, to cleanse impurities, to burn what is rotten, to raise up the sick, to search out the feeble, to give Satan those who clearly have been driven onto the sea of death, to endure threats, to endure rapacious acts, to bind together, to stretch out arms exposed to the waves, to stand before the flock. The faithful flock is hungry, and a singular famine of the word rages, but the wicked servants without fruitfulness give little grain. The tongue of the fathers is commendable, but their action is reprehensible. The door is shut, neither is it said to these men, "Well done, Blessed One." Rarely is the famished crowd taught heavenly doctrines, nor is it admonished about lasting riches, but about passing riches. While the impious order of rulers neglects goodness, it chooses to bury its talent in dung rather than to obtain a great interest.

Often a novice or a boy covered with a heap of blame presides over worship, a boy whose brow is without light, whose soul is black with sin and full of guilt, and a youth is father to all, neither restraining the lax times as an elder nor lax hearts as a father. Does this ornament and bridesman of the Church strive, I ask, to be bread for the hungry and a cup for the thirsty, he who gathers riches and wickedly offers them to his helpers, he who resembles a child, who gives to these and takes from those, who is wholly involved in them? Does he know how to govern you, he who does not know how to govern himself, who does not know himself, whose manly cheek and first beard are barely growing well?

A crowd of novices carries off sacred offices which have been sold; such an evil thing is befitting royalty now, but tomorrow it will have episcopal favor. Look, a man who was a courtier this morning is now a tonsured cleric; he is a bishop of the belly, a suitor of the Church, not a bridegroom. In short, sins are elevated to holy heights, but sober hearts and white heads are cast down. I tremble to say, I forbear to disclose, I shun to tell more things which I know, and I cannot lament

Plurima quae scio cognita, nescio sat lacrimari.
 Obtinet atria pontificalia foeda Juventus,
 Corpore lubrica, corde volatica quomodo ventus. 410
 Clarus origine sive propagine clarus avita,
 Expetit atria pontificalia vi, neque vita.
 Sanguine nobilis et minus utilis ad lucra moris,
 Sanguine dimicat hoc sibi vendicat illud honoris.
 Quilibet improbus extat episcopus, abba creatur; 415
 Vi, precio, prece, dignus homo nece, sceptrum lucratur.
 Nullus ei tremor haudque suae memor, est aliarum,
 Non sine Simone sed sine canone, dux animarum.
 Mox docet inscius et sibi nescius ipse praeesse,
 Est aliis via, si tamen est quia dicitur esse. 420
 Ipse laboribus, ipse reatibus est fuga fulcrum.
 Huic replet altile ventris inutile mane sepulcrum.
 Ad lepores probus exit episcopus, accipitratur,
 Copula solvitur et fera quaeritur, atque citatur.
 Ergo nitens equus addit ei decus, immo decorem, 425
 Quo neque Graecia sed neque Thracia dat meliorem.
 Miles obambulat ut latus excolat associatus,
 Forte nec unicus est sibi clericus allateratus.
 Jam tuba detonat et nemus intonat, echo resultat;
 Incidit obvia damula retia, quam fuga multat. 430
 Sero latrantibus, exsiliantibus hinc repedatur,
 Nox subit algida coenaque splendida nocte paratur.
 Caupo Falernica vel Mareotica vina refundit,
 Coena fit afflua, pastor ad ardua fulcra recumbit.
 Est cibus undique, tunc ibi denique pastor habetur, 435
 Vera vocabula pasta cibus gula re profitetur.
 Sed sua pascua non nisi menstrua sunt animarum,
 Solaque funera solaque munera primitiarum.
 Quid mora? pascitur, est quia dicitur, est sibi pastor.
 Assa subit fera, caupo parat mera, caetera pistor, 440
 Cinctus agit cocus, ipse nitet focus, omnia rident,
 Atria lumine, nec minus agmine plena reident;
 Sunt holovitrea nec minus aurea vascula coram,

enough the things which are known. Vile youth occupies episcopal halls, youth slippery in body, flighty at heart like the wind. Renowned for its origins or illustrious for its ancestral race, this youth attains episcopal halls by force, not by its way of life. Noble by blood and useless for riches of habit, youth contends by blood for this title of honor, it claims that one for itself.

Any shameless man you please becomes a bishop or is made an abbot. A man worthy of death gains scepters by force, by money, by petition. He has no fear, he is unmindful of his own soul; he is the guide of other souls, not without Simon, but without the canon. Then, ignorant and unknowing how to govern himself, he teaches others; he is the way for others, if only because he is said to be. He himself is the refuge for hardships, the support for guilt. In the morning a fattened fowl fills the useless sepulcher of his belly. The worthy bishop goes out for hares, he goes hawking, the leash is removed, the wild beast is sought and roused. And then a sleek horse adds to his splendor, indeed to his elegance, for neither Greece nor Thrace offers a better mount. A soldier walks at his side so that a companion might honor him, but by chance not a single cleric accompanies him. Now the horn blares, the grove resounds, the echo reverberates; a doe which they come upon falls into the nets: her flight punishes her with death. They turn back from here late with hounds barking and leaping, cool darkness comes on, and at night a sumptuous banquet is prepared. The steward pours Falernian or Mareotic wines, the banquet is rich, the pastor reclines on his lofty couch. Food is everywhere; then and there at last he is considered a pastor: his throat crammed with food proclaims these words to be true indeed. But his own nourishing of souls happens but once a month; there are only funerals, only gifts of first fruits.

Why delay? He is fed, he eats, since, it is said, he is "pastor" to himself. Roasted game comes on, the steward prepares strong wines, the baker prepares the rest, the aproned cook is busy, the hearth glows, everything looks cheerful, the halls are gleaming, filled with light no less than with crowds; there is glassware no less than golden vessels; dishes are served here, drinks there, with disdain for the hour. The doe is devoured; moreover, a fattened fowl is added, a fowl is

Hic data fercula, sunt ibi pocula, fastus ad horam. 445
 Damula manditur, insuper additur altile crassum,
 Additur altile, mensa volatile suscipit assum.
 Vina fluunt mera, firmior est sera, plorat egenus;
 Ventris episcopus, ordine reprobus, est dape plenus.
 Surgit homo satur, ad cyathos datur inde recursus;
 Fit nova potio, cui benedictio fit nova rursus. 450
 Guttire sospite stanteque gurgite ventris anhelat,
 Gestaque strenua narrat et ardua corda revelat.
 Nectare plenior et dape pinguior est Epicurus.
 Hac teritur cruce, pro grege pro duce vota daturus.
 Ad penetralia strataque mollia sero vocatur; 455
 Lampas et aureus hinc sibi cereus antelocatur;
 Serica pallia fulcraque mollia vernula vertit;
 Carneus hic globus et reprobus probus ad probra stertit.
 Mane fremit domus, Ecclesiae procus intrat ad aedes,
 Ecclesiam petit, ut minimum stetit, est sibi sedes. 460
 Grande tonantia pontificalia verba perorat,
 Pectoris aspide mens rea, jaspide dextra laborat.
 Inde gregem praeit, hinc Aaron vehit et diadema,
 Mitra caput colit atque manum polit Indica gemma.
 Pro patre, praesule, pro duce, consule, pro grege, pro se, 465
 Non satagit prece, nec rapit a nece flendo, suos, se.
 Parcaque notio, parcior actio legis eidem,
 Voce Deum probat, actibus improbat, improbus idem.
 Vox eget actibus, actio vocibus, ordo labore,
 Vivat uti monet osque manu sonet, et manus ore. 470
 Sit sacra regula, quam tegit infula pontificalis,
 Debile fulciat et rude nutriat omne sub alis.
 Culpa patrem sciat, actio sentiat aequa ministrum,
 Ordo patrem sciat, actio sentiat orba magistrum.
 Laus sibi tortio, poena probatio sit reproborum. 475
 Clastra gregi struat et vitium spuaut aut vitiorum.
 Scala sit aetheris arcaque foederis, hostia viva;
 Quos foris asperat, ultio proferat, intus oliva.
 Pax patre, iudice fraus, tumor obice, grex duce tanto

added, the table holds a roasted bird. Strong wines flow, the door bolt is secured, the pauper weeps aloud; the bishop of the belly, false in his order, is filled with feasting. The man is full, but he rises and returns to the wine-ladles. There is a new round of drinking, for which there is again a new blessing. With his gullet safe and sound, and the gulf of his belly standing firm, he pants, and he recounts his vigorous deeds, and he reveals his brave heart. Now fuller with nectar and fatter with feasting, he is an Epicurus. He is worn down by the torment as he is about to offer prayers for his flock, for his duke. He is summoned late to his inner chambers and his soft coverlets; here a torch and a golden taper are set before him. The maid turns down silken covers and soft bedding. Here the fleshy glob and worthy reprobate snores at shameful acts.

In the morning the house roars, the Church's suitor enters his sanctuary, he goes to his church; as soon as he has stood a little, there is a seat for him. He concludes his episcopal sermon thundering strongly; his guilty soul is burdened by an asp in his bosom, his right hand by a jasper. Then he goes before his flock, he bears his rod and crown; a miter adorns his head, and a jewel of India decorates his hand. He is not busy with prayer for priest, prelate, duke, magistrate, flock, or himself; neither does he by weeping snatch his own or himself from destruction. His understanding of the law is slight, his performance of it is even slighter; he approves God in word, he disapproves Him in actions, he is disapproved himself. His word lacks actions, his action lacks words, his order lacks toil; let him live as he teaches, let his mouth agree with his hand and his hand with his mouth.

Let there be a holy rule which his episcopal chasuble protects; let him support the weak, and let him nourish all the young under his wings. Let blame know its father, let just action perceive its minister; let order know its father, let unguided action perceive its teacher. Let praise of reprobates be a torment to him, let approval of reprobates be a pain to him. Let him construct bulwarks for his flock, and let him spit out vice or the vice of vices. Let him be a ladder to Heaven and an ark of the covenant, let him be a living sacrifice; let his vengeance reveal those whom he chastises outside, an olive branch inside. Let peace flourish because of this father, let deceit be exiled because of

Floreat, exulet, occidat, ambulet, ordine sancto. 480
 Virgaque ferrea frangere terrea vasa minetur;
 Increpet, arguat, obsecret, instruat, auxilietur.
 Vitet inutile, quin super utile ponat honestum.
 Nocte gelu ferat atque die gerat ut Jacob aestum;
 Sint vigilantia, sint sibi nescia lumina somni; 485
 Sit sine vulnere mens, sine munere sit manus omni;
 Vox longior ferat et labor inferat huic humerale.
 Gallus eat bonus, assit ei sonus oris et alae.
 Quae reticescere, quae quibus edere, cur, ubi, quando,
 Prosit, oporteat, haud male torpeat in meditando. 490
 Larga manus serat, haud animam ferat actus avaram,
 Mentis aromata vel thymiamata portet ad aram.
 Sit sacra buccina vivaque pagina, sit speculator;
 De grege gaudeat, in grege luceat, auctus et auctor.
 Pictor imagine, signifer agmine, dux grege scitur; 495
 In grege dux placet, in duce grex jacet, aut stabilitur.
 Est bona filia, notio gloria, gemma parentis,
 Plebs bona praesulis, urbs bona consulis, ars bona mentis.
 Secula pristina non modo culmina non rapiebant,
 Sed sibi praebita, non sibi debita, nil retinebant. 500
 Patria dextera, qui regit aethera, cum peteretur,
 Rex fore noluit,¹² ut liber instruit et profitetur.
 Noluit extima, qui Deus intima regna gubernat.
 Spernat homo reus, id quod homo-Deus, et bene spernat;
 Subdat honoribus interioribus exteriores; 505
 Non steriles emat at steriles premat orbis honores.
 Sed quis eos premit? Omnis eos emit, instat emendo,
 Instat, it, aestuat atque tumultuat haec satagendo.
 Hinc fera schismata, dum diademata sacra petuntur,
 Non bene praebita sed male vendita praeripiuntur. 510
 Ecclesiastica dat manus aulica, jussio legum;
 Sacra relinquitur atque requiritur impia regum.
 Coelica munera, quam grave! dextera dat laicalis,

¹²John 6.15

this judge, let pride fall because of this obstacle, let the flock walk in a holy rank because of so great a leader.

A rod of iron, let him threaten to break earthen vessels to pieces; let him rebuke, censure, entreat, instruct, aid. Let him shun what is useless, indeed let him place honesty above the useful. Let him endure cold at night and heat by day as Jacob did. Let his eyes be watchful, let them not know idle dreaming; let his soul be without wounds, let his hand be without any bribe. Let his voice carry farther, and let his toil place a humeral veil on him. Let him go forth a good cock, let the sound of his voice and his wings aid him. Let him not be wickedly sluggish in reflecting upon what it is good to keep silent, what it is necessary to proclaim, to whom, why, where, when. Let him sow with a generous hand, let his action not disclose a greedy soul, and let him carry spices or incense of the soul to the altar. Let him be a holy trumpet and a living page, let him be a watchman. Let him delight in his flock, let him shine among his flock, the increase and founder of the flock. A painter is known by his picture, an ensign by his troops, a leader by his flock; among his flock the leader is pleasing, in its leader the flock lies ill or is made firm. The fame, the glory, the jewel of a parent is a good daughter, of a bishop it is a good people, of a magistrate it is a good city, of a soul it is a good way of life.

Not only did the ages of old not seize the heights, but they did not keep those offered to them, those not due them. The Right Hand of the Father who rules Heaven, although He was sought, refused to be a king, as the Book teaches and openly declares. The God who governs the innermost realms refused the outer ones. Let guilty man spurn, and let him spurn well, that which the God-man spurned. Let him subject outer glories to inner ones. Let him not buy barren honors, but let him repress the barren honors of the world. But who represses them? Everyone buys them and insists on buying them, insists, proceeds, rages and rants in busily doing these things. Hence there are savage schisms while holy crowns are pursued and snatched away, not crowns rightly offered, but wrongly sold. The hand of the courtier, the command of the laws confers Church offices; holy law is abandoned, and the impious law of kings is sought. How grievous a thing! The hand of a layman confers the gifts of heaven; the word of a courtier

Dat data coelica vox prius aulica, post synodalis.
 Grandis abusio, regia jussio praevalet, itur. 515
 Sic homo culmine, si minus ordine, lite potitur.
 Munera munere coelica tollere stat modo cuique.
 Qui dat et accipit haec, male desipit, error utrique.
 Haec sine Caesare sacra jubet dare gratia gratis,
 Ne male venditor ille sit institor hic pietatis. 520
 Heu! Draco fulmina per sacra culmina spargit ubique,
 Primo patres capit inde gregem rapit, instat utrinque.
 Pacis ovilia sacraque milia, Christe, tuorum
 Dum videt, invidet, invidus obsidet agmen eorum.
 Stat modo Mammona, defleo Simona jam reparatum, 525
 Stant lucra Simonis, alea daemonis in grege patrum.
 Sceptra Magus gerit atque gravi ferit omnia morte.
 Vivit adhuc Magus atque suo vagus errat in orbe;
 Vivit et imminet, ut mala seminet et bona vellat,
 Ducat in invia, suggerat impia, recta repellat. 530
 Vox rata Simonis, irrita canonis ecce tenetur;
 Vivere mortuus hostis et arduus ire videtur.
 Simonis ossibus in senioribus est data tumba,
 Gratia venditur, unica tollitur aere columba.
 Stat furor editus ordoque perditus, immo sepultus. 535
 Venditor hinc ovis, inde sacri bovis est modo multus.
 Simplicitas ove, sermo Dei bove significatur.
 Venditor illius omnis et istius aede fugatur.
 Venditor est reus, huic loquitur Deus ipse: "Recede."
 Hunc fugat agmine, dejicit ordine, pellit ab aede. 540
 Vendis inanibus utraque laudibus, utraque donis;
 Quid super his petis, aure lucrum metis, ore reponis.
 O via devia! non modo gratia gratis habetur;
 Vi male tollitur aereque poscitur, aere tenetur.
 Gratia vendita, gratia tradita vi feritatis. 545
 Non fore gratia sed violentia cernitur actis.
 Gratia, gratia, quam parit uncia ternaque marcha,
 Gratia nomine stat, jacet ordine, fons suus archa.
 Gratia quaeritur ore, capescitur aere petita.

confers the gifts of heaven first, the word of the synod afterward. A great abuse is acceded to, the royal command prevails. Thus a man obtains the holy height by a lawsuit if not by his way of life.

Now everybody can carry off the gifts of heaven for a bribe. He who gives these is wickedly foolish, as is he who takes them: there is error in both. Grace bids us grant these sacred gifts freely, without Caesar, so one man might not wickedly be the seller and another man the merchant of godliness. Alas! the Dragon scatters his thunderbolts everywhere over the holy heights. First he captures the fathers, then he snatches the flock, and he menaces them on both sides. O Christ, while he sees your sheepfolds of peace and the thousands of your holy followers, he envies them, and in his envy he besieges this multitude. Mammon flourishes now, and I weep that now Simon has been restored. The riches of Simon are flourishing, the devil's game flourishes in the flock of the fathers. Magus bears the scepters, and he strikes everything with grievous death. Roving Magus still lives, and he wanders about in his own world; he lives, and he strives to sow evil and to pluck up goodness, to lead people into trackless ways, to support impious acts, to repel the virtuous. See, the word of Simon is approved, the word of the canon is held void. The dead enemy is seen to live and to walk proudly. Simon's bones have been granted a tomb among the elders. Grace is sold, the singular dove is carried off for money. Madness is proclaimed and order is destroyed, in fact it is buried. Now there is many a seller of the sheep here, of the sacred ox there. Innocence is signified by the sheep, the word of God by the ox. Every seller of the one and the other is driven from the sanctuary. The seller is guilty and God Himself says to him, "Depart!" He drives him from His host, He banishes him from His order, He drives him from His sanctuary. You sell both for empty praises, you sell both for presents. Beyond these, what do you seek? You reap riches with your ear, you preserve them with your mouth.

O erroneous way! Grace is not possessed for free now; it is wickedly carried off by force, demanded for money, held by money. Grace is sold, grace is handed over because of savage force. Not grace, but violence is seen in these actions. Grace, grace which a twelfth-mark procures and three marks procures, grace stands in name but lies fallen

Esse quod est nequit, hanc tribuens petit aes Giezita, 550
 Aere Magus perit, aes Giezi gerit, ambo nefandi.
 Ille repellitur isteque caeditur ulcere grandi.
 Mors manet illius et color istius omnibus haerens
 Mens quibus est rea per lucra terrea surgere quaerens.
 Hic male surgitur, hinc cito sumitur alta ruina. 555
 Est gravis hic thronus, hic honor est onus, haec rosa spina.
 Est tibi sarcina, qui tua crimina sive tuorum
 Tergere despicias et minus aspicias ad lucra morum.
 Est tibi gloria, qui mala propria, qui gregis aequae
 Stas stipe tergere, stas prece tollere nocte dieque. 560
 O mala secula! Venditur infula pontificalis,
 Regula perdita pravaque semita, semita talis!
 Gratia venditur, emptio quaeritur ecclesiarum,
 Quae tamen emptio sacra redemptio fertur earum.
 Gens cupidissima crimina pessima recta perorant, 565
 Simonialia nempe negotia voce colorant.
 Et sacra vox ait, inde lupus trahit,¹³ hinc rapit agnos;
 Nemo repellere stat grege paupere flente tyrannos.
 Quisquis ovilia spiritualia pascere debet,
 Pascitur, accipit, his bona diripit, his ea praebet; 570
 Gaudet arundine, non moderamine pontificatus;
 Siccus, oves rigat, immeritos ligat, ipse ligatus,
 Mortua vivida sanaque mortua censet haberi.
 Inde lupum tremit, hinc furit, hinc fremit in grege cleri.
 Sunt modo mollia, non sibi fortia corda leonis, 575
 Haeret in obvia tollere brachia, parcere pronis.
 Cumque cadens cadat, ordine degradat, ordine stantes
 Degradat, invidet atque labans videt ipse labantes;
 Estque favoribus et popularibus undique linguis
 Expositissimus, ad mala plurimus, ad lucra pinguis. 580
 Se male possidet atque suae videt haud bene famae,
 Cui tepor ordinis atque libidinis undique flammae.
 Hos premit, his favet, in mala non cavet acta relabi.

¹³John 10.12

in rank: the money-chest is its source. Grace is sought by mouth, but it is attained when demanded for money. Grace is unable to be what it is, for while bestowing it, the disciple of Giezi demands money. Magus dies for money, Giezi takes money; both are abominable. The one is repulsed and the other is stricken by a great sore. The death of the one and the complexion of the other remain, adhering to those whose souls are guilty as they seek to rise through earthly riches. Here one rises wickedly, and from here a great downfall is swiftly begun. This throne is burdensome, this glory is a burden, this rose is a thorn. It is a burden for you who decline to purge your sins or the sins of your people, and who do not regard riches of character. It is a glory for you who stand up to purge your wickedness and that of your flock as well by alms, who stand up to take away wickedness by prayer night and day.

O evil age! The episcopal chasuble is sold, the rule is lost and the path is crooked, such a path! Grace is sold, the buying of churches is sought, yet this buying is called their holy redemption. This most greedy race preaches that the worst sins are proper, in fact they color their simoniacal business with words. And the Holy Word says, "There the wolf plunders the lambs, here he seizes them." No one stands up to drive away the tyrants from the poor, weeping flock. Everyone ought to feed his spiritual sheep, but everyone is fed, everyone takes, everyone snatches goods from these and gives them to those. The pontificate delights in the rod, not in the rudder. Dry itself, it gives water to the sheep; bound itself, it binds the innocent; it believes the dead to be alive, the healthy to be dead. There it fears the wolf, here the wolf rages, here the wolf roars in the flock of the cleric.

Lion hearts are weak now, not strong; the pontificate hesitates to raise its arms against those coming against it, to spare those who are prostrate. It falls, and while it is falling in rank, it debases those who are standing in rank; it debases them, it envies them, and while sinking itself, it looks upon those who are sinking. It is most accessible to the acclamation and the tongues of the people everywhere; the plump pontificate is most ready for evil, for riches. It is not in possession of itself and looks after its own reputation poorly, this pontificate for which there is lukewarmness of order and flames of lust every-

Vult celebrariet atque vocari in grege "Rabbi."
 Audit "Ave prior," huic thronus altior, altaque sceptrā, 585
 Primaque pocula primaque fercula, prima cathedra.
 Crimina vindice culpaque iudice non ruit illo.
 De grege se fovet, is lacrimas movet huic crocodilo.
 Lac sibi tollitur atque resumitur a grege lana;
 Nec gregis ulcera flet neque funera quatruiduana.¹⁴ 590
 Os timor obstruit et lupus irruit, intrat ovile;
 Ille furens furit, iste manens fugit, hoc sibi vile.
 Per sibi pervia pastor it ostia, fur aliunde;
 Lex mala, furibus his subeuntibus, intrat abunde.
 O mala secula! Venditur infula pontificalis: 595
 Infula venditur, haud reprehenditur emptio talis.
 Venditur annulus, hinc lucra Romulus auget et urget.
 Est modo mortua Roma superflua; quando resurget?
 Roma superfluit, afflua corrui, arida plena;
 Clamitat et tacet, erigit et jacet, et dat egena. 600
 Roma dat omnibus omnia, dantibus omnia Romae,
 Cum precio, quia iuris ibi via, jus perit omne.
 Ut rota labitur, ergo vocabitur hinc rota Roma,
 Quae solet ubere laude fragrascere sicut aroma.
 Roma nocens nocet atque viam docet ipsa nocendi, 605
 Jura relinquere, lucra requirere, pallia vendi.
 Saepe notarius est ibi carius emptus, ut illa
 Quae cupis exaret et sacra praeparet ipse sigilla.
 Si tua nuncia praevenit uncia, surge, sequaris,
 Expete limina; nulla gravamina jam verearis. 610
 Quam sapientia non valet, uncia dat tibi pacem;
 Uncia foederat, uncia temperat ore minacem;
 Aurea lamina dat tibi lumina coeca Quiritum,
 Ostia pervia verbaque Tullia, cor stabilitum.
 Si datur uncia, stat prope gratia pontificalis; 615
 Sin procul haec, valet haec ibi lex, manet et schola talis.
 Ergo prior tua dextera mortua, Roma, probatur;

¹⁴John 11.39

where. It crushes some men, it protects others, it does not avoid sinking down to wicked deeds. It wants to be praised among the flock and to be called "Rabbi." It hears "Hail" first, it has the higher throne and lofty scepters, first cups, first dishes, the first seat. Sins do not hasten away under this avenger; blame does not hasten away under this judge. The pontificate nourishes itself from the flock; it sheds crocodile tears for the flock. Milk is taken for itself, and wool is retaken from the flock; it does not weep for the sores nor the four-day corpses of the flock. Fear blocks the mouth of the pontificate; the wolf attacks and enters the sheepfold. The wolf roars and rages, the hireling pontificate runs away: to it this is a paltry thing. The shepherd enters through the gates open to him, but the thief otherwise; a wicked law enters in profusion with these thieves following.

O evil age! the episcopal chasuble is sold. The chasuble is sold, and by no means is such a purchase rebuked. The ring is sold, and from this Romulus increases his riches and plies them. Overflowing Rome is now dead. When will she rise again? Rome is overflowing; in her abundance she collapses, in her fullness she is dried up. She cries out and is silent; she raises others up and is herself fallen, and she gives in poverty. Rome gives all to all who give all to Rome, with a price, since there the way of justice is lost, all justice is lost. Like a wheel she turns, and therefore "Roma" will henceforth be called "rota," a city which is accustomed to reek with rich praise, just as an aroma.

Harmful Rome harms and she teaches the way of harming; she teaches how to abandon justice, how to seek riches, how pallia are sold. Often a notary is bought there at high price to write what you want and to prepare sacred seals. If a little money precedes your message, arise, you may follow; seek out the thresholds, and fear no aggravations now. A little money gives you the peace which wisdom cannot; a little money establishes peace, a little money soothes a menacing face. A gold coin renders the eyes of the Romans blind for you; it grants you open doors, Ciceronian eloquence, a steadfast heart. If a little money is given, pontifical favor stands near, but if not, it is far off. This law prevails there and such a school abides there. Thus, Rome, your right hand of old is shown to be dead; now your right hand spread outward is called your left. Rich, you are poor; plump,

Sparsa per extera jam tua dextera laeva vocatur.
 Dives es indiga, pinguis es arida, libera servis:
 Libera subderis aereque venderis ipsa protervis. 620
 Saepe revenderis, hinc reprehenderis ore Jugurthae;
 Transita vocula longaue fabula persequitur te.
 Scylla vorax, rapis, et cupis et capis, et trahis ad te.
 Roma ruens rota, foeda satis nota cauteriat te.
 Gurges es altior, arca voracior, alta lacuna, 625
 Insociabilis, insatiabilis, omnibus una.
 Quo bibis amplius, hoc inhiantius, "huc date," clamas.
 Dic, rogo, "Sufficit," at "Mihi deficit," ipsa reclamas.
 Si tibi det sua, non repleat tua guttura Croesus;
 Marca vel aureus amodo non Deus, est tibi Jesus. 630
 Urbs caput urbibus, alta Catonibus, inclyta Scauris,
 Urbs cupidissima, cur lucra maxima jugiter hauris?
 Plus tibi Caesare¹⁵ sustinuit dare rex crucifixus.
 Regna dat extera Caesar at aethera non nisi Christus.
 Alta Catonibus ac Scipionibus invaluisti, 635
 Robore fractior, es modo fortior ordine Christi.
 Sub Jove florida, sub Jove fulgida, sub Jove dives;
 Sub cruce marcida, diruta, languida, sub cruce vives.
 Indiga divite, languida sospite, diruta stante,
 Es magis afflua, fortis et ardua stas cruce dante. 640
 Sub cruce Tartara, sub Jove barbara moenia sternis;
 In Jove sterneris, in cruce jungeris ipsa supernis.
 Interius cluis, exterius ruis in dominatu,
 Urbs sine compare sub duce Caesare subque senatu.
 Non aquilis ducis, unica lux crucis, unica praestat, 645
 Caesaribus Petrus atque diis Deus altior extat.
 Crux tibi praevia, crux tibi gloria gemmaque frontis,
 Certa redemptio, non cruciatio jam modo sontis.
 Jam cruce crux caret, haec tibi dux manet ad bona coeli.
 Mors erat; est decus. Est Sathanae metus arma fideli. 650
 Roma Petro data, voce Petri sata, subdita Christo,

¹⁵Hildebert of Lavardin 38.11

you are withered; free, you are a slave: free, you are subjected and sold for money to those who are shameless. Often you are resold, and on this account you are censured by the mouth of Jugurtha. A spent, feeble voice and a tedious tale pursue you. A ravenous Scylla, you seize things, you want them and take them and draw them to yourself. Rome, rushing wheel that you are, a very foul mark brands you. You are a deeper abyss, a more voracious coffer, a deep pit, unsociable, insatiable, one and the same to all. The more you drink, the more eagerly do you cry out, "Give here." Say, I beg, "It is enough." But you cry out again, "I need more." If Croesus should give you his possessions, he would not fill your gullet. From now on a mark or a gold coin is your God, not Jesus.

City, capital of cities, made great by Catos and renowned for Scauri, most greedy City, why do you continually swallow up the greatest riches? The crucified King ventured to give more to you than Caesar. Caesar bestows foreign realms, but only Christ bestows heavenly ones. Made great by Catos and Scipios, you grew powerful; now broken in strength, you are actually mightier in the order of Christ. Under Jove you were flourishing, under Jove you were shining, under Jove you were rich; under the cross you will be weak, demolished, you will be feeble. Though poor you are richer than the rich city, though feeble you are stronger than the fortunate city, though demolished you stand higher than the standing city. The cross grants this. Under the cross you overthrow the infernal regions, under Jove you overthrow foreign ramparts; in Jove you are overthrown, in the cross you are joined to those above. Inside you are esteemed, outside you collapse in tyranny, City without equal under Caesar's leadership and under the senate. Now you do not lead with your eagles, but the singular light, the singular light of the cross is preeminent. Peter stands higher than the Caesars, God above the gods. The cross is your leader, the cross is your glory and the jewel of your brow, your sure redemption, not only a torment for the guilty. Now the cross is without torment, the cross remains your leader to the blessings of Heaven. It was death, but now it is an honor; to Satan it is a terror, but to the man of faith it is a weapon.

Rome has been given to Peter, founded on the word of Peter, made

Quae noto carmine cur bona crimine perdis in isto?
 Istud agis male quod prope nil dare vis nisi danti,
 Quod sacra nomina sacraque culmina, lucra paranti. 655
 Cur lucra respicis et minus inspicis acta, Magistra?
 Petrus apostolus, haud homo subdolos, horruit ista,
 Ista perhorruit, insuper obruit ista colentes.
 Corde Petrum gere, Roma, vias tere recta sequentes;
 Plus tibi contulit, amplius attulit hic idiota,
 Per sua retia quam tua Graecia, Graecia docta. 660
 Plus tibi profuit et tibi praebuit ille sagena,
 Quam capitolia Caesare fortia, rhetore plena.
 Ensequ Julius oreque Tullius haud tribuerunt
 Quanta Petrus cruce, quique Petro duce, te coluerunt. 665
 Sunt tibi lilia, sunt tibi milia multa rosarum;
 Illa vel has lege, Roma, nitens grege relliquiarum.
 Eloquio schola, martyrio stola, pace ligustrum,
 Te docet, induit, ornat, ab his ruit omne vetustum.
 Te sacra pignora sacraque corpora, Roma, coronant,
 Te rosa sanguine, lilia virgine mente perornant. 670
 Nunc sacra culmina dant tibi nomina vana Catonum;
 Te Petrus extulit et tibi se tulit ipse patronum.
 Nomine praedita, crimine perdit, Roma, stetisti,
 Nunc petis aethera servaque libera subderis isti. 675
 Corneliis nimis et Fabiis satis alta trecentis,
 Altior istius, istius unius es documentis.
 Ne rueres ruit, alter enim fuit et tibi Paulus,
 Alter adest tibi vir minimus sibi, cur? quia Saulus.
 Denique pertulit ipse quod intulit ob mala Sauli.
 Saulus atrox ruit; hunc lavat et luit hostia Pauli. 680
 Hi duo lumina vel duo flumina jam Paradisi,
 Ad tua limina sunt, tua crimina tergere missi.
 Hi tua moenia reddere fortia plus potuerunt
 Quam quibus edita primitus, addita, deinde fuerunt, 685
 E quibus emulus impia Romulus arma citari,
 In sua viscera jussit et effera jussa patrari.
 Roma resurgito, te tibi reddito, reddito Romam,

subject to Christ. Why do you lose in sin the blessings which I set down in my poem? You do that wickedly because you wish to give nearly nothing except to one giving, because you give holy titles and holy heights to one procuring riches. Why, Mistress, do you regard riches and not look at actions? The apostle Peter, by no means a crafty man, shuddered at riches, he trembled greatly at them; moreover, he destroyed those cherishing them. Rome, keep Peter in your heart, tread the ways which lead to righteousness. This uneducated man conferred more on you, he imparted more to you through his nets than Greece did, your learned Greece! That fishnet benefited you more and offered you more than capitols strong with Caesars and filled with orators. Julius with his sword and Tullius with his mouth have not given as much as Peter with his cross, and those who inhabited you under Peter's leadership.

You have many lilies, you have many thousands of roses; gather those or these, Rome, brilliant in your flock of relics. Their school teaches you with eloquence, their stole clothes you with martyrdom, their palm adorns you with peace; apart from them, every ancient thing collapses. Holy pledges and holy bodies crown you, Rome; the rose adorns you with blood, the lilies with purity of soul. Now holy heights render the names of the Catos empty for you; Peter has exalted you and made himself your patron. Rome, you stood possessed of reputation, ruined by sin, but now you seek Heaven and, a slave to it, you are free. Though made very great by the Corneliis and great enough by three hundred Fabii, you are greater because of the teachings of that man, that one man. Another perished so that you would not perish, for Paul was also yours; another assists you, a man least to himself. Why? Because he was Saul. At length he endured himself what he caused on account of Saul's wickedness. Fierce Saul fell; the sacrifice of Paul washes and cleanses him.

Now these men are two lights or two streams of Paradise; they are at your thresholds, they have been sent to wash away your sins. These men were more able to make your walls strong than those by whom they were first built and then increased, those walls from which grudging Romulus ordered impious arms incited and bid savage orders be carried out against his own flesh. Rome, rise again, restore yourself,

Cujus eras prius ordinis illius exprime formam.
 Quomodo corpora tunc ita pectora nunc rege fracta.
 Fracta recollige, devia dirige, fer labefacta. 690
 Per fera praelia quaeque rebellia perdomuisti,
 Pignora stragibus et caput ensibus exposuisti;
 Fac modo quod prius, ordo premat pius impietatem,
 Virga piacula, crimina regula, lex levitatem.
 Primitus elige, postea dilige juris amantes, 695
 Non lucra grandia sed synodalia jura parantes,
 Qui tua nuncia per pereuntia secula clament,
 Nostraque frigida per sua fervida facta reflagrant.
 Sed facis hoc secus; ecclesiae decus extenuantes
 Mittis in extera, tollere munera sola flagrantes. 700
 Quem tua dirigit huc manus exigit ille tributum,
 Nec bona secula sed bona fercula molleque fulcrum;
 Suetus ab ubere, non nisi currere vel peditare,
 Celtica curribus exit equestribus arva meare.
 Qui modo gressibus ibat ovantibus, incomitatus, 705
 Militat arduus et sibi confluis est equitatus,
 Consiliarius ipseque nuncius et lateralis;
 Papa tuus praecit, acta libri vehit huc synodalis.
 Hoc fremit hospite sive satellite regia plena,
 Clerus equestria vix animalia pascit avena. 710
 Serica pallia dat sibi Gallia, Roma caprinum;
 Errat ibi pedes, ambulat hic eques in resupinum.
 Gens fluit obvia, fit sibi gloria pulchra videri,
 Urbs strepit, aes sonat atque modos tonat huic schola cleri.
 Ductus in atria pontificalia molle recumbit, 715
 Pocula praecipit, agmina suscipit, oscula jungit,¹⁶
 Concilium vocat, in solium locat aggere sese.
 Imperiosior ambit et altior esse praeesse,
 Audit amantius impia, surdus aequa subaudit,
 Nam lucra terrea causa parit rea, non rea claudit. 720
 Roma, quid exequar? aut tibi perloquar? aut tibi promam?

¹⁶Ovid, *Met.* 2.357

restore Rome, imitate the pattern of that order which you had before.
 As you governed weakened bodies then, so govern weakened hearts
 now; gather together weakened hearts, guide wayward hearts, support
 shaken hearts. Through savage battles you vanquished every revolt;
 you exposed your children to slaughters and your head to swords. Do
 now as before: let pious order repress impiety, let the rod repress
 crimes, the rule sins, the law fickleness. First choose and afterward
 favor those who love justice, those who make ready the laws of the
 synod, not great riches, those who might proclaim your message
 through the passing ages and rekindle our frigid deeds through their
 own fervent ones.

But you do otherwise; you send forth into foreign lands those who
 diminish the honor of the Church, those who are burning to carry off
 only bribes. The one whom your hand directs here demands tribute;
 he demands not a good world, but good dishes and a soft bed. Accus-
 tomed from infancy to run or walk, now he proceeds to wander
 through Celtic fields in the carriages of knights. The man who used to
 walk unattended with joyful steps now serves as a proud soldier and is
 crowded about by cavalry, counselor, and nuncio at his side. Your
 pope goes before, he conveys here the decrees of the book of the
 synod. The palace roars, filled with this guest or his retinue; the cleric
 scarcely feeds the knights' horses with oats. Gaul gives him silken
 pallia, Rome gives him a goatskin; there he roams about on foot, but
 here he rides proudly on horseback. The people come forth to meet
 him: to them he seems a great glory. The city hums, the trumpet
 blares and the choir of clergy makes music for him. Led into the
 pontifical chambers, he reclines at ease, he orders cups, receives multi-
 tudes, exchanges kisses, summons the council, sets himself on a raised
 throne. He is more imperious, he strives to be higher and to have
 command; he listens more lovingly to impieties, listens more deafly to
 fairness, for a guilty cause prepares earthly riches, but an innocent
 cause hinders them.

Rome, what shall I tell you or say to you or express to you? A little

Uncia te rotat, uncia te notat, haud fore Romam.
 Tu populos tibi, te rutilans sibi marca subegit;
 Semper enim luca progenies tua vult, agit, egit.
 Dum luca Parthica, dum tuus hostica munera Crassus 725
 Vult, sitit, inspicit, heu! sibi deficit, aes bibit assus.
 Haec sitis ebria stat tibi propria Marte togaque
 Te cremat, impiat, urit, inebriat excruciatque.
 Das sacra culmina, das moderamina sacra probrosis,
 Arida mitibus, afflua ditibus ambitiosis. 730
 Fas mihi dicere, fas mihi scribere, "Roma fuisti,"¹⁷
 Ecce relaberis, immo resolveris ordine tristi.
 Clauda ruis foris a pede roboris, intus ab aequi,
 Irreparabilis hic, ibi labilis, inscia recti.
 Urbs sine viribus et sine patribus obruta marces; 735
 Dardanias premit, Ausonias emit aureus arces.
 Fas mihi scribere, fas mihi dicere, "Roma peristi,"
 Obruta moenibus,¹⁸ obruta moribus occubuisti.
 Urbs ruis incluta, tam modo subdita, quam prius alta;
 Quo prius altior, hoc modo pressior et labefacta. 740
 Fas mihi scribere, fas mihi dicere, "Roma peristi,"
 Sunt tua moenia vociferantia, "Roma ruisti."
 Cauda redis, caput, alta jaces apud omnipotentem.
 Te tua propria clamat inertia stare jacentem.
 Capta cupidine, sordida crimine, secula cernis, 745
 Capta reducere, sordida tergere, secula spernis.
 Qua patet orbita jam tibi subdita tetragonalis
 Lex jacet irrita, gratia perdita spiritualis.¹⁹
 Qua Padus incipit et mare suscipit ultima Thyle,
 Gratia scinditur atque resolvitur omne virile; 750
 Gratia mutua deest modo mortua, gratia cara,
 Quae neque verbere sit neque carcere cedere gnara,
 Gnara sub aere non modo quaerere dulce serenum,

¹⁷Hildebert of Lavardin 36.20

¹⁸Vergil, *Aeneid* 1.264

¹⁹Romans 1.11

money rolls you around like a wheel, a little money signifies that you will not be "Roma." You subjected peoples to yourself, but a reddish coin has subjected you to itself, for your progeny always wants riches; it pursues and has pursued them. While your Crassus wants Parthian riches, while he thirsts for enemy bribes and gazes on them, alas, he grows weak and, parched, he imbibes money. This drunken thirst of yours persists in war and in peace; it burns, defiles, scorches, inebriates and torments you. You grant holy heights, you grant holy helms to shameful people; to the meek you are dried up, but to the fawning rich you are overflowing. It is fit for me to say, fit for me to write, "You were Rome." See, you are sinking, indeed you are destroyed in sad order. You are falling, lame outside in strength, lame inside in fairness; beyond repair here, slipping there, you are ignorant of righteousness. You are weak, a ruined city without vigor and without fathers; a gold piece overwhelms the Dardanian citadels, a gold piece buys the Ausonian citadels.

It is fit for me to write, fit for me to say, "Rome, you have perished." You have sunk, ruined in ramparts, ruined in rules. Renowned City, you are falling, now laid low as before you were high; by as much as you were higher before, now are you more overwhelmed and weakened. It is fit for me to write, fit for me to say, "Rome, you have perished." Your own ramparts are crying out, "Rome, you have fallen." O head, you have now become the tail; O lofty city, you lie in ruins before the Almighty. Your own sluggishness proclaims that you are lying in ruins. You see this age captured by desire, filthy with sin; You refuse to rescue this captured age, to cleanse this filthy age. Where the four-cornered world now subject to you extends, the law lies ineffectual, the grace of heaven is lost. Where Po begins and farthest Thule receives the sea, grace is torn asunder and every manly deed is abolished. Mutual grace is now wanting; precious grace is dead, the grace which knows how to yield for neither whip nor prison, the free grace which knows how to seek not only sweet calm under the

Sed bene libera ferre vel aera turbine plenum,
 Quam mala frangere, laeta resolvere non videantur 755
 Cui bene prospera fortiter aspera suscipiantur.
 Gens mala pullulat et probra postulat estque probrosa,
 Stirpsque malis mala patribus est sata, stirps vitiosa.
 Corpore fortior, immo ferocior hydra resecto,
 Ecce renascitur altera redditur hydra profecto. 760
 Pectore vipera gens moritur fera, bis fera prodit,
 Quae male conscia luminis omnia rodit et odit.
 Gens sterilissima quam premit intima tam lue pressa,
 Re bona destruit omnia quae fuit ore professa.
 Est pia vocibus, impia moribus impietatis. 765
 Catholicus sonus ore sonat bonus, et caret actis.
 O dolor, O furor, O scelus, O pudor! Omnia sordent,
 Criminis omnia, nil bene conscia corda remordent.
 Flet pudor omnia crescere turpia, cedere pulchra.
 Hypocrisis micat et Sathanae dicat alba sepulchra. 770
 Mens pia vapulat et decor exulat, exule jure.
 Quisque lucro perit, huic vacat, id gerit hoc sibi curae.
 Commoda carnea lucraque terrea quisque volutat,
 Commoda carnea lucraque terrea nemo refutat.
 Censibus affluus est nimis arduus, est modo clarus, 775
 Divitiis placet haud vitiis tacet hirtus avarus,
 Vox sibi libera, nam sibi pondera divitiarum;
 Cura stat infima, cura stat ultima nunc animarum,
 Immo nec infima, nec velut ultima, sed quasi nulla.
 Est ope fortior, ordine dignior aurea bulla. 780
 Rem sibi quaerere, quisque recondere rem sibi sudat.
 Aurea lamina publica lumina lumine nudat;
 Diruta, stantibus inferioribus, alta coaequat,
 Lumina regia pontificalia lumina coecat.
 Sola pecunia destruit omnia, cuncta venenat; 785
 Cor scit, onus premit, arma dat, os emit, ora serenat.
 Criminis unctio, cordis ademptio, fur oculorum,
 Parma nocentibus et locupletibus est grave lorum.
 Omnia mors ferit, omnia plebs gerit ordine mixto.

sky, but knows how to endure even the sky full of turbulence, the grace which evils seem not to break nor joys to destroy, a grace which accepts prosperity well and adversity bravely.

An evil race comes forth and demands shameful deeds and is itself shameful; an evil offspring, a vicious offspring is begotten by evil fathers. When its body has been cut away, look, a stronger, indeed a fiercer hydra is reborn, another hydra is actually restored. A serpent at heart, this savage race dies, but one doubly-savage is born, one which does not know the light, one which slanders and hates everything. This most barren race is overwhelmed by decay just as it overwhelms its inmost parts with decay; in fact this race has destroyed everything it professed with its mouth. It is pious in its words, impious in its habits of impiety. Its orthodox speech sounds good in the mouth, and it lacks action.

O sorrow, O madness, O wickedness, O shame! All things are filthy, all things belong to sin; they vex hearts which know nothing well. Modesty weeps that everything vile grows, everything beautiful gives way. Hypocrisy gleams and dedicates whitened sepulchers to Satan. The pious soul is beaten and honor is banished, with justice an exile. Everyone dies for wealth, has time for this, cherishes this; the care of everyone is for wealth. Everyone contemplates goods of the flesh and earthly riches; no one repels goods of the flesh and earthly riches. The man rich in possessions is very lofty now, he is famous. The shaggy miser is pleasing in his riches, but he is not silent in his vices; his voice is free, for he has piles of riches. Care stands lowest now, the care of souls stands lowest; in fact, it is neither lowest nor last, but as it were, non-existing. A golden seal is stronger than riches, worthier than rank.

Everyone toils to acquire property for himself, to hoard property for himself. A golden coin deprives people's eyes of light; it equates the scattered with the standing, the high with the low. It blinds the eyes of kings, the eyes of bishops. Money alone destroys everything, it poisons all; money knows the heart, conceals the burden, gives arms, buys the mouth, brightens the face. Money is the anointing of sin, the stealing of the heart, the thief of the eyes; it is a shield for criminals and a heavy lash for the rich. Death strikes all, the people endure all in

Profore prae fore munera tempore constat in isto. 790
 Omnia corripit, omnia decipit, heu! nitor aeris.
 Fert tua dextera grandia munera, grandis habetis;
 Vilis origine, vilior ordine conditionis,
 Si dare sustinet, in decus imminet illud Othonis.
 Munere sobrius ambulat ebrius ipseque cuius 795
 Os homo cor Deus²⁰ approbat, est reus ejus et hujus.
 Mutus ab ubere, dives habere Tullius alter,
 Dives amabere; pauper habere quomodo pauper.
 Sola fit arida, sola fit invida copia sensus,
 Sola scit inscia, sola dat omnia copia census. 800
 Heu! via carpitur ampla, relinquitur omnibus arta,
 Omnibus est gula linguaque garrula, guttura farta.
 Nunc, rogo, vivere, cui stipe paupere, cui stat amor?
 Vivida pocula crassaque fercula quis negat ori?
 Quot sine crimine cernis in agmine stare fideli? 805
 Quis modo turpia, quis premit impia cuspide zeli?
 Quis vitio rubet aut animi studet esse pudici?
 Se sibi subdere? lubrica vincere? dicere "Vici"?
 Nunc ubi gratia criminis inscia? quis bene rectus?
 Cui neque flexile re neque mobile turbine pectus? 810
 Quem mihi das sine fraudis acumine? quem sine sorde?
 Quis colit utile, vitat inutile corpore, corde?
 Quis bona postulat? immo quis ambulat absque querela?
 Cui gravis actio, stans meditatio, pura loquela?
 Cui bene mens bona nec labra dissona corde, cor ore? 815
 Cui pia lacrima spe flagrat, intima pulsat amore?
 Ordo, modestia vitaeque sobria quid modo possunt?
 Quae modo sunt pia? plus loquar: impia quae modo non
 sunt?
 Aurea tempora castaque pectora praeterierunt;
 Tempora pessima, scilicet ultima, jam subierunt, 820
 Stant modo stantia lucra, superbia, pax sine pace,

²⁰Hildebert of Lavardin 50.38

confused order. In this very age it is established that gifts are good, gifts take the lead. Alas, the sheen of money seizes all, deceives all. If your hand carries great gifts, you will be considered great. If a man base in origin, baser in his rank has something to give, he strives after the honor of Otho. For a gift a drunkard walks sober, while one whose mouth man approves, whose heart God approves is accused of this and that. Though dumb from infancy, if you are rich, you will be considered another Tullius. Rich, you will be loved; poor, you will be considered a poor man. Abundance of understanding alone becomes dry, alone becomes hateful; unknowing abundance of wealth alone knows all, alone gives all.

Alas, the wide way is taken, the narrow way is abandoned by all; for all there is gluttony and a babbling tongue and crammed gullet. I ask, who now lives on a poor donation, who lives for love? Who denies his mouth spirited cups and full dishes? How many without sin do you see standing in the multitude of the faithful? Who now destroys baseness, who destroys impieties with the lance of zeal? Who blushes at vice or strives to be of chaste spirit? Who strives to master himself, to subdue lewd desires, to say, "I have conquered"? Where now is grace unknowing of sin? Who is well directed? Whose heart is neither altered by property nor moved by storm? Whom do you give me without the cunning of deceit? Whom without filth? Who cultivates the useful, who avoids the useless with body and soul? Who desires goodness? Indeed, who goes about without complaining? Whose actions are serious, thoughts upright, discourse pure? Whose mind is honest and whose lips are not dissonant from his heart nor his heart from his mouth? Whose pious tears excite him with hope and move his inmost parts with love? What can order, moderation and a sober life do now? What things are pious now? I shall say more: what things are not impious now?

The golden age and pure hearts have perished; the most wicked times, certainly the last times, have succeeded them. Now there remain abiding riches, pride, peace without peace, deceit, Venus,

Fraus, Venus, oia furtaque conscia noctis opacae;²¹
 Schismata, praelia, vis, homicidia, traditiones,
 Ira, protervia, livor, inertia, seditiones.
 Stat simulatio, corrui actio relligionis. 825
 Heu! sua propria deputat omnia rex Babylonis.
 Pax, patientia, norma, modestia, jus et honestum
 Sunt vaga nomina; fictio culmina dat, probra quaestum.
 Ad bona frigit, ad mala ferbuit ignis amoris,
 Lex jacet abdita, stando stat edita flamma furoris. 830
 Dat Venus ebria²² mixta cubilia more ferarum.
 Lingua tacet mea, jam minus est ea dicere clarum.
 Quid loquar, O Deus? Ecce stylus meus, ecce fatiscit!
 Vincor et impia non loquor omnia; pars mala vicit.
 In tenebris sine simplice lumine cuncta tenentur. 835
 Cuncta jacentia, pervigilantia nulla videntur.
 Secula lubrica possidet unica mortis imago,²³
 Omnia possidet, urget et obsidet una vorago;
 Nil sine vulnere lugeo cernere, credite verum!
 Quisque nefas legit altaque nox tegit omnia rerum. 840
 Cernimus omnia pene silentia coeca tenere,
 Et scelus objice, crimina vindice cuncta carere,
 Quippe ruentibus ordine patribus ecclesiarum,
 Corruit et rigor et rigidus vigor omnis earum.
 Denique plebibus et senioribus aes dominatur; 845
 Ad mala tenditur, ad fora curritur, ad lucra statur.
 Gens temeraria, turba nefaria, gens scelerata!
 Gens mala, gens rea, cur lucra terrea sunt tibi grata?
 O male visibus interioribus exoculati,
 Cur male vivitis armaque traditis ebrietati? 850
 O male visibus interioribus, O male coeci!
 Quid juvat addere, quid rea subdere pectora faeci?
 Gens vaga cordibus, ad bona tristibus, ad mala laetis;

²¹Vergil, *Aeneid* 4.123

²²Juvenal 6.300

²³Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.369

idleness and thefts which know the dark night, schisms, battles, violence, murders, surrenders, wrath, wantonness, envy, laziness, dissensions. The pretense of religion stands, the practice falls. Alas, the king of Babylon considers all things his own! Peace, patience, precept, moderation, justice and integrity are inconstant names; falsehood grants the heights, shame grants advantage. The fire of love has grown cold toward goodness, it has become hot toward evil; law lies hidden, the flame of madness stands forth flourishing. Drunken Venus grants promiscuous beds in the manner of wild beasts. My tongue is silent: it is not glorious to tell these things now.

O God, what shall I say? See my pen, see, it is exhausted! I am overcome, and I do not tell all the impieties; the evil portion has prevailed. All things are held fast in shadows without plain light. All things are seen to be dormant, none are watchful through the night. The likeness of death alone possesses this wanton age; a single abyss possesses, besets and besieges all. I grieve to see nothing without a wound. Believe the truth! Everyone chooses what is abominable, and deep night covers everything. We see that blind silence holds almost everything, and wickedness has no barrier; all sins lack an avenger; in fact, while the fathers of the churches are falling in their order, both their rigor and all their rigid vigor have collapsed. In short, money rules the people and the elders; all incline to evils, run to markets, stand for riches.

Heedless race, abominable crowd, wicked race, evil race, guilty race, why are earthly riches pleasing to you? O men blinded to inner visions, why do you live wickedly and hand over your weapons to drunkenness? O men wickedly blind to inner visions, O men wickedly blind, why is it delightful to add, to subject your guilty hearts to dregs? Wayward race with hearts sad toward goodness, glad toward evil, why

Cur sine lumine, non sine crimine stando jacetis?
 Paulus adest; tonat ipseque sic sonat: "Evigilate!"²⁴ 855
 State viriliter et socialiter in grege state.
 Mens lue sordida, crimine torpida, prona caducis,
 Dedecus exuat et decus induat armaque lucis.
 Surgite, surgite, gens rea, tergite vel graviora.
 Lux venit ultima jamque novissima creditur hora; 860
 Ut mala terminet, arbiter imminet, ille tremendus,
 Dulcis amantibus, irreverentibus ipse timendus.
 Judiciaria parcere nescia plena furoris,
 Illa dies venit, hanc modo praevenit actio mortis.
 Jam tuba septima²⁵ jamque novissima plaga paratur; 865
 Censor adest Deus, evigilet reus, excuriatur.
 Mens rea nitere crimine surgere, si mala purges:
 Digna perennia tollere praemia fine resurges.
 Certa loquens aro, surget humo caro mortua tandem,
 Estque quod astruat, ista quod instruat hinc dubitantem. 870
 Est avis Indica, quae viget unica, nomine Phoenix,
 Hanc cinerescere fert, ita surgere, sermo fidelis,
 Vermis et hinc avis esse sinit gravis, evolat alis;
 Inde renascitur esseque cernitur haec, modo qualis.
 Id tua funere membra resurgere posse fatetur. 875
 Surget, homo, tua tunc caro mortua, nil dubitetur.
 Cedet ad aethera mitis, ad infera, qui modo turget.
 Fluxa tenens fluet, ardua corruet, ultima surget.
 Ibit in infera, nunc male libera gens Babylonis,
 Massa nefaria portio propria perditionis. 880
 Coelica gloria stabit in omnia secula sanctis.
 Pax erit omnibus illa videntibus ora Tonantis.
 Quid loquar amplius aut ferar altius, aut sequar ultra?
 Pagina, claudere, jamque retexere desine multa;
 Claudere pagina denique carmina nostra, valete! 885
 Gens temeraria, turba nefaria, flendaque flete!

²⁴1 Corinthians 15.34

²⁵Apoc. 8.6, 9.18

do you lie fallen without light, but not without sin flourishing? Paul is here. He thunders and cries out thus: "Awake!" Stand courageously and stand united in the flock. Let the soul dirty with decay, benumbed by sin, inclined to transitory things put off shame and put on glory and the weapons of light. Arise, arise, guilty race, wipe clean your grievous deeds. The last day comes, and now is thought to be the final hour. The judge draws near to end evils, that terrible judge, sweet to those who love Him, dreadful to those who are irreverent. The judgment day that knows not how to spare, that day full of fury, that day comes; now deeds of death precede it. Now the seventh trumpet is ready, and now the final plague is ready. God is near as judge; let the guilty man be watchful, let him be awakened. Guilty soul, strive to rise from sin if you would purge your wickedness. You will rise again at the end, worthy to take up eternal rewards.

While I speak, I note what is sure: dead flesh at last will rise from the earth, and there is something which might prove this, which might instruct the one who doubts this. There is a bird of India, the only one of its kind, Phoenix by name. The truthful report tells that this bird turns to ashes and rises thus: first a worm and then a bird, it ceases to be weighed down, it flies up on wings; then this bird is reborn and seen to be as it is now. This shows that your limbs can rise again from death. Then your dead flesh will rise again, O man, let there be no doubt. The one who is meek now will go to Heaven, and the one who is proud will go to Hell. The one who gains perishable things will perish, the one who gains the high places will fall, the one who gains the lowest places will rise. The race of Babylon will go to Hell, a race now wickedly unrestrained, an abominable mass, the proper portion of perdition. For the saints, heavenly glory will last for all ages. For all who look upon the face of God, there will be peace.

What more shall I say? Shall I be borne higher or pursue farther? My page, be closed, and cease now to unfold many things. Be closed, my page; at last, my verses, farewell! Heedless race, abominable and lamentable crowd, weep! I have wished to reproach you and to declare

Vos ego carpere vestraque dicere probra cupivi;
 Vos ego carpere vestraque dicere probra nequivi.
 "Heu lacrimabile, vae miserabile" dic genus Evae.
 Gens temeraria, nunc tibi gaudia, post tibi vae vae! 890
 Est apud infera vae tibi gens fera, turba furoris!
 Nunc quoque vae tibi, nam labor hic ibi poena laboris.
 Vos, sacra concio, sacra creatio, currite, state;
 State flagrantibus aethera cordibus in bonitate.
 Vos, sacra lilia, viva monilia, vasa decoris, 895
 Luminis agmina, ferte precamina cordis et oris:
 Ut Deus a nece nos trahat hinc prece poscite sancta,
 Ut fuget impia tot, mala talia, foetida tanta.
 Vestra precatio, lingua, cor, actio, mens bene casta,
 Vitaque libera clamet ad aethera, clamet ad astra. 900
 Crimina crescere flete, tepescere jus, decus, aequum.
 Flete, gemiscite denique dicite, dicite mecum:
 "Qui regis omnia, pelle tot impia; 'surge, perimus,'²⁶
 Nos Deus aspice, ne sine simplice lumine simus.
 Tot probra, tot mala, tot preme scandala qui regis astra; 905
 Parce jacentibus, influe stantibus, omnibus asta.
 Christe piissime, scandala reprime, facta remitte,
 Et bona construe, caetera dilue, Rex benedicte.
 Demonialibus hactenus actibus erue tentos,
 Rex sate virgine, fer cruce, sanguine, morte redemptos. 910
 Respice, respice nos Patris unice virgine nate.
 Da mala plangere, da bona sumere, da tua, da te.
 Aurea tempora primaque robora redde, rogamus.
 Nos modo dirige, postmodo collige, ne pereamus."

²⁶Matthew 8.25; Mark 4.38

your infamies; I have been unable to reproach you and to declare your infamies! Mournful offspring of Eve, say, "Alas"; pitiable offspring of Eve, say, "Woe." Heedless race, now you have joys, but later you will have woe, woe! Savage race, crowd of madness, you will have woe in Hell! Now also you have woe, for here is toil, there the penalty of toil.

You, holy assembly, holy creation, hurry, stand up! Stand in your goodness, with your hearts on fire for Heaven. You, holy lilies, living necklaces, vessels of honor, troops of light, bring forth prayers of heart and mouth: in your holy entreaty beg that God might draw us away from destruction, that He might dispel so many impieties, such evils, such great filth. Let your praying, your tongue, your heart, your actions, your truly pure mind and unshackled life cry out to Heaven, cry out to the stars. Weep that sins are increasing, that justice, honor, and equity are becoming lukewarm. Weep, groan, in short say with me: "You who rule all things, drive out so many impious deeds; arise, we are perishing! God, look upon us so that we shall not be without plain light. You who rule the stars, repress so many disgraces, so many evils, so many scandals; spare those who are fallen, inspire those who are standing, assist us all. Most faithful Christ, repress scandals, forgive our bad works and gather up the good; dissolve the rest, Blessed King. Rescue those who have been held fast until now by devilish deeds; O virgin-born King, receive those who have been redeemed by your cross, your blood, your death. Only Son of the Father, Virgin-born, be mindful, be mindful of us. Grant us to bewail evil, grant us to take up goodness; grant us your goodness, grant us yourself. Restore the golden age and primal strength, we beg. Guide us now and gather us up afterward, so that we shall not perish."