

Ecclesia:

Adest sponsus, qui est Christus – vigilate, virgins!
pro adventu cuius gaudent et gaudebunt homines.

Venit enim liberare gentium origins,
quas per primam sibi matrem subiugarunt demones.

Hic est Adam qui secundus per propheta dicitur,
per quem scelus primi Ade a nobis diluitur.

Hic pependit ut celesti patrie nos redderet,
ac de parte inimici liberos nos traheret.

Venit sponsus qui nostrorum scelerum piacula
morte lavit atque crucis sustulit patibula.

Gabriel:

Oiet, virgins, aiso que vos dirum!
Eiset presen que vos comandarum!
Atendet un espos, Jesu salvaire a nom.
Gaire no i dormet!

Aisel espos que vos hor'atendet,
venit en terra per los vostres pechet,
de la Virgine en Betleem fo net,
e flum Jorda lavet e bateet.
Gaire no i dormet!

Eu fo batut, gablet e laideniet,
sus e la crot pendut e claufiget,
eu monument desoentre pauset.
Gaire no i dormet!

E resors es, la *scriptura* o dii.
Gabriels soi, eu m'a trames aici.
Atendet lo que ja venra praici.
Gaire no i dormet!

Fatue:

Nos virgines que ad vos venimus,
negligenter oleum faudimus;
ad vos orare, sorores, cupimus,
ut et illas quibus nos credimus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Nos comites huius itineris
et sorores eiusdem generis,
quamvis male contigit miseris,
potestis nos reddere superis.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Partimini lumen lampadibus,
pie sitis insipientibus,
pulse ne nos simus a foribus,
cum vos sponsus vocet in sedibus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Mother Church:

Arriving is the Bridegroom who is the Christ – be vigilant, maidens!
For His advent they rejoice, and rejoice will all men.

He comes in fact to liberate our ancestors,
whom because of our first mother the devils conquered.

In here is 'the second Adam', called so by the prophet,
through whom the sin of the first Adam to us was abrogated.

He hangs so that our heavenly home may be restored to us,
and that from our enemies He may set us free.

Come the Bridegroom who, as the propitiation for our sins
death suffered, and on the cross bore our burdens.

The Angel Gabriel:

Hear, O hear, maidens, what I have to tell you!
Take care to obey what we now command you.
Await the bridegroom, Jesus the Savior by name.
Watchers must not slumber!

Joy comes with Him, He whose hour approaches,
to earth from heaven He came to save you from your sins,
in Bethlehem He was born of the Virgin,
washed in Jordan's waters and was baptized.
Watchers must not slumber!

Then He was scorned, beaten, persecuted,
crucified for us upon the cruel tree,
in stony sepulture He was entombed.
Watchers must not slumber!

He was raised from death, the Gospels tell you.
I am the Angel Gabriel, sent here to forewarn you.
You will meet the Bridegroom who comes to you this night.
Watchers must not slumber!

Foolish Virgins:

We maidens who to you approach,
we have wasted all our oil;
to you we pray, sisters, we desire
that some of your oil we may borrow.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

We are your friends along this way
and sisters of the same people,
even though you see us in such misery,
You are able to save us from a worse fate.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

Share with us the light of your lamps,
take pity on our foolishness,
do not push us from your doorway,
when you the Bridegroom calls in.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

Prudentes:

Nos precari, precamur, amplius
desinite, sorores, otius.
Vobis enim nil erit melius
dare preces pro hoc ulterius.

Fatae:

Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Prudentes:

Ac ite nunc, ite celeriter,
ac vendentes rogate dulciter
ut oleum vestris lampadibus
dent equidem vobis inertibus.

Fatae:

Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

A! misere, nos hic quid facimus?
Vigilare numquid potuimus?
Hunc laborem quem nunc perferimus,
nobis nosmed contulimus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Et de nobis mercator otius
quas habeat merces, quas sotius;
oleum nunc querere venimus,
negligenter quod nosme fudimus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!

Prudentes:

De nostr'oli queret nos a doner?
No n auret pont, alet en achapter
deus merchaans que lai veet ester.

Mercatores:

Domnas gentils, no vos covent ester,
ni lojamen aici a demorer.
Cosel queret, no u vos poem doner;
queret lo Deu chi vos pot coseler.

Alet areir' a vostras sinc seros
e preiat las per Deu lo glorios,
de oleo fasen socors a vos
faites o tost, que ja venra l'espos.

Fatae:

A! misere, nos ad quid venimus?
Nil est enim illud quod querimus.
Fatatum est, et nos videbimus;
ad nuptias numquam intrabimus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i avem dormit!
(MODO VENIAT SPONSUS)
Audi, sponse, voces plangentium:
aperire fac nobis ostium

Wise Virgins:

We who are so entreated, entreat you even more
to leave off you lazy ways, sisters.
For you indeed nothing can be any better
by begging for this further.

Foolish Virgins:

Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

Wise Virgins:

So go away now, go with haste,
and from the merchants ask for some prettily,
so that oil for your lamps
they may give to you lazy ones.

Foolish Virgins:

Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

Ah! we in misery, what can we do about it?
To watch, are we really ineligible?
This burden which now we endure,
on ourselves we have put it.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

And may to us the merchants give, unworthy as we are
either for profit or out of kindness;
Oil now to seek come along,
since negligently we brought with us none.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!

Wise Virgins:

Why should we share our precious oil with you?
No oil for you, go and buy some oil for yourselves
from the merchants whom you see over there.

Oil merchants:

Gentle ladies, do not stay here,
and do not linger along the way.
What you want we cannot give;
it would be better if you asked God to help you.

Turn around, go on back, find your five sisters
and beg of them for the sake of glorious God
to give you some of their oil.
Hurry, for soon the Bridegroom will come.

Foolish Virgins:

O! misery, for what have we come here?
Here is indeed nothing of what we seek.
We are doomed, and we shall see
that the nuptials never shall we enter.
Sorrowful, unhappy, very much too long we slept!
(ENTER THE BRIDEGROOM)
Hear, O Bridegroom, our voices wailing:
Let the door to the banquet room be opened to us

cum sotiis; prebe remedium!

Christus:

Amen dico, vos ignosco; nam caretis lumine,
quod qui perdunt, procul pergunt huius aule limine.

Alet, chaitivas, alet, malaüreas!

A tot jors mais vos so penas liureas;

en efern ora seret meneias!

***MODO ACCIPIANT EAS DEMONES, ET
PRECIPITENTUR IN INFERNUM.***

with our sisters; grant us this reprieve!

The Bridegroom (Christ):

Amen, I say, I know you not: you show no gleam of light,

Those who squander must not be allowed through this golden door.

Go, lazy, wretched ones, go hence malefactors!

Into everlasting sorrowing be you delivered;

into the mouth of Hell shall you be led!

(DEVILS SEIZE THEM AND THROW THEM INTO HELL)