



SOLD BY
THOMAS BAKER



HYMNS &
POEMS



HYMNS & POEMS
ORIGINAL & TRANSLATED

BY EDWARD CASWALL

Of the Oratory

A NEW EDITION
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE
BY EDWARD BELLASIS
Lancaster Herald

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE
ON THE REV. EDWARD CASWALL

THE REVEREND EDWARD CASWALL was the fourth son of the Reverend Robert Clarke Caswall, B.C.L., of Oxford University (Balliol and St John's Colleges), Vicar of Yately, Hants, and grandson of the Reverend John Caswall of Swalcliffe, co. Oxford. His mother was Mary Burgess, niece of Dr Burgess, Bishop of St David's, afterwards of Salisbury, a learned divine of the Established Church of England. The Caswalls came from Leominster, in Herefordshire. Two of them, Sir George Caswall and his son John, were representatives in Parliament for that borough; while the Reverend John Caswall's grandfather, the said Sir George Caswall, M.P., was summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons in 1720, in connexion with the affair of the South Sea Company, or "Bubble," as it was called.*

Edward Caswall was born on St Swithin's day, July 15, 1814, at Yately, and was one of nine children. His eldest brother, the Reverend Henry Caswall, some time Vicar of Figheldean, Wilts, and prebendary of Salis-

* For considerable portions of this sketch, a rough autobiographical summary of his life (occasionally quoted), written by Father Caswall's own hand, April 23, 1864, has been laid under contribution.

bury, became well known in 1842-3 as the author of *The City of the Mormons* and *The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century*. He visited Joseph Smith, the leader, and his two books remain authorities on the subject.*

Edward Caswall went first to Chigwell Smealey Grammar School in Essex, and then to King Edward's Grammar School at Marlborough, Wilts. Gaining a scholarship at the latter, he proceeded to Oxford, where he entered at Brasenose College and matriculated March 15, 1832. Although reading hard in 1836 for his degree of B.A., which he took in that year, he gained but a second class in classics, which is to be accounted for by the distraction of literary pursuits freely indulged in; for, firstly, he was the author of "The Oxonian," a series of papers that appeared in *The Metropolitan Magazine*; then, in 1835, he brought out *Pluck Examination Papers* and the *Art of Pluck*, a witty and scholarly pamphlet, which university life continues to relish. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Henry Formby, from the Vicarage House, Stratford-sub-Castle, Wilts, February 3, 1843, appended to later editions of this *Treatise after the Fashion of Aristotle*, the author, abridging some of the *Examination Papers*, explains the omissions of other portions as "investing certain passages of the Divine Word with ridiculous associations." This had special references to the section on Divinity, duly showing how to get

* His *America and the American Church* is reviewed in Cardinal Newman's *Essays*.

“plucked” in the examinations for the same. He observes upon this delightful skit, “As a satire upon the extravagances and idle habits of undergraduates it may be said to have had a good aim.”* “This *brochure*,” he continues, “was followed by another little work of a more popular character, raising a similar laugh at the expense of the opposite sex.”

This was *Sketches of Young Ladies*, by “Quiz,” illustrated by “Phiz” (Hablot K. Browne) (London: Chapman and Hall), who accepted the work February 20, 1837. “It had an extraordinary run,” writes the author, “and its success caused me at the time to think of turning my attention to writing as a profession. I had, indeed, gone so far as to prepare a companion to it, *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, but on calm deliberation, resolving to give myself up to the ministry, I put it aside.” Charles Dickens expressed his wish to see Mr Caswall when next in town, and ultimately took up the writing of *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* and *Sketches of Young Couples*, and all three duly appeared, at first

* The original title is *A New Art Teaching how to be Plucked; otherwise a Treatise after the Fashion of Aristotle, writ for the Use of Students in the Universities, to which is added A Synopsis of Drinking* (fourth edition): in later editions, to which is added *Fragments from the Examination Papers*, by Scriblerus Redivivus. The second edition, with a second Preface, notifying additions, appeared in 1835. The third, with an advertisement, advocating the pamphlet’s perusal as suitable for Cambridge as well as Oxford men, was succeeded by the fourth edition as early as 1836. A twelfth edition came out in 1874, all published by J. Vincent, at Oxford. Messrs Bliss, Sands and Foster, London, in 1893, issued an edition, with ornamental cover, the author’s name appearing for the first time on the title page. *Pluck Examination Papers* was originally a separate work.

separately in original illustrated covers by "Phiz," and finally in one volume anonymously.*

In 1838 Mr Caswall brought out an allegorical narrative entitled *Morals from the Churchyard, in a Series of Cheerful Fables, with [eight] Illustrations by H. K. Browne* ["Phiz"] (London: Chapman and Hall).† It has a short preface signed "E.C.," wherein he explains "The object of this allegory . . . for the amusement and instruction of the young," and "written in a kind of prose poetry." He writes, "I can detect traces of a leaning toward the old Catholic theology, but I do not think I was aware of this at the time." It marks his change to serious thought.‡

After taking his B.A. degree, Mr Caswall remained two years at his college as Hulme Exhibitioner, and proceeded to M.A. in 1838, in which year he was ordained deacon at Wells, and in 1839 priest at Bath. He was first of all curate at Bishop's Norton; then at Milverton, Somerset, under the Reverend John Trevelyan, brother of Sir Charles Trevelyan. Later on he became curate at St Dunstan's, Fleet Street, London, and at Shenley, Herts. He settled down at length in

*The question of authorship was discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 1867-8.

† Another title in MS. is *The Fable of the Graves*.

‡ Other works in MS. are *History of a late Term at the University after the plan of Niebuhr*, and *The Elements of the World as influencing the formation of character, considered in themselves and in their divinely provided counteragents*, the one amusing, the other serious. Other humorous works sketched out are: *The Life and Adventures of Paul Pickering*; *Furniture Dialogues*; *Telescopic Observations upon the Earth*; *Travels to the Castles in the Air*, etc.

1840 as perpetual curate of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury. In 1841 he married Louisa Mary Stuart, only child of General Walker, of Whetleigh House, Taunton. In 1835 he had gone abroad so far as Milan, and in 1846 to Switzerland, and was pleased with the Catholic services. He had begun to read *The Tracts for the Times*. In March, 1846, after a zealous ministry, with two services daily, he resigned his living. In the same year he issued *The Child's Manual: Forty Days' Meditations on the Chief Truths of Religion, as contained in the Church's Catechism and Sermons on the Seen and Unseen* (London: James Burns). In 1846 he began a diary (630pp., 4to) continued till he became a Catholic, and "which," he says, "I have sometimes thought of publishing in an abridged form." In the summer he visited, with his wife and brother, Thomas Caswall (Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge), Cork, Killarney, Limerick and Dublin in order to compare there the Established and Catholic Churches. His tour was cut short by his father's illness and death in the autumn. In December, 1846, Mr and Mrs Caswall went to Rome, and on January 18, 1847, he was received into the Church by Cardinal Acton. His wife's reception took place on the 25th, and both were confirmed by Dr Polding, Archbishop of Sydney, who chanced to be visiting Rome *ad limina*. Meanwhile Thomas Caswall had also been received in England.

With independent means and no special occupation, Mr Caswall now began those wonderful metrical translations, known more or less throughout the

English-speaking Christian world, some two hundred hymns in all, and published in 1848 by James Burns under the title of *Lyra Catholica*.* The later editions made improvements in the renderings and additions to the collection, and, along with new translations for the *Birmingham Oratory Hymn Book*, "by degrees found their way into books of devotion, Protestant as well as Catholic. Mr Oldknow, for instance, the incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Birmingham, introduced, with my permission, nearly fifty of them, in his parochial hymn book, within a year of their publication.† From the first I never refused any application for the hymns from whatever quarter it came, wishing that if there was anything good in them, it should be the common property of all, and indeed it was with this view I retained the copyright in my own possession. I daresay I have had application from at least twenty clergymen of the Church of England."‡ Dr Martineau, the cele-

* And "containing the Hymns at Vespers, Compline and Benediction, with those in the Office of the Blessed Virgin and in the Missal." Translated from the Latin by Edward Caswall, M.A., (London: James Burns, MDCCCXLVIII). The edition of 1874 has the amended sub-title, "containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns, with Others from various Sources," and the motto, *Domine, dilixi decorem domus tuæ*. The work was virtually reprinted, with other hymns, in New York, by Edward Dunigan and Brother, in 1851, as *The Catholic Hymn-book: A Collection of Hymns, Anthems, etc., for all Holydays of Obligation and Devotion, throughout the year, selected from approved sources and adapted to General Use*.

† A correspondent writes in 1873: "You are the quarry from which we have all dug."

‡ Among others were the Rev. L. C. Biggs, of Grendon, 1865; the Rev. Hugh Pearson, of Sonning, 1867; the Rev. Josiah Miller, of Long Sutton, 1867; and the Rev. John L. Porter, of St John's, Ladywood,

brated Unitarian divine, asked in 1873 to make use of the four Latin hymns, *Rerum Deus tenax vigor*, *Lux ecce surgit aurea*, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and *Sol præceps rapitur proxime Vox adest*, as rendered by Father Caswall, with a suggestion as to some changes and omissions in Nos. 2 and 3: and Mr Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, was to be asked to do them. "I thank God, for any good thus done. But it amuses me at times to see, both as regards this work [*The Masque of Mary and Other Poems*, London: Burns and Lambert, 1858], and the *Lyra Catholica*, the difference of selection exhibited, as well as the alterations made by various religious parties." It can be seen that Mr Caswall had no sort of literary vanity, and this despite his singular gifts as a writer, amounting, as they did, to genius.

The above Masque was chiefly taken from the writings of "the last of the Greek Fathers," St John Damascene, to illustrate our Lady's place in the Church. In 1860 Father Caswall printed *L'Incoronata*: A tale of May (Birmingham: Billing), but entirely remodelled this in 1865, when he brought out *A May Pageant* [in seven cantos] and *Other Poems* (London: Burns, Lambert and Co.), the first reappearing in a separate issue under a new title, *A Tale of Tintern** in 1873 (London: Burns and Oates), wherein every line, previously in heroic measure, was shorn of two syllables, a change, in Edgbaston, Novello Ewer and Co. (*Hymnal*, 1871); *The Foundling Hospital Hymn-book*, 1873, etc.

* Another title, finally rejected was *L'Incoronata*, used as above in 1860.

so long a poem, probably unexampled in English verse.* Finally, *Hymns and Poems*, without *A Tale of Tintern*, was published in 1872 (London: Burns and Oates).†

Contemporaneously with the *Lyra* Mr Caswall brought out *The Altar Manual: or, Devotions for Confession and Communion*, a translation from the French of *Les Délices des Ames Pieuses* (Dublin: James Duffy), which by 1870 had reached its fifth edition. It was partly translated by Mrs Caswall, who died September 14, 1849, at Torquay after a few hours' illness. She was buried at St Wilfrid's, Alton, near to which, at Farleigh, she and her husband had been previously in residence. Father Caswall's other works are *Office of the Immaculate Conception in Latin and English* (London: Burns and Lambert, 1850); *Verba Verbi, arranged in order of time as a Daily Companion, Epitome of the Gospel, and Treasury of Mental Prayer*† (London: Burns and Lambert); and *Hours at the Altar or Meditations on the Holy Eucharist*, from the French of M. l'Abbé de la Bouillerie, Vicar-General of Paris (Dublin: James Duffy), both

* Thus (Ed. 1865) : It chanc'd upon our great Augustin's Day
Late in the Holy Virgin's Month of May.

(Ed. 1873) : It chanc'd on our Augustin's Day
Late in the Virgin's Month of May.

† Prefixed to the MS. of *Poems, Original and Translated* is a note dated February 2, 1852, announcing the *Masque* as in preparation. "Our Father Superior," the writer says, "suggested to me to write a drama, but did not fix any subject." The volumes were re-copied out in 4to sheets in 1853.

‡ It was translated into French by Louis Martinet (Paris: Roger et Chernoviz, 1877). In 1650, he says, appeared *Verba incarnati Jesu Christi, Verba ex Universo ipsius Testamento Collecta*, and in 1784 Lawrence S. Rondel's *Verba Christi*, in Greek and Latin (Paris), works similar to Father Caswall's.

these first appearing in 1855. They have been reprinted several times. Then *A Confraternity Manual of the Most Precious Blood* (London: Thomas Richardson and Son, 1861); *The Shield of Faith*, mentioned in Mr Gillow's *Dictionary*; *Love for Holy Church*, from the French of M. l'Abbé Petit (London: Richardson and Son, 1862); and *A Catholic's Latin Instructor in the Principal Church Offices and Devotions, for the use of Choirs, Convents, and Mission Schools, and for Self-Teaching* (London: Burns and Oates), and *A Brief Account of Catholicism in Norway* (London: Burns and Oates, 1867).*

Mr Caswall was thirty-five at his wife's death. After recovering from the shock of bereavement he went, December 7, 1849, to the Oratory, then lately set up by Dr Newman in Alcester Street, Birmingham, "with the intention of joining the community, if it should be judged that I had a vocation for it." He was admitted into the congregation on probation as a novice March 29, 1850; received the tonsure and Minor Orders April 1 following; was ordained subdeacon December 21, 1850, at Oscott, deacon December 20, 1851, and priest September 18, 1852. He remained at the Oratory till his death, January 2, 1878. On December 22, 1877, Dr Newman wrote: "Father Caswall lingers on—we fancy he is slowly declining—but it is difficult to say. His mind is as clear

* *The Catholic Mission, lately commenced in Norway at Bergen; including a brief history of religion in that country, with some account of the present civil status of Catholics there* (1867). *La Mision Catolica empezada hace poco in Bergen (Noruega); incluyendo una concisa historia de la religion en dicho pais, con una relacion del actual estado civil del Catolicismo* (Cadiz, 1868) is a Spanish translation of the pamphlet.

and as active as ever it was—no weakening of memory, observation, or reflection;” and writing again January 2, 1878, to Miss Caswall, “He suddenly fell off about seven this evening, and was taken from us in a quarter of an hour so peacefully that we could not fix the time when he went. Nor did we pronounce that he was no more, though he was gone for some minutes, till the medical man, Dr Jordan, who has been unremitting in his attentions, came and assured us that we were not mistaken. He seems to have felt that he was drawing to his end, for in the middle of the day he began to express his sense of God’s mercies in having been so tender and careful of him all through his life, and having kept him from pain during his last illness. He was one of my dearest friends, and it is a great loss to us all, for he was loved far and wide round about the Oratory.” The poor would say of him, “He was very comforting.”

He lies buried at Rednal.

In the Oratory cloister is Dr Newman’s beautiful inscription to his memory:

Orate pro anima
 Patris Edwardi Caswall
 multis nominibus
 de S. Philippo benemeriti
 Parochi vigilantissimi
 Economi exactissimi
 Carminum sacrorum conditoris admodum popularis
 In nos nondum è nostris
 Benefactoris singularis

Et suis et alienis
 In vita amabilis in morte flebilis
 vixit annos LXIII, ob. die 11 Jan. MDCCCLXXVIII

As an original writer in prose Father Caswall will always be remembered by the *Art of Pluck*. As an original writer in verse he will never be forgotten, were it only for the authorship of "See amid the Winter Snow," and "Sleep, Jesu, Sleep,"* so soul-stirring, so exquisitely tender. As Cardinal Newman wrote on receiving a volume of his poems:

. . . On thy verse, my Brother and my Friend
 —The fresh upwelling of thy tranquil spirit,—
 I see a many angel forms attend,
 And gracious souls elect,
 And thronging sacred shades that shall inherit
 One day the azure skies,
 And peaceful saints, in whitest garments deck'd;
 And happy infants of the second birth:—
 These, and all other plants of paradise,
 Thoughts from above, and visions that are sure
 And providences past, and memories dear,
 In much content hang o'er that mirror pure,
 And recognize each other's faces there,
 And see a heaven on earth.

As a translator his fame remains after sixty years. M. Jourdain, in the comedy, found that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it; and so do

* In the collected poems it is "Sleep, Holy Babe," perhaps a regrettable change."

many sing all their lives without knowing it the poetry of Caswall. His fidelity to originals, his perspicacity and flow of diction are seldom surpassed. Such renderings as "O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee," from the *Adoro te devote* of St Thomas Aquinas, where sense and metre are so exactly reproduced; "Sing, my Tongue, the Saviour's glory," from the *Pange lingua* of the same; "Jesu, the very thought of Thee," from the *Jesu, dulcis memoriæ* of St Bernard; "My God I love Thee not because," from the *Deus ego amo Te*; "At the Cross her station keeping," from the *Stabat Mater* of Jacapone da Todi; "Come, O Creator Spirit blest," from the *Veni Creator*; "Holy Spirit, Lord of Light," from the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*; "When morning gilds the skies," from the German; and "Glory be to Jesus, who in bitter pains," from the Italian, may be cited as well-known examples. The latter, *Viva, viva Jesu*, an anonymous hymn, has also been translated by Dr Faber. His "Hail, Jesus, hail, who for my sake," is, however, very different, more subjective, as this author is wont to be, with new ideas imported, as the very first stanza shows, introducing our Lady's name, which is not in the original.

To conclude, Father Caswall and Father Faber remained pre-eminently the workaday English Catholic hymn writers, universally popular, everywhere made use of, and absolutely indispensable.

E. B.

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H Y M N S.

Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus, cum
recordaremur Sion.

Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena?
Si oblitus fuero tui, Jerusalem, oblivioni detur dextera mea.
Adhæreat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non meminero tui:
Si non proposuero Jerusalem in principio lætitiæ meæ.

Ps. 136.

ROMAN BREVIARY HYMNS.



I. HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

MATINS. *Primo die quo Trinitas.*

This day the glorious Trinity
Creation's work began ;
This day the world's Creator rose,
O'ercoming death for man.

Casting betimes dull sloth away,
We too will rise by night ;
And with the Prophet seek the Lord,
Before the dawning light.

So may He stretch his hand to save
And hear us in his love ;
And renovate us by his grace,
For our true home above.

So, while on this his holy Day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our psalms amid the stillness rise,
May He his blessings shower.

Breviary Hymns

Father of lights ! keep us this day
 From sinful passions free ;
 Grant us, in every word, and deed,
 And thought, to honour Thee.

Assist us, Purity divine,
 Within our hearts to quell
 Those evil fires, which cherish'd here
 Augment the flames of hell.

Saviour, of thy sweet clemency,
 Wash Thou our sins away ;
 Grant us thy peace—grant us with Thee
 Thine own eternal day.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, coequal Son !
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
 While endless ages run.

Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.

Let us arise and watch ere dawn of light,
 And to the Lord our hearts and voices raise ;
 And meditate in psalms, and all unite
 In holy hymns of praise.

So, blending here our strains to God on high,
 Hereafter, in the courts of Heaven's great King,
 May we be meet his praise eternally
 Among his Saints to sing.

Father supreme ! this grace on us confer,
 And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth !
 With thee, coequal Spirit Comforter !
 Whose glory fills the earth.

LAUDS. *Æterne rerum conditor.*

Dread Framer of the earth and sky !
Who dost the circling seasons give !
And all the cheerful change supply
Of alternating morn and eve !

Light of our darksome journey here,
With days dividing night from night !—
Loud crows the dawn's shrill harbinger,
And wakens up the sunbeams bright.

Forthwith at this, the darkness chill
Retreats before the star of morn ;
And from their busy schemes of ill,
The vagrant crews of night return.

Fresh hope, at this, the sailor cheers ;
The waves their stormy strife allay ;
The Church's Rock at this, in tears,
Hastens to wash his guilt away.

Arise ye, then, with one accord !
Nor longer wrapt in slumber lie ;
The cock rebukes all who their Lord
By sloth neglect, by sin deny.

At his clear cry joy springs afresh ;
Health courses through the sick man's veins ;
The dagger glides into its sheath ;
The fallen soul her faith regains.

Jesu ! look on us when we fall ;—
One momentary glance of thine
Can from her guilt the soul recal
To tears of penitence divine.

Awake us from false sleep profound,
 And through our senses pour thy light;
 Be thy blest name the first we sound
 At early dawn, the last at night.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;
 Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
 While everlasting ages run.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,
 And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn ;
 Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,
 And pray at early dawn,—

That his sweet charity may all our sin
 Forgive, and make our miseries to cease ;
 May grant us health of soul, grant us delights
 Of everlasting peace.

Father supreme! this grace on us confer ;
 And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth!
 With Thee, coequal Spirit Comforter!
 Whose glory fills the earth.

PRIME. *Jam lucis orto sidere.*

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
 And wake creation with its ray ;
 Keep us from sin, O Lord most high!
 Through all the actions of the day.

Curb Thou for us th' unruly tongue ;
 Teach us the way of peace to prize ;
 And close our eyes against the throng
 Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within!
No cherish'd madness vex the soul!
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.

So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring;
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

TERCE. *Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.*

Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
In thy full flood of glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead blest for evermore.

So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire
Salvation's anthem to resound;
So shall our hearts be set on fire,
And kindle every heart around.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

SEXT. *Rector potens, verax Deus.*

Lord of eternal truth and might!
Ruler of nature's changing scheme!
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam:

Breviary Hymns

Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
 And bid the heat of passion cease ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Father of mercies ! &c.

NONE. *Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*

O Thou true life of all that live !
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day :
 Thy light upon our evening pour,—
 So may our souls no sunset see ;
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies ! &c.

VESPERS. *Lucis Creator optime.*

O blest Creator of the light !
 Who dost the dawn from darkness bring ;
 And framing Nature's depth and height,
 Didst with the light thy work begin ;
 Who gently blending eve with morn,
 And morn with eve, did'st call them day ;—
 Thick flows the flood of darkness down ;
 Oh, hear us as we weep and pray !
 Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime :
 Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;
 Nor, thinking but on things of time,
 Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door ;
Teach us the prize of life to win ;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Father of mercies ! &c.

MONDAY.

MATINS. *Somno relectis artibus.*

Our limbs with tranquil sleep refresh'd,
Lightly from bed we spring ;
Father supreme ! to us be nigh,
While in thy praise we sing.

Thy love be first in every heart,
Thy name on every tongue ;
Whatever we this day may do,
May it in Thee be done.

Soon will the morning star arise,
And chase the dusk away ;
The guilt that may have come with night,
May it depart with day.

Cut off in us whatever root
Of sin or shame there be ;
So evermore from bosoms pure
Be rendered praise to Thee.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, coequal Son !
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Splendor paternæ gloriæ.*

O Thou the Father's Image blest!
 Who callest forth the morning ray;
 O Thou eternal Light of light!
 And inexhaustive Fount of day!

True Sun!—upon our souls arise,
 Shining in beauty evermore;
 And through each sense the quick'ning beam
 Of thy eternal Spirit pour.

Thee too, O Father, we entreat,
 Father of might and grace divine!
 Father of glorious majesty!
 Thy pitying eye on us incline.

Confirm us in each good resolve;
 The Tempter's envious rage subdue;
 Turn each misfortune to our good;
 Direct us right in all we do.

Rule Thou our inmost thoughts; let no
 Impurity our hearts defile;
 Grant us a sober heart and mind;
 Grant us a spirit free from guile.

May Christ Himself be our true Food,
 And Faith our daily cup supply;
 While from the Spirit's tranquil depth
 We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

Still ever, pure as morn's first ray
 May modesty our steps attend;
 Our faith be fervent as the noon;
 Upon our souls no night descend.

Fast breaks the dawn.—Each whole in Each,
Come, Father blest ! come, Son most High !
Shine in our souls, and be to them
The dawn of Immortality.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS. *Immense cæli conditor.*

Lord of immensity sublime !
Who, lest the waters should confound
Thy world, didst them in earliest time
Divide, and make the skies their bound ;

Framing for some on earth below,
For others in the heavens a place ;
That, tempered thus, the sun's hot glow
Might not thy beauteous works efface.

Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of thy celestial dew ;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below ;
Faith, to detect each falsity ;
And knowledge, Thee alone to know.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

TUESDAY.

MATINS. *Consors paterni luminis.*

Pure Light of light ! eternal day ;
 Who dost the Father's brightness share ;
 Our chant the midnight silence breaks ;—
 Be nigh, and hearken to our prayer.

Scatter the darkness of our minds,
 And turn the hosts of hell to flight ;
 Let not our souls in sloth repose,
 And sleeping sink in endless night.

O Christ ! for thy dear mercy's sake,
 Spare us, who put our trust in Thee ;
 Nor let our early hymn ascend
 In vain to thy pure Majesty.

Father of mercies ! &c.

LAUDS. *Ales diei nuntius.*

Now, while the herald bird of day
 Announces morning bright ;
 Christ also, speaking in the soul,
 Wakes her to life and light.

'Take up your beds,' we hear him say
 'No more in slumber lie ;
 In justice, truth, and temperance,
 Keep watch ;—your Lord is nigh.'

O Jesus ! art Thou nigh indeed ?—
 Then let us watch and weep ;
 This truth but once in earnest felt
 Forbids the heart to sleep.

Break, Lord, the spell that wraps us round
In deadly bonds of night ;
Unbind the chains of former guilt ;
Renew in us thy light.

To God the Father glory be,
And sole eternal Son ;
And glory, Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While endless ages run.

VESPERS. *Telluris alme conditor.*

O bounteous Framer of the globe !
Who with thy mighty hand
Didst gather up the rolling seas,
And firmly base the land :

That so the freshly teeming earth
Might herb and seedling bear
All in their early beauty gay
With flowers and fruitage fair :

On our parch'd souls pour Thou, O Lord,
The freshness of thy grace ;
So penitence shall spring anew,
And all the past efface.

Grant us to fear thy holy law,
To feel thy goodness nigh ;
Grant us through life thy peace ; in death
Thine immortality.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, coequal Son !
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

WEDNESDAY.

MATINS. *Rerum Creator optime.*

O blest Creator of the world !
 Look in compassion down ;
 Nor let the guilty sleep of sin
 Our souls in torpor drown.

Lord of all holiness ! may we
 Have favour in thy sight ;
 Who, to set forth thy glory, rise
 Before the morning light.

Who, as the holy Psalmist bids,
 Our hands thus early raise ;
 And in the midnight sing with Paul
 And Silas hymns of praise.

Jesu ! to Thee our deeds we shew,
 To Thee our hearts lie bare ;
 Oh, hearken to the sighs we send,
 And in thy pity spare.

Father of mercies ! &c.

LAUDS. *Nox et tenebræ et nubila.*

Ye mist and darkness, cloud and storm,
 Confused creations of the night ;—
 Light enters—morning streaks the sky—
 Christ comes,—'tis time ye took your flight.

Pierced by the sun's ethereal dart,
 Night's gloomy mass is cleft in twain ;
 And, in the smiling face of day,
 Nature resumes her tints again.

O Christ, we know no sun but Thee!
Shine in our souls divinely bright!
We seek Thee in simplicity;
Through all our senses shed thy light.

A thousand objects all around
In false delusive colours shine;
To purge them clear, we ask, dear Lord,
But one immortal beam of thine.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS. *Cæli Deus sanctissime.*

Lord of eternal purity!
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the fields of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

Who didst command the sun to light
His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze;
Didst set the moon her circuit bright;
The stars their ever-winding maze:

That, each within its order'd sphere,
They might divide the night from day;
And of the seasons, through the year,
The well-remember'd signs display:

Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

THURSDAY.

MATINS. *Nox atra rerum contegit.*

The pall of night o'ershades the earth,
 And hides the tints of day ;—
 O thou ! to whom no night comes near,
 Dread Judge ! to Thee we pray :

That all our guilt Thou wilt remove,
 And our lost peace restore ;
 And of thy mercy grant us grace
 Thee to offend no more.

The guilty soul, which all too long
 In lethargy hath lain,
 Yearns to cast off her load, and seek
 Her Saviour's face again.

Expel from her the darkness, Lord,
 Of her internal night ;
 Renew her bliss—renew in her
 Thy beatific light.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, coequal Son !
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
 While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Lux ecce surgit aurea.*

Now with the rising golden dawn,
 Let us, the children of the day,
 Cast off the darkness which so long
 Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will :

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS. *Magnæ Deus potentia.*

Lord of all power ! at whose command,
The waters, from their teeming womb,
Brought forth the countless tribes of fish,
And birds of every note and plume :

Who didst, for natures link'd in birth,
Far different homes of old prepare ;
Sinking the fishes in the sea ;
Lifting the birds aloft in air :

Lo ! born of thy baptismal wave,
We ask of Thee, O Lord divine !
'Keep us, whom Thou hast sanctified
In thy own Blood, for ever Thine.

Safe from all pride, as from despair ;
 Not sunk too low, nor raised too high ;
 Lest raised by pride, we headlong fall ;
 Sunk in despair, lie down and die.'

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

FRIDAY.

MATINS. *Tu Trinitatis Unitas.*

O Thou ! who dost all nature sway,
 Dread Trinity in Unity !
 Accept the trembling praise we pay
 To thy eternal Majesty.

For one and all we now arise,
 While solemn midnight breathes around,
 To seek from Thee, with tears and sighs,
 A healing balm of every wound.

Almighty Lord ! whatever guilt
 Satan hath wrought in us this night,
 Oh may it now before Thee melt
 As mist before the morning light.

Grant us a body pure within ;
 A wakeful heart, a ready will ;
 Grant us, by no deep cherish'd sin,
 The fervour of the soul to chill.

Kindle our minds, Redeemer true,
 With thy most pure celestial ray ;
 So may we walk in safety through
 All the temptations of the day.

Father of mercies ! &c.

LAUDS. *Æterna cæli gloria.*

Eternal Glory of the heavens!

Blest Hope of all on earth!

God, of eternal Godhead born!

Man, by a virgin birth!

Jesu! be near us when we wake;

And, at the break of day,

With thy blest touch arouse the soul,

Her meed of praise to pay.

The star that heralds in the morn

Is fading in the skies;

The darkness melts;—O Thou true Light,

Once more on us arise.

Steep all our senses in thy beam;

The world's false night expel;

Purge each defilement from the soul,

And in our bosoms dwell.

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts

Thy root immovably;

Come, smiling Hope! and, greater still,

Come, heaven-born Charity!

To God the Father glory be,

And sole eternal Son;

And glory, Holy Ghost! to Thee,

While endless ages run.

VESPERS. *Hominis superne Conditor.*

Maker of men! who First and Sole,

All things in wisdom ordering,

Didst from the teeming earth bring forth

Wild beasts, and every creeping thing:

At whose command, instinct with life,
 Huge forms emerged from shapeless clay;
 Ordain'd, through their appointed times,
 Man, thy frail servant, to obey :

Expel from us wild passions, Lord,
 With all the reptile brood of sin ;
 Nor suffer vice, familiar grown,
 To make itself a home within.

Hereafter grant thine endless joys ;
 Here thy continual grace supply ;
 Unweave the guilty web of strife ;
 Draw close the bonds of unity.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

SATURDAY.

MATINS. *Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

O Thou eternal Source of love !
 Ruler of nature's scheme !
 In Substance One, in Persons Three !
 Omniscient and Supreme !

For thy dear mercy's sake receive
 The strains and tears we pour,
 And purify our hearts to taste
 Thy sweetness more and more.

Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, Lord,
 In thy clear fire refine ;
 Break down the self-indulgent will ;
 Gird us with strength divine.

So may all we, who here are met
By night thy name to bless,
One day, in our eternal home,
Thy promises possess.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, coequal Son !
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Aurora jam spargit polum.*

The dawn is sprinkling in the East
Its golden shower, as day flows in ;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light ;--
Farewell to darkness and to sin !

Away, ye midnight phantoms all !
Away, despondence and despair !
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
Now let it vanish into air.

So, Lord, when that last morning breaks
Looking to which we sigh and pray,
O may it to thy minstrels prove
The dawning of a better day.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS. *Jam sol recedit igneus.*

Now doth the fiery sun decline :—
Thou, Unity Eternal ! shine ;
Thou, Trinity ! thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Breviary Hymns

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;
 To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
 O, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
 Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
 As ever was in ages past,
 And so shall be while ages last.

COMPLINE. *Te lucis ante terminum.*

Now with the fast-departing light,
 Maker of all! we ask of Thee,
 Of thy great mercy, through the night
 Our guardian and defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly;
 No phantom of the night molest:
 Curb thou our raging enemy,
 That we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,
 Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
 Mother of Him who thee from nothing made,
 Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
 Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
 Pure Virgin, first and last, look on our misery.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

Mother most dear of our Redeemer Lord!
To Thee, bright open portal of the skies,
And ocean star, the Christian people cries,
Falling so oft, yet striving still to rise.
Thou! who, to nature's wonder, bore thy God,
And heard from Gabriel's lips that Ave flow,
Pure Virgin, first and last, to sinners pity show.

Ave Regina cœlorum.

Hail, O Queen of Heav'n enthroned!
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd!
Root of Jesse! Gate of morn!
Whence the world's true Light was born:
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Beautiful surpassingly!
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead for us a pitying prayer.

Regina cœli letare.

Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Alleluia.
He whom it was thine to bear; Alleluia.
As He promised, hath arisen; Alleluia.
Plead for us a pitying prayer; Alleluia.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordie.

Mother of mercy, hail, O gracious Queen!
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail!
Children of Eve,
To thee we cry from our sad banishment;

To thee we send our sighs,
 Weeping and mourning in this vale of tears.
 Come, then, our Advocate ;
 Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine :
 And our long exile past,
 Show us at last
 Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.
 O Virgin Mary, mother blest !
 O sweetest, gentlest, holiest !

II. HYMNS SPECIAL TO THE SEASON.

ADVENT.

VESPERS. *Creator alme siderum.*

Dear Maker of the starry skies !
 Light of believers evermore !
 Jesu, Redeemer of mankind !
 Be near us who thine aid implore.

When man was sunk in sin and death,
 Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
 Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
 By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men
 Permitting thy pure blood to flow,
 Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine
 And to the Cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,
 If we but chance thy name to sound,
 At once all Heaven and Hell unite
 In bending low with awe profound.

Great Judge of all! in that last day,
When friends shall fail, and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
To guard us with thy arm divine.
To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,
All through the long eternity.

MATINS. *Verbum supernum prodiens.*

O Thou, who thine own Father's breast
Forsaking, Word sublime!
Didst come to aid a world distress'd
In thy appointed time :

Our hearts enlighten with thy ray,
And kindle with thy love ;
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.

So when before the Judgment-seat
The sinner hears his doom,
And when a voice divinely sweet
Shall call the righteous home ;

Safe from the black and fiery flood
That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the face of God
In everlasting bliss.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Spirit evermore,
Be glory while the ages run,
As in all time before.

LAUDS. *En clara vox redarguit.*

Hark! an awful voice is sounding;
 'Christ is nigh!' it seems to say;
 'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day!'

Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;
 Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 May He then as our Defender
 On the clouds of Heav'n appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the co-eternal Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

VESP. AND MAT. *Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

Jesu, Redeemer of the world!
 Before the earliest dawn of light
 From everlasting ages born,
 Immense in glory as in might;

Immortal Hope of all mankind !
In whom the Father's face we see ;
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, O Creator Lord !
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone,
From thy own Father's bosom forth,
To save the world Thou camest down.

O Day ! to which the seas and sky,
And earth and Heav'n, glad welcome sing ;
O Day ! which heal'd our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King !

We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In thy own fount of blood divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song,
On this dear natal day of thine.

O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee ;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

LAUDS. *A solis ortus cardine.*

From the far-blazing gate of morn
To earth's remotest shore,
Let every tongue confess to Him
Whom holy Mary bore.

Lo! the great Maker of the world,
Lord of eternal years,
To save his creatures, veil'd beneath
A creature's form appears.

A spotless maiden's virgin breast
With heavenly grace He fills ;
In her pure womb He is conceived,
And there in secret dwells.

That bosom, chastity's sweet home,
Becomes, oh, blest reward!
The shrine of Heav'n's immortal King,
The temple of the Lord.

And Mary bears the babe, foretold
By an Archangel's voice ;
Whose presence made the Baptist leap,
And in the womb rejoice.

A manger scantly strewn with hay
Becomes th' Eternal's bed ;
And He, who feeds each little bird,
Himself with milk is fed.

Straightway with joy the Heav'ns are fill'd,
The hosts angelic sing ;
And shepherds hasten to adore
Their Shepherd and their King.

Praise to the Father ! praise to Him,
The Virgin's holy Son !
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run !

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

MATINS. *Audit tyrannus anxius.*

When it reach'd the tyrant's ear,
Brooding anxious all alone,
That the King of kings was near,
Who should sit on David's throne ;
Stung with madness, straight he cries,
' Treason threatens—draw the sword !
Rebels all around us rise !
Drown the cradles deep in blood !'

What is guilty Herod's gain,
Though a thousand babes he slay ?—
Christ, amid a thousand slain,
Is in safety borne away.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
With the Father, and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

LAUDS AND VESP. *Salvete flores martyrum.*

Flowers of martyrdom all hail !
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs !
What a simple death ye died !
Sporting with your wreaths and palms,
At the very altar side !

Honour, glory, &c.

EPIPHANY.

VESP. AND MAT. *Crudelis Herodes Deum.*

O cruel Herod! why thus fear
 Thy King and God, who comes below?
 No earthly crown comes He to take,
 Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.

The wiser Magi see the star,
 And follow as it leads before;
 By its pure ray they seek the Light,
 And with their gifts that Light adore.

Behold at length the heavenly Lamb
 Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
 There consecrating by his touch
 Water to cleanse us in his blood.

But Cana saw her glorious Lord
 Begin his miracles divine;
 When water, reddening at his word,
 Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself
 Hast to the Gentile world display'd,
 Praise, with the Father evermore,
 And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

LAUDS. *O sola magnarum urbium.*

Bethlehem ! of noblest cities
 None can once with thee compare;
 Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
 Didst for us Incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Solemn things of mystic meaning!—
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

Holy Jesu! in thy brightness
To the Gentile world display'd!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Praise eterne to Thee be paid.

THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

VESPERS. *Jesu dulcis memoria.*

Jesu! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his lovers know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

MATINS. *Jesu Rex admirabilis.*

O Jesu! King most wonderful!
 Thou Conqueror renown'd!
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable!
 In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine;
 Then earthly vanities depart;
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire.

May every heart confess thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of thine own.

LAUDS. *Jesu decus angelicum.*

O Jesu! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloy'd!
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which nought but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end!

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu! spotless Virgin flower!
Our life and joy! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

PRAYER OF OUR LORD ON MOUNT OLIVET.

VESP. AND MAT. *Aspice ut Verbum Patris.*

See from on high, array'd in truth and grace,
The Father's Word descend!
Burning to heal the wounds of Adam's race,
And our long evils end!

Pitying the miseries which with the Fall
 In Paradise began,
 Prostrate upon the earth, the Lord of all
 Entreats for ruin'd man.

Oh, bitter then was our Redeemer's lot,
 While whelm'd in griefs unknown :
 ' Father,' he cries, ' remove this cup ; yet not
 My will, but thine be done.'

While, a dread anguish pressing down his heart,
 He faints upon the ground ;
 And from each bursting pore the blood-drops start,
 Moistening the earth around.

But quickly from high Heav'n an angel came,
 To soothe the Saviour's woes ;
 And, strength returning to his languid frame,
 Up from the earth He rose.

Praise to the Father ; praise, O Son ! to Thee
 To whom a name is given
 Above all names ; praise to the Spirit be,
 From all in earth and Heaven.

LAUDS. *Venit e Cælo Mediator alto.*

Daughter of Sion ! cease thy bitter tears,
 And calm thy breast ;
 Foretold through ages past, lo ! now appears
 Thy Mediator blest.

That garden, where of old our guilt began,
 Wrought death and pain ;
 But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,
 Brings life and joy again.

Hither, of his own will, the Lord, for all
Comes to atone ;

And stays the thunderbolts about to fall
From the dread Father's throne.

So shall He break the adamantine chain
Of Hell's abyss ;

And opening Heav'n long closed, call us again
To his eternal bliss.

Praise to the Son, to whom a name above
All names is given ;

Praise to the Father and the Spirit of love,
From all in earth and Heaven.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS. *Mœrentes oculi spargite lachrymas.*

Now let us sit and weep,
And fill our hearts with woe ;
Pondering the shame, and torments deep,
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

See! how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh;
See! how they smite with buffets rude
That head divine of awful majesty:

How, bound with cruel cord,
Christ to the scourge is given ;
And ruffians lift their hands, unaw'd,
Against the King of kings and Lord of Heaven.

Hear it! ye people, hear!
Our good and gracious God,
Silent beneath the lash severe,
Stands with his sacred shoulders drench'd in blood.

O scene for tears ! but now
 The sinful race contrive
 A torment new : deep in his brow,
 With all their force the jagged thorns they drive.

Then roughly dragg'd to death,
 Christ on the Cross is slain ;
 And, as He dies, with parting breath,
 Into his Father's hands gives back his soul again.

To Him who so much bore,
 To gain for sinners grace,
 Be praise and glory evermore,
 From the whole universal human race.

MATINS. *Aspice infami Deus ipse ligno.*

See ! where in shame the God of glory hangs,
 All bathed in his own blood :
 See ! how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs
 Those hands so good.

Th' All Holy, as a minister of ill,
 Betwixt two thieves they place ;
 Oh, deed unjust ! yet such the cruel will
 Of Israel's race.

Pale grows his face, and fix'd his languid eye ;
 His wearied head He bends ;
 And rich in merits, forth with one loud cry
 His Spirit sends.

O heart more hard than iron ! not to weep
 At this ; thy sin it was
 That wrought his death ; of all these torments deep
 Thou art the cause.

Praise, honour, glory be through endless time
To th' everlasting God ;
Who wash'd away our deadly stains of crime
In his own Blood.

LAUDS. *Sævo dolorum turbine.*

O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend ;
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight ;
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart,
And wrapt her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro ;
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake ;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light ;
The midday heavens grow pale ;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for us his blood;
 Who died the victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.

Jesu! all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest!
 Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest.

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS.

VESP. AND MAT. *Exite Sion filiæ.*

Daughters of Sion! royal maids!
 Come forth to see the crown,
 Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
 Hath woven for her Son.

See! how amid his gory locks
 The jagged thorns appear;
 See! how his pallid countenance
 Foretells that death is near.

Oh, savage was the earth that bore
 Those thorns so sharp and long!
 Savage the hand that gather'd them
 To work this deadly wrong.

But now that Christ's redeeming Blood
 Hath tinged them with its dye,
 Fairer than roses they appear,
 Or palms of victory.

Jesu! the thorns which pierced thy brow
 Sprang from the seed of sin;
 Pluck ours, we pray thee, from our hearts,
 And plant thine own therein.

Praise, honour, to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son;
Praise to the spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Legis figuris pingitur.*

Christ's peerless Crown is pictured in
The figures of the Law ;—
The Ram entangled in the thorns;
The Bush which Moses saw;
The Rainbow girding round the ark;
The Table's crown of gold;
The Incense that in waving wreaths
Around the Altar roll'd.

Hail! Circlet dear! that didst the pangs
Of dying Jesus feel;
Thou dost the brightest gems outshine,
And all the stars excel.

Praise, honour, &c.

SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS IN LENT.

VESPERS. *Audi benigne Conditor.*

Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Searcher of hearts! Thou dost discern
Our ills, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
Again to us thy mercy show.

Much have we sinn'd; but we confess
 Our guilt, and all our faults deplore :
 Oh, for the praise of thy great Name,
 Our fainting souls to health restore !

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
 This mortal body to control,
 To fast from all the food of sin,
 And so to purify the soul.

Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest !
 Sole Unity ! to Thee we cry :
 Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
 To reap immortal fruit on high.

MATINS. *Ex more docti mystico.*

Now with the slow-revolving year,
 Again the Fast we greet ;
 Which in its mystic circle moves
 Of forty days complete ;

That Fast, by Law and Prophets taught,
 By Jesus Christ restored ;
 Jesus, of seasons and of times
 The Maker and the Lord.

Henceforth more sparing let us be
 Of food, of words, of sleep ;
 Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
 The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
 Distract the careless heart ;
 And let us shut our souls against
 The tyrant Tempter's art ;

And weep before the Judge, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to Him with contrite voice,
Upon our bended knees:

'Much have we sinn'd, O Lord! and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet look in pity from on high,
And of thy grace forgive.

Remember that we still are thine,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in thy wrath
The glory of thy name.

Undo past evil; grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in thy sight.

Blest Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

LAUDS. *O Sol salutis intimis.*

The darkness fleets, and joyful earth
Welcomes the newborn day;
Jesu, true Sun of human souls!
Shed in our souls thy ray.

Thou, who dost give the accepted time,
Give tears to purify,
Give flames of love to burn our hearts
As victims unto Thee.

That fountain, whence our sins have flow'd,
 Shall soon in tears distil,
 If but thy penitential grace
 Subdue the stubborn will.

The day is near when all re-blooms,
 Thy own blest day, O Lord ;
 We too would joy, by thy right hand
 To life's true path restored.

All glorious Trinity! to Thee
 Let earth's vast fabric bend ;
 And evermore from souls renew'd
 The Saints' new song ascend.

THE MOST HOLY SPEAR AND NAILS.

VESPERS. *Quænam lingua tibi, O lancea.*

What tongue, illustrious Spear, can duly sound
 Thy praise, in Heaven or earth?
 Thou, who didst open that life-giving wound,
 From whence the Church had birth.

From Adam, sunk in an ecstatic sleep,
 Came Eve divinely framed ;
 From Christ, his spouse ; when from that wound so deep
 The Blood and Water stream'd.

And equal thanks to you, blest Nails, whereby,
 Fast to the sacred Rood,
 Was clench'd the sentence dooming us to die,
 All blotted out in blood.

To Him who still retains in highest Heaven
 The wounds which here He bore,
 Be glory, with th' eternal Father, given,
 And Spirit evermore.

MATINS. *Salvete Clavi et Lancea.*

Hail, Spear and Nails! erewhile despised,
As things of little worth ;
Now crimson with the blood of Christ,
And famed through Heav'n and earth.

Chosen by Jewish perfidy
As instruments of sin,
God turn'd you into ministers
Of love and grace divine :

For from each several wound ye made
In that immortal frame,
As from a fount, celestial gifts
And life eternal came.

Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and Spear,
Let every knee adore ;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

LAUDS. *Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.*

Oh, turn those blessed points, all bathed
In Christ's dear Blood, on me ;
Mine were the sins that wrought his death,
Mine be the penalty.

Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart ;
So may some drop distil
Of Blood divine, into my soul,
And all its evils heal.

So shall my feet be slow to sin,
Harmless my hands shall be ;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.

Thee, Jesu, pierced, &c.

THE MOST HOLY WINDING-SHEET.

VESPERS. *Gloriam sacræ celebremus omnes.*

The glories of that sacred Winding-sheet
 Let every tongue record ;
 Which from the Cross received with honour meet
 The body of the Lord.

O dear Memorial! on which we see,
 In bloody stains impress'd,
 The form, sublime in awful majesty,
 Of our Redeemer blest.

How doth the grievous sight of thee recall
 Those dying throes to mind,
 Which Christ, compassionating Adam's fall,
 Endured for lost mankind!

His wounded side, his hands and feet pierced through,
 Mirror'd in thee appear ;
 His lacerated limbs, his gory brow,
 And thorn-entangled hair.

Ah ! who beholding these sad images,
 Can the big tears control?
 Can check the throbs of swelling grief that rise
 Up from his inmost soul ?

Jesu ! my sin it was that laid Thee low,
 And through thy death I live ;
 That life, which to thy torments sore I owe,
 Henceforth to Thee I give.

Glory to Him, who, to redeem us, bore
 Such bitter dying pains ;
 Who with th' eternal Father evermore,
 And Holy Spirit, reigns.

MATINS. *Mysterium mirabile.*

This day the wondrous mystery
Is set before our eyes,
Of Jesus stretch'd upon the Cross
In dying agonies.

Oh, deed of love! the Prince becomes
A Victim for his slave;
The sinner an acquittal finds,
The innocent a grave.

Whereof, in many a gory stain,
The traces still are found
On yonder Winding-sheet, which wrapp'd
The sacred body round.

Hail, trophies of our valiant Chief!
Hail, proofs of triumph won
Over the World, and Hell, and Death,
By God's Incarnate Son!

Be these the colours under which
From this time forth we fight,
Against the cruel Serpent's guile,
And all the powers of night.

So, dead to our old life, may we
A better life begin;
And through the Cross of Christ at length
Unto His Crown attain.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Jesu dulcis amor meus.*

Jesu! as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near;
And hanging o'er thy form divine,
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thine.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,
Upon this sacred Winding-sheet!

Hail, awful brow! hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, countenance now pale in death?
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

And hail to thee, my Saviour's side;
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide:
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes!

Oh, by those sacred hands and feet
For me so mangled! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

VESPERS. *Festivis resonent compita vocibus.*

Forth let the long procession stream,
And through the streets in order wend;
Let the bright waving line of torches gleam,
The solemn chant ascend.

While we, with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable Blood record,
Which, stretch'd on his hard Cross, from many a wound
The dying Jesus pour'd.

By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In this new Adam doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

For scarce the Father heard from Heaven
The cry of his expiring Son,
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,
And boundless pardon won.

Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood
Washeth, shall lose his every stain;
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

Only, run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
He, who assists thy course, will give thee soon
Th' incomparable prize.

Father supreme! vouchsafe that we,
For whom thine only Son was slain,
And whom thy Holy Ghost doth sanctify,
May to thy joys attain.

MATINS. *Ira justa Conditoris.*

He who once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With the stream of his own Blood,
Coming from his throne on high
On the painful Cross to die.

Blest with this all-saving shower,
Earth her beauty straight resumed;
In the place of thorns and briers,
Myrtles sprang, and roses bloom'd:
Bitter wormwood of the waste
Into honey changed its taste.

Scorpions ceased; the slimy serpent
Laid his deadly poison by;
Savage beasts of cruel instinct
Lost their wild ferocity;
Welcoming the gentle reign
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Oh, the wisdom of th' Eternal!
Oh, its depth, and height divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ doth shine!
Slaves we were condemned to die!
Our King pays the penalty!

When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May this Blood, in that dread hour,
Cry aloud, and plead our cause:
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of Salvation!
Lord of majesty supreme!
Jesu! praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem;
Who with the Father and the Spirit,
Reignest in eternal merit.

LAUDS. *Salvete Christi vulnera.*

Hail wounds! which through eternal years
The love of Jesus show;
Hail wounds! from whence unfailing streams
Of grace and glory flow.

More precious than the gems of Ind,
Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
Can once with you compare.

Through you is open'd to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Whither no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.

What countless stripes did Christ receive
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From his torn flesh how red a shower
Did all around Him fall!

How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce!
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce!

He bows his head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars;
Yet even after death his heart
For us its tribute pours.

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He drains;
Till for Himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye on whom abide
The deadly stains of sin!
Come! wash in this encrimson'd tide,
And ye shall be made clean.

Praise Him, who with the Father sits
 Enthroned upon the skies ;
 Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
 Whose Spirit sanctifies.

PASSION-SUNDAY.

VESPERS. *Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

Forth comes the Standard of the King :
 All hail, thou Mystery adored !
 Hail, Cross ! on which the Life Himself
 Died, and by death our life restored.

On which the Saviour's holy side,
 Rent open with a cruel spear,
 Its stream of blood and water pour'd,
 To wash us from defilement clear.

O sacred Wood ! fulfil'd in thee
 Was holy David's truthful lay ;
 Which told the world, that from a Tree
 The Lord should all the nations sway.

Most royally empurpled o'er,
 How beautifully thy stem doth shine !
 How glorious was its lot to touch
 Those limbs so holy and divine !

Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch'd
 The Saviour of the world reclined ;
 Balance sublime ! upon whose beam
 Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.

Hail, Cross ! thou only hope of man,
 Hail on this holy Passion-day !
 To saints increase the grace they have ;
 From sinners purge their guilt away.

Salvation's Fount, blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and skies :
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give ; Oh give us too the prize !

MATINS. *Pange lingua gloriosi.*

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory ;
Tell his triumph far and wide ;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of his Body crucified ;
How upon the Cross a Victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When his pitying Creator
Did this second Tree prepare ;
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed
When for sin He would atone ;
To the Serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

So when now at length the fulness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son who moulded all things
Left his Father's throne on high ;
From a Virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.

All within a lowly manger,
 Lo, a tender babe He lies !
 See his gentle Virgin mother
 Lull to sleep his infant cries !
 While the limbs of God Incarnate
 Round with swathing-bands she ties.

Honour, blessing everlasting
 To th' immortal Deity !
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Praise be paid co-equally !
 Glory through the earth and Heaven
 To Trinity in Unity !

LAUDS. *Lustra sex qui jam peregit.*

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
 In our mortal flesh attain :
 Then of his free choice He goeth
 To a death of bitter pain ;
 And as a lamb, upon the altar
 Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lo, with gall his thirst He quenches !
 See the thorns upon his brow !
 Nails his tender flesh are rending !
 See, his side is open'd now !
 Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
 Streams of blood and water flow.

Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches,
 To embrace thy sacred load ;
 Oh, relax the native tension
 Of that all too rigid wood ;
 Gently, gently bear the members
 Of thy dying King and God.

Tree, which solely wast found worthy
Earth's great Victim to sustain ;
Harbour from the raging tempest !
Ark, that saved the world again !
Tree, with sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Honour, blessing, &c.

EASTER-TIDE TO ASCENSION-DAY.

VESPERS. *Ad regias agni dapes.*

Now at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

O depth of love ! for us He drains
The chalice of his agony ;
For us a Victim on the Cross
He meekly lays Him down to die.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er :

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through ;
While for unleaven'd bread He asks
But heart sincere and purpose true.

Hail, purest Victim Heav'n could find,
The powers of Hell to overthrow !
Who didst the bonds of Death unbind ;
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

Breviary Hymns

Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King
 To Thee alone belongs the crown ;
 Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
 And cast the Prince of darkness down.

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

To God the Father, with the Son
 Who from the grave immortal rose,
 And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise,
 While age on endless ages flows.

MATINS. *Rex sempiternæ cœlitum.*

O Thou, the Heavens' eternal King
 Lord of the starry spheres !
 Who with the Father equal art
 From everlasting years :

All praise to thy most holy Name,
 Who, when the world began,
 Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
 In thine own image, Man.

And praise to Thee, who, when the Foe
 Had marr'd thy work sublime,
 Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould
 Our race a second time ;

When from the tomb new born, as from
 A Virgin born before,
 Thou raising us from death with Thee
 Didst us in Thee restore.

Eternal Shepherd ! who thy flock
In thy pure Font dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave ;

Jesu ! who to the Cross wast nail'd,
Our hopeless debt to pay ;
Jesu ! who lavishly didst pour
Thy blood for us away :

Oh, from the wretched death of sin
Keep us ; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born in Thee.

To God the Father, with the Son
Who from the grave arose,
And Thee. O Paraclete, be praise
While age on ages flows.

LAUDS. *Aurora cælum purpurat.*

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;
With alleluias rang the air ;
Earth held a glorious jubilee ;
Hell gnash'd its teeth in fierce despair :

When our most valiant mighty King
From death's abyss, in dread array,
Led the long-prison'd Fathers forth,
Into the beam of life and day :

When He, whom stone and seal and guard
Had safely to the tomb consign'd,
Triumphant rose, and buried Death
Deep in the grave He left behind.

‘Calm all your grief, and still your tears ;’
 Hark ! the descending angel cries ;
 ‘For Christ is risen from the dead,
 And Death is slain, no more to rise.’

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

To God the Father, with the Son
 Who from the grave immortal rose,
 And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
 While age on endless ages flows.

ASCENSION-DAY.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Salutis humanæ Sator.*

O Thou pure light of souls that love,
 True joy of every human breast,
 Sower of life’s immortal seed,
 Our Maker, and Redeemer blest !

What wondrous pity Thee o’ercame
 To make our guilty load thine own,
 And sinless suffer death and shame,
 For our transgressions to atone !

Thou, bursting Hades open wide,
 Didst all the captive souls unchain ;
 And thence to thy dread Father’s side
 With glorious pomp ascend again.

O still may pity Thee compel
 To heal the wounds of which we die ;
 And take us in thy Light to dwell,
 Who for thy blissful Presence sigh.

Be Thou our guide, be thou our goal ;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies ;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul ;
In death our everlasting prize.

MATINS. *Æterne Rex altissime.*

O Thou eternal King most high !
Who didst the world redeem ;
And conquering Death and Hell, receive
A dignity supreme.

Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
Didst to thy throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow
The Heav'n of Heav'ns, the earth beneath,
The realms of Hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
The changed estate of men ;
The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd ;
Man in the Godhead reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O Lord !
Our joy of joys while here we stay,
In Heav'n our great reward.

Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By thy celestial grace.

So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
 With thy angelic train,
 May we be saved from deadly doom
 And our lost crowns regain.

To Christ returning gloriously
 With victory to Heaven,
 Praise with the Father evermore
 And Holy Ghost be given.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

VESPERS. *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

Come, O Creator Spirit blest !
 And in our souls take up thy rest ;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Paraclete ! to Thee we cry :
 O highest gift of God most high !
 O fount of life ! O fire of love !
 And solemn Unction from above !

The sacred sevenfold grace is thine
 Dread Finger of the hand divine !
 The promise of the Father Thou !
 Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Our senses touch with light and fire ;
 Our hearts with charity inspire ;
 And, with endurance from on high
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far back our enemy repel,
 And let thy peace within us dwell,
 So may we having Thee for guide
 Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

O may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confess'd
Thyself of Each the Spirit blest.

To God the Father praise be paid,
Praise to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and perfect praise to Thee
O Holy Ghost eternally.

MATINS. *Jam Christus astra ascenderit.*

Above the starry spheres
To where He was before
Christ had gone up, soon from on high
The Father's gift to pour ;

And now had fully come,
On mystic cycle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn :

When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaim'd
The God of glory near.

Forthwith a tongue of fire
Alights on every brow ;
Each breast receives the Father's light.
The Word's enkindling glow.

The Holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpour'd ;
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the Lord.

Breviary Hymns

While strangers of all climes
 Flock round from far and near,
 And with amazement, each at once
 Their native accents hear.

But faithless still, the Jews
 Deny the hand divine;
 And madly jeer the Saints of Christ,
 As drunk with new-made wine.

Till Peter in the midst
 Stood up, and spake aloud ;
 And their perfidious falsity
 By Joel's witness shew'd.

Praise to the Father be !
 Praise to the Son who rose !
 Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
 While age on ages flows !

LAUDS. *Beata nobis gaudia.*

Again the slowly circling year
 Brings round the blessed hour,
 When on the Saints the Paraclete
 Came down in grace and power.

In fashion of a fiery tongue
 On each and all He came ;
 Their lips with eloquence He strung,
 And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Straightway with divers tongues they speak,
 Instinct with grace divine ;
 While wond'ring crowds the cause mistake,
 And deem them drunk with wine.

These things were mystically wrought,
The Paschal time complete,
When Israel's Law remission brought
Of every legal debt.

God of all grace ! to Thee we pray,
To Thee adoring bend ;
Into our hearts this sacred day
Thy Spirit's fulness send.

Thou, who in ages past didst pour
Thy graces from above,
Thy grace in us where lost restore,
And stablish peace and love.

All glory to the Father be ;
And to the Son who rose ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While age on ages flows.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

VESPERS. *Jam Sol recedit igneus.*

Now doth the fiery sun decline :—
Thou, Unity eternal ! shine ;
Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise ;
To Thee our voice at eve we raise ;
Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.

MATINS. *Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

O Thou eternal Source of love !
 Ruler of nature's scheme !
 In Substance One, in Persons Three !
 Omniscient and Supreme !

Be nigh to us when we arise ;
 And, at the break of day,
 With wakening body wake the soul,
 Her meed of praise to pay.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to th' eternal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, co-equally,
 While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Tu Trinitatis Unitas.*

O Thou ! who dost all nature sway,
 Dread Trinity in Unity !
 Accept the trembling praise we pour
 To thy eternal Majesty.

The star that heraldeth the dawn
 Is slowly fading in the skies ;
 The darkness melts ;—O Thou true light !
 Upon our darken'd souls arise.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to the sole-begotten Son,
 And Holy Ghost co-equally,
 While everlasting ages run.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

VESPERS. *Pange lingua gloriosi.*

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of his Flesh the mystery sing ;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow ;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with his chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command ;
Then, as Food to his Apostles
Gives Himself with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By his word to Flesh He turns ;
Wine into his Blood He changes :—
What though sense no change discerns ?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

[*Tantum ergo sacramentum.*]

Down in adoration falling,
Ló ! the sacred Host we hail ;
Lo ! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail ;
Faith, for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father,
 And the Son who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from Each eternally,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Might, and endless majesty.

MATINS. *Sacris solemnibus juncta sint gaudia.*

Let old things pass away ;
 Let all be fresh and bright ;
 And welcome we with hearts renew'd
 This feast of new delight.

Upon this hallow'd eve
 Christ with his brethren ate,
 Obedient to the olden law,
 The Pasch before Him set.

Which done,—Himself entire,
 The true Incarnate God,
 Alike on each, alike on all,
 His sacred hands bestow'd.

He gave his Flesh ; He gave
 His precious Blood ; and said,
 ' Receive, and drink ye all of this,
 For your salvation shed.'

Thus did the Lord appoint
 This Sacrifice sublime,
 And made his Priests its ministers
 Through all the bounds of time.

Farewell to types ! Henceforth
 We feed on Angels' food :
 The slave—oh, wonder !—eats the Flesh
 Of his Incarnate God !

O Blessed Three in One !
Visit our hearts, we pray ;
And lead us on through thine own paths
To thy eternal Day.

LAUDS. *Verbum supernum prodiens.*

The Word, descending from above,
Though with the Father still on high,
Went forth upon his work of love,
And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.

He shortly to a death accursed
By a disciple shall be given ;
But, to his twelve disciples, first
He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.

Himself in either kind He gave ;
He gave his Flesh, He gave his Blood ;
Of flesh and blood all men are made ;
And He of man would be the Food.

At birth our brother He became ;
At meat Himself as food He gives ;
To ransom us He died in shame ;
As our reward, in bliss He lives.

[*O salutaris Hostia.*]

O saving Victim ! opening wide
The gate of Heav'n to man below !
Sore press our foes from every side ;
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

To thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three !
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land, with Thee !

THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

VESPERS. *Auctor beate sæculi.*

Jesu, Creator of the world !
 Of all mankind Redeemer blest !
 True God of God ! in whom we see
 The Father's Image clear express'd !
 Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd
 To make our mortal flesh thine own ;
 And as a second Adam come,
 For the first Adam to atone.
 That selfsame love, which made the sky,
 Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,
 Took pity on our misery,
 And broke the bondage of our birth.
 O Jesu ! in thy heart divine
 May that same love for ever glow ;
 For ever mercy to mankind
 From that exhaustless fountain flow.
 For this, thy sacred heart was pierced,
 And both with blood and water ran ;
 To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
 And be the hope and strength of man.
 To God the Father, and the Son,
 All praise, and power, and glory be ;
 With Thee, O Spirit Paraclete,
 All through the long eternity.

MATINS. *En ut superba criminum.*

Lo ! how the savage crew
 Of our proud sins hath rent
 The Heart of our all-gracious God,
 That Heart so innocent !

The soldier's quivering lance
Our guilt it was that drave,
Our wicked deeds that to its point
Such cruel sharpness gave.

O wounded Heart ! whence sprang
The Church, the Saviour's Bride ;
Thou Door of our Salvation's Ark
Set in its mystic side !

Thou holy Fount ! whence flows
The sacred sevenfold flood,
Where we our filthy robes may cleanse
In the Lamb's saving blood :

By sorrowful relapse,
Thee will we rend no more ;
But like thy flames, those types of love,
Strive Heavenward to soar.

Father and Son supreme !
And Spirit ! hear our cry ;
Whose is the kingdom, praise, and power,
Through all eternity.

LAUDS. *Cor arca legem continens.*

Ark of the Covenant ! not that
Whence bondage came of old ;
But that of pure forgiving grace
And mercies manifold,

Thou Veil of awful mystery !
Thou Sanctuary sublime !
Thou sacred Temple, holier far
Than that of olden time !

Blest Heart of Christ ! in thy dear wound
 The hidden depth we see,
 Of what were else unguess'd by us,—
 His boundless charity.

Beneath this emblem of pure love,
 'Twas Love Himself that died,
 And offer'd up Himself for us,
 A Victim crucified.

Oh, who of his redeem'd will Him
 Their mutual love refuse ?
 Who would not rather in that heart
 Their home eternal choose ?

To God the Father, with the Son,
 And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Be honour, glory, virtue, power,
 Through all eternity.

FROM ANOTHER OFFICE OF THE SAME
 FEAST.

VESP. AND MAT. . *Quicumque certum quæritis.*

All ye who seek a comfort sure
 In trouble and distress,
 Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
 Or guilt the soul oppress :

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
 Upon the Cross to die,
 Opens to you his sacred Heart,—
 Oh, to that Heart draw nigh !

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
 Ye hear his words so blest ;—
 ' All ye that labour, come to Me,
 And I will give you rest.'

What meeker than the Saviour's Heart?—
As on the Cross He lay,
It did his murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

O Heart ! thou joy of Saints on high !
Thou Hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow.

LAUDS. *Summi Parentis filio.*

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his Heart for us
The wound of love He bore ;
That love, wherewith He still inflames
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu ! Victim blest !
What else but love divine,
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred Heart of thine ?

O Fount of endless life !
O Spring of waters clear !
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in thy dear Heart,
 For thither do I fly;
 There seek thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
 And sole-begotten Son;
 Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.

III.—HYMNS SPECIAL TO SAINTS.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME. JAN. 18.

VESP. AND MAT. *Quodcunque in orbe.*

Peter, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,
 The same is bound above the starry sky;
 What here thy delegated power doth loose,
 Is loos'd in Heaven's supremest court on high;
 To judgment shalt thou come, when the world's end is nigh.

Praise to the Father through all ages be;
 Praise to the consubstantial sovereign Son,
 And Holy Ghost, One glorious Trinity;
 To whom all majesty and might belong;
 So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.

LAUDS. *Beate Pastor Petre clemens accipe.*

Peter, blest Shepherd! hearken to our cry,
 And with a word unloose our guilty chain;
 Thou! who hast power to ope the gates on high
 To men below, and power to shut them fast again.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given ;
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways
Eternally alike all things in earth and Heaven.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

JAN. 25.

VESP. AND MAT. *Egregie doctor Paule.*

Lead us, great teacher Paul, in wisdom's ways,
And lift our hearts with thine to Heaven's high throne ;
Till Faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,
And sunlike in the soul reigns Charity alone.

Praise, blessing, &c.

ST. MARTINA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR. JAN. 30.

VESPERS. *Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini.*

Lift to the skies, great Rome, Martina's name,
Her triumph celebrate with glad accord ;
Martina, high in merit, Virgin blest,
And martyr of her Lord.

Beauty and youth, the joys of happy home,
Ancestral palaces, and noble birth ;
All these were hers,—all these, for Jesu's sake,
She counted nothing worth.

Her wealth among the poor of Christ she shares,
Intent on seeking better wealth above ;
Herself she gives to her immortal King,
Too happy in his love.

Expel false worldly joys ; and fill us, Lord,
With thy irradiating beam divine ;
Who with thy suffering martyrs present art,
Great Godhead one and trine.

MATINS. *Non illam crucians unguia non feræ.*

The agonizing hooks, the rending scourge,
Shook not the dauntless spirit in her breast ;
With torments rack'd, Angels her fainting flesh
Recruit with heavenly feast.

In vain they cast her to the ravening beasts ;
Calm at her feet the lion crouches down :
Till smitten by the sword at length she goes
To her immortal crown.

Now with the Saints Martina reigns in bliss ;
And, where Idolatry sate throned of yore,
From her victorious altar praise and prayer
With odorous incense soar.

Expel false worldly joys, &c.

LAUDS. *Tu natale solum protege, tu bonæ.*

Protect thy native City, Spirit blest !
And give to Christendom sweet days of peace ;
Bid the shrill trumpet, and the shock of war,
Within her realms to cease.

And gathering her kings beneath the Cross,
Regain Jerusalem from our proud foe ;
Avenge the innocent blood and the proud strength
Of Islam overthrow.

O Pillar and defence of thine own Rome !
Her boast, her crown, her glory, and her praise !
This day thy memory she keeps ;—accept
The solemn rite she pays.

Expel false worldly joys, &c.

ST. GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL. MARCH 18.

VESP. AND MAT. *Christe, sanctorum decus.*

O Christ ! the beauty of the angel worlds !
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest !
Grant us one day to reach those bright abodes
And in thy glory rest.

Angel of Peace ! thou, Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell ;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native Hell.

Angel of Strength ! thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign ;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revisit once again.

And Raphael, Physician of the soul,—
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,
To heal our sicknesses, and guide for us
Each dubious course aright.

Thou too, fair virgin Daughter of the skies !
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace ! descend ;
Bringing with thee the radiant Court of Heav'n,
To aid us and defend.

This grace on us bestow, O Father blest ;
And thou, O Son by an eternal birth :
With Thee, from Both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth.

ST. JOSEPH. MARCH 19.

VESPERS. *Te Joseph celebrent agmina cœlitum.*

Joseph, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride,
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,
Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung ;
Through all the realms of light.

Thee, when amazed concern for thy betrothed
 Had fill'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,
 An Angel visited, and, with blest words,
 Scatter'd thy fears away.

Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born ;
 With Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee ;
 Him in Jerusalem did seek and find ;
 Oh grief, oh joy for thee !

Not until after death their blissful crown
 Others obtain ; but unto thee was given,
 In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God,
 As do the blest in Heaven.

Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
 Unto the starry mansions to attain ;
 There, with glad tongues, thy praise to celebrate
 In one eternal strain.

MATINS. *Cœlitum Joseph decus atque nostræ.*

Joseph ! our certain hope below !
 Glory of earth and Heaven !
 Thou Pillar of the world ! to thee
 Be praise immortal given.

Thee, as Salvation's minister,
 The mighty Maker chose ;
 As Foster-father of the Word ;
 As Mary's spotless Spouse.

With joy thou sawest Him new born,
 Of whom the Prophets sang ;
 Him in a manger didst adore,
 From whom Creation sprang.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Ruler of sky and sea,
Whom Heaven, and Earth, and Hell obey,
Was subject unto thee.

Praise to the sacred Trine who thee
So glorifies on high,
And for thy merits' sake may we
Be sharers in thy joy.

LAUDS. *Iste quem læti colimus fideles.*

Worshipp'd throughout the Church to earth's far ends
With prayer and solemn rite,
Joseph this day triumphantly ascends
Into the realms of light.

Oh, blest beyond the lot of mortal men !
O'er whose last dying sigh,
Christ and the Virgin Mother watch'd serene,
Soothing his agony.

Loosed from his fleshly chain, gently he fleets
As in calm sleep away ;
And diadem'd with light, enters the seats
Of everlasting day.

There throned in pow'r, let us his loving aid
With fervent prayers implore ;
So may he gain us pardon in our need,
And peace for evermore.

Glory and praise to Thee, blest Trinity !
One only God and Lord,
Who to thy faithful ones unfaillingly
Their aureoles dost award.

THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE B. V. MARY.

VESPERS. *Stabat Mater dolorosa.*

At the Cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
 Close to Jesus to the last ·
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
 All his bitter anguish bearing,
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
 Was that Mother highly blest
 Of the sole-begotten One !
 Christ above in torment hangs ;
 She beneath beholds the pangs
 Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
 Whelm'd in miseries so deep
 Christ's dear Mother to behold ?
 Can the human heart refrain
 From partaking in her pain,
 In that Mother's pain untold ?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
 She beheld her tender Child
 All with bloody scourges rent ;
 For the sins of his own nation,
 Saw Him hang in desolation,
 Till his Spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother ! fount of love !
 Touch my spirit from above,
 Make my heart with thine accord :
 Make me feel as thou hast felt ;
 Make my soul to glow and melt
 With the love of Christ my Lord.

MATINS. *Sancta Mater istud agas.*

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.
Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

LAUDS. *Virgo virginum præclara.*

Virgin of all virgins best!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine;
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.
Wounded with his every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd
In his very blood away;
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In his awful Judgment day.
Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be thy Mother my defence,
Be thy Cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

ST. HERMENEGILD, MARTYR. AP. 13.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Regali solio fortis.*

Glory of Iberia's throne !
 Joy of Martyr'd Saints above !
 Who the crown of life have won,
 Dying for their Saviour's love :

What intrepid faith was thine
 In thy every thought and deed !
 Bent to do the will divine
 Wheresoever it might lead.

Every rising motion check'd
 Which might lead thy heart astray ;
 How thou didst thy course direct
 Whither virtue shew'd the way !

Honour, glory, blessing, praise,
 To the Father, and the Son,
 With the Spirit, through all days,
 While eternal ages run.

MATINS. *Nullis te genitor blanditiis trahit.*

From the Truth thy soul to turn,
 Pleads a father's voice in vain ;
 Nought to thee were jewell'd crown,
 Earthly pleasure, earthly gain.

Angry threat and naked sword
 Daunted not thy courage high ;
 Choosing glory with the Lord,
 Rather than a present joy.

Now amid the Saints in light,
Throned in bliss for evermore ;—
Oh! from thy exalted height,
Hear the solemn prayer we pour.

Honour, glory, &c.

APPARITION OF ST. MICHAEL. MAY 8.

VESP. AND MAT. *Te splendor et virtus.*

O Jesu! life-spring of the soul!
The Father's Power, and Glory bright!
Thee with the Angels we extol;
From Thee they draw their life and light.

Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

He in that Sign the rebel powers
Did with their Dragon Prince expel;
And hurl'd them from the Heaven's high towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.

Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

To God the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be;
With Thee, O blessed Paraclete,
Henceforth through all eternity.

[*Within the Octave of the Ascension.*]

Glory to Jesus, who returns
 In pomp triumphant to the sky,
 To Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally.

ST. VENANTIUS, MARTYR. MAY 18.

VESPERS. *Martyr Dei Venantius.*

Unconquer'd Martyr of his God!
 Camertium's light, her joy and prize!
 Venantius triumphs o'er his judge,
 And in victorious torment dies.

A boy in years,—when chains nor scourge
 Nor dungeon could his soul subdue;
 To lions with long hunger fierce
 At last the tender youth they threw.

But oh, what power hath innocence
 The fiercest nature to assuage!
 The lions crouch to lick his feet,
 Forget their hunger and their rage.

Then downwards held in thickest smoke,
 They make him drink the stifling stream;
 While underneath slow torches sear
 His naked breast and side with flame.

To Thee, O Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, glory be;
 Oh, grant us, through thy Martyr's prayer,
 Pure joys of immortality.

MATINS. *Athleta Christi nobilis.*

Noble Champion of the Lord!
Arm'd against idolatry!
In thy fervent zeal for God,
Death had nought of fear for thee.

Bound with thongs, thy youthful form
Down the rugged steep they tear;
Jagged rock and rending thorn
All thy tender flesh lay bare.

Spent with toil, the savage crew
Fainting sinks with deadly thirst;—
Thou the Cross dost sign; and lo!
From the rock the waters burst.

Saintly Warrior Prince! who thus
Thy tormentors couldst forgive;—
Shed the dew of grace on us,
Bid our fainting spirits live.

Praise to Thee, dread Trinity,
Father, Son, and Spirit blest!
Through thy Martyr's prayer may we
Joys of life eternal taste.

LAUDS. *Dum nocte pulsa Lucifer.*

The golden star of morn
Is climbing in the sky;
The birth-day of Venantius
Awakes the Church to joy.

His native land in depths
Of Pagan darkness lay;
He o'er her guilty regions pour'd
The dawn of Heavenly day;

When in the gracious stream
 He did her sons baptize,
 Transmitting those who came to slay
 As martyrs to the skies.

With Angels now he shares
 Delights that never cease;--
 Look down on us, O Spirit blest,
 And send us gifts of peace.

All honour, glory, praise,
 Blest Trinity, to Thee ;
 Oh, grant us through thy martyr's prayer
 Joys of eternity.

THE B. V. MARY, THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

MAY 24.

VESP. AND MAT. *Sæpe dum Christi.*

Ofttimes, when hemm'd around by hostile arms,
 The Christian people lay all sore dismay'd,
 Faith's eye hath traced the Virgin gliding down,
 To lend her loving aid.

So speak the monuments of olden time,
 And shrines that bright with votive spoils appear ;
 So speak the Festivals in her sweet praise,
 Returning year by year.

Now for new mercies a new song ascends,
 While with our Lady's ensigns all unfurl'd,
 Rome in procession long high triumph holds,
 And with great Rome the world.

Oh, happy day ! on which Saint Peter's throne
 Receives the Faith's great Ruler back again ;
 Returning from his banishment, in peace
 O'er Christendom to reign.

Ye youths and maidens, priests and people all !
Pour out your grateful hearts on this glad day,
Striving with all your strength, to Heaven's high Queen
Her well-earn'd praise to pay.

Virgin of Virgins ! Jesu's Mother blest !
Add yet another mercy to the past ;
And help our Pastor all his flock to lead
Safe into Heaven at last.

To Thee, great Trinity, be endless praise,
Blessing, and majesty, and glory due ;
To Thee may we our hearts and voices raise,
All the long ages through.

LAUDS. *Te Redemptoris Dominique nostri.*

Mother of our Lord and Saviour !
First in beauty as in power !
Glory of the Christian nations !
Ready help in trouble's hour !

Though the gates of Hell against us
With profoundest fury rage ;
Though the ancient Foe assault us,
And his fiercest battle wage ;

Nought can hurt the pure in spirit,
Who upon thine aid rely ;
At thy hand secure of gaining
Strength and mercy from on high.

Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,—
Though a thousand hosts combine,
All must fall or flee before us,
Scatter'd by an arm divine.

Firm as once on holy Sion,
David's tower rear'd its height ;
With a glorious rampart girded,
And with glistening armour bright :

So th' Almighty's Virgin Mother
 Stands in strength for evermore;
 From Satanic hosts defending
 All who her defence implore.

Through the long unending ages,
 Blessed Trinity, to Thee!
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!
 Praise and perfect glory be.

ST. JULIANA FALCONIERI, VIRGIN. JUNE 19.

VESP. AND MAT. *Cælestis Agni nuptias.*

To be the Lamb's celestial bride
 Is Juliana's one desire;
 For this she quits her father's home,
 And leads the sacred virgin choir.

By day, by night, she mourns her Spouse
 Nail'd to the Cross, with ceaseless tears;
 Till in herself, through very grief,
 The image of that Spouse appears.

Like Him, all wounds, she kneels transfix'd
 Before the Virgin Mother's shrine;
 And still the more she weeps, the more
 Mounts up the flame of love divine.

That love so deep the Lord repaid
 His handmaid on her dying bed;
 When with the Food of heavenly life
 By miracle her soul He fed.

All glory, O Creator Sire,
 O sole-begotten Son divine,
 And co-eternal Paraclete,
 One only Lord and God, be thine.

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. JUNE 24.

VESPERS. *Ut queant laxis resonare fibris.*

Unloose, great Baptist, our sin-fetter'd lips ;
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
Thy deeds of mighty fame !

Oh, lot sublime ! an angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire ; while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.

Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the angel's word ;
But thou on thine eighth day dost re-attune
For him the vocal chord.

No marvel ; since yet cloister'd in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired ;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fired.

Glory immortal to the Father be,
Praise to the sole-begotten sovereign Son,
With Thee, coequal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run.

MATINS. *Antra deserti teneris sub annis.*

In caves of the lone wilderness thy youth
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,
So the pure treasure of thy soul to guard
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment ; the hard rock a bed supplied ;
The stream thy thirst, locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied.

Oh, blest beyond the Prophets of old time !
 They of the Saviour sang that was to be :
 Him present to announce, and shew to all,
 Thy God reserved for thee !

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
 Born holier than John ; to whom was given
 The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize,
 And ope the door of Heaven.

Glory immortal, &c.

LAUDS. *O nimis felix meritique celsi.*

O blessed Saint, of snow-white purity !
 Dweller in wastes forlorn !
 O mightiest of the Martyr host on high !
 Greatest of Prophets born !

Of all the diadems that on the brows
 Of Saints celestial shine,
 Not one with brighter, purer, halo glows,
 In Heaven's high Court, than thine.

Oh! then on us a tender, pitying gaze
 Cast from thy glory's throne ;
 Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged ways,
 And break our hearts of stone.

So may the world's Redeemer find us meet
 To offer Him a place,
 Where He may deign to set his sacred feet,
 Coming with gifts of grace.

Praise in the Heav'ns to Thee, O First and Last,
 The Trine eternal God !
 Spare, Jesu, spare thy people, whom Thou hast
 Redeem'd with thine own blood.

SS. PETER AND PAUL THE APOSTLES. JUNE 29.

VESPERS. *Decora lux æternitatis auream:*

Bathed in eternity's all-beauteous beam,
And opening into Heav'n a path sublime,
Welcome the golden day! that heralds in
The Apostolic Chiefs, whose glory fills all time!
Peter and Paul, the Fathers of great Rome!
Now sitting in the Senate of the skies!
One by the Cross, the other by the Sword,
Sent to their thrones on high, and life's eternal prize.
O happy Rome! whom that most glorious blood
For ever consecrates while ages flow;
Thou, thus empurpled, art more beautiful
Than all that doth appear most beautiful below.
Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who, in pure Unity, profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and Heaven.

ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL. JULY 8.

VESP. AND MAT. *Domare cordis impetus.*

Pure, meek, with soul serene,
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
Her God, than reign a queen.
Now far above our sight,
Enthroned upon the star-paved azure height,
She reigns in realms of light;
So long as time shall flow,
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
The good that power can do.

To God, the Sire and Son
 And Paraclete, be glory, Trine in One,
 While endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Opes decusque regium reliqueras.*

Riches and regal throne, for Christ's dear sake,
 True Saint, thou didst despise ;
 Amid the Angels seated now in bliss,
 Oh, help us from the skies !

Guide us ; and fill our days with perfume sweet
 Of loving word and deed ;
 So teaches us thy beauteous charity
 By fragrant roses hid.

O charity ! what power is thine ! by thee
 Above the stars we soar ;
 In thee be purest praise to Father, Son,
 And Spirit, evermore.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. JULY 22.

VESPERS. *Pater superni luminis.*

Father of lights ! one glance of Thine,
 Whose eyes the Universe control,
 Fills Magdalene with holy love,
 And melts the ice within her soul.

Her precious ointment forth she brings,
 Upon those sacred feet to pour ;
 She washes them with burning tears ;
 And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

Impassion'd to the Cross she clings ;
 Nor fears beside the tomb to stay ;
 Nought of its ruffian guard she recks,
 For love has cast all fear away.

O Christ, thou very Love itself !
Blest hope of man, through Thee forgiven !
So touch our spirits from above,
So purify our souls for Heaven.

To God the Father with the Son
And Holy Paraclete, with thee,
As evermore hath been before,
Be glory through eternity.

MATINS. *Maria castis osculis.*

His sacred feet with tears of agony
She bathes ; and prostrate on the ground adores ;
Steeps them in kisses chaste, and wipes them dry
With her own hair ; then forth her precious ointment pours.

Praise in the highest to the Father be ;
Praise to the mighty coeternal Son ;
And praise, O Spirit Paraclete, to Thee,
While ages evermore of endless ages run.

LAUDS. *Summi Parentis Unice.*

Son of the Highest ! deign to cast
On us a pitying eye ;
Thou, who repentant Magdalene
Didst call to endless joy.

Again the royal treasury
Receives its long-lost coin ;
The gem is found, and, cleansed from mire,
Doth all the stars outshine.

O Jesu ! balm of every wound !
The sinner's only stay !
Wash Thou in Magdalene's pure tears
Our guilty spots away.

Mother of God! the sons of Eve
 Weeping thine aid implore :
 Oh! land us from the storms of life,
 Safe on th' eternal shore.

Glory, for graces manifold,
 To the one only Lord ;
 Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,
 Whose bounty doth reward.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS. AUG. 1.

VESPERS. *Miris modis repente liber ferrea.*

The Lord commands ; and, lo, his iron chains,
 Falling from Peter, the behest obey :
 Peter, blest shepherd ! who, to verdant plains,
 And life's immortal springs, from day to day,
 Leads on his tender charge, driving all wolves away.

Praise to the Father, through all ages be ;
 Praise, blessing to the coeternal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, One glorious Trinity ;
 To whom all majesty and might belong ;
 So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD. AUG. 6.

VESP. AND MAT. *Quicumque Christum.*

All ye who seek, in hope and love,
 For your dear Lord, look up above !
 Where, traced upon the azure sky,
 Faith may a glorious form descry.

Lo! on the trembling verge of light
A something all divinely bright!
Immortal, infinite, sublime!
Older than chaos, space, or time!

Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!
All hail, O Israel's King adored!
To Abraham sworn in ages past,
And to his seed while earth shall last.

To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father doth declare,
That all who would his glory see,
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

LAUDS. *Lux alma Jesu mentium.*

Light of the soul, O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!
How sweet in Heav'n thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below!

O Light of Light celestial!
O Charity ineffable!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.

To Jesus, from the proud, &c.

THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE B. V. MARY.

VESPERS. *O quot undis lachrymarum.*

What a sea of tears and sorrow
 Did the soul of Mary toss
 To and fro upon its billows,
 While she wept her bitter loss ;
 In her arms her Jesus holding,
 Torn so newly from the Cross !
 O that mournful Virgin Mother !
 See her tears how fast they flow
 Down upon his mangled body,
 Wounded side, and thorny brow ;
 While his hands and feet she kisses,—
 Picture of immortal woe !

Oft and oft his arms and bosom
 Fondly straining to her own ;
 Oft her pallid lips imprinting
 On each wound of her dear Son ;
 Till in one last kiss of anguish
 All her melting soul is gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
 By thy tears and trouble sore ;
 By the death of thy dear Offspring ;
 By the bloody wounds He bore ;
 Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
 Which afflicted thee of yore.

To the Father everlasting,
 And the Son, who reigns on high,
 With the coeternal Spirit,
 Trinity in Unity,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Now and through eternity.

MATINS. *Jam toto subditus vesper eat polo.*

Come, darkness, spread o'er Heav'n thy pall,
And hide, O sun, thy face ;
While we that bitter death recall,
With all its dire disgrace.

And thou, with tearful cheek, wast there ;
But with a heart of steel,
Mary, thou didst his moanings hear,
And all his torments feel.

He hung before thee crucified ;
His flesh with scourgings rent ;
His bloody gashes gaping wide ;
His strength and spirit spent.

Thou his dishonour'd countenance,
And racking thirst, didst see ;
By turns the gall, the sponge, the lance,
Were agony to thee.

Yet still erect in majesty,
Thou didst the sight sustain ;—
Oh, more than Martyr ! not to die
Amid such cruel pain !

Praise to the blessed Three in One ;
And be that courage mine,
Which, sorrowing o'er her only Son,
Did in the Virgin shine !

LAUDS. *Summæ Deus clementiæ.*

God, in whom all grace doth dwell !
Grant us grace to ponder well
On the Virgin's Dolours seven ;
On the wounds to Jesus given.

May the tears which Mary pour'd
Gain us pardon of the Lord ;—
Tears excelling in their worth
All the penances of earth.

May the contemplation sore
Of the five wounds Jesus bore,
Source to us of blessings be,
Through a long eternity.

To the Incarnate Son who died
For his servants crucified,
Praise be rendered, with the Sire
And the Spirit Sanctifier.

THE MOST HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS. OCT. 2.

VESP. AND MAT. *Custodes hominum psallimus.*

Praise we those ministers celestial
Whom the dread Father chose
To be defenders of our nature frail,
Against our scheming foes.

For, since that from his glory in the skies
Th' Apostate Angel fell,
Burning with envy, evermore he tries
To drown our souls in Hell.

Then hither, watchful Spirit, bend thy wing,
Our country's Guardian blest !
Avert her threatening ills ; expel each thing
That hindereth her rest.

Praise to the trinal Majesty, whose strength
This mighty fabric sways ;
Whose glory reigns beyond the utmost length
Of everlasting days.

LAUDS. *Æterne Rector siderum.*

Ruler of the dread immense !
Maker of this mighty frame !
Whose eternal Providence
Guides it, as from Thee it came !
Prone before thy face we bend ;
Hear our supplicating cries ;
And thy light celestial send,
With the freshly dawning skies.
King of kings ! and Lord most high !
This of thy dear love we pray,—
May thy Guardian Angel nigh
Keep us from all sin this day.
May he crush the deadly wiles
Of the envious Serpent's art,
Ever spreading cunning toils
Round about the thoughtless heart.
May he scatter ruthless war,
Ere to this our land it come ;
Plague and famine drive afar ;
Fix securely peace at home.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One eternal Trinity !
Guard by thy Angelic host
Us, who put our trust in Thee.

MATERNITY OF THE B. V. MARY.

MATINS. **Cælo Redemptor prætulit.*

The Saviour left high Heav'n to dwell
Within the Virgin's womb ;
And there array'd Himself in flesh,
Our Victim to become.

She unto us divinely bore
 Salvation's King and God ;
 Who died for us upon the Cross,
 Who saves us in his blood :
 She too our joyful hope shall be,
 And drive away all fears ;
 Offering for us to her dear Son
 Our contrite sighs and tears.
 That Son—He hears his Mother's prayer,
 And grants, ere it be said ;
 Be ours to love her, and invoke
 In every strait her aid.
 Praise to the glorious Trinity,
 While endless times proceed ;
 Who in that bosom pure of stain
 Sow'd such immortal seed.

LAUDS. *Te Mater alma Numinis.*

Mother of Almighty God !
 Suppliant at thy feet we pray ;
 Shelter us from Satan's fraud,
 Safe beneath thy wing this day.
 'Twas by reason of our Fall,
 In our first Forefather's crime,
 That the mighty Lord of all
 Raised thee to thy rank sublime.
 Oh then upon Adam's race
 Look thou with a pitying eye ;
 And entreat of Jesus grace,
 Till He lay his anger by.
 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

PURITY OF THE B. V. MARY.

VESPERS. *Præclara custos virginum.*

Blest Guardian of all virgin souls !
Portal of bliss to man forgiven !
Pure Mother of Almighty God !
Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven !
Fair Lily, found amid the thorns !
Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold !
Rod from whose tender root upsprang
That healing Flower long since foretold !
Thou Tower, against the dragon proof !
Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear !
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep ;
Thine be the light by which we steer.
Scatter the mists that round us hang ;
Keep far the fatal shoals away ;
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.
O Jesu, born of Virgin bright !
Immortal glory be to Thee ;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

MATINS. *O stella Jacob fulgida.*

Star of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine !
Mid the happy stars of Heaven
Glows no purer ray than thine.
All in stoles of snowy brightness,
Unto thee the Angels sing ;
Unto thee the virgin choirs,
Mother of th' eternal King !

Joyful in thy path they scatter
 Roses white and lilies fair ;
 Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,
 Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh ! that this low earth of ours,
 Answering th' angelic strain,
 With thy praises might re-echo,
 Till the Heav'ns replied again.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

ST. TERESA, VIRGIN. OCT. 15.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Regis superni nuntia.*

Dear Herald of our King ! thou didst
 Thy home in childhood leave ;
 Intending to barbaric lands
 Christ or thy blood to give.

But thee a sweeter death awaits ;
 A nobler fate is thine ;
 Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts,
 To die of love divine !

Victim of perfect charity !
 Our souls with love inspire ;
 And save the nations of thy charge
 From everlasting fire.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, be ;
 Praise to the blessed Three in One,
 Through all eternity.

MATINS. *Hæc est dies qua candidæ.*

This day, beneath the form
Of a pure snow-white dove,
Teresa's unbound spirit sought
The Sanctuary above ;
And heard the Bridegroom's voice,—
' Sister from Carmel come ;
Come to the marriage of the Lamb,
To thy eternal home.'
Spouse of the Virgin choir !
Let all the blest adore
Thee, Jesu ! and in nuptial songs
Extol Thee evermore.

ST. JOHN CANTIUS, CONFESSOR. OCT. 20.

VESPERS. *Gentis Polonæ gloria.*

O glory and high boast
Of Poland's ancient race !
True father of thy fatherland !
True minister of grace !
'Twas thine the law of God
To preach, and to obey ;
Oh, pray that we obedient be ;
Nor from its precepts stray !
To th' Apostolic shrines
A pilgrim oft wast thou ;
Oh guide aright, through this dark night,
Our pilgrimage below !
Thou to Jerusalem
Didst go for love, and there
The traces of thy Lord adore,
And wash with many a tear :

Breviary Hymns

O sacred wounds of Christ!
 Deep in our hearts remain!
 May we through you the promise true
 Of life eternal gain!
 To Heaven's triunal Lord
 Let the world's fabric bend;
 While evermore, from hearts renew'd,
 New hymns of praise ascend.

MATINS. *Corpus domas jejuniis.*

Thy body with long fastings worn;
 Thy flesh with cruel scourgings torn;
 'Twas thine to live, O blessed Saint,
 A most unspotted penitent.
 Oh, may we follow after thee,
 In ways of holy purity!
 And in the Spirit's might control
 Each evil passion of the soul!
 Thou to the poor in winter's snow
 Oft thy own raiment didst bestow;
 By hunger or by thirst oppress'd,
 They flew to thy parental breast.
 O thou, who nothing didst deny
 To those who sought thy charity,
 Thy native land from harm defend,
 And peace on all her borders send!
 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
 Jesu, through thy dear servant's prayer,
 May we thy joys eternal share.

LAUDS. *Te deprecante corporum.*

Saint of sweetest majesty!
 What a potent voice is thine!
 At thy prayer diseases fly;
 Fading health revives again.

Oft with wasting fever wan,
Lingering at their latest breath,
Dying men by thee are drawn
From the very jaws of death.

Oft the stores of golden grain,
Hurried down the swollen flood,
At thy prayer return again
Guided by the hand of God!

Such, O happy Saint in light,
Such thy help in hour of need,
Oh, then from the heavenly height
Hearken now and intercede.

Everlasting Three in One!
Everlasting One in Three!
Grant us through thy Saint the boon
Of a blest eternity.

ST. RAPHAEL THE ARCHANGEL. OCT. 25.

VESP. AND MAT. *Tibi Christe splendor.*

Jesu, brightness of the Father!
Life and strength of all who live!
In the presence of the Angels,
Glory to thy name we give;
And thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in alternate verse.

Hail, all ye angelic Princedoms!
Hail, ye thrones celestial!
Hail, Physician of Salvation!
Guide of life, blest Raphael!
Binding fast the fiend of night
In the glory of thy might.

Breviary Hymns

Oh, may Christ beneath thy pinions
 Shield us from all harm this day;
 Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
 Save us from the enemy;
 And vouchsafe us, of his grace,
 In his Paradise a place.

Glory to th' Almighty Father,
 Sing we now in anthems sweet;
 Glory to the great Redeemer;
 Glory to the Paraclete;
 Godhead sole and Persons three!
 In eternal unity!

LAUDS. *Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.*

O Christ, the glory of the Angel choirs!
 Author and Ruler of the human race!
 Grant us one day to climb the happy hills
 And see thy blissful face.

And oh, thy Raphael, physician blest,
 Send down to us from yon celestial height,
 To heal our souls' diseases, and direct
 Our lifelong course aright.

Thou too, O Mary, Mother of our God!
 And happy Queen of Angels! hither speed,
 Drawing with thee the Army of the Saints
 To help us in our need.

This grace on us bestow, O Father blest,
 And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth;
 With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost!
 Whose glory fills the earth.

ALL SAINTS. NOV. 1.

VESP. AND MAT. *Placare, Christe, servulis.*

O Christ, thy guilty people spare!
Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore!
Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
So still from harm our steps defend.

Ye Prophets, and Apostles high!
Behold our penitential tears;
And plead for us when death is nigh,
And our all-searching Judge appears.

Ye Martyrs all! a purple band,
And Confessors, a white-robed train;
Oh, call us to our native land,
From this our exile, back again.

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste!
Receive us to your seats on high;
With Hermits whom the desert waste
Sent up of old into the sky.

Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest!
The false and faithless race away;
That all within one fold may rest,
Secure beneath one shepherd's sway.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

LAUDS. *Salutis æternæ dator.*

Giver of life, eternal Lord!
Thy own redeem'd defend;
Mother of Grace! thy children save,
And help them to the end.

Ye thousand thousand Angel Hosts!
Assist us in our need;
Ye Patriarchs! with the Prophet Choir!
For our forgiveness plead.

Forerunner blest! and thou who still
Dost Heaven's dread keys retain!
Ye glorious Apostles all!
Unloose our guilty chain.

Army of Martyrs! holy Priests
In beautiful array!
Ye happy troops of Virgins chaste!
Wash all our stains away.

All ye who high above the stars
In heavenly glory reign!
May we through your prevailing prayers
Unto your joys attain.

Praise, honour, to the Father be,
Praise to his only Son;
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to thee,
While endless ages run.

IV. *HYMNS COMMON TO SAINTS.*

ON FESTIVALS OF THE B. V. MARY.

VESPERS. *Ave maris stella.*

Hail thou Star of ocean !
Portal of the sky !
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most High !

Oh ! by Gabriel's Ave,
Utter'd long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters ;
Light on blindness pour ;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

Shew thyself a Mother ;
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all Virgins !
To thy shelter take us ;
Gentlest of the gentle !
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour ;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest Heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

MATINS. *Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*

The Lord, whom earth, and air, and sea,
 With one adoring voice resound ;
 Who rules them all in majesty ;
 In Mary's heart a cloister found.

Lo ! in a humble Virgin's womb,
 O'ershadowed by Almighty power ;
 He whom the stars, and sun, and moon,
 Each serve in their appointed hour.

O Mother blest ! to whom was given
 Within thy compass to contain
 The Architect of earth and Heaven,
 Whose hands the universe sustain :

To thee was sent an Angel down ;
 In thee the Spirit was enshrined ;
 From thee came forth that Mighty One,
 The long-desired of all mankind.

O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;
 Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

LAUDS. *O gloriosa Virginum.*

O Queen of all the Virgin choir !
 Enthroned above the starry sky !
 Who with thy bosom's milk didst feed
 Thy own Creator Lord most high.

What man had lost in hapless Eve,
 Thy sacred womb to man restores ;
 Thou to the wretched here beneath
 Hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.

Hail, O refulgent Hall of light !
Hail, Gate august of Heaven's high King !
Through Thee redeem'd to endless life,
Thy praise let all the nations sing.
O Jesu ! born, &c.

AT PRIME, TERCE, SEXT, NONE, AND COMPLINE, IN
THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE B. V. MARY.

Memento rerum Conditor.

Remember, O Creator Lord !
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.
Mother of grace, O Mary blest !
To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly ;
Shield us through life, and take us hence
To thy dear bosom when we die.
O Jesu ! born, &c.

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Exultet orbis gaudiis.*

Now let the earth with joy resound,
And Heav'n the chant re-echo round ;
Nor Heav'n nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostles' glorious praise.
O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead !
Lights of the world for evermore !
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.
Ye close the sacred gates on high ;
At your command apart they fly :
Oh ! loose for us the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

Sickness and health your voice obey ;
 At your command they go or stay :
 From sin's disease our souls restore ;
 In good confirm us more and more.

So when the world is at its end,
 And Christ to Judgment shall descend,
 May we be call'd those joys to see
 Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
 As ever was in ages past,
 And so shall be while ages last.

MATINS. *Æterna Christi munera.*

The Lord's eternal gifts,
 Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
 Their victories, and high reward,
 Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the Churches they ;
 Triumphant Chiefs of war ;
 Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Camp ;
 True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high Faith ;
 And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;
 And perfect Charity which laid
 The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
 In them the Son o'ercame ;
 In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
 And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Praise to the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One and Three ;
 As evermore hath been before
 And shall for ever be.

OSTLES AND EVANGELISTS IN EASTERTIDE.

VESP. AND MAT. *Tristes erant Apostoli.*

When Christ, by his own servants slain,
Had died upon the cruel Cross,
Th' Apostles of their joy bereft,
Were weeping their dear Master's loss :

Meanwhile, an Angel at the tomb
To holy women hath foretold,
' The faithful flock with joy shall soon
Their Lord in Galilee behold.'

Who, as they run the news to bring,
Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
All radiant bright with heavenly light,
And falling, clasp his sacred feet.

To Galilee's lone mountain height
The Apostolic band retire :
There blest with their dear Saviour's sight,
Enjoy in full their soul's desire.

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

To God the Father, with the Son,
Who from the grave immortal rose ;
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise,
While age on endless ages flows.

LAUDS. *Paschale mundo gaudium.*

Now daily shines the sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time,
When Christ on his Apostles shone,
In radiant light sublime.

They in his Body see the wounds
 Like stars divinely glow ;
 Then forth, as his true Witnesses,
 Throughout the world they go.

O Christ ! thou King most merciful !
 Our inmost hearts possess ;
 So may our canticles of praise
 Thy name for ever bless.

Keep us, O Jesu ! from the death
 Of sin ; and deign to be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all new-born in Thee.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
 Who from the dead arose ;
 Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
 While age on ages flows.

ONE MARTYR.

VESP. AND MAT. *Deus tuorum militum.*

O Thou, of all thy warriors Lord,
 Thyself the crown, and sure reward ;
 Set us from sinful fetters free,
 Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round
 The taste of bitter gall he found ;
 But sweet to him was thy dear Name,
 And so to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,
 And ran his race of torments sore :
 For Thee he pour'd his life away ;
 With Thee he lives in endless day.

We, then, before Thee bending low,
Intreat Thee, Lord, thy love to shew
On this the day thy Martyr died,
Who in thy Saints art glorified!

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and glory evermore,
As in th' eternity before!

LAUDS. *Invicte Martyr unicum.*

Martyr of unconquer'd might!
Follower of th' Incarnate Son!
Who, victorious in the fight,
Hast celestial glory won;

By the virtue of thy prayer,
Let no evil hover nigh;
Sin's contagion drive afar;
Waken drowsy lethargy.

Loosen'd from the fleshly chain
Which detain'd thee here of old,
Loose us from the bonds of sin,
From the fetters of the world.

Glory to the Father be:
Glory to th' incarnate Son;
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While eternal ages run.

[*In Eastertide.*]

Glory to th' Incarnate Son,
Who from death immortal rose;
Glory to the Trine in One,
While the flood of ages flows.

Breviary Hymns

[*Within the Octave of the Ascension.*]

Glory to th' eternal Son,
 Who again ascends the sky ;
 Glory to the Trine in One,
 Through the long eternity.

MANY MARTYRS.

VESPERS. *Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.*

Sing we the peerless deeds of martyr'd Saints,
 Their glorious merits, and their portion blest ;
 Of all the conquerors this earth has seen,
 The greatest and the best.

Then in their day th' insensate world abhorr'd,
 And joyfully renounced it, Lord, for Thee ;
 Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
 Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
 And came victorious all torments through ;
 The iron hooks, that piecemeal tore their flesh,
 Could not their souls subdue.

Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
 Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate ;
 For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
 In patient virtue great.

What tongue those joys, O Jesu, can disclose,
 Which for thy martyr'd Saints Thou dost prepare !
 Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
 Who in thy glory share !

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
 Great Deity supreme, immortal King !
 Grant us thy peace, grant us thine endless love
 In endless life to sing.

MATINS. *Christo profusum sanguinem.*

Sing we the Martyrs blest,
Their blood for Jesus pour'd ;
Sing we their glorious victories,
And infinite reward.

Treading the world beneath,
Spurning the body's pain,
'Twas theirs, in Martyrdom's brief space,
Eternal joys to gain.

Consign'd to raging flames
Or ruthless beasts a prey ;
Their tender flesh by savage hooks
Torn piece by piece away ;

Their vitals hanging forth ;
Unmoved they still endure ;
Unmoved continue, in the grace
Of endless life secure.

Saviour, to us vouchsafe,
Of thy dear clemency,
A portion with thy Martyr Saints,
Through all eternity.

LAUDS. *Rex gloriose martyrum.*

O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King !
Of Confessors the crown and prize ;
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise ;
By all the praise thy Saints have won ;
By all their pains in days gone by ;
By all the deeds which they have done ;
Hear Thou thy suppliant people's cry.

Thou dost amid thy Martyrs fight ;
 Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive ;
 May we find mercy in thy sight,
 And in thy sacred presence live.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;
 And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee !
 While everlasting ages run.

CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

VESP. AND MAT. *Iste Confessor Domini.*

The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
 Worshipp'd with solemn rite ;
 This day with merits full, his labours o'er,
 Went to his seat in light.

[*If it be not the day of his death.*]

This day receives those honours which are his,
 High in the realms of light.

Holy and innocent were all his ways ;
 Sweet, temperate, unstain'd ;
 His life was prayer,—his every breath was praise,
 While breath to him remain'd.

Ofttimes have miracles in many a land
 His sanctity displayed ;
 And still does health return at his command
 To many a frame decay'd.

Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,
 And yearly songs renew ;
 Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,
 All the long ages through.

To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given ;
Who sways the mighty world through all its course,
From the bright throne of Heaven.

LAUDS. *Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

Redeemer blest of all who live !
Thy Pontiffs' endless prize !
Upon this day thine ear incline,
And hear us from the skies.

This day the holy Confessor
Of thy most sacred Name,
Honour'd with yearly festive rites,
To heavenly glory came.

This day amid the blissful choirs
Of Angels, he sate down ;
Receiving, for the joys he spurn'd,
An everlasting crown.

Oh ! grant us in his steps to walk ;
His holy life to live ;
And by the virtue of his prayers,
Thy people's sins forgive.

Glory to Thee, O Lord and Christ ;
Praise to the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete ;
Through all eternity.

CONFESSOR NOT A BISHOP.

LAUDS. *Jesu corona celsior.*

Jesu ! eternal Truth sublime !
Through endless years the same !
Thou crown of those who through all time
Confess thy holy Name :

Thy suppliant people, through the prayer
 Of thy blest Saint, forgive ;
 For his dear sake thy wrath forbear,
 And bid our spirits live.

Again returns the sacred day,
 With heavenly glory bright,
 Which saw him go upon his way
 Into the realms of light.

All objects of our vain desire,
 All earthly joys and gains,
 To him were but as filthy mire ;
 And now with Thee he reigns.

Thee, Jesu, his all-gracious Lord,
 Confessing to the last,
 He trod beneath him Satan's fraud,
 And stood for ever fast.

In holy deeds of faith and love,
 In fastings and in prayers,
 His days were spent ; and now above
 Thy heavenly Feast he shares.

Then, for his sake thy wrath lay by,
 And hear us while we pray ;
 And pardon us, O Thou most high,
 On this his festal Day.

All glory to the Father be ;
 And sole Incarnate Son ;
 Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee ;
 While endless ages run.

VIRGINS.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Jesu corona Virginum.*

Dear Crown of all the Virgin choir !
 That holy Mother's Virgin Son !
 Who is, alone of womankind,
 Mother and Virgin both in one

Encircled by thy virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found ;
For thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.
And still wherever thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon thy steps attend,
And hymns to thy high glory sing.
Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free ;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.
To God the Father, and the Son,
All honour, glory, praise, be given ;
With Thee, coequal Paraclete !
For evermore in earth and Heaven.

MATINS. *Virginis Proles Opifexque matris.*

O Thou thy Mother's Maker, hail !
Hail, Virgin-born ! to Thee ;
To-day a Virgin's death we sing,
A Virgin's victory.
O doubly blest ! to whom was given
Martyr and Virgin too,—
At once to triumph over death,
And her frail sex subdue.
O'er fear, o'er thousand forms of pain,
Victorious she stood ;
And won the blissful heavenly heights
In streams of her own blood.
Oh, through her prayers our sins forgive,
All good and gracious King !
So may we purified in heart
Thy praise eternal sing.

All glory to the Father be ;
 And sole begotten Son ;
 With Thee, who dost from both proceed,
 While endless ages run.

[*If not a Martyr, the 2nd and 3rd Stanzas are omitted, the 1st ending thus*]

Lock down in love on us who keep
 Thy Virgin's memory.

HOLY WOMEN.

VESP. AND LAUDS. *Fortem virili pectore.*

Laud we the Saint most sweet
 Shining in glory blest,
 Who bore a hero's noble heart
 Within a woman's breast.

Pierced with the love of Christ
 The world's false love she fled ;
 And Heavenward with might and main
 Upon her journey sped.

With fasts she pined the flesh,
 But on sweet food of prayer
 Feasted her spirit pure ; and now
 Doth joys eternal share.

O Christ our King and God !
 Thou strength of all the strong !
 To whom alone all holy deeds,
 And all great works belong ;

For her dear plaints on high,
 To us propitious be ;
 And in the glorious Trinity
 Glory eterne to Thee.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

VESP. AND MAT. *Cælestis urbs Jerusalem.*

Jerusalem, thou City blest !
Dear vision of celestial rest !
Which far above the starry sky,
Piled up with living stones on high,
Art, as a Bride, encircled bright,
With million angel forms of light :

Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour !
The Father's glory was thy dower ;
The Spirit all His graces shed,
Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head ;
When Christ espoused thee for his Bride,
O City bright and glorified !

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour ;
Thy gates are open evermore ;
And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die ;
Or smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured and joys abhorr'd.

Type of the Church which here we see,
Oh what a task hath builded thee !
Long did the chisels ring around !
Long did the mallets' blows rebound !
Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand !
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand !

To God the Father, glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly Host ;
And to his only Son most true ;
With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost !
To whom praise, pow'r, and blessing be,
Through th' ages of eternity.

LAUDS. *Alto ex Olympi vertice.*

From highest Heav'n the Father's Son,
 Descending like that mystic stone
 Cut from a mountain without hands,
 Came down below, and fill'd all lands;
 Uniting, midway in the sky,
 His House on earth, and House on high.

That House on high,—it ever rings
 With praises of the King of kings;
 Forever there, on harps divine,
 They hymn th' eternal One and Trine;
 We, here below, the strain prolong,
 And faintly echo Sion's song.

O Lord of lords invisible!
 With thy pure light this temple fill:
 Hither, oft as invoked, descend;
 Here to thy people's prayer attend;
 Here, through all hearts, for evermore,
 Thy Spirit's quick'ning graces pour.

Here may the Faithful, day by day,
 Their hearts' adoring homage pay;
 And here receive from thy dear love
 The blessings of that home above;
 Till loosen'd from this mortal chain,
 Its everlasting joys they gain.

To God the Father, &c.

HYMNS AND SEQUENCES

OF THE ROMAN MISSAL.



PALM-SUNDAY.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer blest,
Whom children with hosannas glad confess'd !
Glory and praise, &c. *is repeated.*

Hail Israel's King, hail David's Son adored,
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord !
Glory and praise, &c.

Thy praise in Heav'n the host angelic sings ;
On earth mankind, with all created things.
Glory and praise, &c.

Thee with their palms the Jews went forth to meet ;
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet.
Glory and praise, &c.

Thee, on thy way to die, they crown'd with praise ;
To Thee, now King on high, our song we raise.
Glory and praise, &c.

Their poor homage pleas'd Thee, good and gracious King !
Ours too accept,—the best that we can bring.
Glory and praise, &c.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Crux fidelis inter omnes.

Faithful Cross, O Tree all beauteous!
 Tree all peerless and divine!
 Not a grove on earth can show us
 Such a leaf and flower as thine.
 Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
 Laden with so sweet a load!

[For 'Pange lingua,' see page 63.]

SEQUENCE, EASTER-SUNDAY.

Victimæ Paschali laudes.

Forth to the paschal Victim, Christians, bring
 Your sacrifice of praise:

The Lamb redeems the sheep;
 And Christ, the Sinless One,
 Hath to the Father sinners reconciled.

Together Death and Life
 In a strange conflict strove;
 The Prince of Life, who died,
 Now lives and reigns.

What thou sawest, Mary, say,
 As thou wentest on the way.

I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain;
 I saw his glory as He rose again;
 Napkin and linen clothes, and Angels twain:
 Yea, Christ is risen, my hope, and He
 Will go before you into Galilee.

We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave:
 Hail, thou King of Victory!
 Have mercy, Lord, and save.

SEQUENCE, WHIT-SUNDAY.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

Holy Spirit ! Lord of light !
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give :
Come, Thou Father of the poor !
Come, with treasures which endure !
Come, Thou Light of all that live !
Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow ;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
Pleasant coolness in the heat ;
Solace in the midst of woe.
Light immortal ! light divine !
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill :
If Thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay ;
All his good is turn'd to ill.
Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.
Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts, descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;
 Give them life with Thee on high ;
 Give them joys that never end.

SEQUENCE, CORPUS CHRISTI.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

Sion, lift thy voice, and sing ;
 Praise thy Saviour and thy King ;
 Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true :
 Dare thy most to praise Him well ;
 For He doth all praise excel ;
 None can ever reach His due.

Special theme of praise is thine,
 That true living Bread divine,
 That life-giving Flesh adored,
 Which the brethren twelve received,
 As most faithfully believed,
 At the Supper of the Lord.

Let the chant be loud and high ;
 Sweet and tranquil be the joy
 Felt to-day in every breast ;
 On this Festival divine
 Which recounts the origin
 Of the glorious Eucharist.

At this Table of the King,
 Our new Paschal offering
 Brings to end the olden rite ;
 Here, for empty shadows fled,
 Is Reality instead ;
 Here, instead of darkness, Light.

His own act, at supper seated,
 Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
 In His Memory divine ;

Wherefore now, with adoration,
We the Host of our salvation
Consecrate from bread and wine.
Hear what holy Church maintaineth,
That the bread its substance changeth
Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.
Doth it pass thy comprehending ?
Faith, the law of sight transcending,
Leaps to things not understood.
Here, in outward signs are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden ;
Signs, not things, are all we see ;—
Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine ;
Yet is Christ, in either sign,
All entire, confess'd to be.
They too, who of Him partake,
Sever not, nor rend, nor break,
But entire, their Lord receive.
Whether one or thousands eat,
All receive the self-same meat,
Nor the less for others leave.
Both the wicked and the good
Eat of this celestial Food ;
But with ends how opposite !
Here 'tis life ; and there 'tis death ;
The same, yet issuing to each
In a difference infinite.
Nor a single doubt retain,
When they break the Host in twain,
But that in each part remains
What was in the whole before ;
Since the simple sign alone
Suffers change in state or form,
The Signified remaining One
And the Same for evermore.

[*Ecce panis angelorum.*]

Lo! upon the Altar lies,
 Hidden deep from human eyes,
 Angel's Bread from Paradise,
 Made the food of mortal man :
 Children's meat to dogs denied ;
 In old types foresignified ;
 In the manna from the skies,
 In Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

Jesu! Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thy true flock in safety keep.
 Living Bread! thy life supply;
 Strengthen us or else we die;
 Fill us with celestial grace:
 Thou, who feedest us below!
 Source of all we have or know!
 Grant that with thy Saints above,
 Sitting at the feast of love,
 We may see Thee face to face.

SEQUENCE, MASS FOR THE DEAD.

Dies iræ dies illa.

Nigher still, and still more nigh
 Draws the Day of Prophecy,
 That dissolveth earth and sky.

 Oh, what trembling there shall be,
 When the world its Judge shall see,
 Coming in dread majesty!

 Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
 From sepulchral regions lone,
 Summons all before the throne:

Time and Death it doth appal,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread ;
Now the writing must be read,
Which arraigns the quick and dead :

Now, before the Judge severe
Hidden things must all appear ;
Nought can pass unpunish'd here.

What shall guilty I then plead ?
Who for me will intercede,
When the Saints shall comfort need ?

King of dreadful Majesty !
Who dost freely justify !
Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

Recollect, O Love divine !
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine
Thou thy glory didst resign :

Satest wearied seeking me ;
Sufferedst upon the Tree :
Let not vain thy labour be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer !
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare !
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo ! thy gracious face I seek ;
Shame and grief are on my cheek ;
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive ;
Didst the dying thief receive ;
Hence doth hope within me live.

Worthless are my prayers, I know ;
Yet, oh, cause me not to go
Into fire of endless woe.

Sever'd from the guilty band,
Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Placing me on thy right hand.

When the cursed in anguish flee
Into flames of misery ;
With the Blest then call Thou me.

Suppliant in the dust I lie ;
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry ;
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !

Full of tears, and full of dread,
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past.
Lord of mercy ! Jesu blest !
Grant the Faithful light and rest.

[For '*Stabat Mater dolorosa*,' see page 76.]

HYMNS FROM VARIOUS OFFICES

AND OTHER SOURCES.



I. THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

Æterna lux, Divinitas,

O Thou immortal Light divine!
Dread Trinity in Unity!
Almighty One! Almighty Trine!
Give ear to Thy creation's cry.

Father! in majesty enthroned!
Thee we confess with Thy dear Son;
Thee, Holy Ghost! eternal Bond
Of love, uniting Both in One.

As from the Father increate,
His Son and Word eternal came;
So, too, from Each the Paraclete
Proceeds, in Deity the same;

Three Persons!—among whom is none
Greater in majesty or less;
In substance, essence, nature, One;
Equal in might and holiness.

Three Persons,—One Immensity
Encircling utmost space and time!
One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
One everlasting Truth sublime!

O Lord, most holy, wise, and just !
 Author of nature ! God of grace !
 Grant that as now in Thee we trust,
 So we may see Thee face to face.

Thou art the Fount of all that is ;
 Thou art our origin and end ;
 On Thee alone our future bliss
 And perpetuity depend.

Thou solely didst the worlds create,
 Subsisting still by Thy decree ;
 Thou art the light, the glory great,
 And prize of all who hope in Thee !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Triunal Lord of earth and Heaven !
 From earth and from the heavenly host
 Be sempiternal glory given !

II. ANOTHER HYMN TO THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.

Lord thrice holy ! Lord of might !
 God incomprehensible !
 Everlasting living light,
 Fount of joys ineffable !

O Thou Love for ever new !
 O Thou Verity divine !
 O Thou Unity most true !
 Ever One, yet ever Trine !

All around Thee countless rays
 Make a darkness thick as night ;
 Whence the Seraphs turn their gaze,
 Blinded with excess of light !

Born in Thy triunal Name,
Born in Thee to grace anew,
Thee the sons of men proclaim,
And extol with glory due !
Thee, the Lord of earth and skies,
Owning here in faith and love ;
E'en on earth they taste the joys
Stored for happy souls above.
Make us, Holy Ghost, to will,
Teach us, Only Son, to know,
Grant us, Father, to fulfil,
All Thou willest us to do !

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

Almum Flamen, vita mundi.

Lord of eternal sanctity !
From whose prolific power,
All things in ocean, earth, and sky
Draw their exhaustless energy
And growth, from hour to hour !
Untiring life of all below !
Secret of nature's ebb and flow !
In every element confess'd,
Its cause of motion as of rest !
Come, Thou who dost the soul endue
With sevenfold gifts divine !
Come, Thou who dost the world renew !
Author of peace ! Consoler true !
Third of the sacred Trine !
To every soul in bliss above
Its fount of happiness and love !
To all who pine in Hell beneath,
Parent of misery and death !

Spirit of love! 'Twas Thou, who borne
 O'er the wide water's face,
 Didst, at creation's golden morn,
 The universal spheres adorn
 With majesty and grace ;
 From Thee again, this fallen earth
 Received a second—holier—birth,
 When, clothed in Pentecostal flame,
 From Heav'n's pure height Thy glory came.
 Thou didst the Gospel trumpet sound
 Over the world afar ;
 And summon from their sleep profound,
 The dead who lay in darkness bound,
 To hail the Morning Star.
 By Thee infused with grace and might
 They went with courage to the fight ;
 And, casting every fear aside,
 The hosts of rampant Hell defied.
 Thine be laudation evermore,
 From all salvation's heirs ;
 Thy truth, beneficence, and pow'r,
 Let all created worlds adore,
 In holy hymns and prayers ;
 To Thee let earth, in notes of praise,
 The solemn-pealing *Sanctus* raise ;
 Who hearest every human sigh,
 Mindful of earthly misery !
 O Thou who teachest us to place
 In Thee our hope and trust,
 The stains of former guilt efface ;
 Confirm the innocent in grace ;
 And glorify the just !
 On him who rules the Church below,
 Thine inspiration's aid bestow ;
 Direct the hearts of kings aright ;
 The realms of Christendom unite.

Subdue the world in every heart ;
Its leaven purge away ;
Bid our Satanic foe depart ;
Scatter his force ; defeat his art ;
And crush his deadly sway.
Faith, love, and holy zeal restore,
As in the blissful days of yore ;
And to the flock of Peter, be
Its rest and perfect unity.

IV. HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Come, O Creator Spirit !
Visit this soul of thine ;
This heart of thy creating
Fill Thou with grace divine.
Who Paraclete art call'd !
The gift of God above !
Pure Unction ! holy Fire !
And Fount of life and love !
Finger of God's right hand !
The Father's promise true !
Who sevenfold gifts bestowest !
Who dost the tongue endow !
Pour love into our hearts ;
Our senses touch with light ;
Make strong our human frailty
With thy supernal might.
Cast far our deadly Foe ;
Thy peace in us fulfil ;
So, Thee before us leading,
May we escape each ill.

The Father, and the Son,
 Through Thee may we receive ;
 In Thee, from Both proceeding,
 Through endless time believe.

Praise to the Father be ;
 Praise to the Son who rose ;
 And praise to Thee, blest Spirit !
 While age on ages flows.

V. FROM THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Nobis sancti Spiritus.

MATINS. May the Spirit of glory
 His grace on us pour,
 Whose presence o'ershadow'd
 The Virgin of yore,
 When she the Archangel's
 Glad embassy heard,
 And conceived in the flesh
 The ineffable Word.

PRIME. Pure offspring of Mary's
 Immaculate womb,
 Lifted up on the Cross,
 Laid low in the tomb,
 Lo ! Christ from his bondage
 Doth quickly arise,
 And in sight of his brethren
 Ascend to the skies !

TERCE. His brethren He wills not
 As orphans to leave,
 And on Pentecost morn
 His Spirit doth give,

Descending in power
Their hearts to inspire,
In semblance of tongues
Of miraculous fire.

SEXT. Straight wholly replenish'd
 From Wisdom's high throne,
Earth's languages all
 Are to them as their own ;
And nothing accounting
 Of danger or death,
They speed through the nations
 The Catholic Faith.

NONE. O Spirit of charity
 Virtue and might,
Anointed by whom
 They fought the good fight!
Our Sevenfold Treasure!
 And Lifespring divine!
Dread Finger of God!
 All glory be thine.

VESPERS. So lovingly named
 By the lips of the Lord,
Our Teacher and Guide
 And Consoler adored ;
From Satan, from sin,
 And from all evil things,
The shelter bestow
 Of thy fostering wings.

COMPLINE. Thy splendour enlighten
 Our minds with its ray ;
Thy guidance direct us,
 Along the true way ;

So when at the solemn
Tribunal we stand,
May the Saviour set us
Upon his right hand.

COMMENDATION. This honour and worship,
My Paraclete dear,
I render to thee
With devotion sincere,
And in hope by thy grace
When I slumber to rest
To merit a place
In the land of the blest!

VI. PRAISES OF THE PARACLETE.

Qui procedis ab utroque.

Spirit of grace and union!
Who from the Father and the Son
Dost equally proceed,
Inflame our hearts with holy fire,
Our lips with eloquence inspire,
And strengthen us in need.

The Father and the Son through Thee
Are linked in perfect unity,
And everlasting love;
Ineffably Thou dost pervade
All nature; and Thyself unsway'd
The whole creation move.

O inexhaustive Fount of light!
How doth Thy radiance put to flight
The darkness of the mind!
The pure are only pure through Thee;
Thou only dost the guilty free,
And cheer with light the blind.

Thou to the lowly dost display
The beautiful and perfect way
 Of justice and of peace ;
Shunning the proud and stubborn heart,
Thou to the simple dost impart
 True wisdom's rich increase.

Thou teaching, nought remains obscure ;
Thou present, every thought impure
 Is banish'd from the breast ;
And full of cheerfulness serene,
The conscience sanctified and clean
 Enjoys a perfect rest.

Each elemental change is Thine ;
The Sacraments their force divine
 From Thee alone obtain ;
Thou only dost temptation quell,
And breaking every snare of Hell,
 The rage of Satan chain.

Dear Soother of the troubled heart !
At Thy approach all cares depart,
 And melancholy grief ;
More balmy than the summer breeze,
Thy presence lulls all agonies,
 And lends a sweet relief.

The grace eternal truth instils ;
The ignorant with knowledge fills ;
 Awakens those who sleep ;
Inspires the tongue ; informs the eye ;
Expands the heart with charity ;
 And comforts all who weep.

O Thou the weary pilgrim's rest !
Solace of all that are oppress'd !
 Befriender of the poor !

O Thou in whom the wretched find
 A sweet Consoler ever kind,
 A refuge ever sure !

Teach us to aim at Heav'n's high prize,
 And for its glory to despise
 The world and all below ;
 Cleanse us from sin ; direct us right ;
 Illuminate us with Thy light ;
 Thy peace on us bestow :

And as Thou didst in days of old
 On the first Shepherds of the Fold
 In tongues of flame descend,
 Now also on its Pastors shine,
 And fill with fire of grace divine
 The world from end to end !

So unto Thee, who with the Son
 And Father art for ever One,
 In nature as in Name !
 Of Both alike the Spirit blest !
 Different in Person, but confess'd
 In Deity the same !

Lord of all sanctity and might !
 Immense, immortal, infinite !
 The life of earth and Heaven !
 Be, through eternal length of days,
 All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
 And adoration given !

VII. THE MOST HOLY WILL OF GOD.

Almo supremi Numinis in sinu.

Sovereign Will enthroned on high,
 In th' Eternal's awful breast,
 Thee we laud and glorify,
 Ever perfect, ever best.

Order, wisdom, beauty, might,
Sanctity, and love are Thine ;
Truth thy sempiternal light,
Equity Thy law divine.
Thee the heav'ns adore and bless ;
Thee, wherever worlds extend,
All created things confess
Their beginning as their end.
Thee the fallen sons of men
Their eternal glory own ;
Call'd to Paradise again
By thy purest grace alone.
O, confirm our feeble will
All Thy counsels to obey ;
Where it hears Thy whisper still,
There to press without delay.
Glory to the Godhead trine,
Only true and only fair !
One in will and power divine,
One in providential care.

VIII. ST. BERNARD'S HYMN ; OR, THE LOVING
SOUL'S JUBILATION.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

I.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest !
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart !
 O joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His lovers know.

O Jesu, Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire !

Thee will I seek, at home, abroad,
 Who every where art nigh ;
 Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
 As on my bed I lie.

With Mary to Thy tomb I'll haste,
 Before the dawning skies,
 And all around with longing cast
 My soul's inquiring eyes ;

Beside Thy grave will make my moan,
 And sob my heart away ;
 Then at Thy feet sink trembling down,
 And there adoring stay ;

Nor from my tears and sighs refrain,
 Nor those dear feet release,
 My Jesu, till from Thee I gain
 Some blessed word of peace !

2.

O Jesu, King most wonderful !
 Thou conqueror renown'd !
 Thou sweetness most ineffable !
 In whom all joys are found !

Stay with us, Lord; and with Thy light
 Illumine the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
 And fill the world with bliss!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
 Then wakens love divine.

Jesu! Thy mercies are untold,
 Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
 Whatever we can say;

That love, which in Thy Passion drain'd
 For us Thy precious Blood,
Whence with Redemption we have gain'd
 The vision of our God!

May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame,
 To seek Thee more and more!

May every soul Thy love return,
 And strive to do Thy will;
And, running in Thine odours, learn
 To love Thee better still!

Thou, who hast loved me from the womb!
 Pure source of all my bliss!
My only hope of life to come!
 My happiness in this!

Grant me, while here on earth I stay,
 Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence I pass away,
 To me Thy glory show.

And, O my Jesu, pardon me !
 Unfit to speak Thy praise ;
 Yet daring thus, for love of Thee,
 My trembling hymn to raise.

3.

Jesu, the soul hath in Thy love
 A food that never cloys ;
 A sacred foretaste from above
 Of Paradisal joys.

Celestial Sweetness unalloy'd !
 Who eat Thee, hunger still ;
 Who drink of Thee, yet feel a void,
 Which Thou alone canst fill.

Thrice happy he, who loving Thee,
 Doth Thy true sweetness know :
 All else becomes but vanity
 Thenceforth to him below.

O Jesu, Thou the beauty art
 Of angel worlds above ;
 Thy Name is music to the heart,
 Enchanting it with love.

For Thee I yearn, for Thee I sigh ;
 When wilt Thou come to me,
 And make me glad eternally
 With the blest sight of Thee ?

O Jesu, Love unchangeable,
 For whom my soul doth pine !

O Fruit of life celestial !
 O Sweetness all divine !

O kindness, infinite, supreme !
 My joy and true repose !

O depth of charity extreme,
 Which no abatement knows !

'Tis good that I my love should give
Save Thee to none beside ;
And dying to myself, should live
For Jesus crucified !

O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !

Thy presence with me I desire,
Wherever I may be ;
This, Lord, is all that I require
For my felicity !

Thy kiss is bliss beyond compare,
A bliss for evermore ;
O, that Thy visits were less rare,
And not so quickly o'er !

4.

Now have I gain'd my long desire,
Now what I sought is mine ;
Now is my heart, O Christ, on fire
With Thy true love divine.

Blest fire ! which no extinction knows,
Which never flags or fails ;
But greater still and greater grows,
And more and more prevails !

Blest love ! which flows eternally,
With wondrous sweetness fraught ;
Which tasteth most delightfully
Beyond the reach of thought !

This fire, this love, are now my own,
And to my vitals cleave ;
And through mine inmost marrow run,
And in my bosom heave.

O joy! O ecstasy of bliss!
 More felt than understood!
 What pleasure can compare with this,
 To love the Son of God?
 O Jesu! spotless virgin flower!
 Our love and joy! to Thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 And thanks eternally.
 Come, O Thou King of boundless might!
 Come, majesty adored!
 Come, and illumine me with Thy light,
 My long-expected Lord!
 O fairest of the sons of day!
 More fragrant than the rose!
 O brighter than the dazzling ray
 That in the sunbeam glows!
 O Thou whose love alone is all
 That mortal can desire!
 Whose image does my heart enthrall,
 And with delight inspire.
 Jesu, my only joy be Thou,
 As Thou my prize wilt be;
 Jesu, be Thou my glory now,
 And through eternity.

5.

O Thou, in whom my love doth find
 Its rest and perfect end;
 O Jesu, Saviour of mankind!
 And their eternal friend!
 Return, return, pure Light of Light,
 To thy dread throne again;
 Go forth victorious from the fight,
 And in Thy glory reign.

Lead where Thou wilt, I follow Thee,
And will not stay behind ;
For Thou hast torn my heart from me,
O Glory of our kind !

Ye Heav'ns, your gates eternal raise,
Come forth to meet your King ;
Come forth with joy, and sing His praise,
His praise eternal sing !

O King of glory ! King of might !
From whom all graces come ;
O beauty, honour, infinite,
Of our celestial home !

O Fount of mercy ! Light of Heaven !
Our darkness cast away ;
And grant us all, through Thee forgiven,
To see the perfect day.

Hark ! how the Heav'ns with praise o'erflow ;
O priceless gift of blood !
Jesus makes glad the world below,
And gains us peace with God.

In peace He reigns—that peace divine,
For mortal sense too high ;
That peace for which my soul doth pine,
To which it longs to fly.

Christ to His Father is return'd,
And sits upon His throne ;
For Him my panting heart hath yearn'd,
And after Him is gone.

To Him praise, glory, without end,
And adoration be ;

O Jesu, grant us to ascend,
And reign in Heav'n with Thee !

IX. JESUS OUR REDEEMER.

Jesu nostra Redemptio.

O Jesu! our Redemption!
 Loved and desired with tears!
 God, of all worlds Creator!
 Man, in the close of years!

What wondrous pity moved Thee
 To make our cause thine own!
 And suffer death and torments,
 For sinners to atone!

O Thou, who piercing Hades,
 Thy captives didst unchain!
 Who gloriously ascendedst
 Thy Father's Throne again!

Subdue our many evils
 By mercy all divine;
 And comfort with thy presence
 The hearts that for Thee pine.

Be Thou our joy, O Jesu!
 In whom our prize we see;
 Always, through all the ages,
 In Thee our glory be.

X. CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Adeste fideles.

Oh, come! all ye faithful!
 Triumphantly sing!
 Come, see in the Manger
 The Angels' dread King!
 To Bethlehem hasten!
 With joyful accord;
 Oh, hasten! oh, hasten!
 To worship the Lord.

True Son of the Father !
He comes from the skies ;
The womb of the Virgin
He doth not despise ;
To Bethlehem hasten, &c. *as above.*
Not made but begotten,
The Lord of all might,
True God of true God,
True Light of true Light ;
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.
Hark ! to the Angels !
All singing in Heaven,
'To God in the highest
High glory be given.'
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.
To Thee, then, O Jesu !
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through Heaven and earth ;
True Godhead Incarnate !
Omnipotent Word !
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !
To worship the Lord.

XI. THE MOST HOLY CHILDHOOD.

O divine enfance.

O divinest Childhood
Of my Saviour dear ;
How in very weakness
Does His strength appear !
How Thy beauty, Jesu,
Ravishes my heart !
How the more abased
The greater still Thou art !

Hither speed, ye Angels,
On exultant wing;
View in this poor manger
Heav'n's eternal King.
Ah, by faith instructed,
How I joy to see
These first tears of pity
Which He sheds for me!

O mysterious silence,
Eloquence divine!
O exact obedience,
Would that such were mine!
Yield, rebellious nature,
Let thy murmurs end;
See thy own Creator
To His creature bend!

Near our little Jesus
Docile grows my mind,
Nor can aught perplexing
In His Gospel find.
Come, presumptuous reason,
Fix thy gaze on this,
And for ever after
All thy pride dismiss.

Does not this sweet Infant
Seem to thee to say,
'Cast thy heartless trusting
In thyself away?
Know that if thou learn not
To resemble Me,
Happiness celestial
Thine can never be.

'Come, ye little children,
Unto Me draw nigh;
For 'tis such as you
That dwell with Me on high,

Who in love and meekness
From all malice free,
Serve their dear Redéemer
With simplicity.

‘ I who pride and greatness
Evermore abase,
On the poor and lowly
Lavish all My grace ;
And to humble spirits
Heavenly things reveal,
Which My secret judgments
From the proud conceal.’

Thus, O sweetest Jesu,
Seemest Thou to say :
Ah, then, wretched earthlings,
Cast your pride away ;
If the God of glory
So Himself abase,
How shall man presume
To choose the highest place ?

Sacred charms of childhood
Unto Christ so dear,
Bright ingenuous frankness,
Innocence sincere :
Love serene, unselfish,
Void of worldly stain,
Would that in my bosom
Ye might ever reign !

XII. JESUS AND MARY.

Parvum quando cerno Deum.

Oft as Thee, my infant Saviour,
In Thy Mother’s arms I view,
Straight a thousand thrilling raptures
Penetrate my heart anew.

Happy Babe ! and happy Mother !
O how great your bliss must be !
Each enfolded in the other,
Sipping pure felicity !

As the dawn from darkness springing
Breathes a charm o'er nature's face ;
So the Child to Mary clinging
Decks her with diviner grace.

As the limpid dew descending
Lies impearl'd upon the rose ;
So their mutual beauty blending
In transporting union glows.

As when early spring advances,
Flowers unnumber'd throng the mead ;
Such the countless loving glances
That in turn from each proceed.

Lovely Jesu ! gentle Brother !
How I wish a smile from Thee,
Meant for Thy immortal Mother,
Only might alight on me !

XIII. HYMN TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Viva, viva Jesu.

Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the life-blood,
From His sacred veins !

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind !

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem !

There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill ;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.

Oh, the Blood of Christ !
It soothes the Father's ire ;
Opes the gate of Heaven ;
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles ;
Heav'n is fill'd with joy.

Lift ye, then, your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.

XIV. HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby :
Nor because they, who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of Agony ;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ!
Should I not love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell :

Not with the hope of gaining ought ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

XV. EASTER-SUNDAY.

O filii et filia.

Ye sons and daughters of the Lord !
The King of glory, King adored,
This day Himself from death restored.

All in the early morning grey
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Of spices pure a precious store
In their pure hands those women bore,
To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, 'Ye seek the Lord; but He
Is risen, and gone to Galilee.'

This told they Peter, told they John;
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,
But Peter is by John outrun.

That self-same night, while out of fear
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
To his Apostles did appear.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

'Thomas, behold my side,' saith He;
'My hands, my feet, my body see,
And doubt not, but believe in Me.'

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
'Thou art my Lord and God!' he cried.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him!
Eternal life awaiteth them.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,
And strive His name to magnify
On this great day, through earth and sky:
Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;
Whom men and Angel Hosts adore;
To Him be glory evermore.

XVI. JESUS RISEN AND MARY MAGDALEN.

Erumpe tandem juste dolor.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus hath vanish'd ; all in vain
 I search for Him, and search again,
 Seeking to relieve my pain.
 My sobs the garden fill ;
 My sighs in tears distil ;
 My heart is breaking.—Where is he,
 Who hath hid my love from me ?

JESUS.

Who is this in wild disorder,
 Running over bed and border ?
 O lady, speak ;
 Declare, declare,
 What flow'ret fair
 Hither you come to seek !
 Wherefore these piteous tears bedew your cheek !

MARY MAGDALEN.

Say, O gentle gardener, say,
 Where have they borne my Lord away ;
 In what deep grove or glade
 Have they His body laid !
 Where is that lily sweet,
 The Son of God most dear ?
 Tell me, O tell me where !
 That I may go and kiss His sacred feet,
 And my true Spouse adore ;
 And to His Mother's arms the Son restore !

JESUS.

Mary, what blindness hath come o'er thee !
 I thy Jesus stand before thee !

I, that immortal flower
Of Nazareth's fair bower !
I amid thousands the Elect alone !
I thy belovèd ; I thine own !

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesu, Master ! Thy dear sight
Quite dissolves me with delight !
O Joy of joys ! to see Thy face,
And those celestial feet embrace !

JESUS.

Touch Me not yet. The hour is drawing nigh
When thou shalt see Me glorified on high ;
Then in Mine endless presence shalt thou rest,
And, drinking of My light, live on for ever blest !

XVII. THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

Gelobt sey Jesus Christ.

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries ;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair ;

May, &c.

The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell ;

May, &c.

Oh ! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings ;

May, &c.

To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love ;

May, &c.

The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,

May, &c.

My tongue shall never tire Of chanting in the choir,	May, &c.
This song of sacred joy, It never seems to cloy !	May, &c.
When sleep her balm denies, My silent spirit sighs ;	May, &c.
When evil thoughts molest, With this I shield my breast	May, &c,
Does sadness fill my mind ? A solace here I find ;	May, &c.
Or fades my earthly bliss ? My comfort still is this ;	May, &c.
Though break my heart in twain, Still this shall be my strain ;	May, &c.
When you begin the day, Oh ! never fail to say ;	May, &c.
And at your work rejoice, To sing with heart and voice ;	May, &c.
Be this at meals your grace, In every time and place ;	May, &c.
Be this, when day is past, Of all your thoughts the last !	May, &c.
In want and bitter pain, None ever said in vain ;	May, &c.
Should guilt your spirit wring, Remember Christ, your King ;	May, &c.
The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say ;	May, &c.
In Heav'n's eternal bliss, The loveliest strain is this ;	May, &c.

The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear ! May, &c.
To God the Word on high,
The host of Angels cry ; May, &c.
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise ; May, &c.
Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound ; May, &c.
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply ; May, &c.
Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine ; May, &c.
Be this th' eternal Song,
Through all the ages on ; May, &c.

XVIII. CHRIST OUR HIGH-PRIEST AND
SACRIFICE.

Mundus effusis redemptus.

Sing, O earth, for thy redemption !
Lo, His race of torment run,
Christ the Sanctuary enters,
Priest and Victim both in one ;
There to make our peace with God,
By th' Oblation of His Blood !
Guilty for the guilty pleading,
Legal Priest, thy task is o'er !
Goats and oxen,—empty shadows !
There is need of you no more !
Not such feeble things as these
Could an angry God appease !

Hail to Thee, High-Priest eternal;
 Priest without a spot of sin;
 Veil'd of old in mystic figures;
 Holy, infinite, divine!
 Thou art He whose Blood alone
 Can for human guilt atone!

Thou, of life the Lord Anointed,
 Led to Thy self-chosen doom,
 That same Flesh which Thou hadst moulded
 In Thy Virgin Mother's womb
 Offerest on the Holy Rood;
 Man for man, and God to God!

While the rage of Thy tormentors,
 In its very fury blind,
 As from Thy pure veins it madly
 Pours the ransom of mankind,
 Does but work Thy own decree,
 Fix'd from all eternity!

XIX. CHRIST'S SESSION AT THE RIGHT
 HAND OF GOD.

Nocte max diem fugata.

Soon the fiery sun ascending
 Will have chased the midnight gloom:—
 Rise, O Thou High-Priest eternal,
 Break the bondage of the tomb!
 And above the vaulted sky
 Bear Thy victim Flesh on high!

Once on earth for guilty mortals
 Sacrificed in torment sore,
 There may It, on Heav'n's high altar,
 Plead our cause for evermore;
 And appease an injured God,
 With the Lamb's atoning Blood.

Named of old High-Priest for ever,
By the Father's stedfast oath,
Rise, O Advocate Almighty !
Rise, O Priest and Victim both !
Swiftly, swiftly, speed Thy way
Back to golden realms of day.

Lo, 'tis done? O'er death victorious
Christ ascends His starry throne ;
There from all His labours resting
Still He travails for His own ;
Still our fate His Heart employs
E'en amid eternal joys.

There He sits in tranquil glory ;
There He stands His aid to lend ;
There He offers to His Father
Every single prayer we send ;
There Himself receives each sigh
As omniscient Deity !

XX. THE MOST HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

Hoste dum victo triumphans.

When the Patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way ;
Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign !

On the truth thus dimly shadow'd,
Later days a lustre shed ;
When the great High-Priest eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's immortal food,
Gave His Flesh and gave His Blood.

Wond'rous gift!—The Word who fashion'd
 All things by His might divine,
 Bread into His Body changes,
 Into His own Blood the wine;—
 What though sense no change perceives,
 Faith admires, adores, believes!

He who once to die a Victim
 On the Cross, did not refuse,
 Day by day, upon our altars,
 That same Sacrifice renews;
 Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
 Faithful to His last commands!

While the people all uniting
 In the Sacrifice sublime,
 Offer Christ to His high Father,
 Offer up themselves with Him;
 Then together with the Priest
 On the living Victim feast!

XXI. HYMN TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Vi adoro ogni momento.

Hail, Thou living Bread from Heaven!
 Sacrament of awful might!
 I adore Thee,—I adore Thee,
 Every moment, day and night.

Heart from Mary's Heart created!
 Heart of Jesus all divine!
 Here before Thee I adore Thee;
 All my heart and soul are thine.

XXII. RHYME OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.

O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me ;
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each deceived ;
The ear alone most safely is believed :
I believe all the Son of God has spoken,
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.

God only on the Cross lay hid from view ;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too :
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see ;
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be :
Make me believe Thee ever more and more ;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying !
O Bread that Living art and vivifying !
Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live ;
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican ! O Jesu, Lord !
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood ;
Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
Is ransom for a world's entire guilt.

Jesu ! whom for the present veil'd I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me :
That I may see thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest thy glory in beholding.

O Shepherd of the Faithful, O Jesu, gracious be ;
Increase the faith of all who put their faith in Thee.

XXIII. PROSE.

Ave, verum corpus natum.

Hail to Thee! true Body, sprung
 From the Virgin Mary's womb!
 The same that on the Cross was hung,
 And bore for man the bitter doom!

Thou, whose side was pierced, and flow'd
 Both with water and with blood;
 Suffer us to taste of Thee,
 In our life's last agony.

Son of Mary, Jesu blest!
 Sweetest, gentlest, holiest!

XXIV. FROM AN OFFICE OF REPARATION
TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.*VESPERS. Quis dabit profunda nostro.*

Oh for perpetual sighs!
 And floods of falling tears, to make lament
 For all the profanations wrought against
 Our glorious Sacrament;
 For Heaven's own Pearl divine
 Trod under feet of swine!

Still Herod makes pretence
 Of adoration, and prepares to slay;
 Still Judas gives his Lord the treacherous kiss
 Anew from day to day;
 Still bloody scourgings sore
 Rend Jesus as of yore.

The Father's Victim pure,
By His own people's savage outcry slain,
Now suffers in the Holy Eucharist
Grief from His own again,
Rejected by the pride
Of those for whom He died.

Come from on high, come down,
On wings of wrath, ye armies of the Lord !
And all who this His Marriage Feast refuse
Smite with avenging sword ;
Who Marriage Robe have not,
In darkness be their lot.

Ah ! but not so the Lamb
The gentle Lamb from this sweet Altar cries,
Who for His murderers embraced the Cross
And all its agonies :
With Judgment here He pleads,
For mercy intercedes.

Glory to Him whose love
Doth guilt's polluted vessels so endure ;
Glory to Him whose sole redeeming Blood
Doth wash those vessels pure ;
Praise to the Spirit rise
Who fits them for the skies !

MATINS. *Nunc Te flebilibus concinimus modis.*

O Thou who art our glory and our bliss
Here present with Thine own, Thyself their food,
To Thee our plaintive melody ascends,
Most truly hidden God !

Alas ! while Heaven its largesses outpours,
Against it in our madness we rebel,
Surpassing all the bounties of the Lord
With greater deeds of Hell.

Ah! hath He so deserved? Hath He not given
 Freely to thee, O Vineyard, all He could?
 For grapes He looks, and lo! a tangle wild
 Of worthless leaves and wood!

Here the blasphemer sits; here sacrilege
 Makes Jesus of its cruel fangs the prey;
 Here worldliness intrudes with wandering mind,
 And empty goes away.

Oh, for the end! Come Truth, and all our clouds
 Disperse with radiance from thy Mount above;
 Come down from Heaven, Eternal Charity,
 And melt all hearts with love.

Zeal for thine House by sinners so profaned
 Afflicts our souls, O gracious Trine and One;
 Open to us that House by sin unstain'd,
 Where dwell the Saints alone!

LAUDS. *Novamne das lucem Deus?*

And dost Thou grant another dawn,
 O Lord of glory blest?
 Which sinners could not ask, nor they
 Could wish who love Thee best!

Alas! how have we made ourselves
 For death and vengeance meet!
 Alas for our Redemption's Blood
 Trod underneath our feet!

Oh, how can Christians with their tears
 Enough for this atone,
 The innocent for others' deeds,
 The guilty for their own!

Who could desire to live and see
Thy Temples empty stand,
Or in their courts the Angels' Food
By dogs of Hell profaned !

Far better that the newborn day
Should sink in sudden night,
As once before at Calvary,
Than show us such a sight !

Thou, who alike on good and bad
Dost make Thy sun to rise,
The harden'd rend, and stir Thine own
To penitential sighs.

O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
To Thee may purest praise
Amend for present injuries
Through everlasting days.

XXV. FROM THE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION.

Salve mundi Domina.

MATINS. Hail, Queen of the Heavens !
Hail, Mistress of earth !
Hail, Virgin most pure,
Of immaculate birth !
Clear Star of the Morning,
In beauty enshrined !
O Lady, make speed
To the help of mankind !

Thee God in the depth
Of eternity chose ;
And form'd thee all fair,
As his glorious Spouse ;

And call'd thee his Word's
Own Mother to be,
By whom He created
The earth, sky, and sea.

PRIME.

Hail, Virgin most wise !
Hail, Deity's Shrine,
With seven fair pillars
And Table divine !
Preserved from the guilt
Which has come on us all !
Exempt in the womb
From the taint of the Fall !

O new Star of Jacob !
Of Angels the Queen !
O Gate of the Saints !
O Mother of men !
O terrible as
The embattled array !
Be thou of the Faithful
The refuge and stay.

TERCE.

Hail, Solomon's Throne !
True Ark of the Law !
Fair Rainbow ! and Bush
Which the Patriarch saw !
Hail, Gideon's Fleece !
Hail, blossoming Rod !
Samson's sweet Honeycomb !
Portal of God !

Well fitting it was
That a Son so divine
Should preserve from all touch
Of Original Sin ;
Nor suffer by smallest
Defect to be stain'd
That Mother, whom He
For Himself had ordain'd.

- SEXT. Hail, Virginal Mother !
 Hail, Purity's Cell !
 Fair Shrine where the Trinity
 Loveth to dwell !
 Hail, Garden of pleasure !
 Celestial Balm !
 Cedar of Chastity !
 Martyrdom's Palm !

 Thou Land set apart
 From uses profane,
 And free from the curse
 Which in Adam began !
 Thou City of God !
 Thou Gate of the East !
 In thee is all grace,
 O Joy of the Blest !
- NONE. Hail, City of refuge !
 Hail, David's high tower !
 With battlements crown'd,
 And girded with power !
 Fill'd at thy Conception
 With Love and with Light !
 The Dragon by Thee
 Was shorn of his might.

 O Woman most valiant !
 O Judith thrice blest !
 As David was cherish'd
 At Abisag's breast ;
 As the saviour of Egypt
 Upon Rachel's knee ;
 So the world's great Redeemer
 Was fondled by Thee
- VESP. Hail, Dial of Achaz !
 On Thee the true Sun
 Told backward the course
 Which from old He had run ;

And, that man might be raised,
Submitting to shame,
A little more low
Than the Angels became.

Thou, wrapt in the blaze
Of His Infinite Light,
Dost shine as the morn
On the confines of night !
As the Moon on the lost
Through obscurity dawns ;
The Serpent's Destroyer !
A Lily mid thorns !

COMPLINE.

Hail, Mother most pure !
Hail, Virgin renown'd !
Hail, Queen, with the stars
As a diadem crown'd !
Above all the Angels
In glory untold
Standing next to the King,
In a vesture of gold !

O Mother of mercy !
O Star of the wave !
O Hope of the guilty !
O Light of the grave !
Through Thee may we come
To the Haven of rest ;
And see Heaven's King
In the courts of the Blest.

COMMENDATION.

These praises and prayers
I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins !
O Mary most sweet !
Be Thou my true guide
Through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side
When death draweth near.

XXVI. NATIVITY OF THE B. V. MARY. SEPT. 8.

Aurora quæ Solem paris.

Sweet Morn ! thou Parent of the Sun !
And Daughter of the same !
What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
This day to mortals came !

Clothed in the Sun I see Thee stand,
The Moon beneath thy feet ;
The Stars above thy sacred head
A radiant coronet.

Thrones and Dominions gird Thee round,
The Armies of the sky ;
Pure streams of glory from Thee flow,
All bathed in Deity !

Terrific as the banner'd line
Of battle's dread array !
Before Thee tremble Death and Hell,
And own thy mighty sway :

While crush'd beneath thy dauntless foot,
The Serpent writhes in vain ;
Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound
In an eternal chain.

O Mightiest ! pray for us, that He
Who came through Thee of yore,
May come to dwell within our hearts,
And never quit us more.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.

XXVII. ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED
V. MARY. MARCH 25.

Supernus ales nuntiat.

The Angel spake the word—
‘Hail, Thou of women blest!’
From highest Heav’n the Godhead comes,
And fills her virgin breast.

Maiden! how great henceforth
Thy dignity shall be!
The Son of God becomes thine own,
This day conceived by Thee.

This day the Holy Ghost,
From thy all-sinless blood,
Moulds in thy womb that Flesh divine
Of the life-giving Word;

Whereby we babes the meat
Of elder ones obtain;
And He, who Angels feeds as God,
Feeds men, as God made Man.

To Him who, to redeem
Our race, came down from Heaven,
Praise with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost be given.

XXVIII. ANOTHER HYMN OF THE
ANNUNCIATION.

Quis te canat mortalium?

What mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
Dear Mother of the Lord?
To Angels only it belongs
Thy glory to record.

Who born of man can penetrate
Thy soul's majestic shrine?
Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,
Or rightly them divine?

Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that,
Which from the Father's breast
Drew forth his co-eternal Son,
To be thy bosom's guest?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone,
That lifted Thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
Or peerless chastity:

But, oh! it was thy lowliness,
Well pleasing to the Lord,
That made Thee worthy to become
The Mother of the Word.

Oh, Loftiest!—whose humility
So sweet it was to see!
That God, forgetful of Himself,
Abased Himself to Thee!

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.

XXIX. VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY. JULY 2.

Quo sanctus ardor te rapit.

Whither thus, in holy rapture,
Royal Maiden, art Thou bent?
Why so fleetly art Thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

Fill'd with the eternal Godhead !
 Glowing with the Spirit's flame !
 Love it is that bears Thee onward,
 And supports thy tender frame.

Lo ! thine aged cousin claims Thee,
 Claims thy sympathy and care ;
 God her shame from her hath taken ;
 He hath heard her fervent prayer.

Blessed Mothers ! joyful meeting !
 Thou in her, the hand of God,
 She in Thee, with lips inspired,
 Owns the Mother of her Lord.

As the sun his face concealing,
 In a cloud withdraws from sight,
 So in Mary then lay hidden
 He who is the world's true light.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

XXX. PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED
 V. MARY. FEB. 2.

Templi sacratas pande Sion fores.

O Sion ! open wide thy gates ;
 Let figures disappear ;
 A Priest and Victim both in one,
 The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed.—
 Behold the Father's Son
 Himself to His own Altar comes
 For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word ;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father with the Son,
And Holy Spirit be ;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

XI. ASSUMPTION OF THE B. V. M. AUG. 15.

O vos ætherei plaudite cives.

Rejoice, O ye Spirits and Angels on high !
This day the pure Mother of love
By death was set free ; and ascending the sky,
Was welcomed by Jesus, with triumph and joy,
To the Courts of his glory above.

O Virgin divine ! what treasures are thine !
What power and splendour untold !
With flesh thou hadst clothed the Lord of all might ;—
He clothes Thee in turn with his infinite light,
And a vesture of radiant gold.

He, who on thy breast found nurture and rest,
Is now thy ineffable Food ;
And He, who from Thee in the flesh lay conceal'd,
Now gives Thee, beholding his glory reveal'd,
To drink from the fulness of God.

Through thy Virginal womb what graces have come !
 What glories encompass thy throne !
 Where next to thy Son, thou sittest a Queen,
 Exalted on high, above Angels and men !
 Inferior to Godhead alone !

Then hear us, we pray, on this blessed Day ;
 Remember we also are thine ;
 And deign for thy children with Jesus to plead,
 That He may forgive us, and grant us in need
 His strength and protection divine.

All praise to the Father, who chose for his Son
 A mother, the daughter of Eve ;
 All praise to the glorious Child of her womb ;
 All praise to the infinite Spirit, by whom
 Her glory it was to conceive !

XXXII. ANOTHER HYMN OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Cantant hymnos calites.

See, to God's high temple above,
 Mounts, amid angel-hymns of love,
 The mystical Ark of grace !
 See aloft, on victory's throne,
 Blended together, Mother and Son,
 In one eternal embrace !

All the sorrows her bosom bore,
 All her pains and afflictions sore,
 At length supremely repaid ;
 There she reigns on the cloudless height,
 Only less than the Lord of light,
 In hues immortal array'd !

There she lives, as a fount of grace
 Ever flowing for Adam's race,
 And still for ever to flow ;

There, while ages on ages run,
Sweetly, sweetly she pleads with her Son
For us her children below !

Lady, than all the heavens more high !
More than seraph in purity !
A glance of pity incline.

Teach us to feel, teach us to know,
Teach us in life and death to show,
What treasures of grace are thine.

Look on this Isle from the azure sky,
That bask'd so happy in days gone by
Beneath thy peaceable reign ;
Fallen away from its faith of old,
Oh, bring it back to the Catholic fold,
And claim thy dowry again.

XXXIII. HYMN TO OUR LADY.

Ave maris stella.

Hail, Ocean Star !
Dear Mother of our God !
Hail, O thou Virgin evermore !
Of Paradise the blissful door !
Hail, Mary, hail !

Oh, by thy joy
When Gabriel hail'd thee blest,
In peace confirm us one and all ;
And make amends for Eva's fall ;
Hail, Mary, hail !

Break thou the chain
Of those whom sin has bound ;
Upon the blind thy radiance pour ;
Each ill remove, each bliss implore ;
Hail, Mary, hail !

Show, show thyself,
 The Mother that thou art ;
 Present our prayers before His throne,
 Who for our sake became thy Son ;
 Hail, Mary, hail !

O Virgin blest !
 O meekest of the meek !
 Keep us in virtue's path secure ;
 Keep us, O keep us, meek and pure ;
 Hail, Mary hail !

Be thou the guide
 Of all our life, we pray ;
 Till in thy bosom safe we rest,
 With Christ's eternal vision blest ;
 Hail, Mary, hail !

Through every time,
 Through all eternity ;
 To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son,
 And Thee, O Spirit, Three in one !
 One glory be !

XXXIV. THE PRAISES OF MARY.

Pulchra tota sine nota.

Holy Queen ! we bend before thee,
 Queen of purity divine !
 Make us love thee, we implore thee,
 Make us truly to be thine.

Thou by faith the gates unfolding,
 Of the kingdom in the skies,
 Hast to us, by faith beholding,
 Shown the land of Paradise.

Thou, when deepest night infernal
Had for ages shrouded man,
Gavest us that light eternal,
Promised since the world began.

God in thee hath shower'd plenty
On the hungry and the weak ;
Sending back the mighty empty,
Setting up on high the meek.

Thine the province to deliver
Souls that deep in bondage lie ;
Thine to crush, and crush for ever,
Life-destroying heresy.

Thine to show that earthly pleasures,
All the world's enchanting bloom,
Are outrivall'd by the treasures
Of the glorious world to come.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother !
How to conquer every sin ;
How to love and help each other ;
How the prize of life to win.

Thou, to whom a Child was given
Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest heaven
To create the world again.

O, by that Almighty Maker,
Whom thyself a Virgin bore !
O, by thy supreme Creator,
Link'd with thee for evermore !

By the hope thy name inspires !
By our doom reversed through thee !
Help us, Queen of Angel-choirs !
To a blest eternity !

XXXV. ST. JOSEPH.

Dei qui gratiam impotes.

Seek ye the grace of God,
And mercies from on high?—
Invoke St. Joseph's holy name,
And on his aid rely.

So shall the Lord well pleased
Your earnest prayer fulfil ;
The guilty cleanse from guilt ; and make
The holy holier still.

So shall His tender care
To you through life be nigh ;
So shall His love with triumph crown
Your dying agony.

Safe in the virgin arms
Of Mary and her Son,
Embracing each in speechless joy,
And sweetest union ;

O Joseph, in what peace
Was breathed thy latest sigh,
Dear pattern of all those to come,
Who should in Jesus die !

Hail, mightiest of Saints !
To whom submissive bent
He whose Creator-hand outstretch'd
The starry firmament !

Hail, Mary's Spouse elect !
Hail, Guardian of the Word !
Nurse of the Highest ! and esteem'd
The Father of the Lord !

Blest Trinity ! to Thee
One God of earth and Heaven,
And to St. Joseph's holy name,
Be praise and honour given !

XXXVI. RESPONSORY HYMN OF ST. JOSEPH.

Quicumque sanus vivere.

To all, who would holily live,
To all, who would happily die,
St. Joseph is ready to give
Sure guidance and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefiled,
Just, holy, and pure of all stain,
He asks of his own Foster-child ;
And needs but to ask to obtain.

To all who would holily live, &c.

In the manger that Child he adored,
And nursed Him in exile and flight ;
Him, lost in his boyhood, deplored ;
And found with amaze and delight.

To all, &c.

The Maker of Heaven and earth
By the labour of Joseph was fed ;
The Son by ineffable birth
Submissive to Joseph was made.

To all, &c.

And when his last hour drew nigh,
Oh, full of all joy was his breast ;
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
As he tranquilly slumber'd to rest,

To all, &c.

All praise to the Father above ;
 All praise to the infinite Son ;
 All praise to the Spirit of love ;
 While the days of eternity run.

XXXVII. ANGEL GUARDIANS.

Regnator orbis summus et arbiter.

Omnipotent, infinite Lord !
 To Thee the whole universe bends !
 Thou madest the world at a word,
 And still upon Thee it depends.

We bless Thee, whose mercy provides us
 With Guardians sent from on high,
 Through every temptation to guide us,
 And shield us when danger is nigh ;

To cope with the furious foe,
 Lest haply unguarded he see,
 And slay with a treacherous blow
 The souls that were ransom'd by Thee.

High praise to the Lord of all might,
 All holy, all gracious, all wise !
 Who sends us His Angels of Light,
 To lure us again to the skies !

XXXVIII. HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Angelice Patrone.

Sweet Angel of Mercy !
 By Heaven's decree
 Benignly appointed
 To watch over me !

Without thy protection,
So constant and nigh,
I could not well live ;
I should tremble to die !

All thanks for thy love,
Dear companion and friend !
Oh, may it continue
With me to the end !
Oh, cease not to keep me,
Blest guide of my youth !
In the ways of religion
And virtue and truth.

Support me in weakness ;
My spirit inflame ;
Defend me in danger ;
Secure me from shame ;
That safe from temptation,
Or sudden surprise,
I may climb the straight path,
That ascends to the skies.

When Satan his snares
For my ruin shall lay,
Be thou, gentle comrade,
My comfort and stay ;
And in every event
That may happen to me,
Make all my desires
With thine to agree.

When I wander in error,
My footsteps recall ;
Remove from my path
What might cause me to fall.
Preserve me from sin ;
And in all that I do,
May God and His glory
Be ever in view.

O thou, who didst witness
 My earliest breath,
 Be with me, I pray,
 At the hour of death ;
 Console me in sadness ;
 Refresh me in pain ;
 And teach me how best
 I may mercy obtain ;
 That, cleansed by confession
 Complete and sincere,
 From every defilement
 Afflicting me here ;
 All glowing with love,
 I may gladly depart,
 With faith on my lips,
 And with hope in my heart :
 Nor then do thou leave me,
 Angelical Friend !
 But at the tribunal
 Of Judgment attend,
 And cease not to plead
 For my soul, till forgiven
 Thou bear it aloft
 To the Palace of Heaven !

XXXIX. THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

Christi perennes nuntii.

Heralds of Jesus through all time !
 Who, speaking day by day,
 Have scatter'd wide through every clime,
 Those truths that in the depths sublime
 Of olden scripture lay !

What under night's mysterious screen,
Veil'd in a shadowy hue,
Was by the Prophets dimly seen,
'Twas yours, without a veil between,
In naked day to view !

What Christ, the Man, divinely wrought ;
The God, as mortal bore ;
Your pens to every age have taught,
In words with inspiration fraught,
That live for evermore !

By distance sever'd wide apart,
Yet by one Spirit sway'd,
One were ye all in mind and heart ;
And, with a more than human art,
One perfect Christ portray'd.

Wrapt in a voice of mortal mould,
The Father's secret Word
To you His truths eternal told ;—
And still, as we your page unfold,
That selfsame voice is heard !

XL. ANOTHER HYMN TO THE FOUR
EVANGELISTS.

Sinæ sub alto vertice.

From Sinai's trembling peak,
In trumpet-blasts from Heaven,
And thunders of a threatening God,
The olden Law was given.

To us the selfsame Lord,
Attemper'd to our gaze
Beneath a veil of flesh, Himself
In love and grace displays.

On the hard rock engraved,
 The Law from Sinai's hill
 Precepts supplied, but gave no strength
 Those precepts to fulfil.

Piercing the heart, the Law
 Which Christ proclaim'd anew,
 With its commandment also gives
 The strength to will and do.

This Law with faithful pen
 Ye wrote, O Scribes of God ;
 Preach'd it by holiest word and deed,
 And seal'd it with your blood.

O, may that Spirit blest,
 Who touch'd your lips with fire,
 Those same eternal words of life
 Deep in our souls inspire !

XLI. FOR THE FESTIVAL OF A BISHOP.

Jesu, sacerdotum decus.

Jesu ! Thy priests' eternal prize !
 This day on us look down ;
 This day, that saw Thee in the skies
 Thy holy Pontiff crown.

Chosen for his fidelity,
 His love, and prudence rare ;
 The sheep Thy Father gave to thee,
 Thou gavest to his care.

He knew and loved them, each and all ;
 Their lambs he gently led ;
 They too in turn obey'd his call,
 And in his footsteps fed.

Did any sheep the fold forsake,
He sought it night and day;
And in his arms would bring it back,
However rough the way.

He met the wolf's impetuous shock,
His cunning wiles defied;
And for his flock—his own dear flock—
Was ready to have died.

For them he offer'd prayer and praise,
And Sacrifice adored;
Offering with it himself and his,
To his eternal Lord.

XLII. THE DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH.

O qui perpetuus nos monitor doces.

O Thou, th' eternal Father's Word!
What though on earth Thy voice is heard
No longer, as of yore;
Still, age by age, dost Thou supply
With holy teachers from on high
Thy Church for evermore.

They, in Thy stead, the truth maintain,
And guard the Christian Faith from stain,
Against its deadly foes;
Which, under such protecting care,
For ever fresh, for ever fair,
In virgin beauty glows.

Remnants of superstition old,
Falsehood and error, from the fold
'Tis theirs to drive away;
Theirs to recover to the Lord,
The souls, whom heresy and fraud
Have made a wretched prey.

They, to the long hoar-headed line
 Of Fathers, pointing,—as they shine
 Far in the ages deep,—
 Preserve the ancient doctrines pure ;
 Confute the novel ; and secure
 The great deposit keep.

All praise to Thee, who by the pen
 Of saintly doctors, teaching men
 Thy truths, O Truth sublime !
 Without a voice, without a sound,
 Thy grace diffusest all around,
 Thy glory through all time.

XLIII. THE MONKS.

Felices nemorum pangimus incolas.

Sing we of those, whom in the forest wild
 God hid from human eye ;
 There by the world's contagion undefiled
 With Him to live and die.

Their home, their native land, their all, they left ;—
 Name, wealth, ancestral throne
 Alike to them were worthless ; self-bereft !
 And wrapt in Heaven alone !

Arm'd for the battle, swift, unfetter'd, free,
 They flew to meet the foe ;
 And wisely, bound to stem a treacherous sea,
 Aside their burdens threw.

Their highest glory was—to be despised !
 To suffer want—their gain !
 The happiness which they supremely prized—
 To die by lengthen'd pain !

Help us, great God, to bear with patience meek
The chastenings of Thy love ;
Help us, forsaking earthly things, to seek
Thy perfect joys above.

XLIV. THE HERMITS.

Avete, Solitudines.

Gentle Hermits of the waste !
Tenants of the mossy cell !
Hail to you, who nobly faced
All the raging hosts of Hell !
Yours it was to tread in dust
Golden heaps and jewell'd toys,
Vain ambition's empty trust,
All the world's defiling joys.
Scanty herb and running brook
All your simple fare supplied ;
All your rest the chilly rock,
Hollow'd in the mountain side.
Asp and adder gliding by,
Howling fiends of angry night,
Gloomy portents of the sky,
Smit your soul with no affright.
Where the golden mansions glow,
Thither had she sped her way ;
From the vale of night below,
Mounting to immortal day !
Praise to Thee, O Trine and One !
Father, glorified above !
Virgin-born, eternal Son !
Spirit of eternal love !

XLV. ST. ANNE. JULY 26.

Claræ diei gaudiis.

Spotless Anna ! Juda's glory !
 Through the Church from East to West,
 Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
 Holy Mary's Mother blest !

Under thy protecting banner
 Here assembled in thy name,
 Mary's Mother, gracious Anna,
 Grace and help of thee we claim.

Saintly Kings and priestly Sires
 Blended in thy sacred line ;
 Thou in virtue, all before thee
 Didst excel by grace divine.

Under thy, &c.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
 Thine it was for us to bear,
 By the favour of High Heaven,
 Our auroral Virgin Star.

Under thy, &c.

From thy stem in beauty budded
 Ancient Jesse's mystic rod ;
 Earth from thee received the Mother
 Of th' Almighty Son of God.

Under thy, &c.

All the human race benighted
 In the depths of darkness lay ;
 When in Anne, it saw the dawning
 Of the long-expected day.

Under thy, &c.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

XLVI. ANOTHER HYMN TO ST. ANNE.

O gloriosa domina.

O Lady, high in glory,
Whose daughter ever blest
Nurtured the Sovereign of the skies,
At her maternal breast,

What we had lost in Eva
Thy Virgin Child restores,
Opening to us in Christ anew
The everlasting doors.

Oh, shower grace and pardon,
Dear heir of endless fame,
On us and all who memory keep
Of thy immortal name.

To Him, the world's salvation !
Whom Anna's daughter bore,
Be with the Father and the Spirit
All glory evermore.

XLVII. ST. STEPHEN PROTOMARTYR. DEC. 26.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

O Captain of the Martyr Host !
O peerless in renown !
Not from the fading flowers of earth
Weave we for thee a crown.

The stones that smote thee, in thy blood
 Made beauteous and divine,
 All in a halo heavenly bright
 About thy temples shine.

The scars upon thy sacred brow
 Throw beams of glory round ;
 The splendours of thy bruised face
 The very sun confound.

Oh, earliest Victim sacrificed
 To thy dear Victim Lord !
 Oh, earliest witness to the Faith
 Of thy Incarnate God !

Thou to the heavenly Canaan first
 Through the Red Sea didst go,
 And to the Martyrs' countless host,
 Their path of glory show.

Erewhile a servant of the poor,
 Now at the Lamb's high Feast,
 In blood-empurpled robe array'd,
 A welcome nuptial guest !

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
 Praise with the Father be ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 Through all eternity.

XLVIII. RESPONSORY HYMN TO ST. PETER.

Si vis Patronum quærere.

Seek ye a Patron to defend
 Your cause ?—then, one and all,
 Without delay upon the Prince
 Of the Apostles call.

Blest Holder of the heavenly Keys !
Thy prayers we all implore :
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

By penitential tears thou didst
The path of life regain ;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins,
And wash away their stain.

Blest Holder, &c.

The Angel touch'd thee, and forthwith
Thy chains from off thee fell ;
Oh, loose us from the subtle coils
That link us close with Hell.

Blest Holder, &c.

Firm Rock whereon the Church is based !
Pillar that cannot bend !
With strength endue us ; and the Faith
From heresy defend.

Blest Holder, &c.

Save Rome, which from the days of old
Thy blood hath sanctified ;
And help the nations of the earth,
That in thy help confide.

Blest Holder, &c.

Oh, worshipp'd by all Christendom !
Her realms in peace maintain ;
Let no contagion sap her strength,
No discord rend in twain.

Blest Holder, &c.

The weapons, which our ancient foe
Against us doth prepare,
Crush thou ; nor suffer us to fall
Into his deadly snare.

Blest Holder, &c.

Guard us through life ; and in that hour
 When our last fight draws nigh,
 O'er Death, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's power,
 Gain us the victory.

Blest Holder, &c.

Praise to the Lord and Father be ;
 Praise to the Son who rose ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete ;
 While age on ages flows.

Blest Holder, &c.

XLIX. RESPONSORY HYMN TO ST. PAUL.

Pressi malorum pondere.

All ye who groan, beneath
 A load of ills oppress'd !
 Entreat St. Paul, and he will pray
 The Lord to give you rest.
 O Victim, dear to Heaven !
 O Paul, thou Teacher true !
 Thou love and joy of Christendom !
 To thee for help we sue.

Pierced with the flame of love
 Descending from on high ;
 'Twas thine to preach the Faith, that once
 Thou soughtest to destroy.

O Victim, &c.

Nor toil, nor threaten'd death,
 Nor tempest, scourge, or chain,
 Could from th' Assembly of the Saints
 Thy loving heart detain.

O Victim, &c.

Oh, by that quenchless love
Which burnt in thee of yore !
Take pity on our miseries ;
Our fainting hope restore.

O Victim, &c.

True Champion of the Lord !
Crush thou the schemes of Hell ;
And with adoring multitudes
The sacred temples fill.

O Victim, &c.

Through thy prevailing prayer,
May Charity abound ;
Sweet Charity, which knows no ill,
Which nothing can confound.

O Victim, &c.

To earth's remotest shores
May one same Faith extend ;
And thy epistles through all climes
Their blessed perfume send.

O Victim, &c.

Grant us the will and power
To serve Thee, God of might !
Lest wavering still, and unprepared,
We sink in depths of night.

O Victim, &c.

Praise to the Father be ;
Praise to the Son who rose ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete ;
While age on ages flows.

O Victim, &c.

L. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. DEC. 27.

Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit.

The life which God's Incarnate Word
 Lived here below with men,
 Three blest Evangelists record
 With Heav'n-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing
 The Father's dread abode ;
 And shews the mystery wherein
 The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint ! upon his Saviour's breast
 Invited to recline,
 'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
 His knowledge all divine :

There too, with that angelic love
 Did he his bosom fill,
 Which, once enkindled from above,
 Breathes in his pages still.

Oh, dear to Christ !—to thee upon
 His Cross, of all bereft,
 Thou virgin soul ! the Virgin Son
 His Virgin Mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
 Praise with the Father be ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 Through all eternity.

LI. ANOTHER HYMN TO ST. JOHN THE
EVANGELIST.

Jussu tyranni pro fide.

An exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars,—beyond all space,
Thy soul unprison'd soar'd :

There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead ;
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled :

There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime,
How, sown in Martyrs' blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

There the new City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill
Thou callest all ;—O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.

To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

LII. ST. MARTIN.

Perfusus ora lachrymis.

Fixing on the stars of heaven
 Stedfastly his tearful eyes,
 Holy Martin for his country,
 His celestial country, sighs.

‘Why,’ saith he, ‘O death, so slowly
 Comest thou to break my chain?
 Whom the love of Christ hath wounded,
 Unto him to die is gain.

‘Vain are all thy fiery hissings;
 Vain thy fury, serpent foul;
 Back to shades of night return thee;
 Heav’n is calling for my soul.

‘Children of my love, I pray you,
 All your care for me dismiss;
 Cease, by your fond supplications,
 To retard your father’s bliss.

‘Yet if earth my labour needeth,
 Though my crown so near I view,
 See me ready, O my Jesu,
 To resume the fight anew.’

Thus the Saint, in perfect patience,
 Bows submissive to his lot,
 And for death supremely yearning,
 Still to live refuses not.

LIII. ST. FRANCIS.

Crucis Christi mons Alvernae.

Let Alverna’s holy mountain
 That high mystery proclaim
 Of the stamps of life eternal
 Which on blessed Francis came

While he sobb'd, and while he sigh'd,
Grieving for the Crucified.

There, within a lonely cavern,
Far from all the world withdrawn,
As the Saint his watch was keeping,
With incessant scourgings torn ;
Ever musing more and more
On the wounds that Jesus bore ;—

As he pray'd in cold and hunger ;
As he pour'd his glowing tears ;
In his fervent spirit mounting
Far above terrestrial spheres,
Every earthly thing forgot
In his Saviour's bitter lot ;—

Lo to him, in form seraphic,
Borne upon a cross on high,
Six irradiant wings expanding,
Came the King of glory nigh !
Gazing on him with a face
Of benignity and grace.

He that tender glance returning,
Saw th' Incarnate Light of Light ;
Saw his gracious meek Redeemer
Robed in glory infinite ;
Drank the words that from Him fell,
Words divine, unspeakable !

Straightway all the sacred summit
Kindles like a flaming pyre ;
Holy Francis sinks enraptured,
Fainting with ecstatic fire ;
And upon his flesh appear
Christ's immortal stigmata !

Honour to the high Redeemer,
 Who for us in torments died;
 In whose image blessed Francis
 Suffer'd and was sanctified,
 Counting everything but loss
 For the glory of the Cross!

LIV. ST. BENEDICT.

Deserta, valles, lustra, solitudines.

Ye glens and umbrageous woods!
 Ye solitudes awful and drear!
 Where rarely a sunbeam intrudes,
 Your lonely recesses to cheer!
 Too long ye conceal'd from the eyes
 Of a world which he yearn'd to reclaim,
 The Saint, who now shines in the skies,
 An heir of celestial fame.

Oh, how did his tears as they fell,
 Bedew the cold pitiless ground!
 Oh, how did his sobbings dispel
 The silence that brooded around!

Thou cave, which before me I see,
 So wrapt in impervious gloom,
 What years he remained within thee,
 Alive in thy desolate tomb!

Ah, tell me, while here he lay hid,
 Beam'd not some ineffable ray,
 Diffusing, thy darkness amid,
 A glory more bright than the day?

Ah, tell me, what shrub of the wild
 With berries his hunger supplied?
 Where rises the spring that beguiled
 The thirst he so often denied?

What dim and disconsolate nook
 Afforded his limbs their repose ?
What comrades, if any, partook
 In a life so replenish'd with woes ?
The prizes which worldlings adore,
 For which they incessantly sigh,
All these, in his eyes, were no more
 Than flowers long wither'd and dry.
For faith had the hermit upborne
 Aloft to her heavenly seat ;
From whence he regarded with scorn
 The world as it lay at his feet.
And to Heav'n transporting his mind,
 He reck'd not of country or home ;
Too glad to have left them behind
 In search of the glory to come !
With Thee, both awake and asleep,
 He studied, O Jesu, to be,
Well learn'd in that ignorance deep,
 Whose knowledge is only of Thee.
For this, in the caves of the rock,
 He fled in his boyhood to hide ;
For this, e'en himself he forsook,
 When nothing was left him beside !
All praise to the Father above ;
 All praise to His infinite Son ;
All praise to the Spirit of love ;
 While the days of eternity run.

LV. FEAST OF ST. BENEDICT.

VESPERS. *Laudibus cives resonent canoris.*

Through the long nave and full-resounding aisles
 Let pealing anthems rise ;
This day that saw immortal Benedict
 Ascend the skies !

A flowery path, affection, home, were his ;
 But vainly earth allured ;
 Deep in a lonesome cave his tender bloom
 The Saint immured.

There, amid prickly thorns, he curb'd the rage
 Of sin-incentive youth ;
 There drew his sacred Rule from the pure fount
 Of life and truth.

There still upon the height the Baptist's shrine,
 Memorial of his love,
 Tells how he smote the Pagan god, and strew'd
 The Paphian grove.

Now from the heavenly dome, seated serene
 Amid seraphic choirs,
 He sees us all, and with celestial draughts
 Each heart inspires.

Glory eternal to the Father be,
 And sole-begotten Son,
 With Thee, great Paraclete, eternal Three !
 And trinal One !

MATINS. *Quidquid antiqui cecinere vates.*

Whate'er the tuneful Prophets teach, whate'er
 The Law of olden days,
 Great monarch of ascetic multitudes !
 Thy life displays !

A glorious progeny is Abraham's boast ;
 Meekness in Moses shone ;
 Faultless obedience and a beauteous spouse
 Were Isaac's crown ;

But our exalted heavenly Patriarch,
 Immeasurably blest,
 Concentres all their glory, virtue, praise,
 In his sole breast.

O, may his arm of might, that caught us up
From the world's stormy tide,
Here keep us evermore, where halcyon calm
And peace abide !

Glory eternal, &c.

LAUDS. *Inter æternas Superûm coronas.*

Of all eternity's bright diadems
In Faith's high combat won,
Brighter than thine, celestial Benedict,
There glitter none.

Pleasure in thee had naught ;—the grace of age
Was o'er thy boyhood shed ;
All dust to thee the world's fair bloom, whose heart
To Heaven had fled.

Country and home abandon'd for the depths
Of the lone forest rude ;
There, while to Christ thy soul self-mastering
The flesh subdued ;

Lo, thee unknown thy peerless miracles
A Saint of God display ;
And forth through all the world thy glory speeds
On wings of day !

Glory eternal, &c.

THE SAME.

SEQUENCE AT MASS. *Læta quies magni ducis.*

Welcome the glad returning morn !
In hues of golden glory born !
That witness'd, highly blest,
Our Chieftain in the sacred fight,
Mounting the pearly stairs of light,
To his eternal rest.

See the glad Vision's bright array
 Ascending on its orient way ;
 See there the Patriarch shine!
 A second Abraham on high,
 Amidst his glorious progeny
 Seated in bliss divine !

Blest Hermit ! in his rocky cell,
 As to Elias erst befel,
 By the wild raven fed !
 Whose voice the sunken axe obey'd,
 Rising, as when Eliseus pray'd,
 Up from the torrent's bed !

With hoary Jacob's eagle eye
 Piercing the far futurity ;
 With Joseph heavenly pure ;
 May he to us, his sons below,
 The path of joys immortal show,
 And keep us there secure !

LVI. ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

Virgo vernans velut rosa.

More fair than all the vernal flowers
 Embosom'd in the dales,
 St. Winifred in beauty bloom'd
 The rose of ancient Wales.

With every loveliest grace adorn'd,
 The Lamb's unsullied Bride,
 Apart from all the world she dwelt
 Upon this mountain side.

Till Caradoc, with impious love,
 Her fleeing steps pursued,
 And in her sacred maiden blood
 His cruel hands imbrued.

He straight the debt of vengeance paid,
 Ingulf'd in yawning flame ;
But God a deed of wonder work'd
 To her immortal fame.

For where the grassy sward received
 The Martyr's sever'd head,
This holy fountain upward gush'd,
 Of crystal vein'd with red.

Here miracles of might are wrought ;
 Here all diseases fly ;
Here see the blind, and speak the dumb,
 Who but in faith draw nigh.

Assist us, glorious Winifred,
 Dear Virgin, ever blest !
The passions of our hearts appease,
 And lull each storm to rest.

LVII. RESPONSORY HYMN TO ST. PIUS THE
 FIFTH.

Belli tumultus ingruit.

Wars and tumults fill the earth ;
 Men the fear of God despise ;
Retribution, vengeance, wrath,
 Brood upon the angry skies.

Holy Pius ! Pope sublime !
 Whom, in this most evil time,
 Whom, of Saints in bliss, can we
 Better call to aid than thee ?

None more mightily than thou,
 Hath, by holy deed or word,
Through the spacious earth below
 Spread the glory of the Lord.

Holy Pius, &c.

Thine it was, O Pontiff brave !
 Pontiff of eternal Rome !
 From barbaric yoke to save
 Terror-stricken Christendom.
 Holy Pius, &c.

When Lepanto's Gulf beheld,
 Strewn upon its bosom fair,
 Turkey's countless navy yield
 To the power of thy prayer :
 Holy Pius, &c.

Who meanwhile, with prophet eye,
 Didst the distant battle see ;
 And announce to standers by
 That same moment's victory.
 Holy Pius, &c.

Mightier now and glorified !
 Hear the suppliant cry we pour ;
 Crush rebellion's haughty pride ;
 Quell the din of rising war.
 Holy Pius, &c.

At thy prayer may golden peace
 Down to earth descend again ;
 License, discord, trouble cease ;
 Justice, truth, and order reign.
 Holy Pius, &c.

To the Lord of endless days,
 One Almighty Trinity ;
 Sempiternal glory, praise,
 Honour, might, and blessing be.
 Holy Pius, &c.

LVIII. ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO.

Cætus parentem Carolum.

O Father blest, and Founder !
To thee our hearts we raise,
Rare pattern of a lovely life
Above all human praise !

A glory o'er thy cradle
The future Saint reveal'd,
Its little altars from the first
Thy childhood joy'd to build.

Rome won in thee new honour,
Her cardinal renown'd ;
New life thy native Milanese
In thee their bishop found.

No longer, in thy presence,
Their stormy factions rage ;
Before thy firmness sink subdued
The vices of an age.

In vain the leaden bullet
Against thy breast is sped ;
Before thee, like a rock, his shield
Thy loving God had spread.

Amidst the plague thou shinest
An Angel of the Lord ;
And so through all things conqueror
Dost pass to thy reward ;

Henceforward to the clergy
A rule and model sure ;
Hope of the flock ; light of the world ;
And altar of the poor !

Oh, from thy glory hear us,
 Who sigh, dear Saint, to thee,
 And present with us ever still
 In prayer and spirit be.

To th' everlasting Father
 Be render'd evermore
 Praise, with the Son and Holy Ghost,
 As in all time before!

LIX. ANOTHER HYMN TO ST. CHARLES
 BORROMEO.

Ave Carole sanctissime.

Lauds and homage, O Charles beloved!
 Lauds and homage, to thee we pay;
 Once on earth our saintly mirror!
 Now our guide to eternal day!

Round St. Peter's unshaken rock
 Clouds are gathering black as night;
 Winds are beating, and waves upheaving;
 Aid, oh aid, with thy prayer of might.

So shall Christ's Vicegerent below,
 Whom no power of Hell can harm,
 Setting firmly his foot on the billows,
 Turn th' uproarious storm to a calm.

Oh, by all thou wroughtest of old
 Still, against godless error and crime,
 Plead for holy religion's welfare;
 Plead for truth in an evil time.

Saint and Father! for all thine own
 Gifts of virtue and wisdom gain,
 Grace their gracious Lord to resemble,
 Him to desire and Him to attain.

For our England this boon through thee
Of our God we invoke from above,
Faith for those who to faith are strangers,
For the faithful new zeal, new love!

Praise to Thee, O Creator Sire ;
Praise to the Blood-atoning Son ;
Praise to the Spirit Sanctifier ;
One in Trinity, Trine in One.

LX. ST. JOSEPH CALASANCTIUS.

Sacram venite supplices.

Flock hither, ye children, to-day,
Round the altar of Joseph so blest ;
Who first made the cause of poor children his own,
And gather'd them all to his breast.

Ye Maidens, in jubilant hymns
St. Joseph your Patron proclaim ;
Who open'd a home for the perishing maid,
To save her from peril and shame.

The poor and the sick, let them haste
Of Joseph assistance to crave ;
The poor he instructed, and fed in their need ;
And rescued the sick from the grave.

Let all on this day of his Feast
The great Calasanctius praise ;
His charity's ardour, his chastity's bloom
Preserved from his earliest days.

Extol we his fortitude high,
By which he resisted so well
The scorn of the world, and the fiery darts
Sent forth from the quivers of Hell.

Extol we the gifts of his tongue ;
 His labours and penance severe ;
 Oh, how can we all with devotion enough
 Our great Intercessor revere ?

All praise to the Father above ;
 All praise to His infinite Son ;
 All praise to the infinite Spirit of love,
 While the days of eternity run.

LXI. AN EXHORTATION TO REPENTANCE.

Homo Dei creatura.

Creature of God, immortal man !
 Poor vessel wrought of clay !
 Whose present life is but a span,
 So quick it fleets away !
 Why on Eternity's high prize
 So little dost thou set thine eyes ?
 Ah ! didst thou but its greatness know,
 Then wouldst thou covet it alone,
 Nor waste a single thought upon
 These vanities below.

And oh, if but thou couldest feel,
 And see and understand,
 The greatness of the pains of Hell,
 Upon the other hand,
 How wouldst thou hasten at the view
 Thy carnal passions to subdue !
 How, trembling with excess of dread,
 Wouldst thou thy former life recall ;
 Thy sins lamenting, each and all,
 Of thought and word and deed !

Such is the bliss of Saints on high,
Such is the utter woe
For sinners, from eternity
Prepared in Hell below ;
That the immensity of each
No thought can grasp or language reach :
Then only is it truly known,
When, borne upon her secret flight,
The soul departs to endless night,
Or to a glorious crown.

When to the silence of the tomb
The flesh in death descends,
Nought of the soul's eternal doom
Is known to former friends ;
Whether it be in bliss or woe,
But few a passing thought bestow :
Some decent tears, perchance, they shed,
Then haste the heritage to share,
And eager for the spoil, prepare
To battle o'er the dead !

Both good and bad fall equally
By death's relentless aim ;
And to the carnal human eye
Their lot appears the same ;
But things alike to outer sense
Hide an eternal difference ;—
No after-prayers will pardon win ;
Nought will avail funereal rite,
Or Sacrifice, for him whom night
O'ertakes in mortal sin.

Ah, wretch ! to him the time is past
For penitential tears ;
The hour delay'd is come at last,
Whence no retreat appears ;

Look he below, or look on high,
 There is no place where he may fly
 From his Almighty Judge severe ;
 Hide he in Heav'n or deepest Hell,
 There is a force will him compel
 His bitter doom to hear.

The soul that never Jesus loved,
 Nor served in Mary's train,
 From every hope of bliss removed,
 Will then lament in vain :
 For her no Patron Saint will plead,
 No tender Guardian intercede ;
 For well—too well, alas !—they know,
 Vainly would Heav'n its labour spend,
 Striving to save a soul condemn'd
 To everlasting woe.

The Angels, while with tearful eyes
 They bid a long adieu,
 Will still confess the judgment wise,
 And own the sentence true.
 Yea, all the creatures of the Lord
 Will that most righteous Judge applaud,
 Nor any other sentence give ;
 Which, piercing through her heart of pride,
 Will sorer still than all beside
 Her guilty conscience grieve.

Conscience itself, in blank despair,
 Forced in its own despite,
 Against itself will witness bear,
 And own the judgment right.—
 Ah! then the torments will begin,
 Torments for unrepented sin ;
 Then, lost to every chance of bliss,
 The soul to furious madness driven,
 Smit by a sudden blast from Heaven,
 Shall sweep to Hell's abyss !

There in herself most desolate,
Whelm'd in the fiery flood,
Object of her own endless hate,
Abhorrence of the good ;
Fated to weep, and weep in vain ;
Never may she come forth again
From her drear prison-house of woe ;
Sever'd from Heav'n, confined to Hell,
By a deep gulf impassable,
While endless ages flow.

Alas ! what tongue of man can speak,
What heart can comprehend,
That vengeance which the Lord will wreak
Upon the souls condemn'd ?
The dread variety of pains
Apportion'd to their thousand stains ?
The torments singly to each soul
Strictly awarded, one by one,
According to what each has done ?
The horror of the whole ?

The fiery storm, the frozen blast ;
The darkness thickly spread ;
The shrieks of anguish rolling past ;
The stench, as of the dead ;
The pressure close, the stifling breath ;
The sense of everlasting death ;
The Hellish crew, the spectres dim ;
The fear, the thirst unquenchable ;—
All these with bitter torments fill
Their chalice to the brim.

So widely stretch, so deep descend,
The murky vales below ;
In such immensity extend
Those tracts of dismal woe ;

That earth, and all its realms contain,
 With Hell would be compared in vain ;
 Nay, all comparison is nought :
 Of earth we speak from what we see ;
 But Hell is utter mystery,
 Exceeding sense and thought.

So, too, the bliss of Saints on high,
 The joys that Angels feel,
 The glory of the Deity,
 No tongue of man can tell :
 There, safe from all that breeds annoy,
 Thou shalt eternal God enjoy ;
 There all things in His brightness see ;
 There nimbly rove in liquid light,
 Replete with love and grace and might,
 In perfect liberty.

There shalt thou of thy Maker's face
 Enjoy the vision blest ;
 There in His infinite embrace
 Be of all good possess'd.
 O bliss extreme ! which hath no close,
 No bitter separation knows,
 To which no ill can entrance find ;
 Where, from without as from within,
 No grief can come, no fear, no sin,
 To terrify the mind.

There glide the Seraphs to and fro,
 With faces bright and fair ;
 There rivers of Elysium flow ;
 Death is a stranger there ;
 Its very memory is forgot
 As though it had existed not ;
 There at the fount of termless bliss
 The soul enamour'd laps her fill
 Of sweetnesses ineffable,
 And bathes in joy's abyss.

No ear hath heard, no eye can see,
No heart can comprehend,
That exquisite felicity
Of glory without end,
Which they enjoy, to whom 'tis given
Always to see their God in Heaven ;
He only measures it aright,
Who, seated with the Saints elect,
Feels in himself the full effect
Of that supreme delight.

Thus warn'd of guilt's eternal doom,
As of the blest reward
Awaiting in the life to come
The servants of the Lord ;
Knowing the sinner's evil fate,
Knowing the saint's delightsome state,
Let us a prudent course begin,
And choose the safer, better way,
Those years bewailing day by day
That we have spent in sin.

Nor let us live, as lives the brute,
Immersed in things below,
Lest found at death devoid of fruit
We pass to endless woe ;
But let us now, while yet we may,
For our much needed pardon pray ;
And think on our dear Saviour's love,
And meditate His death divine ;
So but He may our hearts incline
To higher things above.

See how the world before our eyes
Is speeding to decay !
See how its painted vanities
Are withering fast away !

How into dark and darker shades
 Its evanescent glory fades !
 Glory which drowns the soul in Hell !
 Ah, then, take we with Heav'n our part ;
 And on its glory in our heart
 Of hearts for ever dwell !

So, when we must from hence away,
 May we depart resign'd ;
 And, changing night for endless day,
 In God our glory find ;
 That God in whom all glory ends ;
 In Him begins, from Him descends ;
 To whom alone all glory be,
 All adoration, blessing, love,
 From all below and all above,
 Through all eternity !

LXII. THE GLORY AND JOYS OF PARADISE.

Ad perennis vitæ fontem.

On the fount of life eternal
 Gazing wistful and athirst ;
 Yearning, straining, from the prison
 Of confining flesh to burst ;
 Here the soul an exile sighs
 For her native Paradise.

Weigh'd beneath a thousand evils,
 From without and from within,
 Oft she muses on her glory
 Forfeited in Adam's sin ;
 And the past more bright appears
 Through the mist of present tears.

Who can paint that lovely City,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates, for ever open,
Each in pearly splendour shine ;
All her streets empaved with gold,
Clear as topaz to behold ?

Whose foundations deep-descending
Are of living jasper made ;
All her walls and royal towers
With celestial gems inlaid ;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Nought defiling cometh near.

There no stormy winter rages ;
There no scorching summer glows ;
But through one perennial springtide
Blooms the lily with the rose ;
Bloom the myrrh and balsam sweet,
With the fadeless violet.

There a Paradisal perfume
Breathes upon the air serene ;
There crystalline waters flowing
Make a verdure ever green ;
And the golden orchards show
Fruits that ne'er corruption know.

There no sun his circuit wheeleth ;
There no moon or stars appear ;
Thither night and darkness come not ;
Death has no dominion there ;
In its stead, the Lamb's pure ray
Scatters round eternal day.

There the Saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crown'd with diadems of light ;

And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

Purged from every least defilement
That was grief to them before ;
Flesh and spirit now agreeing
And at enmity no more ;
Peace is theirs without alloy,
Peace and plenitude of joy.

From a changeful world remounting
To the source from whence they came,
Theirs it is to see undazzled
Truth through endless years the same ;
And in life's eternal river
Satisfy their hearts for ever.

O, how blest ! who own a being
Which of no disturbance knows :
Who from glory's central fountain
Drink ineffable repose ;
Roseate youth, that never fades ;
Health, which no disease invades !

O, how blest ! to whom for ever
Passing things are pass'd away ;
Who in sprightly vigour blooming,
Live impassive to decay ;
Subject now no more to die,
Clothed with immortality !

Knowing Him who knoweth all things,
Nought to them remains unknown ;
Each the bosom of the other
Scans as though it were his own ;
All their wills and thoughts agree,
Link'd in perfect unity !

Differing as below in merits,
So in glory now above ;
Each the graces of the other
Makes his own by mutual love ;
And the bliss of every breast
Swells the joy of all the rest.

Where the Saviour's victim Body
Sits aloft in glorious state,
Thither, like the crowding eagles,
Countlessly they congregate ;
And with Angels share the Food
That unites the soul with God.

There they eat the Bread of Heaven !
There they drink of life their fill !
There insatiate ever feasting,
Feel a thirst and hunger still ;
Hunger, which itself is sweet ;
Thirst, with endless joys replete !

There in strains harmonious blending,
They their dulcet anthems sing ;
And, on harps divinely thrilling,
Glorify their glorious King ;
Aided by whose arm of might,
They were victors in the fight.

While, below, its mazes threading,
Far in distant space they see
All the fabric of creation
In its vast immensity,—
Sun and moon and planets clear,
With the starry hemisphere.

Happy he, who with them seated
Doth in all their glory share !
O that I, my days completed,
Might be but admitted there !

There with them the praise to sing
Of my beauteous God and King.

Look, O Jesu! on Thy soldier,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant him, rest for ever
In Thy beatific sight;
And Thyself his guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

LXIII. THE BAPTISMAL FONT.

Hic reparandarum generator fons animarum.

Ever sparkling, ever mounting,
In a jet of rainbow hue!
Here, in Light's o'erflowing fountain,
Souls are daily born anew.

Here, the Holy Ghost descending
Weds the waters of the earth
With the stream of Life unending,
Which in Paradise had birth:

While in turn, the wave receiving
His prolific grace benign,
From th' eternal Source conceiving,
Bears an offspring all divine

O, beneficence surprising!—
Merged a moment in the tide,
See the sinner thence arising
In a moment justified!

So to guilt divinely dying
Man to Heav'n revives again;
And on earth no more relying
Learns to count its glory vain.

So by this baptismal portal,
While our ancient Adam dies,
Forth we come to life immortal,
And a kingdom in the skies!

Honour, blessing, glory, merit,
To the Father and the Son;
With the sempiternal Spirit,
Perfect Three and trinal One.

LXIV. CHARGE OF THE GREAT HIGH-PRIEST
JESUS CHRIST, TO PRIESTS AND CLERICS.

Piscatores hominum, sacerdotes mei.

Ye Fishers of mankind! ye Lights ordain'd below
With Faith and Hope and Love unceasingly to glow!
Ye Preachers of the truth! ye Priesthood of My choice!
Incline your ear awhile, and listen to My voice.

Consider how ye stand apart from all the rest,
To minister within My Sanctuary blest;
And O, let not your lives unprofitable be,
If ye expect to dwell eternally with Me!

'Tis yours the Christian Law in vigour to uphold;
Ye are the Salt of earth, the Shepherds of the fold;
The Walls of Israel's house, the Leaders of the blind;
The Watchmen of the Church, the Lamps of human kind.

If its Protectors fail, how can the law endure?
If its own Shepherd sleep, what fold can be secure?
If Salt its savour lose, how shall it salted be?
And if the Lamp be hid, who then his way shall see?

My vineyard is your charge: take heed ye never fail
With rills of doctrine pure to keep it water'd well;
Take heed that ye the weeds with diligence uproot,
That so the germs of faith may freely bud and shoot.

My sacred Oxen ye, who on My threshing-floor
Tread out the grain that I have garner'd for the poor ;
My Mirror ye, in which the ignorant and weak
Their law and daily rule of life and conduct seek.

Whate'er the people see that your own lives condemn,
The same they will esteem unlawful too to them ;
Whatever they behold allow'd yourselves by you,
The same they will esteem that they may also do.

Have I not chosen you as Shepherds of My sheep ?
Beware, then, lest ye be as dogs that love to sleep ;
That, sunk in lazy sloth, no voice of warning sound,
When, envious of the flock, the wolf is prowling round.

Three foods there are on which My faithful people live :
The first, My sacred Flesh, which unto them I give ;
The second, earthly meats, that nature's waste supply ;
The third, the word of grace and immortality.

This word divine 'tis yours to all men to declare ;
But how, in what degree, and at what time, and where,
It needeth careful thought, if that ye would not err,
And in your sacred work the risk of blame incur.

This of your office high moreover I require,
Freely My gifts to give to all who them desire ;
Freely, without reward ; lest with Giezi ye,
Sharing his guilt, share too his shameful leprosy.

Freely I would that ye impart the Bread of Heaven,
E'en as to you and all most freely it was given ;
Freely that ye absolve ; freely that ye baptise,
If ye would bring yourselves and flock to Paradise.

Religious be your life, your conscience pure and clean ;
Your soul with graces fill'd, your countenance serene ;
Your manners sweet and mild, your conduct order'd well ;
Your habits free from stain and irreproachable.

Beware of pride, that seeks to rise above its state ;
Sober be your attire, grave and composed your gait ;
And let not any cause in vile employs ensnare
Those hands, which of the Keys of Heaven have the care.

Your words, I would that they should brief and sparing be,
Loquacity is but the nurse of vanity ;
Much talk engenders sin ; and every word ye say
Must give its own account upon the Judgment-Day.

In fine, be just and true ; be hospitable, kind,
Chaste, holy, prudent, meek, to sympathy inclined ;
Correctors of the bad, the fathers of the poor ;
And never turn away the wretched from your door.

Which if ye well observe, and live in truth and deed
A spiritual life,—how great shall be your meed !
When, of this flesh unclothed, ye shall My glory see,
And in the stole be robed of immortality !

LXV. PRAYER OF ST. IGNATIUS.

O Deus, ego amo te.

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high !
Because Thou first hast lovèd me ;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend ;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.

My God, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine ;
Whatever Thou hast given me,
I here again to Thee resign.

All mine is Thine,—say but the word,
 Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
 I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
 I know it seeks my good alone.

Apart from Thee all things are nought;
 Then grant, O my supremest bliss!
 Grant me to love Thee as I ought;—
 Thou givest all in giving this!

LXVI. HYMN OF THOMAS À KEMPIS, ON
 CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

Adversa mundi tolera.

For Christ's dear sake with courage bear
 Whatever ills betide;
 Prosperity is oft a snare,
 And puffs the heart with pride.

What seem'd thy loss will often prove
 To be thy truest gain;
 And sufferings borne with patient love
 A jewell'd crown obtain.

By this thou wilt the angels please,
 Wilt glorify the Lord,
 Thy neighbour's faith and hope increase,
 And earn a rich reward.

Brief is this life, and brief its pain,
 But long the bliss to come;
 Trials endured for Christ attain
 A place with martyrdom.

The Christian soul by patience grows
 More perfect day by day;
 And brighter still, and brighter glows
 With Heav'n's eternal ray;

To Christ becomes more lovable,
More like the Saints on high ;
Dear to the good ; invincible
Against the Enemy.

LXVII. HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

Again the Sunday morn
Calls us to prayer and praise ;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays.
But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam ;
When triumphing from death He rose,
And raised us up with Him.
When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty array'd,
And bathed in streams of purest light ;—
What power was there display'd !
But oh, what love!—when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by th' Eternal Father crown'd
For us with life again.
His new-created world
The mighty Maker view'd,
With thousand lovely tints adorn'd ;
And straight pronounced it good.
But oh ! much more He joy'd
That self-same world to see,
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-saving Blood,
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
 Her beauty evermore ;
 Whence to God's hidden Majesty,
 The soul is taught to soar.

But Christ, the Light of all,
 The Father's Image blest,
 Gives us to see our God Himself
 In Flesh made manifest.

Blest Trinity ! vouchsafe
 That to thy guidance true,
 What Thou forbiddest, we may shun ;
 What Thou commandest, do.

LXVIII. THE DAY OF DEATH.

Gravi me terrore pulsus.

Day of death ! in silence speeding
 On the wings of darkness near !
 How my inmost nature trembles,
 Fainting with excess of fear.
 When, in sleepless thought reclined,
 I depict thee to my mind.

Vainly strives imagination
 That dread moment to portray ;
 When the soul, her course completed,
 Soon to quit her home of clay,
 Fiercely wrestles, might and main,
 With her yielding fleshly chain.

When the rigid eyeballs darken ;
 When the torpid senses fail ;
 When the tongue its task refuses ;
 When the face, all wan and pale,
 Members numb, and panting breath,
 Tell of quick-approaching death.

While revived from deep oblivion,
Thoughts and words, a mingled maze,
Long forgotten deeds unnumber'd,
Crowd before the spirit's gaze;
Turn whichever way she will,
Ever there abiding still !

Oh, how then the guilty spirit
Shall her wasted years deplore !
Shall bewail salvation's season
Idly lost for evermore !
How supreme shall be her pain,
To have lived her life in vain !

Oh, how bitter then the sweetness
Of deluding flesh shall seem !
What a phantom, human greatness
All dissolving like a dream !
What a mockery, pleasures brief
Follow'd by eternal grief !

While the soul, her worth perceiving,
Which before she never weigh'd,
Spurns the filth in which so lately
She was lying self-betray'd ;
And, at any risk, would be
From her carnal bondage free.

King immortal ! I beseech Thee
By Thy Cross of bitter woe ;
Jesu Christ ! at my departure
Thy sustaining grace bestow ;
Oh, in me at that dread hour,
Crush the tyrant-tempter's power.
Scatter all his host infernal ;
Lay me fast in Thee asleep ;
Then to fields of life eternal
Bear me, Shepherd of the sheep !

There to bask in sight of Thee,
Safe for all futurity.

LXIX. CANTICLE OF ST. TERESA, AFTER
COMMUNION.

Vivo sin vivir en mí.

TEXT.

I LIVE, BUT FROM MYSELF AM FAR AWAY;
AND HOPE TO REACH A LIFE SO HIGH,
THAT I'M FOR EVER DYING BECAUSE I DO NOT DIE!

GLOSS.

I.

This union of divinest love,
By which I live a life above,
Setting my heart at liberty,
My God to me enchains;
But then to see His majesty
In such a base captivity!
It so my spirit pains;
That evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

II.

Ah, what a length does life appear!
How hard to bear this exile here!
How hard, from weary day to day,
To pine without relief!
The yearning hope to break away
From this my prison-house of clay,
Inspires so sharp a grief;
That evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

III.

Oh, what a bitter life is this,
Deprived of God its only bliss!
And what though love delicious be,
Not so is hope deferr'd;
Ah, then, dear Lord, in charity,
This iron weight of misery
From my poor soul ungird;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

IV.

This only gives me life and strength
To know that die I must at length!
For hope insures me bliss divine
Through death, and death alone;
O Death! for thee, for thee I pine;
Sweet Death! of life the origin!
Ah, wing thee hither soon;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

V.

And thou, fond Life, O, vex me not,
By still prolonging here my lot;
But know that love is urging me;
Know that the only way
To gain thee, is—by losing thee!
Come, then O Death! come speedily,
And end thy long delay;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

VI.

The life above, the life on high,
Alone is life in verity ;
Nor can we life at all enjoy,
Till this poor life is o'er ;
Then, O sweet Death ! no longer fly
From me, who, ere my time to die,
Am dying evermore ;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

VII.

To Him who deigns in me to live,
What better gift have I to give,
O my poor earthly life, than thee ?
Too glad of thy decay ;
So but I may the sooner see
That face of sweetest majesty,
For which I pine away ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

VIII.

Absent from Thee, my Saviour dear !
I call not life this living here ;
But a long dying agony,
The sharpest I have known ;
And I myself, myself to see
In such a rack of misery,
For very pity moan ;
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

ix.

The fish that from the brook is ta'en
Soon finds an end of all its pain ;
And agonies the worst to bear
 Are soonest spent and o'er ;
But what acutest death can e'er
With this my painful life compare,
 In torture evermore ?
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

x.

When in the Sacred Host I see,
My God, Thy hidden majesty,
And peace begins to soothe my heart,—
 Then comes redoubled pain,
To think, that here from Thee apart,
I cannot see Thee as Thou art,
 But gaze, and gaze in vain ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

xi.

When with the hope I comfort me,
At least in Heav'n of seeing Thee,
The thought that I may lose Thee yet
 With anguish thrills me through ;
And by a thousand fears beset,
My very hope inspires regret,
 And multiplies my woe ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

XII.

Ah, Lord! my light and living breath!
 Take me, oh take me, from this death,
 And burst the bars that sever me
 From my true life above;
 Think, how I die Thy face to see,
 And cannot live away from Thee,
 O my eternal Love!
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

XIII.

I weary of this endless strife,
 I weary of this dying life—
 This living death—this heavy chain—
 This torment of delay,
 In which her sins my soul detain;
 Ah, when shall it be mine?—Ah, when
 With my last breath to say,
 ‘No more I weep, no more I sigh,
 I’m dying of desire to die?’

PRAYER.

O Jesu, who Teresa’s beauteous soul
 With Thy love-dart didst fire,
 Deep in my heart of hearts,
 Her own sweet longing love of Thee inspire.

LXX. HOLY RELICS.

Adeste, Sancti, plurimo.

Now, while before your relics
 Our prayers and incense rise,
 Look down, ye Saints of Heaven!
 And help us from the skies.

What though in dismal ruin
Your bones so long have lain,
Yet still sublimest virtues
E'en in their dust remain :

Still in these holy temples
The Spirit makes His home ;
Reserving them for glory
In other days to come :

Whence from beneath the altar
They yet exert their might,
Subduing death and sickness,
And putting Hell to flight.

O Christ, our Judge immortal,
Through all the worlds, to Thee
All glory with the Father
And Holy Spirit be.

LXXI. FUNERAL HYMN.

Jam mæsta quiesce querela.

Cease, ye tearful mourners !
Thus your hearts to rend ;
Death is life's beginning,
Rather than its end.

All the grave's adornments,—
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there ?

What though now to darkness
We this body give ;
Soon shall all its senses
Re-awake, and live ;

Soon shall warmth revisit
These poor bones again;
And the blood meander
Through each tingling vein;

And from its corruption
This same body soar,
With the selfsame spirit
That was here of yore.

E'en as duly scatter'd
By the sower's hand,
In the fading Autumn
O'er the fallow land,

Nature's seed decaying
First in darkness dies;
Ere it can in glory
Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust;
Oh! we pray, be careful
Of the precious dust.

This was once the mansion
Of a soul endow'd
With sublimest powers,
By the breath of God.

Here eternal Wisdom
Lately made His home;
And again will claim it,
In the days to come;

When thou must this body,
Bone for bone, restore,
Every single feature
Perfect as before.

O, divinest Period !
Speed upon thy way ;
O, eternal Justice !
Make no more delay.

When shall love in glory
Its fruition see ?
When shall hope be lost
In immortality ?

LXXII. HYMN OF INTERCESSION FOR
THE DEAD.

O vos fideles animæ.

Ye Souls of the faithful !
Who sleep in the Lord !
But as yet are shut out
From your final reward !
Oh ! would I could lend you
Assistance to fly,
From your prison below,
To your palace on high !

O Father of mercies !
Thine anger withhold ;
These works of thy hand
In thy mercy behold ;
Too oft from thy path
They have wander'd aside ;
But Thee, their Creator,
They never denied.

O tender Redeemer !
Their misery see ;
Deliver the souls
That were ransom'd by Thee ;

Behold how they love Thee,
Despite of their pain;
Restore them, restore them
To favour again.

O Spirit of grace!
O Consoler divine!
See how for Thy presence
They longingly pine;
Ah, then, to enliven
Their sadness, descend;
And fill them with peace,
And with joy in the end.

O Mother of mercy!
Dear soother in grief!
Lend thou to their torments
A balmy relief;
Attemper the rigour
Of justice severe;
And soften their flames
With a pitying tear.

Ye Patrons! who watch'd
O'er their safety below;
Oh! think how they need
Your fidelity now;
And stir all the Angels
And Saints of the sky,
To plead for the souls
That upon you rely.

Ye Friends! who, once sharing
Their pleasure and pain,
Now haply already
In Paradise reign!

Oh! comfort their hearts
With a whisper of love;
And call them to share
In your pleasures above.

O Fountain of goodness!
Accept our sighs;
Let thy mercy bestow
What thy justice denies;
So may thy poor captives,
Released from their woes,
Thy praises proclaim
While eternity flows.

All ye, who would honour
The Saints and their Head,
Remember, remember,
To pray for the dead;
And they, in return,
From their misery freed,
To you will be friends
In the hour of need.

LXXIII. MIDNIGHT.

Mediæ noctis tempus est.

'Tis the solemn midnight hour;—
With the Psalmist let us sing,
To the Lord of grace and power,
Heav'n and earth's triunal King;

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Substance evermore,
Whom the bright Angelic host,
Bent in prostrate awe, adore.

'Twas at this same hour of old,
Smit by a destroying breath,
Egypt's first-born sons grew cold
In the sudden sleep of death.

This same hour on Israel's race
Pour'd salvation from on high ;
When before the sign of grace,
Harmless pass'd th' Avenger by.

Whence to all the sons of light
Still it tells of peace and rest ;
Breeding sadness and affright
Only in the sinner's breast.

Lord, thine Israel true are we ;
Thou our confidence and aid ;
Foes of every foe of Thee,
Who shall make our heart afraid ?

This again is that same hour,
As in holy writ we learn,
When the Bridegroom, girt with power,
In His glory shall return.

Whom to meet, the Virgins wise
Bearing lamps of purest light,
Joy and gladness in their eyes,
Forth shall go in snowy white.

While the foolish, all in vain
Knocking at the heavenly door,
Must in outer night remain,
There to weep for evermore.

Ah ! then, let us watch and pray ;
So that, ever on our guard,
Come the Lord whene'er He may,
He may find us well prepared.

At the midnight hour again,
Singing to the Lord aloud,
Paul and Silas felt their chain
Melt before the might of God.

Lord ! from earth, our prison-house,
Unto Thee we lift our prayer ;
Loose the sins that fetter us,
And Thy true Believers spare.

Make us worthy, glorious King,
Of Thy Kingdom and of Thee ;
So may we Thy glories sing
Through a glad Eternity !

LXXIV. AN EVENING HYMN.

Sol præceps rapitur, proxima nox adest.

The sun is sinking fast ;
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd ;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give,
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live :

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done;
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself; and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live;—yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me!

One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
Myself for ever His!
And He for ever mine!

ORIGINAL HYMNS

AND MEDITATIVE PIECES.



I. ON MY LATE NOTHINGNESS.

Bethink thee well, poor soul of mine,
But some few years ago
There was of thee no single sign
Upon this earth below.

The busy world, as now, pursued
Through good and ill its way;
Nature her silent task renew'd
Then also as to-day :

Ages had sped their ceaseless flight ;
New empires had grown old ;
Earth's mountain-tops were hoary white
With centuries untold :

Millions had heard the dread decree
Of their eternal doom :
But where was I ?—what news of me
In all that time had come ?

Ah, buried in the depths beneath
Of emptiness profound ;
All blank to me was life or death,
Or nature's varied round.

No germ of being then had I,
 Save in th' eternal Mind
 Of Him, who from eternity
 All being hath design'd.

On His divinely chosen day
 I came on earth below ;
 At His command, whom all obey,
 I forth again must go.

O thought, in mercy sent at times
 To every human breast,
 To stay the wicked in their crimes,
 To stimulate the best !

O solemn thought, so full of grace,
 So little duly prized,
 So often by our thoughtless race
 Forgotten or despised !

Whatever scenes my heart engage,
 Be it with me, I pray ;
 In grief, in joy, in youth, in age,
 To-morrow as to-day.

II. THANKSGIVING FOR MY CREATION.

Not, Lord, by any will of mine,
 But of Thy gracious plan,
 Father eternal and divine,
 My earthly life began.

By Thy election from a state
 Of nothingness I came ;
 Thy hand my spirit did create,
 And my corporeal frame.

As now I draw my life and breath
From Thee, O God most high ;
So, too, to Thee I look in death
For immortality.

On Thee, through every future scene
Of being I depend ;
Thou my beginning, Lord, hast been,
Thou also art my end.

III. THE END OF MY CREATION.

Oft, my soul, thyself remind,
Of the end thy God design'd,
When He sent thee here on earth,
Heir of an immortal birth.

Ah, what else did He desire,
Save in graces to attire,
Then to crown with glory bright
Thee the child of His delight ?

Learn, O spirit, learn to know
This thy single end below ;
Learn by this alone to weigh
All the passing world's display.

Whatsoe'er this end obscures,
Whatsoe'er from it allures,
What impedes it, or belies,
Sever from thee, timely wise.

Every moment, day and night,
Keep it clearly in thy sight ;
If thou hope, o'ercoming sin,
Joys of endless lite to win.

IV. NEGLECT OF OUR TRUE END.

O, how wretched, Lord, are they,
 More than I can think or say,
 Who, though parts of Thy design,
 Seek another end than Thine !

What a host of phantoms vain
 Throngs the busy worldling's brain !
 On the puppet of an hour
 Wasting an immortal power !

How can I enough lament
 All the years that I have spent
 At a distance, Lord, from Thee,
 Feeding upon vanity !

Hence, away, delusive dreams !
 Idle fancies, empty schemes !
 Worldly friendships, ever brief !
 Joys that terminate in grief !

I have learnt at last to know
 My true purpose here below ;
 Other hearts for you may pine,
 You shall have no share in mine.

V. THANKSGIVING FOR MY PLACE IN
 CREATION.

Thou, Lord, of purest grace alone,
 My being didst decree ;
 And not, as humbly here I own,
 From any need of me.

I bless Thy everlasting love
 That did my place assign ;
 And set me in a rank above
 All earthly works of Thine,

I bless Thy goodness, which to me,
O Lord of earth and heaven,
Hath the most high capacity
Of life eternal given.

But, above all things, I adore
Thy grace, that proffers me
The hope of being evermore
United unto Thee.

For this I pine ; for this I pray ;
For this I came on earth :
O, when shall I behold the day
Of my immortal birth ?

VI. BENEFITS OF GOD IN CREATION AND BAPTISM.

O Lord of the living and dead,
I bless Thy compassion divine,
Who after Thine image hast made
This marvellous nature of mine.

All thanks for this excellent frame,
By Wisdom eternal design'd ;
All glory and praise to Thy name,
For the manifold gifts of the mind.

But praise above praises to Thee,
My God, for that infinite grace,
Whereby Thou hast granted to me
In the House of Thy glory a place ;

Hast made me a child of Thine own
In the Font of Thy mercy adored ;
Hast lifted me up to Thy throne,
And upon me Thy Spirit outpour'd.

O, Giver of all, I implore,
 This too on Thy servant bestow,
 Thy goodness to love more and more,
 The more of that goodness I know!

VII. BENEFITS OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE
 AND GRACE.

How bountiful, Lord, Thou hast been,
 To give me a knowledge of Thee!
 How countless Thy mercies unseen
 Surpassing e'en those which I see!
 All thanks for the dew of Thy grace;
 For Thy pardon so often renew'd;
 For the comforting light of Thy face;
 And the gift of Thy Body and Blood!
 For Thine Angel my footsteps to guide;
 For Thy sweet inspirations of truth;
 For the checks by my conscience supplied
 From the earliest dawn of my youth!
 Oh, blest, had I valued aright
 Thy dealings with pity replete!
 Had I made Thy commands my delight,
 And not trodden them under my feet!
 Yet courage, my soul! even still
 Thy sacrifice God will receive;
 Submit but thyself to His will,
 And for thy impiety grieve.

VIII. SELF-EXAMINATION.

O, wouldst thou learn, poor self,
 The evil thou hast done,
 First thy corrupt propensities
 Examine, one by one;

And next, consider well
How freely, day by day,
Thou hast pursued them, each in turn,
Where'er they led the way.

Thus shalt thou find thy sins
To be in number more
Than all the hairs upon thy head,
Or sands upon the shore.

Thus shall the Lord to thee
Thy miseries disclose ;
O, happy, if thou seek betimes
The remedy He shows !

IX. SIN.

Reflect, reflect, my soul,
Ere it become too late,
How thou hast err'd throughout the whole
Of this thy trial state.

Go back, poor child of pride,
To thy first youthful crime ;
See how thy sins have multiplied
Since that forgotten time !

See how in swarms they rise
Into the light of day ;
Enough to blacken all the skies,
And blot the sun away !

See thought and word and deed,
An offspring all thine own,
Up from the guilty past proceed ;
And gather, thy accusers dread,
Before the Judgment Throne.

Thou tremblest !—Ah, no more
 Live on to sloth a slave;
 Awake, lament, confess, adore!
 Soon—O, how soon !—will all be o'er!
 Repentance, if not learnt before,
 Is idle in the grave!

X. INWARD ELEMENTS OF SIN.

Thou wholly seest, O my God,
 With Thine all-seeing eye,
 What elements of sin and death
 Within my bosom lie;

Enough in number, weight, and force,
 If but they should rebel,
 To hurl my soul from highest grace
 Into the lowest hell.

Ah, then, I pray Thee, gracious Lord,
 By that eternal love,
 Which brought Thee down for my poor sake
 From Thy bright throne above;

At every risk, at every cost,
 Whatever pain it be,
 To break and bruise without remorse
 These germs of death in me.

And if, by any self-deceit,
 This moment while I pray,
 My inward wish would contradict
 What outwardly I say;

Oh, take the naked words alone
 As by my lips express'd,
 And treat me not as I desire,
 But as for me is best.

Smite as Thou wilt, eternal Judge,
Oh, smite without delay!
Cut Thou my flesh, and cauterise
Its rottenness away;

Here let me suffer, bleed, and die,
So only purged from sin,
Hereafter in Eternity
The crown of life I win!

XI. INGRATITUDE.

If there be any special thing,
In all my former years,
That should with grief my bosom wring,
And choke my heart with tears;

It is that deep ingratitude,
Which I to Him have shown,
Who did for me in tears and blood
Upon the Cross atone.

Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined!
How has it poison'd with its gall
My spirit, heart, and mind!

Alas, through this, how many a gem
Have I not cast away,
That might have form'd my diadem
In everlasting day!

Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though poor is all that can be done,
E'en with my utmost pains;

Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,
 To do what in me lies;
 For never did Thy glance divine
 A contrite heart despise.

XII. DEPENDENCE ON INTERNAL AND
 EXTERNAL GRACE.

O Lord, behold a sinner kneel
 Before Thy gracious throne,
 Confessing what he truly is,
 Left to himself alone.

Didst Thou remove the inward stay
 Of Thy supporting power,
 No sin there is I might not do
 Within a single hour :

Or leaving me the grace I have,
 Didst Thou a moment cease
 To curb those outward elements
 That war against my peace ;

How quickly would my nature run
 The way temptation led ;
 Become to sin again alive,
 Again to virtue dead !

Within, without, I lean on Thee ;
 On Thee for aid rely ;
 Oh still my outward life protect,
 My inward life supply.

XIII. GRACE AND MERIT.

O Jesu, my beloved King !
 I give all thanks to Thee,
 Who by Thy Cross hast merited
 Celestial grace for me.

In Adam, raised to dignities
Transcendent and divine;
In Adam, fallen from the bliss
That once in him was mine :

That grace to which my native strength
Could never have attain'd,
That grace, O my Incarnate God,
In Thee I have regain'd.

O gift of love ! O gift immense !
Surpassing nature's law !
What strength to will and to perform
From this pure fount I draw !

By this, how many acts which else
Had worthless been and vain,
Endued with meritorious power,
A prize eternal gain !

By this, to me is open'd wide
Through death's inviting door,
A nobler realm, a brighter crown,
Than Adam lost of yore.

O Jesu, on whose grace alone
I by Thy grace depend ;
Grant me the grace to persevere
In grace unto the end !

XIV. GROWTH IN GRACE.

There is a secret history
Known only to a few,
Which the world's wisdom cannot learn,
And which it never knew ;—

The history of heavenly grace,
 Sown like a little seed
 Within the soul, and bearing fruit
 In thought and word and deed;
 In self-annihilated will;
 In passions all subdued;
 In faith and hope and holy love,
 And holiest gratitude.
 Grant, Lord, that I this history
 Within myself may see;
 Then welcome joy, or welcome grief;—
 Both are the same to me!

XV. LIFE ETERNAL.

Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Words that pierce the heart with fire!
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 How my soul doth thee desire!
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Hope of hopes to mortal man!
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 I will grasp thee if I can.
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Depth of depth of bliss unknown!
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Thee I seek in Christ alone.

XVI. A WARNING:

As the tree falls,
 So must it lie;
 As the man lives,
 So will he die;

As the man dies,
Such must he be,
All through the days
Of Eternity.

XVII. SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
O, that, while we can, we might!

Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame!
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

XVIII. DEATH.

Now let me close mine eyes;
And strive to picture to myself the day,
When, stretch'd in my last dying agonies,
I here no more may stay.

Ah! when will be the time
For thee, my soul, to wing thy solemn flight?
Shall it be Winter's snow, or Summer's prime
Shall it be day or night?

And shall it be my lot,
 Prepared by Sacraments of grace to die ?
 Or shall I perish in some lonely spot,
 No Priest of Jesus nigh ?

And will my death come slow,
 Or sudden as the lightning's vivid blast ?
 Ah, me ! I cannot say :—but this I know,
 That come it must at last.

O, then, since thus I live,
 Certain of death—uncertain of the day—
 This grace to me, immortal Saviour, give,
 In Thy dear love, I pray ;

That, whatsoever befall
 Of good or ill, I evermore may be
 Ready, whenever sounds Thy solemn call,
 At once to answer Thee !

XIX. SENTIMENTS OF THE WORLDLING AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

When, rack'd with agonising pains,
 You feel your death approaching near ;
 The world and all that it contains
 Will like a fading dream appear.

Then will those earthly vanities,
 That have your lifelong pursuit been,
 Reversed before your closing eyes,
 In their true emptiness be seen.

Then poor will seem and worthless all
 The prayers that now content you well ;
 Then sins, esteem'd before as small,
 Will into mighty mountains swell.

‘ Ah, wretch ! ’ you then will trembling say,
‘ And was it for such idle toys,
I was content to toss away
My birthright of eternal joys ?

‘ O, had I but, while time was mine,
A stricter path of duty trod,
I should not now so much repine,
Nor fear so much to meet my God.’

XX. THE SOUL’S FAREWELL.

Come, my soul, and let us dwell
On each lingering last farewell,
Which, at no far distant day,
Thou perforce wilt have to pay,
To whatever here below
Shall have made thy joy or woe.

‘ Fare ye well,’ I hear thee sigh,—
‘ Fare ye well, O earth and sky ! ’
Morning’s golden-tissued ray !
Changing hours of night and day !
Wood and valley, sea and shore,
I may see your face no more !

Fare ye well, affections vain,
Full of pleasure, full of pain !
Home and friends and kindred dear,
All that was my comfort here !
These poor eyes are closing fast,
Now I look on you my last.

Dimmer, dimmer, grows the light ;
Now ’tis thick descending night ;
O, when next again I see,
What a sight awaiteth me,—
Speechless standing, all alone,
Right before the Judgment Throne

XXI. ON THE TIME IMMEDIATELY AFTER
DEATH.

Borne, as an arrow from the bow,
 Upon impetuous wing,
 When I have left my body here below,
 A pale and hideous thing ;
 Ah, then what hurrying will there be
 To hide it out of sight !
 Which done, the world will think no more of me,
 Than I perchance of it.
 ‘ God’s peace be with him ! ’ they will say,
 And laugh with their next breath ;
 O busy world, how poor is thy display
 Of sympathy with death !
 And thou, who must thy journey make,
 Of earthly aid bereft,
 Which way, immortal spirit, wilt thou take,
 The right hand or the left ?
 Ah, ’tis impossible, I know,
 Future from past to sever ;
 Whate’er was found at death thy course below,
 The same is thine for ever !

XXII. JUDGMENT.

Twice shall eternal Truth each soul arraign,
 Ere all things pass away ;
 Once at the hour of death, and once again
 At the great Judgment Day.
 Wherever thou shalt die,—or in the crowd ;
 Or in the desert lone ;
 Or in that dear familiar abode
 So long misnamed thine own ;

Or in the scathing flame ; or suck'd beneath
The savage howling sea ;
Or by whatever other kind of death ;—
There shall thy judgment be.

There shall the throne be set, the page outspread
Whence sentence must be given ;
There shalt thou hear thy doom eternal read,
Dread doom of Hell or Heaven !

Ah, then, be quick ; thy time is well-nigh gone ;
The Judge is at the door :
Who knows, my soul, but ere to-morrow's sun
All may be past and o'er ?

XXIII. RESIGNATION.

' Wherefore so heavy, O my soul,
(Thus to myself I said)—

' Wherefore so heavy, O my soul,
And so disquieted ?

' Hope thou in God ; He still shall be
Thy glory and thy praise ;
His saving grace shall comfort thee,
Through everlasting days.

' His goodness made thee what thou art,
And yet will thee redeem ;
Only be thou of a good heart,
And put thy trust in Him.'

XXIV. CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Speeding upon life's tidal wave,
Beyond thine own control,
Whither and whence a mystery unknown,—
Know this, at least, my soul :

That come what may in after time
 Of utmost change to thee,
 Through the long vast immeasurable flux
 Of all futurity;

Nought of conceivable events
 Awaits thee first and last,
 So strange as what hath been fulfilled in thee
 Already in the past.

Erewhile absorb'd within th' abyss
 Of nullity supreme,
 Forming no smallest part or particle
 Of all creation's scheme;

I, who unmade had never been
 A single moment miss'd,
 Now in the midst of living moving things,
 Live, move, exult, exist !

And shall I then, Creator Lord,
 Refuse in Thee to trust,
 For all that can hereafter me befall,
 When this poor heart is dust ?

Ah, no !—I need but contemplate
 Thy mercies which have been ;
 The past is pledge of Thy unfailing care
 Through every future scene !

XXV. DEPENDENCE OF ALL THINGS ON GOD.

All creatures, by a force innate,
 To quick destruction tend,
 And speed from their initial state
 To their appointed end.

God only, amid all that is,
Immutable remains ;
And His creation o'er th' abyss
Of nothingness sustains.

Should He the mighty prop remove,
More quick than quickest thought,
All things around, beneath, above,
Would straight collapse to nought !

The loftiest Angel in the sky,
The vilest worm below,
Alike on Him for life rely,
To Him their being owe.

XXVI. CHRIST AND THE WORLD.

Roams there a pilgrim through this world of woe,
Where virtue serves and vice befriended reigns,
Who would not gladly its delights forego,
Content to purchase freedom from its pains ?

Then what sad mortal panting for relief
Too much can bless the fond Redeemer's love,
Who bids him hope oblivion of grief,
And adds eternity of bliss above ?

XXVII. THE YOKE OF CHRIST.

Christian soul, dost thou desire
Days of joy and peace and truth ?
Learn to bear the yoke of Jesus
In the springtide of thy youth.

It may seem at first a burden ;
But thy Lord will make it light ;
He Himself will bear it with thee ;
He will ease thee of its weight.

Only bear it well; and daily
 Thou wilt learn that yoke to love;
 Strength and grace it here will bring thee,
 And a bright reward above.

XXVIII. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I met the good Shepherd
 But now on the plain,
 As homeward He carried
 His lost one again.
 I marvell'd how gently
 His burden He bore;
 And, as He pass'd by me,
 I knelt to adore.

'O Shepherd, good Shepherd,
 Thy wounds they are deep;
 The wolves have sore hurt Thee,
 In saving Thy sheep;
 Thy raiment all over
 With crimson is dyed;
 And what is this rent
 They have made in Thy side?

Ah, me! how the thorns
 Have entangled Thy hair,
 And cruelly riven
 That forehead so fair!
 How feebly Thou drawest
 Thy faltering breath!
 And, lo, on Thy face
 Is the shadow of death!

O Shepherd, good Shepherd!
 And is it for me
 This grievous affliction
 Has fallen on Thee?

Ah, then let me strive,
For the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer
Occasion to mourn !'

XXIX. HUMAN NATURE BEFORE AND SINCE
THE FALL.

I. NATURE IN PARADISE.

Thought on thought in solemn train,
Oft I muse and muse again
On Creation's happy prime,
On that Paradisal time,
When, in radiant beauty deck'd,
Human nature stood erect.

O the blissful state of man,
Ere this inner strife began !
When the Father of our race,
Rich in superadded grace,
Nothing knew of grief or sin,
Toil without or care within ;

When the passions, each and all,
Only stirr'd at reason's call ;
When the subject flesh fulfill'd
Only what the spirit will'd ;
Every evil germ repress'd ;
Heart and senses all at rest !

When no ignorance had shed
O'er the mind a darkness dread ;
When the body, pure as dew,
Nought of pain or sickness knew ;
From the life-renewing tree
Fed with immortality !

Ah, how happy then wert thou,
 Soul of man, so troubled now!
 Holy, bright, immaculate;
 Raised above thy native state
 By intrusted grace divine,—
 What a wondrous life was thine!

II. NATURE FALLEN.

Fallen now, but still the same
 In his elemental frame;
 Such in nature, as before,
 Though endued with grace no more;
 What a wreck in man we see
 Of that first integrity!

Will and appetite at war!
 Passions all irregular!
 Flesh and spirit disallied!
 Reason obdurate with pride!
 Mind bedimm'd in every part!
 And a wild disorder'd heart!

Selfishness, that fills with strife
 Half the page of human life!
 Anger, envy, sickness, pain!
 Sorrow with her sable train!
 Death for ever lurking nigh!
 And a dread eternity!

He, meanwhile, in whom began
 All the woes of mortal man,
 Still with fierce insatiate rage,
 Ceasing not, from age to age,
 Each Satanic art to ply
 Whence to swell our misery!—

Such, O soul, is now thy lot;
 All thine ancient bliss forgot;

Such, alas ! is all we see
In our bare humanity,
As by nature it appears
Through the long revolving years.

III. NATURE COMFORTED.

Yet, O child of Heav'n, beware,
Lest thou of thyself despair ;
Plume anew thy drooping wing,
Praise thy piteous God and King ;
Know that there is yet for thee
Hope of immortality.

Know, O daughter of the skies !
That a path before thee lies,
Open'd by the precious Blood
Of thy true Incarnate God,
Which can lead thee back to more
Than was ever thine of yore.

Where by Adam's fatal sin
Death and Hell had enter'd in,
By the Father's bounteous will
Grace hath more abounded still ;
Grace exceeding nature's loss !
Grace the guerdon of the Cross !

See how freely from above,
Flowing in a sea of love,
Calm, majestic, deep, and wide,
From the Saviour's riven side,
Comes the pure vivific stream,
Fallen nature to redeem.

See it through the Church outpour,
Every channel running o'er !

See the fainting earth resume
 All her long-departed bloom!
 Hear the thirsty valleys sing!
 See the joyful lilies spring!

IV. NATURE REDEEMED.

Lo, the bright baptismal spray
 Scattering its rainbow ray!
 Lo, the Eucharistic Feast
 Wooing thee, a welcome guest!
 Hark to Absolution given
 By th' ambassadors of Heaven!

Hail, O grace, divinely sent!
 Hail, vivific element!
 Hail, O Thou of grace divine
 Uncreated Origin!
 With immortal dowers replete—
 Hail, eternal Paraclete!

Living life of all below!
 What high gifts to Thee we owe!
 Sweet inspirings from above;
 Justice, sanctity, and love;
 Perseverance, virtue, faith;
 Hope of glory after death.

Raised by Thee from depths of Hell
 Higher still than whence we fell;
 Born anew as Sons of God,
 With celestial strength endow'd;
 By Thy present grace become
 Heirs of an eternal home;

Now we do with ease again
 What before we tried in vain;

Now each act, from hour to hour,
Rich in meritorious power,
Mounts aloft, and wins its prize
In the realms of Paradise!

V. NATURE WARNED.

Yet, O man, be not too sure ;
Count not idly on thy cure :
Raised again by grace divine
To the state that once was thine,
Know that still in thee remains
Something of thy former stains.

Still to concupiscence prone
In thy native strength alone ;
Still to things of earth inclined ;
Still to things celestial blind ;
Still exposed to daily sin
From without and from within ;

If thou wouldest life attain ;
If with Christ thou wouldest reign ;
Reaping wisdom from the past,
Know, that long as life may last,
Toil and conflict thee await
In thy present earthly state.

He, who with no help of thine,
Made thee by His might divine,
Will not save thee as thou art,
But by labour on thy part ;—
Labour then, and look to Heaven
For assistance timely given.

Labour, while it yet is day ;
Labour, while you labour may ;

Labour, for the night is long ;
 Labour, for the foe is strong ;
 Labour, for the prize is great ;
 Labour, for the hour is late.

VI. NATURE RESTORED.

Soon the struggle will be past ;
 Calm and peace will come at last ;
 Soon through death's Elysian door,
 All thy pains and labours o'er,
 Thou shalt go to join the blest
 In the realms of endless rest :

Rest, from toil and carking care ;
 Rest, from earthly wear and tear ;
 Rest, from ever-present sin ;
 Rest without, and rest within ;
 Rest, which no abatement knows ;
 Rest, and infinite repose.

See thine Angel Guardian nigh,
 Ready for thy parting sigh !
 See his azure wings expand
 Towards the beatific land !
 Now his bosom thee enfolds !
 Now aloft his course he holds !

' Welcome, empyrean dome !
 Welcome, my eternal home !
 Welcome, early comrades dear,
 First that come to greet me here !
 Lead, oh lead me, I entreat,
 To the Maiden Mother's feet.

' There in her maternal smile,
 Let me bask myself awhile ;

There on her maternal breast,
Let me for a moment rest ;
That I may the fitter be
My Incarnate Judge to see.

‘ Jesu, who for me didst die
On the Cross of Calvary,
Not in aught that is my own,
But in Thy true Blood alone,
Do I put my trembling trust ;
Spare, oh spare, a worm of dust !’

VII. NATURE GLORIFIED.

Lo, 'tis o'er! the sentence said!
Lift again thy drooping head!
Hail, eternally forgiven!
Hail, immortal heir of Heaven!
He who did for thee atone
Now receives thee as His own.

Or if yet for thee remain
Haply purgatorial pain ;
If, thy penance to fulfil,
Thou awhile must suffer still ;
Let not this dishearten thee,
Safe for all eternity!

Purified from earthly bane,
Soon shalt thou with Jesus reign ;
Soon at thy dear Saviour's side,
Flesh and spirit glorified,
Thou shalt quaff, without alloy,
From the primal fount of joy!

So shall nature, grace-endow'd,
Raised above herself in God,

Reach the heavenly goal at last,
 Promised her in ages past ;
 And, immersed in love divine,
 Cease for Eden's joys to pine.

So shall Grace that bliss attain
 Sought by nature's strength in vain ;
 So shall perish death and sin ;
 So shall endless life begin ;
 So shall Hell in darkness hide ;
 So shall God be glorified ;

So shall flesh its Maker see ;
 So shall man a Seraph be,
 In immortal liberty !
 Keeping endless jubilee !
 Lost in pure felicity !
 Lost in purest ecstasy !
 Lost in depths of Deity !

XXX. ETERNITY.

Hail, dim Eternity ! yet dimmer far,
 Ere 'mid the chaos of primeval night
 The Virgin form of Revelation rose !
 Thee, whether brooding o'er the wide abyss
 Of Hell and Heav'n, or with thrice-awful veil
 Shrouding the blaze of Deity enthroned,
 How lost in mute amazement does the mind
 Contemplate ! Parent of the first of days !
 In thee began, in thee at last shall end,
 The circling orbs that through the vast profound
 Roll their enormous courses ; into thee
 This universal firmament shall drop,
 Absorb'd alike with all created things,
 Save that which, gifted with the spark of Heaven,

By right of promise indefeasible
Exists, endures, immortal! That alone
In thee shall not dissolve, but higher still
Progressing, claim with thee an equal share
Of unextinguish'd and eternal doom!

XXXI. TIME.

Hail, new creation! which of old wast not,
While in the Father's bosom dwelt the Son
And co-eternal Spirit; Each with Each
Well pleased, nor wanting aught their joy to fill,
Who fill'd eternity. No time was then,
Nor was required, until the Word came forth,
The worlds invisible and visible
In condescension infinite to frame;
That so the Father's glory might appear,
His love immense and beauty exquisite
O'erflowing far and wide. Then first, O Time,
Thou too forthwith didst into being spring
(If being may be call'd what rather seems
Relationship of ordered entities),
That all creation might in thee proceed
On its predestined course. For whatso'er
From non-existence finds an origin,
Needs must in time continue; God alone
Eternity inhabits; God alone
No past or future has, as without change,
In one samê pure triunal majesty,
Durationless abiding evermore;
But all things else, the fabric of His hand,
As of progression, so of time admit,—
Time, not in all the same, but differing
In each, according as their nature is:
Angelic time for Angels; for the stars

Sidereal time,—a mock eternity
 Exceeding in its range our utmost thought ;
 For man, the tenant of this lower orb,
 Time annual, in months and weeks and days
 Administer'd : while for the insect tribes,
 Suffices to complete their round a time
 Ephemeral ; they in that little space
 Long years compress : and as their life to us,
 So ours to Angels seems ; so theirs in turn
 To loftiest Seraphim. O wondrous scheme
 Of gradual duration,—flight by flight,—
 From lowest time to highest mounting on !
 Highest of all no nearer to the plane
 Of that supreme and true Eternity
 Which God inhabits, than the mimic years
 Of a poor insect's life. Our part be, then,
 Thee only to adore, true Infinite !
 Thee only, true Eternal ! Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever-blest ! And O, vouchsafe,
 That here by Thine all-perfect ordinance
 Establish'd in this sublunary state,
 We so may estimate and duly measure
 Thy sacred gift of time, our golden treasure,
 That every hour to Thy pure glory spending,
 We may acquire, in glory never ending,
 A life all time, all space, all measurement transcend-
 ing !

XXXII. PRAYER WRITTEN ON MY
THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY.

This day and at this very hour,
 Just thirty years ago,
 Came I, O Lord, by Thy dread power,
 Into this world below.

Three times ten years of human life
Hast Thou fulfill'd to me ;
O years with good and evil rife,
Which I no more may see !

And here I stand at that same age,
When Thou Thyself didst go
For me upon Thy pilgrimage
Of weariness and woe.

Thenceforth ingulf'd in Adam's curse
By Heav'n's eternal plan,
In a brief space Thou didst reverse
The destinies of man.

O deeds of love divinely wrought !
O Life of lives sublime !
O words surpassing our poor thought,
The treasure of all time !

Thee suffering, Thee crucified,
Thee dead and in the grave,
Thee risen, ascended, glorified,
Able all flesh to save ;

Thee I beseech, upon this day,
By Thy own life divine,
To wash my many sins away
In that dear Blood of Thine.

For I in vain with tears for them
May struggle to atone ;
And nothing can their guilt redeem,
But that true Blood alone.

Oh in the years, if years there be,
That yet to me remain,
Before I cross th' eternal sea
Not to return again ;

Giver of all! to me, oh give
Thyself in all to see;
And from henceforth by faith to live
More worthily of Thee.

Thou, Saviour, from all fleshly taint
My spirit purge within,
Nor suffer my sad heart to faint
With unforgiven sin.

Thou from the world, oh more and more,
Me in Thy grace withdraw,
To love Thee, praise Thee and adore,
And meditate Thy law.

To seek Thine Altar day by day,
Living Thy life divine ;
And in Thy sacred courts to pray,
With that small flock of Thine ;

Or what though all alone I be,
Thou still my song shalt hear,
Well satisfied, my God, with Thee,
And Thine own Angels near.

O Jesu! who for all didst die,
So too on me bestow
A love for all, both low and high,
And sympathy with woe.

Oh by Thy tears so meekly pour'd
For sorrows not Thine own,
Forth from my breast, eternal Lord,
Pluck the chill heart of stone.

And ever let me others deem
Superior far to me ;
And vilest of the vile esteem
My guilty self to be.

So may I to Thy holy hill
In Thy blest time ascend ;
Thou but control my wayward will,
And guide me to the end.

XXXIII. PRAYER WRITTEN WHILE A
PROTESTANT.

O Thou true unseen All-seeing !
End, Beginning of all being !
Wise, eternal, holy, great,
All-creating Uncreate !
In Thy Unity, admired !
In Thy Trinity, desired !
Fount of truth and certainty !
Fount of all felicity !
Pity me, oh pity me !

Pity me my sad estate,
Waiting long and coming late ;
On a lonely desert wide
Cast adrift without a guide ;
Doubting still, the more my woe,
What to do, or where to go.

O Thou way and truth and light !
Pure incarnate Essence bright !
Jesu, Saviour, deign to be
Way and truth and life to me !
Lo, before Thy glory bending,
Unto Thee myself commending ;
All I am, and all of mine
Unto Thee I here resign ;
Only asking to fulfil
Thy supreme and perfect will.
And oh if it be true indeed,
That Saints and Angels intercede ;

That, kneeling on th' eternal shore,
 Thy sweet Mother evermore
 Pleads for us th' ambrosial tear,
 Mindful of her children here ;—
 May their prayers with force unailing
 Soon for me with Thee prevailing,
 Gain for me a courage true,
 Heart to will, and hand to do
 Whatever shall be counted right,
 In Thy pure all-piercing sight.

So to the Father and the Son
 And Holy Ghost, from both proceeding,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 Now as in the ages gone,
 Now as in all times succeeding,
 To the Maker from the made,
 To the Saviour from the saved,
 Be fit glories duly paid.

XXXIV. ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

When the first Christian Martyr died,
 He saw the Heav'ns unfolded wide,
 And Jesus, all alone,
 Surrounded by no white-robed band,
 In solitary glory stand
 Beside th' Omnipotent's right hand,
 Ready His Saint to own.

Years went and came—and, one by one,
 Departing as their work is done,
 The Saints ascend the skies ;—
 Blest Mary, with th' Apostles true,
 Martyrs and Virgins, not a few,
 And thousands that the world ne'er knew,
 Whom age on age supplies.

If Heav'n to-day should lift its screen,
Far other sight would now be seen
 Than soothed St. Stephen's end ;
Jesus, not as before alone,
But circled with a blazing zone
Of myriads, who around His throne
 In adoration bend !

O, bold indeed ! and shall we say
Those gathering throngs, from day to day,
 No difference make on high ?
That time, as still it onward steals,
And its progressive scheme reveals,
From all their prayers no influence feels,
 Rain'd from the happy sky ?

Forbid it, Heav'n !—It were all one,
Christ from His glory to dethrone ;—
 Souls of the Sainted dead !
Look down from your exalted height ;
Great is our need, and great your might ;
Except ye pray, in vain we fight ;
Assist us, ere we perish quite ;
 For we are sore be-sted.

XXXV. UNREALITY OF ANGLICANISM

O, deadly art ! high-sounding words to use,
Which goodly promise make ;
Then afterwards their meaning to refuse,
And so that promise break !

They told me of the Body and the Blood,
At Faith's high Feast received ;
Clear were the words ;—I thought I understood ;
But find myself deceived.

Of any other Body knew I nought,
 Save that which rose divine ;
 That I had eaten that same Flesh, I thought,
 In truth, and not in sign.

Alas ! for startled at so plain a creed,
 Now one and all exclaim,
 ' It is His Body and His Flesh, indeed,
 But not the very same.'

O fools, and was it to such men as you
 That I my faith had tied ?
 I thought at first your promise sounded true,
 But find that ye have lied !

XXXVI. PERSECUTION.

Now is the time to leap for joy,
 To shout and be exceeding glad ;
 While enemies their arts employ,
 And friends pronounce us fools or mad.

Did not our Lord Himself declare
 That all who love His holy Name,
 If they would in His glory share,
 Must also bear with Him the shame ?

And did He not most truly call
 Worthy of His own love divine,
 Those who relations, friends, and all,
 For Him or for His truth resign ?

And does He not those servants bless
 Who bear affliction for their Lord,
 And comfort them in their distress
 With promise of a sure reward ?

O Jesu, it will ever be
My wonder whence this mercy came,
That I should both believe in Thee;
And also suffer for Thy Name.

XXXVII. HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Grace Increate !
From whose vivific fire
All acts that to immortal glory tend
Their force acquire !

Hail, Life of life !
Hail, Paraclete divine !
All justice, sanctity, obedience, love,
And truth, are Thine.

Thou in the Blood
Of Him who died for men,
By sacramental element applied,
Dost wash us clean.

Thou to the deeds
Of every passing hour
In Thee perform'd, impartest merit new
And heavenly power.

From grace to grace
Oh, grant me to proceed ;
And with assisting hand my faltering steps
To Sion lead !

So may I mount
In peace the holy hill ;
And safe at last by Life's eternal Fount,
There drink my fill !

XXXVIII. CHRIST'S HUMANITY.

It is my sweetest comfort, Lord,
 And will for ever be,
 To muse upon the gracious truth
 Of Thy humanity.

O joy! there sitteth in our flesh,
 Upon a throne of light,
 One of a human mother born,
 In blazing Godhead bright!

Though earth's foundations should be moved
 Down to their lowest deep;
 Though the whole sunder'd universe
 Into destruction sweep,

For ever God, for ever man,
 My Jesus shall endure;
 And fix'd on Him, my hope remains
 Eternally secure.

XXXIX. HYMN TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

*Neither with silver nor with gold
 Were we redeem'd to God,
 But by the Lamb without a stain
 With His all-precious Blood.*

O precious Life-Blood of the Lord!
 In vain, with all our utmost thought,
 We strive to estimate Thy worth
 And to adore Thee as we ought.

And must we then to Angels leave
 A task too high for mortal men,
 A task exceeding all the powers
 Of human tongue or human pen?

Ah, no! To man by Thee redeem'd
To man of right Thy praise belongs,
And human words, by love inspired,
May dare to vie with angel songs.

I praise Thee then, all-priceless Blood!
I praise Thee, in Thy height divine,
Subsisting in th' Eternal Word,
United with th' Eternal Trine!

I praise Thee, by omniscient Love,
Predestined, ere the worlds began,
To be the life, redemption, bliss,
Perfection, sanctity, of man.

I praise Thee, from creation's dawn,
By type and prophecy foretold;
I praise Thee, the undying hope
Of all the Patriarchs of old.

I praise Thee, Purity itself,
From Adam's whole corruption free;
I praise Thee, of a Virgin sprung,
Conceived Immaculate for Thee.

I praise Thee, shed in cruel pains
To ransom us from Satan's thrall;
I praise Thee, offer'd on the Cross
A perfect Sacrifice for all.

I praise Thee, in the Holy place;
I praise Thee, at th' eternal throne,
Where our High Priest for ever pleads
The price which He has paid alone.

I praise Thee, in the Sacred Heart
Which Thy divine exultings thrill;
I praise Thee, on the Altar-stone
Within the Chalice offer'd still.

I praise Thee, the enduring Source
 Of every saving grace below;
 I praise Thee, in the Sacraments
 Through which Thy living fountains flow.

I praise Thee, in the Church of God,
 In all her works of faith and love;
 I praise Thee in the souls elect,
 I praise Thee in the Saints above.

O Precious Blood! may nought from Thee
 The child of Thy Redemption sever;
 Be Thou my adoration, praise,
 And bliss for ever and for ever!

XL. THE INCARNATION.

As, when across a darken'd room
 A golden sunbeam strays,
 Myriads of tiny motes are seen
 Disporting in its rays;

Such, in the dread Eternal's sight,
 This universe appears,
 With all its million million worlds,
 In their revolving spheres!

Ah, then, what thanks, Incarnate Lord,
 Do I not owe to Thee,
 Who, being in Thyself so high,
 Wast made so low for me!

And what must be thy majesty,
 Pure Archangelic Queen,
 Through whom the Infinite appear'd
 Upon this finite scene!

O, throned in power and splendour high
Above all human praise,
O Mother of my Lord and God
Through everlasting days !

Pray Him in whom our substance sits
At Deity's right hand,
That I my littleness may feel,
My greatness understand !

XLI. CHRIST'S TWOFOLD PARENTAGE.

Christ has two Parents, in a twofold scheme,
A twofold birth sublime;
A Father, from eternity supreme,
A Mother, born in time.

He from His Father, by eternal birth,
Without a Mother came ;
Created highest Heaven, this lower earth,
And all the starry frame.

He from His Mother, in the midst of years,
Without a Father born,
Drain'd to the dregs the cup of human tears,
Then died in pain and scorn.

O peerless mystery of depth and height,
In one same Person seen !
O finite closely knit with Infinite !
Celestial with terrene !

Jesu, by Thy eternal Father's might,
Hear Thou my trembling prayer ;
Thou who art God of God, and Light of Light,
Omnipotent to spare !

Jesu, by Thy sweet Mother's tender love,
 Look tenderly on me ;
 Remember, mighty as Thou art above,
 I am one flesh with Thee!

XLII. THE DIVINE PATERNITY AND
 MATERNITY.

Hail, dread Paternity, whereby
 The unbegotten Lord,
 Before eternal years, begot
 His co-eternal Word!

And hail, thou sweet Maternity!
 Whereby, oh love sublime,
 That same eternal Word for us
 Was born again in time!

O Father, by Thy Son made man,
 Hear Thou our trembling cry!
 O Mother, by thy babe divine,
 Plead thou for us on high!

Jesu, by Thy dread Father's might,
 By Thy sweet Mother's name,
 Upon Thy human brethren shed
 The Spirit's holy flame!

XLIII. HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

See, amid the winter's snow,
 Born for us on earth below,
 See, the tender Lamb appears,
 Promised from eternal years!

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
 Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
 Sing through all Jerusalem,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies ;
He, who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim !

Hail, &c.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day ;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep ?

Hail, &c.

' As we watch'd at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light ;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

Hail, &c. .

Sacred Infant all divine,
What a tender love was Thine ;
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this !

Hail, &c.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility !

Hail, &c.

Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.

Hail, &c.

XLIV. TO THE INFANT JESUS ASLEEP.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
 Upon Thy Mother's breast!
 Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
 How sweet it is to see Thee lie
 In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe!
 Thine Angels watch around;
 All bending low, with folded wings,
 Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
 In reverent awe profound!

Sleep, Holy Babe!
 While I with Mary gaze
 In joy upon that face awhile,
 Upon the loving infant smile,
 Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
 Ah, take Thy brief repose;
 Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
 And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
 That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands,
 Which now so fair I see;
 Those little pearly feet of Thine,
 So soft, so delicately fine,
 Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow
 Its thorny crown receive;
 That cheek more lovely than the rose,
 Be drench'd with blood, and marr'd with blows,
 That I thereby may live.

O Lady blest!
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die!

XLV. MARY THE HIGHEST BEING IN
CREATION.

I gazed upon the flowerets fair
That deck the meadows green;
On many a treasure rich and rare;
On many a lovely scene;
I search'd the breadth, I search'd the height,
Of all creation through,
From realms of empyrean light
To depths of ocean blue;
But found I nought in Heav'n or earth,
In air or sky or sea,
So beautiful, so high in worth,
Dear Mother-Maid, as thee.
O sacred link of heavenly gold
In human nature's chain!
Elect before the days of old!
Conceived without a stain!
Sublimest of created Powers!
My hope and solace here,
Be thou with me when darkness lowers,
And dews of death are near.

XLVI. A CONVERT'S LAMENT TO MARY.

Among the thoughts that in my heart
Awaken grief sincere,
Causing with sudden pang to start
The unexpected tear,

Is this, that in the days gone by,
 Star of the wintry sea!
 Blinded by native heresy,
 I thought so light of thee.

O Mother of my Lord and God,
 By none invoked in vain °
 Who in the path of life have trod,
 And now in glory reign !

Had I but learnt in earlier years
 To look to Thee above,
 To offer thee my infant tears,
 Thy loving glance to love ;

How many deeds of sin and shame
 Which now my heart appal,
 Scared at the sound of thy pure name,
 Had not been done at all !

How large a desolated space
 Of vainly wasted hours,
 Had bloom'd beneath thy smile of grace
 With paradisaal flowers !

Mother ! receive thine erring child ;
 Look tenderly on me ;
 Who, from thy bosom long beguiled,
 Return at last to thee.

XLVII. OLD TESTAMENT TYPES OF OUR LADY.

I. THE ALTAR OF INCENSE.

Hail to the Altar of grace untold,
 For Heav'n's high Temple ordain'd of old !
 Which, filled with fire of Deity,
 Breathes around on all creation
 Fragrant incense of salvation ;

Breathes upon Adam's sickly race
Holy perfume of healing grace!
Glory, glory, glory to thee,
Mother of Immortality!

II. AARON'S ROD.

Hail to Aaron's fruitful rod!
Hail to the fruitful Mother of God,
Blooming in pure virginity!
Whose blossoms delicately fair
Are truth, and honour, and virtue rare;
Whose leaves a mystical odour shed,
Thrilling with bliss the living and dead.
Glory, glory, glory to thee,
Mother of Immortality!

III. THE URN OF MANNA.

Hail to Mary's immaculate Heart!
Hail to the Urn preserved apart
In Nature's inmost Sanctuary!
Urn of sinless mortal clay,
In which the Manna immortal lay;
Destined in God's prophetic page
To be the life of a future age.
Glory, glory, glory to thee,
Mother of Immortality!

IV. THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

Hail to the Cresset sevenfold!
Branching in lilies of virgin gold
From a stem of beauteous symmetry;
Whose oil is the Spirit of grace and might!
Whose overflowing ocean of light
Is He who, from eternity born,
Kindled the stars at creation's morn!
Glory, glory, glory to thee,
Mother of Immortality!

XLVIII. CHILDREN'S HYMN BEFORE OUR
LADY'S IMAGE IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

This is the image of the Queen
Who reigns in bliss above ;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love !

CHORUS. Most holy Mary ! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
In this thy own sweet Month of May,
Dear Mother of my God, I pray,
Do thou remember me !

The homage offer'd at the feet
Of Mary's image here
To Mary's self at once ascends
Above the starry sphere.

CHORUS. Most holy Mary ! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
In all my joy, in all my pain,
O Virgin born without a stain,
Do thou remember me !

How fair soever be the form
Which here your eyes behold,
Its beauty is by Mary's self
Excell'd a thousandfold.

CHORUS. Most holy Mary ! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
In my temptations each and all,
From Eve derived in Adam's fall,
Do thou remember me !

Sweet are the flow'rets we have cull'd,
This image to adorn ;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn !

CHORUS.

Most holy Mary! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
When on the bed of death I lie,
By Him who did for sinners die,
Do thou remember me'

O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead;
O Lady, by that face divine
Which Angels joy to see;
And by the deadly serpent's might,
Subdued and crush'd by thee;
And by thy robe of mystic hue,
More azure than the skies;
And by those lips suffused with grace;
And by those pitying eyes;
And by these freshly-gather'd flowers
Here offer'd at thy feet;
And by thy prayers that evermore
Ascend as incense sweet;—

ALL.

When at the Judgment-seat I stand,¹
And my dread Saviour see;
When waves of night around me roll
And Hell is raging for my soul;
O, then remember me!

XLIX. PRAYER AND SACRIFICE.

Oh, weak are my best thoughts, and poor
Is all that I can say;
Whether I lift my voice in praise,
Or kneel me down to pray!

Wherefore I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
Whose love provides for me
A higher and more perfect way
Of drawing nigh to Thee!

The way of Sacrifice!—ordain'd
When earth was in its prime;
Used by the hoary Patriarchs
All through the olden time.

To Israel's children in the law
Of trembling Sinai given;
To us in higher form by Him
Who came to us from Heaven.

O, sweet ecstatic thought! 'tis mine
To offer, as of yore,
A sacrifice, and one in power
Excelling all before!

That Sacrifice completed once
Upon the holy Rood,
And through repeated ne'er again,
Yet evermore renew'd!

For me, upon an Altar fair,
Is pleaded, day by day,
The Body and the Blood of Him
Whom Heav'n and earth obey.

For me is immolated still,
Without encrimson'd stain,
In the pure Host, the very Lamb
On Calvary's altar slain.

And as th' ill-buoyant plank, once knit
Into the vessel's side,
With ease careers across the waves
O'er leagues of ocean wide,

So, too, though weak my prayer, O Lord,
Though poor my praises be,
Yet, knit with this high Sacrifice,
They win their way to Thee!

L. HOLY MASS.

Could it be so throughout the world,
(Which Heavenly Grace forefend!),
That Mass and holy Priesthood
Should find an utter end;

The Blood of Calvary, once shed
By pure redeeming Love,
Might still in Heaven be offer'd
By our High Priest above;

But, oh! no more that Sacrifice
In all its boundless worth,
As now upon our Altars,
Would cry for us from earth.

Ah then, in absence of the gift
At such a cost bestow'd,
Whereby a lost creation
Propitiates its God;—

In absence of the grace from thence
Now flowing on mankind;
To what a hideous darkness
The world would be consign'd!

Into what ruin would it sink
Without the strength to rise!
How would the burden gather
Of its enormities!

Till with th' increasing multitude
Of men's amazing crimes
Exceeding in progression
All measure of the times,

No other issue would be left
 But for the Judge to come,
 And send abroad the summons
 Of its eternal doom !

LI. HYMN OF REPARATION TO THE MOST
 HOLY SACRAMENT.

O Jesu ! my Redeemer !
 How comforts it my heart
 To meditate upon Thyself
 Here present as Thou art !

But with my joy there mingles
 A grief, to think again,
 How many this high Gift deny,
 Or faithlessly profane.

Upon this Holy Altar,
 Beneath a form of Bread,
 Dwells in eternal majesty
 Creation's Lord and Head !

And from the folds of darkness
 That veil His glory o'er,
 I seem to hear him pleading
 As from the Cross of yore.

'Come near,' He says, 'and be ye not
 So thankless and untrue ;
 For never suffer'd man so much,
 As I, your God, for you.

'Come near, and in My presence
 A few short moments spend ;
 For quickly fleets your life away,
 And soon there comes an end ;

‘ But I, your fond Redeemer,
Can endless pleasures give;
And whosoever comes to Me
In Me shall ever live.’

Thus from the Holy Altar
Thou seemest, Lord, to plead;
But man, vain man, he passes on,
And gives Thee little heed.

The world and its enticements
His heart and mind engage;
On these he lavishes his youth,
On these he spends his age!

O Christ, for all dishonours,
Neglect, and cruel wrong,
Which Thou in Thy dear Sacrament
Endurest all day long;

Accept this Reparation
Unworthy though it be;
Accept the homage of my heart,
Which here I offer Thee.

With all devout affections
Enrich me from above;
That I may value as I ought
This miracle of love;

With ever-growing ardour,
May Thee in faith adore;
Until I see Thy face in bliss
Unveil'd for evermore!

LII. PRAYER TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT.

O Jesu Christ, remember,
 When Thou shalt come again,
 Upon the clouds of Heaven,
 With all Thy shining train ;—

When every eye shall see Thee
 In Deity reveal'd,
 Who now upon this altar
 In silence art conceal'd ;—

Remember then, O Saviour,
 I supplicate of Thee,
 That here I bow'd before Thee
 Upon my bended knee ;

That here I own'd Thy Presence,
 And did not Thee deny ;
 And glorified Thy greatness
 Though hid from human eye.

Accept, divine Redeemer,
 The homage of my praise ;
 Be Thou the light and honour
 And glory of my days.

Be Thou my consolation
 When death is drawing nigh ;
 Be Thou my only treasure
 Through all eternity.

LIII. EVENING AFTER COMMUNION.

Come, let me for a moment cast
 All earthly thoughts away,
 And muse upon the sacred gift
 Which I received to-day.

This morning that eternal Lord,
Who is my Judge to be,
Came to this lowly tenement,
And stay'd awhile with me.

With His celestial Flesh and Blood,
My fainting soul He fed ;
With tender words of grace and love,
My heart He comforted.

He, who of all that live and breathe
Is all the life and breath,
This morning deign'd to visit me
In this my house of death!

He, whose immensity transcends
Creation's utmost goal,
This morning deign'd to be confined
Within my finite soul!

He who in endless wealth abounds,
The world's Possessor blest,
This morning deign'd, O wondrous thought!
To be by me possess'd!

He who in awful Godhead sits
Upon His throne on high,
This morning enter'd my abode,
In His Humanity!

He, who for me, a trembling babe,
On Mary's heart reclined,
This morning in my heart and flesh
His Deity enshrined!

O soul of mine! reflect, reflect ;
Consider, one by one,
What marvels of surpassing grace
Thy God in thee has done.

His tender love with love repay ;
 Extol His sacred Name ;
 To all the world His greatness tell,
 His graciousness proclaim.

LIV. THE THIRD DEGREE OF HUMILITY.

O Jesu, if the choice were mine,
 Either with Thee to drain
 The bitter cup of grief and scorn,
 Of penury and pain ;
 Or else, by Thy kind Providence,
 In good estate to live,
 Enjoying all the purest sweets
 This universe can give :—
 And if in either case alike,
 O my Incarnate Lord,
 The merit would be just the same,
 As also the reward ;—
 And if through all futurity,
 Whichever I might choose,
 I neither could by suffering gain,
 Nor by enjoyment lose ;—
 Still, O my Jesu, would my choice
 Be this, I here avow,
 With Thee to suffer want and shame ;
 With Thee to suffer woe.
 Forbid it, Heav'n, that ever I
 Should wish for me or mine,
 O Saviour blest, Redeemer dear,
 A happier lot than Thine !
 For Thou without reserve hast given
 Thyself, my God, for me ;
 And I without reserve intend
 To live and die for Thee.

LV. THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

O child of God, remember,
When thou to Christ wast born,
How then across thine infant breast
His sacred Sign was drawn.
And when confirming chrism
Upon thy brow was laid,
How in that Sign the Holy Ghost
His grace upon thee shed.
Therefore, when sleep invites thee
To take thy needful rest,
Be sure that with the sacred Cross
Thou sign thy brow and breast.
The Cross hath wond'rous virtue
All evil to control ;
To scatter darkness, and to calm
The tempest of the soul.
Avaunt, ye gloomy terrors,
That haunt the mind by night !
Yield thee, O juggling fiend of Hell,
Before this Sign of might !
In vain, malicious Serpent,
Thou usest force or fraud,
To agitate the heart that rests
Securely in her Lord.
Jesus is here ;—I draw me
Across my flesh His Sign ;
And well thou knowest, it hath power
To cope with thee and thine.
What though in sleep this body
May helpless seem to lie ;
I fear thee not ; assured that One
Stronger than thee is nigh.

On Him my heart shall ponder,
 E'en while my rest I take;
 My shield and shelter while I sleep;
 My joy when I awake!

LVI. HYMN FOR THE RENEWAL OF
 BAPTISMAL VOWS.

ALL. Look in pity, Lord of glory,
 On the suppliants at Thy feet
 Their baptismal vows renewing,
 Here before Thy mercy-seat.

SOLO. By the sacred fontal waters
 Purer than the dew of morn,
 In whose laver of salvation
 We to second life were born;—

CHORUS. Satan and his pomps for ever
 Here we all renounce again;
 Here we promise, holy Saviour,
 Thine for ever to remain.

By the majesty unspoken
 Of the dread triunal Name,
 In whose solemn invocation
 We the heirs of God became;—
 Satan and his pomps for ever, &c.

By the twofold solemn unction,
 Full of mysteries divine,
 Consecrating us to Heaven
 In the Cross's awful Sign;—
 Satan and his pomps for ever, &c.

By the white baptismal raiment,
 Pledge of innocence regain'd,
 To be borne before the presence
 Of the judgment-seat unstain'd:—
 Satan and his pomps for ever, &c.

By the mystic lighted taper
Placed within our infant hands,
Ever to be brightly burning,
Till in sight the Bridegroom stands;—
Satan and his pomps for ever, &c.

ALL. Jesu Saviour, God of mercy,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Keep, oh, keep us now and always
In the shadow of Thy wings.

As we chose at life's beginning
Thee for our eternal Friend,
So in faith and love maintain us
Persevering to the end.

Holy Mary, to thy bosom
As the trembling doves we fly,
In thy dear remembrance hold us
While we live, and when we die.

Holy Joseph, Saints, and Angels,
Intercede for us above;
From a wicked world's temptations
Shield the children of your love;

Till with you in glory's kingdom
We the song of glory sing
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Your and our eternal King!

LVII. THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Holy Church Catholic! Joy of the earth,
In whom the nations have had a new birth!
Bond of the universe, binding in one
All the wide empires under the sun!

All believers, afar and near,
 Who adore in spirit and truth sincere !
 Glory and praise, O Bride of the Lord,
 To thee the heirs of glory accord !

What though the sons of darkness rebel,
 Grating against thee the gates of Hell ;
 What though kings and princes unite
 All their wisdom and all their might,
 Leaguings together to work thee ill,
 Leaguings to humble thee under their will ;
 Centred in Peter, still shalt thou see
 An end of all who rise against thee !

O happy kingdom, for ever to last !
 O sweet shelter from misery's blast !
 Offering to souls however distress'd,
 However tempted, a refuge and rest !
 Always to all the human race
 A pillar of truth and fountain of grace !
 Triumph of Jesus ! bought with His Blood !
 Thou hast the promises of our God.

In thee I trust and wholly believe ;
 Thy words are His who cannot deceive.
 Thee, whom Jesus loveth so well,
 Deeper I love than words can tell !
 Thee, whom the world hateth so sore,
 For that very hatred I love the more !
 Thee in thy sufferings, thee in thy shame,
 I praise, exult in, and honour the same,
 As though already I saw thee array'd
 In that high glory never to fade,
 Predestined thine ere the worlds were made

DRAMATIC PIECES.

ODES.

POEMS

Et tamen cum quiesceret corpus Mariæ, vigilaret animus ; qui frequenter in somnis aut lecta repetit, aut somno interrupta continuat, aut disposita gerit, aut gerenda prænuntiat.

And yet while Mary's body rested, her mind would still be awake ; either (as is the nature of the mind) bringing back in dreams what she had been reading, or carrying on what sleep had interrupted, or doing things determined, or foretoking things to be done hereafter.—ST. AMBROSE, *De Virginibus*.

DRAMA ANGELICUM:

*A MASQUE OF ANGELS BEFORE OUR LADY
IN THE TEMPLE.*

ANTE TORUM HUIUS VIRGINIS
FREQUENTATE NOBIS DULCIA CANTICA DRAMATIS.

PRELUDE.

An open Court in the TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM surrounded by cloisters of white marble. In the centre a fountain playing. On the left, resting against a pillar, the BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, as a child, fast asleep; at her side vases containing rose-trees in bloom, and delicate aromatic plants. ANGELS around keeping watch. Dawn slowly breaks. Distant chant of Priests.

ITHURIEL.

(Chief of the Angelic Guard).

Comrades, our sacred charge,
Who all night long upon this marble pavement,
Like a pale lily bent, was pouring forth
Her most ambrosial sighs into the ear
Of her eternal Father, now at length
Has yielded her young nature to repose.
Morning returns emblazoning with gold
Yon eastern pinnacle. The hideous storm

Raised by the vagrant spirits of the night,
 Which seem'd to shake this temple to its base,
 Is past ;—no cloud appears ;
 And through the spicy air softly diffused
 A halcyon calm is basking, as becomes
 This day of our young Queen's NATIVITY,
 The seventh in its order since she came
 Immaculate into a world defiled.
 A day it is well worthy of observance
 Now as in after-time ; and our custom
 Has been to celebrate it hitherto
 With song and festal show, in entertainment
 Of this dear Maid. Now, therefore, Azael,
 Most bright deviser of our pageantries,
 Say, what new mystery hast thou prepared
 For this auspicious morn, which thrills the world
 With life, and joy, and glad expectancy ?
 Last year thine art was most felicitous,
 Bringing before our eyes, as I remember,
 The happy pastoral times ; and setting forth,
 With infinite delight to this fair soul,
 As in a drama, Abraham's sacrifice
 Of Isaac on the holy Mount of Vision,
 Timely averted by an angel's hand.

AZAEL.

Dread Lord, our mystery of to-day attempts
 After the manner of a sacred masque,
 To represent by aid of a Procession,
 In contrast with unhappy Eva's fall,
 The glories of this heaven-created Child ;
 Personifying the early Patriarchs,
 As we remember each in face and garb,
 While journeying on his earthly pilgrimage,
 Now in the groves of Paradise at rest.
 These, as they pass, in turn will homage pay

To this new blossom of their ancient tree ;
Felicitating in triumphant strains
The birthday morn of Her, in whom alone
The hope of poor mortality is hid.
All was prepared, and we were busy choosing
Last night our parts, when of a sudden leapt
The tempest down, and summon'd us away
To the defence of this all-sacred head,
From the satanic crew that strove so hard
To sweep into the bottomless abyss
Our Temple and its Treasure.

ITHURIEL.

It was well.

First among all our duties was enjoin'd us,
By Michael the Archangel, our high Prince,
Ever by day and night with heedful watch
To guard this paragon of innocence
From her innumerable relentless foes
Headed by false apostate Lucifer.
This task ye well perform'd, Angelic powers :
Exultingly I mark'd each several deed,
While Hell in vain before your serried front
Its nether depth upheaved. Now, therefore, go,
Ye who this entertainment have in charge,
And what remains complete with diligence ;
For I expect some princely visitors
With the first slanting sunbeam, in high state
Coming from bright Italia, to salute
The Queen of Sion, and perchance to stay
As your spectators. We, who here remain,
Will sing meanwhile in this fair sleeper's ear
Our birthday song of gratulation,
Blending and parting in alternate strains.

[Exeunt Azael and Companions.]

ANGELS' BIRTHDAY SONG TO MARY.

Hail to the Flower of grace divine !
 Heiress hail of David's line !
 Hail Redemption's Heroine !

 Hail to the Virgin pre-elect !
 Hail to the Work without defect
 Of the supernal Architect !

 Hail to Her ordain'd of old,
 Deep in eternities untold,
 Ere the blue waves of ocean roll'd !

 Ere the primordial founts had sprung ;
 Ere in ether the globe was hung ;
 Ere the morning stars had sung !

 Welcome the beatific morn
 When the Mother of Life was born,
 Whom all lovely gifts adorn !

 What a thrill of ecstatic mirth
 Danced along through Heav'n and Earth,
 At the tidings of Mary's birth !

 How was Hell to its centre stirr'd !
 How sang Hades when it heard
 Of her coming so long deferr'd !

 Happy, happy, the Angel band,
 Chosen by Mary's side to stand
 As her defence on either hand !

 Safe beneath our viewless wings,
 Mother elect of the King of kings,
 Fear no harm from hurtful things !

 What though Eden vanish'd be,
 More than Eden we find in thee !
 Thou, our joy and jubilee !

Enter Herald, with a banner inscribed Roma and surmounted by a golden eagle.

HERALD.

Most mighty Prince!

Foremost among the Chivalry of Heaven!
Know that the Angels of Italia,
With their high Potentate the Guardian
Of world-subjecting Rome, moved by report
Of Palestine's new wonder, have arrived;
And crave permission of thee to behold
The world's young joy.

ITHURIEL.

They are most welcome here.

Enter, in glistening apparel, the Tutelary Angels of Rome and other Italian Cities.

TUTELARY ANGEL OF ROME (*kneeling to Mary*).

Hail thou, of love and fear and holy hope
Mother that art to be! Hail, woman blest
Above all women! Mightier than all
Before or after thee! Effulgent Mirror
Wholly untouch'd by breath of primal sin!
Brightness of light eternal! within whom
Nothing defiled hath place. All beautiful!
Lovelier than Cherubim or Seraphim!
Surpassing all th' Angelic Hierarchies
Temple and throne of blazing Deity!
Praise, lustre, excellence, of humankind!
Through whom celestial dove-like peace returns
To the long-ruffled and disordered world!
Who shalt on earth ineffably conceive
The Lord of Heav'n. Hail, living Fount of Life!
From whom the Maker of the Universe,

The Father's consubstantial Word and Son,
 Shall into His eternal Person take
 Perfect humanity, thenceforth to be
 Inseparably His for evermore ;
 So with a new regenerated race
 To fill our vacant thrones ! Virgin august !
 As yet amid celestial sovereignties
 Only by dim anticipation known,
 But now, in thy predestinated time,
 Beginning partially to be reveal'd !

[Laying his crown at her feet

Never again since I have Mary seen
 Shall glitter on this humbled brow of mine
 Great Rome's imperial diadem ; hers it is,
 And mine by right no more. Accept it then,
 Dear unexampled glory of the world !
 Unworthy to adorn thy sacred head,
 Hardly deserving at thy feet a place.

ITHURIEL.

Most noble Potentate, in the behalf
 Of this fair Daughter of Jerusalem
 And Queen of holy Sion, we accept
 Your loving worship ; and the time shall be
 When Mary to your Rome a hundredfold
 This homage shall repay ; if but aright
 I read the course of ages faintly traced
 In prophecy, or by conjecture weigh'd.
 And now, in grateful token of our thanks,
 I bid you to a Pageant, each and all,
 Prepared amongst us in a simple fashion
 For the diversion of this royal Child ;
 Which presently commencing will conclude
 As we expect, ere the meridian sun
 Lies mirror'd on your Adriatic wave.

ANGEL OF ROME.

We count ourselves most fortunate ; already
Fame of your Mysteries hath reached our ear.

AZAEL (*re-entering*).

All is complete, my Prince : we do but wait
For your commands.

ITHURIEL.

Begin then, Azael ;
While in their chalices are sparkling yet
The dewdrops of the morn.

AZAEL.

Please you that we
Awake our Lady first ?

ITHURIEL.

Nay, as I think,
Better she slumber on ; for much she needs,
After the rabid uproar of last night,
Some genial balm. Nor will your Spectacle
Less clearly pass before her inward gaze,
Than if those sacred eyelids had unclasp'd
Their golden fringe ; finding an easy entrance,
Beneath the semblance of a mystic dream,
In that exact proportion best befitting
Her present grace and knowledge. Such the power
That to angelic ministries belongs.

[*Exit Azael. The rest arrange themselves for the spectacle behind
Our Lady.*]

THE MASQUE.

Enter, on the right, personated by Angels, the HIGH-PRIEST and PRIESTS of the Temple, with censers and silver trumpets, followed by VIRGINS of the Sanctuary with harps and tabrets. Advancing towards Our Lady all make solemn obeisance.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Daughter of Joachim and Anna blest!
 Of David's race the loveliest and the best!
 Scion of Jesse, in whose stem entwine
 The sacerdotal and the regal line;
 In whom with ever-new delight we trace
 New miracles of still increasing grace;
 Accept the homage that we come to pay
 On this thy rosy-dawning natal day.

O, how can we enough record
 Our grateful thanks to Israel's Lord!
 For sending us, in this the hour
 Of Juda's fast departing power,
 Of Juda's shame and Juda's crime,
 This Promise of an earlier time!
 This earnest of the Father's love!
 This pure and spotless Turtle-dove!
 This Gem above all price!
 This Flower of Paradise!

Not without cause O Virgin pre-elect,
 Do we auspicious days from thee expect;
 Remembering how from Anna's barren womb,
 Child of a vow, thou didst divinely come;
 What noble gifts of reason, virtue, grace,
 In thy first dawn of being found a place;—

How, hither of thine own accord
Thou camest with thy parents dear
To be presented to the Lord,
And dwell with Him in secret here,
While yet, O mystery divine!
Only three short years were thine!
Nor camest thou by Angels unattended;
Myself beheld their guardian wings,
O, sacred Heir of Juda's kings!
High above thy radiant head
The old Cherubic glory shed
In mystic rays of pearl and azure blended!

Now therefore from prophetic signs most clear
Knowing that soon Messiah must appear;
And having watch'd from day to day
Thy soul its hidden wealth display,
As from some unfathom'd mine
Full of treasures all divine;—
Marking thy life of ceaseless prayer and praise;
Marking thy various superhuman ways;
Marking thy most august humility,
That nothing worthy in itself can see;—
We judge that thou must be
None other but that Virgin long foretold
By word, and type, and mysteries manifold,
That Virgin promised at Creation's morn,
Of whom the great Messiah should be born,
Whose foot should crush the Serpent's head,
And down in dust the pride of raging Satan tread!

Hail, then, O Israel's joy! Hail, Orient Gate!
Through which the everlasting Increate,
The Infinite Almighty King of kings
Shall enter on the stage of finite things.
Hail, Stair of light!
That burst on Jacob's sight,
Spangling the vault of night!

What time a lonely exile flying,
 His head upon its stony pillow lying,
 Beneath Heaven's open door unwitting he took rest
 And learnt that in his seed all nations should be blest!
 Stair of cerulean glass,
 Along whose solemn flights, that tier by tier
 Scale the blue starry sphere,
 Angels ascending and descending pass!
 To whose firm base the earth a floor supplies,
 Whose soaring heights are lost beyond the skies!—
 Hail, thou, whose faith to Israel shall restore
 More than the glory that was hers of yore;
 From whose most sacred and imperial womb
 The great High Priest in majesty shall come,
 Chosen for ever, as the Psalmist spake,
 After the order of Melchisedech!

[Taking a thurible, he solemnly incenses Our Lady as she lies asleep; after which Priests and Virgins arrange themselves as chorus on the right side of the Court, facing Our Lady.]

SCENE I.

The fountain ceases to play; and the Cloister at the end of the Court slowly parting exhibits, as on a stage, a melancholy prospect of rock and desert, veiled in mysterious gloom.

Enter Eve, personated by an angel, in a raiment of many colours, gracefully wrought of delicate furs and plumage.

EVE.

Adam, where art thou? O return, return.
 Too long hast thou been absent from my side
 Searching the wild for fruits so scanty here,
 So plentiful in Eden's happy clime!
 Adam, where art thou? Ah, in vain I call;

No voice responds; and o'er the hideous waste
Chaotic silence broods; save when a blast
Far pealing from the stormy clarions
Of sworded Cherubim, from earth to heaven
Reverberates our doom. O misery!
O misery of miseries,—to think,
But yesterday in Paradise! and now
Outcasts of nature, to the wrath exposed
Of all creation by our Fall aggrieved!
Nor less of furious demons raging round,
Unchain'd by our own act. But worse than all,
Far worse than outward elemental wrack,
Far worse than brutal or Satanic rage,
Is this conflicting storm I feel within,
Deep in my central being, such as never
I felt before in Paradisal days.
O loss supreme! O loss unutterable
Of grace divine, our Maker's noblest boon
To nature superadded! This departed,
I feel a very ruin of myself;
A strife of inward spiritual elements
Each furiously against the other turn'd,
And wrestling in the darken'd soul's abyss.
Ah, wilful and perverse! who, not content
With that unmerited beatitude
So freely by creative love bestow'd,
Ambitiously must lend an eager ear
To the deceiving Serpent; and partake
Of the forbidden tree; and break the law
Our Maker gave us; and prevail with Adam
To break it also; and had no touch of pity
For generations to be born of me,
Who through perpetual ages shall proclaim
Their Mother cursed among all womankind,
Partakers of her guilt and penalty.

[Casting herself on the sand.]

O parent earth, receive me! Dust I am,
 And into dust I must again return;
 So runs the sentence. Oh, that here it might
 Find its fulfilment—happier far to die
 Now in Creation's morning, than live on
 To be a fount of countless miseries
 To countless beings through all future time!
 So might the Lord another Eve create,
 Another Eve far better than the first,
 Far better and more wise; who should not sin
 As the first sinn'd. So might the Lord from her
 Ordain another race of humankind,
 Not to be born in sin, as must be born
 All who are born of me. Ah, what if this
 Which now I feel,—this faintness stealing o'er me,—
 Ah, what if this be death! O Adam, Adam!
 Hasten to thy dying spouse; make haste to speak
 Forgiveness of the past, and to enfold
 Thy partner in a last embrace of love.

[She sinks in a swoon. Solemn silence. Presently a soft Eolian melancholy music springs up, mingled with the distant moaning of wild-beasts, plaintive notes of birds, the sighing of winds, and other doleful sounds. After which Voices overhead, as in a colloquy.]

FIRST VOICE.

Hark, how all creation moans
 In a thousand piteous tones,
 Wailing its untimely fall
 From a state celestial!
 See for sylvan lawns appear
 Arid wastes of desert drear!
 See the world a ruin lie,
 All through Eve's apostasy!

SECOND VOICE.

Lord, how long shall be the time
 Ere the guilt of Adam's crime

Masque of Angels.

Shall from nature be removed
In the smile of Thy Beloved?
When shall justice dawn again?
When shall peace eternal reign?
When again on earth shall be
Truth and true felicity?

THIRD VOICE.

When his weakness man has shown
In his native strength alone;
When the world is worn and old;
When its faith is dead and cold;
When o'er sacred Carmel's head
Forty centuries have sped;
When a Virgin shall be born,
Like the rose without a thorn,
Wholly free from Adam's stain;—
Then shall justice dawn again;
Then again the waste shall bloom
As a lily from the tomb;
Heaven re-open in the skies,
Earth renew its Paradise.

[*Eve slowly wakes; and gazing round with terror
vehemently.*

*Enter the Archangel Gabriel, bearing an olive-branch and
of the desert.*

GABRIEL.

Hail, Mother of all ages! fountal source
Of humankind, who shall from thee become
A multitudinous river, surging on,
In ever-widening and majestic flood,
Into the ocean of eternity!
Weep not, O Eve!—I come to comfort thee.
In proof of which behold this olive-branch,
Earnest of peace restored, and brighter days.

Know that, among all miseries, despair
 Closing the gate of mercy is the worst.
 Rise, then, and be consoled ; and eat of what
 I bring thee. Little yet suspectest thou
 How much thy natural frame has been impair'd,
 Immortal once by grace, and with the help
 Of life's immortal tree ; but now, alas,
 As left in its own native feebleness,
 By slightest effort wearied ; and throughout
 Corruptible with latent germs of death.
 These fruits, less exquisite indeed than those
 Of Paradise, are yet, so mercy wills,
 Best suited to repair thy wasted strength.

[*He offers her fruit*

EVE (*rising*).

O thou, whose form,
 So radiantly bright, proclaims thee one
 Of Heav'n's high Princes, I would eat, but grief
 Forbids me,—grief, and keen solicitude
 For woe-worn Adam. At the break of dawn
 He wander'd forth, leaving me strict command
 Not to forsake the circuit of these rocks ;
 And now the evening shades are closing round
 Without a sign of his desired return.
 What if some beast have rent his tender flesh !
 Or on his head the vivid thunderbolt
 Have fallen unawares ! or, sadder still,
 What if in strong aversion he has left
 His guilty Eve ; and sought him out a nook
 In some far region, there to pine and die
 Safe from her hateful sight ! Say, holy Angel,
 If haply you have chanced to cross his path
 Upon the borders of th' inclement waste ?
 For I am troubled at his lengthen'd stay.

GABRIEL.

But now I came upon him, as he sate,
 His hands upon his forehead tightly clasp'd,

Beneath a solitary juniper,
On a high sandy hillock, gazing far
Across the plain in meditative mood,
And breathing forth his lamentable sighs
Upon th' unsympathising desert space,
In fond remembrance of lost Paradise.
Some comfort, as I think, I minister'd,
Bearer of welcome news; and have the same
For thee, when thou hast tasted of the fruit
He sends by me,—his poor love-offering,
Cull'd with laborious and painful search
From the rude bosom of the wilderness,
Not without wounds from many a prickly thorn.
Himself had come, but that his jaded limbs
Refused their task.

EVE (*eating of the fruit*).

Thanks, heavenly messenger, for those dear words
That tell me Adam lives, and still can love
The guilty origin of all his ills.
And thanks again to Adam and to thee
For this repast, too good for fallen Eve.
Already, with no small surprise I feel
In body as in mind my strength revived.
And now, declare, I pray, what consolation
Is this thou bringest? How can comfort be,
Where all is gloom and blank despondency?

GABRIEL.

And can it be, then, Eve, thou hast forgotten
That promise most august, so lately made thee
By thy all-pitying Maker, 'through the Woman
To crush the Serpent's head?'—I fear thou hast;
Or whence this hopelessness?—Now, therefore, list
To what I here announce. Far distant hence,
Behind yon red horizon where the sun
Is dipping low, there stands a holy Hill,
Upon encircling mountains based sublime,

Which men hereafter shall Moria call,
 Or 'Mount of Vision;' now with cedars crown'd,
 Encircling with their fragrant depth of shade
 A verdant mead, but in the times to come
 To be surmounted by a glorious Temple,
 Of Sion named. For there hath God decreed
 To set His habitation; there hath fix'd
 His everlasting love, and firm impress'd
 The sacred stamp of His Almighty Name.

To this most holy and majestic Mount,
 Know, Eve, that I, in pity of the grief
 That weighs thy soul, have been enjoin'd to bring thee;
 And there in mystic vision to disclose,
 What shall console thee much,—the lovely sight
 Of that eternally predestined Maid
 Reserved to spring from thee in after-days,
 Immaculate in Conception as in Birth,
 Whose Seed shall be the Saviour of thy race
 Uniting in one Person, all divine,
 Two natures unconfused, divine and human,
 For evermore. There also shalt thou see
 (As in the mirror of th' Eternal Mind,
 Which simultaneously with all the times,
 At once in present, past, and future, lives)
 In glorious procession sweep along
 Before thy dazzled gaze, Saints upon Saints,—
 The Patriarchs of the world,—their homage paying
 To their and thy fair Daughter, whom on earth
 They antedate, coeval in the skies,
 The veritable offspring of thy womb,
 For ever bless'd among all womankind;
 And seeing shalt rejoice.

EVE.

O happiness!

Kind Angel, let us go without delay.
 Lead on; I follow thee.

GABRIEL.

To Adam first

We bend our steps ; he also is permitted
 To see this blissful sight, that so your joy
 United may be greater. Yet, O Eve,
 When of these visionary scenes ye drink,
 Deem not that ye behold the things themselves,
 Or aught beside a semblance shadow'd forth
 By angel ministries, beneath the veil
 Of outward shapes ; as suits your fallen state,
 Whose now beclouded soul, enslaved to earth
 By its own fatal and rebellious choice,
 Its heavenly intuitions half-obscured,
 Henceforth, so long as it inhabits flesh,
 Must be content by earthly images
 To picture to its gaze immortal things.
 Nay Heav'n itself, could it be brought before
 Your feeble vision, would perforce assume
 The bulky outline of material forms,
 Its essence pure escaping human reach.

[He leads Eve across the desert. As they advance, the sandy waste begins to assume a verdant tint, blue sky appears, and a balmy breeze springs up.]

GABRIEL.

See, Eve, already how the wilderness
 Is casting off its late funereal garb,
 And all in vernal beauty decks itself—
 Emblem of hope revived, and happier times.
 Onward ! the furthest spot to human speed
 Is little distant if an Angel lead.

[Exeunt Gabriel and Eve.]

A brilliant mirage rises at the end of the Court, representing, by way of drop-scene, Jerusalem and its Temple as in the age of Solomon ; meanwhile the Chorus of Priests and Virgins sings alternately as follows :

PRIESTS.

On Sion's hill a Temple stands,
 No toilsome work of human hands :
 A Temple beauteous in design,
 Replete with mysteries divine :
 A Temple of eternal fame ;
 And Mary is its mystic name.

VIRGINS.

Or ere the skyey dome was rear'd ;
 Or ere the mountain-tops appear'd ;
 Or ere the raging sea was chain'd ;
 The Lord this Temple had ordain'd :
 And its secure foundations laid
 Before the Seraphim were made.

PRIESTS.

Deep in His counsels all divine,
 In silence grew the lovely shrine ;
 In silence rear'd aloft its head,
 And like the fragrant cedar spread,
 That keeps from age to age its throne
 Upon the heights of Lebanon.

VIRGINS.

What in the night of times gone by
 Was ever in th' eternal Eye,
 Now in the world's reviving morn
 Begins on human sight to dawn ;
 Our hands have touch'd, our eyes behold,
 This Temple of pellucid gold.

PRIESTS.

Still with the tide of onward time
 Expanding in a growth sublime,

Soon shall its heritage extend
Throughout the world from end to end,
And gather into one embrace
The Jewish and the Gentile race.

VIRGINS.

Hail, sacrosanct intact abode
Created for Incarnate God !
Hail, shrine incomprehensible,
In which the Father's Word shall dwell !
Hail, Virgin, free from Adam's curse !
Hail, Temple of the universe !

PRIESTS.

Ah, could we but a moment spy,
Thy glorious inner Sanctuary ;
What miracles would meet our gaze,
Exceeding all that earth displays !
Such as befit the Palace bright
Preparing for the Infinite.

VIRGINS.

Ah, could we view the altar fair,
That glistens so divinely there ;
Could we but scent the incense sweet
That hovers round that mercy-seat ;
Could we but hear the lovely song,
Which evermore those aisles prolong ;—

PRIESTS AND VIRGINS TOGETHER.

Then should we all perforce avow
That Heav'n itself had come below ;
In order that the Lord of grace
Might find on earth a fitting place
Whence—in depths of ruin hurl'd--
To reorganise the world !

SCENE II.

The mirage dissolving reveals a grassy terrace looking upon an open space, in the midst of which rises Mount Moria.

Enter the Archangel Gabriel, conducting Adam and Eve.

GABRIEL.

Lo, where it stands ; the sacred table-land
 And Mount of Vision promised to your gaze !
 Behold its fair foundations lifted high
 Upon the summits of the holy hills ;
 Figure of her, whose sanctity begins
 Where others terminate. Behold, behold,
 The Mount of mounts : Heav'n's sacred vestibule,
 Jerusalem's fair seat in future days,
 Predestined habitation of the Lord,
 Where He shall dwell for ages, and well-pleased
 Incense and holy sacrifice receive ;
 Umbrageous now, and in the glory clad
 Of late creation ; but in after-times,
 When o'er the world a roaring flood has swept,
 Far different to appear ! There shall ye see,
 Upon its verdant heaven-embracing floor,
 Your Child in glory immarcessible
 Sitting enthroned beneath the mystic shade
 Of Life's ambrosial Tree—Mother elect
 Of Life and all who live : and there shall view,
 Before her with exultant pæans throng,
 Gather'd from all the onward centuries,
 The Patriarchal train, of which already
 As hitherward we came, ye saw the skirts
 Winding along the valley's further side ;
 And heard its herald note of victory

Peal from a thousand trumpèts with a blast
That shook the realms of chaos and of night.
And now, farewell : henceforth ye need me not,
O fountain-heads august of all mankind !
Sufficient of yourselves to find the way.

[He vanishes.

ADAM.

How sudden was his parting ! such the gift
Of incorporeal natures. Fare thee well,
Bright Messenger of peace ! and bear aloft
To other worlds the tale of Adam's fall,
To be their warning through the tracts of time.
Come, Eve, rejoice with me in this fair scene.
O contrast exquisite
With that interminable desert waste
Which late we trod ! Ah, what an odorous waft
Of Paradisal perfume hither steals
From shrubs innumerable, whose circlet fair
Encompasses as with a flowery belt
The Mount of God. O balm ineffable,
At which mine eyes, that seem'd as adamant,
In blissful tears dissolve ! Hail, sacred hill !
Hail, second Eden, fairer than the first !
Be quick, my best beloved ; let us press on,
And mount without delay yon gracious stair
Of Heaven-ascending heights, lest with a breath
The vision melt before our yearning eyes,
And leave us doubly desolate.

EVE.

Bethink thee,

My Adam, with what face can we appear
In that most holy vestibule, disrobed
As here we stand, of our first innocence ?
Such is the fear that in my bosom thrills.

Y

Masque of Angels.

ADAM.

And rightly, had we no sure confidence
 Elsewhere obtain'd. But, O my timorous Eve,
 These honourable vestments clothing us,
 So delicately wrought in fairest form
 And exquisite variety of tint,
 Lovely adornments from the loving hand
 Of God Himself—what else are they but tokens
 Exterior of a new interior grace,
 Infused within us through the priceless merits
 Of Him who is to come? In this array'd,
 Though of ourselves most wholly miserable,
 We have no cause for shame. Why, then, delay
 His counsel to fulfil who brought us hither?

EVE.

Adam thy will is mine. Too much already
 Has disobedience cost us. Lead thou on;
 My heart is burning with desire to see
 The sacred Virgin to be born of me.

[*Exeunt Adam and Eve.*]*A mirage as before, representing Rome as in the age of Augustus.**CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND VIRGINS.*

PRIESTS.

Ere yet primeval Chaos reign'd;
 Ere matter yet had form obtain'd;
 Far in the Empyrean height
 A vacant Throne of purest light
 Aloft o'er worlds angelic raised
 In solitary glory blazed.

VIRGINS.

The Seraphs, from the topmost tier
 That girdles Heav'n's eternal sphere,

With awe the distant wonder eyed,
And vainly to interpret tried ;
No creature worthy could they see
To sit in such high majesty.

PRIESTS.

But not in vain th' Eternal Mind.
Hath its eternal scheme design'd ;
Now, therefore, in the midst of years
This Child immaculate appears,
Worthy alone of all to fill
That Throne so inaccessible !

VIRGINS.

Hail, Mary, purest Gem of earth !
Hail, child of grace before thy birth !
Whose path from grace to grace ascends,
And in supremest glory ends.
Hail, Daughter of th' Eternal King,
From whom the Life of life shall spring !

PRIESTS.

O, how for thee the Angels sigh,
Eager to waft thee to the sky !
Too long to them the days appear
That yet detain thee captive here ;
Where, quench'd in mists of earth below,
Thy rays of glory dimly glow.

VIRGINS.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen !
Forsake this liminary scene ;
Forsake this lower darksome place
Which guilt and misery deface :
A higher world invites thee on
To splendour and dominion !

PRIESTS AND VIRGINS TOGETHER.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen!
 Ascend, and plead the cause of men!
 Ascend, and reign upon the Throne
 Predestinated thine alone!
 Ascend, where none before have trod!
 Ascend, the Mother of thy God!

SCENE III.

Summit of the Mount of Vision, exhibiting a spacious flowery mead surrounded by cedars. In the midst, the Tree of Life; beneath which, personated by an angel, appears MARY, as a child, in a raiment of blue and gold, seated on a throne with steps of sapphire, crowned, and sceptre in hand.

Enter Adam and Eve.

EVE (*clasping Mary's feet*).

O most Immaculate Maid,
 Virgin ineffable! Pure child of God!
 Transcendent marvel of the universe!
 Beauty and glory of the human race!
 Effacing all the shame of womankind!
 See at thy feet poor miserable Eve;
 And hear the parents to their daughter sue
 For pardon and for peace. O joy of joys!
 Felicity unhoped! to see thy face,
 Who shalt repair the ruin that I made;
 Else irremediable. By Eva's crime
 Came sin, came death, came deathly slavery
 To Satan and to sin; but Eva's daughter,
 Bridging the cruel gulf her mother made,
 Opens to all mankind a second path
 To Paradise and life's immortal Tree.
 Hail, second Eve, far better than the first!
 Hail, Virgin pre-elect! Virgin conceived

In Adam's nature, not in Adam's sin ;
That so to all mankind thou mightest be
A new beginning of new life in Him
Who comes through thee for Adam to atone.
Hail, Archetype of all that loveliest is,
Sweetest, most perfect, best, and heav'nliest !
Of whom our Eden but a figure was.
Lily of incorruption ! Life in death !
Abyss of grace ! remember that from us
Thou didst that elemental substance take
Wherewith thou shalt—O marvel infinite !
The Incorporeal with corporeal clothe,
And on the uncreated Word bestow
A second nature's origin, so becoming
Mother of God, and Empress of the world !
Remember that to our sad fall thou owest
Thy peerless glory ; and with gracious eye
Look down upon thy parents here before thee,
Here as they kneel, most lovely and beloved :
And stretch thy gentle hand, and wipe away
Their mournful tears ; and lift them up again ;
And whisper in their hearts eternal peace.

MARY (*rising, and kissing Eve on the forehead*).

Hail, parents dear !
O weep no more, and cease your piteous sighs ;
And praise with me the goodness of our God ;
His heights unsearchable
Of wisdom and of love ;
Who on His lowly handmaid gazed ;
And her from empty nothing raised ;
And chose her in His grace to be
Mother of Immortality ;
Mother of His Eternal Son :
Not for her own sake alone,
But for the sake of you and all mankind ;

For whom, in His omniscient mind,
 Before the worlds were made, this mercy He design'd.
 Who, pitying our first Parents' fall,
 And in their fate the fate of all,
 The penalty their guilt had earn'd
 Hath into greater glory turn'd ;
 And deign'd to crush the serpent's head
 Beneath a feeble maiden's tread.

Now therefore, parents dear,
 Lament no more ; but, with a joyful heart,
 Ascend these steps, and sit beside your child ;
 And know that ye are here most opportunely,
 To aid her in receiving with due grace
 The glad Procession now upon its way ;
 Coming, with songs of triumph jubilant,
 To offer thanks in Sion this fair morn
 In homage of that love, which, in the depth
 Of everlasting ages, fix'd on her
 Its pitying gaze ; and chose her from the mass
 Of old corruption, and predestined her,
 And called her in the plenitude of times,
 To be the mother of the Son of God
 In whom alone is all redemption found.

[She embraces our first Parents ; and taking them by the hand, makes them sit down on the uppermost step of the throne, Adam on her right, and Eve on her left.

A mirage, as before, representing Athens and sea-coast.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND VIRGINS.

PRIESTS.

Hail, thou first-begotten Daughter
 Of th' Almighty Father's love ;
 Temple of eternal glory,
 Pure and spotless turtle-dove ;

Mistress of the earth and skies,
Choicest bud of Paradise !

VIRGINS.

Hail to her, whose deep foundations
On the holy hills are laid ;
Joy of endless generations,
Loved before the worlds were made ;
Treasure of believing souls
While the wheel of ages rolls !

PRIESTS.

Garden of divinest odours ;
Roseate shell of purest ray,
Where the priceless pearl of heaven
Waited its appointed day,
Nestling in repose sublime
Down beneath the wave of time !

VIRGINS.

Cloud of supramundane splendour,
Cloud, that in its awful womb
Bears the Father's hidden lightning,
Bears the thunderbolt of doom ;
O'er the world in mighty power
Comes to shed the Spirit's shower !

PRIESTS.

Who can count the starry jewels
Set in Mary's crown of light ?
Who can estimate her greatness ?
Who can guess her glory's height ?
What can measure its extent
Save the depth of God's descent ?

VIRGINS.

Hail, O Queen of nature's kingdoms,
Queen of Angels, hail to thee !

Masque of Angels.

Greater none have been before thee,
 Greater none shall ever be :
 Hail, divine Receptacle
 Of th' Incomprehensible !

PRIESTS.

Thee the God of worlds foreseeing
 In thy dignity supreme,
 Loved thee, chose thee, gave thee being,
 Set thee in salvation's scheme ;
 Then with all perfections deck'd,
 As His Mother pre-elect.

VIRGINS.

Thine shall be a lot surpassing
 All that is of glory known
 In the earth or in the heavens,—
 Thine, but not for thee alone ;
 God, in whom thy life began,
 Made thee for Himself and man.

PRIESTS.

God and man in thee uniting,
 Death in thee by life o'ercome ;
 Creature with Creator blending,
 Man remoulded in thy womb ;—
 Such, O peerless Child, shall be
 Thy prolific history.

VIRGINS.

Fount of wonders ever flowing !
 Glory of the sea and sky !
 How for thee th' eternal mansions
 Waiting yearn, and yearning sigh !
 Envyng earth the moments slow
 That detain thee here below.

PRIESTS.

Bird of Paradisal beauty,
Silver Dove with wings of gold,
Pity thy dear native Heaven,
And thy fragrant plumes unfold ;
Quickly, quickly, speed thy flight
Up to crystal realms of light.

PRIESTS AND VIRGINS TOGETHER.

There for poor unhappy mortals
Thy immortal Son implore,
There in beatific glory
Reign with Him for evermore ;
Through the ages all along
Theme of sempiternal song !

SCENE IV.

Summit of the Mount of Vision as before; Mary on her throne, with Adam and Eve on either side.

Peal of trumpets, and enter first part of Procession: Abel, bearing a lamb in his bosom; then Seth, Henoeh with his Book, Mathusala, and other antediluvian Patriarchs, with long white beards; last of all Noe, walking as it were in the midst of a rainbow, and carrying a pattern of the Ark in gold, with a dove upon its roof. On arriving before the throne, the Procession stops.

HENOCH.

Hail, Desire of the first world !

THE REST.

Hail, Amaze of the ages to come !

NOE.

Daughter of prophecy and Virgin true,
Hope of both worlds—the ancient and the new,

Mother of day, and Queen of golden morn,
 From whom the sole-begotten Son is born !
 Here, lowly bending at thy feet, behold
 The Blest who lived before the deluge roll'd ;
 And see before thee, Olive-branch of grace,
 The second Father of the human race.

Ah, why, O Lady dear,
 On earth's terraqueous sphere
 So late in time did thy sweet form appear ?
 Hadst thou but earlier come,
 Not then the first-created world had been
 Into destruction swept beneath a watery doom ;
 Thy smile had soothed the wrath of God,
 And stay'd His dread descending rod.

Hail, Ark of Life !
 Floating unharm'd above the surging strife
 Of Hell and human crime !
 So to preserve that promised Seed
 The Hope of after time ;
 From whence shall come a new creation,
 A holy spotless generation,
 A race and kingdom all divine,
 Children of th' eternal Trine ;
 A royal race, with promise sure
 Through everlasting ages to endure !

Hail, Rainbow bright,
 From the pure Fount of Light
 In variegated hues of grace array'd ;
 Glistening sublime
 Upon the verge of time,
 Where spreads eternity its awful shade !

Now, therefore, bend thine ear,
 O Daughter fair, and hear,
 And grant this favour we entreat,
 Queen of Patriarchs, at thy feet ;—

That, since on earth thy face we might not see
While wrapt around in our mortality,
Now, in return for our long sighs,
Beaming down with thy bright eyes,
Thou suffer us to hear that voice
At which the circling spheres rejoice ;
Which all the earth with gladness fills,
And through the womb of nature thrills,
Robbing with its delicious strain
E'en Purgatory of its pain.

[*Mary smiles a gracious assent; and giving her sceptre to
Eve, rises and sings.*

MARY'S SONG.

While I was yet a little one
I pleased the Lord of grace,
And in His holy Sanctuary
He granted me a place.

There, shelter'd by His tender care,
And by His love inspired,
I strove in all things to fulfil
Whatever He desired.

I wholly gave myself to Him,
To be for ever His ;
I meditated on His law
And ancient promises.

And oft at my embroidery,
Musing upon the Maid
Of whom Messiah should be born,—
Thus in my heart I pray'd :

' Permit me, Lord, one day to see
That Virgin ever dear
Predestinated in the courts
Of Sion to appear.

'O blest estate, if but I might
 Among her handmaids be !
 But such a favour, O my God,
 Is far too high for me.'

Thus unto God I pour'd my prayer ;
 And He that prayer fulfill'd,
 Not as my poverty had hoped,
 But as His bounty will'd.

Erewhile a trembling child of dust,
 Now robed in heavenly rays,
 I reign the Mother of my God
 Through sempiternal days.

To me the nations of the world
 Their grateful tribute bring ;
 To me the Powers of darkness bend ;
 To me the Angels sing.

[*The Procession moves on.*]

Peal of trumpets, and enter Melchisedech, gorgeously vested as High Priest and King of Salem, bearing a Paten and Chalice of gold; whom follows the Father of the Faithful, attended by Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph; then, between Aaron and their sister Mary, Moses, bearing the two tables of stone; after whom Josue and warriors, succeeded by Ruth and maidens as gleaners. Last of all King David as a shepherd-boy, with his harp.

MELCHISEDECH.

Hail, Queen of Salem !

THE REST.

Hail, Vision of peace !

DAVID (*accompanying himself on his harp*).

Daughter of a royal line,
 Noble shoot of Jesse's rod,
 Flower immortal and divine,
 First among the works of God !

As I watch'd my flock by night,
Musing over Israel's woes,
Oft of old thy Vision bright,
Child of grace, before me rose.

Lulling nature's angry storm,
Oft I saw with prophet eye
Thy imperial radiant form
On the moonbeam glancing by ;

All in robes of orient light,
Tinted from the azure skies,
Breathing o'er chaotic night
Perfume fresh from Paradise.

Ah, how then, O Queen of day,
I for thee would pour my tears ;
Mourning o'er the long delay
Of a thousand coming years :

Yearning with a strong desire
Thy vivific birth to see ;
All my spirit's depth on fire
For the times that were to be.

Those triumphant days below
Not permitted to behold,
Waiting long, while, ebb and flow,
Restlessly the ages roll'd,—

Now at last, in realms serene
Of immortal life and love,
I salute thee as the Queen
Of Jerusalem above ;

Thee with joy ecstatic greet,
Glist'ning in a golden crown,
And before thy sacred feet
Lay my harp in homage down.

[*The Procession moves on.*]

Peal of trumpets, and enter King Ezechias, bearing a lily-like flower; succeeded by other Kings of Judah, all royally arrayed; after whom Judith and attendant women, with cymbals and timbrels, moving to a solemn measure.

EZECHIAS,

Hail, Glory of Jerusalem !

THE REST.

Hail, Delight of Israel !

JUDITH.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 Arise thee now and shine ;
 Put on, put on thy purple robe
 And diadem divine ;
 For by a woman's feeble arm
 The Lord hath fought for thee,
 And in the cause of his elect
 Hath triumph'd gloriously.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 Thy streets are paved with gold ;
 Thy pearly halls and palaces
 Are glorious to behold ;
 Thy walls of jasper are inlaid
 With every precious gem ;
 How pure, how lovely is the sight
 Of our Jerusalem !

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 No tear in thee is known ;
 Thy bright and fragrant courts were made
 For happiness alone ;
 The Lord alone thy Temple is,
 And calls thee by His name ;
 The Lamb alone is all the light
 Of our Jerusalem !

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
Thou City of the skies ;
Dear City of our King and God ;
Dear object of our sighs !
How blest, how blest are thy abodes,
And those who dwell in them !
Thrice welcome here, O Virgin dear,
To thy Jerusalem !

[*The Procession moves on.*

Peal of trumpets, and enter to martial music, with banners, escorted by troops of war diversly arrayed, Allegorical Personifications of the Four Great Empires, on triumphal Cars drawn by yoked lions, leopards, and other emblematic animals ; then Isaias and the other Prophets ; Daniel last, bearing a scroll in his hand.

ISAIAS.

Hail Virgin who shalt conceive ! Alleluia.

THE REST.

And bear a Son. Alleluia.

DANIEL.

God who guides the wheeling spheres,
Keeping still His promise firm ;
Lo, the Seventy Weeks of years
Speed to their prophetic term.

Vainly strove Assyria's pride,
Persian wealth, or Grecian power ;
Vainly each in turn defied
Its inevitable hour.

Rome herself so strong to-day,
Greatest empire of them all,
Of her very strength the prey,
Marches onward to her fall.

Other kingdoms, Lord, than Thine,
 To eternity pretend ;
 One alone, by right divine,
 Sees of each in turn an end.

One alone, while others fade,
 Growing with the growing years,
 Undecaying, undecay'd,
 Ever in its prime appears !

Hail, of that high Kingdom Queen !
 Fairest Form that earth has trod !
 Hail, Inheritance of men !
 Glory of the Church of God !

At the end of the procession appear, with palms in their hands, the Hermits of Mount Carmel, conducting six ethereal steeds, which draw after them the Car of Elias, marvellously glistering. Seated in the car is seen the Archangel Gabriel.

SONG OF THE HERMITS OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Hail to the Flower of pure delight,
 Blooming on sacred Carmel's height !

Flower of Carmel,
 Flowering Vine,
 Shed thy sweets
 On us who are thine !
 Virginal Mother,
 Star of the sea ;
 Glory of Heaven,
 We glorify thee !

[On arriving in front of the throne, the Car stops.

GABRIEL (*descending*).

O brighter than all brightness, living Altar
 Of light's pure temple, Joy exuberant
 Of all the patriarchs, Queen of Palestine,
 And splendour of the New Jerusalem !

Know that in honour of thy birth this day
Thy loving Angels and true Guardians hold
In Paradise High Feast, which in their name
I supplicate thy sceptred majesty
With its imperial presence to adorn.
In hope whereof, this empyrean car
(Once only touch'd by mortal foot, what time
It bore Elias through the fields of space)
Attends thy bidding. See, its fiery steeds,
Already, of their happy task aware,
Curvet, impatient for their precious freight.

MARY.

My soul hath fainted for the living Courts
Of my eternal King. Most joyfully
I go with you ; this only boon entreating,
That I may bring with me these sacred Parents
Here seated at my side.

GABRIEL.

Lady, not yet is it permitted them
To pass beyond this outer vestibule ;
But when the long-desired Emmanuel,
Of them through Thee hereafter to be born,
In his atoning life-blood shall have paid
For Thee and them and all of human kind
Super-exceeding ransom on the Cross ;
And re-estimated all things in Himself,
Opening to life eterne the door long closed ;
Then shalt Thou have thy will, O Heavenly Bride,
And see these Parents ever at thy side.

[*Mary, with a tender smile of pity and hope embracing our
First Parents, ascends the Car, which majestically moves
forward, Adam and Eve gazing wistfully after her.*]

EVE.

Farewell, O bright Perfection ! vain it were
To follow after thee. O Adam, mark

Z

How o'er our Mount of Vision
 Dim monitory clouds come stealing down ;
 And all its tinted glories pale away
 So exquisite before. 'Tis time, methinks,
 That we descend.

ADAM.

Yes, it is even so.

Dense and more dense the vapour gathers fast,
 From th' upper air insensibly distill'd,
 As 'twere a veil let down to segregate
 From sublunary gaze immortal things.
 Give me thy hand, O Eve, my sole beloved,
 And ere within its folds voluminous
 The storm our perilous descent obscure,
 Leave we Moria's enigmatic hill,
 Hereafter by the grace of our dear Heir
 From Mary born, hoping to be received
 Into the sacred Sion of the skies,
 When turn'd in death to our original dust
 Again from dust we rise, created new
 For new and more divine felicity
 (Such my reliance on redeeming love)
 Than that by disobedience forfeited.
 At present in the world our portion lies
 There to toil on in faith and hopeful love
 Through good and evil mingled ; till at length
 Our lifelong penance o'er we go our way
 Into the place appointed ; there to wait,
 In patience of subdued expectancy,
 The joyful coming of Salvation's Morn !

[*They descend the hill.*]

END OF THE MASQUE.

The Masque over, the Cloister reunites as at first, the fountain in the Court begins again to play, and the Chorus of Priests and Virgins withdraws.

Enter Azael and Companions.

AZAEI (*kneeling to Ithuriel*).

Mighty Prince, our task is o'er,
And from phantasy's domain,
Through the secret golden door,
Hither we return again ;
And commend our pageantry
To this noble Company,
Ready to receive for it
Praise or blame as may befit.

ITHURIEL.

Rise, Azael, and for this your Mystery
Accept our general thanks to each and all ;
Scarce could we deem it but a spectacle ;
So true was each performer to his part ;
So true your evanescent scenery
To nature's subtlest tints and lineaments.
See, even yet there lingers on the cheek
Of this fair sleeping Maid a roseate smile,
As from the fanning of the balmy wings
Of some inspiring vision, foretaste sweet
Of heavenly joys ; such power your masque hath had :
Whereof that perfect soul, which evermore
Receives of all things in proportion due,
Admitted whatsoever for her state
Was most expedient.

ANGEL OF ROME.

We, Azael, too,
Render our grateful thanks ; in sign of which
Accept this ring of purest chrysolite,

Which anciently on Numa's finger shone,
 Numa, of early Rome pacific king.
 And he, when in his cradle, so 'tis said
 From the great Sibyl of Cumæan song
 Received it as the heirloom of his race.
 A royal province scarce could purchase it.

AZAEEL.

Aught by thy hand bestow'd were high reward,
 Most noble Potentate. Would that the work
 Had equall'd but the will; then had there been
 A spectacle more worthy the spectators.

ANGEL OF ROME (*to the Angels of Italy*).

Princes and sacred Peers, the blazing sun,
 O'ertopping yonder pile of burnish'd gold,
 And circling with a rainbow diadem
 The snowy head of this fair cloistral fount,
 Proclaims our near departure; come then, all,
 And, kissing each in turn the heavenly feet
 Of this dear glory of Jerusalem,
 Let us entreat her blessing on ourselves,
 And on the cities, shores, and territories
 Committed to our several custodies.

[*The Angels of Italy kneel, two and two, before Mary, still asleep, and kiss her feet, singing meanwhile as follows:*

Age with age contended,
 At Creation's dawn,
 Which might see the day
 When Mary should be born:

But the Lord had hidden
 His decree sublime,
 Destined to prevail
 In its appointed time.

They who came the foremost
Empty sought the skies ;
And the last of all
Has won the happy prize.

Hail, thou Age of ages,
Light of all the rest !
Hail, predestined Era
Infinitely blest !

Hail, thou bright Aurora,
Chasing nature's gloom,
Hope of all before,
And bliss of all to come !

Age of peace on earth !
Age of joy in heaven !
Age of grace restored !
Age of guilt forgiven !

Thee the coming cycles
Grateful shall proclaim,
Germ of all their life,
And fount of all their fame.

Earth from thee henceforward
Shall its date renew,
And to thee look back
All the ages through ;

As a pillar shining,
From a mount sublime,
O'er the tracts of space !
And o'er the tide of time !

ITHURIEL (*to the Angel of Rome*).

Doubt not, imperial Chieftain, but our Lady
Will breathe her supplications to high Heav'n,

Omnipotential with the Omnipotent,
 For every several object of your prayers.
 And for thy comfort learn, that mighty Rome,
 Now in the bonds of pagan darkness swathed,
 Hereafter shall, in reverence to Mary
 And Mary's Child, exceed your utmost hope.
 A prophecy there is of ancient date,
 Unbrokenly preserved from age to age
 By this high Temple's angel guardians ;—
 That, in the times to come, this holy Salem
 In ruins laid, must to a holier city
 Give place, whose name is ' Strength,' prepared of old
 Upon the bosom of th' eternal floods,
 And lifted on a sevenfold mystic hill ;
 Which in its day predestined shall become
 The hierarchic centre of the world,
 (As to the Jews Jerusalem before)
 Embracing in one faith, one polity,
 Beneath one Head in Heaven, and one on earth
 Pontifical, the whole of human kind ;
 With ordinances, priesthood, all things, new,
 Promised through endless ages to endure.
 This mystery to thy attentive mind
 We here commit, in its most certain time
 To be reveal'd before the universe
 In sight of all. And now, if go ye must,
 At least, in memory of your visit here,
 Accept, celestial Princes, at our hands
 These parting gifts ; for thee, high Potentate,
 This fair embroider'd piece, the priceless work
 Of Mary's pearly fingers ; which remember
 To keep for happy Rome in after-days.
 For thy companions here these flowers new cull'd,

[He plucks some flowers from the plants at Mary's side.

Children of Mary's care, and like herself
 Of bloom and fragrance immarcessible,

So only they approach no mortal hand ;
And if, as we entreat, ye shall appear
At our festivities another year,
There wait you other gifts more precious still,
So promises your own Ithuriel.

[*The Angels of Rome and Italy withdraw.*

Now, comrades, to your tasks ; for, as I think,
The eyelids of our Mistress soon will part,
And to our wistful gaze reveal anew
Their hidden Paradise ; the dawn to us
Of day, more truly than the golden light
That flashes from the kindling Orient.
We must be ready at our several posts
To wait upon her wishes and fulfil
Our daily ministries. Let music sound ;
Let a celestial perfume breathe around ;
Let all be sparkling, joyous, and serene,
To greet the waking of creation's Queen !

THE MINSTER OF ELD.



PROLOGUE.

Minster of Eld ! in thy sweet solemn shade
How pleasant is it thus apart to roam !
Here for myself a shelter I have made ;
In thee my pilgrim spirit finds a home.
Hither withdrawing from the day's false glare,
From earthliness and all that breeds annoy,
She hath wrought out a resting-place from care,
And drinks unwatch'd from hidden fount of joy ;
Oh, cruel world that would such happiness destroy !
For while in quiet thought I wander on,
These peaceful courts along,
Too oft its clangours sound
And jar the golden chords so finely strung
On which my soul had hung ;
Then sinks the Minster in a depth profound,
And alone I seem to stand
On some disenchantèd land,
Lost upon a desert drear,
All a blank to eye and ear,
Seeking oft-times long in vain
Ere I can return again.

Ah me! what time hath pass'd
Since here I enter'd last!
Almost I seem a stranger here to be,
As though no right I had
Mine own dear shrine to see.
Oh, archetypal Place!
Pure mystery of space!
Which, as my glance around I throw,
Dost into clearer outline grow.
Oh, music that above me sweeps
Like anthem of uplifted deeps!
Oh, roof of roofs sublime,
Wrought in the world's young prime!
Oh, pillars firm, that seem
Vaster than thought may dream!
Oh, lights and shades that fall
So strange and mystical,
Crossing from wall to wall!
Oh, tints most rare!
Oh, gently-breathing air!
Oh, floor so green and fair!
Here let me dwell
Choosing some holy cell;
Here let me sit and sing to solemn chord
Thy works O loving Lord!
Joying to tell of Thee
Who madest all to be;
Joying with all creation to proclaim
The glories of Thy Name,
Great King of kings!
Lord of invisible things!
Lord of the starry skies, of earth and air and sea!

SCENE I.

Nave of a vast Minster.

PILGRIM.

Was it a fancy, or in very truth
Did I behold angelic faces near me?
And there was music too! It is most strange;
Once in my boyhood's morn I had a dream
Of a most noble Minster, rear'd aloft
Upon the realms of Chaos and old Night,
Fair in proportion, full of mysteries,
And typical of all creation's scheme;
A supernatural glorious edifice
Raised by no hand of mortal architect!
Most curiously it dwelt upon my mind,
And, as I grew, supplied to teeming fancy
A subtle food, and to myself I named it
Minster of Eld! Now in its very courts
I seem to be;—how hither brought
From couch of sickness nigh to death,
From couch of weary convalescence long,
A secret unexplain'd; and as I gaze,
Unless my sense deceive, it spreads abroad
Wider and wider still its beauteous aisles.
How pleasant is this turf, with fairy-rings
Of old primeval growth! How delicate
This scent of flowering thyme, which as I tread
I cannot choose but crush! These gates that stand
As entrance to the Nave, are broad and high
Beyond imagination, yet not larger
Than suits the rest; and yonder seven great bolts
That keep them closed in bonds of adamant,
Inscribed with hieroglyphics mystical,

So massive seem, they well might typify
The very bars of Nature which hold fast
The Universe in one. Upon the seventh
Appears a Runic text, which may afford
Haply some clue to my perplexity.

[*He reads.*

‘ When the Universe was made,
On its hinge this door was laid ;
Once unbolted hath it been ;
Once again shall so be seen.
When its folds were opened first,
Inward the flood of waters burst ;
When they next apart shall leap,
Inward a flood of flame shall sweep.
In the midst of that great din
Comes the King of glory in,
He who at Creation’s door
Watching standeth evermore !’

Methinks I can decipher me in part
The meaning here contain’d. O, joy of joys !
And can it then be so in very deed
As I somehow have thought, that here I stand
Within that glorious Minster of old time,
Which in my boyhood’s days
Did evermore around me seem to rise,
By glimpses caught through the half-opening haze
Of nature’s outward mutabilities,
Then quick withdrawn again, lest I
Too narrowly its secrets should espy.
Oh, Minster of my youth !
How oft on mossy stone
Seated alone
In the deep woods I heard thine anthem’s solemn tone !
How oft I saw unfold
Around the setting sun thy skirts of gold,
And felt mine inmost heart dance with a joy untold !

And of thy glories to imbibe did seem,
Till thou alone wast real and earth a dream !

Brief date had those glad hours,
Soon by advancing manhood put to flight ;
The world with all its powers
Came sweeping on before my ravish'd sight,
And I with it was borne, as on the waves of night,
Far from sweet Nature's face,
Too far, my God, from Thee and Thine embrace,
Till the fair vision of mine earlier years
Faded in mists of tears,
And its sweet music found no echo in mine ears !
Thrice welcome then, blest place,
If so indeed it be,
Up whose long avenues with joy I go ;
And may thy scenes efface
Henceforth for me
Remembrance of vile earthly things below,
Which all too long endures, feeding the heart with woe.

[He proceeds up the nave.]

How soft and pearly is the light that doth
Inhabit here ! Yon pillars, dimly shown
Through swathing clouds, might vie in girth and height
With Babel's Tower. This floor is one vast down,
On which a thousand herds might feed apart
And still leave room for more ; and as I see,
On yonder mound there sits a shepherd boy
Beside his nibbling flock. I will address him.
What, ho ! good shepherd boy, canst tell me aught
About this holy fane ?

SHEPHERD BOY.

Nay, sir, not much
Myself, but not so far away there dwells
A Hermit of Mount Carmel, who can tell thee

All thou shalt choose to ask. If thou art thirsty,
Here is a most sweet spring ; and I entreat thee
Take bread from my poor scrip. Oh, I have seen
Strange things upon the plain since I came hither
To keep this flock in charge. The Angel Choirs,
The same that sang in Bethlehem, oft I've heard
Singing o'erhead in the still moonlight hour.
If thou wilt go with me, I'll show the way
To where the Hermit lives. But I must call
My little sister first to take my place,
Now absent gathering anemones
To weave a necklace for some favourite
Among her lambkins. She will hasten back
Soon as she hears this pipe.

[He plays, and they proceed together.]

SCENE II.

An open plain in the nave.

PILGRIM.

We have been stepping fast, and must have come
A league upon our way.

SHEPHERD BOY.

'Tis difficult,
I've noticed, to judge here of distances.
What seem'd remote but now being often found
At hand when least expected ; what seem'd near
In turn far off ; such mystery there is
In all that to this Minster appertains.

PILGRIM.

I have observed it too ; and had ascribed it
To some rare trick of fancy. But, behold,
The curtain of the mist is lifting up
Its heavy folds, and shows the massive pillars

Clear to their base ; the windows, or what may
 To windows correspond, begin to cast
 Through their diminish'd cloudy drapery
 A rainbow tint ; and a suffusèd purple
 Is gathering overhead ; while far away
 Yon screen its range of crested pinnacles
 Shows like an alabaster glacier
 Betwixt two mountains piled !

[*Music.*

Ah ! what a strain
 Of harmony was there ! Never before
 Heard I such music. Hark ! it swells again
 And rains down like a shower.

SHEPHERD BOY.

There are strange harps,
 Pendent at intervals by golden threads
 Along the nave, whence spring these gracious sounds,
 As it would seem, spontaneous. Come this way,
 And I will show thee one. Lo ! where it hangs ;
 Would it were near enough for thee to touch !

PILGRIM.

O beauteous Instrument ! O Harp of eld !
 What symmetry it hath, resembling those
 Of th' ancient Druids ! with a hoary moss
 Of silver sprouting on its delicate frame !
 But for the present mute !

SHEPHERD BOY.

It will begin
 To sound again, if we but wait. I see
 Already a vibration in the chords.

[*It sounds, gradually increasing in depth and variety.*

PILGRIM.

O miracle of tones !
 O most divine capacity

In instrument so slight and delicate !
Or is it rather that the music flows
Not from the chords themselves, but from the stir
Which by some deep affinity they work
In the surrounding natural influences ?
It must be so. For now it sounds afar,
Now near, now all around, in height and depth
Ascending and descending through the scales
Of such a multitudinous harmony,
As though within itself it did embrace
All the wide compass of creation's tones.
Now 'tis the tinkling of a shower—and now
The whistling wind—anon the solemn roll
Of mountain waves, changing by slow degrees
To muttering thunder. Oh, I could stay and listen
For ever to the ever-varying strain,
So jubilant awhile ; and then so sad,
Enough to melt the very soul away
With its deep hidden pathos !

SHEPHERD BOY.

I have heard say,
The tones of jubilation are the praise
Which Nature pays her Lord ; the sad her moans
For her own fall in Adam ; mix'd with yearnings
For the great Day of Restitution,
When all things shall in Christ be made anew.
But see the spot where dwells the holy Hermit
I told thee of !

PILGRIM.

I see it :—a long range
Of curious cells scoop'd in the solid rock,
With immemorial ivy over-brow'd ;
In front a sloping sward, on which appears
A broken altar of th' old Pagan time,
If right I guess.

SHEPHERD BOY.

Here, then, I leave thee, Pilgrim ;
 My task complete : God's blessing rest on thee !
 [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Front of a Hermitage. The Hermit is seen carving a Crucifix
 on the rock.*

HERMIT.

Another touch might mar it. Holy Christ!
 Who so for me didst die on Calvary,
 Accept this poor memorial of Thy love,
 Which here upon my knees I dedicate
 To th' everlasting glory of Thy Name.

PILGRIM, *entering.*

Forgive me, holy Hermit, breaking thus
 Upon thy solitude. A shepherd boy
 Guided me here to thee, as one who might
 Resolve for me the meaning of this place.

[*Observing the Crucifix.*

O work of grace ! What glorious majesty
 Sits on the brow, with depth of patient grief
 Divinely mingled ! wonders have I seen
 Of art, but none like this.

HERMIT.

No art is here
 But that of love and contemplation ;
 A longer gaze would show thee sore defects
 In what at present pleases. 'Tis the work
 Of hands most rude and inexperienced.
 But if concerning this our Minster here
 Knowledge thou seek, I have some certain Rhymes
 Which to the Pilgrims who go by this way

Sometimes I do impart : these will I gladly
 Rehearse to thee, as best my memory serves ;
 We sitting by yon altar-step the while.

[*They approach the altar.*]

PILGRIM.

This altar hath most excellent proportions,
 Ionic in its style, and, as 'twould seem,
 Of purest Parian. Pity that 'tis rent
 As by some shock of sudden violence.
 Its dedication still is legible
 In Greek : ' TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.'

HERMIT.

This neighbourhood
 The Pagans of old time did much frequent,
 Such as with hearts sincere, in nature's works
 Felt after nature's omnipresent God,
 If haply they might find Him. These were they
 Who first began to scoop these hermitages.
 This altar was their making. Here with rites
 Of solemn patriarchal sacrifice,
 Confused with errors of strange ignorance,
 Did they adore the Almighty Architect,
 Their God unknown, yearning for clearer light
 Of Revelation's dawn, as yet withheld :
 Later there came the Christian anchorites,
 And multiplied the cells, as now you see.

PILGRIM.

And this deep-fissured rent ;—how came it thus ?

HERMIT.

It is believed that when our Saviour died,
 That earthquake, which upheaved the sepulchres,
 Ran also through this Minster in its course,
 And, among other traces, left behind
 This shatter'd altar.

A A

PILGRIM

There is a pleasant moss
 Upon this bank that faceth to the East ;
 Here let us sit. It hath grown visibly lighter
 Since I was in the Minster, and the mist
 Hath much dispersed. How most majestically
 Doth yonder neighbouring pillar lift its height,
 So vast it scarcely seems to be a pillar,
 And in comparison those cells in the rock
 Appear to be no bigger than the holes
 Of the sand-martin ! I saw Staffa once,
 And marvell'd ; but a thousand Staffas here,
 Ascending from basaltic height to height,
 Seem piled upon each other without end.
 Yonder, across the plain, on the other side
 Of the broad Nave, a solemn Porch appears,
 Between which and the Transept I can count
 The huge Titanic figured capitals
 Of twenty several columns, peering forth
 Through their thin strata of aërial cloud,
 As in the Pyrenees the crested peaks
 At morning-tide. But I am quite forgetting,
 Lost in the mighty majesty around,
 Thy promise, hoary-headed Solitary,
 Me to instruct in its deep mysteries.

HERMIT.

O thou, who of this transcendental place
 Seekest from me th' originals to trace,
 Know that, coeval with the earth and skies,
 No less it dates than from creation's rise :
 Such the tradition which through ages deep
 Among themselves its angel-watchers keep.

For when, according to the eternal plan,
 The universe from nothing first began,

All elements uniting in His name
Him to adore and bless from whom they came,
Straightway, as from the strings the music flows,
From their rich harmony this Temple rose,
An emanation from the things we see
Unto His praise, who caused them so to be
Working His holy will invisibly.

To this great Minster, eldest-born of time,
Earth gave a floor, the heavens a roof sublime,
For pillars firm their heights the mountains rear'd,
And windows in the opening clouds appear'd,
The stars for lamps themselves in order ranged,
The winds into a glorious organ changed,
Chanted from side to side with solemn roar
The waves from ocean and the woods from shore.

This Temple from the first hath standing been,
Open to all, yet evermore unseen,
Except by such as with a lowly mind
Sought in His loving works their Lord to find,
To whom, the more they gazed with reverence due,
More and more visible its glories grew ;
While ever from the eyes that peer'd with pride
The structure, of itself, itself would hide.
But ceaselessly its solemn aisles along
Wander'd of angels bright a glorious throng,
Transported its exuberance to behold
Of ever-flowing wonders new and old.

Now of this Minster if thou next desire
The archetypal pattern to inquire,
Know, that when early in the dawn of days
The Son made all things to the Father's praise,
Of His own Cross the everlasting sign
He stamp'd within Creation's depth divine,
Crosswise uprearing on th' abyss of space
The world whose scheme thou here dost dimly trace :

Thus in primeval Eden we behold
 Crosswise four rivers flowing forth of old ;
 And still the Cross this Minster doth divide,
 For all things draw towards the Crucified.

Fourfold expands itself the glorious Fane
 In Nave, and Choir, and mighty Transepts twain ;
 Each with its cloistral haunts and chantries fair,
 Each with its countless aisles for praise and prayer,
 And maze of inner wonders half-unknown
 E'en to the Seraphs that stand round the throne.
 But if in each such miracles are found,
 Such grandeurs of creative love abound ;
 Still more the Choir excels the other three
 In supernatural grace and majesty.

Learn then, fast shut within Creation's shrine,
 A place there is, part human part divine,
 Made from the first by Him who set the spheres,
 But open'd later in the midst of years
 By Him again, when stooping from His throne
 He drew our human life into His own.
 Behind yon screen it lies, the portion blest
 Of Holy Church, secluded from the rest.
 O place most dear, who can thy joys express,
 Or paint the beauties of thy loveliness ?
 O place most calm, who can thy shades forget,
 Where only God's true Israel may be met ?
 Where dwelleth Faith in undisturb'd repose,
 Where Hope and Charity their sweets disclose,
 And all our earthly troubles vanish quite
 In the Communion of the Saints in light !

Thus of this holy Temple, as I could,
 I've traced for thee, my son, an outline rude ;
 More wonders still within its depths there be,
 A boundless and unfathomable sea ;

Some for thyself of these thou shalt explore,
And some shalt never know for evermore.

What else remains but His great Name to bless ;
Him, Father, Son, and Spirit to confess,
Who all things made by His eternal will,
Who all things by the same upholdeth still ;
All things shall once again in ruin pour,
All things again shall once for all restore :
To Him be praise all days as in all time before !

PILGRIM.

Thanks kind Interpreter ; I now begin
Better to comprehend the great design
Unfolding all around : yet, oh, forgive,
If of yon Porch which in the distance shows
So vast and dim, unnoticed in thy Rhyme,
I dare to make of thee inquiry brief,
Touch'd with a strange and growing interest,
Whither it leads, what comes or goes thereby.

HERMIT.

Know, Pilgrim, then, besides the Western door
Thou sawest first, the Minster hath two gates,
Which, opening out upon th' unseen abyss,
Entrance the one, the other exit gives
To nature's forms. Within the Nave they stand,
Southward and Northward upon either side,
Facing each other, and to each its Porch
Attach'd, whereof the Southern one is named
The Porch of Life, for thereby entrance find
Organic things in their predestined mould
Into the world of sense ; its opposite,
The Porch of Death, and thither all again
They tend ; for, coming forth from the unknown,
And having wrought, each in its several shape,
Their task assign'd, straightway they onward go,

Absorb'd into their several elements,
 (Save what of man substantially endures
 Imperishable by divine decree)
 Through Death's dread Portal to the gulf again.
 Yonder it looms, so drear and shadowy,
 On the left hand, before thy very gaze !

PILGRIM.

Ah ! e'en from here
 Methinks I feel its chilly influence.
 And now, as I remember me again
 Of that sharp fever which I had of late
 Nigh unto death, and of the wanderings strange
 Wherein my soul was borne ;
 Within myself I seem to recognise
 That I to that same Porch
 In spirit was led on
 By Sickness, vision pale :
 And in its solemn vestibule did stand,
 And there half-open'd spied
 The unrelenting door ;
 And felt the outer air from the abyss
 Breathe coldly on my cheek ;
 And in the dimness saw,
 Where all amid the ever-vanishing crowd
 Death solitary sate, wrapt in his sable shroud.
 Ah, then my step
 Had all but slipp'd,
 Its footing lost and gone,
 And I unto myself had said :
 ' The world's inhabitants
 No more shall I behold,
 Nor Nature's gladsome brow ;'
 But One to me did reach his hand,
 And drew me back to light and life again,
 That I might better serve him, so to win

His pardoning grace before I pass away.
Now of that other Porch,
The Porch of Life, I fain would something know,
For it I have not seen.

HERMIT.

Thou sawest it once
And passedst through it, but rememberest not,
For it was in thy new-born infancy ;
A wondrous spot, the womb of all that lives.
Upon this Southern side its station is,
Beyond our present view :
No blasts of winter there
Chilling the air ;
No darkness dwells, nor spectral forms are seen,
But evermore an atmosphere serene
Thrills on the sense ; and a strange stir of joy
Admitting nought that grieves
Or genders any pain,
Prevails, as of unnumber'd opening leaves
In a warm hour of April sunshine coy,
After the falling rain ;
While Hope for ever guards the gate,
And Angels of the Morn attendant wait.

PILGRIM.

O Hermit blest,
But I would yet one question ask,
If me thou wilt not chide.
Lo ! now from Death's dread Gate
Granted for once reprieve,
Too certainly I know the day draws nigh
When I a second time must thither go,
And back return no more
To this terrestrial strand,
But onward wend across the solemn sea,
Whose other shore is our eternal land.

Then in the formless deep
 Plunging without a hold
 On aught to nature known,
 What may my soul betide
 Immortal borne along,
 Ofttimes I shuddering meditate,
 Conscious of ill-desert and fill'd with fears untold.
 Oh, say, if there be not some other door
 Whereby we may go forth
 And find a surer way
 Across the illimitable dim profound ?

HERMIT.

Thou speakest well ; such door indeed there is ;
 But in the Choir it stands,
 Far distant from this spot,
 Upon the further side of yonder screen,
 Within the Lady Chapel, at the back
 Of the High Altar. A postern-gate it is
 Of pearly semblance, and once open'd leads
 Right out upon the arch that Heavenward spans
 Th' impalpable abyss.
 But so withdrawn it lies,
 That many pass thereby and see it not.
 Moreover, though the door was in its place
 Since first this Minster rose,
 Yet only of late years
 Hath it to human effort open been ;
 For ever since the Fall
 Closed it remain'd by double bolts outside,
 Which none might draw, there being no way thither
 Save by a circuit long,
 First through the Gate of Death,
 And then all round, coasting the outer edge
 Of the great Minster wall,
 Till to the back ye came ;
 And this no man might do :

For each no sooner pass'd the gate of death
Than down at once he sank
In the sheer nameless deep,
Quite impotent upon the void to tread ;
Therefore long time the pearly door was closed.
Yet by tradition in part,
In part by instinct, to lost Adam's race
The secret way was known,
And whitherward it led.
This prompted men to search,
And many were the schemes
Which fancy or philosophy devised,
Or round the gulf to pass and draw the bolts,
Or else the gate to force,
Or through the wall to cleave some other road.
But all in vain was tried ;
To Heaven's high pinnacles no path was found,
Until Emmanuel came,
Predicted of our race,
Of Virgin Mother born,
Mighty in word and deed,
Prince and High-Priest and Sacrifice in one.
He of his own accord
Did through the grave and gate of death proceed,
And entering on the void,
Trode with firm foot th' unsearchable expanse,
As on the sea of Galilee before ;
Till passing round, up to that door He came,
To th' hinder part, and there both bolts withdrew,
Opening the way of everlasting life
Thenceforth to mortal man !
Oh, day of victory !
How with triumphant notes
This Minster did resound !
What music then was heard through earth and Heaven !
Sweeter by far than at Creation's dawn,
When all the morning stars sang out for joy !

PILGRIM, *bowing his head.*

All praise to Him who wrought this wondrous work,
 At price of His own Blood ! Oh, lead me on,
 That I at once that heavenly door may see,
 That arch may climb, and fleet away
 From earth without delay
 To the clear realms of immortality.

HERMIT.

Thy time is not as yet. The Lord hath work
 For thee below. O Pilgrim, here we part ;
 But let these words sink in thine inmost heart :
 If thou that door wouldst see
 Unclose to thee,
 Long must thou toil, and patient must thou be,
 And bended oft thy knee ;
 Confiding still in nothing of thine own
 But in the grace of thy dear God alone.

EPILOGUE.

Farewell, a long farewell, O Minster green,
 Dim haunt of olden time !
 Where with our Pilgrim I have wandering been ;—
 Thou in thy strength sublime
 Shalt still abide ; nor be by me forgot,
 Though, veil'd from earthly sense, I see thee not.
 Thee oft the gather'd clouds reposing
 Over the sunset's crimson closing,
 Thee oft the forest aisle to mind shall bring ;

Of thee the mossy cell
In lonely woodland dell,
Of thee the winds shall tell,
Of thee the budding Spring !

Thy front of gold

Through the faint flush of morn I shall behold ;
Thy chant shall hear in ocean's roar
Still echoing on for evermore !

Now to Him who all hath made
Everlasting praise be paid.
The time for Him it draweth near
In His own Temple to appear :
All Creation shall be dumb
When in His glory He shall come.
Who then may stand His face to see ?
In that day, Jesu, pity me !

ODES.



I. TO THE POWERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Benedicite, omnes Virtutes Domini, Domino.

Hail, Powers sublime, all hail !
Which in the natural or spiritual worlds,
Or here, or in far space,
Or in the far infinity beyond,
His wondrous work perform ;
Of whom ye are, and whom
Inanimate or animate, ye serve !

Hail, first to you,
Dread armies of the Lord !
Ye glorious Seraphim and Cherubim !
And Thrones sublime !
Ye countless Dominations, Virtues, Powers !
Ye Principalities ! Archangels bright !
And Angels ever blest,
In solemn order ranged !
Hail, Spirits of the Just,
Whose prayer is strength !
Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs of all time !
Virgins, and Confessors, and Pontiffs good !
In purest bliss
Reigning with Heaven's high Queen !

Next hail to you,
Great powers of this our sphere !—
Or who in Holy Church,
Regents of Christ,
His Sacraments dispense,
And jurisdiction wield,
Priesthood, Episcopate, and higher still
St. Peter's central throne—
Or who on chair of civil state
Seated supreme,
High o'er the stormy world
Your iron sceptres wave,
Types of His reign to come !

Hail, too, O ye,
Grand movers of mankind !
Sages and Poets dear,
Heroes of land and sea !
Of Art the lords !
And under whatsoever name or form,
O Genius, all thy sons !
Ye ! chief of all !
Or great as known to fame,
Or greater still unknown,
Th' Inventors of the world !
By whose laborious search
High Providence through ever-widening ways
This human scheme evolves.
Nor of thyself, O Mind,
Unmindful here be thou,
Nor of thy powers and faculties divine ;—
Intelligence supreme !
Thought, Memory, Will,
Conscience, Imagination, Feeling, Sense !
Choice flowers of life !
By grace yet lovelier made.

Ye last, all hail !
 Dim Forces, which mankind
 The Powers of nature call,
 Thou, Instinct deep !
 Pure mystery of God !
 Reigning amid the worlds of living things !
 And thou, great sister Force !
 Of Gravitation named,
 Sovereign amid material elements !
 Nor less ye other kindred Influences
 Unsearchable in might,
 And divers in your kinds !
 Which in the earth and water, fire and air,
 From hour to hour
 Your silent task fulfil !

All these, and many more yet unreveal'd
 Or in the book of Nature or of God,
 Each within each involved,
 Wheel within wheel in many-mingled maze,
 (Like that strange vision which Ezechiel saw
 By Chobar's mystic stream)
 All these, where'er they be,
 Confess thine hand, O Lord ;
 And here, or in far space,
 Or in the far infinity beyond,
 Not of themselves,
 But in Thee only, and for Thee exist,
 Dread emblems of Thyself, who all hast made !
 Thou the beginning and the end of all !
 Nor know we aught,
 Where each its issue finds,
 Or in the other merges ; nor can guess
 The proper essence of the very least ;
 So dense our ignorance
 Of that untold, immeasurable abyss,
 In which Creation moves !

Save that at times of some vast scheme
 We catch the vanishing glimpse, as in a dream ;
 And hear at intervals a tone
 Wafted down from spheres unknown,
 Telling of things diviner far
 Than any that around us are !

II. TO THE SKY.

Benedicite, cœli, Domino.

O sea of thoughts !
 Wave upon wave
 Of mystery and wonder without end,
 Borne in upon my soul !
 Casting her upward glance on yonder breadth
 Of unsupported dome
 In viewless joinings knit ;
 Yon azure firmament,
 The ocean incorruptible
 Of space immense,
 Beyond all suns and spheres,
 Beyond the starry depth,
 Beyond attenuate ether's utmost bound,
 Stretching its onward way !
 O dreary solitude !—O mystic realm
 Of primal chaos !—Distance infinite !—
 Where e'en imagination drops her wing !—
 O barrier unconceived !
 Dissever'd equally
 From spirit as from sense !
 Blue mirror of bright Heaven !
 Which from beneath we mortals gaze upon ;
 Whose upper coast,—creation's table-land—
 Is that great sea of glass

Which makes the pavement of th' eternal throne !
 O void unsearchable of depth and height !
 Up whose unfathom'd vistas as we glance,
 The outskirts of dim immortality
 Loom on the trembling gaze ;
 As when within the eye
 Searching deep down by mirror's aid,
 We seem the soul to see
 Coil'd up and basking in her own eternity !

Praise thou the Lord most high,
 All-spanless sky !
 Whose everlasting Hand
 Has, like a tent, thy veil cerulean spread !
 Praise Him, ye Heavens !
 Praise Him, ye waters, that above the Heavens
 Extend your awful shade !
 Proclaim, proclaim,
 The glory of His Name,
 Thou light, that flowest in a flood divine !
 Declare His praise
 Through ceaseless nights and days,
 Ye stars, that like the Saints in glory shine !
 O that to me were given
 To blend my voice with your ecstatic song !
 And through the spheres of Heaven
 The peal of jubilation to prolong !

And what though stars there be,
 Wandering through space,
 Rayless and dead,
 Consign'd to blackest night for evermore ?
 O let not such
 Be my sad lot, I pray,
 When on my vision fades this earthly day ;
 But set me, Lord, amid Thy living orbs,

Though dimmest there,
 Though least of all
 In that vast galaxy ;
 Yet counted Thine, and number'd with Thy Saints !
 And ever be my place,
 Not amid heathen constellations old,
 Arcturus, Pleiads, or Orion huge,
 But in that saintly cluster of bright stars
 New found of late in the new hemisphere,
 Thy Cross, O Jesu !
 Crowning the arch of night !
 The glory of the islands of the South !
 Greeting, in pagan climes unknown,
 With a thrice welcome and familiar smile,
 The weary wanderer on ocean tide.

III. TO THE EARTH.

Benedicat terra Dominum, laudet et superexaltet eum in sæcula.

O Earth, from whose dread womb
 I, after wandering long
 In faithful miner's charge,
 With joy at last
 Once more emerge upon the sunny sward,
 Weary and travel-stain'd !
 Declare, declare,
 Within thy secret depth what marvels dwell,
 Marvels by us unguess'd,
 Who walk thine upper shore.
 For many such thou hast, as well I know,
 Or spiritual, or of material kind ;
 Dread Angels subterrene,
 Mighty in works of ill ;
 Brute things, of which
 In learned book no form or name appears ;

And wrought in thousand shapes
 Down thy long avenues of grottoes fair,
 A hidden growth of secret substances,
 Whereof our brightest gems but tokens are ;
 And rivers of strange fire,
 Far underneath,
 Preparing, day by day, a second flood ;
 And treasures all untold
 Of virgin gold,
 Which evermore from man thou dost withhold ;
 And cities underground,
 A multitude of mansions widely spread,
 Where rest in sleep profound
 Th' unbusied nations of the countless dead !
 A labyrinth sublime,
 Down whither, through all time,
 But ONE alone
 Descending, hath been known
 Again in his own strength
 The re-ascending stair of life to climb.

But for marvels why explore,
 O Earth, thy hidden central core ?
 We but thine outer rind beholding,
 New wonders see for ever there unfolding.
 There are the waters gather'd into seas,
 Broad continents and isles,
 Rivers and lakes, and ever-shifting breeze
 Dimpling thy face with smiles.
 There are the forests tall,
 The cultured landscape green,
 Rock, grove, and waterfall,
 Blue skies serene,
 And of the seasons blest the gently varying scene.
 While ever round thee, in their silent flight,
 Fair day and solemn night

Each after each proceed,
 Unwearied pilgrims, scattering on their way
 Or sun-bespangled ray,
 Or dewy darkness answering nature's need ;
 Waking to toil, or folding into rest,
 Ten thousand peoples shelter'd on thy breast.

But chiefly me, O Earth, thy mountains fill
 With wonder at His power and skill,
 Who piled aloft their soaring height,
 As monuments of His eternal might!—

Or verdurous with groves,
 Or bleak with barren crag,
 Silver'd with snow, or capp'd with roaring flame ;
 All they alike their great Creator Lord proclaim.

Hail Etna fair!

Hail leafy Apennine and Pyrenees,
 Athos, and that vast range Carpathian named,
 Taurus and Caucasus,

Olympus, Himalaya, Atlas old,
 Historic Alps,

Andes, and Apalachian heights sublime !

Hail, too, O ye

The mountains of our God!

Which of His glory saw in ancient days !

Thou patriarch Ararat !

Thou, Mount of Vision, dear for Isaac's sake !

Sinai and Hor,

Carmel and Lebanon, and many more !

And ye, diviner still,

Earth's choicest Heights,

Whose verdant slopes were press'd

By the blest footsteps of the Son of Man,

Fair Olivet, with Sion's holy hill,

And Thabor's flowery floor,

And Galilee's dear Mount without a name,

Where Christ new risen to His Apostles came!

Thus, O Earth, upon thy face
 I a thousand wonders trace ;
 Wonders old and wonders new
 Ever springing into view !
 And oft in meditative song
 Musing, as I walk along,
 On th' interminable design
 Shown in nature's work divine ;
 Musing upon the tide of times untold,
 When o'er the mountain tops primeval ocean roll'd,
 I marvel if, by slow degrees,
 Thou, Lord, didst into land convert the seas ;
 Or rather in its present state
 By one sheer act the whole create !
 Yet this I know, and this proclaim,
 That unto Thee it was the same,
 Or in a moment all to frame,
 Or to elaborate the whole by stages,
 Through the long growth of million million ages.
 Wherefore howe'er the work was wrought,
 All praise be Thine, who all hast made ;
 All praise be Thine, who all hast bought,
 With the price Thy Lifeblood paid ;
 What time descending from the empyreal height,
 Thou who creation with Thy finger framedst,
 Begotten God of God, and Light of Light,
 The uncreated Word, created flesh becamest !
 O great Incarnate Lord of earth and sea,
 What love, redoubled love, thus oweth man to Thee !

IV. TO THE HEAT AND COLD.

Benedicite ignis et æstus Domino ; benedicite frigus et æstus Domino.

Ye Heat and Cold !
 Creatures most opposite !
 Betwixt you twain oft-times
 In a strange doubt I stand,
 Which out of which proceeds ;
 Nor what ye are, nor whence,
 Can I at all divine,
 Unversed in natural things ;
 Yet have I learnt

Not to this globe your office to confine,
 Ranging through space,
 Beyond where eye can trace,
 Or thought the goal assign.

 And each invisible
 In its own nature seems ;
 Yet hath from God its own investiture
 And special outward robe,
 Wherein from ancient days itself it shows :
 Thou, Heat, in flame appearing ; thou, Cold, in ice and
 snows !

All for the sake of our poor mortal being,
 By mercy's heedful law ;
 Lest we not seeing,
 Nor of their presence warn'd, too near should draw,
 And perish quite extinct in their devouring maw !

And Heat a docile creature doth appear,
 Though violent at times ;
 And we abuse her as our bondslave here,
 And tool of countless crimes ;
 Fashioning thereby a thousand things

Which better for our souls had never been :
 Who, soon unchain'd, shall us and all consume,
 The partner of our guilt and of our doom.

But the Cold dwells apart,
 Inflexible and stern in his own place,
 Seated on high,
 Beneath the upper sky,
 In regions calm and still,
 Where evermore he worketh his own will,
 And changeth not for us his rigid face ;
 Nor unto man himself will bend,
 Either to be his servant or his friend :

 Save when in downy snow
 O'er the raw glebe he deigns his cloak to throw ;
 O power of Love divine to tame him so !
 That one, who doth for earth so little care,
 Thus should lend his mantle rare,
 Earth's tender things to pity and to spare.
 And of this mantle much I might unfold,
 Wrought on angelic loom in days of old,
 How, mindful of its heavenly birth,
 No stain it takes of earth,
 But presently returns to Heaven again ;
 On this vile sod
 That bears the curse of God,
 Unable to remain :
 Or how, with curious eye,
 If we but venture in its folds to pry,
 Seeking the woof to find
 Which through its maze doth wind ;
 Scarce with a finger's tip
 Have we begun the delicate web to trace,
 Woven in crystal pure,
 When lo, the skein
 Beneath our mortal touch dissolves apace,

Unwilling to endure
 Aught that its virgin whiteness might profane !
 O emblem clear to all
 Of our sad fall !
 Oh that of sinful flesh so great should be the bane !

V. TO THE DEW AND RAIN.

Benedicite, imber et ros, Domino.

Ye Dew and Rain !
 How pleasant is your task, who, hand in hand,
 Tend the green innocent herbs
 With your blest ministries !
 Dear brethren are ye both ;
 But dearer thou, O Dew, the elder born !
 For later came the rain,
 Rough in his ways, and sometimes harmful found,
 As suits a ruin'd world.
 But the soft dew, it is a patient thing,
 Quiet of spirit, ever doing good,
 At no time harm ;
 And pitiful for man and nature's fall ;
 Ministering unseen through midnight hours
 To fainting mortal things !
 Offspring of Eden days !
 In whose clear globe
 Eden is faintly seen reflected still !
 Yet pleasant too, art thou, O Rain, at times ;
 And there has been, when I have loved to sit
 On some high crag,
 Watching thine armies scour
 The breadth of vale below ;
 As, troop by troop, they swept
 With cloudy flags unfurl'd,
 Muster'd in distant climes,

Or wild Norwegia, or Siberian waste,
 Or melting Polar snows,
 Atlantic deep, or wizard Egypt's shore,
 Children of many lands and many tongues,
 Under one law,
 United each with each
 In solemn contract of self-sacrifice,
 To fertilise the world with their sweet blood !

O Dews! O Showers!
 Praise Him, who you ordain'd ;
 Praise Him with me, and I with you,
 Friends of my early days !
 And God forefend
 Judea's lot be thine, dear British Land!
 Though stain'd with guilt of deadliest sacrilege,
 Still not as yet of God forsaken quite.
 A glorious clime was hers,
 Nurtured in morning dew and evening shower,
 The promise of her Lord.
 But Oh, her children slew their Lord ;
 And evermore since then,
 Up from the guilty soil His Blood has cried,
 And year by year her Heav'n hath dried o'erhead,
 Till all her sky is brass ;
 Nor through long arid months
 Or dew or rain descend,
 Save where, in nook forlorn,
 Faith far retiring
 The penitent tear outpours
 For Sion's evil deeds ;
 There still, they say, the golden floweret springs,
 The rain-drops fall,
 And balmy dews distil ;
 To show that e'en in vengeance mercy lives !

VI. TO THE SEASONS.

Benedicite, sol et luna, Domino.

What strain was that,
Soft as a blossom's fall,
Which sang but now at my heart's open door?
Came it from earth?
Or rather from some Cherub had it birth?

Of Spring its burden was,
Spring green and glad;
Sweet remnant left of happy Eden days:
Next of the Summer-tide;
Of Autumn next; and then of Winter sere;—
Weaving a web of praise all through the livelong year!

For lovely are the Seasons in their turn

(So went the song)—

Lovely, and speak Thy love,

O Thou, who all hast made.

Lovely the Spring,

When forth she trips upon the dewy lawn,

With hope and joy irradiant in her smile;

And, warbling as she goes,

Scatters, with liberal hand,

Treasures of Paradise on all around.

And lovely thou,

O Summer, jasmine-crown'd!

Blossom of Spring!

Who out of Spring dost bud

Into an odorous flower!

Unmark'd the transformation, day by day,

Till, lo! the Spring is gone, and in her place

We see thy jocund face

Peeping above the shoulders of bright May!

Then would we have thee evermore to stay:

But, lo ! with solemn tread
 Stalks Autumn in his robe of many dyes ;
 And, soon as he his magic wand applies,
 Shade after shade,
 Nature begins to fade,
 And into evanescence goes her way,
 Loveliest of all perhaps, in her decay.
 Anon comes Winter, and locks up the door,
 Till Spring returns again, to vanish as before !
 These are Thy works, O Lord !
 By Angel-hands
 Divinely minister'd to this our globe ;
 Thy works in silence wrought ;
 (In silence all great things
 Do evermore proceed) ;
 And still, while earth shall stand,
 Standeth Thy promise sure,
 That seed-time, harvest, cold and heat,
 Sunshine and rain, shall evermore endure,
 For man to sow his glebe, and reap his grain secure,
 O gracious love ! that no abatement knows,
 But to unjust and just unceasing mercy shows !

And many are the joys beside,
 Which in their turn belong
 (So went the song)
 To all the several Seasons as they glide ;
 God with his goodness garlanding the year,
 And with all-bounteous art
 Setting the one against the other part,
 That so no time may be
 From grateful praises free.
 Thus, lest in Winter it should grieve the mind
 To see the wreck that Summer leaves behind,
 Lo ! then the Saviour's birth comes round,
 To deck with second Spring the ground.

And lest in Spring too much we should rejoice,
 And make this earth the Eden of our choice,
 Lo! then Mount Calvary
 And its dread Cross are present to the eye :
 Almost we hear Him groan, and see Him die !
 While in each Season, did we but attend,
 We might detect the warning of a friend ;
 Each as an Oracle, O Lord, of Thine,
 Reminding us, in turn, of truths divine :—
 Autumn, of life's decay ;
 Winter, of death's still tomb ;
 Spring, of the Resurrection Day ;
 Summer, of Heaven's own bloom !

VII. TO THE FLOWERS.

Benedicite, universa germinantia in terra, Domino.

Green things, green things of Earth !
 Bless the Lord evermore ;
 Him praise who gave you birth,
 And magnify His goodness o'er and o'er ;
 The bounties undeserved,
 Which He from age to age doth on his creatures pour.
 Green things, green things of Earth !
 Brief is your span
 In this our latter time ;
 Unlike that earlier state,
 When first in Paradise your life began
 In nature's happy prime !
 For Adam's sake the world a curse doth wear,
 And in his fall ye share.
 O, partners in one doom !
 Betwixt our races twain be friendship true ;
 Give us of your bright blooms
 To deck our tombs,
 And we in your short lives will honour you.

All honour to all flowers
 Of every hue !
 Thou, Heaven ! give showers ;
 And thou, O Earth ! give dew ;
 Thou, Sun ! give heat ; thou, Light, thyself distil,
 Till every tint hath drunk of thee its fill !
 While I, beneath the sylvan shade
 Of some deep umbrageous glade,
 Sitting on the grassy ground,
 Sing to the Angels all around ;
 Praising the meadows green,
 With rills that run between,
 And cowslips' heads just seen :
 Praising the primrose sweet,
 And purple violet,
 And gorse of golden hue,
 And hyacinthian blue
 Beneath the forest high
 Spread like a mimic sky ;—
 Praising their great Creator Lord,
 Who made them what they are,
 Whose Love the Heavens outpour'd,
 And of the smallest daisy hath a care.

And ofttimes on His word divine
 Meditating, line by line,
 And in the bud's unfolding flower
 Tracing His eternal power,
 I praise the rod, which, dead before,
 Its blooming tufts of almond bore ;
 I praise the hyssop on the wall ;
 I praise the cedar's branching hall ;
 I praise the lily's fair attire
 Which Jesus bids me to admire,
 Setting such a lowly thing
 Above the pomp of Israel's King !

Anon before my fancy lie
 Branches green of palm and bay,
 Scatter'd thick along the way
 Where Christ is passing by ;
 And, presently, methinks I see,
 All in moonlight shadows rise
 The garden of Gethsemane
 Slowly before my tearful eyes ;
 O place most mystical and dread !
 From whence the Lord to death was led ;
 O, place unlike to Eden's bowers,
 Where life was lost to us and ours !

Straightway, O Eden, at thy name
 My heart is in a flame,
 And fires with thirst of thine abyss of shade,
 Long cloister'd alleys green,
 Cascades half seen,
 Flower-woven paths for feet immortal made !
 Oh, for that day of days,
 When all again shall happy Eden be !
 When earth shall one triumphant pæan raise ;
 When Paradise shall stretch far as the land and sea !
 For this, O Lord, creation groans to Thee !
 Oh, quickly come to save the people of Thy choice !
 Then shall the grass be glad, and all the trees rejoice.

VIII. TO THE WINDS.

Benedicite, omnes spiritus Dei, Domino.

Sweet Breeze, all thanks to thee,
 Who, as but now upon the grass I lay,
 Leaving thy comrades gay,
 Didst round about me play ;
 And fanning with thy balmy breath my cheek,
 Didst in mine ear most eloquently speak ;

Leading me on, as through a meadow bright,
 With tinted flowers bedight ;
 And still fresh-budding memories didst bring,
 Cull'd from my boyhood's spring,
 And lay them at my feet
 In many a posy sweet,
 Delighted in my heart of early times to sing.

For much I loved the winds in my young days ;
 Whereof thou, Breeze, aware,
 Didst take my spirit up,
 And in thy lap transport her back again
 To times of youth gone by ;
 When in the clouds aloft
 My swooping kite they bore ;
 Or blew my ship across the mimic waves ;
 Or lull'd me half asleep,
 With deep Eolian murmurs of the pines ;
 Or swept the thistledown across the plain,
 Mocking my pursuit void ;
 Or for my pleasure lash'd the cornfields up
 Into a troubled sea,
 I gazing down from some hill-side the while !

Of these things, then, O Breeze,
 Most sweetly didst thou sing,
 From thought to thought
 Leading me unawares.
 Nor of thy Mother Air
 Wast thou without thy tale ;
 Nor of the numerous brethren whom thou hast,
 Through the world's quarters spread :
 Far different from herself,
 As oft in children seen :
 She evermore the same ;
 A changeful people they !

For tranquil is the Air,
 In her own nature view'd ;
 God's wondrous instrument
 Of manifold design,
 Answering to many ends !
 A harp invisible,
 Rich with unnumber'd tones !
 A magic scroll, on which the tongue of man
 Writes at his will irrevocable words !
 A mirror of our thoughts
 By speech reflected forth !
 Our life-blood's food !
 A censer laden with all Nature's incense !
 A treasure-house of dew and quick'ning showers !
 The fuel of all fires !
 A crystal screen betwixt the sun and earth,
 Blending all rays, and melting light's sharp edge !
 An ocean all unseen,
 This earth encircling round,
 Wherein we walk, and know it not,
 As men upon the bottom of the deep !
 A globe immense,
 Receptacle of Nature's divers forms,
 Abode of countless mutabilities,
 Itself from age to age
 The same abiding still !

But restless are the winds her progeny,
 Restless, and full of change ;
 Motion their life, in motion evermore,
 Strange creatures, and a marvel in their ways !
 Various their haunts !
 More various still the tempers they display,
 Constant alone in their inconstancy !
 Now freezing cold,
 From the far wintry pole ;

Now breathing warm and rich
 From spicy climes ; now sharp with arrowy sleet
 Of Tartary ; now booming loud and long
 Portentous of the coming hurricane ;
 Now gentle as a lamb ;
 Now rudely blustering, or fiercely vex'd,
 And now most sweetly sad ;
 Anon quite mad they seem
 At window-casement heard,
 As though an entrance forcing for themselves ;
 Wild raving beasts of night !
 Listening to whom
 The sick man cannot sleep ;
 Or if he sleep, 'tis vain,—
 In dreams they follow still.
 Yet e'en in this they work Thine ends, O Lord ;
 And Thou to each hast given
 Its immemorial tone ;
 Whereby it preaches to the heart of man,
 Concerning deeds long past,
 And Judgment sweeping nigh,
 Reminding conscience of forgotten things
 Amidst the midnight storm !

IX. TO A SPRING.

Benedicite, fontes, Domino.

Sweet Fount, that from the bosom of the glebe
 Dost evermore thy mother-milk distil
 To the poor fainting babes of vernal things !
 Bright eye of earth,
 Always to Heav'n upturn'd,
 Glistening serene !
 Thee of all spots around I cherish most ;
 Not for thy purity alone beloved,

But for the sake of pleasant musings past
Beside thee oft indulged.
Here still retiring,
In a chance leisure-time,
I love to sit upon thy margent green,
And watch the dancing of those golden sands,
Thy natural hour-glass !
For thereby, as I guess,
Thy gracious issue dost thou regulate,
From year to year
Still, hour by hour,
Running eterne !

O say, dear Fount, O say,
Through what strange windings to the upper day
Thy limpid waters flow ?—
For nought of this I know ;
Save what to me, of wonders there,
Truant Fancy may declare ;
When from wandering at will
Down amid thy grottoes still,
Back she comes with many a tale
Shrouded in a mystic veil,
Of the curious works of eld
There by her sole eye beheld !
How beneath this surface green,
In the heart of earth enshrined,
Regions lovely and serene
Hid for ever from mankind,
Regions full of marvels new,
Open on her transcèd view,
Answering to the upper space,
As in water face to face.
Where beneath an opal sky,
Emerald fields extended lie ;

Other hills and vales than ours
 Bloom with other trees and flowers ;
 Silver lakes their mirrors bright
 Spread in amethystine light ;
 Songs of birds salute the ear,
 Birds that ne'er on earth appear !
 Groves a greener foliage show ;
 Roses all in ruby blow ;
 Orchards bend with fruitage fair ;
 Soft and spicy breathes the air ;
 While the verdant lawns between,
 Dance along in sparkling sheen
 Living rills of chrystal clear,
 Changing into water here !

Thus in my heart but now,
 Most limpid Spring !
 As on thy velvet sward I lay reclined,
 Did Siren Fancy sing,
 Rippling the quiet surface of the mind,
 With the soft wavings of her rosy wing ;—
 But I, too oft
 As man and boy and child,
 By her fair tales beguiled,
 Rather to thy low murmurs would attend,
 Singing with thee His glory without end,
 Who set thee on this grassy mound
 To be a type to all around,
 Of that perennial love which no abatement knows,
 But still for ever on, still on for ever flows !

X. A VISION OF ANIMALS.

Benedicite, omnes bestiae et pecora, Domino.

Farewell to things material, void of sense,
 Unchanging elements of earth and sky !

Welcome the breathing worlds,
 Of fabric subtler far,
 In which, O Life and Death, your mysteries dwell !
 Creatures of blood,
 With gifts unsearchable,
 Sensations quick,
 Instinct divine,
 Likings, dislikings, pleasure, pain, endow'd.

Of such my vision was upon a day
 In summer-tide, beneath the forest boughs,
 Listless reclining on the perfumed sward.
 Endless the scenes,
 Polar or tropical, that went and came,
 Courting my vacant gaze ;
 Endless the tribes
 Of bird and beast, which in those scenes appear'd ;
 While now Norwegia's pines
 Bending with weight of snow,
 Now Cheviot's heathery hills before me lay ;
 And now again, in undulations long,
 The verdant prairies stretching far and wide,
 Beyond the Western wave ;
 Each with their busy races foaming wild.
 Endless the scenes ;
 Endless the climates ; endless, too, the praise
 By those unnumber'd denizens outpour'd
 To Him, their God unknown,
 In whom they move and live.

I saw the cedars tall
 Of which the Psalmist sings ;
 Glory of thy green haunts, O Lebanon !
 I saw them cluster'd thick with various birds ;—
 Highest of all, the hern
 Had poised her stormy nest.

Then glistening rose
 A fair Pacific Isle,
 With graceful ferns adorn'd, and scented shrubs ;
 Where, amid blossoms of a thousand dyes,
 The joyous humming-birds,
 More brightly tinted still,
 Like gems upon the wing their sport pursued,
 Glancing from spray to spray,
 Through the clear sunny ray,
 In the full zest that springs of natural solitude.

Anon the eagle stands
 High on a jutting crag,
 That o'er the desert looks :
 There I espied her, with her savage mate,
 Their lofty eery build ;
 There lay her eggs, and hatch her bristly brood.
 No food has she at hand.
 But lo, meanwhile,
 From earth's far ends two hostile armies draw :
 Prescient of carrion near,
 She for her starving nestlings feels no fear ;
 Soon all amid the slain are they,
 Sucking the blood of kings !

The peacock next,
 Fanning his goodly plumes,
 His aureole display'd.
 Upon a broken urn,
 Relic of ancient days,
 Graceful he stood, the rainbow amid birds !
 Then came the mystic dove,
 Her silvery feathers all bedropp'd with gold,
 Sliding she came, down the smooth circling stair
 Of yielding atmosphere, nor stirr'd a breath
 With her becalmèd wing.

I look again ;
 And lo, 'tis all a void of blue expanse,—
 A reach of azure sky,
 Interminably spread !
 Then comes a sound of myriad beating wings,
 And through the thin aerial solitudes,
 An army strong,
 The swallows voyage along ;
 In instinct's faith sublime,
 Seeking another clime,
 Not knowing whither bent, as he of olden time !
 All in a rush I see them onward sweep ;—
 Then from far down below,
 Ascending slow,
 Swells up the peal of the Atlantic deep !

Anon a beauteous range of mountain-tops
 Courts my delighted gaze,
 Where the wild goats are seen,
 Feeding at will
 Upon the ridges green,
 Their pasturage of old ;
 While slowly sails the condor overhead.
 Then on its tide,
 Like a broad flowing stream,
 The vision bore me on,
 And brought me to an English homestead sweet,
 Long years ago
 Pictured on memory's page ;
 Where in the yard,
 Thick laid with wholesome straw,
 I see four oxen stand,
 Feeding at early dawn.
 Hard by, the calf, responsive to its dam,
 Lows from within the stall ;
 While, from half-open stable-door,

Pipes merrily the ploughboy's whistle shrill,
 Mimic of blackbird's note.
 Then forth the team is led,
 Sleeky and slow ; and, hardly past the gate,
 Is met by our old shepherd and his son,
 From midnight watch
 Returning, nipp'd and raw, their dog behind.

But ah ! what sounds of fear
 Are these that smite mine ear ?
 'Tis night—the moon is up—
 And from the forest's dense obscurity,
 In gusts are borne
 Howlings of savage beasts, whose fiendish forms,
 Betwixt the glimmering stems,
 Glance by at intervals,
 Fleetly careering
 After their panting prey.
 Trembling, I hear and see ; but lo,
 With the first streak of dawn,
 Each to his den they wend ;
 Or fossil cave—or hollow of the pine—
 Or ruin'd tower of eld ;
 And there, among their cubs
 The spoil dividing, lay them down in peace ?
 Then in my sight a tufted palm-tree stood,
 Shading a grassy track,
 That by a tinkling rill its course pursued.
 There, on the pathway green,
 A dead man in his pool of blood is seen ;
 The sunbeams twinkling with the twinkling leaves
 Upon his face serene.
 A saddled ass is grazing at his side ;—
 While o'er him stands erect
 And motionless the mighty forest-king ;
 His eye in secret fascination set ;

His tail and shaggy mane
 Rigid as bronze :—the sun is mounting high,
 Yet there he stands
 In the same place ; nor hurteth ass or man.

Fades the quick-shifting scene ; and in its stead
 A dungeon spreads its gloom ;
 Upon whose floor,
 Noisome with human gore,
 Sits holy Daniel, and feels no fear,
 An Angel watching near ;
 While round and round, without a sound,
 Lions and lion's whelps in ceaseless maze career.

Then lo, a wilderness,
 Broken in jagged rocks, and all besprent
 With prickly weeds ; where horrid beasts of prey,
 In the broad light of day,
 Are roaming terrible as Satan's brood,
 Tainting with noxious breath that awful solitude ;
 And all amid the howling crew,
 Victim of day's hot glare, and night's envenom'd dew,
 ONE with a thorny crown
 Appeareth, kneeling down !—
 Ah ! wherefore kneels He there,
 In fast and prayer ?
 Before eternity outstretch'd her wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings !

Next from a vague abyss, up swam
 Strange shadowy forms
 Of mystic beasts by ancient Prophets seen ;
 He foremost, erst beheld on Chobar's margin green,
 With fourfold wing and face, and living wheels between
 Anon, as in the Apocalypse, I stood
 Upon a sandy shore ;
 And lo, a beast from out the ocean rose,—

Seven heads he had, ten horns,
 And on each horn a crown ;
 Leopard in form,
 With lion's mouth, and paw of grisly bear.
 I saw him mount upon th' horizon's edge,
 A dim and fearful thing ;
 I saw the nations darken in his shade.
 Forthwith the serpent coils his slimy way,
 Enormous stretch'd along
 In folds without an end.
 Then fiery coursers smote my sight ;
 And lo, Elias soars, rapt in his car of light !

XI. A VISION OF WATERS.

Benedicite, maria et flumina, Domino.

Sitting within her secret vestibule
 (Those windows closed through which the outward world
 Admittance finds) this spirit saw pass by,
 As on the sheeted surface of a wall,
 In bright dissolving views, a lengthen'd train
 Of scenes depicted in prismatic tints
 By quick Imagination's vivid art ;
 Whereof a portion, reader, for thy sake
 Shall here be told ; the rest is gone from me,
 Lost in oblivion's colourless abyss.

At first, a glimmering mist ; then, purring soft
 Within the secret chamber of mine ear,
 A murmur as of distant ocean-waves.
 Whereon the mist disparting shows far down
 A sea without a shore, o'er which the clouds
 Are floating high, with veins of ruby tinge
 Streaking the deep ; while gently, here and there,
 O'er tracts of open sunshine and of shade,

A thousand glistening billows rise and fall,
Dimpling the face of ocean's solitude.

But see, what form is this
Which as a moving mountain breasts the waves,
Borne without mast or sail?
A ship, yet not a ship ;
Rising in stories tier on tier,
And by a shadowy Hand
Guided upon its way.

Thus as I gaze in wonderment, the clouds
Conglomerate into a murky black ;
Down leaps the hurricane, up rise the waves,
Rattles the thunder round,
Ocean and atmosphere are blent in one !

While towering waterspouts,
That each might sink a nation's armament,
In broad and foamy tracks
Stalk o'er the broken level of the main.

Ah, much I trembled then
For thee, O Ark, now nearer in my view ;
For thee and for thy crew,
That awful seed, sole remnant of a world,
The hope of bird and beast and mortal man.
I see thee toss'd upon the shivering waves
Up to the clouds, then downward suck'd again
Into the sheer abyss ; ofttimes from sight
Wholly withdrawn, unharm'd thou reappearest
Upheaving a broad cataract of wave
From thine emerging roof. Around thee swarm
Spirits of darkness fresh from yawning hell,
Spirting their fiery insatiate wrath
On thy defenceless head.

But all in vain ; for still that Hand of might
(The same that on the Babylonian wall
Wrote at a later day)

Still o'er the trackless deep it thee upbears
 Unerringly along,
 Stemming the fearsome tide.
 Long do I watch thy track,
 And oft the rising and the setting sun
 Salute my anxious gaze ;
 But still thy course is onward as before,
 Nor swerves one point
 From its predestined line.

At last, from heaven
 Propitious calm descends, and swanlike sails
 Over the ruffled deep ;
 All smooth the vast expanse
 As a bright mirror lies, where lovely Peace
 Might see her face and smile.
 Onward, O sacred Ark, thou movest still ;
 Till on a little isle
 Grounding at length, thou settlest rooted there ;
 A little isle at first—
 But all around the waters fast subside,
 And soon into a mountain-peak it soars,
 And lo, the Ark amid the skies is seen,
 With a bright rainbow shining o'er its head ;
 While in the place of lately foaming waves
 A slimy plain appears ;
 Slimy and dead, the ruins of a world !

Anon the scene is changed,
 And other seas appear, and other times.

A mighty gulf,
 Upon whose strand a multitudinous host
 Gathers of old and young ;
 Arm'd myriads in their chariots of war
 Pursuing close behind ;
 Then steps a chieftain forth, and with his rod

Smites the white crest of an advancing wave ;
 Whereat the trembling deep asunder parts
 And a broad sandy path is seen ,
 Betwixt the cloistering walls of waters green ;
 Enters the foremost host, and passes on
 Safe to the further shore ;—
 The second follows—and is seen no more !

Then rose a gentle lake
 Before my raptured eye ;
 A gentle lake with variegated shore
 Of rocky promontory, landscape green,
 Castles and towers and tranquil villages,
 With palm-groves here and there
 Fondling the quiet bays—
 And in the midst of that same gentle lake,
 A little ship with fishermen aboard,
 And ONE, who lies asleep
 Upon the pillow at the listless helm.
 Sudden there bursts a storm
 Spat from Satanic mouth,
 And under whirling foam
 The stricken bark is sinking, as I gaze ;
 Then in their fear they wake that sleeping One,
 And He forthwith arising lifts His voice,
 Which o'er the billows onward borne
 Hushes them straight
 Into an infant's rest.

I look again :—
 The self-same lake is there,
 Glistening beneath the moonbeam's silver shower ;
 And lo, far out,
 He, whom I saw but now, again appears,
 A solitary shape !
 Striding across the fleet careering waves,
 With the same ease
 As on the green-sward of a quiet lawn !

Then for awhile no vision came, as though
 Some curtain had been drawn ;
 Patient I sit and wait,—
 When lo, a mass of many-mingled shades !
 Which slowly breaking up resolves itself
 Into a second train of ocean-scenes,
 Wherein the various tenants of the deep
 Before my curious gaze
 Their several parts perform.

I see the porpoise o'er the stormy wave
 Wheeling intent along ;
 I see the nautilus
 Expand her sail of gauze,
 And spread with mimic armaments the main.
 I see leviathan with scales of pride
 Stemming his hoary way.
 All these and many more
 Unwieldy sporting upon ocean's breast,
 Or drowsing in its caves,
 Or wandering restlessly from pole to pole,
 In turn attract my gaze ;
 I mark their most exuberant joy of life,
 I mark their pastimes strange,
 And own in each a mystery divine.

Anon all calm and still
 Before me lay the bottom of the deep
 A region unexplored,
 Where never yet came down
 The raving upper storms ;
 Stirless abode of solitude profound !
 O'er whose white floor
 Strange glistening shells were spread,
 And gems without a name.
 There, 'mid the bulky stems of seaweeds tall,
 Whose ancient growth might antedate the flood,

With fear I saw
A mighty monster of an unknown fish,
 Dozing and motionless,
 Thy wondrous work, O Lord!
 Thick-ribb'd and strong he seem'd,
With skin more rugged than the corky rind ;
On whom no sooner had I fix'd my glance,
 Than seems to shoot
An Angel down, and whisper in his ear.
 Forthwith his fins strike out,
And, as an arrow from the bow he darts
 Upon his order'd course.

I mark him long through the clear underdepth
 Sweep on his silent track ;
 Then suddenly to pause,
 His destined goal attain'd,
 And close beneath
The gently-rippling surface, tranquilly
His station taking wait the will divine.

 Nor waits he long :
 A storm is on the deep ;
 A straining ship draws nigh ;
 Toss'd from the deck,
The Prophet sinks amid engulfing waves ;
Up springs the monster from his secret lair,
 And down his ghastly jaws
 Sucks his appointed prey.

 Ah, then all hope was o'er
For thee, O Jonas, in thy fleshly tomb,
 Absorb'd without reprieve.
 I see thee downward borne,
Downward and downward through the watery maze ;
 Till on the bars thou touchest
 Of this compacted globe.
 Three days, three nights,

Thy home is in the deep ;
 Then at thy prayer, the Lord remembering thee,
 Sheer on the rocky strand
 The monster spurts thee forth,
 And to his solitary place returns
 Beyond the nether pole.

Anon the scene is changed, and changed again ;
 Till last of all appears,
 As at the first, a sea without a shore ;
 Gazing whereon, I hear a trumpet-blast
 Peal from above ; and lo, the ocean parts
 Like a rent scroll, and through its yawning clefts
 Up from their watery graves in clouds arise
 The multitudinous nations of the dead,
 From age to age
 Drown'd in the savage depth.
 In clouds they rise,
 Thick as autumnal mist ;
 Myriads on myriads borne.
 Then comes insufferable darkness down,
 And sits on the abyss ;
 And a voice cries, ' There shall be sea no more !'
 Whereat amid the black obscurity
 I hear a formless sound as of the deep
 Departing on its way :—then all is hush'd ;
 Silence and ancient chaos fill the void.

XII. THE PAST.

Benedicite, noctes et diei, Domino.

O Time, thou creature strange,
 Subtler than air,
 Who all things dost pervade,
 All things dost change,

And of the whole a record dost preserve,
Thyself unseen the while !
Lo, as from out the depths
Of some far eastern Archipelago
Uprises firm,
By toiling instinct raised
Of million million insects unobserved,
The curious structure of some coral-isle ;—
So thou, O Time,
From out eternal deeps
A wondrous world hast wrought,
The fabric slow
Of million million moments unperceived ;
For every moment lived its tiny life,
Then solitary died,
And dying, left behind
Its fragment of the past ;
Till upward, lo,
Emerging from th' abyss an isle appears,
Which, shooting transverse forth,
Is into grots and lengthening avenues
Of mystic cloisters grown.
Halls of the dead !
Halls of the Past and Gone !
Long corridors of years
Mantling the bosom of eternity !
Wherein we wander on at will,
Led by historic muse along,
And wonder at thy matchless skill,
Patient heart, and labour long ;
Who o'er the level of th' eternal tide
Hast spread a labyrinth so vast and wide ;
And built it up in such a wondrous way,
Working from age to age by night and day ;
Nor built alone ; but storied every wall
With all that did from age to age befall.

O registries sublime !
 O records of all time !
 What things untold
 Of new and old
 Have on your silent tablets been enroll'd !
 O dim archives of vanish'd nights and days,
 What thoughts ye raise
 In those who wander your lone aisles along !
 A twilight scene
 O'ergrown with ivy green,
 Where scarce a trembling ray can shoot between,
 Fit place for my sad song,
 For I would sing
 Of every earthly thing,
 How speedily it fleeteth to its close ;
 How all our hopes and fears,
 Our smiles and tears,
 Thoughts, words, and deeds,
 With all that thence proceeds,
 And all that thither flows,
 In thee converge at last
 O solemn Past !
 Borne in a ceaseless flux which none may stay,
 And so remain,
 For glory or for bane,
 Irrevocably stamp'd until the Judgment Day !

XIII. THE SOUL.

Benedicite, spiritus et animæ justorum Domino.

Of God, of Truth, of high celestial things,
 Methought one night I heard
 The Angel Watchers singing to themselves ;
 Then sudden changed the strain,
 And took a mournful tone ;

As of the soul they sang :—
 Her origin sublime ;
 How nobler far than elemental fire,
 Or air, or sea, or first-created light,
 Or immaterial principle unknown
 Of the brute race, or instinct's force divine,
 Or comet's wheeling orb,
 Or sun, or blazing star,
 She boasts a heavenly birth,
 A life immortal, incorruptible,
 From the pure fontal essence ever blest
 Of Majesty ineffable derived.
 O shame, to think that such a pearl of price
 Should all unvalued to the swine be cast
 By thankless mortal man !

And marvellously was her nature framed,
 And still a wonder is,
 With awful powers endow'd ;
 Conscience supreme !
 Clear Intellect, and Fancy's airy wand !
 Exhaustless Memory !
 Skill, and inventive power !
 Capacious Science which subdues the world !
 Pity soft-eyed ! angelic Sympathies
 In boundless treasure stored !
 Genius sublime !
 Thought, Eloquence, Freewill !
 'O marvel of the world !' (so went the strain)
 'Great miracle of majesty divine !
 Image of God, of Angels the high charge
 By life-blood of Incarnate God redeem'd !
 Bright ray of Heaven piercing this lower deep !
 Wherefore so dull become, ethereal soul !
 Forgettest thou to shine ; but, soil'd and dim,
 Trailest in dust, the prey of earthly things ?

Ah, well may nature weep
 For thee her highest crown so lowly laid!
 Ah, well for thee
 May Angels mourn and all creation sigh!'

Then of Eternity
 The hidden warblers sang,
 Whereat a joyous burst throughout the concave rang;
 Anon 'twas sadness all,
 Telling of Adam's fall,
 Telling of sin and death which us thereby enthrall.

XIV. THE ANGELS.

Benedicite, Angeli Domini, Domino.

What honour hast Thou given
 To these sweet sons of Heaven,
 Whom for Thyself, O Lord, Thou didst create!
 What mercies hast Thou shown,
 Sending them hither down
 From age to age
 On gracious pilgrimage;
 Till Thou Thyself didst come in our estate:
 Then upon Thee it was their joy to wait!

Oft as on them I muse,
 Revive those pictures bright,
 My infancy's delight,
 In ancient Bible cunningly portray'd;
 Which in transparent vivid hues
 Their past appearances from age to age display'd.—

Now Jacob, pillow'd on his stone;
 While Angels o'er his head,
 By light from moonbeams shed,
 On crystal stair are wending up and down:

Now Peter on his prison-floor,
 At the mid hour of night
 Waked by an Angel bright,
 To whom without a touch opens the iron door.
 Anon before my gaze
 The sheepfolds lie, all bathed in heavenly rays ;
 While the hymn of Christ's glad birth,
 'Joy in Heaven and peace on earth,'
 As once of old it downward stole,
 Sings in mine ear, and sinks into my soul.
 Then, all in mists of gray
 Fading away,
 The vision changes to a mantling gloom,
 And shows the dim interior of a tomb ;
 Where on a stone
 Two Angels sit alone,
 Watching the hallow'd spot where Christ was laid,
 When he for human guilt the bloody price had paid.
 Risen and free,
 Himself I cannot see ;
 Before mine eyes
 Folded apart the sacred napkin lies.
 Ah me, how still they sit,
 While silently before th' in-flooding Morn
 Night's shadows flit !
 One at the head, the other at the feet,
 Like Cherubim of old beside the mercy-seat !

XV. AJALON.

Benedicite, sol et luna, Domino.

A gorge of green,
 That downward slopes two mountain crests between,
 Tranquil and hush'd in evening's lap serene !—
 Betwixt the heights the sun is sinking slow ;
 While in the vale below

The moon begins her silver orb to show,
Brightening each moment into clearer glow.

Like mists of night descending,
In mingled masses blending,
What swarms are these that hither downward pour?
Conflicting hosts they seem ;
I catch their serried gleam,
I hear, I hear, the distant battle's roar.
And now far down the plain
In one broad flow,
A living sea they go ;
Pursuers and pursued, the slayers and the slain.

Ah, 'tis the Amorrhite host,
Beneath th' Almighty's sword
By Israel's red hand into destruction pour'd !
O quickly sink, thou Sun ;
Let darkness dun
Wrap the world up in night,
And hide from wrath divine the perishing Amorrhite !
Why standest thou so still,
O Sun, on Gabaon's hill ;
And thou, O Moon, in Ajalon's far vale ;
Each in your habitation of calm space
Transfix'd? While time his race
Suspends, and in his stead
Eternity its solemn pall hath spread ;
Forestalling that great Day which brings the Judgment
dread.
And still the slaughter'd fall, the slayers still pursue,
In the broad open day,
Where midnight else had sway,
Reaping the harvest ripe of deadly vengeance due.
Josue, thy glory bright
Excels all glory's height !

O force of prayer!
 The sun upon his stair
 Pauses midway, as fearing to descend;
 The moon hangs motionless in air,
 As it were painted there,
 Till prayer hath wrought its end;
 Till Israel's foes
 In heaps of death repose.
 Then night and darkness to their place again
 Return, and silent reign;
 Proving by confirmation strong
 To all the ages all along,
 That whom Jehovah loves all nature must befriend;
 Whom the Creator hates no creature may defend.

XVI. THE WORLD.

Benedicite, filii hominum, Domino.

O world, which evermore
 As in a swollen river's turbid tide
 Dost on and onward roll,
 How long, how long
 Shalt thou yet flow?
 How long the sons of Eve
 Into Hell's dismal ocean shalt thou sweep,
 An unresisting throng?
 Oh stream, augmenting ever by our loss!
 Oh stream, whose surges toss
 So high, scarce they escape who climb the Cross!
 As one who, on a rock
 That o'er the rising Danube looks afar,
 Planting his steady foot,
 Beneath him views the broad uproarious flood
 Resistless whirling its tumultuous prey;
 So to the table-land

Of this calm solitude retired awhile,
 I, raised above myself,
 Seem from its sylvan height
 Thee to behold, O world, far down below;
 With all thy pomps and specious vanities,
 In eddies borne along without an end,
 An evanescent scene.

Cities in whirlpools sweeping;
 Unnumber'd armies from all nations pour'd;
 Wharfs piled with merchandise;
 Kings' palaces in marble terraced high;
 Fountains and glittering domes;
 Castles and forts
 Bristling with cannons' teeth;
 Huge heaps of gold,
 Prisons and theatres, and crowds of men;—
 All these and many more,
 Life's phantom masquerade,
 Beneath my gaze in mazy circles speed.

See in procession long
 The Pagan world go by,
 Baal and Astaroth and Remmon's car,
 With music wild, and shouts of drunken joy;
 Assyria, Media, Persia, Babylon,
 Egypt, and ancient Thebes.

Ah me, what hideous rites!
 What fearful orgies drench'd in human blood,
 Man's blood in hellish sacrifice outpour'd!
 Such things I saw, and seeing, knew the world
 For an apostate from its Maker's creed,
 Though stamp'd on its own heart,
 And writ on nature's brow.

Anon came whirling by old Greece and Rome,
 With all their arts sublime ;
 Still far from Thee, O Lord.
 Beauty their idol ; her in countless forms
 Their pleasure to adore ;
 Spurning her Author and first Origin ;
 Sensual their deeds, with a false glory crown'd.
 Long was the train
 That follow'd in their wake. Then seem'd the globe
 To spin upon its axis as I gazed ;
 While land and sea together blent in one
 Like a broad ribbon show'd. So quickly time
 Coursed on its way. Anon 'twas darkness all ;
 Which, presently dispersing, usher'd in
 The light of modern days,—
 The light of Intellect, false reason's ray !
 Upward from earth it came,
 Not downwards from on high :
 And lo, beneath its pale and haggard beam
 Sweeps roisterous along
 A democratic rout ;
 Uproar and anarchy set loose from chains.
 Oh woe was me, what blasphemies I mark'd !
 Science run mad ;
 Mammon in triumph borne ;
 And nature's law set up in place of God.
 Methought the end was near ;
 That surely Antichrist must now appear.

 Vanish'd the rabble rout in distance far,
 Borne on thy stream, O world ;
 And now before me swam all pleasant things,—
 Mansions and fragrant groves ;
 Arcadian lawns
 With groups of dancers fill'd ;
 Banquets in halls of state ;

Bright throngs of revellers, enchanting forms
 Of youth and beauty, music's joyous bands,
 All sweets of this vain world,
 All pleasures, glories, riches, dignities.
 And ever as I gazed, within me rose
 A yearning strange and most insatiable,
 A yearning and an emptiness profound,
 Which nought of all I there beheld could fill.
 'O foolish heart,' I thought, 'that ever once
 You could have dreamt to find in these your rest !
 All in a restless scene ;
 All amid phantom things
 That come and go, and go and come again,
 Fata Morgana of this fleeting world !
 Poor shreds of time, while thou eternal art !
 Adieu, adieu,
 Illusive pageantry !
 Adieu, adieu,
 False fleeting airy show !
 Speed on thy way, and with insidious smile
 Thy wretched victims into ruin sweep ;
 But I, thy treacheries taught
 By sad experience, spurn thee from my breast,
 And thy allegiance evermore renounce,
 Insensate, heartless, empty, perjured world !'
 Such were the thoughts, O Solitude divine,
 Which, as I sat upon thy mountain height
 Beneath a cloister of umbrageous pine,
 Upon me stole, what time before my sight
 The mists of eve were passing in review,
 Marshall'd far down the vale. Meanwhile the
 moon,
 Pale-glistening with a solemn-tinted hue,
 Above the forest lifted her fair head ;
 Faded away the sunset-dyes, and soon,
 Dim spreading to the far horizon's verge

'Twas twilight all. Then in melodious swell,
 Inviting requiems for the faithful dead,
 Came floatingly, like some aerial dirge,
 The peal of ancient monastery bell,
 Rising and falling soft o'er distant flood and fell.

XVII. THE SANCTUARY OF THE CHURCH.

Benedicat Israel Dominum, laudet et superexaltet eum in sæcula.

Farewell, a long farewell,
 Ye pomps and vanities of this false world,
 Vain-glorious systems and perverted ways!
 Welcome, ye shades serene,
 As by some heavenly screen
 Shut off from earth and earthlings' empty gaze!
 Welcome, true Israel,
 Where peace and justice dwell;
 Where in low cloister'd cell,
 Remote from scenes of pride,
 Faith, Hope, and Love may hide;
 Where prayer and praise are pealing evermore,
 While through the spacious ever-open door,
 In distance view'd,
 Appear th' eternal hills, glistening and golden-hued!
 Welcome, thou Church sublime,
 Founded from olden time,
 Far out upon the world's tempestuous tide;
 Which surging all around,
 Stirs not the rock profound,
 Rooted whereon thou dost from age to age abide!

O place most blest,
 Foretaste of Heaven's own rest!
 Port where no billow rolls!
 True home of human souls!

O Sanctuary rare of all creation,
 Worthy of endless praise and admiration!
 How oft thy glorious aisles along
 Vibrating with ecstatic song,
 Lost in Elysian dreams, I glide,
 Forgetful quite of all beside;
 Seeking with Jesus there to meet,
 And cast me down before His feet.
 How oft amid thy cloisters dim
 I seem to walk alone with Him,
 Marking His every word and deed,
 Of which in Holy Writ we read,
 In living colours ever new
 Set before th' entrancèd view!
 O place most bright,
 O'erflooded from the Fount of living Light!
 O place most sweet,
 For gentlest musings meet,
 And whispering with the tread of sainted feet!
 O place of pure repose,
 Which the world never knows;
 Where peace and penitence their joys disclose;
 Where whatsoever good was lost before
 Is found again, and found for evermore!
 All hail, new world of grace,
 That fillest up the space
 From man to Angel in th' ascent of things!
 Hail, sacred palace of the King of kings!
 Great mystery from generations hid,
 Outdating Egypt's eldest pyramid;
 Chantry kept secret since the world began
 In silent darkness seal'd;
 But now, according to th' eternal plan,
 To Faith reveal'd!
 Ah, what a waft divine
 Steals from thine inner shrine,

As with hush'd step I draw me near!
Ah, what a gently-breathing calm is here,
 Dropping around
 Like dew upon the ground,
Soothing the soul with hope, and scattering all her fear!

O, where true joy and rest,
 Where an untroubled breast,
Save here with Thee, O Jesu, shall I find?
Here in Thy living Church of ancient days,
Which, all amid the world's quick-shifting maze,
Thou hast on Peter built, a refuge for mankind!
 Here are Thy servants found;
 Here do Thy praises sound,
Mounting above the world's tumultuous roar;
 Here man with angel vies,
 And earth with skies,
Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, to adore!

POEMS.



I. THE EASTER SHIP, A LEGEND.

*Dies venit, dies tua,
In qua reflorent omnia.
Lætemur et nos in viam
Tua reducti dextera.*

All ye who lament o'er England's fall
From the Holy Catholic Faith!
Hear what the Hermit of Finisterre
From his rocky eyry saith :

Last of that ancient brotherhood,
Who forth from Tintern's Choir,
Were forced across the roaring seas
By wicked Henry's ire !

He saith, that early one Easter morn,
In false Elizabeth's reign,
Musing sadly o'er England's fall,
He was looking out on the main ;

From his narrow ledge of beetling rock,
Athwart the basaltic steep,
That foremost stands confronting the swell
Of the broad Atlantic deep ;

When he saw a Ship in the misty dawn
Becalm'd on the silent sea ;
Her sails all drooping—her helm unwatch'd—
As though no crew had she !

From stem to stern so quaintly shaped,
A ship of Eld it seem'd ;
Anon some birthling of the dawn,
So goldenly it gleam'd.

Then as he gazed, there suddenly burst
A storm right overhead,
So deadly black, at once he knew
From Satan's breath it sped.

And, lo ! before his very eyes
That Ship went sinking down ;
Till nought at last of hull or mast
Was left but a spar alone ;—

The topmost spar !—whence gallantly still,
In the face of the storm unfurl'd,
Old England's Catholic ensign waved,
The Cross that rules the world !

Ah, then I thought that all was o'er ;
And I breathed aloft a prayer,
For all who, with the sinking Ship,
Were cruelly sinking there.

When, lo ! a wonder most strange to tell !
But stranger far to see !
A wonder I scarce could have believed,
Had it been told to me !

For scarce had the Cross the waters kiss'd,
When, ere they could o'er it close,
Slowly—slowly—it mounted again,
And again the spar uprose ;—

And after the spar the three tall masts
 With sails of glistening white ;
 And after the masts the Ship herself,
 With all her armoury bright.

While softly and softly over the sea
 I heard a music pass,
 Soothing the winds and soothing the waves,
 Till they lay as molten glass ;

And in the East a vista began
 To open, fold in fold,
 Streaking all the ocean flood
 With veins of purple and gold.

For now had risen the blessed Sun
 Of the Resurrection Morn ;
 And his broad beam in one full stream
 Upon the Ship was borne :

Whose deck one living topaz seem'd ;
 Each mast, a sapphire bright ;
 Each cord, of rainbow tissue wrought,
 Each sail, of sheeted light ;

The whole so wondrously appearing
 Transfigured before mine eyes,
 That the sight it fill'd my heart with tears,
 My soul with Paradise.

Thus as I gazed, there stole along
 A softly fanning breeze,
 Breathing a solemn incense fresh
 From Isles of the Southern seas.

The sails, they fill'd—the Ship she began
 To walk the waters o'er ;—
 Full straight she steer'd ;—full well I mark'd
 She steer'd for England's shore :

While on her deck in the sun's bright ray
There knelt, in place of a crew,
A goodly company all in prayer,
Whom for England's Saints I knew :

Save Her who stood at the helm apart,
With a calm majestic mien ;
And Her I knew, by her robe of blue,
To be Heaven's immortal Queen !

That Virgin Mother, who loves the Isle
Where she was beloved of yore ;
That Virgin Mother, who loves it still,
Though it loves Her now no more.

O Vision of bliss !—She turn'd her head ;
She smiled benignly on me ;
Pointing her hand to my native land,
Far Northward over the sea.

Then faster and faster the vessel sped,
O'er the breadth of the bounding surge ;
Till into a speck I beheld it fade,
On the dim horizon's verge.

Such was the Vision, divinely fair,
That on Easter Sunday morn,
I, the Hermit of Finisterre,
Beheld at break of dawn.

And twice again, in the next two years,
Believe it as ye may,
The selfsame thing at the selfsame hour
I saw on the selfsame day.

Now, therefore, ye who for England weep,
As lost for ever to God,
Down in the black and dismal deep
Of heresy's awful flood,

Give ear, give ear to this PROPHECY,
 Which, with his parting breath,
 The last of Tintern's exiled sons
 For your consolation saith.

Three centuries shall England lie
 Beneath the storm of Hell ;
 Three centuries her Church shall fade,
 And all but seem to fail ;

Three centuries her Saints shall mourn
 To see the Faith expire ;
 Ivy shall climb and birds shall sing
 In many a ruin'd choir.

But in the fourth, on Peter's chair
 A Pope shall sit and reign,
 Who in the Virgin's glorious might
 Shall turn the tide again.

He first to all the world shall give
 The long-desired Decree
 Proclaiming our sweet Lady's gift
 Of peerless Purity.

Shall name Her THE IMMACULATE,
 Without a stain conceived ;
 And stamp the doctrine as of Faith
 Immutably believed.

She, in return, to Peter's crown
 Shall gratefully restore
 Its long-lost gem, the Isle of Saints,
 Far brighter than before ;

Cleansed with the blood of martyr'd priests,
 And virgins' holy tears,
 That must for guilty England flow
 Through many doleful years.

Then shall the children think again
Of their dear Fathers' home ;
And fly, as doves upon the wing,
To long-forgotten Rome.

Then shall the Abbey rear its head,
And open wide its door,
And lift its sacrificial chant,
As in the days of yore.

Then shall the glorious Cross of Christ
No more dishonour'd lie ;
Then shall the throne of Britain mourn
Its long apostasy ;

Then shall the sons of Scotia hide
The wreck their fathers made ;
Then Celt and Saxon shall unite
Beneath St. Peter's shade.

Then rank in rank, and file on file,
The armies of the Lord
Shall march, to spread through England's breadth
The Faith so long abhorr'd ;

Which, once received, shall forth again
As from a centre sweep,
Borne on the wings of England's fleets
Across the trackless deep,

To earth's remotest empires
Now sunk in night forlorn ;
To Isles, and shoreless Continents
Of nations yet unborn :

Till such a harvest shall be reap'd,
Beyond the world's belief,
As shall console the Church of God
For centuries of grief.

E'en now, O England, I behold,
 With solemn pace and slow,
 Through thy long desecrated shrines
 The glad Procession go.

I see the mitred Pontiff tread
 Their festal aisles along ;
 I see the Crucifix o'erhead ;
 I hear their olden song.

The fragrant incense high aloft
 Its waving circlet weaves ;
 And Heaven again into its fold
 Its erring child receives.

O day, O blissful day, for thee
 How many saints have sigh'd !
 And only to behold thy face
 Most gladly would have died.

O prayer of longing Christendom !
 O balm for sorrows past !
 What joy 'twill be when thou shalt come !
 As come thou shalt at last.

Such is the hope that evermore
 My lonely spirit cheers.
 O Jesu ! speed the time ;—O speed
 The intervening years !

And grant of Thy dear mercy, Lord,
 That when these things shall be,
 I, safe from my long pilgrimage
 In living light with Thee,

May from the crystal battlements
 That day of days behold ;
 And in the sight, for present grief,
 Rejoice a thousandfold.

II. ST. KENELM'S WELL.

Come, all of you, and sit around,
And listen while I tell
A tale from ancient chronicles
About St. Kenelm's well :
But first, good Christians, one and all,
Upon the Saint in glory call.

CHORUS { *O sweet St. Kenelm,*
O sweet St. Kenelm,
Pray for us! Pray for us,
O sweet St. Kenelm.

St. Kenelm's well, St. Kenelm's well,
How calm and clear it flows !
As when a thousand years ago
By miracle it rose :
So flows the stream of Faith sublime,
For ever clear in every time.

This land was ancient Mercia,
Which far and wide you see ;
And Kenelm he became its king
When seven years old was he :
A fairer little prince, I ween,
A holier child, was never seen.

But oh ! what will not envy do ?
This good and gracious boy
A cruel sister had, who sigh'd
His kingdom to enjoy ;
And so, to gain her wicked will,
She plotted this sweet lamb to kill.

St. Kenelm rose at early dawn,
And prayed his little prayer ;

But from his tender infant cheek
 Had fled the roses fair ;
 Then signing with the Cross his breast,
 He thus his aged nurse address'd :

‘ O Ella, dear, this morn I dreamt
 I stood upon a tree,
 All in a flush of blossoms bright,
 When down it fell with me ;
 And like a bird I soar'd away :—
 Now read to me the dream, I pray.’

‘ Ah, sweetest child, the dream I read,’—
 Thus made the nurse reply ;
 ‘ Cut off in virtue’s early bloom,
 I fear me thou must die :
 But like a bird thy soul shall mount,
 To sip and sing at glory’s fount.’

St. Kenelm clapp’d his little hands,
 ‘ God speed the time,’ quoth he ;
 ‘ I’ve often pray’d that I might go
 With holy Mary to be.
 One sight of Christ in glory clear
 Is better than a kingdom here.’

That eve they led him sporting forth
 Across the woodland wild,
 And there, beneath a hawthorn tree,
 They slew the royal child ;
 And buried him, with witness none,
 Except the eye of God alone.

O long and long was search around
 For Mercia’s monarch made ;
 But the cowslips they had mantled thick
 Above where he was laid ;
 And nought remain’d to lend a trace
 Of little Kenelm’s resting-place.

But not in vain the blood of Saints
Upon the earth is sown ;
And though their grave be hid from men,
It is to Angels known ;
For holy Angels love the just,
And keep a watch above their dust.

Far off, a thousand miles away,
Across the land and main,
The Pope was chanting solemn mass
In Peter's holy fane ;
When Heav'n to him the spot reveal'd,
So long from British eye conceal'd.

Lo ! down beside the altar floats
A dove on azure wings,
Who in her beak a golden scroll
Of mystic import brings :
'Of his fair head St. Kenelm shorn
Is sleeping low beneath a thorn.'

To England straight the tidings fly,
The hawthorn soon is found ;
And crowds on crowds, to see their king,
Flock in from all around ;
As incorrupt in death he lay,
Like one who scarce was dead a day.

See now the Peers and Bishops wend
In long funereal line,
With incense, cross, and silken pall,
To Winchcomb's royal shrine,
And there in consecrated shade
The son is with his father laid.

But on his sister justice came,
Pursuing close behind ;

And all amidst her queenly state
 She pined, and pined, and pined ;
 Till in their sockets, day by day,
 Her eyes had wasted both away.

Meanwhile, to show to all below
 His glory in the skies,
 Up from the spot where he had lain
 Did this fair spring arise ;—
 Memorial of the sacred sod
 Where rested once a Saint of God.

Here miracles of might are wrought
 On deaf, and lame, and blind ;
 Here all who only come in faith
 A benediction find.—
 St. Kenelm ! for the pilgrims pray,
 Who in thy praise are met to-day.

III. ON HEARING THE NIGHTINGALE SING IN THE DAY-TIME.

Sweet bird, enchantress of the earth !
 Born in the world's young prime,
 The only bird of Eden birth
 Left to this latter time !

Why on the sunny laughing day
 Thy golden voice expend ?
 To lonely night belongs thy lay ;
 Save thee she has no friend.

The day, it has a thousand songs,
 Of leaflet, bird, and bee ;
 The merry bell to the day belongs ;
 The night—it has but thee !

Then for sad solitary night
Reserve thy liquid lay ;
And she to thee for this delight,
Full many thanks will pay ;

Listening all still, o'er vale and hill,
While from some copsewood tree,
Thou with charm'd trill the air dost fill,
Blending all things in thee !

IV. EVENING.

Now eve descends in meek array,
More welcome than the gaudy day ;
The clouds forsake the upper sky
To settle on some mountain high ;
Or round the Sunset's crimson close
In variegated piles repose.

Faint, more faint, and fainter still,
Stealing on o'er vale and hill,
The chimes from distant turret gray
Into silence fade away.
The hamlet swarms with rustic poor,
At gossip by the cottage-door ;
Guided by little urchin strong,
Homeward creeps the team along ;
The children, heedless to be seen,
Bathe in the pond upon the green ;
Whence along their beaten track
March the geese in order back.
From the cot beside the oak
Mounts a slender thread of smoke,
Telling with what thrifty care
Its two old dames their meal prepare ;

While from open lattice nigh
 Notes of village harmony
 Floating in a cadence clear
 Catch the idly listening ear.

Now then the pensive task be mine,
 As into dusk the tints decline,
 In meditative mood to stray
 Along some brier-scented way :
 Where, perch'd beside her leafy nest,
 The linnet trills her young to rest.
 There let me muse, all else forgot,
 On the strange tide of human lot ;
 How brief the measure of our day ;
 On death's approach, on life's decay ;
 On former times, on future things ;
 On all our vain imaginings ;—
 Till over fading lawn and mead
 Their beaded net the dews have spread ;
 And the pale glow-worm shows her light,
 To guide me home at fall of night.

V. SPRING.

Come, Spring, O come ;
 And loiter not so long
 In distant Southern isles,
 Or in the glens of Araby the Blest.

Come, Spring, O come ;
 For I am sick at heart
 Of the dull winter's length,
 And yearn to see thy winsome face again.

On the fresh blade
 Glistens the rime of morn,
 Waiting for thee to come,
 And with thy breath exhale it to the skies.

For thee the bud
Its fragile form unfolds ;
And opening film by film
Spreads to the tempting air its leaf of gauze.

The lamb for thee,
Thrilling with young delight,
Skips through the fleecy fold
On the warm slope of many a sunny vale ;

While near at hand,
From hedge-rows faintly green,
To frequent bleatings shrill
The newly-mating birds in songs reply.

Then from afar
Once more appear, O Spring,
Breathing most odorous sweets,
With robe of violet and lily crown.

Once more appear,
Enchantress of the world !
Who with sweet siren voice
Lullest the harsh notes of the wintry gale !

So to thy call
All nature shall respond,
And grateful, o'er thy head
Strew the white blossoms of the early year.

VI. AUTUMN.

As late I stood a sluggish brook beside,
Wherein from rustling alders dropping fast,
Flóated the leaves that were poor Summer's pride,
But now to reckless winds aside were cast ;

A hoary-headed Hermit I espied,
 Sitting where o'er the stream an aspen hung :
 His robe with divers gaudy tints was dyed,
 And his glazed eye upon the brook was flung,
 As musing deep he seem'd the fading woods among.

Anon he steps him forth with solemn tread,
 While round his feet strange mournful music rose ;
 And from the groves a dirge, as of the dead,
 Came fitfully, lamenting Summer's close.
 Meanwhile the gossamers began o'erhead
 From branch to branch their airy woof to ply ;
 And from the ground a sickly vapour spread,
 That slowly floating up shut out the sky,
 Drawing o'er nature's bier a funeral canopy!

VII. ASSOCIATIONS WITH PLACES.

'Tis strange to think on this green earth
 How many spots there be,
 Mementos dear of grief or mirth,
 Unknown to you or me !

The grot, the glen, the old grey tower
 Gaily we saunter by,
 Where ofttimes in a pensive hour
 Another stops to sigh.

Each object speaks, if all were known,
 Heard by none else beside,
 To some one heart in solemn tone,
 Recalling what has died.

Thus wide and far, o'er isle and main,
 A thousand memories dwell
 Of tears, of guilt, of love, of pain,
 Far more than we can tell.

O, let us tread with thoughts profound
Where'er our path may be ;
All earth is consecrated ground,
To him who thinks with me !

VIII. ON AN ANCIENT STONE-QUARRY.

Know, visitor, that from this spot obscure,
So shut from human gaze,
Whither scarce once a year across the moor
A lonely shepherd strays,

In olden time, far off beyond the seas,
A vast Cathedral rose,
Whose fame extends to earth's extremities,
And still with ages grows.

The stones, that here in darkness would have lain,
There piled in glorious state,
Up to the skies the fretted roof sustain,
Majestically great ;

Or carved in many a mystical device,
And forms of Saints on high,
In glory ever new bring Paradise
Before th' entrancèd eye.

Such power hath God for His eternal ends
To human genius given ;
Genius sublime ! upon whose wings ascends
The mind from earth to heaven !

So, at His will and bountiful decree,
From low obscurest things,
In everlasting truth and harmony,
Celestial beauty springs.

E'en as at first, from the rude formless mass
 Of earth's chaotic frame,
 This fair creation, at His word of grace,
 In perfect order came !

IX. NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

Nature ! deign to drop thy veil,
 For a little moment's space ;
 Well I know, its folds conceal
 Many a miracle of grace.

Well I know that deep within
 Move in a mysterious scheme
 Things immortal, things divine,
 Fairer than the heart can dream.

Oh, might I but look behind,
 What a blaze of glory bright,
 In thy hidden depth enshrined,
 Would confound my dazzled sight !

Substances of beauty rare,
 Unconceived by human thought,
 Whence, as in a tissue fair,
 All that we behold is wrought !

Living light in ebb and flow ;
 Paradisal imagery !
 Angels glancing to and fro
 In the clear transparency !

Ah, if thy exterior dress
 Is so beauteous, as we see ;
 What must not the beauteousness
 Of thine inner splendours be !

X. A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

I had a dream when I was young,—

It was a mystery to me,
And ever to my heart has clung
Its most enchanting memory.

I stood a little lake beside,
With roses fringed, as silver bright ;
Above me Angels seem'd to glide,
All in a strangely liquid light.

When suddenly there thrill'd me through
A sound more sweet than I can name,
Unheard before, but well I knew
That from those angel forms it came.

They caught me up, they bore me high,
Softly their wings enwrap'd me o'er ;
Strange things they show'd me in the sky,—
Things I had never guess'd before.

Then first I saw how little earth
Can with eternal worlds compare ;
Then first I felt my higher birth
Than beasts on land or birds in air.

O joy of joys ! I seem'd to fly ;
I seem'd at Heav'n's own gate to be ;
The Seraphs chanting through the sky
Amidst their songs enseraph'd me.

I woke ;—the bells were chiming clear,
Waking I strove to dream again ;
But then, and since from year to year,
I've sought for that sweet dream in vain.

O sunny hours of life's young light !
O season blest of man's brief day !
When in the dreams of morning bright
Angels can steal the soul away !

Would that again by grace divine
 My soul were fit such things to see!
 Gladly for this would I resign
 All that the world has brought to me.

XI. ON PASSING BY A FORMER HOME ON
 A RAILWAY.

All on a road of iron strong,
 Behind our iron steed,
 Old England's Westward length along
 We swept with fiery speed.

Oh, drear to me was that long day,
 And weary was the din ;
 No village scenes to cheer the way!
 My heart fell dead within.

When suddenly there burst on me ;
 A spot well known of yore ;
 A spot I had not dreamt to see,—
 A moment seen and o'er !

Within a little nook it lay,—
 Garden and house and lawn,
 Beeches and brook and steeple gray
 That saw my boyhood's dawn.

O blest abode! to your sweet shade
 How did my spirit spring ;
 Counting the gulf that time had made
 A momentary thing !

And ringing back life's changes all,
 Till far away I heard
 The chimes of early childhood call,
 Like to a mocking-bird.

O blest abode! like some deep thought
A moment felt and o'er,
As though Eternity it brought,
Then left us as before!

Farewell, farewell! the world sweeps by,
And I with it must go;
But I'll return before I die,
If God shall grant it so.

XII. SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

The glory of Summer
Is faded and fled;
The wreaths that adorn'd her
Are dying or dead;
The Autumn is coming,
And strong in his blast
Will open to Winter
A passage at last.

O, how to my spirit
It seemeth to say,—
'Thus, too, is thy Summer
Fast fleeting away;
And the things which thou lovest,
Though pleasant they be,
And the friends thou hast chosen
Are fading with thee.

Dost thou covet a Summer
More certain of bliss?—
Go seek thee a country
Far brighter than this;
Where the joys thou hast lost
Thou shalt never deplore,
And the friends thou hast chosen
Shall quit thee no more.'

XIII. ON A SELFISH RETIREMENT.

How many souls of strongest powers
To selfish solitude consign'd
Have whiled in idleness their hours,
Nor nobly sought to serve mankind !

Them, nor a widow'd nation's cries,
Nor blood of freedom largely shed,
Nor saintly martyr's dying sighs,
From their false dream of quiet led.

Listless beneath o'er-arching trees,
They watch'd the birds attune their song,
Or gather'd incense from the breeze,
Or mark'd the streamlet glide along.

But not to such the Muse may give
Her sacred wreath, the Patriot's pride ;
Since for themselves content to live
So for themselves alone they died.

Happy the man who for his God
Has left the world and all its ways,
To tread the path that Saints have trod,
And spend his life in prayer and praise :

Unhappy, who himself to please
Forsakes the path where duty lies,
Either in love of selfish ease,
Or in contempt of human ties.

In vain have they the world resign'd
Who only seek an earthly rest ;
Nor to the soul that spurns mankind
Can even solitude be blest.

XIV. TO ONE COMPLAINING OF LIFE'S
MONOTONY.

Dear Friend, you make no new complaint,
But one, I think, we've heard before,
Made by a certain royal scribe
Dissatisfied in days of yore.

He too of life's unchanging round
Grew weary as the years went by ;
He wearied of the feast and song,
And all his royalty could buy :

He wearied of his gardens fair,
And palaces of curious art !
Of still unsated eye and ear,
Of still unsated mind and heart.

He wearied of the ways of men,
So like in virtue as in sin ;
He wearied of the seas unfill'd
By all the rivers flowing in ;

He wearied of the rivers all
Returning back from whence they came ;
Of nothing new beneath the sun ;
Of all things ever still the same.

Yet there's a thought, which might outweigh,
Could we but duly feel its force,
This sense of sameness which our life
Brings with it in its daily course ;

So I at least have seem'd to find,
Myself a fellow-victim too ;
And as an antidote I now
Commend it, dearest Friend, to you ;—

The thought of that momentous change
 So quickly, quickly, drawing near,
 Surpassing all we can conceive
 Of all excess of changes here !

O Change intense !—from life to death !
 O state to which it leads the way !
 A state of which no human words
 The proper image can convey !

Because no images subsist
 Save what the senses first supply
 But all the senses fail to reach
 Beyond the limit where we die !

Great God ! no more in listless ease,
 Or dreariness of dull routine,
 Be mine to doze upon the verge
 Of everlasting worlds unseen.

But mindful of my coming doom
 To endless weal or endless woe,
 So let me use thy solemn trust
 Of this diurnal life below ;

That at the last, O Love divine,
 I be not all unworthy found
 Of what Thy bounty may design
 In that eternal life beyond !

XV. A VILLAGE INCIDENT.

I know a man of many years,
 Full ninety years and more,
 On Summer-noons he oft appears
 Outside his cottage-door.

And there with palsied hand will he
Sit knitting in the shade ;
O, 'tis a curious sight to see
That old man at his trade.

In winter by his chimney-hole
He spends the livelong day,
And often gets a passing dole
From those who go that way.

For he is known the parish round,
And all the neighbourhood o'er ;
And there has lived on that same ground
For ninety years and more.

No child has he, they are all gone,
And rest them in a row ;
Last week he buried a younger son
With hair as white as snow,

In his old prayer-book at the end,
Their ages you may see ;
That book it is his oldest friend,
And twice as old as he.

But yesterday I pass'd that way,
And miss'd him from his chair ;
I saw that in distress he lay,
And gave what I could spare.

Then lifting up his clear blue eye,
With trembling voice he cried,
' May you be bless'd by God on high,
And Christ the crucified !'

O words of comfort, how did they
My heart with rapture fill !
And ever since, do what I may,
I seem to hear them still.

And ever to myself I sing
 With a deep inward glee,
 'Old man, it was a pleasant thing
 To be thus bless'd by thee.'

XVI. THE UNSHED TEAR.

Oh bitter is the tear that is not shed !
 Back to the heart they say it wends unseen ;
 There nestles as a fountain in its bed,
 And ever and anon wells up, all fresh and keen ;
 And tainting living joys with sorrows dead,
 Floods present sweet with bitter that hath been :
 Nor aught can heal this Mara of the soul,
 But the sweet Cross of Him who died to make us whole.

XVII. WATER.

O Water, element sublime,
 Alone unchanged since Eden time !
 For earth and air no more
 Are what they were before ;
 And all Creation moans its hapless fate,
 Fallen with fallen man from its primeval state.
 But thou still pure dost rise,
 As when the guilty world thou didst baptise ;
 As when first welling from th' untainted sod,
 Where Adam sinless trod,
 Fourfold thou flowedst through the Paradise of God !

XVIII. TO ECHO.

Genius most coy !
 Who in deep hermit-glen,
 Where through o'er-foliaged cleft the brooklet steals,
 A sylvan life dost lead !

Or in high dome,
 To solemn-sounding choir,
From thy calm realm wide-arching overhead,
 Returnest strain for strain !

Thee in some grot,
 Far down primeval time,
From noise of heaving chaos deep retired,
 Did Silence bring to birth ;

There nursed thee up
 Beneath a radiant roof,
Where sparkled thick innumerable gems,
 The storehouse of a world !

Whence still thy voice,
 Most heard in lonely scenes,
Flies from the common haunt, from business rude,
 And the coarse hum of men.

O, that with thee
 I, too, apart might dwell ;
Nor to the traffic of the world consign'd,
 Invert the ends of life !

XIX. A SICK PERSON'S COMPLAINT.

Like him who by Bethsaida's pool of old
 Long time in suffering expectation lay,
So this tenth year I lie in pains untold ;
 And seeing oft the funerals go this way,
And hearing oft the knell float on the morning gray,
 I envy young and old who me before
Into the grave go down from day to day.
 Jesu, forgive the sin, or me restore ;
 Or help me thither soon, that I may sin no more !

XX. A DREAM IN SPRING.

One morn in Spring
 I did me fling
 Beneath our churchyard yew ;
 Then sleep it stole
 Across my soul,
 Soft as the silver dew.

The graves amid,
 Far down deep hid,
 Methought one dead I lay ;
 Waiting all still,
 For good or ill,
 The Resurrection-day.

It seem'd as though,
 Through weal, through woe,
 Thus I apart had lain,
 For years untold,
 In heat, in cold,
 In drought and drizzling rain.

But now the sun had fill'd the air
 With summer warmth and glee ;
 And like the soft breath of a prayer
 Was that warm sun to me.

The buds had burst their winter shroud,
 The lark was in the skies ;
 High up I heard him singing aloud,
 And long'd with him to rise.

' Ah, why,' thought I,
 ' Must I thus lie,
 While in the Springtide gay,
 Waking from sleep,
 These earthlings keep
 Their Resurrection-day ?

‘Oh, when at last
Shall the trumpet-blast
Be peal’d o’er earth and sea?
By Prophets old
Long since foretold,
Sole hope of life to me!’

Then smote mine ear,
From some grave near,
Low whispering on the air,
‘That time is known
In Heaven alone,
Nor to the Angels there.

‘ Suffice for thee
That hour shall be,
Then keep thee to thy rest,
Thrice happy if the lot be thine,
Waking at last, by grace divine
To waken with the blest.’

XXI. THE SOUL. A COMPARISON.

A narrow brooklet ill befits
The ship in gallant trim,
Destined across the ocean waves
With precious freight to swim.

So, too, the heart confined to earth
A stranded object lies ;
Meant by its Maker to maintain
Communion with the skies.

O my poor bark, so long aground,
Expand thy drooping sail ;
Forsake the limitary coast,
And catch the open gale.

It ill becomes thine origin,
 Thy destiny sublime,
 To lie immersed in vanities
 Upon the shoal of time.

Let not a petty earthly pool
 That noble keel detain,
 Bound with immortal freight to cross
 Th' illimitable main !

XXII. TO THE PLUMES ON A HEARSE.

Ye sable plumes,
 That soft and tremulous,
 Like foliage of Norwegia's sombre pine,
 Wave in the listless breeze !

Within your depth
 Of dim funereal shades,
 That to my brooding thought gigantic grow,
 What grisly spectres dwell !

E'en as I gaze,
 I seem their forms to see,
 Through your recesses of umbrageous gloom
 In silence gliding by ;—

Sickness and Pain !
 And unrepented Guilt !
 Pale Disappointment, haggard Misery !
 Despair with wringing hands !

Terror, Remorse !
 Bereavement dumb with woe !
 And agonising Grief that vainly wails
 And will not be consoled !

Avaunt, avaunt !
 Ye phantoms of the grave !
 I sign me with the Cross ! Your power is nought !
 In vain, in vain, ye try

To fright the soul,
To whom her Lord is nigh ;
Who, fix'd in Him, resolved for Him to live,
In Him exults to die !

XXIII. HOPE AND MEMORY.

There are two Beings, rich in wondrous powers,
Twin-sisters, kindly wont to dwell with man :
One owns the treasures of all future hours ;
The other grasps the past within her span ;

Hope ever smiling, bright with thousand dyes
From the gay hues distill'd of golden morn ;
And Memory breathing softly-soothing sighs,
Sweet as the rose, yet not without its thorn.

These two together, through life's weary way
Trip hand in hand, and scatter fairy flowers ;
Together pour around inspiring day,
And water desert earth with genial showers.

Apart—so speaks a voice from yonder grave—
The power of each to bless no more may last ;
Without a future, who the past would crave ?
And who a future, if denied the past ?

XXIV. ON VISITING THE ROOM WHERE
I WAS BORN.

Oh, for an hour of quiet thought,
On this fair summer morn !
When I behold what long I've sought,
The room where I was born.

And is it true, and can it be,
That at no distant day,
In this same room which now I see,
A newborn babe I lay ?

And here, mysterious soul of mine,
Did thy young life begin,
Cast breathless by decree divine
Into a world of sin?

Mortality's immortal dawn!
O truth sublimely strange!
The more revolved, the more withdrawn
Beyond my reason's range!

Thou, Lord, alone, who didst create,
Canst tell, and none but Thee,
The marvels of my present state,
Of what I yet shall be.

I see the laurell'd garden gay,
Whose flower-inwoven maze
Greeted so oft at peep of day
My youthful mother's gaze.

I see the lattice, whence the light
First smote my quivering eye,
And flooding o'er me came the sight
Of earth and azure sky;

When frighted at the world so new,
Wailing I hid my head;
And to my mother's bosom drew,
And there was comforted.

O, mix'd vicissitudes of life!
O, many mingled scene,
Through which since then, in peace or strife,
My being's course has been!

Thoughts incommunicably strange
Contract my aching brow,
As musing on from change to change
I trace my life till now.

Jesu, all praise! Alas, in ways
Of darkness I have trod!
Yet still at least my early days
Were sanctified to God;
When at Thy Font of life divine
Thine arms enfolded me,
By nature born a child of sin,
By grace new born to Thee.
Since then I've sinn'd, since then I've stray'd,
Till all but lost I seem;
Yet still to Thee be glory paid,
Who solely canst redeem!

XXV. LESSON FROM A CLOUD.

Dark and dismal as the tomb
To the wretch condemn'd to die,
So yon cloud with sickly gloom
Overspreads the cheerful sky.
While the shadows which it traces
Thus obscure this lower scene;
On the side that heavenward faces,
All is sunny and serene.
So in troubles small or great,
Let us take the comfort given;
Even to the darkest fate,
There's a side that looks to Heaven!

XXVI. THE SEASIDE.

When in the sweet childhood that's gone
I stood by the side of the main,
At every new wave that roll'd on,
I wonder'd again and again.

As I gather'd the shells on its shore,
 As I gazed on the vessels at sea,
 The mystery grew more and more,
 And would not interpreted be.

O dream which my childhood beguiled,
 How truthful an emblem wert thou!—
 As I thought of the sea when a child,
 So I think of eternity now.

I stand by the side of its sea :
 I gather the shells on its shore ;
 But its depths are mysterious to me
 As the depths of the ocean of yore.

Every hour that rolls on its way
 Brings enigmas which reason transcend ;
 And the best of all homage to pay,
 Is to wonder on still to the end.

Then from the sea its depths shall go fleeing ;
 All bare shall eternity be ;
 And they who now wonder, not seeing,
 Shall wonder the more when they see !

XXVII. ON SEEING SNOW UPON
 GOOD FRIDAY.

Snow, what art thou doing here,
 At this season of the year,
 Just when earth begins to sing,
 Bringing Winter into Spring?
 Christmas is thy fitter day,
 Christmas long has pass'd away ;
 Say, then, what has brought thee here,
 At this season of the year ?

Is it, upon this sad day,
When upon the Cross He lay,
To recall that happier morn
When the Prince of Peace was born?
Or, appearing to our sight,
All in robes of virgin white,
Wouldst thou rather us remind
In a moral undesign'd,
What great purity of heart
Is required on our part,
If we hope a life to spend
Worthy of the Saviour's end?
Thus in thee, if well inclined,
We a useful lesson find ;
Thou wilt quickly melt away ;
May the lesson longer stay !

XXVIII. TO THE HOURS.

Ye solemn Hours,
That swift and stealthily,
Laden with stores untold,
From past eternity to future glide!
Methinks at night
I see your phantom-forms,
Down the dim vault of time
Trailing in silent majesty along.
Then to my mind,
As amid leafless boughs
The bleak wind whistles shrill,
Throng buried hopes,—throng the sad waste of years ;
Till half I wish
I might my days recall ;
And tracing back my course,
Find me some new and better path to Heaven

XXIX. LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING OXFORD.

How well I remember the hour,
When first from the brow of this hill,
I gazed upon spire and tower,
Becalm'd in the valley so still!

The birds sweetly sang in mine ear,
Still sweeter sang hope at my heart;
How bright did the prospect appear,
What thrilling emotions impart!

Since then seven years have expired,
Seven years which I sigh but to name;
Yet I have more than all I desired
Of knowledge, of friendship, of fame.

How strange are the feelings of man!
How changefully link'd with each other!
One feeling is strong when we plan,
We succeed,—it is turn'd to another.

Oh teach me, great Teacher of all,
Such wisdom to learn and to love,
So to feel, that whatever befall,
It may lead me to better above.

There only are destined to bloom
The hopes that we cherish below;
There the past is divested of gloom;
No pain can the future bestow.

XXX. ON WEEPING WHILE ASLEEP.

Waking one morn, in sickness, I was told
By those who o'er my sleep their watch had kept,
That they had mark'd a crowd of busy tears
Trickling from my closed eyes the while I slept.

But I, of any sorrow unaware,
 Had pass'd that night in freedom from all pain,
 Nor in my dreams the vision of a care
 Had visited the mansions of my brain.

Ah, was it then that nature of herself
 Pour'd for her guilt th' involuntary tear?
 Smit inwardly like that hard rock of old
 By rod of secret Angel standing near?

Or was it thou, my soul, in thine own depth
 Stirr'd with unfathom'd thoughts too sad to last,
 Anticipating death and judgment dread,
 Or pining o'er th' irrevocable past?

Thou knowest, Lord, who dost my misery see;
 And Thou alone :—this only will I say,
 Thrice grateful I for tears to weep to Thee,
 Or choose Thou me the night, or choose the day.

XXXI. LINES WRITTEN IN MOMENTARY
 DISGUST WITH METAPHYSICS.

O, vain attempt!
 For us, poor offspring of primeval sin,
 To trace within our soul,
 Of its ideas the fontal origin!

What! know ye not,
 O ye all-wise philosophers of earth,
 How radical a wound
 Of ignorance infests us from our birth?

How shorn of grace
 This human nature lost in darkness lies!
 With scarce a memory left
 Of what it was in earlier Paradise!

Whence to itself
 It must for ever an enigma be ;
 A dim chaotic thing
 Degraded from its first integrity.

O Lord, to thee
 I lift aloft my supplicating cry ;
 Teach me my true estate,
 To feel how frail, how null, how nought am I !

Teach me by grace
 Duly my nature's misery to scan ;
 To look in all to Thee
 Who art my All, and know myself a man.

XXXII. THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GOSPELS.

Know, weary Pilgrim, that not far remote
 From this o'er-peopled tract of modern time
 So humming with the ever-restless wheels
 Of commerce and material industry,
 A sacred spot there is, from the rude throng
 Of vulgar recollections far retired,
 (O'er the green plain approach'd where Peter sits
 Tending his happy sheepfold evermore) ;
 A sacred spot—the cynosure of earth,
 And central in the labyrinth of years,
 Midway betwixt the solemn boundaries
 Of Past and Future. There upon a sward
 Of aromatic and most emerald grass,
 A temple stands, well worthy of thy gaze.

Shaped circular, in pure chalcedony,
 And with a circling row of golden pillars
 Encoronall'd—four porticoes it hath,
 To earth's four quarters open ; which at first
 Of poor appearance seem—but presently

To Faith's clear vision'd and unfaltering eye
Expanding, as she gazes, soar aloft
From height to height, and in the clouds are lost.
Archangels guard the gates with flaming swords,
The same, 'tis said, who at an earlier day
Did man unparadise ; but now to man
For His dear sake who died on Calvary,
Propitious grown, his entrance they invite
With most benignant smiles ; excluding only
Spirits of power malign, who formerly,
Under old Paganism's doleful shade,
Infested all the plain. Once enter'd in,
You find yourself beneath a spacious dome,
Within a Sanctuary most august,
Abode of absolute tranquillity,
Where not a footfall echoes. Round the sides
A circuit fair of jewell'd chapelries,
Each with its mystic altar, greets the eye,
Each with its mystic window, upon which
In blended tints of vivid imagery
Glow the blest history of the Son of Man
Ineffably portrayed. And evermore
Myriads of worshippers, in spirit borne
From earth's far ends, with mute enravishment
Those courts perambulate, and wholly lost
In musing ecstasy, upon the scenes
Of that dread Life of lives adoring gaze.

Central beneath the dome, a palmlike fount
Of purest living light, in thousand jets
Incessant plays, and with its overflow
A sapphire basin fills, in whose clear depth
All Heaven reflected shines. Around it stand
The four divine Historians ; and from thence
For all who come, in golden chalices
The sparkling water draw, which whoso drink

Drink endless life. Ah, then, without delay,
 Haste, Pilgrim, to that Temple, passing by
 Whatever else invites thee ; there obtain
 Rest from thy weariness ; and there enjoy
 Celestial consolations ! Vain is all
 The world can show, with those delights compared.

XXXIII. THE SOUL'S ABYSS.

Far down within the castle of the soul
 Exists from ancient days a postern door,
 Opening upon th' abyss where ceaseless roll
 Time's silent surges on th' eternal shore,—
 A secret portal, which to-day self-closed
 Perchance to-morrow morn is open found ;
 According as the thoughts have been disposed,
 Or momentary sight, or scent, or sound,
 Or breath divine may have its magic bars unbound.
 Thither one night by spiral stair descending,
 Within the central keep of my own mind,
 Flight below flight—so far, it seem'd unending—
 I went, absorb'd in thoughts of solemn kind ;
 As through some ancient mine one all alone
 With his pale fitful light exploring goes ;
 And starts to hear or weirdly whispering tone,
 Or rush of water as unseen it flows,
 Or other wandering sound for which no cause he knows.
 At length I came upon a lonely cell,
 That like a timeworn hermitage appear'd,
 Scoop'd midway in a cliff impregnable
 Of basalt rock.—A heap of leaflets, sear'd
 By Autumn's touch, the vagrant winds had piled
 Upon the floor ; and in the wall was seen
 A niche, where meekly folding her dread Child
 Stood the blest Mother, of Archangels Queen,
 Carved in the living rock, with a most loving mien.

Half open stood the door; I push'd it wide.—

Ah, me, what sight was there! the dense profound
Of sheer infinity's abysmal void

Broke sudden from the threshold. Not a sound
Stirr'd the strange blank; nor dark it seem'd, nor light;

But a great nameless all-absorbing deep,
Upon whose verge I shiver'd with affright,
As the fledged eaglet, balancing to sweep
Downward on his first plunge from the stern dizzy steep.

Ah, then had I extinct in darkness been,
Lost in the depths of that abyss unknown,

But that a hand behind me came unseen,
And pluck'd me back when I was all but gone.

Breathless before the Mother and the Child

A moment and I seem'd to kneel and pray;

A moment and methought their faces smiled,

As if they had some gracious thing to say:
Then sudden from my dream I woke,—and it was day!

I woke; but still the thought of that abyss

Haunted my spirit with a fearful power;

And long in vain I struggled to dismiss

Its memory through many a waking hour.

O bountiful compassion of the Lord!

Thus warning us by day and night in turn;

Forcing by fear, enticing by reward;

That man may his mortality discern,
And from his nothingness his true dependence learn

O Nothingness, from whence my being sprang;

O Nothingness, to which again I tend;

If Thou, who didst the globe on nothing hang,

Refuse Thine ever-present aid to lend!

Essential Being, whence all beings flow,

Teach me my native misery to see;

Teach me my perfect nullity to know;

Teach me to feel how I depend on Thee
For all I was, or am, or may hereafter be.

And thou, pure Virgin Daughter of the sky,
Who, fashion'd like myself in mortal mould,
Wast raised by thy deep lowliness so high
As in thine arms Creation's Lord to hold,
Entreat for me that I aside may cast

All things that might my heavenward course impede ;
That I may humbly walk, and gain at last,
From all temptation, sin, and suffering freed,
The bosom of my God, whence endless joys proceed.

XXXIV. BELIEF OF ANGLICANS IN THE REAL PRESENCE TESTED.

My friends, ye use a solemn-seeming tone,
And teach a truth sublime ;
Christ present in His Eucharist ye own,
And count denial a crime.

Be honest ; if Him truly there ye hold,
When next the Feast ye share,
Bow down before the Mystery untold,—
Bow down, and worship there !

What, ye refuse ! O men unreal, I see
Ye have your words belied !
Farewell, such teaching will not serve for me ;
I seek a surer guide.

XXXV. A REMONSTRANCE.

Dear friends, I know you mean your best,
Thinking to serve your Lord and mine,
When thus you pluck me from your breast
For having join'd His Church divine.

O if ye knew !—but words are vain ;
 Ye cannot learn what ye despise :
 And it is idle to explain
 The truth to those who shut their eyes ;
 Yet I will say, If but ye knew
 The things which blindly ye condemn ;
 Could ye but feel as children do,
 And deign for once to learn of them ;
 Before that Church which now you hate,
 That Church which you refuse to hear,
 Which in your hearts you execrate,
 And which, while you revile, you fear,
 O, with what love and joy and trust
 Would you not all with one accord
 Exult to bow yourselves in dust,
 As the pure image of her Lord !
 Bethink ye, friends, a day is near—
 How near to each, O who can say ?—
 When falsities will disappear,
 And all be seen as clear as day.
 Unhappy those who now their eyes
 To close against the Truth agree,
 But then with sorrow and surprise
 Shall be compell'd that Truth to see !
 Pause and reflect ; your time is short ;
 Soon will this hurried life be o'er :
 Too late perchance ye may be taught
 What might have saved if learnt before !

XXXVI. THE ROCK OF PETER.

Yes, there are times
 When through my being's depth,
 Shoots an ecstatic thrill

Of bounding gratitude for mercies past ;—
 To think that now,
 From sophistry's black web,
 From deadly subtle snare
 Of Heresy, I am escaped at last !

O, happy I !
 Who, spent by baffling surge,
 Have now at length my foot
 Upon the Rock of Peter firmly set ;
 Round which the waves
 Tumultuous rage in vain ;
 Vainly have raged of old,
 And still in vain shall rage through ages yet.

Now let the hills
 Be swept into the sea ;
 Let the floods lift their voice ;
 And mountains shake before the roaring deep ;—
 I on the Rock
 Of ages safe from harm,
 Will lay me down in peace,
 And all amid the wrack securely sleep.

Thou o'er my head
 Lulling the fretful sea,
 Star of the deep ! shine down,
 Still evermore the same in storms or calms !
 And send sweet dreams
 Of Paradise to me,
 Taking my happy rest
 Safe in my everlasting Father's arms !

XXXVII. ST. CLEMENT'S TOMB.

Of all the mausoleums, old or new,
 High-famed in Italy or other lands,
 Thine, Clement, I admire, by Angel-hands
 Constructed underneath the billows blue,

On the broad Euxine's amber-paven floor,
Near where Chersona stood in days of yore.

Long dwelt thy memory there among the race
Of simple quarrymen, whose toil supplied
Imperial Rome with porphyry to grace
Her palaces ; and long they certified,
Father to child, the story of thy tomb,
And well-remember'd glorious martyrdom.

How exiled thither by the stern decree
Of Trajan, thou through all the country round
Didst spread the Christian faith ; and being found
Guilty of death wast carried out to sea,
And toss'd into the dull oblivious deep,
Yoked to an anchor for thy surer sleep.

How then, as all the Faithful, on the shore
Lamenting thy lost relics, knelt and pray'd,
Lo, of itself the sea three miles and more
Receding, a broad open pathway made ;
And they in search of thee, abreast the tide
Exploring on, a wondrous structure spied !

A lonely sepulchre, far out at sea,
Of purest alabaster, by no tool
Of mortal hand proportion'd,—beautiful
With curious work of mystic imagery,
O'er which on opal stalactites uprear'd
A pearly-tinted canopy appear'd.

And lo, within the tomb serenely lying,
The Saint himself in tranquil death composed ;
Fragrant with Paradise ; a bloom undying
Upon his roseate cheek ; his eyelids closed ;
His arms devoutly cross'd upon his breast ;
Picture sublime of everlasting rest !

And not far off the anchor they espied,
 So late his instrument of martyrdom,
 But emblem now of better things to come ;
 When at the Resurrection glorified,
 He, who for Jesus did his body give,
 In that same body shall with Jesus live.

So runs Crimea's legendary lore,
 Clement, of thee ; but our great Mother Rome,
 O Fourth of those whom Peter's lineage bore,
 In time thy relics claim'd, as thy true home ;
 And she, who cast thee to a doom unjust,
 Now worships every remnant of thy dust !

XXXVIII. THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

O thou, dread Nature, whose material frame
 In elemental strength compactly stands,
 In beauty ever varying, yet the same,
 Blending in unity all times and lands !
 What art Thou but a Temple to His name
 Who thee uprear'd upon th' abyss profound ;
 The uncreated Word, who flesh became
 For us poor wormlings creeping on the ground,
 Unworthy that such grace should unto us abound ?
 Who, lifting up thy mountain-pillar'd heights,
 Thy spacious floor with land and sea inlaid ;
 Fill'd thy long aisles with mystic sounds and sights ;
 Of starry sky thy roof cerulean made :
 That man in thee of ever-fresh delights,
 Through dying Autumn and reviving Spring,
 Through the long Summer-days and Winter-nights,
 Might find a store from whence His praise to sing
 Who is above all praise, of all creation King !
 'Then, too, lest outward nature should enthral
 Our souls oblivious of the things unseen,
 Deep in Creation's adamant wall
 Windows He placed of rainbow-tints serene ;

Through which His holy Heaven on those might shine
 Who purely sought their God in all to see :
 O glorious work of mercy most divine,
 That nature thus might Thine Apostle be,
 Great Lord, and to our hearts preach not herself but Thee!

Wherefore, all praise be Thine, who so hast wrought
 Each mind responsive to Creation's scheme,
 That outward sight should lead to inward thought,
 Through inward thought Thine inner glory beam !
 And teach us, gracious Lord, whene'er we go
 The wonders of this Temple to explore,
 Thyself, of all its life the life to know ;
 Thyself in all its wonders to adore,
 Lord of all wisdom, might, and glory evermore !

XXXIX. NATURE'S ORATORIES.

Thou, too, O Nature, Temple most divine !
 Besides thy public transept wide display'd,
 Hast thine own private cells within thy shrine,
 For secret prayer and meditation made :
 Blest Oratories! on calm mountain-height,
 Or in the forest's dim recesses found ;
 Or in the natural cave far hid from sight,
 Down by the shore where ceaseless billows sound,
 And the black beetling rocks reverberate around.

To these thy cloistral haunts, in olden time,
 Often, 'tis said, the world's great sages came,
 To meditate apart on truths sublime,
 By glimpses caught through nature's outward frame ;
 And here—while, listening to Creation's groan,
 They yearn'd for that Redemption yet to be—
 Thou, Lord, didst hear their heart's responsive moan,
 And pitying their dense mortality
 Liftedst in part the veil that hid their gaze from Thee.

Hither came Orpheus, with his golden lyre,
 Anticipating Thine own David's strains ;
 Here Homer sipp'd the fount of living fire,
 And pious Hesiod sang, not all in vain ;
 Here Numa sat, from busy courts retired,
 And Socrates with Plato, side by side ;
 Here Solon and Confucius were inspired ;
 Here Virgil knelt ; and many more beside,
 Whose names for ever live,—true souls unspoil'd by pride !
 And evermore came wisdom all unsought
 On those who stole in silence here to muse :
 But evermore the proud return'd untaught ;
 For Thou to them, O Lord, didst light refuse,
 And in its place Egyptian darkness came ;
 Wherein, whoso Thy glorious works abuse,
 They for their pride shall perish in the same.
 O, teach us, then, a lowly path to choose,
 And in our hearts Thine own humility infuse.

XL. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE BOND OF THE WORLD.

Like Isles that on the lap of ocean sleep,
 Each a lone speck upon the watery maze,
 So to the English superficial eye
 Appear the Churches of our modern days,
 That multifold in central unity
 With Apostolic Rome communion keep :
 But peering downward into Time's still deep,
 Search thou the blue abyss with curious gaze,
 And lo, these separate seeming Isles are found
 To be the tops of mountains deluged o'er,
 By whose enduring bars the world is bound ;
 Whose roots extend and meet from shore to shore,
 Keeping all earth in place till time shall be no more !

XLI. FLOWERS IN THE SACRISTY.

Sweet flowers! that here
 In bright disorder lie,
 Soon to be ranged
Upon the Altar of the Lord most High;

Gather'd for this
 By the fond hand of love :
 How blest your lot
Above your other sisters of the grove !

How blest to give
 To Heav'n your beauty's prime,
 While yet unmarr'd
By sudden blight or slow-consuming time !

Dear emblems ye
 Of such as early die,
 From life's fair mead
Cull'd in their fresh baptismal purity !

They from this earth
 By Angels quickly borne
 To God's own shrine,
His ever-blooming altar to adorn ;

There in His sight
 Their graces fair display,
 And yield new tints
In the pure light of beatific day ;

There set before
 The golden branches seven,
 Live evermore,
And breathe a fragrance through the courts of Heaven.

XLII. FLOWERS ON THE ALTAR OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT.

As on some ocean cliff
Oft I have seen
A patch of flowers along the perilous brink
Basking serene

In blooming heedlessness,
For all as though
No dread profundity of heaving main
Upsurged below;

So by yon altar-flowers
Glistening so fair
In their most delicate vases, each as in
Its own parterre,

Opens a dread abyss,
A sea immense,
Confounding in its dread reality
All thought, all sense !

For there in hidden might
Of glory dwells,
He who creation's whole infinitude
So far excels,

That countless worlds might blaze
To nought before
The fires of His magnificence, and all
Would be no more,

If with His Majesty
We them compare,
Than th' incense-wreath that round the altar rolls,
Then melts in air !

XLIII. ON THE USE OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS
FOR THE ALTAR.

Time was when I abhorr'd,
Too much a partisan of nature's bowers,
To see upon the Altar of the Lord
Fictitious flowers.

But now, more fully taught
Thy hidden spirit, Church of ancient days
I find in this another proof unsought
Of wisdom's ways.

O Mother thou of men !
Who with all Heav'n unfolded in thy sight,
Dost yet no work of human hand contemn,
However slight !

But sanctifying all
That into thy full lap thy children bring,
Offerest their gifts with grace majestic
To Heaven's high King !

Offerest for them whate'er
Of beauty, Art, or Nature may afford,
To Him who high o'er art or nature's sphere
Of both alike is Lord !

XLIV. LINES ON A CEREMONIAL SANDAL OF
HIS HOLINESS.

'How beauteous on the hills the feet of him,
('Tis thus Isaias sings)
'Who preaches heavenly peace, and brings to man
Glad tidings of good things !'

Christ first, his Vicar now, to us fulfils
This gracious work of God ;
No land by seas or mountains so conceal'd,
But Peter there hath trod.

Hail, dearly-prized memorial, in late days
 By our loved Pius worn!
 Hail, emblem of the foot that walk'd the waves
 In our redemption's morn!

Before this little cross embroider'd here
 Princes have bended low;
 And own'd the presence of a greater power
 Than their proud world can show.

Here love hath left a kiss; here guilt hath been,
 Nor dropp'd a tear in vain
 At his dear feet who holds the potent Keys
 That pardon or retain!

Here learning to the truthful Roman See
 Hath grateful homage paid;
 Here to religion's beauteous majesty
 Beauty hath bow'd her head.

Oh by this sacred relic here I swear,
 As all my life shall prove,
 To him who sits in Peter's holy chair
 True loyalty and love!

XLV. LINES ON A CEREMONIAL CAPELLA
 OF HIS HOLINESS.

O high exalted instinct of the soul!
 That evermore doth find
 A grace and splendour not their own, in things
 Of customary kind!

Casket, or signet-ring, or coat of mail,
 Or ornament of state,
 That once belong'd to History's Champions,
 The good, the wise, the great!

This relic fair, which love most Catholic
Devoutly treasures here,
To me, beholding it, than rubied crown
More glorious doth appear.

For cinctured round with spiry wheaten ears
And clustering grapes of gold,
Types of the pure Oblation offer'd now
For bloody rites of old,

Here, (by no fancy-freak) beneath its rim
Of emblematic red,
It shaded from a Roman summer's sun
The sacred snow-white head

Of our dear Pius ; as from Church to Church,
Amidst the kneeling throng,
Serene he pass'd ;—a Vision of delight,
The ancient ways along !

Angels of Rome ! O shield that head beloved
From danger and all fears ;
Watch o'er the Pontiff brave, the Sovereign good,
The Priest of fifty years !

And when his hour arrives, so long postponed
By Christendom's fond prayer,
May he in Heaven's own Hierarchy throned
Be still our glory there !

XLVI. A SOUL'S LAMENT IN PURGATORY.

Poor Letitia dead and gone,
All her sprightly pleasures o'er,
Thus to her Creator cries,
Who His loving face denies
Not enough desired before.

‘O Thou Trinity most true,
In thy Unity confess’d,
Whom in Purgatorial pain
Now I seek, and seek in vain,
Beatific Vision blest !

‘How for Thee, my God, I yearn
Through a night that knows no day,
Pining on without relief,
In excess of purest grief,
Till my debt be done away.

‘Nothing here to soothe my pangs !
Nothing to distract my care !
Gone away my joys to waste !
Gone away my very taste
For joy, if any joy there were !

‘Yet, oh yet, my comfort this,
Through my penance-tide unknown,
Never more at least can I
Sin against thy sanctity,
O adored, beloved, alone !

‘Whom despite of all the past,
Through the Blood of Calvary
With a hope that holdeth fast,
Still I look to see at last
In a glad eternity !’

Thus Letitia makes her moan :—
Hades hears her, and replies,
From th’ impalpable profound
Of the viewless regions round,
With a thousand thousand sighs !

XLVII. THE GRACIOUSNESS OF PURGATORY.

So great the preciousness of merits earn'd
 With Christ's dear-purchased grace ;
 Once ratified by death, no after change
 May aught of them efface.

Therefore,—for those in grace deceased,—when still
 Some penance must be paid,
 'Tis not by compromise of merits past
 Against demerits weigh'd ;

Which would for ever leave behind in Heaven
 A certain trace occult
 Of evil, not itself, but as involved
 In th' ultimate result.

But no !—Demerit on its own account
 Shall satisfaction pay,
 Till in a penal interim its stain
 Is wholly purged away ;

Then Merit, saved in full integrity,
 And from her thrall unbound,
 Shall enter Heav'n's dread holiness, and there
 Eternally be crown'd.

O bounteous God ! not only suffering us
 To count and call our own,
 By pure excess of gracious charity,
 What He in us hath done ;—

Not only through our life, when we repent
 Reviving merits past ;—
 But after death securing us in full
 Their guerdon at the last !

Then, welcome Purgatory with its pains,
 Whatever, Lord, they be ;
 So only saving me from Hell, Thou save
 Thy works, as mine, for me !

XLVIII. IN GOD'S SIGHT.

Why should we vex our foolish minds
 So much from day to day,
 With what an idle world concerning us
 May think or say?

Do we not know there sits a Judge,
 Before whose searching eyes
 Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
 And open lies?

O my omniscient Lord and God!
 Enough, enough for me,
 That Thou the evil in me and the good
 Dost wholly see.

Let others in their fancies think of me
 Or say whate'er they will ;
 Such as I am before thy judgement-seat
 So am I still.

Praise they my good beyond desert,
 And all my bad ignore ;—
 That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
 No less, no more!

Decry they all my good, and blame
 My evil in excess ;—
 That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
 No more—no less !

XLIX. FAITH.

Faith is no weakly flower,
 By sudden heat, or chill, or stormy shower,
 To perish in an hour.

But rich in hidden worth,
A plant of grace, though striking root in earth,
It boasts a hardy birth ;

Still from its native skies
Draws energy which common shocks defies,
And lives where nature dies !

L. THE TWO MOTHERS.

‘ My husband’s second wife am I,—
The first had early died ;
Two little ones she left behind ;
And I her place supplied.

‘ But they, when first they saw my face,
By strange ideas misled,
Me for their own dear mother took,
And thus the elder said :—

“ O mother, mother, up in Heaven,
How long you’ve been away !
But now that you’ve come back at last,
We hope you’ve come to stay.”

‘ Then with a tear, I thus replied,
Kissing the little brow,
“ My child, I am not her—you have
Another mother now.

“ O happy things ! to whom the Lord
Has two fond mothers given ;
One to be theirs on earth, and one
To pray for them in Heaven ! ”’

Such was the tale that once we heard
Beneath Helvetia’s sky ;—
A lady of Geneva’s sect,
Geneva’s creed bely !

O Nature, Nature ! thou art strong ;
 False creeds their work may do ;
 But Truth and thou, I think, ere long
 Will break an entrance through.

LI. LOVE.

Love is like a little rose ;
 First it buds and then it blows,
 Breathing over lane and bower
 Sweeter scent than any flower.
 If a canker eat the core
 All its bloom will soon be o'er.
 Dost thou wish it long to live ?
 Nursing plenty thou must give,
 Feeding it on sighs and tears
 Trembling hopes and busy fears.
 So in time of winter bare
 Shall for thee be blossom fair ;
 E'en the leaves, I've heard it said,
 Sweetly smell when they are dead !

LII. CHASTISEMENT.

I stood beside her early grave,
 Grave of my joy to me ;
 To Him who punishes to save
 Lowly I bent my knee.

' Father supreme ! thy ways are best,
 Thy footsteps are not known ;
 To her sweet head Thou gavest rest
 Beneath this quiet stone ;

'To me long grief of many years
Still lengthening to the last,
Remembrances that steep in tears
The present and the past.

'Her doubtless quick did Angels bear
Into a home divine,
For ever there thy love to share,
Oh, better far than mine !

'Me too thy chastening hand has brought
Thy will in all to see,
And from henceforth to welcome aught
If only sent by Thee ;

'Learning, the longer that I live,
In patience to be strong ;—
Oh, for thy dearest Son forgive
If I have mourn'd too long.'

LIII. SUNDAY.

Hence! avaunt! all follies vain!
Idle pomp, and sordid gain!
Frolic mirth, forget to play!
Labour, throw thy spade away!
Hark! from yonder spire-tipp'd trees,
On the bosom of the breeze,
Peals in pleasant fall and swell,
Sunday's early matin-bell.
Holy, holy, holy Day!
Welcome thrice to thee, I say ;
Thee whom suits uplifted eye,
Heart commercing with the sky ;

Bosom calm, and step sedate ;
 Simple garb, and sober gait ;
 But, though grave thy temper be,
 Yet, when thou dost come to me,
 I beseech thee, holy Day !
 Put not on a sad array ;
 (As amongst our people here
 Thou too often dost appear,
 Like a widow all in weeds,
 Weeping o'er our wicked deeds) ;
 But, oh come, as suits thee best,
 Cheerful day of genial rest !
 Come, with happy winning smile
 Full of hope and free from guile !
 Come, attired in raiment bright,
 Roseate with celestial light !
 Come, encoronall'd with flowers
 Cull'd in Paradisal bowers !
 Come, with looks of radiant grace,
 Such as beam'd upon thy face,
 When on bright Italia's shore
 Thee I met in days of yore.

So together, hand in hand,
 We within the aisle will stand,
 Listening to the solemn sound
 Now above, and now around ;—
 Listening to the Sanctus clear
 Softly melting in the ear,
 As with incense to the skies
 Soars th' almighty Sacrifice ;
 There shall rapt devotion kneel
 Breathing fire of holy zeal !
 There shall penitence sincere
 Plead the silent falling tear ;

There shall Charity attend
Changing enemy to friend ;
Stedfast Hope that looks on high,
And pure Faith that dares to die,
Seeking out her sole reward
In the bosom of her Lord.

Or together down some glen,
Far from busy scenes of men,
Through the hawthorns we will go,
Slowly wending to and fro ;
While the soul, all else forgot
In her future final lot,
Mounting high on vivid wings,
Meditates immortal things,
Till in excess of glory clear,
Present worlds obscure appear,
Heaven's own veil is lifted high,
Death seems life, and life to die !

Such the joys I ask of thee,
Day of joy and Jubilee !
Sweet delight of earth and Heaven !
Sweetest day of all the seven !
These if but thou wilt bestow,
Here in turn to thee I vow,
In the name of young and old,
Faithful children of the fold,
Never shall the joyous chime
Fail to greet at rosy prime
Thee, upon the hills of light
Reappearing to our sight ;
Never through the livelong year,
Summer gay or Winter sere,
Early Spring or Autumn hale,
Shall thy own High Altar fail

Of the brightest flowers that bloom,
 Through the seasons as they come ;
 Or of all that Art supplies
 Oft as fading Nature dies.

LIV. THE ORDER OF PURE INTUITION.

Hail sacred Order of eternal Truth !
 That deep within the soul,
 In axiomatic majesty sublime,
 One undivided whole,

Up from the underdepth unsearchable
 Of primal Being springs,
 An inner world of thought, co-ordinate
 With that of outward things !

Hail, Intuition pure ! whose essences
 The central core supply
 Of conscience, language, science, certitude,
 Art, beauty, harmony !

Great God ! I thank Thy majesty supreme,
 Whose all-creative grace
 Not in the sentient faculties alone
 Has laid my reason's base ;

Not in abstractions thin by slow degrees
 From grosser forms refined ;
 Not in tradition, nor the broad consent
 Of conscious humankind ;

But in th' essential Presence of Thyself,
 Within the soul's abyss ;
 Thyself, alike of her intelligence
 The fount, as of her bliss :

Thyself, by nurture, meditation, grace,
Reflexively reveal'd ;
Yet ever acting on the springs of thought,
E'en when from thought conceal'd !

LV. THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

This morn upon the may-tree tall
That shelters our suburban wall
A curious sight I spied,
A linnet young, of plumage gay,
Fast to the trembling topmost spray
By strange misfortune tied.

There helpless dangling, all in vain
From his enthralling viewless chain
To loose himself he strove ;
Till, spent at last, he hung as dead,
No more by brook and flowery mead
On happy wing to rove.

Then, pitying a fate so sad,
I call'd a little singing lad,
And bade him climb the tree ;
With orders, at whatever cost,
Though e'en a blooming branch were lost,
To set the captive free ;

With steady eye aloft he goes ;
I trace him through the rustling boughs ;
A joyous shout is heard ;
Then, snowy white with tufts of may,
Down to my feet descends a spray,
And with the spray the bird.

I loosed his bonds ; away he flew ;
And grateful, from a neighbouring yew
Repaid me with a song ;

But what, think you, I found to be
 The chain that in captivity
 Had held him fast so long?

A single thread of silken hair,
 That borne by zephyrs here and there,
 Had settled on the spray ;
 Then, as he sported there, had wound
 His soft and glossy neck around,
 And bound him fast a prey !

MORAL.

Ye children of the world, beware !
 Too oft a lock of silken hair
 Has made the soul a prize ;
 And held it riveted to earth,
 When, by the instinct of its birth,
 It should have sought the skies.

And ye who have for God resign'd
 The sympathies of womankind,
 With me give thanks and sing !
 Safe from the ties of earthly love,
 Let all your thoughts be fix'd above,
 On your eternal King !

Thrice happy ! who, for once and all
 Released from fond affection's thrall,
 No other wish retain,
 Except to serve your Lord aright,
 And his neglected love requite
 Who once for you was slain

Erewhile enslaved to vanity,
 Rejoice that ye are wholly free
 To seek the joys to come !

And bent on your immortal prize,
On wings of contemplation rise
To God's exalted Paradise,
Your everlasting home !

LVI. CATHOLIC RUINS.

Where once our fathers offer'd praise and prayer,
And sacrifice sublime ;
Where rose upon the incense-breathing air
The chant of olden time ;

Now, amid arches mouldering to the earth,
The boding night-owl raves ;
Or pleasure-parties dance in idle mirth
O'er the forgotten graves ;

Or worse ; the heretic of modern days
Has made those walls his prize ;
And in the pile our Faith alone could raise,
That very Faith denies !

God of our fathers, look upon our woe !
How long wilt Thou not hear ?
How long shall Thy true vine be trodden low,
Nor help from Thee appear ?

Oh, by our glory in the days gone by ;
Oh, by Thine ancient love ;
Oh, by our thousand Saints, who ceaseless cry
Before Thy throne above ;

Lord, for this Isle, compassionate though just,
Cherish Thy wrath no more ;
But build again her Temple from the dust,
And our lost joy restore !

LVII. ENGLAND'S FUTURE CONVERSION.

I thought upon the noble souls,
That have from age to age,
O England ! shone upon the rolls
Of thy historic page :

I thought upon the nobleness
That yet in thee appears,
After the wasting heresies
Of thrice a hundred years.

And musing on thine earlier day,
' Dear native land,' I said,
' It cannot be, for all they say,
That thou art wholly dead.'

Ah no ! I feel, and here declare
With presage half divine,
That in the days which coming are,
If not at least in mine,

Thy desecrated shrines once more
Shall their true Lord receive ;
And kneeling Englishmen adore
Where now they disbelieve.

O joyous thought ! how from these eyes
The tears ecstatic start,
Whene'er, as now, I feel thee rise
Unbidden in my heart !

O Day of days, so oft foretold !
So surely drawing nigh !
Which Saints have thirsted to behold,
For which the Angels sigh !

Methinks, although in Paradise
My spirit then should be,
'Twould feel an increase of its joys
In looking down on thee !

Methinks these very bones of mine
Will thrill beneath the grave,
When thou shalt come, O Day divine !
My native land to save !

LVIII. TO THE HAND OF A LIVING CATHOLIC
AUTHOR.

Hail, sacred Force !
Hail, energy sublime !
Fountain of present deeds,
And manifold effects in future time !

Through thee have sped
Forth on their blazing way
Conceptions fiery-wing'd,
That shall the destinies of ages sway !

Through thee this Isle,
Long bound in Satan's chain,
To her original faith
Inclines beyond all hope an ear again ;

And eyes askant,
With a half wistful gaze,
Passing in beauty by,
The Vision of the Church of ancient days !

Symbol august !
Here on my bended knee,
I venerate the truth
And multitudinous grace that speaks in thee.

Thou, drawing back
 The curtains of the night,
 First on this guilty soul,
 Shut up in heresy, didst open light.

Through thee on her
 Eternal morning rose ;
 O, how with all her powers
 Can she enough repay the debt she owes !

LIX. ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE ROMAN
 NOBLE.

‘ Unhappy youth ! so strangely vice
 Has dull’d thy spirit’s finer sense,
 That when I threaten endless Hell,
 My words appear a vain pretence.

‘ We must to facts. Come hither then ;
 And kneeling here beside my knee,
 Bend down thy face upon my lap,
 And for thyself behold and see !’

With easy grace, at Philip’s feet
 The youthful noble knelt and gazed ;
 But, oh, another man was he
 When up again his face he raised !

‘ O Saint and Father, I repent,
 And here confess my guilt,’ he cries ;
 ‘ For what my heart refused to own
 Has been before my very eyes !’

‘ I saw the hidden depth of Hell
 Disclosed in all its raging might ;
 I saw th’ intolerable flames,
 And faint with horror at the sight !’

With tender strain St. Philip drew
 The frightened worldling to his breast,
 And on his terror-stricken soul
 The truths of life eternal press'd.

Then all his saintly art he plied,
 Till fear in love had died away ;
 And so absolving sent him back
 Converted to his dying day !

LX. A PROPHECY.

When this half-century its course has sped,
 And, like the vision of an earlier time,
 The Church of God again uplifts her head
 In this proud Isle ; confronting social crime ;
 Confronting Death and Hell—all stately, bright, sublime !

Then, gazing back upon the years that now
 Beneath us glide, and tracing how uprose
 The fair-proportion'd citadel, and how
 Grew in its strength of terrible repose,
 Accessible to friends, impervious to foes :—

History will tell, and men amazed will see,
 Amid what vast amount of tears and pain,
 Amid what martyrdoms of misery,
 Of torn affections, friendship's ruptured chain,
 Homes wasted, life upturn'd, and hopes indulged in vain,

Were its foundations laid. Ah, Jesu, say,
 What mystery is this ! that evermore
 Pure Faith should scatter thorns upon her way
 Instead of roses ? now as heretofore !—
 No wonder that the world should her approach deplore.

But we, of all things taught an estimate,
Suspect in this some great necessity ;
Lest the soul faint hereafter with the weight
Of that immeasurable felicity
Predestinated theirs who witness here for thee !

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