

Prudenzio

Inno AD VIII Kal. Ian.

<p>Quid est quod artum circum sol iam recurrens deserit? Christusne terris nascitur, qui lucis auget tramitem?</p> <p>heu quam fugacem gratiam festinaolvebat dies! quam paene subductam facem sensim recisa extinxerat!</p> <p>caelum nitescat laetius, gratetur et gaudens humus: scandit gradatim denuo iubar priores lineas.</p> <p>emerge, dulcis pusio, quem mater edit castitas, parens et expers coniugis, mediator et duplex genus.</p> <p>ex ore quamlibet Patris sis ortus et verbo editus, tamen paterno in pectore Sophia callebas prius,</p> <p>quae prompta caelum condidit, caelum diemque et cetera; virtute verbi effecta sunt haec cuncta, nam verbum Deus.</p> <p>sed ordinatis saeculis, rerumque digesto statu, fundator ipse et artifex permansit in Patris sinu,</p> <p>donec rotata annalium transvolverentur milia, atque ipse peccantem diu dignatus orbem viseret.</p> <p>nam caeca vis mortalium venerans inanes nenas, vel aera vel saxa algida vel ligna credebat Deum.</p> <p>haec dum sequuntur, perfidii praedonis in ius venerant, et mancipatam fumido vitam barathro inmerserant.</p>	<p>Why doth the sun re-orient take A wider range, his limits break? Lo! Christ is born, and o'er earth's night Shineth from more to more the light!</p> <p>Too swiftly did the radiant day Her brief course run and pass away: She scarce her kindly torch had fired Ere slowly fading it expired.</p> <p>Now let the sky more brightly beam, The earth take up the joyous theme: The orb a broadening pathway gains And with its erstwhile splendour reigns.</p> <p>Sweet babe, of chastity the flower, A virgin's blest mysterious dower! Rise in Thy twofold nature's might: Rise, God and man to reunite!</p> <p>Though by the Father's will above Thou wert begot, the Son of Love, Yet in His bosom Thou didst dwell, Of Wisdom the eternal Well;</p> <p>Wisdom, whereby the heavens were made And light's foundations first were laid: Creative Word! all flows from Thee! The Word is God eternally.</p> <p>For though with process of the suns The ordered whole harmonious runs, Still the Artificer Divine Leaves not the Father's inmost shrine.</p> <p>The rolling wheels of Time had passed O'er their millennial journey vast, Before in judgment clad He came Unto the world long steeped in shame.</p> <p>The purblind souls of mortals crass Had trusted gods of stone and brass, To things of nought their worship paid And senseless blocks of wood obeyed.</p> <p>And thus employed, they fell below The sway of man's perfidious foe: Plunged in the smoky sheer abyss They sank bereft of their true bliss.</p>
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<p>stragem sed istam non tulit Christus cadentem gentium, inpune ne forsani sui Patris periret fabrica,</p> <p>mortale corpus induit, ut excitato corpore mortis catenam frangeret, hominemque portaret Patri.</p> <p>hic ille natalis dies, quo te creator arduus spiravit et limo indidit, sermone carnem glutinans.</p> <p>sentisne, virgo nobilis, matura per fastidia pudoris intactum decus honore partus crescere?</p> <p>o quanta rerum gaudia alvus pudica continet, ex qua novellum saeculum procedit et lux aurea!</p> <p>vagitus ille exordium vernantis orbis prodidit, nam tunc renatus sordidum mundus veterum depulit.</p> <p>sparsisse tellurem reor rus omne densis floribus, ipsasque harenas Syrtium fragrasse nardo et nectare.</p> <p>te cuncta nascentem, puer, sensere dura et barbara, victusque saxorum rigor obduxit herbam cotibus.</p> <p>iam mella de scopulis fluunt, iam stillat ilex arido sudans amomum stipite, iam sunt myricis balsama.</p> <p>o sancta praesepe tui, aeterne rex, cunabula, populisque per saecula sacra mutis et ipsis credita!</p> <p>adorat haec brutum pecus, indocta turba scilicet, adorat excors natio</p>	<p>But that sore plight of ruined man Christ's pity could not lightly scan: Nor let God's building nobly wrought Ingloriously be brought to nought.</p> <p>He wrapped Him in our fleshly guise, That from the tomb He might arise, And man released from death's grim snare Home to His Father's bosom bear.</p> <p>This is the day of Thy dear birth, The bridal of the heaven and earth, When the Creator breathed on Thee The breath of pure humanity.</p> <p>Ah! glorious Maid, dost thou not guess What guerdon thy chaste soul shall bless, How by thy ripening pangs is bought An honour greater than all thought?</p> <p>O what a load of joy untold Thy womb inviolate doth hold! Of thee a golden age is born, The brightness of the earth's new morn!</p> <p>Hearken! doth not the infant's wail The universal springtide hail? For now the world re-born lays by Its gloomy, frost-bound apathy.</p> <p>Methinks in all her rustic bowers The earth is spread with clustering flowers: Odours of nard and nectar sweet E'en o'er the sands of Syrtes fleet.</p> <p>All places rough and deserts wild Have felt from far Thy coming, Child: Rocks to Thy gentle empire bow And verdure clothes the mountain brow.</p> <p>Sweet honey from the boulder leaps: The sere and leafless oak-bough weeps A strange rich attar: tamarisks too Of balsam pure distil the dew.</p> <p>Blessed for ever, cradle dear, The lowly stall, the cavern drear! Men to this shrine, Eternal King, With dumb brutes adoration bring.</p> <p>The ox and ass in homage low Obedient to their Maker bow: Bows too the unlearn'd heartless crowd</p>
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<p>vis cuius in pastu sita est.</p> <p>sed cum fideli spiritu concurrat ad praesepia pagana gens et quadrupes, sapiatque quod brutum fuit,</p> <p>negat patrum prosapia perosa praesentem Deum: credas venenis ebriam, furiisve lymphatam rapi.</p> <p>quid prona per scelus ruis? agnosce, si quidquam tibi mentis resedit integrae, ducem tuorum principum.</p> <p>hunc, quem latebra et obstetrix et virgo feta et cunulae, et inbecilla infantia, regem dederunt gentibus,</p> <p>peccator intueberis celsum coruscis nubibus, deiectus ipse et inritis plangens reatum fletibus,</p> <p>cum vasta signum bucina terris cremandis miserit, et scissus axis cardinem mundi ruentis solverit.</p> <p>insignis ipse et praeminens meritis rependet congrua, his lucis usum perpetis, illis gehennam et Tartarum.</p> <p>Iudaea, tunc fulmen crucis experta, qui sit senties quem, te furoris praesule, mors hausit et mox reddidit</p>	<p>Whose minds the sensual feast doth cloud.</p> <p>Though, by the faithful Spirit impelled, Shepherds and brutes, unreasoning held, Yea, folk that did in darkness dwell Discern their God in His poor cell:</p> <p>Yet children of the sacred race Blindly abhor the Incarnate grace: By philtres you might deem them lulled Or by some bacchic phrenzy dulled.</p> <p>Why headlong thus to ruin stride? If aught of soundness in you bide, Behold in Him the Lord divine Of all your patriarchal line.</p> <p>Mark you the dim-lit cave, the Maid, The humble nurse, the cradle laid, The helpless infancy forlorn: Yet thus the Gentiles' King was born!</p> <p>Ah sinner, thou shalt one day see This Child in dreadful majesty, See Him in glorious clouds descend, While thou thy guilty heart shalt rend.</p> <p>Vain all thy tears, when loud shall sound The trump, when flames shall scorch the ground, When from its hinge the cloven world Is loosed, in horrid tumult hurled.</p> <p>Then throned on high, the Judge of all Shall mortals to their reckoning call: To these shall grant the prize of light, To those Gehenna's gloomy night.</p> <p>Then, Israel, shalt thou learn at length The Cross hath, as the lightning, strength: Doomed by thy wrath, He now is Lord, Whom Death once grasped but soon restored.</p>
<p>Ambrogio, Inno per il giorno di Natale</p>	
<p>Intende, qui regis Israel, super Cherubim qui sedes, appare Ephraem coram, excita potentiam tuam et veni.</p> <p>Veni, redemptor gentium,</p>	<p>Volgiti a noi, tu che guidi Israele, tu che t'assidi sopra i cherubini, mostrati ai cospetto di Efraim, desta la tua onnipotenza e vieni a noi.</p> <p>O redentore dei popoli, vieni,</p>

<p>ostende partum virginis; miretur omne saeculum: telis decet partus Deum.</p> <p>Non ex virili semine sed mystico spiramine verbum Dei factum est caro, fructusque ventris floruit.</p> <p>Alvus tumescit Virginis, claustrum pudoris permanet, vexilla virtutum micant: versatur in templo Deus.</p> <p>Procedat e thalamo suo, pudoris aula regia, geminae gigas substantiae, alacris ut currat viam.</p> <p>Egressus eius a patre, regressus eius ad patrem, excursus usque ad inferos, recursus ad sedem Dei.</p> <p>Aequalis aeterno Patri, carnis tropaeo cingere, infirmi nostri corporis virtute firmans perpeti.</p> <p>Praesepe iam fulget tuum, lumenque nox spirat suum, quod nulla nox interpolet fideque iugi luceat.</p>	<p>della Vergine rivelaci il parto; ogni età della storia stupisca: a Dio solo s'addice un tal parto.</p> <p>Non nasce da seme di creatura, ma per arcano soffio dello Spirito il Verbo di Dio si fece carne e germogliò come frutto d'un grembo.</p> <p>S'inturgida della Vergine il grembo, inviolato il chiostro del pudore: delle virtù rifulgono le gemme, in lei come in tempio Dio dimora.</p> <p>Dal suo thalamo venga, regale sala del pudore, il gigante di duplice natura per correre animoso la sua strada:</p> <p>l'uscita sua dal Padre, il suo ritorno al Padre, la corsa fino agli inferi, e il suo ritorno alla divina sede.</p> <p>Uguale al sommo Padre recingiti col trionfo della carne tu che rafforzi di valore eterno le debolezze della nostra carne.</p> <p>Già splende il tuo presepe e la notte respira la sua luce, che tenebra nessuna offuschi mai e d'incessante fede possa splendere</p>
<p>Alti testi e carmi di intornazione natalizia in: https://bibliotecalessa.files.wordpress.com/2012/12/4_-natale-nei-padri-della-chiesa.pdf</p>	
<p>Prudenzio, <i>Peristephanon</i> III, vv. 41-95</p>	
<p><u>illa perosa quietis opem</u> <u>degeneri tolerare mora</u> <u>nocte fores sine teste movet</u> <u>saeptaque claustra fugax aperit,</u></p> <p><u>inde per invia carpit iter.</u> <u>ingreditur pedibus laceris</u> <u>per loca senta situ et vepribus</u> <u>angelico comitata choro,</u></p>	

et licet horrida nox sileat,
lucis habet tamen illa ducem.
sic habuit generosa patrum
turba columniferum radium,

scindere qui tenebrosa potens
nocte viam face perspicua
praestitit intereunte chao.
non aliter pia virgo viam

nocte secuta diem meruit
nec tenebris adoperta fuit,
regna Canopica cum fugeret
et super astra pararet iter.

illa gradu cita pervigili
milia multa prius peragit
quam plaga pandat Eoa polum;
mane superba tribunal adit

fascibus adstat et in mediis
vociferans: 'rogo, quis furor est
perdere praecipites animas
et male prodiga corda sui

sternere rasilibus scopulis,
omnipatremque negare Deum?
quaeritis, o miseranda manus,
Christicolum genus? en ego sum

daemonicis inimica sacris,
idola protero sub pedibus,
pectore et ore Deum fateor.
Isis, Apollo, venus nihil est,

Maximianus et ipse nihil:
illa nihil, quia facta manu,
hic manuum quia facta colit,
frivola utraque et utraque nihil.

Maximianus, opum dominus
et tamen ipse cliens lapidum,
prostituat voveatque suis
numinibus caput ipse suum:

pectora cur generosa quatit?
dux bonus, arbiter egregius,
sanguine pascitur innocuo,
corporibusque piis inhians

viscera sobria dilacerat,
gaudet et excruciare fidem.
ergo age, tortor, adure, seca,

the love of death. She, hating to let herself be saved by keeping quiet and hanging back like a coward, opens the door by night with none to see, makes her escape through the enclosing fence, and then pursues her way across the wilds. With torn feet she passes over a rough waste overgrown with briars, but she is accompanied by a troop of angels, and for all the gruesome silence of the night she still has light to guide her. So it was that the noble company of the patriarchs had a beam in the shape of a pillar which, being able to pierce the gloom, showed them the way by night with its bright flame and the darkness was done away.^a Like them, the devoted girl was deemed worthy to have the light of day as she followed her course in the night, and was not covered with darkness as she fled from the realm of Egypt, winning a way beyond the stars. Stepping quickly all through the night she covers many a mile ere the eastern quarter opens up the sky; and in the morning presents herself haughtily at the seat of authority, standing there amid the symbols of power and calling out: "What madness is this, I ask, that makes you send your souls headlong to destruction and bow down before smoothed stones hearts all too ready to throw themselves away, denying God who is the Father of all? Seek ye, O pitiable company, the people who worship Christ? Here am I, a foe to the worship of evil spirits; I trample idols

under foot, and with heart and lips I confess God. Isis, Apollo, Venus—they are naught; Maximian^a himself too is naught; they because they are works of men's hands, he because he worships the works of men's hands, both worthless, both naught. Though Maximian, lord of power and yet himself in vassalage to figures of stone, prostitute himself to his gods and make himself over to them, why does he persecute noble hearts? Your good captain, your excellent ruler, feeds on innocent blood; hungering for the bodies of the godly, he tears their continent flesh and delights in torturing the faithful. Come then, tormentor, burn, slash, cut up my body. It was put together of clay; it is easy to destroy so frail a thing. But the racking pain will not reach the spirit within."

divide membra coacta luto.

solvere rem fragilem facile est:
non penetrabitur interior
exagitante dolore animus.'

APPENDICE. *La Sequenza di S. Eulalia* (antico francese, ca. 880)

Buona pulcella fut Eulalia.	Perfetta fanciulla fu Eulalia,
Bel auret corps bellezour anima.	Bello aveva il corpo, più bella l'anima.
Voldrent la ueintre li deo inimi.	Vollero vincerla i nemici di Dio,
Voldrent la faire diaule seruir.	Vollero farle servire il diavolo.
Elle no'nt eskoltet les mals conselliers.	Ella non ascolta i malvagi consiglieri
Quelle deo raneiet chi maent sus en ciel.	(chi vogliono) che rinneghi Dio, che regna nei cieli;
Ne por or ned argent ne paramenz.	Né per oro, né per argento né per abiti lussuosi,
Por manatce regiel ne preiement.	Né per minaccia del re né per lusinga;
Niule cose non la pouret omque pleier.	Nessuna cosa la poté mai piegare
La polle sempre non amast lo deo menestier.	A che la fanciulla non amasse sempre il servizio di Dio.
E por o fut presentede maximien.	E per tanto fu condotta davanti a Massimiano,
Chi rex eret a cels dis soure pagiens.	Che regnava a quel tempo sui pagani.
Il li enortet dont lei nonque chiel.	Egli la esorta, cosa che a lei non importa,
Qued elle fuiet lo nom christiien.	A che abbandoni la fede cristiana.
Ell'ent adunet lo suon element	Ella ne rafforza il proprio spirito,
Melz sostendriet les empedementz.	Preferisce sopportare ogni supplizio
Quelle perdesse sa uirginitet.	Piuttosto che perdere la sua verginità.
Por cos suret morte a grand honestet.	Per questo ella subì una morte gloriosa.
Enz enl fou la getterent com arde tost.	Dentro al fuoco la gettarono per arderla rapidamente;
Elle colpes n[on] auret por[]o nos coist.	Ma ella non aveva colpe:; perciò il fuoco non la toccò.
A[]czo nos uoldret concreidre li rex pagiens.	A questo segno non volle rassegnarsi il re pagano,
Ad une spede li roueret toilir lo chief.	Ordinò che con una spada le tagliassero la testa;
La domnizelle celle kose n[on] contredist.	La fanciulla non si oppose a tale cosa,
Volt lo seule lazsier si ruouet krist.	Volle lasciare il mondo, (di questo) supplica Cristo.
In figure de colomb uolat a ciel.	In forma di colomba, salì al cielo.
Tuit oram que por[]nos degnet preier.	Preghiamo tutti che voglia intercedere per noi,
Qued auisset de nos xr[istu]s mercit	Che Cristo possa avere pietà di noi
Post la mort & af]lui nos laist uenir.	Dopo la morte e ci lasci venire a lui
Par soue clementia.	Per la sua clemenza.