

## ADMISSION OF HILDEGARD

BISHOP OTTO Ego sum resurrectio et vita: qui credit in me, etiam mortuus fuerit, vivet: et omnis qui vivit et credit in me, non morietur in aeternum. (*JOHN 11:25*)

CHOIR Veni, creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia  
Quae tu creasti pectora:

HILDEGARD Suscipe me, domine, secundum eloquium tuum, et vivam, et non confundas me ab exspectatione mea. (*Ps. 119 [118]:116*)

CHOIR In paradisum deducant angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.

HILDEGARD Haec requies mea in saeculum saeculi;  
Hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam. (*Ps. 132 [131]:14*)

BISHOP OTTO I am the resurrection and the life: whoever believes in me, though he were dead, will live: and all who live and believe in me shall never die.

CHOIR Come, creator spirit,  
visit the souls of your devoted;  
with your divine grace fill  
the hearts which you have created.

HILDEGARD Sustain me, O Lord, according to your word, so that I may live; and do not confound my expectations.

CHOIR May angels lead you to paradise, may martyrs sustain you in your coming and lead you to the Holy City of Jerusalem.

HILDEGARD Here will I stay for ever;  
this is the home I have chosen.

## HILDEGARD CONTEMPLATES ALONE IN HER CELL

## ORDO VIRTUTUM

BISHOP OTTO Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris, vidit lucem magnam; habitantibus in regione umbrae mortis, lux orta est eis. (*Is 9:2*)

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

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

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

STREPITUS DIABOLI AD ANIMAM ILLAM Fatue, fatue quid prodest tibi laborare? Respice mundum, et amplectetur te magno honore.

VIRTUTES O plangens vox est hec maximi doloris! Ach, ach, [. . .] Luge, luge ergo in his, Innocentia, que in pudore bono integritatem non amisisti, et que avaritiam gutturis antiqui serpentis ibi non devorasti.

BISHOP OTTO The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them has the light shined.

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

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

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

DEVIL, SHOUTING AT SOUL What use to you is toiling foolishly? Look to the world: it will embrace you with great honour.

VIRTUTES Is this not a plangent voice of the greatest sorrow? Ah, [. . .] Mourn for this, mourn, Innocence, you who lost no perfection in your fair modesty, who did not devour greedily, with the belly of the serpent of old.

## ADMISSION OF RICHARDIS AND HILTRUD

BISHOP OTTO Vade, populus meus, intra in cubicula tua; claudia ostia tua super te, abscondere modicum ad momentum, donec pertranseat indignatio. (*Is. 26:20*)

CHOIR Qui Paraclitus diceris,  
Donum Dei altissimi,  
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
Et spiritalis unctio.

BISHOP OTTO Come, my people, enter your chamber, close the door on yourselves: hide yourselves as it were for a little moment, until the indignation is past.

CHOIR You are called Comforter,  
gift of the highest God,  
fount of life, fire, love,  
and spiritual unction.

RICHARDIS AND HILDTRUD Suscipe me, domine, secundum eloquium tuum, et vivam, et non confundas me ab exspectatione mea. (Ps. 119 [118]:116)

CHOIR In paradisum deducant angeli;

HILDEGARD Quo ibo a spiritu tuo?  
Et quo a facie tua refugiam?

RICHARDIS AND HILTRUD  
Haec requies mea in saeculum saeculi;

HILDEGARD Si ascendero in caelum, tu illic es;  
Si descendero in infernum, ades.

RICHARDIS AND HILTRUD Hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam.  
(Ps 132 [131]:14)

BISHOP OTTO Vivent mortui tui, interfecti mei resurgent.

CHOIR Domine, probasti me, et cognovisti me;  
tu cognovisti sessionem meam  
et resurrectionem meam.  
Intellexisti cogitationes meas de longe;  
semitam meam et funiculum meum investigasti;  
Et omnes vias meas praevidisti,  
Quia non est sermo in lingua mea.  
Ecce, Domine, tu cognovisti omnia, novissima  
et antiqua. (Ps 139 [138]:1)

BISHOP OTTO Expergiscimini, et laudate,  
qui habitatis in pulvere,  
quia ros lucis ros tuus,  
et terram gigantum detrahes in ruinam.  
(Is. 26: 19)

HILDEGARD AND OTHER VOICES  
Quo ibo a spiritu tuo?  
Et quo a facie tua refugiam?  
Si ascendero in caelum, tu illic es;  
Si descendero in infernum, ades.  
Si sumpsero pennas meas diluculo,  
Et habitavero in extremis maris, etenim,  
illuc manus tua deducet me, et tenebit me  
dextera tua.

RICHARDIS AND HILDTRUD Sustain me, O Lord, according to your word, so that I may live; and do not confound my expectations.

CHOIR May angels lead you to paradise . . .

HILDEGARD How can I go from your spirit?  
Where can I hide from your presence?

RICHARDIS AND HILTRUD  
Here will I stay forever;

HILDEGARD If I go up into heaven you are there;  
If I go down to hell, you are there also.

RICHARDIS AND HILTRUD This is the home I have chosen.

BISHOP OTTO Your dead men shall live, together with my dead body they shall arise.

CHOIR O Lord, you have searched me out, and known me;  
you know my sitting down  
and my rising up,  
you understand my thoughts long before;  
you investigate all my comings and goings;  
you foresee all my ways,  
even those not spoken about with my tongue.  
For behold, O Lord, you know everything, the newest  
and the oldest.

BISHOP OTTO Awake and sing praises,  
you that dwell in the dust:  
for your dew is the dew of light,  
and the earth shall cast out the dead.

HILDEGARD AND OTHER VOICES  
How can I go from your spirit?  
Where can I hide from your presence?  
If I go up into heaven you are there;  
If I go down to hell, you are there also.  
If I grow my own wings and go to dwell in the remotest parts of the sea; even there shall your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me.

## THE ONE ENTHRONED VISION

CHOIR Vidi quasi montem magnum ferreum colorem . . .  
super ipsum quendam tantae claritatis sedentem, . . .  
claritas ipsius visum meum reverberaret . . .

LIMIX  
ZUZIL  
TONZIZ

De quo ab utraque parte sui lenis umbra velut ala  
latitudinis et longitudinis extendebatur.

LIMIX  
ZAINZ  
LUZEIA  
TONZIZ

CHOIR I saw a great mountain the colour of iron . . .  
enthroned on it One of such great glory that it blinded  
my sight.

Light  
Soft  
Shadow

On each side of him there extended a soft shadow, like a  
wing of wondrous breadth and length.

Light  
Child  
Eyes  
Shadow

Et ante ipsum ad radicem eiusdem montis quaedam imago undique plena oculis stabat, cuius nullam humanam formam prae ipsis oculis discernere valebam.

ZIMZIAL

VOICE OF HILDEGARD Et ante istam imago alia puerilis aetatis, pallida tunica sed albis calceamentis induta, super cuius caput tanta claritas de eodem super montem ipsum sedente descendit ut faciem eius intueri non possem.

CHOIR

ZAINZ  
ZIMZIAL  
DULSIELZ  
MILIZAMIZ  
HOIL  
INIMOIS  
TIZZIA

Sed ab eodem qui super montem illum sedebat multae viventes scintillae exierunt, quae easdem imagines magna suavitate circumvolabant. In ipso autem monte quasi plurimae fenestellae videbantur, in quibus velut capita hominum quaedam pallida et quaedam alba apparuerunt.

Et ecce idem qui super montem illum sedebat fortissima et acutissima voce clamabat dicens:

*O homo, quae fragilis es de pulvere terrae et cinis de cinere, clama et dic de introitu incorruptae salvationis, quatenus hi erudiantur qui medullam litterarum videntes eam nec dicere nec praedicare volunt, quia tepidi et hebetes ad conservandam iustitiam Dei sunt, quibus clausuram mysticorum resera quam ipsi timidi in abscondito agro sine fructu celant. Ergo in fontem abundantiae ita dilatare et ita in mystica eruditione efflue, ut illi ab effusione irrigationis tuae concutiantur qui te propter praeveraricationem Evae volunt contemptibilem esse. Nam tu acumen huius profunditatis ab homine non capis, sed a superno et tremendo iudice illud desuper accipis, ubi praeclara luce haec serenitas inter lucentes fortiter lucebit.*

Surge ergo, clama et dic quae tibi fortissima virtute divini auxilii manifestantur,

FRENS

*quoniam ille qui omnium creaturae suae potenter et benigne imperat, ipsum timentes et ipsi suavi dilectione in spiritu humilitatis famulantes claritate supernae illustrationis perfundit et ad gaudia aeternae visionis in via iustitiae perseverantes perducit.*

Before him, at the front of the mountain, stood an image full of eyes on all sides, in which, because of those eyes, I could discern no human form.

Youngster

VOICE OF HILDEGARD In front of this image stood another, a child wearing a tunic of subdued colour but white shoes, upon whose head such glory descended from the One enthroned upon that mountain that I could not look at its face.

CHOIR

Child  
Youngster  
Face  
Image  
Head  
Man  
Alb

But from the One who sat enthroned upon that mountain many living sparks sprang forth, which flew very sweetly around the images. Also I perceived in this mountain many little windows, in which appeared human heads, some of subdued colours and some white.

And behold, He who was enthroned upon that mountain cried out in a strong, loud voice saying,

*O human, who are fragile dust of the earth and ashes of ashes! Cry out and speak of the origin of pure salvation until those people are instructed, who, though they see the inmost contents of the Scriptures, do not wish to tell them or preach them, because they are luke-warm or sluggish in serving God's justice. Unlock for them the enclosure of mysteries that they, timid as they are, conceal in a hidden or fruitless field. Burst forth into a fountain of abundance and overflow with mystical knowledge, until they who now think you contemptible because of Eve's transgression are stirred up by the flood of your irrigation. For you have received your profound insight not from humans, but from the lofty and tremendous Judge on high, where this calmness will shine strongly with glorious light among the shining ones.*

Arise therefore, cry out and tell what is shown to you by the strong power of God's help,

Whirlwind

*for He Who rules every creature in might and kindness floods those who fear Him and serve Him in sweet love and humility with the glory of heavenly enlightenment and leads those who persevere in the way of justice to the joys of the Eternal Vision.*

HILDEGARD SUFFERS ILLNESSES FROM FEAR OF REVEALING VISIONS  
ORDO VIRTUTUM

VIRTUTES O Timor . . .

DIABOLUS Euge! euge! quis est tantus timor?  
et quis est tantus amor?

VIRTUTES valde utilis es nobis:

DIABOLUS Ubi est pugnator, et ubi est remunerator?  
Vos nescitis quid colitis.

VIRTUTES AD SPES O serena, speculata . . .

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

TIMOR DEI Ego Timor Dei vos felicissimas filias preparo, ut  
inspiciatis in deum vivum, et non pereatis.

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

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

VIRTUTES O Timor, valde utilis es nobis:  
O vivens vita, et O suavis consolatrix, tu mortifera mortis  
vincis et vidente oculo clausuram celi aperis.

VIRTUES O Fear . . .

DEVIL Bravo! Bravo! What is this great fear?  
and what is this great love?

VIRTUES you can help us greatly:

DEVIL Where is the champion? Where the prize-giver?  
You don't know what you are worshipping!

VIRTUES TO HOPE Oh serene one, mirror-like . . .

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

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

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

OBEDIENCE I am shining Obedience – come to me, lovely  
daughters, and I will lead you to your homeland and to  
the kiss of the King.

VIRTUES Oh Fear, you can help us greatly:  
Living life, gentle, consolling one, you overcome the  
deadly shafts of death and with your seeing eye lay  
heaven's gate open.

HILDEGARD SEEKS GUIDANCE

HILDEGARD, TO POPE EUGENIUS

O pater Eugeni . . .

Prepara scripturam hanc  
ad auditum me  
suscipientium,  
et fac illam viridem  
in suco suavis . . .  
et radicem ramorum  
et volans folium . . .  
et vives in eternum.

O father Eugenius . . .

prepare this writing for  
the hearing of those  
who support me;  
make it vigorous with the  
juice of sweet fruits,  
a root for the branches  
and a leaf to fly . . .  
and you will have eternal life.

VOICE OF HILDEGARD, TO POPE EUGENIUS

O gentle father Eugenius, poor little creature that I am, I write to you here about a true, mystically inspired vision,  
which God has seen fit to reveal to me.

O illustrious father, through your delegates you have come to me, as God has preordained; you have seen some of  
my descriptions of true visions shown to me by the Living Light, and in your wisdom have embraced them..

Although much of this writing is finished, that same fire has never deserted me – it burns in my soul just as it has always  
done since my childhood. Therefore I send you these writings with all the true encouragement of God.

And my spirit desires that the Light of Light shine in you, so that your eyes may be purified and your spirit awakened to  
the work of this scripture; thereby your soul will be crowned, as is pleasing to God. For there are many people, wise in  
worldly matters but lacking in their own conviction, who disparage these writings and dismiss me, poor little creature  
formed from a rib and unversed in philosophical matters.

...

So He who is the Living Light says again to you: prepare this writing for the hearing of those who support me; make it  
vigorous with the juice of sweet fruits, a root for the branches and a leaf to fly in the face of the devil, and you will have  
eternal life. Beware of spurning these holy mysteries, whose destiny is inevitable - they lie hidden and have not yet been  
revealed. May the fragrance be sweet in you, and may you not grow weary on the straight way.

POPE EUGENIUS Deinde vidi in altitudine caelestium  
secretorum duas acies supernorum spirituum multa  
claritate fulgentes,

CHOIR una acie . . .

GLOSINZ

POPE EUGENIUS . . . ita ut qui in una acie erant velut pennas  
in pectoribus suis habebant et facies ut facies hominum  
in se praetendebant, in quibus et vultus hominum quasi  
in pura aqua apparebant;

CHOIR una acie . . .

AUIZEL, GLOSINZ

LIMIX

LIMIX, BANZIAZ, BURBEISCAL, DULSIELZ,  
INIMOIS, AIEGANZ, ISPARIZ

POPE EUGENIUS et qui in acie alia fuerunt etiam in  
pectoribus suis quasi pennas habuerunt . . .

CHOIR

BURBEISCAL, BANZIAZ

POPE EUGENIUS . . . et facies ut facies hominum in se  
ostenderunt . . .

CHOIR

DULSIELZ, INIMOIS

POPE EUGENIUS . . . in quibus etiam imago Filii hominis  
velut in speculo fulgebat.

CHOIR acie alia . . .

MILIZAMIZ, SCIRIZIN, AIGONZ, GLOSINZ

MILIZAMIZ, AIGONZ

INIMOIS

MILIZAMIZ, SCIRIZIN, AIEGANZ

POPE EUGENIUS AND MEN FROM THE CHOIR Hae autem  
acies alias quinque acies secundum modum coronae  
circumcinxerant.

CHOIR

DULSIELZ, INIMOIS, LIMIX, GLOSINZ

LIMIX

DULSIELZ

INIMOIS

MEN FROM THE CHOIR qui vero in alia erant . . .

CHOIR

BURIZINDIZ, FLAGUR, SCURINZ, GLOSINZ

LIMIX, BURIZINDIZ

SCURINZ

MEN FROM THE CHOIR et qui in alia ut album marmor . . .

POPE EUGENIUS (*reading aloud*) Then I saw in the secret  
places in the heights of Heaven two armies of heavenly  
spirits who shone with great brightness.

CHOIR one army . . .

*army*

POPE EUGENIUS Those in one of the armies had on their  
breasts wings, with forms like human forms in front of  
them, on which human features showed as if in clear  
water.

CHOIR one army . . .

*water, army*

*light*

*light, feather, breast, face,*

*man, angel, spirit*

POPE EUGENIUS Those in the second army also had wings on  
their breasts . . .

CHOIR

*breast, feather*

POPE EUGENIUS . . . which displayed forms like human  
forms . . .

CHOIR

*face, man*

POPE EUGENIUS . . . in which the image of the Son of Man  
shone as if in a mirror.

CHOIR in the other army . . .

*image, son, God, army*

*image, God*

*man*

*image, son, angel*

POPE EUGENIUS AND MEN FROM THE CHOIR These armies  
were arrayed in the shape of a crown around five other  
armies.

CHOIR

*face, man, light, army*

*light*

*face*

*man*

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Those in the first of these five armies  
seemed to have . . .

CHOIR

*fire, flame, flame, army*

*light, fire*

*flame*

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . those in the third had the  
appearance of white marble . . .

CHOIR  
HOIL, GLOSINZ  
BURIZINDIZ, KINCHZIA, KINCHSCALIS  
HOIL  
PHAMZIOLAZ  
KINCHZIA, KINCHSCALIS  
LIMIX

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . et qui in alia . . .

CHOIR  
DULSIELZ, INIMOIS, FUSCAL, SCATIL, GLOSINZ  
HOIL, GALIZIMA  
FUSCAL  
INIMOIS  
SCATIL

MEN FROM THE CHOIR et qui in alia . . . velut aurora  
ruebant.

CHOIR  
LIMIX, MUMIZANZ, GLOSINZ  
MUMIZANZ  
LIMIX  
MUMIZANZ

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Sed et acies istae alias duas etiam in  
modum coronae circumdederant.  
una acie . . .

CHOIR  
LUZEIA, DULSIELZ, INIMOIS  
BANZIAZ, AIEGANZ, GLOSINZ  
LUZEIA  
BANZIAZ, AIEGANZ  
DULSIELZ, INIMOIS

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . et qui in alia . . .

CHOIR  
BURIZINDIZ  
SCURINZ, BANZIAZ, GLOSINZ, CRIZIA  
BURIZINDIZ, SCURINZ

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Et hae acies omnes in omni genere  
musicorum mirabilibus vocibus miracula illa resonabant  
quae Deus in beatis animabus operatur . . .

CHOIR  
AIGONZ, CRIZIA

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . per quae Deum magnifice  
glorificabant.

CHOIR  
LIMIX  
BANZIAZ, AIEGANZ  
LUZEIA

CHOIR  
head, army  
fire, candle, candle-holder  
head  
candle  
candle, candle-holder  
light

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . those in the fourth . . .

CHOIR  
face, man, foot, tunic, army  
head, helmet  
foot  
man  
tunic

MEN FROM THE CHOIR and those in the fifth . . . shone red  
like the dawn.

CHOIR  
light, morning, army  
morning  
light  
morning

MEN FROM THE CHOIR But these armies were also arrayed  
like a crown around two others.  
Those in the first . . .

CHOIR  
eyes, face, man  
feather, angel, army  
eyes  
feather, angel  
face, man

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . and those in the second . . .

CHOIR  
fire  
flame, feather, army, church  
fire, flame

MEN FROM THE CHOIR And all these armies were singing  
with marvellous voices all kinds of music about the  
wonders that God works in blessed souls . . .

CHOIR  
God, church

MEN FROM THE CHOIR . . . and by this God was magnifi-  
cently glorified.

CHOIR  
light  
feather, angel  
eyes

VOICE OF MISTRESS TENGSWICH, TO HILDEGARD

To Hildegard, leader of the brides of Christ, from Tengswich, elected Superior of the sisters at Andernach, praying that she may one day be joined with the highest order of heavenly spirits.

Word of your highly esteemed saintliness has spread far and wide, and we have heard wondrous tales of your extraordinary piety. Indeed we have also learned from a number of people that an angel from above reveals arcane, heavenly secrets for you to set down in writing and interpret.

On the other hand we have also become aware of some unusual customs that you practise. They say that on feast days your virgins stand in church singing and playing the cithara with unbound hair, and decked out with dazzling white silk robes, so long that they touch the ground. Furthermore we hear that they wear on their heads crowns of gold filigree, with crosses inserted on the sides and back, and a figure of the Lamb fetchingly woven on the front, and that their fingers are adorned with gold rings. All this they do despite the express prohibition of that first shepherd of the Church who warns us in his letters: 'let women carry themselves with modesty, not with plaited hair, nor gold, nor pearls, nor precious clothes'. Moreover, what seems to us no less remarkable is that you admit into your community only those of noble birth, and that any who are descended from ordinary or less wealthy families you utterly reject.

Truly indeed, O most worthy bride of Christ, the unorthodox nature of your customs strikes us with no little amazement, and far exceeds our comprehension. Accordingly, we poor little creatures heartily rejoice for you; but with all the respect that is due to your saintly ambition, we nevertheless deeply and earnestly beseech you, with all the authority that such piety upholds, to write back to us with an explanation as soon as possible.

Farewell, and may you remember us in your prayers.

HILDEGARD, TO A CONGREGATION OF NUNS

Fons vivus dicit:  
O quam mira  
res es . . .  
Terra sudat viriditatem  
graminis.  
O quam mira  
res es,  
que in sole  
fundamentum posuisti  
et inde terram  
superasti!  
Audi.

The living fountain says:  
O, woman, what a  
wonderful thing you are! . . .  
The earth sweats with the  
very greenness of the grass.  
O, woman, what a  
wonderful thing you are!  
You have placed your  
foundations in the sun,  
and from there have  
conquered the world!  
Hear me!

VOICE OF HILDEGARD, TO A CONGREGATION OF NUNS

The living fountain says: let a woman lie hidden within her chamber, shrouded in modesty, for the serpent breathed on her great danger of dreadful wantonness. But why? The form of woman shone and glowed in that primal root, in which she was formed, and from which all creatures were born.

O, woman, what a wonderful thing you are! You have placed your foundations in the sun, and from there have conquered the world!

The earth sweats with the very greenness of the grass, until winter conquers it. And as winter ravages the earth and carries off the beauty of its blossom, the earth covers over that greenness, thereby disguising any sign of drought. In a similar way, a married woman should not indulge in vanity, adorning her hair with crowns or other golden ornaments, unless her husband so wishes, and even then, only with due modesty.

But these rules do not extend to a virgin; for she stands within the simplicity and integrity of paradise in all its beauty, never appearing to wither, and always remaining in the full vitality of a young flower. A virgin is not required to conceal the freshness of her hair – she covers herself only of her own free will and through great humility, just as a person naturally hides the beauty of their soul, lest the arrogant hawk snatch it away.

Virgins are joined together in the sanctity of the Holy Spirit and in the dawn of virginity, and so it is fitting that they be brought before the high priest like an offering to God. It is for this reason that it is proper, through this licence and through the revelation of the mystical breath of the finger of God, that a virgin decks herself in clothes of dazzling white, as a shining symbol of her betrothal to Christ.

Furthermore God keeps all people under close scrutiny, lest a lower order rise above a higher one, as Satan and the first man did when they tried to fly higher than they had been placed. And what rational person would bring together all his animals – oxen, asses, sheep and young goats – haphazardly into a single stable?

For the same reason let there be discrimination in these matters, lest diverse people, all herded together, become divided whether through pride or disgrace, and especially lest those of honest character become defiled, as higher orders fall, lower orders rise, and one by one they tear each apart through hatred.

It is clear to see that God distinguishes between people on earth just as he does in heaven between angels, archangels, thrones, dominations, cherubim and seraphim. All are loved by God, but they are not equal in rank.

These words come from the Living Light, and not from any man. Whoever hears them, may they see, and may they believe where they come from.

## EDIFICE OF SALVATION VISION

CHOIR Veni ad nos!

HILDEGARD Heu, heu!

VOICE OF HILDEGARD Demonstratus est mihi per spiritum locus, ubi Naha fluvius Rheno confluit, videlicet collis a priscis diebus sancto Roberto confessori ex nomine adtitulatus.

*(adapted from VITA S. HILDEGARDIS, by Peter Brown)*

CHOIR Veni ad nos!

Inspira nos!

HILDEGARD Hunc locum ego paupercula forma elegi, quem non corporalibus oculis, verum intima visione cognovi.

*(adapted from VITA S. HILDEGARDIS, by Peter Brown)*

Deinde vidi intra ambitum circuli quasi montem magnum. Et super ipsum montem stabat velut quoddam aedificium quadrangulum, ad similitudinem urbis quadrangulae factum, aliquantulumque in obliquum positum, ita quod eius angulus unus respiciebat ad orientem et alius ad occidentem, et unus ad septentrionem et alius ad meridiem. (SCIVIAS)

CHOIR Veni ad nos,

Tange nos,  
Inspira nos,  
Dirige nos.

HILDEGARD Idem autem aedificium in circuitu suo murum unum duorum generum habebat, quorum genus unum erat quasi splendor lucidus ut lux diei est, et alterum quasi compaginatio lapidum. [. . .]

Latitudo autem inter ipsum aedificium et splendorem ex praedicto circulo se in profundum abyssi extendentem erat in vertice orientalis anguli unius palmi, alibi autem, id est in septentrionali et in occidentali atque in meridiana parte, tanta undique erat latitudo inter idem aedificium et eundem splendorem, ut eius amplitudinem nullo modo comprehendere possem.

MONK ARNOLD Quid facis, aut quo vadis? Tu amplexata es me . . . sed nunc in reversione tua confundis me. Ego autem pugna mea deiectam reducam te.

*(Adapted from ORDO VIRTUTUM, by Peter Brown)*

CHOIR Come to us!

HILDEGARD Heu, heu!

VOICE OF HILDEGARD I have been shown by the Holy Spirit that place where the Nahe flows into the Rhine, namely the hill which earlier received its name from Blessed Confessor Rupert.

CHOIR Come to us,

Inspire us!

HILDEGARD I, poor little woman that I am, have chosen this place; I have not seen it with bodily eyes but in an inner vision.

Then I saw within the circumference of the circle a great mountain. And on that mountain stood a four-sided building, formed in the likeness of a four-walled city; it was placed at an angle, so that one of its corners faced the East, one faced the West, one the North and one the South. [. . .]

CHOIR Come to us,

Touch us,  
Inspire us,  
Guide us.

HILDEGARD The building had one wall around it, but made of two materials: One was a shining light like the light of the sky, and the other was stones joined together. [. . .]

And between the building and the light of the circle, which extended from the height to the abyss, at the top of the east corner there was only a palm's breadth; but at the north and west and south corners, the breadth of separation between the building and the light was so great that I could not grasp its extent.

MONK ARNOLD ALIAS DEVIL What are you doing and where are you going? You were in my embrace . . . yet now you are going back, defying me – but I shall fight you and bring you back.

CHOIR O beatissima Hildegardis, a Deo electa,  
Veni ad nos,  
Tange nos,  
Inspira nos,  
Dirige nos,  
Incende nos,  
Succurre nobis.

Veni, edificium strue ad salutem nostram, ut gloriam  
sanctitatis tue per quattuor terre angulos hymnis  
celestibus resonemus.  
(*James Wood, translated to Latin by Peter Brown*)

CHOIR O most blessed Hildegard, chosen woman of God,  
Come to us,  
Touch us,  
Inspire us,  
Guide us,  
Enflame us,  
Help us.

Come; build us an edifice for our salvation so that we  
may evermore resonate the glory of your divine estate in  
celestial hymns throughout all four corners of the earth.

## ARRIVAL IN RUPERTSBERG

MEN FROM THE CHOIR O Jerusalem, aurea civitas,  
ornata regis purpura;

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR O beata puericia  
que rutilas in aurora,  
et o laudabilis adolescentia  
que ardes in sole.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR o edificatio summe bonitatis  
que es lux numquam obscurata.  
Tu enim es ornata  
in aurora et in calore solis.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Nam tu, o nobilis Ruperte,  
in his sicut gemma fulsisti,  
unde non potes abscondi stultis hominibus  
sicut nec mons valli celatur.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Fenestre tue Jerusalem  
cum topazio et saphiro  
specialiter sunt decorate.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Unde vos, o ornati,  
et o coronati,  
qui habitatis in Jerusalem . . .  
succurrite nobis famulantibus  
et in exilio laborantibus.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR In quibus dum fulges, o Ruperte,  
non potes abscondi tepidis moribus – sicut nec mons  
valli – coronatus rosis, liliis et purpura in vera  
ostensione. [. . .]

MEN FROM THE CHOIR O Jerusalem, city of gold,  
adorned with kingly purple;

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR O blessed boyhood  
glimmering in the dawn,  
and O wonderful time of youth  
aflake in the sun.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR O building of highest excellence  
who are a light never darkened.  
Truly, you are resplendent  
in the dawn and the heat of the sun.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR For you, O noble Rupert,  
shimmer in these like a jewel,  
whence you cannot be hidden to fools  
just as the mountain cannot be hidden from the valley.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Your windows, Jerusalem,  
are wondrously adorned  
with topaz and sapphire.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR You, O adorned ones,  
and O crowned ones,  
who dwell in Jerusalem . . .  
help us, servants  
labouring in exile.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR As you blaze in the windows,  
O Rupert, you are revealed even to those whose faith is  
lukewarm – just as the mountain cannot be hidden from  
the valley – crowned with roses, lilies and purple in a  
true revelation. [. . .]

## CONSECRATION OF ST RUPERTSBERG MONASTERY

RICHARDIS Locus iste a Deo factus est,  
inaestimabile sacramentum;  
irreprehensibilis est.  
Deus, cui adstat angelorum chorus,  
exaudi preces servorum tuorum.  
(*LOCUS ISTE – Gradual for the Dedication of a Church*)

*MAIZ!*

HILDEGARD

*LIMIX!*

RICHARDIS This place was made by God,  
a priceless sacrament;  
beyond reproach.  
O God, before whom a choir of angels stands,  
answer the prayers of your servants.

*Mother!*

HILDEGARD

*Light!*

O vas nobile quod non est pollutum,  
nec devoratum  
in saltatione antique spelunce  
et quod non est maceratum  
in vulneribus antiqui perditoris.  
In te symphonizat Spiritus Sanctus  
quia angelicis choris associaris,  
et quoniam in filio Dei ornaris  
cum nullam maculam habes. (*Hildegard, O JERUSALEM*)

O sublime and unpolluted vessel,  
not drained  
in the dance in the old cave  
and not running  
with sores inflicted by the Ancient Enemy.  
The Holy Spirit rings in you,  
for you are numbered among the singers of Heaven,  
and because you are honoured in Christ  
since you have no stain.

## VIRGINITAS VISION

VOICE OF HILDEGARD Post haec vidi quod praefatam muliebrem imaginem quidam splendor albus ut nix et tamquam crystallus perlucidus a vertice usque ad guttur eius circumfulserat. Sed a gutture usque ad umbilicum eius quidam alius splendor rubei coloris eam circumdederat, qui de gutture usque ad ubera illius velut aurora rutilabat, sed ab uberibus usque ad umbilicum illius quasi purpura hyacintho intermixta fulgebat. Et ubi ipse velut aurora rutilabat, claritatem suam sursum ad secreta caeli extendit; in qua pulcherrima et puellaris imago nudo capite et subnigris capillis et rubra tunica quae circa pedes eius diffluebat induta apparuit.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Haec est floriditatis in superna Sion, mater et flos rosarum et lilium convallium. O floriditas, filio potentissimi regis desponsaberis, cui et nominatissimam prolem gignes, cum in tempore tuo confortaberis.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Ave, generosa, gloriosa et intacta puella; tu, pupilla castitatis, tu, materia sanctitatis, que Deo placuit! Nam hec superna infusio in te fuit, quod supernum verbum in te carnem induit,

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Isti sunt filiae Sion, et cum eis sunt citharae citharoedorum et omne genus musicorum ac vox totius laetitiae et gaudium gaudiorum.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Tu, candidum lilium, quod Deus ante omnem creaturam inspexit. O pulcherrima et dulcissima; quam valde Deus in te delectabatur! cum amplexione caloris sui in te posuit ita quod filius eius de te lactatus est. Venter enim tuus gaudium habuit, cum omnis celestis symphonia de te sonuit, quia, virgo, filium Dei portasti, ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.

VOICE OF HILDEGARD After this I saw that a splendor white as snow and translucent as crystal had shone around the image of that woman from the top of her head to her throat. And from her throat to her navel another splendor, red in colour, had encircled her, glowing like the dawn from her throat to her breasts and shining from her breasts to her navel mixed with purple and blue. And where it glowed like the dawn, its brightness shone forth as high as the secret places of Heaven; and in this brightness appeared a most beautiful image of a maiden, with bare head and black hair, wearing a red tunic, which flowed down about her feet.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR This is the blossom of the celestial Zion, the mother and flower of roses and lilies of the valley. O blossom, when in your time you are strengthened, you shall bring forth a most renowned posterity.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Hail, girl of a noble house, shimmering and unpolluted, you, pupil in the eye of chastity, you, essence of sanctity, who were pleasing to God! For the Heavenly potion was poured into you, in that Heavenly word received a raiment of flesh in you,

MEN FROM THE CHOIR These are the daughters of Zion, and with them the harps of the harpers and all sorts of musical instruments, and the voice of all gladness, and the joy of joys.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR You, the lily that dazzles, whom God knew before all his other creatures. O most beautiful and delectable one; how greatly God delighted in you! in the clasp of His fire He implanted in you so that His Son might be suckled by you. Thus your womb held joy, when all the Heavenly harmony chimed out for you, because, O virgin, you bore the Son of God whence your chastity blazed in God.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Si Filius Dei in cruce passus non  
esset, istae tenebrae nullo modo permetterent hominem  
ad supernam claritatem pervenire.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt,  
sicut gramen super quod ros cadit  
cum ei viriditatem infudit;  
ut et in te factum est,  
o mater omnis gaudii.  
Nunc omnis Ecclesia  
in gaudio rutilet  
ac in symphonia sonet  
propter dulcissimam virginem  
et laudibilem Mariam  
Dei genitricem.  
Amen.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR Magna mysteria sunt haec.  
(*Hildegard, AVE GENEROSA*)

MEN FROM THE CHOIR If the Son of God had not suffered  
on the cross, this darkness would mean that no person  
could attain celestial glory.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Your womb knew delight  
like the grassland touched by dew  
and drenched in its freshness;  
so it was done in you,  
O mother of all joy.  
Now let all Ecclesia glimmer  
with the dawn of joy  
and let it resound in music  
for the sweetest virgin,  
Mary compelling all praise,  
mother of God.  
Amen.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR These are great mysteries.

## THE LAST DAYS AND THE FALL OF THE ANTICHRIST VISION

DIABOLUS Tu nescis quid colis, quia venter tuus vacuus est  
pulchra forma de viro sumpta – ubi transis preceptum  
quod Deus in suavi copula precepit; unde nescis quid sis!

Ego autem dico: Qui voluerit me et voluntatem meam  
sequi, dabo illi omnia.

JUR  
ISPARIZ  
DIUUELIZ  
STALTICHOLZ

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

FLAGUR, SCURINZ, GARAZIN  
DIUUELIZ, SCATIL  
DARIZ, CIRZIEL  
SCORINZ, VIPERIZ, BUIANZ, CREUENIZ, UIRLAIZ  
MUMIZANZ, TONZIZ, FUSCAL

DEVIL

JUR  
ISPARIZ  
DIUUELIZ  
STALTICHOLZ

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR

VANIX, STALTICHOLZ, LUZEIA  
AIGONZ, VERISZOIL  
CIRZIEL  
SCURINZ, OIR, HASCUTIL  
HOIL  
LUZEIA, HOIL  
MONIZ, MAIAZ, OZONZ, MALETINOSINZ  
VIMZIAL  
MALSKIR, HOIL, BOIL  
CROUIZ, RUBIANZ, SUINZ, HOIL  
BOIL

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

But I say: Whoever wishes to follow me and my will, I  
will give him all things.

man  
spirit  
devil  
altar

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

flame, fire, swineherd  
devil, tunic  
gut, kidneys  
liver, spleen, bladder, male organ, genitals  
dawn, shadow, feet

DEVIL

man  
spirit  
devil  
altar

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

woman, altar, eyes  
God, stomach  
kidneys  
fire, ears, nose  
head  
eyes, head  
mouth, jaws, jaws, jaws  
gums  
teeth, head, knee  
heel, blood, sweat, head  
knee

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Heu, heu, quid est hoc?  
Quid videtur vobis hoc fuisse?  
Ach nos miseros, quis nos iuvabit?  
Aut quis nos liberabit?  
Nescimus enim quomodo decepti sumus.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

FLAGUR, SCURINZ, GARAZIN  
DIUUELIZ, SCATIL  
DARIZ, CIRZIEL  
SCORINZ, VIPERIZ, BUIANZ, CREUENIZ, UIRLAIZ  
MUMIZANZ, TONZIZ, FUSCAL  
UIRLAIZ, SCORINZ, MALSKIR

DEVIL

JUR  
ISPARIZ  
DIUUELIZ  
STALTICHOLZ

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

VANIX, STALTICHOLZ, LUZEIA  
AIGONZ, VERISZOIL  
CIRZIEL  
SCURINZ, OIR, HASCUTIL  
HOIL  
LUZEIA, CIRZIEL  
MONIZ, MAIAZ, OZONZ, MALETINOSINZ  
VIMZIAL  
MALSKIR, HOIL, BOIL  
OZONZ, MAIAZ  
CROUIZ, RUBIANZ, SUINZ, HOIL  
BOIL, MAIAZ  
ZIERZER, MEGINZ, FLUANZ  
HOIL  
VANIX, GALICH, DORNIEL  
HOIL, BOIL CIRZIEL  
ISPARIZ  
MAIAZ  
FLAGUR, SCURINZ, GARAZIN  
DIUUELIZ, SCATIL  
DARIZ, CIRZIEL  
VIPERIZ  
BUIANZ  
UIRLAIZ  
MUMIZANZ  
MAIAZ

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Heu, heu, quid est hoc?

Quid videtur vobis hoc fuisse?  
Ach nos miseros, quis nos iuvabit?  
Aut quis nos liberabit?  
  
O omnipotens Deus, miserere nobis.  
Revertamur, revertamur igitur propere in testamentum  
evangelii Christi:  
quoniam, ach, ach, ach, amare decepti sumus.

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Alas, alas! What is this?  
What do you think this was?  
Alas, wretches that we are!  
Who will help us, and who will deliver us?  
For we know not how we were deceived.

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

flame, fire, swineherd  
devil, tunic  
gut, kidneys  
liver, spleen, bladder, male organ, genitals  
dawn, shadow, feet  
genitals, liver, teeth

DEVIL

man  
spirit  
devil  
altar

MEN FROM THE CHOIR

woman, altar, eyes  
God, stomach  
kidneys  
fire, ears, nose  
head  
eyes, kidneys  
mouth, jaws, jaws, jaws  
gums  
teeth, head, knee  
jaws, jaws  
heel, blood, sweat, head  
knee, jaws  
anus, excrement, urine  
head  
woman, limb, anus  
head, knee, kidneys  
spirit  
jaws  
flame, fire, swineherd  
devil, tunic  
gut, kidneys  
spleen  
bladder  
genitals  
dawn  
jaws

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR Alas, alas! What is this?

What do you think this was?  
Alas, wretches that we are!  
Who will help us, and who will deliver us?  
  
O Almighty God, have mercy on us!  
Let us return, let us return; let us hasten to the covenant  
of Christ's Gospel;  
for ah, ah, ah! we have been bitterly deceived!

## HILDEGARD ATTACKS POPE ANASTASIUS AND SPEAKS OUT AGAINST HERESY

HILDEGARD TO POPE ANASTASIUS O persona, que es  
precellens armatura  
et mons magistrationis  
valde ornate civitatis . . .  
audi illum,  
qui non incepit vivere  
et qui non lassatur  
in defectione.

HILDEGARD TO POPE ANASTASIUS You, who are  
the esteemed defence  
and pillar of that most  
lavishly adorned city . . .  
hear Him who  
never ceases to be alive,  
and who does not lapse  
into failure.

## FINAL CRISIS AND VICTORY OVER THE DEVIL

DIABOLUS Tu nescis quid colis, quia venter tuus vacuus est  
pulchra forma de viro sumpta – ubi transis preceptum  
quod Deus in suavi copula precepit; unde nescis quid sis!

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

VIRTUTES O pater omnipotens, ex te fluit fons in igneo amore,  
perduc filios tuos in rectum ventum velorum aquarum,  
ita ut et nos eos hoc modo perducamus in celestem  
Jerusalem.

VIRTUES Almighty Father, from you flowed a fountain in fiery  
love: guide your children into a fair wind, sailing the  
waters, so that we too may steer them in this way into the  
heavenly Jerusalem.

## SYMPHONY OF THE BLESSED

### VISION

HILDEGARD Deinde vidi lucidissimum aerem, in quo audiui  
in omnibus praedictis significationibus mirabili modo  
diversum genus musicorum in laudibus civium  
supernorum gaudiorum in via veritatis fortiter  
perseverantium, ac in querelis revocatorum ad laudes  
eorundem gaudiorum, et in exhortatione virtutum se  
exhortantium ad salutem populorum quibus diabolicæ  
insidiae repugnant; sed ipsae virtutes eas opprimunt, ita  
tamen quod sic fideles homines tandem a peccatis ad  
superna per paenitentiam transeunt.

HILDEGARD Then I saw the lucent sky, in which I heard  
different kinds of music, marvellously embodying all the  
meanings I had heard before. I heard the praises of the  
joyous citizens of Heaven, steadfastly persevering in the  
ways of Truth; and the laments calling people back to  
those praises and joys; and the exhortations of the  
virtues, spurring one another on to secure the salvation  
of the peoples ensnared by the Devil. And the virtues  
destroyed his snares, so that the faithful at last through  
repentance passed out of their sins and into Heaven.

CHOIR

*RANZGIA!*

HILDEGARD Et sonus ille, ut vox multitudinis in laudibus  
de supernis gradibus in harmonia symphonizans, sic  
dicebat:

CHOIR

*Voices!*

HILDEGARD And their song, like the voice of a multitude,  
making music in harmony praising the ranks of Heaven,  
had these words:

### EXHORTATION OF THE VIRTUES

VIRTUTES Unde gaude, filia Sion,  
Deus tibi multos reddit  
quos serpens de te abscidere voluit;  
qui nunc in maiori luce fulgent quam prius illorum  
causa fuisset.

VIRTUES O daughter of Zion,  
rejoice that God restores you  
So many cut off from you by the ancient serpent,  
Who now shine brighter than ever they shone before.

CHOIR

*RANZGIA!*

HILDEGARD Itemque sonus ille, ut vox multitudinis, in  
exhortatione virtutum in adiutorium hominum et in  
contradictione repugnantium diabolicarum artium  
clamabat:

CHOIR

*Voices!*

HILDEGARD And again a song resounded, like the voice of a  
multitude, exhorting the virtues to help humanity and  
oppose the inimical arts of the Devil.

VICTORIA Gaudete, o socii, quia antiquus serpens ligatus est.

VICTORY Rejoice, comrades! The ancient serpent is bound!

VIRTUTES Laus tibi Christe, rex angelorum!

CHOIR

RANZGIA!

HILDEGARD Et voces istae erant ut vox multitudinis, cum multitudo voces suas in altum extollit. Et sonus earum ita pertransivit me, quod eas absque difficultate tarditatis intellexi.

SONGS OF UNITY AND CONCORD

CHOIR Quapropter et sonus ille ut vox multitudinis in laudibus de supernis gradibus in harmonia symphonizat:

quia symphonia in unanimitate et in concordia gloriam et honorem caelestium civium ruminat, ita quod et ipsa hoc sursum tollit quod verbum palam profert . . .

. . . quia laudes iubilationum in simplicitate unanimitatis et caritatis prolatae fideles ad unanimitatem illam,

ubi nulla discordia est, perducunt, cum eos in terris positos corde et ore ad supernam remunerationem suspirare faciunt.

Quapropter quisquis Deum fideliter intellegit, laudes indefessas ei fideliter offerat eique fideli devotione incessanter iubilet,

Quemadmodum et David servus meus spiritu profunditatis et altitudinis perfusus de me hortatur dicens.

WORDS OF DAVID

Laudate eum in sono tubae;  
laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.  
Laudate eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus;  
laudate eum in cymbalis iubilationis.  
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

VIRTUES Praise be to you, O Christ, King of the angels!

CHOIR

Voices!

HILDEGARD And these voices were like the voices of a multitude lifting up its sound on high. And their song went through me, so that I understood them perfectly.

CHOIR And so that song, like the voice of a multitude, makes music of praise and harmony among the ranks of Heaven.

For the song of rejoicing, sung in consonance and in concord, tells of the glory and honour of the citizens of Heaven, and lifts on high what the Word has shown . . .

. . . for jubilant praises, offered in like-minded simplicity and charity, lead the faithful to that consonance

in which there is no discord, and make those who still live on earth sigh with heart and voice for the heavenly reward.

Therefore, let everyone who understands God by faith faithfully offer Him tireless praises, and with joyful devotion sing to Him without ceasing.

As my servant David, filled with the spirit of lofty profundity, exhorts on My behalf, saying:

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet;  
praise Him with the psaltery and cithara.  
Praise Him on well-sounding cymbals;  
praise Him on cymbals of jubilation;  
let every spirit praise the Lord.

## DEATH OF HILDEGARD

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR

LIMIX, LIMIX, LIMIX . . .

WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR

Light, light, light . . .

## TEXTUAL SOURCES

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