

THE NINE ORDERS OF THE ANGELS

From Pseudo-Dionysius's *on the Heavenly Hierarchy*

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THE THIRD TRIAD (LOWEST TIER OF ANGELS)

I.

Nos sumus Custodes Angeli	We are your Guardian Angels
Spiritus tui spiritus.	The spirits of your spirit.
Ut primum tu ploras	At your first cry
Cum gratia respondemus	We move with grace,
Cor tuum involventes per saecula saeculorum.	Surrounding your heart forevermore.

II.

Archangelus	Archangel
In nocte sappharina torques	In the sapphire night you whirl
Saltans magnam saltationem	Dancing the great dance
Lilia gemmarum modo post te diffugiunt	Lilies scatter jewel-like your wake,
Sidera argenti aurique tenebriis.	Constellations of silver and gold in the darkness.

Tu es nuntius divinatorum arcanorum	You are the bearer of the divine secrets
Tu propulsas per caelum	You wheel through the sky
Tuque intras mundum nostrum in eodem crepusculo	And you enter our world at twilight
Quo virides colles dormiunt	When green hills nestle in the dusk
Et lux aurea ex fenestris in urbe effundit	And golden light spills from windows in the city.

Gabriel Praedicator,	Gabriel Annunciator,
Mysteria in manibus tuis tenentur	Mysteries are cupped in your hands
Quae coronarum modo caput tuum cingunt	They circle your head like crowns
Ac similes anulis aeternis circum digitos tuos ardent	Around your fingers they glow like eternal rings
Eadem Mysteria ab ore tuo spirant dum in aure ancille susurras	They breathe from your mouth as you whisper in the handmaiden's ear
Eam adlevant consolanturque	They warm and console her as you invite her,
Ut in hac nocte cum liliis effusa, dum magni hostes torquent,	In this lily-strewn night as the great hosts whirl,
Mariam esse reginam angelorum invitatis.	To be Mary, Queen of the Angels.

III.

Sum Anael ex Septimi Chori	I am Anael of the Seventh Choir
Angelus Creationis	Angel of Creation,
Angelus Vesperis lunaeque	Of the Evening Star, and the moon.
Video mundum fluentem cum bono maloque.	I see the world flowing with good and evil.
Cum malum abundat, cor meum deflet id quod videam.	When evil abounds, my heart cries at what I see.
In hoc umbroso mundo mittor	I am sent, in this shadowed world,
Qui magnos reges reginasque terrarum ducam.	To guide the great kings and queens of the lands.
Sed scio sanguinem regalem ni omnibus fluere	But I know that royal blood flows in all
Vos enim omnes sunt liberi Domini summi,	For you are all children of the highest Sovereign,
Egoque venio ad stirpem vestram alluminandam.	And I come to bring your lineage to light.
Et in hoc sancto profanoque loco	And in this holy and unholy place
Veni ad omnes in magnis labris aureis imponendas	I have come to lay upon the great golden scales
Virtutes quas possim: bonum	All that I can: goodness,
Gratiam pacemque, gaudium et vires,	Grace, peace, joy, strength
Misericordiam ac spem, fortitudinem formamque.	Compassion, hope, courage, beauty.

THE SECOND TRIAD (MIDDLE TIER OF ANGELS)

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IV.

Angeli Potestatis
Alienissimi omnium, sed nobis notissimi
Statis in fenestris Coeli
Accipientes preces nostras
Ducentes animos nostros in sedes beatorum,
Impellentes multiplices naturas nostras
In magnas artes
Ad implicatam formam
Summi formatas.

Angels of Power,
Strangest of all, yet most familiar to us.
You stand in the windows of heaven
Receiving our prayers,
Guiding our souls to Paradise,
Urging our complex beings
Into great works of art,
Patterned after the intricate beauty
Of the highest.

Sed corda vestra dividi possunt.
Imperio corrupti,
Potestis fieri Angeli Mortis
Cum dentibus cruentis magnarum felium modo
Quarumque unguis pleni sunt tenebrarum
Angelus Uriel,
Per illam longam noctem, quando cum Jakob luctabaris
Nonne feles in utroque vestrum occultae cantavissent?
Is autem, quamvis calidus plenusque vitiorum sit
Amorem quoque tuam quaerebat
Per illum complexum alienum,
Dum vos vobiscum ipsis in altero luctabamini
Et cum prima luce bonis omnibus persecutus es
susurrans
“Tu es carus Deo.”

Yet your hearts can be divided.
Seduced by power,
You can become Angels of Death,
Like great cats with bloody fangs
Whose claws are filled with darkness.
Angel Uriel,
During that long night, as you wrestled with Jacob,
Must not the cats in both of you been singing?
Yet he, though flawed and cunning,
Was also seeking your love
Throughout that strange embrace,
As you wrestled with yourselves in the other,
And when you quieted at daybreak and whispered the
blessing,
“You are beloved of God.”

V.

Raphael sum Virtutum,
Angelorum gratiae, qui miracula donant,
In illis quaerentibus
Donum fortitudinis inspiro
Tibi id dono ut de splendida ampulla bibas
Atque supra te effundo
Donec id fluat fundatque fluminis modo quod
ad mare effundat,
Lacullanas ac per terram virescentem torquens.

I am Raphael of the Virtues,
The Angels of Grace, the miracle givers.
To those who seek
I instill the gift of courage,
I give it to you to drink from a precious flask,
And pour it over you
Until it flows and streams like
a seaward river,
Pooling twisting through the greening land.

VI.

Dominationes
Velut soles qui lacus repercutiunt
Vos sunt imagines Splendoris Summi.
Tuas alas porrigentes, ad dignitatem contenditis,
Ad solem Summi aspirantes
Velut fames ad cibum sitisque ad aquam.
Velut topazus, oculi vestri ardent.
Nimis alte subvolare contamini?
Aut tantum pleni esse benignitatis
Imperiique sapientiae gestistis?
Itaque sursum volatis
Quasi fornax, aestuans,
Vestiga ventorum ferocum reliquentes,
Vestiti cum dignitate honorisque

Dominions,
Like suns lake-mirrored
You reflect the highest splendor.
As you stretch your wings you strive for majesty,
Aspiring to the Highest's sun
Like hunger to food, thirst to water.
Your topey eyes sburn.
Do you seek to soar too high?
Or do you long only to be replete with goodness
And the power of wisdom
And fly upward,
Furnace hot, scalding,
Leaving wakes of fiery winds,
Wearing dignity and honor

Velut flammeo amiculo?

Like a flaming cloak?

THE FIRST TRIAD (HIGHEST TIER OF ANGELS)

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VII.

Angelus sum Thronorum
Currus lucis ignisque,
Et in hoc curro ponitur sappharina sedes regia
In quo Summus it.
Pons sum inter amorem purum
Qui omnia creat,
Ac smaragdulas umbras terrae.
Meum febur coroporeas res atterit;
Mea bracchia scientiam corporei mundi amplectuantur;
Meum cor, depravationis gnarum,
Formam quoque Creationis rotantem,
Amorem ardentem,
Fluentemque cum scientia infinita,
Velut milia stellarum cadentium ac orientium uno scit.

I am the Angel of the Thrones.
I am a chariot of light and fire,
And in the chariot is a sapphire throne
Upon which rides the Highest.
I am the bridge between the pure love
That creates all,
And the emerald shadows of the earth.
My thigh brushes against matter,
My arms hold the knowledge of the material world,
My heart knows of corruption,
And knows also of the swirling beauty of creation,
Of passionate love,
Flowing with infinite knowledge,
Like millions of stars, falling and rising in concert.

VIII.

Angeli ab lacrimis Michael nati
Cherubim,
Cum Scientia vos estis coronati
Quae in vestris vestibus coccineis fluget
Latetque similis thesauro in Dolio Arcanorum
Cuius vos sunt curatores.
Corda nostra desiderant Dolium Vestrum asperire
Videreque quaecumque intus lateant:
Mysteria modorum mundi,
Arcana cordis Dei,
Abundantiam cordum nostrorum.
angeli venusti scientiae ingeniique,
Vos imagines sunt Fontis totius misericordiae,
quae vestram scientiam tingit velut speculum
Emittens fulgores mirabiles in aer.

Angels born of Michael's tears,
Cherubim,
You are crowned with knowledge.
It glistens in your crimson robes,
And lies like treasure in the Cask of the Secrets
Of which you are the keeper.
Our hearts yearn to open your cask
And see what lies within:
The mysteries of the rhythms of the universe;
The secrets of the heart of God;
The richness of our own hearts.
Exquisite angels of wisdom and understanding,
You reflect the Source of utter compassion,
And it colors your knowledge like a prism
Shooting miraculous flashes into the air.

IX.

Michael sum Seraphim
Cantatores Coeli, Summi angeli,
Ab cuius mei vocis aeternum cantum volitat,
Que, velut flumen aureum
Perfundit reficitque,
Contexens circum thronum
Donec sua forma cor Dei infringat,
Idque continuo curet.

I am Michael of the Seraphs,
The singers of heaven, the highest angels,
And from my throat floats the eternal song.
It flows like a golden river
That bathes and renews,
Weaving around the throne
Until its beauty breaks the heart of God,
And heals, it unceasingly.

Amatus, Creator,
Me ab pura misericordia formavisti.
Quae ab meo corde ardet modo gemmarum
Flammarumque auri
Atque aeternum cantum inspirat, quem tibi canto.
Nam tuus familiarissimus sum.
Mihi tua arcana secretissima narravisti
Atque ego mysteria coelorum
cognovi,
Cum quid intus ste viderim
Tota forma sit.

Beloved one, Creator,
You have formed me from pure compassion.
It burns from my heart like precious jewels,
Like flames of gold,
And it inspires the eternal song that I sing for you.
For I am your intimate;
And you have told me your most secret thoughts,
And I have come to understand the mysteries of the
the heavens,
For what I have seen within you
Is utter beauty.

