
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



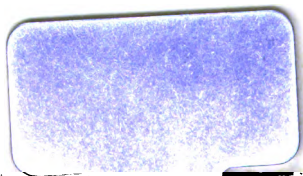
THE ESPOUSALS OF
S. DOROTHEA



REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.



600080477W





THE ESPOUSALS OF
S. DOROTHEA

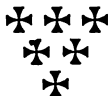
AND OTHER VERSES.

BY THE

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.,

VICAR OF SOUTHLEIGH, OXFORD;

AUTHOR OF 'HYMNS AND LYRICS,' 'OFFICES FOR HOLY WEEK
AND EASTER,' ETC. ETC.



OXFORD:

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., AND
J. MASTERS & CO.

1870.

280. n. 125.



**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Espousals of S. Dorothea,	5
II. The Search of S. Christopher,	10
III. The Nurseling of S. Elizabeth,	16
IV. A Legend of the Sanctuary,	19
V. How it came to pass,	22
VI. Zacharias the Priest,	24
VII. Hymn for Ember Days,	25
VIII. Hymn for the Consecration of a Bishop,	27
IX. Stanzas,	29
X. Hymn for the Opening of a Schoolhouse,	31
XI. Easter Hymn,	33
XII. Easter Eve,	35
XIII. Epiphany I.	36
XIV. Hymn for the Departed,	37
XV. Hymn,	39
XVI. S. Giles, September 1,	41
XVII. The Reproaches,	42
XVIII. Christmas Carol,	47
XIX. Christmas Carol,	49
XX. Processional,	50
XXI. Sanctæ Sion Adsunt Excoenia,	52
XXII. Dirge,	54

	PAGE
XXIII. Mein Gott, ich weiss woll dass ich sterbe,	57
XXIV. Commendatory Litany,	59
XXV. Funeral Chorale,	65
XXVI. Ach ! wenn ich dich,	66
XXVII. Funeral Hymn for a Sister of Mercy,	67
XXVIII. Grosser König, den ich Ehre,	69
XXIX. Ich habe g'nug : Mein Herr ist Jesus Christ,	71
XXX. The Lord of Sabáoth,	72
XXXI. Epiphany II.	74
XXXII. Hymn for Christmas Eve,	75
XXXIII. Instantis Adventum Dei,	76
XXXIV. Collaudemus Magdalenæ,	78
XXXV. Funeral Hymn for a Priest,	82
XXXVI. Advent Hymn,	84
XXXVII. Holy Cross Day, September 14,	86
XXXVIII. Macht hoch das Thor,	88
XXXIX. Song,	90
XL. On the Deep,	90
XLI. Talitha Cumi,	92



I.

ESPOUSALS OF S. DOROTHEA.

I.

HARK ! the marriage chant is swelling,
To the wakened city telling
That the bride is ready now :
Dorothea, fairest, sweetest,
Thou, sweet bride, the bridegroom greetest
With the chaplet on thy brow.

II.

All around, the bridesmen tend her,
From the rough rude throng defend her,
Robed in raiment pure as she :
It is heaven whose chant is sounding,
And the bridal choir surrounding
'Is the angelic company.

III.

Christ's the cup which now she tasteth,
And the feast to which she hasteth
Is the eternal marriage feast :

Jesus with his hand will crown her,
Jesus for his bride will own her,
From all cares of earth releas'd.

IV.

Mortal eyes are dull and heavy,
They saw not the bridal bevy
Compassing the virgin thus :
From his lattice downward glancing,
When he saw the maid advancing,
Smiled the young Theophilus :

V.

His dull eyes saw not the vision,
And he laughed in light derision :—
'Maiden, goest thou to thy bower ?
When thou'rt there (my boldness pardon),
Send me, from thy lover's garden,
As a gift, one little flower.'

VI.

Sweetly smiled the bride of heaven,
As she said—'Assent is given,'
And she bowed her blushing head :
Loudly rang the mocking laughter,
Echoing, her footsteps after,
When the youth saw what she said.

VII.

Passed she on : her feet are treading
On the narrow pathway, spreading
 Wider, brighter, towards the prize :
But one moment more of sorrow,
And she sees the golden morrow
 On the hills of Paradise.

VIII.

Dark and gloomy, full of weeping,
Is the dismal night-wind, sweeping
 Down the ghostly vale of Death :
But, though cold the path before her,
Jesus spreads his mantle o'er her ;
 In the wind she feels his breath.

IX.

Sorrow not, ye human-hearted,
O'er the lot of your departed
 Who have left you for awhile :
They have joys past all conceiving,
Heaven's own antepast receiving
 From the warmth of Jesu's smile.

X.

Earth's rude voices come not thither ;
Youth and beauty never wither
 In the land of tranquil rest :

Frost nor snow may shed their blighting ;
 Rain ne'er falls, nor storm, alighting
 On the gardens of the blest.

XI.

Fresh and sweet as breeze of morning
 Is the scent of flowers, adorning
 God's fair Paradise for aye :
 There unfading summer smiling,
 Time's forgetful lapse beguiling,
 Melts into eternal day.

XII.

But no sun those fields may lighten,
 Need they not his rays to brighten,
 As on earth his light hath beam'd :
 For the Lamb, himself unveiling,
 Sheds his radiance, never-failing,
 On the brows of the redeem'd.

XIII.

Ere the twilight sank to evening,
 Softly fell the snowdrift, leavening
 All earth's sombre worldly dress :
 At the lattice, sadly wondering,
 On earth's bridal vesture pondering
 Sate and thought Theophilus.

XIV.

What amazement now comes o'er him?
Lo, where stands distinct before him,
 In the lightly falling snow,
Like an angel, veiled in glory,
Softly smiling, solitary,
 Yon bright boy, of radiant glow :

XV.

On his head a wreath he weareth,
In his hand a garland beareth,—
 Fruit and flowerets pink and fair ;
Fairer than the reddest roses
Gold for emperor's feast disposes,
 From the gardens rich and rare :

XVI.

And he said—' These gifts I leave thee,
Dorothea bids me give thee,'
 And he vanished from his sight ;
But the young man's soul was beckoned
To the guests whose names are reckoned
 With the children of the light.

II.

THE SEARCH OF S. CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER looked on his giant form ;
And as he looked, his heart grew warm ;
And he thought—' I will seek out the mightiest King,
From the Eastern sun to his westering :
For such a Lord my strength I reserve,
Him will I follow, and him will I serve.'

He travelled far, and he travelled wide—
Himself for solace, himself for guide—
Till at last he came to the palace-hall
Whose King was said to be Lord of all ;
Who ruled the nations with iron hand—
The greatest monarch of all the land.
And Christopher said—' This King is he
Who may claim and hold my fealty.'
So he entered his service then and there,
And well content was Christopher.

But so it happened, once on a time,
There came a minstrel who sang his rhyme ;
And his rhyme it smelt of the brimstone blue
As he sang of Satan and all his crew.
And Christopher marked that Prince and Peer
Crossed themselves at that name of fear ;

So out spake he—‘ Good master, why
 Cross you your breast thus anxiously ?’
 ‘ I make that sign to guard me,’ said he,
 ‘ Lest Satan come and o’ermaster me.’
 Then Christopher knew that his search had been
 vain,

For a mightier Lord somewhere did reign :
 He must seek this Master so fell and grim,
 Him will he serve, and none but him ;
 So he set his face to his search again.

He travelled far, and he travelled wide—
 Himself for solace, himself for guide—
 Till he came to a dismal solitude,
 Where gloom and desolation brood
 O’er wastes of barren wilderness,
 Where angels’ feet ne’er pause to bless
 The lintels of the sons of clay ;
 But weeping winds, with wailing sound,
 To tracts astonish’d bear away,
 Beyond the desert’s utmost bound,
 Lamenting voices many-toned,
 As of poor souls which long have moaned—
 In desolation wandering forth,
 Nor resting—for the sins of earth.
 And when those sounds of agony
 Rise on the fitful air and die,
 The peasant stirs his smouldering coal,
 And says beneath his bated breath,

‘ Good Lord, have mercy on my soul
When she shall tread the plains of Death ;
Have mercy, Jesu, pity her.’
But nought of this thought Christopher.

A whirlwind swept o’er the plain of woe,
Icy cold that blast did blow ;
And in its rear, with tramp and tread,
A mighty host, of aspect dread,
Marched to the roll of the thunder-peal,
With brow of iron and heart of steel ;
On whose bright helmets for cognizance
The lightning cressets gleam and glance,
As breathing strength their ranks advance.
Before them strode a being grim,
And Christopher bent as he gazed on him ;
For a lord of higher and kinglier mien
Ne’er had the soul of Christopher seen :
His eye burned calm in its dusky glow,
And the thunder sate on his regal brow.
Scarr’d as the oak by the fire-bolt riven,
That brow had fronted the King of Heaven.
Then the soul of Christopher knew full well
That he saw before him the Lord of Hell.

In the ranks of Satan marched he then,
And they went and conquered the souls of men ;
Round the wide earth did that army go,
Ever marching to and fro.

And Christopher thought he had found at length
A master of all-unrivalled strength.

But it chanced one day, as they onward hied,
That they passed a Cross on the highway-side,
And Satan started and turned aside.

'Wherefore, Master,' said Christopher,
'Start you thus with that look of fear?
Wherefore thus do you turn aside?'

Said Satan—'For fear of the Crucified,
Who on that Cross of Passion died.'

And Christopher's soul by that word could tell
That there lived a Lord of the Lord of Hell—
Him must he serve, with him must he dwell.

So he travelled far, and he travelled wide—
Himself for solace, himself for guide—

Till once on a day it so befell
That he came to a holy hermit's cell;
And he told the hermit he fain would enlist
Into the service of Jesus Christ.

'My son,' said the hermit, 'if thus you would do,
You must both pray and keep vigil too.'

'Fast and vigil,' quoth Christopher,
'The might of my giant strength will wear:
Good father, such a command forbear.'

Said the hermit—'Wilt thou not vigil keep?
Go to yon river wide and deep,
Swollen so oft by the winter rain,
That the feet of travellers strive in vain

To pass that flood ; and many die
Whelmed in the waters miserably—
Then use thy great strength to carry o'er
The weak and way-worn, sick and poor.
Go ; do this work for Christ : may-be,
If thus thou servest him well, that he
Will manifest himself to thee.'

So Christopher did as the hermit told—
 He hied him down to the river-board,
And he carried across the sick and old,
 All for the sake of Christ the Lord :
Nought but their thanks to him did they pay.
Thus he served his Lord for a year and a day.

But it chanced, one night, at Christmas-tide,
That he heard a voice on the river-side ;
And it said—' Kind Christopher, bear me o'er
On thy shoulders safe to the farther shore.'
And Christopher looked, but he looked in vain,
So he laid him down to sleep again.
But again he heard those sweet tones say,
' Christopher, carry me o'er, I pray.'
Then he took a lantern and searched with care,
And he found a little child sit there ;
And the sweet lips moved in the lantern light—
' Christopher, bear me o'er this night.'
Then he raised the child up tenderly,
And into the foaming flood went he.

Louder and louder roared the blast ;
Faster and faster, and yet more fast,
 Rushed the race of the torrent wild,
With mad waves surging in fury past,
 As he bore the weight of the tender child.
Round his feet the pebbles flew,
Heavier still the infant grew,
Till Christopher's strength began to sink
As he dimly longed for the farther brink ;
And the bonds of pride were swept apart,
And fear came over the strong man's heart.

When he reached the farther shore, said he,
'Thou wondrous child, O tell to me,
Who canst thou be who my pride hast laid ?
Had I borne the world on my shoulder-blade,
It had not been a weight, I trow,
More deadly heavy, sweet child, than thou.'

Said the child, ' My kindly Christopher,
Wonder not thou, nor stand in fear ;
 What thou hast borne on thy shoulder-blade,
Is not the world only, but he whose hand
 The whole round world with its glory made,
Who comes at this Christmas-tide to stand
 And call at our doors for human aid ;
That thus his servants may serve him well,
And triumph in him o'er the World and Hell.'

So Christopher knew that all doubt was past,
He had found the mightiest King at last.

—o—

III.

THE NURSELING OF S. ELIZABETH.

I.

MINISTERING, morn and even,
Nought for self, but all for heaven ;
 Poor in spirit, rich in faith :
To the poor their wants supplying,
To herself all ease denying,
 Went the sweet Elizabeth !

II.

Queen of beauty, Hungary's daughter !
Brave Thuringia's king had sought her—
 Sought, nor found his suit denied :
Noble was the crown he proffered,
Nobler still the heart he offered,
 When he won her for his bride.

III.

Bright was strewn their path with flowers,
Softly sped the laughing hours,
 Lightly pressed all earthly cares :

Warmly smiles life's summer weather
When two hearts are knit together,
 Brave, and chaste, and pure as theirs.

IV.

Often, when the sun is beaming,
All is fair to outward seeming,
 Flows life's current deep and still !
In the fountainhead of joying
Falls a bitter drop, alloying
 All our cup of bliss with ill.

V.

Thus it is the Tempter watches,
Thus the passing thought he catches,
 When our hearts are wandering free ;
To his fiendish will doth turn it,
Ere our human hearts discern it,
 As, poor prince, it fared with thee.

VI.

Envious tongues, the king persuading,
Spoke with words of spite upbraiding—
 Spoke of sweet Elizabeth ;
Cast their poison'd venom on her,
Shewed him of his wounded honour,
 How she stooped, her place beneath.

B

VII.

‘Lo!’ said they, ‘the poor she tendeth;
 Even now her neck she bendeth
 To take up yon beggar child—
 Him so foul that none go near him:
 See, thine own fair queen doth bear him
 In her bosom, thus defiled.’

VIII.

Saw he how the stair she mounted;
 Little of her love he counted,
 As to stay her course he sped:
 In her own fair bower he found her,
 And the little babe clung round her,
 Where she laid him in her bed.

IX.

Then the king was hot with passion,
 And he cried—‘Is this the fashion
 Of our royal dignity?
 Is it thus you mock your station,
 Bringing sons of desolation
 In the regal couch to lie?’

X.

Then, with fierce contempt and loathing
 On one side he flung the clothing:
 What deep wonder comes to him?

Sweetly smiling, crowned with roses,
In his fair queen's bed reposes—
Lo, the Babe of Bethlehem !



IV.

A LEGEND OF THE SANCTUARY.

I.

IN the house of God knelt Margaret,
And the voice of praise went up on high,
With the organ-note, so full and sweet,
On the wings of that high minstrelsy,
That it seemed as the door of Paradise,
In listening mood, forgot to close,
And the harps of the heavenly companies
Mixed with earth's tones, which upward rose,
So full, so sweet,
That both went up, and were borne in one,
And offered with odours before the throne—
At Jesu's feet.

II.

The lady's heart was filled with love,
As her soul was rapt to the courts above ;
And earth seemed dull, and the things of earth
Alloyed with dross, and nothing-worth ;

And the duties of earth, how base seemed they,
 Dimming the bright soul, every day,
 When it longs in the courts of God to dwell,
 And touch for some brief space, if it may,
 The feet of the Great Invisible.

III.

A touch on her arm :—‘ Oh, lady dear !
 You are wanted away from the worship here ;
 A poor sick man is laid a-bed :
 And, “ I know no voice so sweet,” he said,
 As we bandaged up his sinking head,
 “ No hand so soft, no voice so sweet,
 As the voice of the lady Margaret.”’

IV.

The lady sighed—‘ ’Tis hard to go
 From the house of God to the house of woe,
 To drag the soaring spirit down
 From the sight of the palm and the golden crown.
 This voice of duty is harsh, I own.’
 She *said* it not, but she knew what she meant :
 ‘ ’Tis a cross, no doubt, to try me sent ;’
 So she left her prayer-book, and off she went.

V.

Low lay the head of the poor sick man ;
 His eye was dim, and his cheek was wan ;

And as he turned on his wooden bed,
And drooped on his shoulder his patient head,
The lady started, so like was he
To the form which she knew on the Calvary.
Then she thought the words of Jesus o'er :
' Inasmuch as ye do it to these, my poor,
Ye offer the gift of love to me.'
So she tended the poor man patiently ;
And then to the service back went she.

VI.

When she entered in at the western door,
The service of praise was well-nigh o'er ;
So she turned to her book where she read before.
Why starts she so, with wondering eye ?
Ah, well may she wonder wistfully !
Lo ! all the pages she looked upon—
Canticle, psalm, and hymnal-tone—
All the service of praise and prayer
Which was sung since the lady before was there
(Marvel of marvels that e'er was told),
Was written in letters of burnished gold !

VII.

Then the lady knew that an angel bright
Had dipt his pen in the heavens of light,
And while she had tended the poor man's bed,
He had taken her place in the church instead ;

And his act meant this : ' In our Master's eyes,
 Obedience is better than sacrifice :
 No service pleases so well the Lord,
 As that which our hands to his poor afford,
 Which earth sees not, nor men reward.'

—o—

V.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

UPON the Lady's dwelling shone,
 The moon by night, by day the sun :
 When all around the shadows fell,
 The light upon that house would dwell,
 What was the secret none could tell.

The Bishop thought with himself awhile,
 And ended his thought where his thought began ;
 Then he smiled to himself a satisfied smile,
 As he pondered, in silent mood, a plan :
 Thought he—'Tis penance the blessing brings
 (In clothing, or meat, or in other things),
 That's why the sunlight shines on her ;
 But why should he now to find out defer ?
 He would question the lady : that's what he meant ;
 So he put on his hat, and away he went.

He went to her house, and he went again ;
A third time he went, but nought did he gain :
Nothing of penance saw he there.
The lady was free from anxious care,
Cheerful and happy with every one,
And down on her dwelling shone the sun.

Said he to the lady—‘What do you eat ?’
She answered—‘Divers and delicate meat.’
‘Is there haircloth vest your boddice below ?’
But the lady, smiling, answered—‘No.’
And the Bishop marvelled that God should show
Such grace to a woman whose life was so ;
Then he took up his staff, and he turned to go.

But when he had got outside the door,
He thought he would ask her one thing more ;
So he turned him about, and he said—‘Now, list,
Love you not much the Lord Jesus Christ ?’
And she said, as the sun shone down from above,
‘Yea, I *love* him, for he is *all* my love.’
And so the good Bishop took away
A lesson to last him for many a day.

VI.

ZACHARIAS THE PRIEST.

I.

RAPT, in silence, stood the priest,
O'er the holy altar bending ;
And on high the breath of prayer
With the incense-cloud ascending
Rose upon the morning air.

II.

All the multitude without
Bowed in lowly adoration ;
And the priest stood there alone
For his work of mediation
At the footpace of the Throne.

III.

Saw the air impalpable
Some bright form of radiance moulding
Into shape angelical ;
And his troubled eye beholding
Knew the Archangel Gabriel.

IV.

Robed in uncreated light
From within the heavenly portal

Smiled the Captain of the Host ;
And the brow of the Immortal
Flamed, as from a Pentecost.

V.

Sang he of the day-spring, near
To the house of Zacharias ;
Of the spirit and the power
From the mantle of Elias
Heralding the Advent hour.

VI.

And the multitude without
Prayed in silent supplication,
As the archangel joyfully,
On the breath of adoration
Mounted to the Throne on high.



VII.

HYMN FOR EMBER DAYS.

MIGHTY FATHER, who in love,
By the blood of thy dear Son,
Hast a universal Church
Purchased to thyself alone,
Now vouchsafe her hands to guide
At this holy Ember-tide.

HYMN FOR EMBER DAYS.

By the benediction, sweet
With the breath of parting love,
By the hands outstretched to bless,
Ere the Saviour rose above,
Send on her thy Holy Ghost
With the fire of Pentecost.

By the service of thy Christ,
Blest obedience freely given,
When he filled a servant's place,
Who is Lord of highest Heaven,
Make thy deacons wise and pure,
Serving Jesus in his poor.

By the Mystic Sacrifice
Which he bade us show to thee,
Saying, ' This do evermore
As memorial of me ;'
Grant thy priests true faith and fear
When they offer Jesus here.

By the delegated power
Which he left, ' Absolve, retain :
Be the stewards of my grace
Till on earth I come again,'
May their lamps at midnight burn,
Shining till their Lord's return.

In his name they spread the Feast,
In his name they bind and free,
He who is alone the Priest,
He who only is the Key :
They are one with him, their Lord,
Be they one in his reward.

People's Hymnal, 323.



VIII.

HYMN FOR THE CONSECRATION OF
A BISHOP.*

SEVENFOLD Spirit, Lord of Life,
Come with blessing and with power
On the brow before thee bowed
In this consecration-hour ;
Wafting life and holiness,
Be thy dove-like wings outspread,
As they rest upon him now,
Rest they on his mitred head.

When around the Church's hull
Rave the tempest and the storm,

* This hymn was first sung at the consecration of an American Bishop at New York, in 1867.

And men murmur, as they gaze
On their Master's sleeping form,
Give him faith, that he may win
Mid the storm that voice to hear—
'Peace, I say; be still! 'tis I,
Cease, repining heart, thy fear!'

When upon the plains of death
Sátan musters his array,
And men's faith grows faint with fear,
In the shock of the affray,
Lord of Hosts, be with him then,
Nerve his arm, inspire his heart:
Fierce the foe before him stands,
Bid all timid doubts depart.

When he stands amid the sheep,
Chosen shepherd of the fold,
Be he tender to the flock,
Only to the wolf be bold:
They are his, a little flock
Purchased with the blood of God;
He must make the reckoning true,
Life for life, and blood for blood.

When the books are open laid,
And is set the great white throne,
May he to his Master's ear
Count his sheep o'er, one by one;

May he, free from doubt and toil,
Hear the summons of his Lord,
'Well done, servant good and true,
Enter thou to thy reward.'



IX.

STANZAS.

I.

WHEN between my love and me
Rolled the ocean wave dividing,
Sight was veiled, and might not see
My dear love so far abiding :
Heart meanwhile met heart ; and thus
What were seas and miles to us ?

II.

Shone the same bright sunlight down
Through the clouds and wintry weather ;
Knew I how, with me, mine own
Felt the same warm beam together ;
Till the genial radiance died
In the chill of eventide.

III.

Tolled the curfew, and the shade
Fell upon the waves at even ;

STANZAS.

Jesus smiled, and gently said,
 'Sleep, my child, the sleep of heaven :'
 And beneath the moonlight dim
 My beloved slept in him.

IV.

'Neath his radiant smile he sleeps ;
 And beneath his smile abiding,
 Soul with soul her vigil keeps,
 O'er the waves of death dividing.
 Both behold one Jesus : thus
 What are death and space to us ?

V.

Still across the tranquil sea
 Comes my loved one's voice entreating,
 'Keep thyself, dear soul, for me,
 Till our joyful day of meeting,'
 Day whose sun ne'er pales his light,
 Where no curfew tolls for night ;

VI.

Where no curfew warnings pass,
 Sounding through the shadow nightly,
 But across the sea of glass
 Float angelic voices lightly,
 Windbound, to its depths, the while,
 In the sunlight of God's smile.

X.

HYMN FOR THE OPENING OF A
SCHOOLHOUSE.

JESU CHRIST, we humbly pray,
On this house look down to-day ;
We would hallow it to thee,
Outwork of thy faith to be ;
Bastion small, but true and strong,
Built the Church's walls among.

In thy name we lay the floor,
In thy name we ope the door ;
Thou art our foundation-stone,
Thou the door to heaven, alone :
In thy name we know full well
We must hold our citadel.

Let thy name our walls maintain,
Or our labour is in vain :
Let thy name accept the cost,
Or the builder's toil is lost :
Let thy name the workman bless,
Or his work is purposeless.

Living walls we here would build,
Each hewn stone a Christian child,

Rising up to form a shrine
Built on thee, and wholly thine ;
Stone on stone, and wall to wall,
In the body mystical.

May it stand the tempest's shock,
Hewn from thee the living rock,
Stand against the gates of hell,
On the true rock founded well ;
Storm and foe and fiend resist,
Grounded upon Jesus Christ.

Let thine Holy Spirit come
To this shrine and find his home,
Dwell within each youthful heart ;
Dwell, nor evermore depart,
Till each stone in order lies
In the walls of Paradise.

People's Hymnal, 313.

XI.

EASTER HYMN.*

' A HYMN TO CHRIST AS GOD.'

I.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !

Floating o'er the crystal sea,
Comes a voice of many waters,
Rising up, O Christ, to thee !
Alleluia ! Lord Almighty !
Thou hast bought us with thy blood !
By the ransom of thy passion,
We approach thee, Christ our God !

II.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

From the sons of Adam rise
Hymns of Resurrection-triumph,
Upward to the Easter skies :
Alleluia ! well-belovéd,
We receive thee, Jesu Christ ;
Earth's ten thousand voices render
One united Eucharist.

* The music for this hymn (3d édition), by Mr. Gerard Cobb, may be had (price 2d., with reduction for quires) of Novello, 1, Berners Street, London.

III.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Welcome, child of Mary's womb,
Thou hast triumphed, God Incarnate,
O'er the legions of the tomb :

Alleluia ! Hell's battalions,

In the light of Easter morn,
Know their brazen bars are broken,
By the Lord, the Virgin-born.

IV.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Thou hast bound Captivity,
At thy chariot-wheels of glory
Death is captive led by thee :

Alleluia ! we salute thee,

Thralls of Death, thou Lord of life,
Breaker of the ancient bondage,
Victor in the deadly strife.

V.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Lamb of God, enthronèd Priest,
Thou our Passover art offered,
Therefore let us keep the feast :

Alleluia ! Christ is risen !

Earth and heaven together sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Christ our King.

XII.

EASTER EVE.

IDIOMELA OF THE GREAT SABBATH IN THE EASTERN
CHURCH.

I.

FRAUGHT with evil was the hour,
Hell, in fear, exclaims to-night,
When I took the Son of Mary
To the fastness of my might :
Lo ! the gates of brass asunder
In his triumph doth he smite.

II.

He, as God, the souls unbindeth,
Bound by me with iron chain ;
Whom I held of the departed,
Doth he raise to life again :
As a mortal I received him ;
He hath harrowed my domain.

III.

Glory to the Cross of Passion,
From the Resurrection shed !
Glory to the seed of woman,
Who hath bruised the serpent's head !
Glory, honour, might, dominion,
To the first-fruits of the dead.

XIII.

EPIPHANY I.

I.

JESUS sat, in silence meet,
At the ancient doctors' feet ;
In the temple, meek and mild,
Sat and listened Mary's child !
Heard the doctors seated round,
Questioned them of truths profound.

II.

Ah ! dear Lord, how deep that love,
Which could leave the courts above ;
Leave the radiant throne, to be
Compassed with infirmity :
Thou who all things dost discern,
Deigning thus of man to learn.

III.

As thy form of love we see,
Teach us, Lord, to learn of thee :
In the temple thou didst bow,
Jesu, thine obedient brow ;
Even so may we too earn
Grace, to listen and to learn.

IV.

As within thy temple court,
Thou, the teacher, wast the taught ;
Teach us too to bend the will,
Thy commandments to fulfil :
Till at last, before the throne,
We shall know as we are known.

—o—

XIV.

HYMN FOR THE DEPARTED.

In Memory of Edmund Sedding, Architect and Musician:

I.

How sweetly sleep the holy dead
On Jesu's sheltering breast !
His hand shall soothe their fever'd head,
His still voice bid them rest :
No sounds of earth, no tones of strife,
May reach the blest abode,
Where dwell the heirs of deathless life,
The citizens of God.

II

We give them up to Jesu's care,
We trust them to his love ;

HYMN FOR THE DEPARTED.

For they shall feel no sorrow there,
No aching void shall prove :
Nor earth-born mist, nor shades of night,
May hide him from their eyes,
Where smile in everlasting light
The vales of Paradise.

III.

There is a house not made with hands,
Which he hath built for them ;
Eternal in her beauty stands
The New Jerusalem :
No earthly hand designed her wall,
No human architect ;
Her builder is the Lord of all,
Her children—his elect.

IV.

A song goes up before the throne
Across the crystal sea ;
No earthly lips inspired the tone
Of that high minstrelsy :
Calm rest the souls who hymn that chant,
In breast of Abraham ;
Their song—the sweet song—resonant
Of Moses and the Lamb.

V.

Then earth to earth, and dust to dust,
In glad faith we repay,

To wait, in sure and certain trust,
The Resurrection day ;
When he shall say, Give back, O Earth,
The charge I gave to thee :
The time is full, I call them forth
To live and reign with me.

—o—

XV.

HYMN.

I.

SHADOW of the rock, to thee
In my trouble I would flee,
Shelter to my sore distress
In the lonely wilderness :
Jesu, be thou nigh at hand,
Great rock in the weary land.

II.

When the noonday sun is hot,
When my dim eyes see thee not,
When I faint beneath the load,
Borne upon life's thirsty road ;
Jesu, be thy shadow nigh,
Let me find thee, or I die.

HYMN.

III.

When the darkness falls at night,
When the sun withdraws his light,
In the lion's midnight hour,
When he seeketh to devour ;
Jesu, to thy strength I flee,
Rock and refuge thou wilt be.

IV.

Covert from the tempest shock,
Rock to hide me, mighty rock ;
When the wild and wintry blast
Sweeps in fiendish fury past,
Let me lie, from danger free,
Mighty rock, secure in thee.

V.

In the last still hour of life,
When is o'er the toil, the strife,
And, alone with thee alone,
Yearns the faint soul for her own ;
Veil her eyes, O shade of love,
Ere she wake with thee above.

XVI.

S. GILES, SEPTEMBER 1.*

OF all thy saints, dear Lord, whose feet
Have toiled along the narrow way,
Oh, who can tell the list complete !
A countless company are they !
They hunger not, they thirst no more,
Through Death's dark vale their steps have past ;
On Salem's everlasting shore
Their wayworn sandals rest at last.

The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind,
With that great saint whose praise we sing,
Shall enter in, his steps behind,
To share the supper of the King :
He leads them in, a festal band,
In marriage garments pure and bright ;
And, lo ! they sit at God's right hand,
In Sion's palace of delight.

A voice of joy, a deathless hymn,
An endless song of melody,
Swells up in New Jerusalem
From all the blest, O Lord, to thee :

* Written at the request of a country parish in Somerset, for their annual Dedication Festival (S. Giles).

THE REPROACHES.

From earth to heaven our voices rise,
 Like sound of many waters, borne
 Upon the breath of Paradise,
 Within the gateways of the morn.

Around about the jasper throne,
 Encircling the eternal feet,
 They mingle and unite in one,
 With harmony full-toned and sweet :
 We come to thee, O Christ, our God ;
 O spread for us thy feast divine :
 Thou hast redeemed us with thy blood ;
 And thou art ours, and we are thine !

—o—

XVII.

THE RÉPROACHES.

*O my people, tell to me,
 Wherein have I angered thee ?
 Answer truly, faithfully :*

I.

Decani.

I brought thee forth from Egypt's land,
 With mighty arm and outstretched hand,
 And ransom gave

From Egypt's prison-house of fear ;
And thou for me preparest here
The cross and grave.

Full Choir.

*Holy God,
Holy and Mighty,
Holy and Immortal,
Have mercy upon us.*

II.

Cantoris.

Through the terrible wilderness
Forty years thy steps I led ;
In thy fasting and distress,
Thee with angels' food I fed :
This fair land beneath thy feet
Flowed with milk and honey sweet,
A land of bliss :
Is it thus a cross I see,
Tears and torment, all for me ?
Is it for this ?

Full Choir.

*Holy God,
Holy and Mighty,
Holy and Immortal,
Have mercy upon us.*

THE REPROACHES.

. III.

Decani.

What more could I then have done
For my well-belov'd, mine own ?

Ponder and think :

I planted thee a lovely vine ;
The draught of vinegar is mine
With gall to drink.

Full Choir.

Holy God,

Holy and Mighty,

Holy and Immortal,

Have mercy upon us.

IV.

Cantoris.

I smote the first-born for thy sake
Of the spoil'd Egyptian land ;
All my friends my side forsake,
Smitten by my foes I stand :
Out of Egypt led I thee,
Through the Red and wrathful Sea,
From Pharaoh's host ;
And thou deliverest me o'er
To them whose fury waxeth sore
To pain me most.

Full Choir.

*O my people, tell to me,
Wherein have I angered thee?
Answer truly, faithfully.*

v.

Decani.

I cleft the sullen sea in twain,
And beckoned thee to peace again,
And rest to go ;
And thou hast cleft my riven side,
And let my life-blood's double tide
In anguish flow.

Full Choir.

*O my people, tell to me,
Wherein have I angered thee?
Answer truly, faithfully.*

vi.

Cantoris.

In the cloud I led thy feet,
Fire by night and shade by day ;
Unto Pilate's judgment-seat
Thou hast led my steps away :
I gave thee manna at thy call,
But thou for me hast nought but gall
In my last drouth :

THE REPROACHES.

The rock-stream flowed at thy request,
 But vinegar is rudely prest
 To my parched mouth.

Full Choir.

*O my people, tell to me,
 Wherein have I angered thee?
 Answer truly, faithfully.*

VII.

Decani.

For thee, the lordly Canaanite
 With sword of vengeance did I smite
 In dread affray ;
 And thou, with thy remorseless reed,
 Hast smitten my defenceless head
 On Gabbatha.

Full Choir.

*O my people, tell to me,
 Wherein have I angered thee?
 Answer truly, faithfully.*

VIII.

Cantoris.

Judah's sceptre have I borne
 To the summit of thy power ;

Thou the diadem of thorn
 Bindest on me in mine hour :
 I have raised thee up on high,
 And the meed of sovereignty
 Is all thine own ;
 I, too, lifted am on high,
 But—the Cross of Calvary—
 This is my throne.

Full Choir.

*O my people, tell to me,
 Wherein have I angered thee ?
 Answer truly, faithfully.*

—o—

XVIII.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

IN a lowly manger,
 Fenced around with hay,
 Came the infant stranger,
 Christ the Saviour lay :
 Cattle stood all round him,
 Mary bent in prayer,
 When the shepherds found him
 There, oh, there !

CHRISTMAS CAROL:

II.

In the inn were sleeping
 Travellers in their bed ;
 No room for him keeping—
 Nothing but a shed :
 They have no place for him,
 Nought will they prepare ;
 Then will we adore him,
 There, oh, there !

III.

Faster, and yet faster,
 Sweeping from the sky,
 Angels seek their Master ;
 Where does he lie ?
 Swaddling garments fold him
 In the stable bare :
 Come, bright host, behold him
 There, oh, there !

IV.

Christmas dawn is breaking !
 Angels, shepherds, all,
 Come, obeisance making
 To that lowly stall :
 Glory in the highest,
 Peace on earth declare ;
 Heaven to earth is nighest,
 There, oh, there !

XIX.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

JESUS CHRIST is come among us
On this happy Christmas night ;
Come, ye faithful, to the manger,
And behold the joyful sight :
Sing, ' Good-will to men on earth
At the heavenly infant's birth,
Glory to God in the highest.'

II.

All the company of heaven
Strike their harps with one accord,
Keeping festival this evening,
On the birthday of the Lord :
Sing, Good-will, etc.

III.

Round about the cradle kneeling,
Shepherds with the angels sing,
Glory, honour, might, and blessing,
Unto Christ, the 'new-born King :
Sing, Good-will, etc.

IV.

We too come, though Time has counted
Eighteen hundred years and more ;

D

PROCESSIONAL.

We the selfsame Lord of ages
 On this Christmas night adore :
 Sing, Good-will, etc.

v.

From thy feet unbind thy sandals,
 Standing on that holy ground ;
 While the choir of angels sweetly,
 As the glory shines around,
 Sing, Good-will, etc.

—o—

XX.

PROCESSIONAL.

I.

THE Lord hath girded his loins for war,
 And he calls to the faithful on every side,
 Come forth ! come forth from Egypt's shore,
 Through the cloven depth of the Red Sea tide :
 Mid trumpet blast and night alarm,
 Our captain's banner is raised on high ;
 With his own right hand and his holy arm,
 Hath he gotten himself the victory.

II.

At the breath of his nostrils rose the sea,
 Up on an heap the wild waves rose,

For the Lord hath triumphed gloriously ;
Such be the end of all his foes !
Mid trumpet blast, etc.

III.

The enemy said, ' I will overtake,
Spoil and captive will I divide ;'
But the Lord a blast from his lips did make,
And over the foemen rolled the tide :
Mid trumpet blast, etc.

IV.

The horse of Pharaoh and mighty men,
Into the yielding waters went ;
But the sea returned to his strength again,
And Israel knew what Jehovah meant :
Mid trumpet blast, etc.

V.

Our God himself leads on his host,
The chosen souls whom his blood hath bought,
Far from the dark Egyptian coast,
To the holy place which his hands have wrought :
Mid trumpet blast, etc.

VI.

In the pillar of cloud he goes by day,
In the burning flame of fire by night ;

And the chains of darkness break away
 At the thunder-stroke of the Lord of Light :
 Mid trumpet blast, etc.

VII.

For the Lord of Hosts is a man of war,
 And his own right hand is raised to save,
 When he goes in triumph, his saints before,
 Through the cloven depth of the Red Sea wave :
 Mid trumpet blast, etc.



XXI.

SANCTÆ SION ADSUNT EXCÆNIA.

FAIR Sion's feast is ready,
 And ready is the Bride,
 The Church with glory beaming
 For Dedication-tide :
 The organ-note swells upward,
 The heaven distils its dew,
 As Truth descends with Mercy
 To meet on earth anew.

He comes—the Child of Mary !
 The Bridegroom with him brings
 Fresh life and health, descending
 With healing in his wings :

The Church from his betrothal
Her sevenfold grace shall give,
The sacramental fountain
Whence man may drink and live.

The Father calls his children—
Calls each one by his name,
To keep with heavenly feasting
The marriage of the Lamb :
Comes Abel with his present
Of innocence to bless,
And Noah warns the nations
Of God and righteousness.

With benediction standeth
Melchizedek the priest,
And Abraham the faithful
With faith adorns the feast :
Here Isaac's hope, here Jacob
His love presents to God ;
Here Joshua stays the sunlight,
Here Moses lifts his rod.

Here David holds in triumph
His pebble and his sling,
His harp so sweet with Godhead
Strikes here the minstrel king :
Here Law and Prophets joining,
Build up the gospel wall ;

DIRGE.

And earth is joined to heaven,
For God is all in all.

People's Hymnal, 310.

—o—

XXII.

D I R G E.

Decani.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth;
I know that in the latter day
The Lord of Life, all life who giveth,
Upon the earth his feet shall stay;
And in my flesh re-clothing me,
My God, my Saviour, shall I see.

Cantoris.

For mine own self mine eyes shall view him,
My heart and soul his step shall hail;
No earth-born vision rising to him
From my soul's gaze his form shall veil:
And in my flesh re-clothing me,
My God, my Saviour, shall I see.

Decani.

O thou who, at the grave-mouth standing,
Didst call the soul of Lazarus,

With voice of power the dead commanding,
Call thou with such sweet voice to us :
Oh grant us joy, good Lord, we pray,
And full acceptance in that day.

Cantoris.

O thou who, on the clouds of heaven,
Shalt come to judge the world by fire,
'Mid falling crags and mountains riven,
Upon the day of wrath and ire :
Oh grant us joy, good Lord, we pray,
And full acceptance in that day.

Decani.

O Lord my God, when thou, descending,
To judge both quick and dead shalt come,
How shall my soul, thy call attending,
Escape the sentence of thy doom ?
For I have sinned too much, alas !
That fearful scrutiny to pass.

Cantoris.

I dread my sins, I blush before thee,
I see the great tribunal set ;
In fear and terror I implore thee,
Forgive when soul and Judge are met :
For I have sinned too much, alas !
That fearful scrutiny to pass.

*DIRGE.**Decani.*

Remember me, my Lord and Master,
Oh look thine handiwork upon ;
My life than morning wind flies faster,
So soon it passeth and is gone :
For we all, in respect of thee,
Are altogether vanity.

Cantoris.

Out of the deep of desolation,
My God, my supplication hear ;
Oh let thine heart of consolation,
To voice of my complaint give ear :
For we all, in respect of thee,
Are altogether vanity.

Decani.

Alas, O Lord, too deeply sinning,
My soul hath steeped herself in death ;
Oh where may she, some haven winning,
Find shelter, thy pure arms beneath ?
Have mercy, Lord, I ask ; I pray,
Have mercy on her in that day.

Cantoris.

My soul is in the vale of weeping,
She is exceeding sorrowful ;
Be near her, Lord, her footsteps keeping,
Till she doth pass the gates of Hell.

Have mercy, Lord, I ask ; I pray,
Have mercy on her in that day.

Decani.

Remember not my sins and errors,
Nor write them down, thy book within,
When thou shalt come with all thy terrors,
To take thy dread account for sin :
When thou shalt come with fire and wrath
To test and try the gold of earth.

Cantoris.

Oh lead my steps, nor let them falter,
Direct my trembling soul to thee ;
When Satan and his hosts assault her,
Protect her, Jesu ; set her free,
When thou shalt come with fire and wrath
To test and try the gold of earth.

People's Hymnal, 498.

—o—

XXIII.

MEIN GOTT, ICH WEISS WOLL DASS
ICH STERBE.

My God, I know that I must die ;
I know man's life, how fast it fleeteth :

A span, a shadow—and 'tis gone,
And then the Judge of all he meeteth :
In mercy show me, Lord, I pray,
How I may meet thee in that day.

My God, I know not day, nor hour ;
Thy voice may call me ere the morrow ;
Like autumn flowers before the frost,
Life's mid-day bloom may fade in sorrow :
Then make me ready, Lord, with thee
To enter on eternity.

My God, I know not *how* I die,
How death's cold hand shall come assailing :
On some it heavy lies ; to some
It shows all joy, their home unveiling.
This only ask I : by thy power,
Lord, give me hope in that dark hour.

My God, I know not *where* I die,
To what last couch my form be given ;
Enough, if this alone I know,
That I shall wake to life and heaven :
Then know I, wheresoe'er I be,
That spot is consecrate to thee.

Then, O kind Father, *when* I die,
Take thou my spirit to thy keeping ;

Let Christ and his blest Spirit live
 Within thy child securely sleeping :
 If this thou grant, O Father, then
 I die ; nor care I where or when.



XXIV.

COMMENDATORY LITANY.

God the Father, God the Son,
 Holy Ghost the Comforter,
 Ever-blessed three in one,
 Hearken to our humble prayer :
 Hear us when we call to thee,
 Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Child of Mary, who didst bear
 Mortal flesh, for man to die ;
 Child of sorrow, toil, and care,
 Grant *him* rest eternally :
 Lord of life and love, we pray,
 Grant *him* mercy in that day.

Dweller in the vale of Death,
 Second Adam, source of life ;
 Wearer of the thorny wreath,
 Victor in the deadly strife :

COMMENDATORY LITANY.

Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

Thou who didst let fall the tear
On the grave of Bethany ;
Who at Nain didst stay the bier,
That lone mother's tear to dry :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

Thou whose voice awoke the dead—
'Maid, I say to thee, Arise !'
Who didst bow thy dying head
On the morn of sacrifice :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

Thou who passedst through the gloom
Which enshrouds the vale of Death,
Guide *his* footsteps through the tomb,
Shelter *him* thine arms beneath :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By thy flesh with scourges torn,
By thy suffering human soul,
By the crown of woven thorn,
By the mocking title-scroll :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the First Word on the rood,
‘Pardon, Father, through the flow
Of thy Son’s atoning blood,
For they know not what they do :’
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By that Second Word from thee
Which gives light to dying eyes—
‘Thou shalt be to-day with me
In the joys of Paradise :’
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the Third Word on the cross—
‘Mother, now behold thy son !’
Word of love in earthly loss,
Last bequest unto thine own :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the Fourth Word—‘O my God,
Why hast thou forsaken me?’
When thy spirit felt the rod
Of our chastisement on thee :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the Fifth Word, full of toil,
Offered for the world accurst,

Loosening Adam's sin-parched soil,
When the God-man said, 'I thirst :'
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the Sixth Word, -sounding forth
In the hour of triumph won—
'It is finished !' and for earth
Is the work in heaven begun :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the last and awful Word—
'Father, I commend my soul
To thine hands !'—O God and Lord,
By thy manhood pure and whole :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the quiet rock-hewn cave,
Where thy body slept so well,
When thy spirit through the grave
Entered to the realms of hell :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By thy preaching of the Christ
To the souls in prison bound,
When was rolled away the mist
Which had hung their vision round :

Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the joyous Easter morn,
When thou brak'st the bars of Death,
God Incarnate, Virgin-born,
Robed in garb of Nazareth :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By thy bright ascension hour,
When thou wentest up on high,
Unto God's right hand of power,
Captor of captivity :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the eternal sacrifice
Which thou pleadest at the throne,
Only gift which can suffice,
For that gift is all thine own :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

By the offering which we plead,
One with thine in heaven above ;
By the Lamb whose five wounds bleed
To fill full our cup of love :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

In the fell and fearful day,
Day of fury and of ire,
When the earth shall melt away
In the thunder-blast of fire :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

In the hour when, like a scroll
Blasted by the fervent heat,
All the heavens together roll
Underneath the judgment-seat :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

When to hear the doom are met,
Saints and sinners, quick and dead,
And the great white throne is set,
And the books are open spread :
Lord of life and love, we pray,
Who didst tread the narrow way,
Ransom for *his* soul to pay,
Let *him* not be cast away,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

People's Hymnal, 600.

XXV.

FUNERAL CHORALE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

IT is complete. My God, I thank thy care,
 For Jesus calls me home :
 Good night, my friends ; farewell, thou world so fair,
 My journey's end is come :
 No more life's toil my soul enthralleth ;
 I go to Jesus, for he calleth,
 It is complete.

II.

It is complete. My Jesus for me died
 Upon the accursed tree :
 Oh, wondrous love ! he hung till eventide,
 Bearing my sins for me :
 His open wounds are for me pleading,
 My rest I find in that side bleeding,—
 It is complete.

III.

It is complete. Far, far all sorrows fly
 At his inviting voice :
 I shall find Tabor in his Calvary !
 How doth my heart rejoice,

E

As nearer still before me beaming,
 Vision of Peace,* thy light is streaming,—
 It is complete.

IV.

It is complete. Heaven's gate rolls back for me,
 Nought binds me longer here :
 I haste to yon bright city of the free,
 Whose walls I see more near :
 I see, through yonder golden portal,
 The Paradise of joys immortal,—
 It is complete.

V.

It is complete. My God, I thank thy care,
 For Jesus calls me home :
 Good night, my friends ; farewell, thou world so fair,
 My journey's end is come :
 Eternal rest is now before me,
 God's everlasting light shines o'er me,—
 It is complete.

—o—

XXVI.

ACH! WENN ICH DICH.

I.

My God, if I possess but thee,
 All earth and heaven are nought to me ;
 * Jerusalem ('Vision of Peace'), the type of heaven.

My soul hath no more sure delight
Than thee, my God, my trust, my light :
Whatever joys the world may show,
Without thy love no joy I know.

II.

If soul and body faint away,
On thee alone my hopes I stay ;
If pain and trouble vex me sore,
My soul shall rest on thee yet more.
What care I how the world may frown,
If thou, Almighty, art mine own !

III.

Have I but thee, I know indeed
The soul hath nothing more to need ;
Be thou alone my footsteps near,
No ills of life, no foes I fear :
And then, O Lord, my lips shall say,
'Thou art my lot, my hope, my stay.'

—o—

XXVII.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR A SISTER OF
MERCY.

I.

SISTER, Jesus calls thee home,
Calls thee to his holy keeping,

Where is no more pain nor care,
Praying hands and tear-drops weeping,
For evermore.

II.

Jesus wipes the tear away,
Soothes the soul with sickness ailing,
Fills her with his love divine,
To her sight himself unveiling,
For evermore.

III.

Weep we not. Why should we weep,
Though our eyes may not behold thee?
Jesus takes thee to himself,
To his breast he doth enfold thee,
For evermore.

IV.

Sister dear, we see thee not,
For the mists of earth hang o'er us;
In the realms of endless day
Thou dost see the light before us,
For evermore.

V.

Jesus is himself the light;
Thou dost need no sun to lighten,

For he sheds his beams around,
As the day begins to brighten,
For evermore.

VI.

Gloom, and mist, and shades of night,
In his radiant presence vanish :
Go, sweet soul, thy Jesus longs
Death's dark fears from thee to banish,
For evermore.

VII.

Wounded soul and bleeding heart,
Sunder'd love and heart's affection
Live more pure, made whole by him
In the dawn of Resurrection,
For evermore.

—o—

XXVIII.

GROSSER KÖNIG, DEN ICH EHRE.

I.

ALMIGHTY KING, Eternal Sire,
Who by thine Holy Spirit's fire
Hast lit the clear flame of thy love,

Thy many mercies we behold
From age to age ten-thousandfold,
Drawing our hearts to thee above.

II.

Mine own, O Lord, to thee I give ;
Anew to thee, then, let it live :
Live thou thyself my soul within ;
To thee she will her service plight,
For thee renounce the ancient right
And old inheritance of sin.

III.

O may thy blessed Spirit come,
And make within my soul his home,
An holy temple unto thee :
Let every thought by him be tried,
Then purged, and cleansed, and purified,
'From all unholy passion free.

IV.

And to the garden of my heart
Sweet virtue's pleasant flowers impart,
In power and loveliness to bloom :
Open therein life's fountainhead,
Its waters clear and bright to shed
Beyond the confines of the tomb.

XXIX.

ICH HABE G'NUG : MEIN HERR IST
JESUS CHRIST.

I.

I HAVE enough. My Lord is Jesus Christ ;
My Lord alone is he :
Whoso doth follow him as servant true,
That man is sorrow-free :
Unto my Lord and Saviour cleaving,
The world and its allurements leaving,
I have enough.

II.

I have enough. No aching void is mine,
No anguish of the breast :
I am at peace within the arms of God ;
He calls me to his rest.
No more for life's hard wages caring,
With God the joys eternal sharing,
I have enough.

III.

I have enough. God's Spirit is mine own ;
No other gift I need :
These are the riches Jesus bids me seek,
This gives me rest indeed :

If but to do God's bidding ever
 He give me strength for mine endeavour,
 I have enough.

IV.

I have enough. On Jesu's breast I lie ;
 All sorrows vanish there.
 What would I more ? There heaven's delight I find ;
 My heart is free from care :
 A foretaste upon earth is given
 Of joys which shall be mine in heaven ;
 I have enough.

—o—

XXX.

THE LORD OF SABÁOTH.

I.

THE Lord of Sabáoth arose in his power,
 All girded with might in his conquering hour ;
 On the wings of the tempest he rode to the fight,
 With his chariot-wheels on the clouds of the night.

II.

The thunders of Sinai rolled under his tread,
 The heavens of light like a garment were spread ;
 As chaff the foes vanish'd his footsteps before,
 When the Lord of Sabáoth went forth to the war.

III.

The Lord of Sabáoth is girded with fear,
He breaks of the battle the shield, and the spear ;
The horse and his rider in tumult go down,
When the Lord of Sabáoth stands forth for his own.

IV.

When the Lord led his host through the wilderness
track,
The Red Sea beheld him, and Jordan went back :
Why fled'st thou, O Jordan ? What ailed thee, O sea ?
'Twas the Lord of Sabáoth who caused you to flee.

V.

Know, Christians, the Lord of Sabáoth is found,
When the hosts of the evil one compass you round :
He marcheth in front of your battle-array,
And leadeth your feet by the wilderness way.

VI.

For you o'er the waters he lifteth his rod,
For you are his people, the Israel of God :
He leadeth you safe through the desert of Sin,
To the fair land of Promise, his Salem within.

VII.

From bondage of Egypt your steps will he guide,
Through the Red Sea, whose waters his rod shall
divide :

The Jordan of death shall delay us no more
From the Vision of Peace on the furthestmost shore.

—o—

XXXI.

EPIPHANY II.

I.

UNHEEDED, at the festal board,
Mid Cana's feasters sat the Lord :
While full the cup and loud the glee,
They knew him not that it was he.

II.

When failed the wine, and want drew nigh,
Then fell the veil from every eye :
The chalice blushed, and cried the guest,
' This latter vintage is the best.'

III.

'Tis even so : When life is bright,
The Lord is hidden from our sight :
When fails the cup, and want comes home,
'Tis then that Jesu's hour is come:

IV.

He fills the cup. Oh hour of bliss !
He whispers, ' Drink ye all of this :'
Then knows the fainting soul alone
The hour of need is Jesu's own.

XXXII.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

THERE comes a glorious message
To Bethlehem fields to-night,
And all the sky above us
Is filled with rays of light :
For angels bear that message,
And angel voices sing
The birth of the Redeemer,
The presence of the King.

II.

We see the heavens lie open,
We hear the blessed word,
'To you is born this evening
A Saviour, Christ the Lord :'
In David's royal city
He comes ere break of morn,
Emmanuel incarnate,
The Christ, the Virgin-born.

III.

We hear the glad announcement
The radiant zenith fill,
'Be peace on earth from henceforth,
To mankind be good-will :'

For earth and heaven, united
 In him, at length are one,
 The Babe of Bethlehem manger,
 The everlasting Son.

IV.

From earth our voices mingle
 With heavenly choirs above
 We hymn the meek, the lowly,
 The Jesus of our love :
 Oh come, let us adore him,
 With angels let us sing
 The birth of the Redeemer,
 The glory of the King.

—o—

XXXIII.

INSTANTIS ADVENTUM DEI.

FROM THE PARIS BREVIARY.

I.

THE Advent of our God and King
 With joyous chant and hymn we sing ;
 That wondrous love of God for earth
 At this great season shadowed forth.

II.

The Eternal Son at his behest
Abhors not Mary's virgin breast ;
In form of servant cometh he,
To break our bonds and set us free.

III.

Sweet peace and love attend his feet ;
Go, Sion, forth thy Lord to meet :
If thou shalt hear his voice to-day,
Turn not, with hardened heart, away.

IV.

For he once more in Advent dread
Descendeth, Judge of quick and dead :
Alone, in joy, at his right hand
The members of his body stand.

V.

Ye forms of darkness, disappear !
The dawn of heavenly light draws near :
Remov'd be Adam's ancient stain,
God's image be restored again.

VI.

To thee, O Jesu, fount of grace,
Deliverer of the sinful race,
With Father and Blest Spirit, be
One praise, to all eternity.

XXXIV.

COLLAUDEMUS MAGDALENÆ.

I.

SING we now of Mary's trial ; joy and sorrow let us tell,
Both uniting in one rapture, heavenward in one note
to swell,
When the dove's glad note was mingled with the dirge
of Philomel.

II.

Nought the number of the feasters, seeking Jesus, did
she fear ;
She her Master's feet anointed, washed them with the
falling tear ;
With her flowing hair she wiped them, made them
ready for the bier.

III.

Lo! the cleansed doth wash the cleanser ; on the
fount doth fall the rain ;
Lo! the flower the raindrop sheddeth, which returns
to wash her stain :
Heaven to earth in dew descendeth, earth gives back
her dew again.

IV.

Spikenard, in the alabaster, offers she as tribute there ;
In the pouring of the unguent she a mystic sign doth
bear :

Sick, anointeth her physician, her own healing to
prepare.

V.

Gazed the Lord in deep compassion down on Mary
bending low :

‘ Much she loves : her sins are many ; they are all
forgiven now ;’

On the Resurrection morning Mary first her Lord
shall know.

VI.

Yet she deemed him but the gardener—Gardener as
he was indeed,

Who within the soul of Mary had let fall the precious
seed :

Voice she knew, the hand she knew not—only knew
and spoke her need.

VII.

Knew she not her Lord was present in that typical form
revealed ;

How, with spiritual insight, of her soul he tilled the
field,

Till, to Mary’s love adoring, by her own name he
appealed.

VIII.

She her Jesus lost deploring, to her Jesu bends the
knee ;

In her soul her Jesus beareth, yet her Jesus seeketh she :
Jesus sows and trains her spirit, though awhile unseen
is he.

IX.

O kind Jesu, loving Jesu, wherefore show thyself
unknown ?

Wherefore veil thyself to Mary, whose whole soul is
now thine own ?

In the Resurrection daylight wilt not thou—the Truth
—be shown ?

X.

Yet perhaps thou lov'st more truly, veiling for a time
thy light,

Drawing on the faltering footsteps of the soul, by
partial sight,

Waiting till our strengthened eyesight may endure thy
vision bright.

XI.

Weep not, Mary, weep no longer, nor another seek
to find ;

Here indeed the Gardener standeth, Gardener of the
thirsty mind :

In the spirit's inner garden seek that Gardener ever
kind.

XII.

Whence thy grief and lamentation? Lift, faint soul,
thine heart on high,
Seek not memory's consolation: Jesus, whom thou
lov'st, is nigh;
Dost thou seek thy Lord? Thou hast him, though
unseen by human eye.

XIII.

Whence thy sorrow? whence thy weeping? True the
joy thou hast within;
Lives within thee what thou know'st not—balm to
heal the wounds of sin:
'Tis within. Why wander vainly, seeking languor's
medicine?

XIV.

Now I wonder not, thy Master if thou know'st not,
while he sows;
For his seed, the Word Eternal, unto fulness in thee
grows:
'Mary,' saith he—thou 'Rabboni'—and the soul her
Saviour knows.

—o—

XXXV.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR A PRIEST.*

I.

SOUNDS the bell in solemn cadence,
 Tolling on the silent air,
 For the soul hath sought the mansions
 Where is no more toil nor care ;
 God hath dried the weeping eyes
 At the gates of Paradise.

II.

We may hear his voice no longer
 Calling souls to meet the Christ,
 Pleading for the sinful people
 In the blessed Eucharist :
 He is gone to meet his Lord,
 In the joy of his reward.

III.

Death nor hell may vex the blessed
 In the realms of endless joy ;
 God's eternal sunshine warms them
 Where no sounds of earth alloy :
 Bathed in visions of delight,
 Everlasting, infinite.

* This hymn was first sung at the funeral of the Rev. Warwick Wroth of Clerkenwell.

IV.

Weep no more : he goes to Jesus,
Where is no more pain nor sin ;
Where his work of intercession
May his unbound hands begin ;
Where, annealed from earthly dross,
His pure lips may pray for us.

V.

For the Eternal High Priest leads him
Through the veil with him to dwell,
To approach the unveil'd presence
Of the Lord he loved so well :
What his faith beheld by grace,
Now beholds he face to face.

VI.

Mists of earth enfold our vision,
We see not where he is gone ;
But we know he pleads, as erewhile,
For his flock before the throne ;
And our hearts no more complain,
For we know our loss is gain.

—o—

XXXVI.

ADVENT HYMN.

TUNE—*Pilgrims of the Night.*

I.

DARK looms the night, but darker o'er the manger
 Night hung her veil about the Infant head ;
 Darkness and shade surround with fear and danger,
 Footsteps which strive the narrow path to tread :
 Child of the Virgin,
 Thee we adore,
 Who for thy people
 Dost live for evermore.

II.

Gloom reigns around, my soul in night enfolding ;
 Come to the garden, kneel beside the Christ :
 Thus shalt thou know, that scene of night beholding,
 God drank for thee his passion's Eucharist :
 Child of the Virgin, etc.

III.

Deep lies the shade ; the mid-day shade was deeper
 Which lay around the Cross of Calvary :
 Draw nigh with fear ; that pale and wayworn sleeper
 Sleeps death's deep sleep—thy God who died for
 thee.
 Child of the Virgin, etc.

IV.

Know, faithful soul, before the dawn of morning,
Darkness and cold increase about thy feet ;
Hark ! on the hills, more near, the Advent warning
Sounds through the night—'Prepare thy God to
meet.'

Child of the Virgin, etc.

V.

Dim, through the clouds, the Advent moon is rising ;
Labours the ship upon the stormy sea :
Falls that pale light, the watery depths disguising,
Cold and far distant, O faint soul, to thee.

Child of the Virgin, etc.

VI.

Nearer, more near, through sea-drift slow advancing,
I see a form, like spectre, on the wave :
Fear not, my soul ; for soon, with joy entrancing,
Thou shalt have Jesus in the ship to save.

Child of the Virgin,

Thee we adore,

Who for thy people

Dost live for evermore.

HOLY CROSS DAY.

XXXVII.

HOLY CROSS DAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

BLOOD of Jesus, slain for man,
 Down the Cross of Passion ran ;
 God looked down, and in his Son
 Saw the great Atonement won :
 Therefore we, the Cross uprising,
 Show the symbol of our Faith,
 With sweet chants the Saviour praising
 For his triumph over Death.

Sin may sully, Death affright ;
 Sin is slain, and Death's dark night
 Flees before the atoning blood
 Gleaming on the holy rood :
 Therefore we, etc.

On the Cross our Master said,
 As his arms of love he spread,
 'It is finished.' Ah! dear Lord,
 All is told in that sweet word :
 Therefore we, etc.

IT IS FINISHED : all the woe
 Of the obedient life below,
 Unknown suffering, human tears,
 All the patient thirty years :
 Therefore we, etc.

IT IS FINISHED : word of scorn,
Purple robe and crown of thorn,
Wounded side and bleeding brow,
Saviour, all are finished now :

Therefore we, etc.

Finished is the work, complete ;
Saviour, at thy Father's feet
Offer, as our ransom-price,
This thy finished Sacrifice :

Therefore we, etc.

By that Sacrifice we pray,
Father, put our sins away :
Look upon thy Christ, and see
Man in him at one with thee :

Therefore we, etc.

Satan and the hosts of hell
Know the Cross of Jesus well,
Know and fear both King and throne,
Cross and him who hung thereon :

Therefore we, etc.

Swells the battle, stays the flight,
When is raised the Cross of might ;
When its arms are reared on high,
Israel shouts for victory :

Therefore we, the Cross upraising,
 Show the symbol of our faith ;
 With sweet chants the Saviour praising
 For his triumph over Death.



XXXVIII.

MACHT HOCH DAS THOR.

I.

LIFT up, lift up your heads, ye gates !
 Ye portals, open wide !
 The King of glory enters in
 At holy Advent-tide :
 Beneath his feet the earth is spread,
 On high is set his throne ;
 Redemption, life, and liberty
 He bringeth to his own.

II.

Descends the Holiest down to man,
 The lot of man to bless ;
 Before his footsteps Mercy goes,
 Beside him Gentleness :
 His sceptre wieldeth Righteousness ;
 To crown him Lord of all,
 The thorny wreath of Passion-tide
 Shall be his coronal.

III.

O happy land, O kingdom blest,
Which winnest such a King !
O blissful heart, whom such a Lord
Accepts as offering !
With rapture of indwelling grace
The soul will he entrance,
And make her glad with radiant joy
Of his own countenance.

IV.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates !
Ye portals, open wide !
Be ready now to greet your King
At holy Advent-tide :
The King of glory enters in,
From death to set us free ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Prince of Peace is he.

V.

Yea come, my Saviour, unto me,
And lay thy loving hand
Upon the closed door of my soul,
Nor knocking vainly stand :
Come in, and draw me nearer still,
Yet nearer to thy heart,
Till I shall see thy face unveiled,
And know thee as thou art.

SONG.

XXXIX.

SONG.

WINDS of the summer night,
 Floating o'er the sea,
 Breathe on my weary soul,
 Whisper to me.

Waves of the summer night,
 Breaking on the shore,
 Voice of the far away
 In the days no more.

Star of the eventide,
 Stedfast and bright,
 Shine on my weary soul,
 Shine through the night.

Point to the land of rest
 On that far shore,
 Where night and shadows fall
 On the day no more.

—o—

XL.

ON THE DEEP.

I.

ON the sea at even,
 When the sun sank low,

Fell the veil of darkness,
Winds began to blow :
Mad the wild sea surges .
O'er the bulwarks leapt,
Where in still, calm slumber
Folded—Jesus slept.

II.

Louder and yet louder
Swelled the tempest-blast,
On his brow the sea-foam
Fell as it flew past :
Seemed he all unheeding
How the billows swept,
As in tranquil slumber
Folded—Jesus slept.

III.

Each man at his neighbour
Looked, and saw, full clear,
In his changing eye-glance
Mirrored, his own fear :
' Master, Master, save us !'
Is their outcry now ;
' While thy loved ones perish,
Master, sleepest thou ?'

IV.

Then up rose in silence
That pale, weary form ;

TALITHA CUMI.

In the drifting darkness
 Gazed he through the storm :
 For he knew the presence
 Of the Lord of Hell—
 Author of confusion,
 Jesus marked him well.

v.

Sternly he rebuked him,
 'Peace, be still, I say :'
 Sank the storm in silence,
 Wind and wave obey.
 In the tranquil midnight,
 On the breathless sea,
 Fell his voice, 'Ah, faithless,
 Wherefore doubted ye?'

—o—

XLI.

TALITHA CUMI.

I.

IN the upper chamber,
 Where the dead was laid,
 Rose the wail of anguish
 Round the sleeping maid :
 Loud in measured cadence
 Swelled the dirge of woe,
 If the tear which paid it
 Might forget to flow.

II.

Hark ! a step advancing ;
Hark ! a voice, which saith,
'Slumber holds the maiden,
Not the hand of death.'
Calm the voice which speaks it ;
Loud the mocking din,
As amid the minstrels
Jesus enters in.

III.

Mother of the maiden,
Father, enter too ;
It is Jesus calls you,
Calls alone to you :
In the silent chamber
Where he' goes before,
On the mourners' tumult
Softly close the door.

IV.

There she sleeps, the daughter
Of your fondest care.
Sleeps? Ah, that deep slumber
Knows no wakening there.
Lonely you must labour,
Lone to toil must rise,
Ere that veil of slumber
Falls upon your eyes.

TALITHA CUMI.

v.

Still, and calm, and tranquil
Lies the maiden now ;
Now no more shall fever
Flush her pallid brow :
Fold the hands in reverence
On the virgin breast ;
Whisper ' Life is over,'
Bid her take her rest.

vi.

Yet the blush of beauty
Seems to linger still,
As the sun departed
Tints some distant hill :
Ah! Life's flame is kindling
On the lips of death,
As its dying ember
Feels the Saviour's breath.

vii.

By the hand he takes her,
Draws her up to him,
Clears her darkened eyesight
From death's shadows dim :
And the smile, which sweetly
Greets her opening eyes,
Is her Lord's, who calls her,
' Maid, I say, Arise.'



INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
Alleluia ! Alleluia,	33
Almighty King, Eternal Sire,	69
Blood of Jesus, slain for man,	86
Christopher looked on his giant form,	10
Dark looms the night, but darker o'er the manger,	84
Fair Sion's feast is ready,	52
Fraught with evil was the hour,	35
God the Father, God the Son,	59
Hark ! the marriage chant is swelling,	5
How sweetly sleep the holy dead,	37
I have enough. My Lord is Jesus Christ,	71
I know that my Redeemer liveth,	54
In a lowly manger,	47
In the house of God knelt Margaret,	19
In the upper chamber,	92
It is complete. My God, I thank thy care,	65
Jesu Christ, we humbly pray,	31
Jesus Christ is come among us,	49
Jesus sat, in silence meet,	36
Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates,	88
Mighty Father, who in love,	25
Ministering, morn and even,	16

	PAGE
My God, if I possess but thee,	66
My God, I know that I must die,	57
Of all thy saints, dear Lord, whose feet,	41
O my people, tell to me,	42
On the sea at even,	90
Rapt, in silence, stood the priest,	24
Sevenfold Spirit, Lord of Life,	27
Shadow of the rock, to thee,	39
Sing we now of Mary's trial ; joy and sorrow let us tell,	78
Sister, Jesus calls thee home,	67
Sounds the bell in solemn cadence,	82
The Advent of our God and King,	76
The Lord hath girded his loins for war,	50
The Lord of Sabáoth arose in his power,	72
There comes a glorious message,	75
Unheeded, at the festal board,	74
Upon the Lady's dwelling shone,	22
When between my love and me,	29
Winds of the summer night,	90

THE END.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

Fcap. 8vo, pp. 433, price 6s.

HYMNS AND LYRICS

FOR THE

Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church.

BY THE

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.,
Vicar of Southleigh.



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

'VOLUMES of poetry are the vexation of reviewers. We get shoals of them just good enough to make us work through them, lest there should be some gleam of genius which an honest reviewer ought to seize on and speak of, and then disappointing our search;—while they are not bad enough to justify us in simply passing them by, or in warning off any intending purchasers. In Mr. Moultrie's volume we have lighted upon an oasis in the desert. It is poetry, it is original poetry, and it is of very varied character. There is a good deal in it which will not satisfy everybody's taste—especially as being *sacred* poetry. Mr. Moultrie's metres are very rich, and very varied; they are often more *swinging* and luxurious than is common in sacred verse, and he is fond of experimenting. Still, as he always experiments with real poetical feeling and often with much ability, we are not at all disposed to quarrel with him, but rather, on the contrary, are disposed to thank him. Thus we have a striking

G

poem, *The Altar Vigil* (pp. 363-369), as well as several others, in the measure popularized by the Laureate in his *Locksley Hall*; there is a beautiful Welsh legend, *Flath Innis* (pp. 374-380), in Anglo-Saxon alliterative metre, reminding us much of the "Song of Hiawatha;" and there is a remarkable dialogue piece on *The Resurrection of the Body*, the form of which is manifestly suggested by "The Two Voices." So again, in the very fine *Vision of Doom* (pp. 22-27), we have a sacred *ode*; and in the *Heavenly Fatherland*, we have a version of part of Bernard of Morlaix's Rhythm, which preserves not merely the general sense, but also the metre and the rhythm of the original. Our readers must not, however, run away with the notion that Mr. Moultrie is a mere experimenter, or imitator, in verse. It is a case of real poetry breaking out in many various forms, and in many cases selecting, very happily, the form appropriate to the feeling expressed. Any one of the poems alluded to would show this, but we may mention also as of great beauty, *The Man of Sorrows* (pp. 75-77); *Cana* (pp. 51, 52); *The Descent into Hell* (pp. 100-105); and a very beautiful version of *The Reproaches* (pp. 81-84).

'We cannot refrain from quoting a few specimens of Mr. Moultrie's Poems, though, considering their great variety, we feel that the *few* specimens we can make room for can scarcely do him justice. . . .'*Literary Churchman.*

'. . . There is a spirited processional hymn for *S. Alban's Day*, containing, however, no especial reference to the saint in question. We subjoin a hymn for *All Saints' Day*, which is both spirited and poetical. . . . A *Litany for the Ascension* is also good, and may serve to bring before people something of our Lord's work in His session at God's right hand. We subjoin it. . . . We may mention also as especially good the hymns for *S. Laurence*; *The Descent of the Spirit*; *The Work of the*

Spirit; and *The Defeat of Death*; though the last two are impracticable for singing. *The Man of Sorrows* is an old friend, and displays to good advantage Mr. Moultrie's mind and style. From among his miscellaneous poems we must extract a charming legend, which many of our readers may have seen in another dress, which is easily and gracefully written, called *The Bishop and the Beggar*. . . . We must not omit to speak of several poems contributed by the author's sister, to whom, in his preface, he makes touching allusion. They are full of refined thought and pure religious feeling.'—*Ecclesiastic*.

'Sacred poetry is one of those things, the supply of which is by no means regulated by the demand. An infinite stream of jingle flows from the press on all sorts of religious subjects; and in many cases there is nothing more irreverent—unintentionally, of course—than the manner in which the grandest problems of the science of theology are handled. It is quite refreshing to meet with a volume of verse that—extreme though its doctrine may be on some points—is not only reverent in its general tone and in the treatment of each subject, but that in every page breathes the spirit of true poetry, and shows the hand of one who has not wooed the sacred muse in vain. Mr. Moultrie is ornate in diction, but his meaning is never hidden in a cloud of words. Many of his poems can hardly fail to take a high place in future church hymnals, for they are essentially singable. There are more than 150 hymns and lyrics in the volume. Some are dogmatic, some didactic, several simply devotional, but the majority are descriptive. Many are translations from the Latin, Greek, and German; and in almost every instance the metre of the original is successfully transferred to our English tongue. Some of these have never before been—in the phraseology of the old translators—"done into English;" and Mr. Moultrie believes that some

of the metres can be successfully used in our language—especially the hexameter—if the accent is made to harmonize with the punctuation, and if the *ictus* may be shifted from the first to the second syllable of the dactyl. One poem, on the *Loss of the London*, is so very fine that, if space permitted, we would gladly quote it, for the benefit of such of our readers as are not likely to see the volume. But, indeed, we might almost take the book at random. Every poem is far above the average of such publications. A few hymns from the pen of a deceased sister of Mr. Moultrie are inserted, and do not in any way detract from the general merit. Take it all in all, this is one of the best—if not, indeed, the very best—volume of sacred poetry we have seen for some years. A few hymns in Latin interspersed are not only scholarly, but they show that Mr. Moultrie has caught both the style and the spirit of the great mediæval hymnists. Thus, a hymn on the *Day of Judgment*, beginning—

“Sedet Judex : Homo veni !”

might well be the production of the twelfth instead of the nineteenth century. Scholars will find much of delight in this volume, and Churchmen generally will not rank as wasted the hours which they may spend over it.’—*Standard*, April 18, 1867.

‘. . . Much, in the volume before us, both of the contributions of Mr. Gerard Moultrie and of his deceased and gifted sister, bespeaks high cultivation of the poetic faculty, and no small aptitude for graceful composition. . . . Thus, for instance, there is high merit both as to the management of his metre, and the choice, strength, and ornateness of language in *The Heavenly Fatherland* (Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix, pp. 8–17). The metre is by no means easy of imitation, but Mr. G. Moultrie has succeeded in catching it, both in the hymn above

mentioned, and in his very striking poem on the *Loss of the London* (pp. 321-326), which is one of the best and healthiest fruits of his muse in the present volume. The rhythm of S. Bernard is somewhat akin to Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour," except that it has two and not three acatalectic dactylic lines before each catalectic. . . . There are exceedingly few of Miss Moultrie's quota of contributions which do not induce a most favourable estimate of her taste and genius. Her *Legend of S. Peter*, under the title of *Lammas Day* (pp. 232-237), is very gracefully told, and has that simplicity about it which far transcends, to our thinking, the more ambitious obscurities of deep mysticism. Among kindred poems by her brother which strike us as commendable, are the *Child's Prayer at Bedtime* (p. 346), and *Visions of Home* (p. 358), the treatment of both of which is as graceful as natural and true. Of a severer type, and of much force of character, is his *Hymn for Good Friday* (pp. 92, 93), which gives one compact and unadorned picture of the Sacrifice on Calvary in its scriptural truthfulness : and, if perhaps a little more fanciful, yet by no means without its own beauty and well-wrought completeness is the dialogue between "soul" and "voice" in the hymn entitled the *Man of Sorrows* (p. 75). *The Descent into Hell*, too, of Mr. G. Moultrie, might well be commended to the study of the author of *Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever*, whose work we noticed some time back, as conveying an idea how to treat such awful and unexplored mysteries with reverence and expression of fancy. We quote two or three stanzas of it from p. 103, which appear to us excellent, both in conception and in rhythm. . . . So far as we have compared Mr. Moultrie's translations of Latin hymns, they appear in the main fairly truthful. . . . Their author dearly loves anything that savours of the mystical, the alliterative, the mediæval, we might almost say the monkish : nor is he ever so much alive and fervid

as when he is magnifying the Church, and chanting her glories as they were when popes had emperors at their feet, and as he expects them to be again.'—*Churchman*.

'The influence of Keble and Isaac Williams has made itself too widely felt amongst the religious minds of the day to be readily shaken off, and we note therefore a large meditative element in *Hymns and Lyrics*; but the popular and exultant character of the later Tractarian movement has had its effect also, and we therefore reap a larger proportion of direct song than we can gather from the earlier bards of the movement. . . . Therefore we note with especial pleasure that there are several pieces in Mr. Moultrie's volume which can be thrown into our still scantily furnished treasury of church song, and that even the many pieces which are not thus available are idyls and odes struggling to be hymns, and not hymns forcibly torn away from their natural form of expression. . . . That which we consider the finest poem in the volume is, however, not a hymn. It is a revised edition of the *Prose on the Transfiguration*, which Mr. Moultrie contributed some time back to one of Mr. Shipley's *Lyræ*, here retouched with good effect. Its forcible objectivity is its chiefest merit, ranking above its lyrical flow, and it was this characteristic which won it a high meed of praise from one more than commonly fit to pronounce on the merits of such compositions, our lost sweet singer, John Mason Neale. We need hardly remind our readers of the scholarly ingenuity with which the original metre of *Jerusalem the Golden* has been reproduced in English, nor yet of the swing of the *Christmas Midnight Processional*; we prefer to point out some of the pieces hitherto unpublished, or at any rate known but to few. First, we would particularize a vigorous Palm Sunday hymn made *super* the Easter *O Filii et Filia*, and embodying the

great event of the day in it. Its utility for divine service would be great, for in the Holy Week Offices in our Liturgy, every reference to the entry into Jerusalem has been excluded from Lesson, Collect, and Gospel. Nor is there any hymn to tell plainly what happened. '*Ride on, ride on,*' is very good, but not narrative, and unless the preacher dwells on the history of the day, no one can gather it from the service. Next we mark something almost more useful still. It is a happy paraphrase of the famous Good Friday *Reproaches*. There are very many churches, perhaps some thousands, in England where there is not the least likelihood of the "Reproaches" being sung in their usual form, partly from musical difficulties, and partly from a certain reluctance to employ in the course of Divine Service an anthem which is not a hymn, nor a selection of passages from the Bible or prayer-book. Here we have the anthem turned into a hymn, and no one need object any longer. Next in merit to *The Transfiguration* (perhaps even above it) we would place the unrhymed lyric for Easter Eve, the *Night Watch*, which appeared in our columns some years ago. The metre is suggestive of the Eddaic stanza, though not governed by exactly the same laws, and it is singular to note how completely it fills the ear, even without the aid of consonance. Next we would draw attention to that which, we think, ranks poetically highest amongst Mr. Moultrie's translations from the Latin, though all attest cultivated scholarship and refined taste. We refer to a version of an ancient Sequence for Pentecost, printed by Mone, and beginning *Veni, jam veni Consolator*. It is as follows. . . . We are the rather inclined to dwell on this piece because its treatment points out a vein which has been scarcely worked at all by our hymnographers. The original has neither rhyme nor what to an unpractised eye is metre, and thus belongs to the class of rhythmical prose hymns which are technically called

Notkerian, from their first writer, S. Notker, the stammerer, who was a monk of S. Gall in the tenth century, and to whom we owe the famous passage in our Burial Office, "In the midst of life we are in death," etc. These Notkerian Sequences have been almost totally neglected, despite their frequent beauty and vigour, and yet they need only rhyme and measure to make translations from them rank amongst our best hymns. The hymns for Saints' Days are important as dealing with an acknowledged weakness of our hymnals, although there are only a few, as given by Mr. Moultrie, which can be adopted for public use. Amongst those, however, we have one for the *Festival of Martyrs*, one for *S. Matthias*, a sequence (translated) for *S. John Baptist*, one for the *Visitation*, for *S. Anne*, for *S. Laurence* (a very good hymn indeed), one for the *Beheading of S. John Baptist*, for *S. Luke*, and for *All Saints*, any or all of which are suitable for insertion in hymnals. Several others there are, with much grace and tenderness of expression, such as those for *S. Mark*, *S. Beda*, and *S. Edward the Confessor*, which are scarcely direct and simple enough for hymns, but which are admirably adapted for private reading on the festivals. Mr. Moultrie has not left us to conjecture the range of his classical acquirements solely from his versions from the Latin and Greek. He has given us some original Latin hymns, some framed on the mediæval type of accentual scansion and rhyme, and others in more archaic forms. Of the former we would specify that *In festo Virginis Martyris*; of the latter, a hymn on the *Descent into Hades* in strophes of trochaic dimeters and dimeters catalectic. There are many other pieces to which we should gladly direct attention, such as the *Gates of Gold*, the *Harvest Carol*, the *Funeral Hymn*, and that for the *Dedication of a Church*, but our space warns us that we must desist, in order to dwell a little on his sister's share in the volume. Twenty-two pieces form her contri-

bution, and it is easy to trace the strong affinity of thought between them and her brother's compositions. They are, however, as a rule, more diffuse and meditative than Mr. Moultrie's poems, a difference to be ascribed rather to the concentration and restraint which men learn from the study of classical models, than to any essential difference in the type of mind. And we may note that the influence of Mr. Isaac Williams seems to have had much to do with Miss Moultrie's writings. The pieces for *S. Polycarp*, for *S. Mary Magdalene*, and for *Infant Baptism*, recall the *Cathedral* at once to mind, and only one piece, *Jesus lives*, can be exactly styled a hymn. But of tender, pious grace, there is no lack. An extract from one of the earlier poems in the volume which bear her initials will serve as an example. . . .—*Church Times*.

'*Hymns and Lyrics* . . . is a work which will give great pleasure to all who are at once devotionally-minded and capable of appreciating poetry of a very high tone. There is not a word in it, from first to last, which could jar on the most refined religious sense, while there is much in which pure and loving hearts will find the expression of feelings which they perhaps scarcely understand themselves. It is not a work which would commend itself to the worshippers of Tennyson or Swinburne, but for that reason it will be all the more acceptable to those who love to catch, in the songs of a child of grace, the echoes of the strains that sound for ever round the eternal Throne. Mr. Moultrie has perhaps hardly done himself justice in linking his poems nominally with the Seasons of the Church, as they are more adapted for the delectation of private readers than for actual use in public worship; but this, to our mind, only enhances the intrinsic value of the book, as there is little scope for the true poetic fire in the constrained rhythm of a short

hymn. A few poems by the author's sister are sweet and touching, especially as being the last accents of one whose voice is hushed on earth.—*Churchman's Companion*.

'Mr. Moultrie is already well known as a sacred poet of no common ability and power. He has collected into the present volume his contributions for some years past to the periodical literature of the day, and has also included in it many of the hymns written by his sister, now at rest in God's sheltering paradise. We can cordially recommend this book as a valuable addition to our stock of hymns and sacred lyrics ; although some of the pieces, it must be confessed, are rather extreme in doctrine and implied ritual. Take the following as a fair specimen, written by the late Miss Moultrie, and headed, *Comfort ye . . .*—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

'As a volume of Catholic *poetry*, Mr. Moultrie's book is indeed an acquisition. There is a refinement and a purity of tone about his compositions which, while they delight, cannot fail at the same time to do much more—to enable us to contemplate the holy mysteries and soul-stirring subjects of which he treats with minds at once chastened and elevated by communicating with his muse. Several pieces, many of them characterized by exceedingly tender and devout religious sentiment, were written by a deceased sister of Mr. Moultrie's, and are marked "M. D. M." We would call especial attention to Mr. Moultrie's Latin compositions in the present volume, which are most successful imitations of Mediæval Sequences.

'We do not give any extracts, because, as to the hymns, most of the best, and some of those which in our opinion are inferior, are enshrined in that wonderfully cheap Church Hymnal which has just appeared ; and as to the

poems, so many of them have already appeared in our own columns and in those of our contemporaries, that we might doubtless select one already well known to many of our readers. Those who have been delighted and benefited by Mr. Moultrie's poems when they have appeared in any of the numerous serials to which he has contributed, should not fail to possess themselves of them in their present collected and permanent form. We would mention one *desideratum* in the present volume—an index of first lines.—*Church Review*.

'Mr. Moultrie's name is well known to all as the son of one whose poetical powers are of no mean order. Several of the lyrics here given have already appeared in print, though some of them, we believe, come before the public now for the first time. His book, a goodly volume of between four and five hundred pages, well printed on toned paper, and issued at an exceedingly reasonable cost, is a valuable contribution to modern religious poetry. Interspersed here and there are about twenty-five contributions from Mr. Moultrie's sister, signed "M. D. M.," full of vigour, poetic power, refined taste, and lyrical ability.

'The book is divided into three parts, "For the Seasons," "For Saints' Days," and "Hymns and Lyrics." Several are translations from Latin, German, and Dutch authors, whilst here and there Mr. Moultrie provides an original Latin hymn. In that for September 8th, *In Nativitate B.V.M.*, he has been most successful, as the following verse will show. . . . Throughout the volume there is a striking simplicity of expression deserving of all admiration, and an entire absence of affected obscurity, which is so frequently fatal to the success of many modern versifiers. Nor does Mr. Moultrie ever run into the opposite extreme of other would-be successful hymn writers, who, simply cutting up pious prose into the

proper number of feet, transposing the nominative and accusative, and taking care that the last syllable in each line shall rhyme with its neighbour, forget that verse is not poetry, and that prosaic measures, rendered obscure here and there, or grotesque by hyper-mystical allusions, are not Catholic hymns.

‘But now to particulars. That for *Christmas* (p. 28), if compressed—it is far too long—would be excellent. The same in every respect may be remarked of the *Hymn for Palm Sunday* (p. 72), with the single addition that it is too wordy. *Gethsemane*, not a hymn, but one of the finest poems in the book, is a masterly production; and, in a somewhat lesser degree, this judgment is true of *The Night Watch* (p. 97). *The Sacrifice for Ever* is too long; the stanzas too much alike, though generally excellent. Compression and polish would have ensured improvement here likewise. Many of the hymns for the Saints’ Days are not hymns at all, e.g. those for *S. Agnes’ Day* and *S. Blandina*. *The Descent of the Spirit* (p. 140), on the other hand, is a fine hymn, grand in its dignified simplicity. The poem on *S. Augustine* is remarkable for the true and powerful sketch of Cranmer, and also for that not less just of Laud. The hymns for the *Name of Jesus*, and *The Marriage of the Lamb*, are eminently sweet and rhythmical, full of beautiful ideas and rich imaginings. Those, too, for *The Dedication of a Church*, and for *Harvest*, are appropriate and solemn, while the *Barrow Evening Hymn* is charming for its poetic truth and singular blending of hope and melancholy. . . . We are bound to record our deliberate conviction that it is a volume of high poetical merit; that it contains lofty thoughts and Catholic truths, well expressed, and most poetically rendered; and, finally, that it deserves to be circulated far and wide, as well for its admirable principles as for its poetical merits. As a volume for private reading, though lacking the philosophic depth of *The*

Christian Year, it is second to very few. One specimen, *Visions of Home*, we give at length. . . .—*Church News*.

‘The *Hymns and Lyrics* of Mr. Moultrie come evidently from a full heart and a cultivated mind, and show considerable imaginative vigour. Their author is familiar with the rich treasury of ancient hymns ; some of them he has imitated very skilfully, and they have often affected his style where there is no direct imitation. Our readers will see that there are some unusual elements in the writer of the following hymn for *S. Mark's Day*. . . .

‘We have here a number of images grouped together almost grotesquely, but linked to each other by a true imaginative affinity, such as cannot be recognised, much less invented, by a mind which moves only on a low prosaic level. The succession of ideas is one which would have pleased that eccentric but truly original genius, the poet-painter Blake ; indeed, the rhythm of the concluding stanza has a curious resemblance to his manner ; and the thought of that stanza is one which it would have been quite natural for him to incorporate in one of his strange pictures.’—*Guardian*.

‘Mr. Gerard Moultrie's book, *Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church* (London, Masters), reached us too late for an adequate notice. It must be reviewed, therefore, on a future occasion. At present it will suffice to draw our readers' attention to the volume, which is of a very high order of merit, and contains many hymns of singular power and beauty, which are certain to become deservedly popular.’—*Union Review*.

By the same Author, pp. 286, 18mo, price 3s.

Uniform with the Primer,

Offices for Holy Week and Easter,
AFTER THE PRIMER USE,

TOGETHER WITH

MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS ON THE PASSION.

DEDICATED TO THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

'Offices for Holy Week and Easter after the Primer use, prepared and edited by the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, comes nearest to our idea of what a devotional manual for private and for domestic use should be of any which we have seen for a long time. The passages from Holy Scripture are selected with true ritual instinct, and all things in this little volume are so arranged as to admit of the book being used in a family, or read straight through in solitude. To those who wish to spend much of their time during the hours of Holy Week and Easter in meditation and devotion, we can recommend no more fitting manual than this which Mr. Moultrie has just prepared and edited.'—*Churchman, April 6, 1865.*

'Mr. Gerard Moultrie has given another of his valuable contributions to the rapidly increasing store of Manuals of Devotion. The present one, published just in time for

use, is a collection of Offices for Holy Week and Easter, intended mainly for private use and meditation, though capable of being employed in household worship. It is a suitable companion to his *Primer*, and while giving lections from such well-known sources as S. Leo the Great, Venerable Beda, and S. Peter Chrysologus, does not shrink from the wise innovation of selecting five passages for similar use from Andrewes and Pearson. On the office proper follow fifty-six carefully constructed Meditations, with four Litanies, and about a dozen hymns. Those who desire to use it this year must be prompt in their orders to their booksellers.'—*Church Times*, April 8, 1865.

'Mr. Moultrie is again entitled to our gratitude for bringing out a Manual of very deep devotional character for the season of the Passion. It consists of the Office of Matins, with varying lessons, each with versicle and response, which illustrate the subject by allusion to Old Testament types. Added to this are some Meditations of great depth and beauty. . . . We are glad to see that the lessons are essentially doctrinal in their character. Increased devotion can only be safely pursued along with increased theological knowledge: the fair structure of spiritual perfection must be built upon the rock of a true confession of faith; and we have sad proof in these days that theological truth is not attained by instinct (as many deem it to be), but can only be, equally with other truth, the fruit of deep study.'—*Ecclesiastic*, May 1865.

'This will be thought by a great many devout Churchmen a most acceptable companion for the present season. The Offices are mainly intended for private use, but are also fitted for family devotion. They take this form by the use of the Matins Service from the *Primer*, as lately edited by Mr. Moultrie, with the introduction of lessons from holy writers. But probably the chief feature of the

book consists in the fifty-six Meditations on all the leading points of our Lord's life, passion, and death, each having a prayer appended to it. These are of a very rich devotional character. Some beautiful hymns and several Litanies close the little book.'—*Church Review*, April 8, 1865.

'It may be right to assure our readers that *Offices for Holy Week and Easter* are not a translation of the *Tenebræ*, which Mr. Carter of Clewer has already published in English. The Manual before us contains nine lessons for every day in Holy Week, chiefly taken from the Fathers, to which are added fifty-six Meditations (or rather Prayers) on events in the life and passion of our blessed Lord. Four excellent Litanies, and fourteen excellent hymns, bearing on the same subjects, close the volume, which seems to be very carefully drawn up, and which we can heartily recommend to our readers. While some portions of it are specially adapted for use during the Holy Week, there is much also that will be found generally applicable. An engraving of Albert Durer's well-known Crucifixion forms an appropriate frontispiece.'

—*Union Review*, July 1865.

LONDON:

JOSEPH MASTERS,
ALDERSGATE STREET, AND NEW BOND STREET.



