

Benjamin Britten, The Company of Heaven

Part One: Before the Creation

I. Chaos

He maketh his angels spirits:
And his ministers a flame of fire.
O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him for ever.

*Il fait de ses anges des esprits ;
et de ses messagers une flamme de feu.
Ô anges du Seigneur, bénissez le Seigneur !
Louez-le et rendez-lui gloire pour toujours.*

Who is this who commands the angels
and leads the armies of heaven?
Who is this whose feast
all the powers of heaven celebrate?

*Qui est celui qui commande les anges
et dirige les armées des du Paradis?
Qui est celui dont toutes les forces célestes
célèbrent la fête?*

It is Michael, the exalted!
Michael, the Archangel!
Who is this who ruleth the heavenly hosts,
to whose orders they pay obedience?

*C'est Michel, l'exalté!
Michel, l'archange!
Qui est celui qui règne sur les hôtes célestes,
aux ordres duquel ils prêtent allégeance?*

It is Michael, who obeyed the law of God:
Michael who conquered and cast out the rebel,
the slanderous one! (Theodosius: An Encomium on St. Michael the Archangel)

*C'est Michel, qui a obéit à la loi de Dieu:
Michel qui a conquit et expulsé le rebelle,
le calomnieux!*

[...]

Hell heard th'unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaird
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld. (John Milton, 1608-1674)

L'Enfer a retenti de ce bruit solennel
Il aperçoit le Ciel qui s'écroule du Ciel
Il aurait fui d'effroi, mais par la destinée
A ses noirs fondements sa base est enchaînée.
Ils tombèrent neuf jours ; le chaos en rugit
Un désordre effroyable aussitôt l'envahit
Tant leur chute sema des ruines affreuses
L'Enfer leur entrouvrit ses voûtes ténébreuses
Et les ayant reçus se referma sur eux
L'Enfer tout imprégné d'inextinguibles feux
Effroyable séjour et digne de leur crime
Le Ciel en ressentit un bonheur légitime
Et revenant sur lui combla dans un instant
La brèche qu'à ses murs ils firent en tombant.

II. The morning stars

The morning stars who, ere light was, were light,
Heaven's light, heaven's radiance, in adoration,
There when the day shines, still unstained by night,
Cry Holy, Holy, Holy, in exultation!

Les étoiles du matin qui, avant que la lumière ne fût, étaient lumière,
Lumières des cieux, rayonnement du Ciel, en adoration,
Là quand brille le jour non maculé de nuit,
Clamez : « Saint, Saint, Saint ! », en exultation !

Guards, sentries, Captains of the celestial places,
Thrones, pryncedoms, Virtues, powers,
They praise him,
Whom the four living ones,
Whom angels with veiled faces adore
And the Cherubim and Seraphim.

Guardes, vigiles, capitains des endroits célestes,
Trônes, Souverainetés, Vertus, Pouvoirs :
Tous le louent,
celui que les quatres vivants,

les anges aux visages voilés
et les chérubins et les séraphins adorent.

"Who is like God?" Michael the captain saith;
Raphael, God's cure, sends comfort in distress,
And Gabriel, who winged once to Nazareth,
Gabriel, the light of God, brings peace!

"Qui est comme Dieu?" Michel le capitain dit;
Raphael, le remède de Dieu, envoie du réconfort dans la détresse,
Et Gabriel, qui a volé une fois jusqu'à Nazareth,
Gabriel, la lumière de Dieu, apporte la paix !

They sing as when the new earth first was hung
Dizzy in space,
And the planets and stars were young;
Creation was over...
Six nights and six days.
The sons of God for joy
Shouted God's praise! (Adapted from St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 810-886)

Ils chantent comme quand la nouvelle terre fut accrochée,
étourdie, dans l'espace,
et les planètes et les étoiles étaient jeunes;
La Création était terminée...
Six jours et six nuits.
Les enfants de Dieu crièrent de joie
les louanges de Dieu!

Part Two: Angels in Scripture

Angels were the first creatures God made, created pure as the light, ordained with the light to serve God, who is the Lord of Light. They have charge to conduct us, wisdom to instruct us and grace to preserve us. They are the Saints' tutors, Heaven's heralds, and the Bodies' and Souls' guardians. [Furthermore as Origen saith, Every one's Angel that hath guided him in this life, shall at the last day produce and bring his charge forth whom he hath governed.] (Thomas Heywood, 1574-1641)

Les anges étaient les premières créatures créées par Dieu, façonnés aussi purs que la lumière, ordonnés par la lumière afin de servir Dieu, qui est le Seigneur de la Lumière. Ils ont le devoir de nous guider, la sagesse pour nous instruire et la grâce de nous préserver. Ils sont les précepteurs des Saints, les hérauts du Ciel, et les gardiens des Corps et des Âmes. [De plus comme Origen le dit, chaque ange qui aura guidé quelqu'un pendant sa vie présentera

lors du dernier jour le protégé qu'il aura ainsi dirigé.]

IIIa. Jacob

And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not.

And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. (Genesis XXVIII 10-12, 16-17)

Jacob quitta Beer Schéba, et s'en alla à Charan. Il arriva dans un lieu où il passa la nuit ; car le soleil était couché. Il y prit une pierre, dont il fit son chevet, et il se coucha dans ce lieu-là. Il eut un songe. Et voici, une échelle était appuyée sur la terre, et son sommet touchait au ciel. Et voici, les anges de Dieu montaient et descendaient par cette échelle. Jacob s'éveilla de son sommeil et il dit : Certainement, l'Éternel est en ce lieu, et moi, je ne le savais pas ! Il eut peur, et dit: Que ce lieu est redoutable! C'est ici la maison de Dieu, c'est ici la porte des cieux!

IIIb. Elisha

And when the servant of Elisha was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said to him, Alas, my master! How shall we do?

And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, LORD, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the LORD opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. (2 Kings VI 15-17)

Le serviteur d'Élisée se leva de bon matin et sortit; et voici, une troupe entourait la ville, avec des chevaux et des chars. Et le serviteur dit à l'homme de Dieu: Ah! mon seigneur, comment ferons-nous? Il répondit: Ne crains point, car ceux qui sont avec nous sont en plus grand nombre que ceux qui sont avec eux. Élisée pria, et dit: Éternel, ouvre ses yeux, pour qu'il voie. Et l'Éternel ouvrit les yeux du serviteur, qui vit la montagne pleine de chevaux et de chars de feu autour d'Élisée.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

Le Ciel se préoccupe-t-il de nous ? Est ce qu'il y a de l'amour
dans les esprits célestes pour ces basses créatures,
afin d'avoir une quelconque compassion à l'égard de leurs maux ?
Il y en a : sinon, le sort des hommes serait beaucoup plus misérable
que celui des bêtes. Mais quelle est l'immense grâce de Dieu,
qu'il aime tant ses créatures,
et qu'il embrasse de sa pitié toute sa création,
qu'il envoie des anges bénis ça et là,
pour servir des hommes mauvais, pour servir ses ennemis malfaisants.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men
have such regard? (Edmund Spencer, 1552-1599)

[...]

Ils se battent pour nous, ils surveillent et garde dûment,
et leurs escadrons lumineux nous entourent,
et seulement par amour, non par désir de récompense :
Ô pourquoi Dieu a-t-il tant d'attention
à l'égard des hommes.

It was the rebel angel, Lucifer who fell from heaven,
that tempted Eve in the garden, and brought darkness
and death into our world.

C'était l'ange rebelle, Lucifer qui est tombé des cieux,
qui tenta Ève dans le jardin et qui amena ténèbres
et mort dans notre monde.

It was Gabriel, the light of God, who brought the
promise to Mary, and so restored life and light to
mankind. (R. Ellis Roberts, 1879-1953)

C'était Gabriel, la lumière de Dieu, qui apporta
la promesse à Marie, et ainsi ramena la lumière et la vie
à l'humanité.

IIIc. Hail, Mary!

Hail, Mary! Hail, Mary!

Je vous salue Marie !

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent
from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a
virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of
the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.
And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou
that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed
art thou among women.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and
bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. And
Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it
unto me according to they word. And the angel departed
from her. (Luke I 26-28, 31, 38)

[...] L'ange Gabriel entra chez Marie, et dit: Je te salue, toi à qui une grâce a été faite; le
Seigneur est avec toi. Et voici, tu deviendras enceinte, et tu enfanteras un fils, et tu lui
donneras le nom de Jésus. [...]

IV. Christ, the fair glory

Christ, the fair glory of the holy Angels,
Thou who hast made us, thou who o'er us rulest,
Grant of thy mercy unto us servants
Steps up to heaven.
Send thy Archangel, Gabriel, the mighty;
Herald of heaven, may he from us mortals
May he Spurn the old serpent,
Watching over the temples,
Where thou art worshipped.
May the blest Mother of our God and Saviour,
May the assembly of the Saints in glory,
May the celestial companies of Angels
Ever assist us. (Rabamus Maurus, translated by Athelstan Riley)

Christ, vraie gloire des saints anges,
toi qui nous as créés, toi qui nous gouvernes,
daigne par ta miséricorde nous faire
monter au Ciel, nous tes serviteurs.
Envoie ton ange, Gabriel, le puissant;

héraut des cieux,
qu'il rejette le vieux serpent,
surveillant les temples,
où tu es vénéré.
Que la sainte mère de notre Dieu et sauveur,
que la glorieuse compagnie des Saints,
que la céleste assemblée des anges
nous assistent à jamais.

Angels came to minister to Jesus, who was among his friends as one that served. They succoured him after his temptation; and when he endured the agony in the garden, they strengthened him. The angels glorified his birth; and when he comes again to judge the world, all the holy angels will accompany the Son of Man. They are his witnesses before whom he will acknowledge those who confess him before men. And those who do wrong to the childlike and simple must beware of their angels who do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven. (R. Ellis Roberts)

[...]

I go from earth to heaven
A dim uncertain road,
A houseless pilgrim through the world
Unto a sure abode:
While evermore an Angel
Goes with me day and night,
A ministering spirit
From the land of light,
My holy fellow-servant sent
To guard my steps aright. (Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894)

Je vais de la terre au paradis
Sur une route sombre et incertaine,
Pèlerin sans abri qui traverse le monde
Vers une demeure sûre :
Et toujours cependant, un ange
M'accompagne jour et nuit,
Un esprit dévoué
Du pays de lumière,
Mon saint compagnon envoyé
Pour diriger mes pas.

And as it was in the beginning,
so shall it be in the end.
Once more darkness shall rise to overcome light, and
the light shall triumph. (R. Ellis Roberts)

Tel avait été le début, telle sera la fin. Les ténèbres feront face à la lumière encore une fois, et la lumière triomphera.

V. War in heaven

And there was war in heaven:
Michael and his angels
fought against the dragon;
and the dragon fought, and his angels.
And prevailed not;
neither was their place found anymore in heaven.
And the great dragon was cast out,
that old serpent, called the Devil,
and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world:
he was cast out into the earth,
and his angels were cast out with him.
And after these things I saw another angel
come down from heaven,
having great power,
and the earth was lightened with his glory.
And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. (Revelation XII 7-9, XVIII 1-2)

Et il y eut guerre dans le ciel. Michel et ses anges combattirent contre le dragon. Et le dragon et ses anges combattirent, mais ils ne furent pas les plus forts, et leur place ne fut plus trouvée dans le ciel. Et il fut précipité, le grand dragon, le serpent ancien, appelé le diable et Satan, celui qui séduit toute la terre, il fut précipité sur la terre, et ses anges furent précipités avec lui. Après cela, je vis descendre du ciel un autre ange, qui avait une grande autorité; et la terre fut éclairée de sa gloire. Et la mort et le séjour des morts furent jetés dans l'étang de feu (Apocalypse XX 14).

Part Three: Angels in Common Life and at Our Death

VI. Heaven is here

Heaven is here, and the angels of Heav'n,
It is given to them to guard, guide,
Warn, and conduct us on earth;
Many winged, many eyed, mighty in love,
They stand watch at our birth,
Stand watch at our death,
Bringing us along the road,
Bringing us peace,
Bringing us brotherhood.
Ear may not hear,
Eye may not see,
But about us, around us,
In town and in temple,
At our work, at our play, as a cloud, as a light,

In the night, in the day
The angels assemble,
Praying, fighting, singing, rejoicing,
For you, for me, for all of the children of God. (Anonymous)

Le paradis est ici, et aux anges du Ciel échoit de nous protéger,
De nous guider, de nous mettre en garde et de nous conduire sur
terre ; tant d'ailes, tant d'yeux, remplis d'amour, ils veillent sur
notre naissance, sur notre mort, nous emmenant le long de la
route, nous apportant la paix, nous apportant la fraternité.
L'oreille ne peut peut-être pas les entendre,
l'oeil ne peut peut-être pas les voir,
mais autour de nous,
dans la ville et dans le temple,
pendant que nous travaillons, nous amusons, sous forme de nuage ou de lumière,
pendant la nuit ou le jour,
les anges se rassemblent,
priant, combattant, chantant, se réjouissant,
pour vous, pour nous, pour tous les enfants de Dieu.

...suppose that over Ludgate Hill the sky had indeed suddenly become blue instead of black; and that a flight of twelve angels, 'covered with silver wings, and their feathers with gold,' had alighted on the cornice of the railroad bridge, as the doves alight on the cornices of St. Mark's at Venice; and had invited the eager men of business below, in the centre of a city confessedly the most prosperous in the world, to join them for five minutes in singing the first five verses of such a psalm as the 103rd - 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is with me,' (the opportunity now being given for the expression of their most hidden feelings) 'all that is within me, bless his holy name, and forget not all His benefits.' Do you not even thus, in mere suggestion, feel shocked at the thought, and as if my now reading the words were profane? And cannot you fancy that the sensation of the crowd at so violent and strange an interruption of traffic, might be somewhat akin to... the feeling attributed by Goethe to Mephistopheles at the song of the angels: 'Discord I hear, and intolerable jingling?' (John Ruskin, 1819-1900)

[...]

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!-
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;-
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,-clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames! (Francis Thompson, 1859-1907)

[...]

There are those, not only Christians, but men of
many different faiths, who believe that the world we
see is but a cloak of the invisible; that flowers and rivers
and mountains, and the very stars themselves, all
have their guardian spirits. (R. Ellis Roberts)

[...]

VII. A thousand thousand gleaming fires

A thousand thousand gleaming fires
Seem'd kindling in the air;
A thousand thousand silvery lyres
Resounded far and near.

Me-thought the very breath I breath'd
Was full of sparks divine,
And all my heather couch was wreath'd
By that celestial shine.

And while the whole earth echoing rung
To their strain minstrelsy,
The little glittering Spirits sung,
Or seem'd to sing, to me:

"O mortal! Let them die,
Let time and tears destroy,
That we may overflow the sky
With universal joy!

"To thee the world is like a tomb,
A desert's naked shore;
To us, in unimagin'd bloom
It brightens more and more.

"And could we lift the veil and give

One brief glimpse to thine eye,
Thou wouldst rejoice for those that live,
Because they live to die!"

The little glittering Spirits sung,
Or seem'd to sing to me. (Emily Brontë, 1818-1848)

Par milliers de milliers, d'étincelantes flammes,
Semblèrent d'allumer dans l'air ;
Par milliers de milliers, des lyres argentines
Auprès comme au loin résonnèrent.

Il me sembla que de divines étincelles
Parsemaient mon haleine même,
Que mon lit de bruyère était enguirlandé
De cette céleste lumière.

Et tandis que la vaste terre renvoyait
L'écho de leur étrange orchestre,
Les scintillants petits esprits soudain chantèrent
Ou bien parurent me chanter :

« Mortelle, ô mortelle, qu'ils meurent ! Que le Temps,
Que les Pleurs ruinent toutes choses,
Afin de nous permettre d'inonder le ciel
D'une liesse générale.
« À tes yeux l'univers est pareil à la tombe,
Au rivage nu du désert ;
Pour nous, il respandit sans cesse davantage
D'un éclat inimaginé.

Si nous pouvions lever le voile et t'en donner
Ne fût-ce qu'un bref aperçu,
Alors, ah ! tu te réjouirais pour ceux qui vivent,
Parce qu'ils vivent pour mourir. »

Les scintillants petits esprits chantèrent
Ou ils parurent me chanter

In the reign of Queen Victoria lived a priest, who was occasionally granted a vision of the unseen witnesses who surround us. [One of this man's sons told me of a remarkable experience his father had.] One summer day he was walking along a country road which led, over a bridge, to a small town. As he approached the curve of the road that led to the bridge, he heard a confused shouting, and the noise of a horse's hoofs. He turned the corner and saw that a butcher's cart, driverless, was hurtling down the hill toward the bridge, drawn by its terrified and stampeding horse. Just as the horse and cart approached the bridge, a young boy, whose parents lived in the toll-cottage, ran out of the gate directly in the way of the runaway. The old priest looked in horror, still hurrying towards the bridge, and shouting a warning to the child. Then as he gazed he saw, clear

in the sunlight, a figure clad in light, and with an incredible atmosphere of brightness. The figure stooped, gathered the child in his arms, looking down on the delighted and laughing face. Then, swiftly as it had come, the vision passed; there was the wreck of the cart against the buttress of the bridge, the stayed and panting horse, and, in the road, a silent motionless figure, with dirty and bloodstained clothes and the mark of the horse's hoof on his forehead.

Whether the vision was that of the child's guardian angel, or of the Angel of Death, the old priest did not know. All he knew with unspeakable certainty, was, that it was well with the child. (R. Ellis Roberts)

Un jour d'été, un vieil homme se promenait sur une route de campagne qui menait, par un pont, à une petite ville. Comme il s'approchait du virage qui menait au pont, il entendit un cri confus et vit qu'une charrette sans cocher dévalait la colline vers le pont, tirée par son cheval terrifié. Alors que l'attelage fou s'approchait du pont, un jeune garçon sortit en courant d'une maison bordant la route et se retrouva droit sur la trajectoire de la cavalcade. L'homme se rua vers le pont en criant pour avertir l'enfant. Le temps d'un instant, il vit distinctement, dans la lueur du soleil, une silhouette habillée de lumière et d'une incroyable aura de clarté. La figure se baissa et prit l'enfant dans ses bras. Puis, aussi rapidement qu'elle était apparue, la vision s'effaça ; la charrette se fracassa contre le contrefort du pont, le cheval haletant s'immobilisa. Sur la route, on pouvait voir une forme silencieuse et inerte, aux vêtements sales et tachés de sang, avec la marque du sabot du cheval sur le front.

Le vieil homme ignorait si la vision était celle de l'ange gardien de l'enfant ou celle de l'Ange de la Mort. Tout ce qu'il savait avec une certitude indicible, c'était que l'enfant allait bien.

Golden-winged, silver-winged,
Winged with flashing flame,
Such a flight of birds I saw,
Birds without a name:
Singing songs in their own tongue—
Song of songs—they came.

On wings of flame they went and came
With a cadenced clang:
Their silver wings tinkled,
Their golden wings rang;
The wind it whistled through their wings
Where in heaven they sang.

Where the moon riseth not
Nor sun seeks the west,
There to sing their glory
Which they sing at rest,
There to sing their love-song
When they sing their best:—

Not in any garden

That mortal foot hath trod,
Not in any flowering tree
That springs from earthly sod,
But in the garden where they dwell,
The Paradise of God. (Christina Rossetti)

[...]

IX. Whosoever dwelleth under the defence of the most High

Whoso dwelleth under
the defence of the most High:
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
For thou, Lord, art my hope:
thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee:
neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee:
to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands:
that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder,
The young lion and the dragon
shalt thou tread under thy feet. (Psalm 91 vv 1, 9-13, translated by Myles Coverdale)

Celui qui demeure sous l'abri du Très Haut Repose à l'ombre du Tout Puissant. Car tu es mon refuge, ô Éternel! Tu fais du Très Haut ta retraite. Aucun malheur ne t'arrivera, aucun fléau n'approchera de ta tente. Car il ordonnera à ses anges de te garder dans toutes tes voies; ils te porteront sur les mains, de peur que ton pied ne heurte contre une pierre. Tu marcheras sur le lion et sur l'aspic, tu fouleras le lionceau et le dragon.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight,
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of Angels bright:
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

[...]

When wolves and tygers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep;
But if they rush dreadful,

The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit. (William Blake, 1757-1827)

[...]

X. Lento maestoso

There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises, and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet. This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself were come down to meet them...

And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. (John Bunyan, 1628-1688)

À ce moment les trompettistes du Roi vinrent les rencontrer, drapé de vêtements blancs et brillants, jouant des mélodies si fortes dont même les cieux en renvoyèrent les échos.

Ces trompettistes saluèrent Christian et son compagnon avec dix milles accueils venant du monde entier; ils le firent en criant et en faisant sonner leur trompettes.

Ceci fait, ils les entourèrent de chaque côté; certains devant, certains derrière, d'autres à droite ou encore à gauche (comme pour les protéger à travers les régions supérieures), en sonnait continuellement pendant qu'ils avançaient, avec des bruits mélodiques et notes hautes; de sorte que cette vue soit comme si les cieux étaient descendus pour les rencontrer...

Et maintenant ces deux hommes étaient pour ainsi dire au Paradis, avant même d'y arriver, étant engloutis par la vue des anges et l'écoute de leurs notes mélodieuses.

But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage:

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal to the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. (Luke XX 35-36)

[...]

I think they laugh in heaven. I know last night
I dreamed I saw into the garden of God,
Where women walked whose painted images
I have seen with candles round them in the church.
They bent this way and that, one to another,
Playing; and over the long golden hair
Of each there floated like a ring of fire
Which when she stooped stooped with her,
And when she rose
Rose with her. Then a breeze flew in among them,
As if a window had been opened in Heaven
For God to give His blessing from, before
This world of ours should set; (for in my dream
I thought our world was setting, and the sun
Flared, a spent taper;) and beneath that gust
The rings of light quivered like forest-leaves.
Then all the blessed maidens who were there
Stood up together, as it were a voice
That called them; and they threw their tresses back,
And smote their palms, and all laughed up at once,
For the strong heavenly joy they had in them
To hear God bless the world. (Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882)

[...]

XI. Ye watchers and ye holy ones

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
Praise him and magnify him forever.

O Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain,
Alleluya!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluya!

O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their praises,
Alleluya!
Thou Bearer of th' eternal Word,

Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluya!

O friends in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluya!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluya!

Heaven is here,
And the angels of Heav'n.
Amen!
(Athelstan Riley, 1858-1945)

Ô vous anges du Seigneurs, louez le Seigneur:
louez-le et magnifiez le pour toujours.

Ô vous sentinelles et vous les saints,
séraphins brillants, chérubins et trônes,
chantez un air heureux,
Alleluia

Ô plus haut que les chérubins,
plus glorieux que les séraphins,
guidez leurs éloges,
Alleluia!
Toi, le porteur de la Parole Éternelle,
magnifiez le Seigneur,
Alleluia!

Ô amis dans la joie, chantons,
les hymnes célestes résonnent,
Alleluia!
À Dieu le Père, Dieu le Fils,
et Dieu le Saint Esprit, trois en un,
Alleluia!

Le Paradis est là,
avec les anges du Paradis.
Amen!