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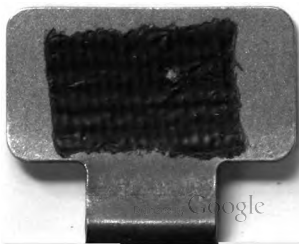
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Altar Songs.

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VERSES ON THE HOLY
EUCCHARIST.



Second Edition, Enlarged.

LONDON:
G. J. PALMER, 32, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
1868.

Price Sixpence.

Julian Collection

Altar Songs.

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D. W. C.

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DEDICATED TO

THE MEMBERS OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE

BLESSED SACRAMENT

OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST.

This little book of Verses is intended for the use of those who believe in, revere and love the Doctrine of the Real Presence. It is offered to them, in the hope that its use may supplement that of other more pretending and more valuable works on the same Verity.

But should it fall into the hands of any who maintain, however sincerely, the only other theory tenable on this Mystery, viz: the Real Absence, is it too much to hope, that, at least, some may be led from these pages to others, until at last they accept the true belief—the Doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church, once for all delivered?

W. C. D.

Feast of Corpus Christi, 1867.

NOTICE TO SECOND EDITION.

A call having been made for a second edition of these Verses, they are now put forth in an improved form.

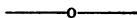
W. C. D. .

Ascension-tide, 1868.

A GROUP OF COMMUNION HYMNS

FOR THE

CHRISTIAN YEAR.



I.

Advent.

The Warning and the Invitation.

SILENCE, strange sounds are in the earth
Of mysteries to be ;
Silence, a voice which cries, Prepare,
From wrath eternal flee.

And yet another Voice is heard
Within the startled breast ;
O faint, O weary, come to Me,
And you shall be refresht.

Thus ever these two voices blend,
Prepare—and—Come to Me,
One is a call to strife with self,
The other, Lord, to Thee.

John bids us make the rugged smooth,
And life's rough places plain,
Ere Thou, the Judge of all the earth,
Haste with Thine Angel-Train.

B

But Thou, dear Lord, dost speak of Rest ;
 Come, is Thy word of peace ;
 And as we rise, so comest Thou,
 That all our sorrows cease.

Silence, dread words are in the earth
 Of mysteries that be ;
 Prepare ; is sternness in the voice ?
 Still Love saith, Come to Me.

 II.

Christmas.

Knowing Him in the breaking of Bread.

AND can it be that God is born
 This happy morn ;
 That He, Most High, Who framed the earth
 Is come to birth ;
 That He in time, the Ageless One,
 Is Mary's Son ?
 Yes, even so ; Faith leads the way
 Unto the Day,
 And Hope, with songs, beguiles the road
 To that abode
 Where Love, her journey past, shall see
 True Charity.
 To Bethlehem come, what see I there ?
 A Child most fair ;
 Yet He is God, Who finds His rest
 On Mary's breast :
 A little One but newly born,
 The Star of Morn ;

III.

*Circumcision.**The Morning Sacrifice.*

To Thine Altar's shadow flying,
 I have peace, O Lord, in Thee :
 In the Sacrifice relying,
 Wrought upon Mount Calvary :
 In Thy Childhood, Cross, and Dying,
 Session by the crystal sea.

Thou art priestly robe assuming,
 Child, for morning sacrifice,
 Since the cruel knife is dooming
 Flesh to bleed in legal wise :
 Cross and Passion, Death, Entombing,
 All are set before Thine eyes.

Ancient sacrifices ended,
 One alone the faithful plead,
 Since the Master condescended
 To ordain for mortals' need
 This, which elder rites transcended,
 This, by which all else we read.

In the Feast of our Salvation,
 In the New Law's Banquet blest
 Evermore the One Oblation
 Is by faithful hearts confest :
 And the Passion's fresh relation,
 Makes redemption manifest.

There the chalice brightly gleaming
 Thou dost give Thy chosen Bride ;

There the healing Flood is streaming,
 As from Hands and Feet and Side:
 Blood which Thou didst shed, redeeming,
 Priceless, all-sufficient Tide.

Earnest of the great outpouring
 Of that Blood which sin should stay,
 Ye, I greet, sweet drops, restoring
 Souls which moulder in decay:
 By Thy Blood, I cry, adoring,
 Jesu, take my sins away.

 IV.

Epiphany.

Christ Manifest at the Altar.

WHO will lead me to the manger,
 Where my Lord is lying?
 Lead me through the dark and danger,
 Lead through tears and sighing,
 Guide where King and Gentile stranger,
 Star-led now are hieing?

What the gift I have to bring Him
 Who hath brought Salvation?
 What the song wherewith to sing Him
 Whom the Angel-nation
 Hymns, while thousand censers fling Him,
 Mystical oblation?

Peace! The Way Himself will lead me
 Where in silence lying

He, the Gift Himself will feed me
 With the Bread undying—
 Where Himself will gently heed me,
 Stay my tears and sighing.

To the Altar, not the manger,
 I am journey taking ;
 If in darkness, if in danger,
 Heart and flesh be quaking,
 He The Light, both friend and stranger,
 Leads where light is breaking.

There the nations shall behold Him
 Who, His glory hiding,
 Lets created things enfold Him—
 Who, creation guiding,
 While the worlds He framed uphold Him,
 On the winds is riding.

Jew and Gentile bend before Him,
 In humiliation ;
 Scythian, bond and free implore Him
 By His Incarnation ;
 At His Altar-shrine adore Him,
 Peace, Propitiation.

V.

Tent and Passion-tide.

The Journey to the Mount of God.

SAINTS of old wrought out salvation, won through
 fast and vigil sore ;
 Whom am I that I am seeking peaceful entrance
 at the door ;

At the door where they have waited, love nor
 patience waxing cold,
 Till at length the Porter opened, welcomed to His
 happy fold ?

What am I that I am pleasing self upon the
 narrow road,
 Thinking One will come to bless me while I shun,
 not bear His load ?

I have gathered flowers for garlands, will the
 Master own me now,
 He, Who more than Rose of Sharon, wore the
 thorns upon His brow ?

Must I cast these fair ones from me, children of
 the golden morns ?

Yes, before my Love I welcome as the Lily among
 thorns.

Must I still be apprehending, learning how to
 watch and pray ?

Yes indeed, until the day break and the shadows
 flee away.

Forty days of fast and penance: seems it hard ?
 yet I would win

Fadeless treasure, endless pleasure, realm where no
 ill cometh in.

If hereafter be the brightness, if hereafter be the
 crown,

Here must first be tribulation, self-surrender,
 beating down.

Must I still maintain the warfare ? Yes, till He
 shall bid me stay :

Till the voice of my Beloved, Rise, my fair one,
 come away.

Days of fasting, then Jehovah spake to Moses face
to face :

Forty days upon the mountain, then the vision of
the grace ;

Glory, as it were a pavement at His feet of
sapphire stone ;

Brightness, as it were the clearness underneath the
eternal Throne.

Thus fall loneliness and silence till the days of
mourning end ;

Then He speaks, the Lord to mortal, as a man
speaks to his friend.

So I come with fast to seek Him, Who in sacra-
ment of grace,

Standing on the gospel-mountain, rends the veil
before His Face ;

Shows Himself, though cloudy pillar at the taber-
nacle door

Still enshrouds from fullest vision—*that* upon the
farther shore !

Lord, it is enough, I pray Thee that I even now
might die ;—

Am I weary of the journey ? this is scarce a hero's
cry.

Shame, for I forget the prophet from beneath the
bitter tree,

Rose, by angel's touch awakened, mystic cake and
cruse to see.

Yet the Voice of more than angel comes the soul
to satiate ;

Rise and eat the Bread of angels, for the journey
is too great ;

Bread which Fire of Love undying makes to be
thy mystic food,
Through the virtue of the Passion, through the
merit of the Rood.

If I taste the Food angelic—sink to listless sleep
again,
Under shade of bitter sorrows, with a heart worn
out by pain ;

Still the Voice that wearies never, speaks once
more in accents blest ;
In the world is tribulation, but in Me alone is
rest.

Bread of Life, be Thou my portion till the wilder-
ness be past,
Till in Thee, the Mount of Horeb, Mount of God,
be won at last !

VI.

Easter.

Very early in the Morning.

MY heart her alleluias uplifts on this Queen of
Days,
She puts her sackcloth from her, takes songs for
garments of praise ;
The captives win their freedom, and the blind
receive their sight,
The victors shout the triumph, and joy in their
Leader's might.

While yet the golden morning spreads her wings
 across the east,
 I hasten where the faithful are keeping the glad-
 some feast ;
 With happy Paschal greetings, with a heart set
 free from fear,
 For Him I seek is present, He is risen, He is here.
 The rocky tomb is empty and the stone is rolled
 away,
 He is mighty King and Victor Who is in our midst
 to-day :
 Who watch and guard defeated for the love of His
 elect,
 Is found of those who seek Him in the place where
 they expect.

Not in the rich man's garden where the sacred
 Body lay,
 Not amid type and shadow, and standing afar, I
 pray ;
 The light of resurrection on the Altar-shrine is
 poured
 The Living, He be praised, and the Living, He
 adored.

Yes, surely here I own Him, Who liveth and yet
 was dead,
 Who wills that I should know Him in the breaking
 of the bread ;
 Who comes with sure redemption, for the last
 dread strife is o'er,
 The only King of Glory, the Alive for evermore !

VII.

*Ascension.**Redemption by the Precious Blood.*

ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus,
 His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
 His the victory alone ;
 Hark the songs of peaceful Syon
 Thunder like a mighty flood ;
 Jesus, out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
 We are left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia, He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how :
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget his promise—
 I am with you evermore ?

Alleluia, Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;
Alleluia, here the sinful,
 Flee to Thee from day to day ;
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King Eternal,
 Thee, the Lord of Lords we own ;
Alleluia, born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, Heaven Thy throne.

Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh, our Great High Priest ;
 Thou on earth both Priest and Victim,
 In the Eucharistic feast.

Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
 His the sceptre, His the throne ;
 Alleluia, His the triumph,
 His the victory alone ;
 Hark, the songs of peaceful Syon
 Thunder like a mighty flood ;
 Jesus, out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

VIII.

Whitsuntide.

The Voice of The Beloved.

WHEN erst the Holy Spirit
 Moved on the waters' face ;
 Light sprang from out the darkness,
 The shapeless leapt to grace.

When He o'ershadowed Mary,
 Our Lady brought to birth,
 The Son of God, the Holy,
 The Saviour of the earth.

But most of all He cometh
 In Eucharistic feast,
 Where Jesus, Son of Mary,
 Is Sacrifice and Priest.

I marvel at the wonder,
 I bow in silent fear,
 And ask in guilty whisper,
 If God be really here.

When erst the Holy Spirit
 Moved on the waters' face,
 Could light spring out of darkness?
 Could chaos turn to grace?

When He o'ershadowed Mary,
 Could mortal bring to birth
 The Son of God, the Holy,
 The Saviour of the earth?

O Comforter, have mercy,
 Chase all my doubts away,
 And when I see but darkly,
 Lead to the clearer day.

Lead where with sweetest music,
 To all by fear dismayed,
 The Voice of Christ is speaking
 'Tis I, be not afraid.

It bloweth where It listeth,
 The Wind, the Breath divine,
 Whence coming, whither going,
 I know not, yet 'tis mine.

For when I pray It prayeth,
 And intercedes with me;
 Speaks what I cannot utter,
 Shows what I do not see.

O Wisdom none can measure,
 O Fire of Light and Love,
 Lead through the present twilight
 To perfect light above;

Where in the wedding garment
 The guests shall be arrayed,
 And taste the royal Banquet,
 The Lamb of God hath made.

IX.

Trinity-tide.

A Door opened in Heaven.

O TRINITY, most dread, most great,
 How can I worship Thee,
 Enthroned in all Thy royal state
 Before the crystal sea ?

The Elders cast their crowns of gold,
 In worship at Thy feet,
 The Beasts, of vision manifold,
 Their sanctus-song repeat.

And thunderings and lightnings bright,
 And voices from the Throne,
 Proceed in mystic, restless might
 Thy Majesty to own.

And round about that Throne there springs
 The emerald rainbow-arch,
 And every street with music rings
 Where Christ's own palmers march.

The walls are great and high, the gates
 Of all the tribes are there :
 At each an angel-guard awaits,
 Each gate a pearl most fair.

I am on earth and Thou, Dread Might,
 Art throned in Heaven supreme,
 Where amethyst and chrysolite,
 Beryl and topaz gleam.

So far away, so far away,
 From where Thou art I stand,
 My praise seems all too poor to say,
 No crown is in my hand.

And what my highest song to theirs
 Which smites the sea of glass ?
 What antiphon of mine compares
 With those they bring to pass

Where all the angels make the quire,
 Taking their part in turn,
 And where the seven lamps of fire
 Before Thy Presence burn ?

Look up, my soul, in Heaven to-day
 A door is opened wide ;
 Undimmed see, stretching far away,
 The shadowless, crystal tide.

And hear the Voice which talks to thee
 In trumpet-tones, nor fear :
 Thine ear be quick, thy vision free,
 For Mysteries are near.

And thou art very far from God ?
 Nay, He is close at hand :
 'Tis Thou wouldst wander far abroad
 And seek a fatherland.

Yet He would win, thou knowest when,
 Thy very Food would be :
 God's tabernacle is with men,
 And He would dwell with Thee.

No crown in worship low to bring
 The Trinity, hast thou ?
 Go, fetch the wreath of thorns the King
 Had bound about His brow.

And take for songs the words He spake,
 And let all angels hear
 Those accents which the silence brake,
 When God and Death drew near.

And graces of the Holy Ghost
 Shall be thy lamps of fire
 To burn along the border coast
 'Twixt Vision and Desire.

Thus will I worship Thee, my God,
 In heart and will and mind,
 And Thou wilt own my spirit's laud,
 Though words I cannot find.

For sometimes it is best to fall
 In silence, at Thy Feet,
 And worship Thee, our All in All,
 While lips no words repeat.

Yet words the poorest and the least
 Shall reach Thy Glory-throne,
 Where evermore they keep a feast,
 Where night is all unknown.

The door in Heaven is opened wide,
 I see the state within :
 The Trinity be magnified
 Who gives the grace to win.

One shout from angel ranks is heard,
 Answering the sons of men :
 Worthy the Lamb, the Eternal Word !
 Amen ! Amen ! Amen !

X.

*Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.**The Pure Offering.*

WITHIN the Temple's hallowed courts
 Saint Mary stands,
 Behold, the Mother of Fair Love
 Fulfils the law's commands.

Too poor the costly lamb to bring,
 She yet brings Thee,
 The spotless Lamb of God—the Heir
 Of immortality.

O mystery, that woman's love
 Should bring the Lord
 Into His temple and fulfil
 The promise of His word.

Yet so it was. That little Child
 The Mother maid
 Pressed to her loving heart, was e'en
 The God to Whom she prayed.

The offering of the poor was hers;
 Yet wondrous thought,
 Unto the Altar of her God
 The Lamb of God she brought.

Now the expectant ones behold
 The Light of Light;
 And in their daily hour of prayer,
 Their faith is lost in sight.

God does not dwell 'mid feverish heats,
 Or fancies wild ;
 'Tis in the quiet of His house
 We find the Holy Child.

We look for something great the while
 His blessed Will
 Is working silently Its course,
 Like lonely mountain-rill.

The earthquake, fire and storm
 We make our choice ;
 Forgetful that the Lord, of old,
 Came in the still, small voice.

Forgetful, that by those who kept
 In duteous round
 Their holy course of prayer and fast,
 The Infant-Christ was found.

O Father, we have nought to bring
 But Mary's gift :
 The Sacrifice of Thy dear Son
 Anew by faith we lift.

We, like the Mother-maid, are poor,
 But Thou dost deign
 To give us Thy dear Son, that we
 May give to Thee again !

XI.

*Festivals.**The Fellowship of All Saints.*

TEN thousand saints are ours to-day,
 Who says he stands forlorn, alone?
 High over earth's tumultuous cries
 The songs of the redeemed arise,
 The while they throng the Narrow Way,
 Each fellow-saint with smiles to own.

A shepherd through the bitter cold
 Seeking his flock till all be found:
 A traveller strayed in blinding snow;
 A mourner left alone with woe;
 Yes! but All Saints are round that fold,
 Those wandering steps, the sorrow-crowned.

For sailor-boy his watch who keeps
 Far out at sea, saints crowd the wave:
 The soldier has them at his side:
 They bless the bridegroom, dower his bride,
 And when a friend in silence sleeps,
 They watch, like sentries, by the grave.

June's sunny hours and Autumn's shades,
 Spring's tide of hope and Winter's gloom,
 The saints of God are in them all;
 We hear them each in order call
 From mountain tops, from hidden glades,
 In tones which leave for doubt no room.

What do they say? They clearest know
 Who set themselves all day to hear;

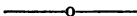
Whose souls are tuned to catch the word,
 More sweet than they have ever heard,
 Who, heart and treasure fixed below,
 Forget that all the saints are near.

Alone? With every wind there steal
 The voices of the tribes, we say;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand stand
 Close to our side, thus, hand in hand
 With those who bear the mystic seal,
 To Thee, O God, the Vow we pay.

Yes, when before Thine Altar bowed,
 We feel the Son of Mary near,
 The saintly hosts encamp around,
 Tremble with us on holy ground,
 Or as about their Lord they crowd,
 With us, in Love, lose every fear.

o

DAY OF INSTITUTION.



XII.

An Eucharistic Meditation.

JESU, we laud and worship Thee,
 The veiled Incarnate Deity,
 Since sinful man eats angels' Food,
 The Bread of Life, the Precious Blood.

Oft as we seek Thine Altar-throne
 Help every soul in suppliant tone,
 As Love's own Voice comes whispering by
 To ask with tears—Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I who doubt if Thou
 Art really present with us now,
 Present to calm each aching breast,
 To give the heavy-laden rest?

Lord, is it I who turn away
 And go like Judas to betray,
 As if no Paschal Blood had gleamed
 On lips which Grace has once redeemed?

Jesu, what love can Thine transcend,
 Love without measure, time, or end,
 Which gives to those who seek Thy Feet
 Thy Blood to drink, Thy Flesh to eat?

O Glory, that no tongue can tell,
 O Presence most ineffable ;
 Hidden in forms of Bread and Wine,
 Faith now adores her Lord Divine.

Yes, spotless Victim, sinless Priest,
 We hail Thee in this awful Feast ;
 And pray through It our souls uplift
 To Thee, the Giver and the Gift.

In hours of woe, in time of wealth,
 Be this sweet Food the spirit's health,
 Till in this strength we reach our home,
 Till to the Mount of God we come.

There we shall see, unveiled at last
 When Holy Sacraments are past,
 The Presence which on earth we own,
 And know as even we are known.

Jesu, all laud and praise to Thee,
 At this high Feast our prayer shall be,
 That we, who hymn this mighty Grace
 In Heaven may see Thee Face to face.



XIII.

In the Same Night.

JESUS, Who for me betrayed,
 God, a captive Man wast made,
 Keep my heart from treachery free,
 Keep it steadfast, true to Thee.

Jesus, Who for me took bread,
 With the Food Thyself hast spread
 Soul and body, through the strife
 Keep to everlasting life.

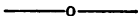
Jesus, Who gave thanks for me,
 Let my life be thanks to Thee ;
 In this Holy Eucharist,
 By my love Thy Feet be kist.

Jesus, Who the bread didst break
 Help me now, for Thy dear Sake,
 Heart of pride and heart of stone,
 So to break that Thou wilt own.

Jesus, Who Thyself dost give,
 Bread which whoso tastes shall live ;
 What a gift have I to bring—
 Thee, Oblation, Offering !

Jesus, Who didst say, Take, eat—
 Drink ye of this chalice sweet :
 Am I hungry ? Thou dost feed,
 Thirsty ? Thou art Drink indeed.

Night in which the Feast wast made,
 Night when man his God betrayed ;
 Yes, to-night my choice is this,
 Love with John, or Judas-kiss.



XIV.

Carol for The Midnight Mass.

GOLD for the King of Kings,
 A Monarch come to birth ;
 Incense to greet the Babe
 Whose Flesh redeems the earth ;
 Myrrh, for His precious Death :
 Thus came both sage and king :
 So we with hands uplift
 To Christ oblation bring.

Thou liest here, dear Child,
 For Whom was found no room,
 When Mary sought the inn
 With Thee within her Womb :
 Our shrines are all too poor
 To give Thee fitting place,
 Our eyes too dull to see
 The fulness of Thy Grace

Yet surely Thou art here,
 Immaculate, Divine ;
 O cold our faithless hearts,
 The Flesh, the Blood are Thine :
 Receive, Incarnate Word,
 Sweet Babe Whom Mary kist.
 Receive, our worship paid
 In this High Eucharist !

XV.

Daily Bread.

GIVE us this day our daily bread
 Ah ! sweeter prayer were never said
 Than this, which every day outpoured,
 Makes incense meet for God's own Board.

O not alone for bread that fails
 The cry which everywhere prevails ;
 To strengthen for the ghostly strife,
 Man needs the very Bread of Life.

E'en little children ask for this
 Before they fathom half the bliss
 Which they, in God's own time shall share ;
 Blest answer to a Heaven-taught prayer.

O wondrous thought that while we pray
 Our God to give us food to-day,
 We ask Thee, in Thy love, O Christ,
 To bless us with Thy Eucharist.

XVI.

The Two Thrones.

LIFT up your songs, ye angel-choirs,
 Lift up your heads, ye golden gates ;
 Before your jewelled portals, lo !
 The King and Lord of Glory waits :
 His Robes are dyed with royal hues,
 A purple glow proclaims the fight ;
 Jesus has won the world to God,
 And triumphed by His Princely might.

Hark ! Heaven's enraptured chorus swells
 To welcome back the Eternal Son ;
 While every glittering Wound shows forth
 At what a cost the strife was won.
 Hail ! Jesus, our ascended King ;
 Hail ! Son of Mary, Son of God ;
 No mind can e'er conceive Thy state,
 No tongue can publish it abroad.

At God's Right Hand Thou dost abide,
 The sea of glass before Thee spread,
 And like unto an emerald,
 The rainbow round about Thy Head,
 Yet, wondrous thought, while Jesus there,
 With God the Father intercedes,
 The Victim in the bloodless Rite
 On earth's ten thousand Altars bleeds.

Oft as the high mysterious Words
 Are duly breathed o'er bread and wine,
 Jesus, the God Incarnate comes
 And seeks His holy Altar shrine—
 A mystery too deep for speech ;
 The starry Heavens their Lord restore,
 And wondering angels hover near,
 While loving, trembling hearts adore.

No longer led by shadowy type
 We grope our way to Love's abode,
 The Cross marks out the narrow path,
 Thy glorious Wounds light up the road :
 E'en now the eye of Faith upturned
 Beholds the golden robe of light,
 Which wrapt Thee round when on the Mount,
 Which veils Thee still from mortal's sight.

Ah ! if no outward sign be near,
 Yet we can kneel and worship Thee ;
 Each Altar is a Glory-Throne
 Where Thou for love of us wilt be :
 Thus throned in Heaven and throned on earth
 We worship Thee the Victor dread :
 Thou Who the Heaven of Heavens dost fill
 Abide with us, O Living Bread.

 XVII.

The Adorable Sacrifice.

SWEET Babe, to Thee shall prayer be made,
 To Thee the daily Vow be paid :
 The House of bread, Thy place of rest,
 Who once was hushed at Mary's breast.

O mystery, to mortals shown,
 God seeks for man an earthly throne :
 The Word made Flesh before us lies,
 Yet pleads in Heaven the Sacrifice.

Here priest and king Thy Presence greet,
 A royal nation throngs Thy Feet ;
 Their treasures open as of old,
 Give myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Jesu, Thou Bright and Morning Star,
 Call to Thyself the isles from far,
 The lands that have not heard Thy fame,
 To them declare Thy glorious Name.

O Found of them who sought Thee not,
 Thy Cross shall bless each desert spot
 Where now to Thee the weary lands
 Stretch out for gifts their eager hands.

In every place Thy Name make known,
 Let incense shroud Thine Altar-throne,
 The Pure Oblation rise to Thee,
 And all the heathen bend the knee !

All hail, Thou blessed Prince of Peace,
 Whose coming gives the bound release :
 Sets all who dwell in darkness free,
 And makes them sons of light in Thee.

Our gifts we bring, but Thou dost give
 Thyself to us that we may live
 And praise, with Heaven's triumphant host,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

XVIII.

The Early Christian's Eucharist.

THROUGH the long hidden years Thou hast sought
 me,
 A child of expectance and tears ;
 Through the twilight of stars Thou hast brought
 me,
 Through doubting and manifold fears.

True, the bright Paschal moon shone out clearly,
 And songs of the feast filled the air,
 But the Temple the ancients loved dearly,
 Ah, something was still wanting there.

All its types and dim shadows but lead me
 Where now, at Thy pure Altar-throne,
 With Thyself, Bread of Life, Thou dost feed me,
 And makest me one with Thy own.

O the beautiful stars are all paling,
 The bright Paschal moon sails away,
 All the types and dim shadows are failing
 At break of this wonderful Day.

CORPUS CHRISTI, OR EUCHARIST
 THURSDAY.

XIX.

The House of Bread.

JESUS, True God, True Man, we adore Thee ;
 Veiled though Thy Presence, we worship Thee
 here ;
 True Bread of Angels, we fall down before Thee,
 Now the blest moment has brought Thee so near.

Thou dost descend, but no awful thunder
 Rending the Heavens o'erwhelms us with dread ;
 Silently, filling our spirits with wonder
 Thou dost stoop down to us, Life-giving Bread.

Vision of Peace and Source of all Pity,
 Praise of the Angels and Fountain of Love, .
 Thou art the Gate of the Heavenly City,
 Glory of Saints in the mansions above.

Now at Thy Shrine Thou liest before us,
 Who for us sinners sought pure Mary's breast ;
 Sweetly is ringing the Angels' glad chorus,
 Bethlehem, true House of Bread, is our rest.

Here Precious Blood for sin is still flowing,
 Sealing forgiveness and making us pure ;
 Thou in the gift of Thyself art bestowing
 Grace to endeavour and strength to endure.

Now may we cry while kneeling before Thee
 Lifting our hearts to the Father's dread Throne,
 Look on the Face of Christ, we implore Thee,
 Spare our transgressions, our Sacrifice own.

Jesus, all hail ! Redeemer most holy,
 Thee we adore at Thy own Altar-Shrine ;
 Keep evermore our hearts pure and lowly,
 Meet for Thy Presence, O Victim Divine.

 XX.

The Tabernacle of God among Men.

JESUS, now we greet Thee,
 In Thy Feast we meet Thee ;
 Joyous hearts are leaping,
 Contrite ones are weeping.

Once, an Infant holy,
 From the Virgin lowly,
 Day-Spring, Thou didst lighten,
 What was dark to brighten.

Once with fair adorning
 Thou, the Orient Morning,
 Camest with Salvation,
 Won for every nation.

O the passing glory
 Of Redemption's story !
 God made Man, we praise Thee,
 And in hymns upraise Thee.

Joy beyond all telling,
 Thou on earth art dwelling ;
 On Thine Altars lying,
 Thou wilt hear our crying.

There, Thy Blood most precious,
 Saviour, shall refresh us ;
 There, Thy Flesh supernal,
 Feed to life eternal.

Who shall not adore Thee,
 Falling down before Thee ?
 Who be not confessing
 Bread and Cup of Blessing ?

Who will dare deny Thee ?
 Who in scorn pass by Thee ?
 Faith with rapture takes Thee,
 Only pride forsakes Thee.

Now from Heaven descending,
 God to man is bending ;
 And in faith adoring,
 Man to God is soaring.

Oft from darksome valleys
 Troubles fill our chalice ;
 Blood, all price excelling,
 In this Cup is welling.

Oft the bread of sorrow
 From the world we borrow ;
 This, the Bread of gladness,
 Ending all our sadness.

Laud and veneration,
 Praise and exultation,
 Lord, to Thee for ever,
 Gift and yet the Giver. Amen.

XXI.

Bread in the Wilderness.

Now, my soul, rehearse the story
 How the multitude was fed :
 How for more than the five thousand
 Christ the Lord a table spread :
 How He stayed the faint, the hungry,
 Who Himself is Living Bread.

Save five loaves and two small fishes,
 In the desert food was none :
 What were these among so many ?
 Yet they feasted every one,
 And twelve baskets full of fragments
 Gathered, when the meal was done.

In the desert art thou hungry ?
 Christ His loved ones calls to share
 Banquet which Himself provides them
 In His Church's pastures fair :
 See, Love's banner floats to lure thee,
 Enter, thou shalt find Him there.

Thousands find there Food for thousands,
 None is sent unfed away,
 There His Body duly broken,
 Feeds the faithful day by day,
 And the Pure Oblation offered,
 Rises to the Throne for aye.

Still the unbelievers question :
 Whence for you does God give bread ?
 What they see they pour contempt on ;
 Ah ! is thus your Table spread—
 This the Feast to Life Eternal,
 Sacrifice for quick and dead ?

Christ hath blessed and Christ hath broken,
 Thus the soul is satisfied :
 Still the hands anointed offer
 What Himself hath sanctified :
 Christ's own Blood, His very Body,
 Still the Forms created hide.

 XXII.

**Hymn in Adoration of Jesus in the Blessed
 Sacrament.**

HERE we adore Thee, Jesus Christ most Holy,
 Here in this feast of blessed, high thanksgiving ;
 Thou who dost feed the penitent and lowly,
 Bread Everliving.

O that our hearts with love of Thee were burning,
 Fixed on that Heart which ever loves so dearly ;
 Thee, in this Sacrament of love discerning
 Ever more clearly.

Lo ! from this Altar comes the Bread Eternal,
 Bread made whole Christ, by word of Jesus spoken
 Give unto us, dear Lord, this Food supernal,
 Thy Body broken.

See, from the Chalice, streams of Life are bursting,
 Streams in the desert springing to refresh us ;
 Lord, that for this our souls were always thirsting,
 Thy Blood most precious.

Hail ! Banquet sweet, the Pledge of man's salva-
 tion,
 Fruit of the Passion, pardon free bestowing ;
 Hail ! Grace Divine, forth from the Incarnation,
 Here ever flowing. Amen.

D

XXIII.

The Triumph of Jesus in the Blessed
Sacrament.

RING out to-day your joyous notes, sweet bells,
from every Christian fane,
Our King in state is on the earth, and angels
follow in His train ;
Hark, all the saints for gladness shout, blue in-
cense clouds wreath up on high,
The Word made Flesh is in our midst, the Lord of
Hosts is passing by.

Down, down, all adverse powers of earth, adore
Him, peasant, prince, and sage,
Philosophies and schools of thought, He comes to
claim His heritage :
All Power in Heaven and earth His own, the ban-
ners of His captains gleam,
His Cross borne forth to victory, He comes, as
Monarch to redeem.

Ye doubters, yes, the Christ is here, the world
before His Presence fails,
But will not own the Sacrifice which from ten
thousand shrines prevails :
The foolish faith of saints it hates, its law is fixed,
its creed is made,
But speak, O God, and it shall flee, thunder, and
it shall be afraid.

And yet He strives not in the streets, no voice of
God the Lord is heard,
The anthems of His saints peal out, in silence
comes the Incarnate Word ;

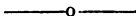
In silence comes the Eternal God while worldings
scoff and saints adore,
To day and yesterday the Same, Unchangeable for
evermore.

O conquest sweet of Jesus Christ, O triumph of the
Sacrament !

O Love which thrills the Sacred Heart, Eternal
and Omnipotent !

'Twas not enough, upon the Cross, that God
should suffer, God should die,

The Word made Flesh is in our midst, the Lord of
Hosts is passing by.



XIV.

Great is The Mystery—God Manifest in The
Flesh.

MEMBERS of Christ, His Body, Flesh and Bones ;
And yet we know His Flesh, the Incarnate
Word

Of Mary, ever Virgin, took ; thus we
Her name of Mother for ourselves have heard.

Members of Christ, and for His own dear Sake,
In Him, our Elder Brother, Mary's sons :
Her Flesh He took to Him, His Flesh Divine
In very truth He gives His faithful ones.

O say, while mothers dear on earth are loved,
Shall our poor love to Mary be denied ?
The Mother of that Son, Whom loyal hearts,
Love more than all in earth or Heaven beside.

XXV.

A Dream of Harbest-Time.

THE harvest moon had mounted high,
Her silver light was streaming
On village tower, on cottage eaves,
On what all day were golden sheaves,
On river flowing slowly by,
On me who lay a-dreaming.

And this is what I dreamt that night
 What time the happy reapers
 Had left their work in joyous throngs,
 Seeking their homes with harvest songs—
 What time until the sun rose bright,
 They lay contented sleepers.

Unto the well-stored fields came first
 A rich man from the city ;
 These hundred sheaves I take for mine,
 My presses overflow with wine ;
 If famine come and do her worst,
 Then I myself will pity.

Thou fool ! that silent Autumn-night,
 A Voice came sternly ringing ;
 It surged o'er fields to harvest white,
 O'er fields that shivered in the light ;
 Thou fool ! thou fool ! this night ! this night !
 God's judgment swiftly bringing.

Another came, he spake, his voice
 Was sweet with loving-kindness ;
 These sheaves I gather for the poor,
 Dear God, that I have such a store,
 The widow shall with me rejoice,
 The blind forget his blindness.

And as he went his way, behold
 The sheaves all made obeisance ;
 The moonbeams crowned his lowly head,
 Like aureole of saintly dead,
 And gentle zephyrs whispering told
 His deeds of love, his patience.

Then suddenly a blaze of light
 Came o'er the valley streaming,
 An Angel clave the willing air,
 Pure stole and coronal he ware,
 His vestment was of spotless white,
 His face with glory beaming.

He chose one little sheaf and said,
 O Food for man's salvation,
 No sweeter sheaf the winds have kist,
 Elect of God for Eucharist,
 Thou shalt become the Living Bread,
 For mortals' adoration.

Swift from the ground blue mist upsprang,
 Like incense wreath ascending ;
 It cleared away, and lo ! I saw
 The Sacrifice of Christ's New Law,
 An Angel-choir which sweetly sang,
 And crowds in worship bending.

Then I awoke, the sun was high,
 His golden light was pouring
 On village tower, on cottage eaves,
 On golden fields and golden sheaves,
 On river flowing swiftly by,
 On thousands God adoring.

 XXVI.

Eucharistic Processional for Dedication Feast.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal day :

For Thee, O Lord Almighty, praise in Syon waits,
 Glad city of the King Most High, lift up, lift up,
 thy gates!

Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal
 day.

What angels do in Heaven, the same do we on
 earth,

With incense sweet Thy Presence greet, lift up the
 strain of mirth,

Fall low before Thy Throne and Thee our Prince
 adore,

The Lamb of God, our Sacrifice, our Priest for
 evermore;

For Thee, O Lord Almighty, praise in Syon
 waits,

Glad City of the King Most High, lift up, lift
 up thy gates.

O joy of earth and Heaven, O joy for ever one,
 To worship Thee, the Word made Flesh, the
 Virgin Mary's Son;

To taste Thy mystic sweetness, blest Sacrament
 Divine,

To see the Wounds of Jesus Christ in Glory
 brightly shine,

Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal
 day.

Thyself the Master-Builder, O build us up in
 Thee,

A Temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt
 deign to be,

Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-
Stone,
And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost
give alone.

For Thee, O Lord Almighty, praise in Syon
waits,
Glad City of the King Most High, lift up, lift
up thy gates.

O Comforter Most Blessed, Thou Source of Life
and Light,
The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and
white ;
Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the
souls that fall,
Give joy for tears to penitents, and robes of praise
to all.

Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal
day.

Vouchsafe us, Lord, hereafter, to see Thee Face to
face,
In peaceful, glad Jerusalem, thrice holy, happy
place,
Where Sacrament and Temple shall nevermore be
known,
Where Thou art Temple, Sacrament, throned upon
the Throne.

For Thee, O Lord Almighty, praise in Syon
waits,
Glad City of the King Most High, lift up, lift
up thy gates. •

XXVII.

Holy Matrimony.

JESUS, we call Thee to our wedding feast,
 And Thou dost come, a gracious Guest,
 Ready to take Thy place among the least,
 The very greatest of them all confest.

And Thy dear Mother too is here, to say
 They have no wine,—for us to plead
 With Thee, Who loving her, turn'st not away
 Unpitying in the hour of mortal's need.

Sir, here are wine and bread: Thou givest more
 To those who kneel before Thy throne:
 Thy Body and Thy Blood, with grace to store
 Those, one in Thee, who here Thy Presence own.

Jesus and Mary: O what guests we find
 Gracing our Marriage feast to-day:
 Be every worldly thought of self resigned,
 All save our love in Christ be cast away.

XXVIII.

The Communion of the Sick.

PEACE to this house and all within,—
 O surely this shall entrance win
 For One, Who comes with cure for sin.

The salutation speeds from Him
 Whose Eyes, for mortal men grew dim
 With tears which awed the Seraphim.

Fears are there it will not allay,
Tears which it cannot chase away,
Disquiet that is stronger ?—Say.

My Peace I give, My Peace I leave.
O sick upon thy bed, believe
These words of Christ, His Gift receive.

Do fever's phantoms round thee stand ?
By furnace-blasts Thy thirst is fann'd ?
Moist whistling winds are in His Hand.

Beside still waters He will lead
Thy spirit in its hour of need,
Till, in His time, the calm succeed.

Benumbed by cold, life's flame burns low,
Thy forces weak, thy pulses low,
The Living Fire will bring Its glow.

Its power shall kindle life anew,
Its energy shall thrill thee through,
And Love do all that Love can do.

Soon, and the chilly Jordan wave
Thy weary, fearful feet shall lave,
But He is in the flood to save.

Himself thy Food, thy Life in death,
Receive Him ; with thy trembling breath
Confess the Christ of Nazareth.

His Body and His Blood thine own,
Thou goest forth but not alone,
Strong for the journey to the Throne.

Through Peace to Light : in Light to see
The Home where sickness may not be,
The Good Physician grant to thee !

XXIX.

Burial of the Dead.

WHERE rest all holy souls is known
 O God to Thee, and Thee alone ;
 But in that dim and shadowy vale
 Where fears may rise but ne'er prevail,
 Thy Countenance illumines their night,
 Them Thou dost stay, sole Source of light.

They know not bliss without alloy,
 They have not plenitude of joy ;
 For this the expectant throng awaits
 Like bidden guests at palace gates,
 Whose hearts, by turn with hope beat fast,
 Or sink at thought of self at last.

Yes, for these souls we say the prayer,
 For mystic ties with them we share :
 Oft as we plead Love's Sacrifice
 We bear them on our litanies,
 And in that hour, some unknown spell
 Links us with the Invisible.

O mystic fellowship Divine,
 Bound by the one prevailing Sign !
 The Altar spans death's icy tide,
 The dead seem kneeling at our side,
 Angels adore the Eternal Son,
 Earth, Heaven and Spirit-sphere are one.

A power more strong than death is here,
 A Mystery which makes all clear :
 Now faith can those cold hands embrace
 Which, from their quiet resting-place,
 The chalice of the Lord pass on :
 Love lives, although the loved are gone.

Sweet 'tis to pray for dear ones now
 For whom no selfish love can glow :
 Death cannot sever ties of heart,
 We're brethren still though far apart,
 All one in hope, affection, will,
 They taking rest, we marching still.

Perchance, to them, in vision shown,
 They tremble at the Great White Throne,
 Or like the exiled saint Divine,
 See Salem's walls of jasper shine :
 Her pearly gates, her streets of gold,
 And glories all unknown, untold.

In us, O Lord, Thy grace increase :
 To those who sleep, give rest and peace ;
 And when the golden Morn shall break,
 And Earth to her ordeal wake, —
 For Jesu's Sake, Thine Own unite
 With Thee in realms of Perfect Light.

Amen.

XXX.

First Communion.

GLAD sight the Angels see
 Whose wards in grace, to-day,
 Regenerate and free,
 Come up their vows to pay,
 To own Christ's banner, and to face
 The might of Sacramental grace.
 The Cross shines clear and bright,
 Marked on their brows of old ;
 Spirit of Love and Might,
 Thy Graces manifold

Have sped in all their force Divine,
To seal the souls already Thine.

Young liegemen of the Cross,
A noble warrior band,
Prepared for shame and loss,
Whilst in Christ's strength ye stand,
Ye call the Virgin's Son your Lord,
And take in His dear cause the sword.

Your weapons where are they ?
So asks the foolish world ;
Ye love and ye obey,
Christ's banner is unfurled ;
Weapons and armour out of sight,
Ye dare the foe and wage the fight.

Sweetness and power be yours
The Lamb of God who own ;
Love, which in His endures,
And Power He gives alone,
Who, Judah's Lion, strength imparts
To outstretched hands and faithful hearts.

With more than childhood's might,
Let none the Cross refuse ;
As soldiers ye must fight,
With Heaven to win or lose :
This High Communion Feast your stay,
What time ye tread the Narrow Way.

Fair Sacramental host
Whom living streams made bright ;
In you the Holy Ghost
Dwells in His seven-fold might ;
All things are yours, His quickening breath
Shall make you strong to fight till death.

XXXI.

Communion at Sea.

THOU Who of old didst hush the storm
 And bid the tempest cease,
 We pray Thee, in this awful hour
 To shed on us Thy peace.

We cross the broad, unfathomed deep,
 We long at home to be,
 Where friends abide, and fest is stored,
 Where there is no more sea.

Forgive us when we trust Thee not,
 And proudly scorn to mark
 The love which shapes our course, and so
 Make shipwreck in the dark.

Forgive us when our faith grows dim,
 And we no longer see
 The lights which point the Heavenly Shore
 And lead us on to Thee.

Still on the waters Thou dost walk,
 This is Thine Own sweet Will :
 Amidst the shrouds we hear the Voice
 Which whispers, Peace be still.

Why should we fear though angry storms
 Should lash the sea in foam,
 Since Thou art with us in the ship,
 And angels speed us home ?

XXXII.

Foreign Missions.

O JESUS, Bright and Morning Star,
 Thou shinest o'er the sea ;
 The tribes and peoples from afar
 Shall come to Thee.

The Holy Ghost in them shall dwell,
 To guide them and to bless,
 And in their secret soul, to tell
 Thy Righteousness.

The Father shall receive the lost,
 The angel-host rejoice ;
 The Church recount Salvation's cost
 With grateful voice.

For well She knows Her dearest Lord
 For all His Life laid down,
 And waits, His Hands with blessings stored,
 And many a crown.

O speed the time, Redeemer blest,
 When all shall seek Thy Face ;
 When Thou, True God, shall be confest
 By every race.

And when upon Thine Altars pure,
 In every heathen land,
 Blest sign of love and triumph sure,
 The Cross shall stand.

Then victims ne'er again shall bleed,
 But Love's own Feast be spread,
 And Thine Oblation intercede,
 Thou Living Bread.

O boundless Charity of God,
 Let earth for evermore
 Redemption's wonders tell abroad,
 And Heaven adore.

XXXIII.

Which things are an Allegory.

Two sticks—the Cross of Jesus Christ,
 The wood of a resplendent Tree
 Whereon, to set the prisoners free,
 The Ransom of the world was priced.

The cake of meal—O type most sweet
 Of manna sent to bless the faint !
 The Food of every faithful saint,
 That Living Bread, Christ gives to eat.

The oil—bright Unction from on high,
 Illumining with Light Divine :
 Cross, Sacraments and Grace are mine,
 Are mine that I may live, not die.

XXXIV.

The Four Places of the Lord Jesus.

FIRST to the Womb of Mary
 Came the Lord of time and space,
 And the Place of His Feet was Glory,
 And His Rest with the Full of Grace.

Next in the lowly manger
 He lay, the Maker of all,
 But with never a guard or courtier,
 Save shepherds, and beasts of the stall.

Then on the Tree of Scorning
 Was the Lord of Life enthroned :
 Crown of spine, and a reed for sceptre,
 The signs of a King which He owned.

Last in the rich man's garden,
 In the fair new tomb he lay ;
 As He dwelt in the Virgin-chamber,
 Ere He came at the break of Day.

O awful thought, within me
 Is the Ageless One made known :
 Yes, for Jesus, the Word Incarnate,
 This poor heart of mine is a throne.

As often as I seek Him
 In the better House of Bread,
 He is found, Living Food, Refection,
 And my soul is the manger-shed.

For love of Him, enduring,
 Choosing, not shunning the pain,
 But rejoicing in tribulation,
 The throne of His sorrows I gain.

Dead to the world and quiet,
 My heart is the holy tomb
 Where my Jesus in love is lying ;
 O joy to have given Him room !

XXXV.

Thanksgiving after Communion.

SWEETEST King, enshrined within, to Thee my
 thanks I pay,
 Thou art my own, my heart Thy Throne, with me
 vouchsafe to stay ;
 How mean the place the Lord doth grace, though
 garnished well and swept
 In hours gone past, by prayer and fast, clean for
 His coming kept.

All praise to Jesus Christ be done Who
 deigns with man to dwell :

The Word made Flesh, the Virgin's Son, our
 true Emmanuel.

Thanks, dear Guest, that Thou dost rest in me,
 Thy loving child,
 Who in the Womb didst once assume of Mary,
 Mother-mild,
 Our flesh, that Thou might'st feed us now with
 Thine to endless life,
 All fears allay, chase tears away, and crown, with
 peace, the strife.

All praise, &c.

Feast I hold, for love makes bold ; since Thou with
 me dost dwell,
 Within, such state on Thee shall wait as only Thine
 can tell :
 Graces to Thee shall bend the knee, and virtues
 throng Thy Feet,
 All powers of will and flesh be still, all good its
 Monarch greet.

All praise, &c.

Mary's womb the folded bloom of Sharon's Rose
contained,

And I may share the load she bare, though not
like her unstained :

Joy such as hers my spirit stirs, the hungry Thou
hast fed,

My God, my King, to Thee I sing, Who art the
Living Bread.

All praise, &c.

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