

Werk

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Contact

Niedersächsische Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek Göttingen
Georg-August-Universität Göttingen
Platz der Göttinger Sieben 1
37073 Göttingen
Germany
Email: gdz@sub.uni-goettingen.de

JOANNIS PICI MI-
randula Deprecatoria ad
Deum.

Alme Deus, sūma qui maiestate verēdus
Verē unum in triplici numine numē
habes:

Cui super excelsi flammantia mœnia mūdi
Angelici seruit turba beata chori:

Cuius & immensum hoc, oculis spectabile no-
stris,

Omnipotens quondā dextra creavit opus:
Æthera qui torques, qui nutu dirigis orbē:

Cuius ab imperio fulmina missa cadunt:
Parce precor miseris, nostras, precor, ablue
sordes,

Ne nos iusta tui poena furoris agat.

Quod si nostra pari pensentur debita lance,
Et sit iudicii norma sœuera tui,

Quis queat horrendū uiuentis ferre flagellū
Vindictis, & plagas sustinuisse graues?

Non ipsa irata restabit machina dextra,
Machina supremo non peritura die.

Quæ mens non prima damnata ab origine
culpa:

Aut quæ non proprio crimine facta nocēs:
At

I-
At certè ille ipse es, propriū cui parcere semp,
Iustitiamque pari qui pietate tenes:
Premia qui ut meritis longè maiora repēdis,
Supplicia admissis sic leniora malis.
Namque tua est nostris maior clementia

culpīs,
Et dare nō dignis res mage digna Deo est.
Quamquā sat digni, si, quos dignatur amare,
Qui quos non dignos inuenit, ipse facit.
Ergo tuos placido miserans, precor, aspice
vultu,

Seu seruos manīs, seu magis esse reos.
Nempereos, nostræ si spectes crimina vitæ,
Ingratæ nimium crimina mentis opus:
At tua si potius in nobis munera cernas,
Munera præcipuis nobilitata bonis:
Nos sumus, ipsa olim tibi quos natura mini-
stros,

Mox fecit natos gratia sancta tuos.
Sed premit, heu, miseros tanta indulgentia
sortis!

Quos fecit natos gratia culpæ reos.
Culpa reos fecit: sed vincat gratia culpam,
Ut tuus in nostro crimine crescat honor:
Nam tua siue aliter sapientia, siue potestas
Nota suas mundo pandere possit opes:

Maior

*Maior in erratis bonitatis gloria nostris,
Illeque præ cunctis fulget amādus amor:
Qui potuit cælo Dominū deducere ab alto,
Inque crucē summi tollere membra Dei:
Vt malè contractas patrio de semine sordes
Ablueret lateris sanguis & unda tui.
Sic amor & pietas tua, Rex mitissime, tantis
Dat mala materiam suppeditare bonis.
O amor, ò pietas, nostris benè prouida rebus!
O bonitas, serui facta ministra tui!
O amor, ò pietas, nostris malè cognita seclis!
O bonitas, nostris nunc propè victa malis!
Da, precor, huic tanto, qui semp fernet, amor
Ardorem in nostris cordibus esse parem.
Da, Satana imperium, cui tot seruisse per an-
Pœnitet, excusso deposuisse iugo. (nos
Da, precor, extingui vesana incendia mentis
Et tuus in nostro pectore uiuat amor.
Vt, cum mortalis perfunctus munere vite
Ductus erit dominum spiritus ante suum,
Promissi regni felici sorte potitus,
Non dominum, sed te sentiat esse patrem.*

AD