



## Jean de Cabalis - a Guardian Orders paper

For Members of the Following Orders



## The Vigil of Venus

Adapted by Michael Freedman

Essaier XXXIII

**Note:** To be recited at the Spring Equinox Rites of the Guardians of Grace Blessing and Sustenance®. [Ref: See Spring Ceremony of the Et Custosi Tutelae] The first two lines are a chorus to be chanted after each stanza. The Vigil of Venus was chanted through the night before Festivals of the Goddess in ancient Rome. This version is an 18th century translation from the Latin. The verses are declaimed by a Cantor, if possible to the accompaniment of a harp played in the Ionian mode. The company responds with rousing chanting of the chorus after each stanza. All plucked stringed

instruments are dedicated to Venus Aphrodite. The Muse dedicated to Venus is Terpsichore, who rules all dancing. The Botticelli painting, Primavera, illustrates this poem.

### **The Vigil of Venus**

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

The Spring, the new, the singing Spring appears,  
The youthful season of reviving years.

The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,  
And dressed in different greens adorn the plain.  
She comes! The Goddess, beauty's empress, roves  
Through walks that winding run within the groves.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

She twines the shooting blossoms into bowers,  
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers.

Then raised sublimely on her Earthly throne,  
From Nature's powerful spirits draws her own.  
She makes the fulsome buds receive the breeze,  
Expands the leaves and shades the naked trees.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Soon will the morning blush; the maids prepare,  
In rosy garlands, bind their flowing hair,  
The Rose is Venus' plant; the blood fair Venus shed  
Over the rose's beauty, poured immortal red.  
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell  
Was taught forever on the leaves to dwell.

From gems, from flames, from eastern rays of fight,  
The richest lustre makes her colours bright;  
For She tomorrow weds; the sportive gale  
Unties her robes; she bursts her verdant veil.  
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,  
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Now Aphrodite to the myrtle grove  
Sends her nymphs and sends her tender love.  
Should they venture? Is it safe to go  
While nymphs have hearts and Eros wears his bow?  
Yes, safely venture; it is his Mother's will.  
He walks unarmed and not desiring ill.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

His torch is out; his quiver empty hung;  
His arrow idle; his bow unstrung.  
And yet, you nymphs beware. His eyes have charms,  
And love that naked goes, still is love in arms.  
Aphrodite whispers: Guard your hearts.  
My son, though stripped of arms, abounds in arts.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Her crowds in measures lightly decent move;  
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove.  
Where meeting greens or arbours arch above,  
And scented flowerets strew the scenes of love.  
Here, dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;  
Here Bacchus revels, decked with vines and leaves.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,**

**And those who always loved now love the more!**

Here the enchanting Gods with laurel crowned,  
Wake all the ravished hours with silver sound.  
From woods, from mountains, from every lowly vale,  
From waters curling with the wanton gale,  
From every quarter summoned, Nymphs resort  
To fill the presence of Aphrodite's court.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Bright with the bloom of her opening year,  
The Goddess now commands her throne appear,  
And there presides. The favourite band,  
Her smiling Graces, share the great command.  
Now, beauteous Flora, dress thy flowery bed  
With all thy colours, all thy fragrance shed.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,  
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.  
Now stately rams, their fleecy consorts lead,  
Who bleating follow through the forest's shade  
Now the Goddess bids the birds appear,  
Raise all their music and salute the year.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song  
Runs o'er the water where he sails along.  
While nightingales tune a treble strain,  
And from the poplar charms the listening plain.  
These tuneful choirs through the auspicious nights  
With songs prolong these pleasant rites.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**

By wheels unknown to sight; by secret veins  
Distilling life, the fruitful Goddess reigns  
Through all the lovely realms of nature's day,  
Through all the circled land and waiting sea;  
With fertile seed, she fills the waiting earth,  
And ever rules the mystic ways of birth.

**Let those now love, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more!**