

**THE LITURGICAL POETRY
OF ADAM OF ST.
VICTOR: FROM THE
TEXT OF GAUTIER. VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649637850

The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor: From the Text of Gautier. Vol. I by Digby S. Wrangham

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

DIGBY S. WRANGHAM

**THE LITURGICAL POETRY
OF ADAM OF ST.
VICTOR: FROM THE
TEXT OF GAUTIER. VOL. I**

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.



THE LITURGICAL POETRY
OF
ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

FROM THE TEXT OF GAUTIER.

WITH TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH IN THE ORIGINAL METRES
AND SHORT EXPLANATORY NOTES BY

DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A.,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Vicar of Darrington, Yorkshire.

VOL. I.



LONDON :
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
MDCCLXXXI.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE LEOPOLD,
DUKE OF ALBANY, EARL OF CLARENCE,
BARON ARKLOW, K.G., K.T., C.C.M.G., G.C.S.I.,
&c. &c. &c.,

LIKE HIS ILLUSTRIOUS AND GIFTED FATHER,
A SCHOLAR AND PATRON OF LETTERS,
THIS ATTEMPT

TO
ILLUSTRATE AND INTERPRET
A GREAT MEDIÆVAL CLASSIC

IS
WITH HIS PERMISSION

DEDICATED

BY ONE WHO, UNLIKE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CANNOT
HOPE TO ENHANCE,
BUT ONLY FEARS TO FORFEIT,
THE REPUTATION FOR GRACEFUL SCHOLARSHIP
THAT IN DAYS GONE BY
DISTINGUISHED THE NAME HE BEARS.

PREFACE.

IN offering this work to the public I am breaking what is practically new ground to the great majority of English readers. The circumstances, detailed in the Introduction to M. Gautier's Edition, under which the larger part of the poetry of Adam of St. Victor was entirely lost to the world for many years after the French Revolution, seem likely to give an interest and novelty to it in this country at this day, which that Edition, published in Paris in 1858-59, has only to a very limited degree forestalled. I feel therefore that, so far as the original text is concerned, I am doing good service to the lovers of Mediæval Hymnology, by rendering it more accessible to them in this, the first edition of it published in England.

As regards what forms the principal part of my work in these volumes, viz., the Translations, I feel, on the other hand, that much apology is due for the imperfections with which I know they abound, and I am anxious therefore to explain the principles which have guided me in my attempts—for they are no better than attempts—to render the original into our tongue.

I have looked at the duty of a translator as analogous to that of an engraver, and felt that, the poet being a "word-painter," the translator must be a "word-engraver"; in other words, that to be successful, he must reproduce faithfully, as a whole and in detail, what he sets himself to copy. A so-

called translation, which is stripped at the taste of the translator not only of the *form* of the original, viz., its metre, but more or less also of the thoughts and expressions with which that form is clothed, appears to me to fail to be what it professes to be, just in proportion as these defects, if I may venture to call them so, appear in it. It may be a very beautiful piece of poetry in itself,—and it very often is so,—but a *translation, i. e., a transferring* of a given original from one language into another it can scarcely be. If I were to take the picture of a beautiful boy with curling locks and “fair and of a ruddy countenance,” and draw another, as fancy led me, of that same boy in later life, bronzed in the battle of life, of stalwart form and with flowing beard: though I might keep the shapely features of the original face before me constantly and reproduce their outline carefully, no one could say that I had made a *copy* of the picture I had seen. Those who saw the two portraits together might detect that the child was the father of the man, but that would be all. They would count the two as separate works of art, standing or falling by their own several faults or merits, and never dream that the second was intended to reproduce the first.

And what is true of the copyist would seem to be necessarily still truer of the engraver, who has not the help of colours to aid his efforts, as the former has, and is compelled therefore to follow most closely his original both in outline and detail, if he would have that original recognizable at all in the sombrier hues of his engraving.

In like manner the translator, so far from needing the originality with which some would have him endowed, must be content, I submit, like the engraver, to follow his original painfully, line after line, and not be satisfied with his work till he has succeeded in so reconstructing it, as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the reader of the two works as to their inter-identity. In a certain sense, no doubt, an engraver should be an artist, that is to say, he should have a good eye

for *proportion*, and be well versed in the rules of drawing generally; and in the same sense a translator should be something of a poet, with a good ear for rhythm,—the *proportion* of poetry,—and not ignorant of the rules of poetical composition. But neither engraver nor translator needs to be original, to my mind; for, when his *originality* comes in at the window, his *original* goes out at the door. It is a singular fact, for I think it is a fact, that great poets have not been very successful translators, nor successful translators very great poets. Exceptions there may have been to this rule, but very rare ones. The only great poet who was—I can scarcely say a great—but a good translator, that I can call to mind, was Dryden, and his translations are of the freest; while the merits of Milton, Pope, Cowper, Shelley and Keble, as translators, pale before those of Gifford, Neale, Frere and Conington.

Should I seem to go too far were I to suggest that the object of a translator and that of a parodist should be much the same in kind, however different in effect? The difference between them appears to me to be simply this, viz., that, while both preserve the metre of their original, the translator changes its language, and preserves, as far as possible, its meaning, and the parodist changes its meaning, and, as far as possible, preserves its language.

If in these principles, which I cannot help thinking ought to govern translators, I am at all right,—however imperfect may be, and are, my own attempts to carry them out,—I need scarcely point out how absolutely essential it is to observe them in translating such an author as Adam of St. Victor, because it is *manner* and not *matter* that is his distinguishing characteristic. As Archdeacon Cheetham observes in a private letter to me, “though his variations on his theme are almost always sweet, Adam’s range is not great;” and, therefore, if you take away his metres, which are ever-changing in the same Sequence even, and his peculiar mode of