

LONDON
MITHRAEUM

Bloomberg

SPACE

Temple
Transcript

Ritual greetings

(as inscribed in the Santa Prisca mithraeum at Rome)

Pater: *Nama Coračibus, tutela Mercuriī:*
Hail to the Ravens, in the protection of Mercury.

Ravens: *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.

Pater: *Nama nymphīs, tutela Veneris:*
Hail to the Bridegrooms, in the protection of Venus.

Bridegrooms: *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.

Pater: *Nama Mīlitibus, tutela Martis:*
Hail to the Soldiers, in the protection of Mars.

Resp: *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.

Pater: *Nama Leōnibus, tutela Iovis:*
Hail to the Lions, in the protection of Jupiter.

Resp: *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.

- Pater:** *Nama Persīs, tutela Lunaē:*
Hail to the Persians, in the protection of the Moon.
- Resp:** *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.
- Pater:** *Nama Heliodrōmīs, tutela Sōlis:*
Hail to Helios' couriers, in the protection of the Sun.
- Resp:** *Nama Patrī, tutela Saturnī:*
Hail to the Father, in the protection of Saturn.
- Pater:** *Nama Patribus ab oriente ad očcidentem, tutela*
Saturnī: Hail to the Fathers, from east to west [lit. from rising to setting sun], in the protection of Saturn.
- Resp:** *Nama Patribus! Nama Patrī Nostrō Silvānō et Pontíficī, tutela*
- Saturnī:** Hail to the Fathers and to Our Father and priest Silvanus, in the protection of Saturn.

Opening the temple

Salvē, prefette (=praefecte)!

Good evening, commander!

'eus, Marce!

Hi, Marcus!

Tīte, quid ay'itur (= agitur)?

Titus, how are you?

Quid novī?

What's new?

bene, dīs gratias! Et tu?

Good, thank you, and you?

Transitus hōc vesperē?

A crossing this evening?

Quibus?

For whom?

Militēs Leōnēs fient.

Soldiers will become Lions.

'eus, quid ay'itur?

Hey, how's it going?

qu' ortus es?

Where are you from?

bene, gratias.

Fine, thanks.

Arausion' ortus sum. Tu?

I'm from Orange—you?

*Hispania. Tua via,
longa erat, frater?
ita. tam longa erat.
Mehercle—ita 'st.*

Spain. Your trip, brother,
was it long?

Oh, such a long trip.

Damn/wow—that's how
it goes.

*Ačcipe tūricremōs, Pater,
ačcipe, sancte, Leōnēs, per
quōs tūra dāmus, per quōs
consumimur ipsī.*

Accept, father, the incense-
burners, accept, holy one,
the Lions, through whom we
offer the incense, through
whom we ourselves are
consumed

*Nama Leōnibus, novīs et
multīs annīs!*

Hail to the Lions, for many
and new years

*Caesar noster, Auguste noster,
imperātor noster, dī tē servent!
Gloria exercitūs! Gloria Mithraē!*

Our Caesar, our Augustus,
our emperor! Gods save you!
Glory of the army! Glory of
Mithras!

Meal dialogue

Honesti, socii, propinquemus!

*Mithras quoque miles,
robora nos ad diem,*

*Roma regit populos, rex tu
tamen omnium.*

Nama Mithras!

*Omnibus, bonam cenam, sed
nemo obliviscatur:*

*"Dulcia sunt ficata avium, sed
cura gubernat pia rebus renatum
dulcibus atque creatum."*

Recten', Corte, tua valet domus?

Valet bene, (prefete), deis gratias!

Et tua?

*Nuper ab uxore venit nuntius
bonus: grava est nostra nurus.*

Gentlemen, companions,
a toast!

"Mithras, also a soldier, give
give us strength for the day!

Rome is above the Nations,
but Thou art over all!"

ALL CHEER

Enjoy the meal, everyone,
but let no one forget,

"Sweet are the livers of birds,
but Mithras's pious care
guides him who is reborn
and created by sweet things."

Cortus, how's the family?

They're fine, commandant,
thank the gods!

And yours?

The good news just came
from my wife that our
daughter-in-law is expecting.

Tibi grātulor! Plūs vīni hīc, prōme!

Plūsne, Legāte, vīnī?

Bene vocas, satis est!

*Satis 'abui. Gravēdinē labōro:
haud soleo huiusmodi pluvias
frigidas tempestates ferre!*

*Audin' illum, Corte? Arausion'
ortus, ubi calidius est et serenius:
displicet ei nebulosum Londinium.*

*Ubicumque ortus sit, Matho,
immo magis dolebit ubi cohors
nostra ad Vallum remissa erit.*

Congratulations! Steward,
more wine here!

More wine, General?

Thank you very much,
Titus, but I've had my fill.
I've caught a chill: I'm not
used to putting up with
such rainy, cold weather.

Hear him, Cortus? He's from
Orange, where it's warmer
and sunnier than here; he
doesn't care for foggy London.

Wherever he comes from,
Matho, he will complain still
more when our cohort has
been sent back to the Wall.

*Nonne optima, Marce,
vitulīna haēc?*

*Ita, Tīte, dulčissima vero, et mihi
dulcior quam ille aper priōre
mense.*

*Ha, ha, aper Marcō tribūnō
displicet.*

*Bene me admones, Corte, de
cena Coracibus olim Brocolitiae,
ubi in prospectu 'abuimus ursum...*

*Et de quo, imprudens, frustum
gustasti et plus libram comesti,
nam ipsum aprum sapiebat,
plūs lībram comesti.*

*Pol! mē miserum! Pen' intestīna
mea vomui ante Sōlis ortum.*

This veal is excellent,
Marcus, eh?

Right you are, Titus, quite
delicious, and more to my
taste than that wild boar
last month.

Ha, ha, Tribune Marcus
don't care for wild boar.

Reminds me, Cortus, of a
supper for the new Ravens
bear flesh was on the menu...

And you were stupid enough
to try some, and since it tasted
pretty good to you, like boar
meat, you ate over a pound.

Pollux, was I miserable!
I almost heaved my guts up
by sunrise.

A Song to Mithras

Rudyard Kipling

Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the Wall!

“Rome is above the Nations, but thou art over all!”

Now as the names are answered, and the guards are marched away, Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the day!

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims in the heat.

Our helmets scorch our foreheads, our sandals burn our feet.

Now in the ungirt hour - now lest we blink and drowse,

Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows!

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western main -

Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again!

Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine is drawn,

Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!

Mithras, God of the Midnight, here where the great Bull dies,

Look on Thy children in darkness. Oh, take our sacrifice!

Many roads Thou hast fashioned - all of them lead to Light!

Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright.

Instruments used

Carnyx (horn)

Clay Horn

Clay Rattle

Bronze Cistrum

Anatolian Cistrum

Tympanum (frame drum)

