

*Optatus votis omnium*

sung from Ascension to Pentecost

anonymous, 10th century, “Ambrosian”

*Liber Hymnarius* (1983, p. 94)

Expository (John Rose 2022, 2023)

Daniel Joseph Donahue, c. 1900

Optátus votis ómnium  
sacrátus illúxit dies,  
quo Christus, mundi spes, Deus,  
conscéndit cælos árduos.

Desired devoutly *above* all,  
*Now* dawn alights *this* ←hallowed day,  
When Christ, the world’s hope, *and its* God,  
Ascends the heavens steep and high.

The morn has dawned upon the sky,  
The sacred day of joy and light,  
When Christ, our hope arose on high  
Above the stars in glory bright.

2. Magni triúmphum prælii,  
mundi perémpo príncipe,  
Patris præséntans vúltilibus  
victrícis carnis glóriam,

In triumph ←great of battle *won*  
Destroying→ *this* world’s fallen prince,  
He holds up to the ←Father’s gaze,  
The glory→ of his conqu’ring flesh.

Our glorious prince, in battle tried  
With sin and death and deep disgrace,  
In human form all glorified,  
Now stands before the Father’s face.

3. In nube fertur lúcida  
et spem facit credéntibus,  
iam paradísium réserans  
quem protoplásti cláuserant.

In shining→ cloud is he borne up,  
And hope to *his* believers→ gives,  
Unlocking→ now that Paradise  
Our first-formed parents *fast* enclosed.

He rose in glory through the skies,  
And gave to all a hope sublime,  
He opened the gates of Paradise,  
That long were closed by Adam’s crime.

4. O grande cunctis gáudium,  
quod partus nostræ Vírginis,  
post sputa, flagra, post crucem  
patérnæ sedi iúngitur.

Together→, what great joy *is ours*,  
That born from virgin→ of our *race*,  
Past spitting, flogging, past the cross,  
His *old* paternal seat he takes.

O wondrous joy! the Virgin-born,  
Our hope, our love, our Holy One,  
After the blows of spite and scorn  
Is seated on the Father’s throne.

5. Agámus ergo grátias  
nostræ salútis víndici,  
nostrum quod corpus véxerit  
sublíme ad cæli régiam.

So let us now give thanks *to him*,  
To our salvation’s champion,  
For he ←our body will transport  
To ←highest heaven’s royal court.

Let thanks arise on every side  
To Christ our help, our God of might,  
Who hath our body glorified  
And raised it to the throne of light.

6. Sit nobis cum cæléstibus  
commúne manens gáudium:  
illis, quod semet óbtulit,  
nobis, quod se non ábstulit.

Let there to us, with heaven’s host,  
←Be common *and* abiding joy,  
As they behold his presence *there*,  
As we fear not his absence *here*.

Abounding joy shall e’er remain,  
And earth and heaven with glory fill:  
In heaven, that Christ returns again,  
On earth, that Christ is with us still.

7. Nunc, Christe, scandens æthera  
ad te cor nostrum súbleva,  
tuum Patrísque Spíritum  
emíttens nobis cælitus. Amen.

O Christ, who climb the upper sky,  
Lift up→ our heart ←to you, ↓who send  
Your Spirit→ and the Father’s too,  
*Rushing* to us from heaven *high*.

To Christ the Lord sing praises meet,  
Who rose in might the stars above,  
Unto the Father and Paraclete,  
Give equal meed of praise and love.

<https://gregobase.selapa.net/chant.php?id=15200>

(Lit. “sending/throwing out/down to us from heaven”.)