

Thought for the day – Friday 19th May 2023

By Revd John Marshall

Song to the Virgin Hildegarde of Bingen

(The mustard seed Mark 4.30-32)

Never was leaf so green
for you branched from the spirited
blast of the quest
of the saints.

When it came time
For your boughs to bloom
(I salute you!)
your scent was like balsam
distilled in the sun.

And your flower made all spices
fragrant
dry though they were;
they burst into verdure.

So the skies rained down on the grass
and the whole earth exulted,
for her womb brought forth wheat,
for the birds of heaven
made their nests in it.

Keepers of the feast, rejoice!

The banquet's ready. And you
sweet maid-child
are a fount of gladness

But Eve ?

She despised every joy.

Praise none the less,

Praise to the highest.

Translated by Barbara Newman

Divine Inspiration Oxford.

It seems that poets can see more into parables. I like the work of Hildegarde,
but she seems hard on Eve.