



Introductory Presentation

Alphanus of Salerno (the 11th century), “Ad Christum precatio” in *Analecta Hymnica Medii Aevii*, ed. by Clemens Blume, Guido M. Drevés (Leipzig: Reisland 1907), vol. L: pp. 330–331.

Christe Deus, vitae verae fabricator et almae,
Christe Deus, pulchri conditor atque boni,
Christe Deus, per quem, quod non est, tendit ad esse
Atque, quod est, factum creditur ex nihilo;
Christe, malum qui non ullum facis et facis esse,
Pessima ne fiant et bona proveniant;
Christe, malum nihilum qui confugientibus ad te,
Qui vere bonus es, ex ratione probas;
Christe Deus, per quem sunt et cum parte sinistra
Omnia perfecta condita, pulchra, bona;
Christe Deus, quem, quidquid amare potest, amat illud,
Sive sit ignorans sive sciens, quod amat;
Christe, pater clemens, cui verum non nisi mundos
Noscere perfectum et reperire placet;
Christe, sator veri, per quem sunt omnia vera .
Et per quem sapiunt omnia, quae sapiunt ;
Christe, pater clemens, perfectaue summaue vita,
Quo vivit summe, vivere quidquid habet;
Christe Deus, cuius totius machina mundi
Est regnum, quem non sensus obire potest;
Christe Deus, cuius de regno venit in ista
Lex etiam regna iustitiaeque vigor;
Christe, pater clemens, a quo discedere mors est,
Est in quem regredi vita, manere salus;

Workshop — Part I

From *Medieval English Lyrics: A Critical Anthology*, ed. R.T. Davies (London: Faber and Faber, 1963), pp. 79-80.

The Five Joys of Mary (later 13c., earlier 14c.)

The furst joye of that wimman,
When Gabriel from Hevene cam,
And saide God shulde become man,
And of hire be bire,
And bringe up of helle pin
Monkin that wes forlore.

That other joye of that may
Wes o Christesmasse day,
When God wes bore on thoro lay,
And broghte us lightnesse.
The ster wes seie before day,
This hirdes bereth witsesse.

The thridde joye of that levedy,
That men clepeth the Epiphany,
When the kings come wery
To presente hire sone
With myrre, gold and incense,
That wes mon become.

The further joye we telle mawen,
On Estermorewe, when it gon dawen,
Hire sone, that wes slawen,
Aros in flesh and bon.
More joy ne may me haven,
Wif ne maiden non.

The fiftejoye of that wimman,
When hire body to Hevene cam,
The soule to the body nam
Ase it wes woned to bene.
Christ leve us alle with that wimman
That joye all for to sene.

Workshop — Part II

1. From *The Book of Common Prayer. The Texts of 1549, 1559, and 1662*, ed. Brian Cummings (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011), pp. 260-261.

Litany (1662)

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision;
by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious
Death and Burial, by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the
coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

2. From *Longer Scottish Poems. Volume One 1375-1650*, ed. Priscilla Bawcutt and Felicity Riddy (Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1987), p. 286.

Alexander Montgomerie, *Answer to Polwart* (c. 1580)

Be the hight of the hevins and be the hownesse of hell,
Be the windes and the weirds and the Charlewaine,
Be the Hornes, the Handstaff and the Kings Ell,

Be thunder, by fyreflaughts, be drouth and be raine,
 Be the poles and the planets, and the signes all twell,
 Be the mirknes of the moone – let mirknes remaine –
 Be the elements all, that our crafts can compell,
 Be the fiends infernall and the Furies in paine,
 Gar all the gaists of the deid that dwels there downe,
 In Lethe and Stynx, thae stinkand strands,
 And Pluto, that your court commands,
 Receive this howlat aff our hands,
 In name of Mahowne.

3. From *John Donne. The Major Works Including Songs and Sonnets and sermons*, ed. John Carey (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), p. 57.

John Donne, *Elegy 11: On his Mistress*

By our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words' masculine persuasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened me,
 I calmly beg; but by thy parents' wrath,
 By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee; and all those oaths which I
 And thou have sworn, to seal joint constancy,
 Here I unswear, and over swear them thus:
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.

4. From Joan Bennett, *Four Metaphysical Poets: Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1953), p. 108.

Richard Crashaw, *The Flaming Heart upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphicall Saint Teresa*

By all thy dowr of Lights & Fires;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the doue;
 By all thy liues & deaths of loue;
 By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day,
 And by thy thirsts of loue more large then they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd Bowles of feirce desire,
 By thy last Morning's draught of liquid fire;
 By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
 That seiz'd, thy parting Soul, & seal'd thee his;
 By all the heau'ns thou hast in him.
 (Fair sister of the Seraphim!)
 By all of Him we haue in Thee;
 Leaue nothing of my Self in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Vnto all life of mine may dy.