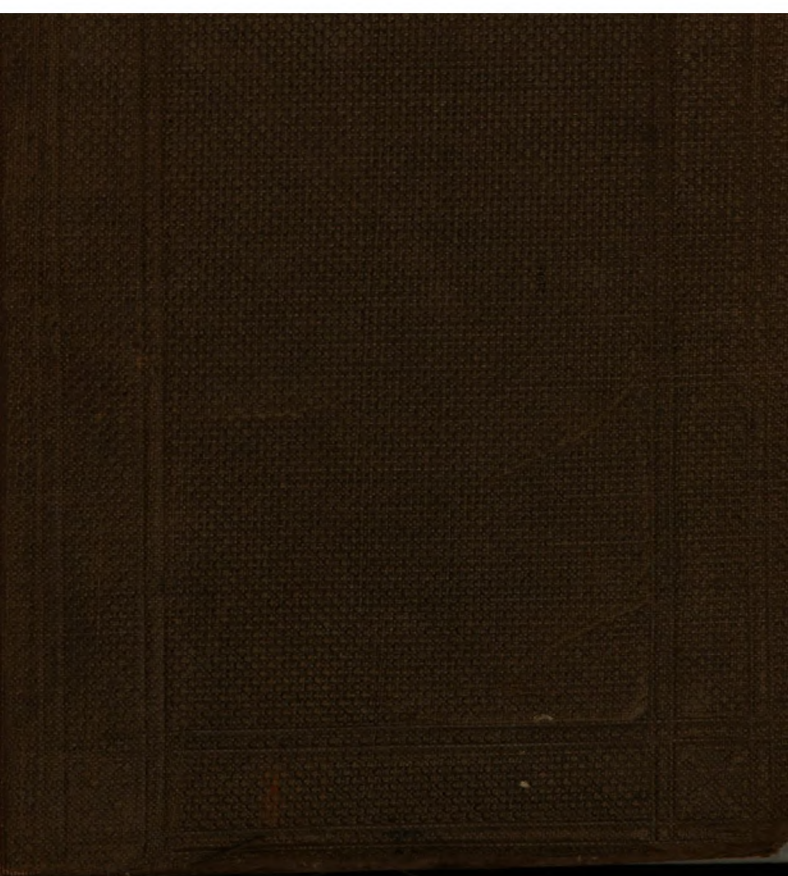

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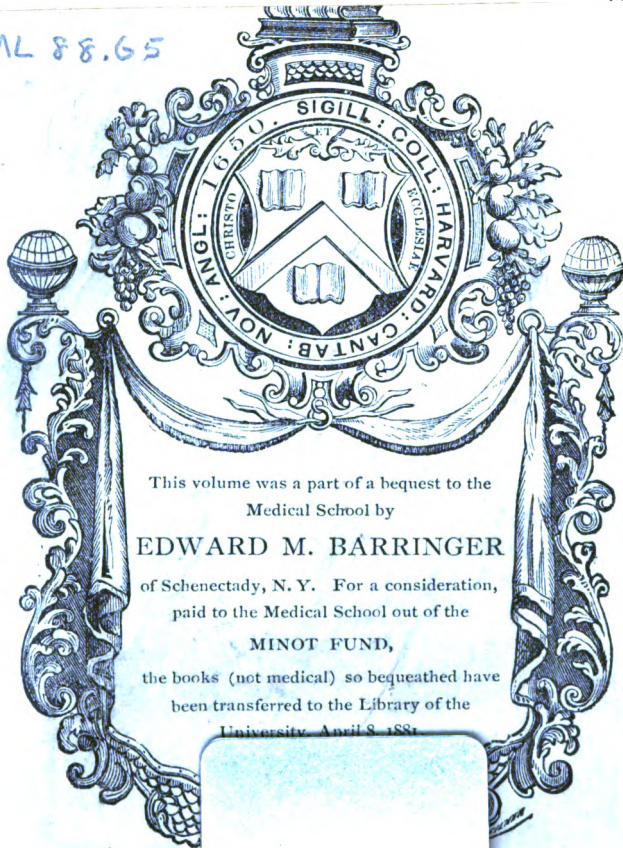
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H Y M N S
ON THE
Joys and Glories of Paradise.

©
HYMNS,
CHIEFLY MEDIEVAL,
ON THE
Joys and Glories
OF
Paradise.

TRANSLATED OR EDITED BY
John ...
THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.
Warden of Sackville College.



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Barringer's bequest.

**TO THE
EX-SUPERIOR
OF
S. MARGARET'S HOME,
THESE HYMNS,
BEARING REFERENCE TO THAT HOME
OF WHICH
EVERY RELIGIOUS HOUSE
IS THE FAINT TYPE,
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.**

P R E F A C E.

THIS little Book is intended to be a companion volume to my translation of BERNARD of CLUNY. One or two of the Hymns contained in it have, since I turned them, appeared in the "Lyra Mystica:" and, no doubt, from the one translation and the other, a better version than either may hereafter be given to that future Hymnal of our Church, which, the longer delayed, will only be the more perfect.

If I had to choose a motto to the whole of my little book, I should take, as a kind of commentary on that verse, "Who hath abolished death," two Epitaphs in the great Cemetery at Arles; both of the same date; both close together.

And here they follow. The one is:

O. DOLOR. QVANTAE.

LACRIMAE. FECERE.

SEPVLORVM. IVL. LV.

D SINAE. QVI. VICKIT. KA. M.

RISSIMA. MATRI. FLOS. AE.

TATIS. HIC JACET. INTVS.

CONDITA. SACXOO. UTINAM.
 POSSIT. REPARARI. SPIRITUS. ILLE.
 VT. SCIRET. QVANTVS. DOLOR. EST.
 QVÆ. VIXIT. ANN. XXVII. M. X. D. XIII.
 IVL. PARTHENOPE. POSVIT.
 INFELIX. MATER.

The other :

IN FEDE ET IN
 XPISTO
 FLORIDVLA
 ANN. VI. M. VII. D. VI.
 IN SPE
 RESVRRETIO.

The magnificent poem of Hildebert is, to my mind, with the single exception of the *Dies Iras*, the very hardest of Mediæval Hymns to translate. Most of the lines in my own version have been re-written three, and several a great many more, times. There is, in the *Lyra Mystica*, a translation of the latter part. I hope that, in a second edition, its concluding stanza,

Jacinth or chalcedon be it,
 They shall know who live to see it,

will be altered. To say nothing of the "*live*," where the writer means "shall be counted worthy," the contrast which the poet is drawing is not between our now seeing "through a glass darkly, but then face to face,"—but rather between our sight by faith here, and that perfect vision which those blessed spirits before the Throne are at this very moment enjoying there.

I wish to add,—and this for the Publisher as well as for myself,—that any compiler of a future Hymnal is perfectly welcome to make use of anything contained in this little book, or in "*BERNARD OF CLUNY*," or in my translation of the "*GREEK HYMNS*:" only he will, perhaps, in that case, let us have a copy of his Hymnal when published. And I am very glad to have this opportunity of saying how strongly I feel that a Hymn, whether original, or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom; the author retaining no private right in it whatever. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a Hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into that treasury of the Church, into which the "many that were rich,"—Ambrose and Hildebert, and Adam and Bernard of Cluny, and S. Bernard,—yes, and

Sainteuil and Coffin,—“cast in much.” But having so cast it in, is not the claiming a vested interest in it, something like “keeping back part of the price of the land?”

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,

January 10, 1865.

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THE ineffable and unbounded goodness of GOD hath provided this also; that the time for labour and for agony should not be extended, not long, not enduring, but short, and so to speak, momentary. That in this brief and little life should be the pain and the travail, but in the Life which is eternal should be the Crown and the Reward of merits: that the labour should quickly come to an end, but that the Diadem shall never cease: that after the darkness of this world the warriors should behold that most beautiful light, and receive a blessedness greater than the bitterness of all passions: as the Apostle beareth witness, when he saith, "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

VENERABLE BEDE.

Cardinal Peter Damiani his Hymn on The Glory of Paradise.

I.

[The following Hymn, the crowning glory of S. Peter Damiani (1002-1072,) has been sometimes, but most absurdly, attributed to S. Augustine. It is, in fact, only a repetition of passages in the xvth chapter of the author's fiftieth treatise,—*On the Character of a Nun*. The base of the Translation is Mr. Wackerbarth's : but there is scarcely a stanza that has not been more or less altered.]

FOR the fount of life eternal
 Longs the soul with eager thirst ;
 As the imprisoned restless spirit
 Seeks her fleshly gates to burst ;
 Struggling, yearning, for the Country
 Whence she has been banished erst.

While she wails for her condition,
 Pressed by grief, by sorrow crossed,
 Sad she looks upon the glory
 Her delinquency has cost ;
 Present misery but increases
 Memory of her blessings lost.



Petri Damiani S. R. C. Card. Hymnus de
Gloria Paradisi.

AD perennis vitæ fontem
Mens sitivit arida ;
Clastra carnis præsto frangi
Clausæ quærit anima ;
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur,
Exul frui Patriâ.

Dum pressuris et ærumnis
Se gemit obnoxiam,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam ;
Præsens malum auget boni
Perditi memoriam.

For of everlasting quiet
Who the joyousness can tell ?
Where in glorious edifices
All of living pearl they dwell ;
While with burnished gold the buildings
And the couches gleam as well.

Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation stone :
Polished gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone :
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow are known.

Winter braming, summer flaming,
Never more their harms can bring ;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting spring :
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

Nam quis promat summa pacis
 Quanta sit lætitia?
 Ubi vivis margaritis
 Surgunt ædificia:
 Auro celso micant tecta,
 Radiant triclinia.

Solis gemmis pretiosis
 Hæc structura nititur;
 Auro mundo tanquam vitro
 Urbis via sternitur;
 Abest limus, deest fimus;
 (1) Lues nulla cernitur.

Hyems horrens, æstas torrens,
 Illic nunquam sæviunt;
 Flos perpetuus rosarum
 Ver agit perpetuum;
 Candent lilia, rubescit
 Crocus, sudat balsamum.

(1) *Lues* is here used in its original sense of melting snow,—“slush;”—a word, which by reason of the extreme filthiness of such snow when trodden under foot, by a natural metaphor came to signify any defilement.

Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,
Honey streameth rivers fair ;
While with aromatic perfume
Gloweth all the grateful air ;
Flowery fruits that never wither
Hang in every thicket there.

There no waxing moon, nor waning ;
Sun, nor stars in courses bright ;
For the LAMB to that glad City
Is the everlasting light :
There the daylight shines for ever,
And unknown are time and night.

There the Saints, in beauty vested,
As the sun, in glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
Knit in unison secure,
Now in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt ;
Pigmentorum spirat odor,
Liquor et aromatum ;
Pendent poma floridorum
Non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol, vel cursus siderum ;
Agnus est felicis Urbis
Lumen inocciduum ;
Nox et tempus desunt ei ;
Diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut
Sol præclarus rutilant :
Post triumphum coronati,
Mutuo conjubilant :
Et prostrati pugnæ hostis
Jam securi numerant.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done ;
For the flesh made spiritual,
And the soul agree in one :
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment ;
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Stript of changefulness, united
To primæval Being's spring,
And the present form and essence
Of the Truth contemplating,
There they quaff the vital sweetness
Of the Well of Quickening.

Thence it is, that perfect sameness
Perfect joy doth still enhance :
Beauteous, keen, and gay, and noble,
Unexposed to change and chance,
Health is theirs untouched by sickness,
Youth that fears not eld's advance.

Omni labe defecati
Carnis bella nesciunt ;
Caro factus spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt ;
Pace multâ perfruentes
Scandala non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti,
Repetunt originem ;
Et præsentem veritatis
Contemplantur speciem ;
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper iidem
Exeuntes capiunt ;
Clari, vividi, jucundi,
Nullis patent casibus :
Absunt morbi semper sanis,
Senectus juvenibus.

Here they live in endless being:
 Passingness hath passed away :
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish ;
 For decayed is all decay :
That immortal breeze's vigour
 Endeth Death's malignant sway.

Knowing Him Who all things knoweth,
 What is there they fail to know ?
For into the deepest secrets
 Of each other's souls they go ;
One in willing, one in nilling,
 Unity their spirits show.

Though each Saint's respective merit
 Hath his varying palm assigned,
Love takes all as his possession,
 Where his power has all combined ;
So that all that each possesses,
 All partake in unconfined.

Hinc perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit ;
Inde virent, vigent, florent,
Corruptela corruiit ;
Immortalis vigor auræ
Mortis jus absorbit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt,
Quid jam scire nesciunt?
Nam et pectoris arcana
Penetrant alterutrum ;
Unum volunt, unum nolunt,
Unitas est mentium.

Licet cuique sit diversum
Pro labore meritum,
Charitas hæc suum facit,
Quod dum amat alterum ;
Proprium sic singulorum
Commune fit omnium.

Where the Sacred Body lieth
Eagle souls will congregate ;
Who, with Saints and happy Angels,
Thus their spirits recreate ;
One same Living Bread sustaining
Denizens of either state.

Ever full, but hungry ever,
What they have they still desire ;
Never suffer surfeit's loathing,
Nor yet famine's torment dire :
Hungering still, they eat ; and eating,
Still the sacred Food require.

(1)
Lovely voices make a concert
Ever new and ever clear ;
And in never-ceasing festal
Organs sooth the ravished ear ;
Worthily the King they honour
Who hath won them victory's cheer.

(1) Had I dared, I would have used our very pretty Sussex word, *Chavish*. It means the sweet confusion of melody that birds, in spring-time, make in a wood.

Ubi corpus, illic jure
Congregantur aquilæ,
Quo cum Angelis et Sanctis
Recreantur animæ ;
Uno Pane vivunt cives
Utriusque Patriæ.

Avidi et semper pleni,
Quod habent desiderant :
Non satiety fastidit,
Neque fames cruciat ;
Inhiantes semper edunt,
Et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonías
Vox meloda concrepat ;
Et in jubulum prolata
Mulcent aures organa ;
Digna per quem sunt victores
Regi dant præconia.

Who shall see Heaven's Monarch present,
O how blest that happy soul !
And, beneath His Throne of Glory,
Watch the orbs of nature roll,
Sun, and Moon, and Stars, and Planets,
As they course around the pole!

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,
To this City bright and free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me ;
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be !

Grant me vigour, while I labour
In the ceaseless battle pressed ;
That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
Give me everlasting rest ;
And that I at length inherit
Thee my portion ever blest.

Amen.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem
Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat altâ
Orbis volvi machinam,
Solem, lunam, et globosa
Cum planetis sidera !

CHRISTE, Palma bellatorum,
Hoc in Municipium
Introduc me, post solutum
Militare cingulum ;
Fac consortem donativi
Beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto
Laboranti prælio ;
Ut quietem post præinctum
Debeas emerito ;
Teque merear potiri
Sine fine præmio.

Amen.



Jerusalem, my happy Home.

A Song by F. B. P., to the Tune of Diana.

II.

[The following Hymn, so well known in its abbreviated and corrupted form, "Jerusalem, my happy Home!" is found in a thin quarto, in the British Museum, lettered on the back, *Queen Elizabeth*, and marked 15,225. It contains several other pieces of poetry, evidently by Roman Catholics;—one headed—"Here followeth the song Mr. Thewlis wrote himself:"—and another, "Here followeth the song of the death of Mr. Thewlis." Now John Thewlis was a Priest, barbarously executed at Manchester, March 18, 1617. It is probable, therefore, that "F. B. P." was another sufferer, (in all likelihood a Priest,) in the persecution either of Elizabeth or of James I. It was most impudently appropriated to himself, and mixed up with a quantity of his own rubbish, by one Dickson, a Covenanter Dr. Bonar has published the latter performance, in his elegant Book "The New Jerusalem," accompanying it with the original, (which he fairly vindicates to F. B. P.,) several other versions, and some notes.]

**HIERUSALEM ! my happie Home !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joyes when shall I see ?**

**O happie harbor of the saints,
O sweete and pleasant soyle,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle !**

**In thee noe sicknesse may be seene,
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore ;
There is noe death, nor ugly dole,
But Life for evermore.**

**Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe cold nor darksome night ;
There everie soule shines as the sun ;
There GOD Himselfe gives light.**

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is noe hunger, heate, nor colde,
But pleasure everie way.

Hierusalem ! Hierusalem !
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joyes, and of the same
Partaker aye to bee !

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine ;
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare ;
Thy tyles are made of beaten Gould ;
—O GOD, that I were there !⁽¹⁾

Within thy gates doth nothinge come
That is not passinge cleane ;
Noe spider's web, no durt, no dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

Ah ! my sweete Home, Hierusalem,
Would GOD I were in thee !
Would GOD my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see !

Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,
They see GOD face to face ;
They triumph still, they still reioyce ;
Most happie is their case.

(1) To my mind the *Heim-weh* of this sudden, passionate, cry, is unrivalled.

Wee that are heere in banishment
Continuallie doe moane ;
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and waile,
Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixed with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine ;
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes still remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are
Most beautifull and faire,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Exceeding riche and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene ;
There growe such sweet and pleasant flowers
As noe where else are seene.

There nectar and ambrosia flow :
There, muske and civette sweete ;
There manie a faire and daintie drugge
Are troden under feete.

There cinnamon, there sugar grow,
There narde and balme abound :
What toungue can telle or harte containe
The ioyes that there are found ?

Quyt through the streetes, with silver sound,
The Flood of Life doth flowe ;
Upon whose bankes, on everie syde,
The Wood of Life doth growe.

There trees for evermore beare fruite,
And evermore doe springe ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

There David stands, with harpe in hands,
As master of the queere ;
Tenne thousand times that man were blest,
That might this musicke heare !

Our Ladie singes *Magnificat*,
With tones surpassing sweete ;
And all the Virginns beare their parte,
Siting about her feete.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose singe,
Saint Austine doth the like ;
Ould Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
And cheerfullie doth singe
With blessed Saints, whose harmonie
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie Home!
Would GOD I were in thee!
Would GOD my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

Extra Portam.

III.

[The following lines are the latter half of a poem of Hildebert, Bishop first of Le Mans, and then Archbishop of Tours, (1057-1134). They were first printed in Beaugendre's edition of his works;—and have since been reprinted by Archbishop TRENCH, in his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*:" to which they form a noble conclusion. I am painfully sensible of the poverty of my first translation: it was one of my earliest attempts in Hymnology,—in 1843: and was published in my *Hierologus*. I have altered almost every line of that version: but the old words were so firmly imprinted on my mind as to make an absolutely new translation impossible.]

FROM the gate borne forth, and lying
 Shroud-bound, tomb-held, putrefying,
 Wrapt in grave-clothes, fast in prison,
 (1) THOU canst raise me,—THOU hast risen !

(1) I cannot here do better than transfer Archbishop TRENCH's very able note:—

"The four images of deliverance which run through these lines, will be best understood in their details, by keeping



Extra Portam.

EXTRA portam jam delatum,
Jam foetentem, tumulatum,
Vitta ligat, lapis urget,
Sed, si jubes, hic resurget.

Speak ! the rock no more shall hold me !
 Speak ! the shroud no longer fold me !
 To the light the prisoner boundeth,
 When Thy Voice, Come forth !—resoundeth.
 On a sea whose tempests grieve me,
 Pirates chase me, billows heave me ;
 This side, conflict ; that side, error ;
 This and that side, death and terror.

closely in view the incidents of the evangelical history on which they rest, and which lend them severally their language and imagery. In verse 101-112 the allusion is to CHRIST'S raising of the dead, and mainly to that of Lazarus. The "Extra portam jam delatum" belongs indeed to the history of the Widow's Son,—(*Luke* vii., 12) ; but all else is to be explained from John xi., 39-44. The second image seems, in a measure, to depart from the miracles of the stilling of the storm, (*Matt.* viii., 26, cf xiv., 32), and to introduce a new feature in the "*piratæ*": but on closer inspection it will be seen, that in the "pirates" we have only a bold personification of the winds and waves, as "*hi piratæ*," of ver. 119 plainly proves. In the third, ver. 121-128, he contemplates himself as the barren fig-tree of *Luke* xiii., 6-9, and as such in danger of being hewn down. The fourth

Jube, lapis absolvetur,
Jube, vitta dirumpetur ;
Exiturus nescit moras,
Cum proclamas, Exi foras.
In hoc salo mea ratis
Infestatur a piratis ;
Hinc assultus, inde fluctus,
Hinc et inde mors et luctus :

image, ver. 129-138, rests plainly on the healing of the lunatic child, and especially on the account of it given by S. Mark, having traits which belong exclusively to that account, as the "Aquis mergit, flammis urit," *Mark ix.*, 22. The words "Tibi soli sum relictus," refer to the failure of the Apostles, *Mark ix.*, 18. It is as though he would say, man's help is vain, and Thou must heal me, or none."

I cannot agree with the Archbishop's opinion, worthy of S. Hildebert though such an interpretation be—that by *pirates* the Poet simply means billows: and that principally for this reason, that I cannot see the antithesis between *assultus* and *fluctus*, if his be the right translation. At the same time, anyone who differs on such a point from such a critic, must feel that he does it at his peril.

O Good Pilot ! leave Thy pillow,
Calm the tempest, lay the billow !
Grant me conqueringly to wrestle,
To the safe port bring my vessel.
Ah, my fig-tree, bare and hapless !
Branch all fruitless, trunk all sapless !
Axe and flame it must inherit,
If Thou judgest by its merit.
Yet this year reprieve the sentence :
Tend, dig, till it to repentance :
If all this shall not amend it,
Woe is me ! then fire must end it !
All his art my Tempter urges ;
Wounds with flame, and whelms with surges ;
Thence I falter, thence I languish,
Left to Thee alone in anguish.
That he do me harm no longer,
That the weaker wax the stronger,
Give me graces, firm and lasting,
Those twin graces, Prayer and Fasting :

Sed tu, Bone Nauta, veni,
Preme ventos, mare leni,
Fac abscedant hi piratæ,
Duc ad portum salvâ rate.
Infœcunda mea ficus,
Cujus ramus, ramus siccus,
Incidetur, incendetur,
Si promulgas, quod meretur ;
Sed hoc anno dimittatur,
Stercoretur, fodiatur :
Quod si necdum respondebit,
Heus quod loquor, tunc ardebit !
Vetus hostis in me furit,
Aquis mergit, flammis urit ;
Inde languens et afflictus
Tibi soli sum relictus.
Ut hic hostis evanescat,
Ut infirmus convalescat,
Tu virtutem jejunandi
Des infirmo, des orandi ;

These to practise, CHRIST assureth,
Freedom from this pest secureth.
From this pest free Thou each motion ;
Give me penitent devotion ;
Give me fear, which, if a stranger,
Leaves my latter state in danger :
Give me piety unfeign'd,
Faith, and Hope, and Love unstain'd :
To despise all earthly pleasures,
And to grasp at Heavenly treasures.
LORD! on Thee my trust is grounded :
Let me never be confounded !
Thou, the Good, my soul conferred on,
Endless Praise, eternal Guerdon :
Thou in labour my Fruition,
Thou in sickness my Physician,
Thou in time of grief my Lyre,
Comforter in time of ire,
Thou my Setter free in danger,
My Director when a stranger :

Per hæc duo, CHRISTO teste,
Liberabor ab hâc peste.
Ab hâc peste solve mentem,
Fac devotum pœnitentem :
Da timorem, quo projecto,
De salute non conjecto ;
Da spem, fidem, charitatem,
Da discretam pietatem ;
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Appetitum supernorum.
Totum, DEUS, in Te spero,
DEUS, ex Te totum quæro!
Tu Laus mea, meum Bonum,
Mea Cuncta, meum Donum ;
Tu Solamen in labore,
Medicamen in languore ;
Tu in luctu mea Lyra,
Tu Lenimen es in irâ ;
Tu in arcto Liberator,
Tu in lapsu Relevator ;

Wholesome fear in wealth Thou sendest,
From despair in falls defendest.
When man threateneth, Thou repliest ;
Him that hurteth, Thou defiest :
What I need to know, Thou solvest ;
What I need not, Thou involvest.
Let me not, my One Salvation,
See the dungeons of damnation :
Where is anguish unavailing,
Where are weeping, stench, and wailing :
And the ever-damned, confounded ;
And deep things of darkness, sounded :
Where the torturer ever lashing,
Worms still gnawing, teeth still gnashing :
Where this doom is fixed for ever,
For Gehenna's death dies never.
Give me Sion's habitation,
Sion, David's calm foundation :
Her, whose Maker light created,
Her, whose gates the Cross dilated :

Metum præstans in propectu,
Spem conservans in defectu
Si quis lædit, Tu rependis ;
Si minatur, Tu defendis ;
Quod est anceps Tu dissolvis,
Quod tegendum Tu involvis.
Tu intrare me non sinas
Infernales officinas ;
Ubi mœror, ubi metus,
Ubi fœtor, ubi fletus ;
Ubi prava deteguntur,
Ubi rei confunduntur ;
Ubi tortor semper cædens,
Ubi vermis semper edens ;
Ubi totum hoc perenne,
Quia perpes mors Gehennæ.
Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David Urbs tranquilla,
Cujus Faber Auctor lucis,
Cujus porta signum Crucis,

Her, whom Peter's faith is key to ;
Her, whose burghers, glad to see to ;
Her, whose gems build up her story :
Her, whose King is King of Glory.
In this City, uninvaded
Peace,—spring endless,—light unfaded :
There eternal incense riseth,
Harp with chorus sympathiseth :
There nought faileth, none but smileth ;
Nothing entereth that defileth ;
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
Home celestial! Home supernal!
Founded on the Rock Eternal!
Home, no change nor loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheerest :
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
—But the gladness of thy Nation,
But their joyous gratulation,

Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus murus lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex Festivus.
In hâc Urbe lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens cœlos,
In hâc semper festum melos.
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela,
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes CHRISTO sunt conformes.
Urbs cœlestis, Urbs beata,
Supra Petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto :
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro !
—Quantum tui gratulentur,
Quam festive conviventur,

What the freedom there from peril,
What the jacinth or the beryle,
What the strains the ransomed swell there,
—Ah! they know, they know, who dwell there!
Grant me, with the happy Nation,
In those streets to find a Station:
There, with Moses and Elias,⁽¹⁾
Chanting endless Alleluias!

(1) The medieval pronunciation of Alleluia gave to the penultimate syllable the sound of *i*, not as we do, of *u*. I hope it is an allowable liberty to employ that sound here.

Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
Quis chalcedon, quis jacintus,
—Nôrunt isti qui sunt intus !
Tu, plateis hujus Urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Möise et Eliâ
Fac ut cantem Alleluia !



In Domo Patris.

*Of the various mansions and rewards of the Elect,
in the Heavenly Jerusalem.*

IV.

[The following Hymn was first printed by Mone, from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century, at Karlsruhe. I have not, as in other instances, printed the original as well as my version, because the latter is little more than an imitation and abbreviation of the Latin.]

My Father's Home eternal,
Which all dear pleasures share,
Hath many divers mansions,
And each one passing fair :
They are the victors' guerdon,
Who, through the hard won fight,
Have followed in My footsteps,
And reign with Me in light.

Amidst the happy number,
The Virgins' Crown and Queen,
The Ever-virgin Mother,
Is first and foremost seen ;
Her one and only gladness,
That undefilèd one,
To gaze in adoration,
The Mother, on the Son.

There Adam leads the chorus,
And tunes the joyous strain
Of all his myriad children
That follow in My train :
Victorious over sorrow,
The countless bands to see,
Destroyed through his transgression,
But raised to life by Me.

The Patriarchs in their triumph
My praises nobly sing,
Of old their promised Offspring,
And now their Victor-King :

The Prophets harp their gladness,
That Whom their strains foretold,
In manifested glory
They evermore behold.

And David calls to memory
His own especial grace,
In such clear prophet-vision
To see Me face to face :
The Apostolic Cohort,
My valiant and My own,
As royal Co-assessors
Are nearest to My Throne.

My Martyrs reign in glory,
Who triumphed as they fell,
And by a thousand tortures
Defeated death and hell :
And every patient sufferer,
Who sorrow dared contemn,
For each especial anguish
Hath one especial gem.

The purple-stoled Confessors
Put on their meet array,
Who bare the heat and burden
Of many a weary day :
The Doctors of My Wisdom,
Whose teaching fell like rain
Upon the Church's pastures,
Now wear the Golden Chain.

The brave Religious Orders,
Their self-denial ceased,
Sit down with Me, and banquet
At My eternal Feast :
The Hermits, that elected
Strait cells for love of Me,
Are called to be thy denizens,
Jerusalem the Free !

The Virgins walk in beauty
Amidst their lily-bowers,
The coronals assuming
Of amaranthine flowers :

• And each true-hearted widow,
 Made perfect in My grace,
Hath meet, though lower, portion,
 Midst those that see My Face.

And they in saintly wedlock
 Unspotted lives who led,
Preserving in its pureness
 The undefilèd bed :
And Innocents sport gaily
 Through all the Courts of Light,—
To whom I gave the guerdon
 Before they fought the fight.

The continent of spirit,
 Their carnal struggles o'er,
With joy put off the armour
 That they shall need no more :
And these, and all that battled
 Beneath their Monarch's eyes,
The harder was the conflict,
 The brighter is the prize.

The Penitents, attaining
Full pardon in My sight,
Leave off the vest of sackcloth,
And don the robe of white :
The bondsman and the noble,
The peasant and the king,
All gird One glorious Monarch
In one eternal ring.

Quisquis valet numerare.

Of the Glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem in general.

V.

[The three following Hymns, of which the author is quite unknown, but which are apparently of the 15th century, were first published by Mone, from a MS. at Karlsruhe. The more striking stanzas of the first and second were translated for the Hymnal Noted. The second, judging from its frequent employment at Dedication, or other Festivals, is the greater favourite of the two. In the present edition, the first has three, the second six, new stanzas: the third has never been translated before. The language and general ideas prove the writer to have been subject to the influence of the school of Geert Groot, and Thomas à Kempis.]

IF there be that skills to reckon
 All the number of the Blest,
 He, perchance, can weigh the gladness
 Of the everlasting Rest
 Which, their earthly exile finished,
 They by merit have possest.



V.

De Gloria Cœlestis Jerusalem in communi.

QUISQUIS valet numerare
Beatorum numerum,
Horum poterit pensare
Sempiternum gaudium,
Quod meruerunt intrare
Mundi post exilium.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

For they see their cruel Tempter
Suffering torments evermore ;
To the SAVIOUR That redeemed them
Those redeemed ones praises pour ;
And the Monarch That rewards them
Those rewarded Saints adore.

There the gifts of each and single,
All in common right possess ;
There each member hath his portion
In the Body's blessedness :
So that he, the least in merits,
Shares the guerdon none the less.

De valle plorationis
 Erepti feliciter,
 Annos jam afflictionis
 Cogitantes dulciter,
 Omnis consummationis
 Finem vident jugiter.

Suum cernunt temptatorem
 In pœnis perpetuo ;
 Suum pium Salvatorem
 Collaudant in júbilo ;
 Quem et Remuneratorem
 Sentiant in præmio.

Ibi dona singulorum
 Communia omnibus :
 De donis universorum
 Tripudiat singulus :
 Sic fit plenus præmiorum
 Etiam si minimus.

O what splendour, O what beauty
Lightens round the happy place,
From the King's dear Royal Mother,
From that Vessel, full of grace :
While the legions of the Blessed
Gaze upon her glorious face!

In her joy Angelic cohorts,
And the Saints that fill the skies,
And the Apostolic chorus,
And the Martyr sympathize :
And the Virgins and Confessors
Bend on her their loving eyes.

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone ;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known ;
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the Throne.

O quantum dat claritatis
 Toti cœli curiæ,
 Mater Regis Majestatis,
 Maria vas gratiæ :
 Quæ cunctis grata beatis
 Gloriâ quam facie !

Huic cœtus Angelorum
 Congaudet et hominum ;
 Hanc chorus Apostolorum
 Collaudat ac Martyrum :
 Huic turba Confessorum
 Applaudit ac Virginum.

Nunc per speculum videmus,
 Umbris et ænigmate ;
 Tunc ut noti cognoscemus,
 Pure, nude, lucide ;
 Clarum visum nam figemus
 En in lumen gloriæ.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see ;
There the Unity of Essence
Perfectly revealed shall be ;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ;
Such untold reward through suffering
Thou may'st merit to attain :
And for ever in His glory
With the Light of light to reign.

Amen.

Personarum Trinitatem
 Clare speculabimur ;
 Essentiæ Unitatem
 Nude contemplabimur ;
 Unitatem, Trinitatem,
 In uno mirabimur.

Jam, homo, noli timere
 Quæcunque gravamina ;
 Per hæc vales obtinere
 Tam immensa gaudia :
 Lucisque Lucem videre
 Per æterna sæcula.

Amen.



Jerusalem luminosa.

The Second Part of the Hymn is in the original entitled: "*Of the Glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, so far as concerneth the Glorified Body.*"

VI.

LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the Prophets sing!



VI.

*De Gloriâ Cœlestis Jerusalem quoad dotes
Glorificati Corporis.*

JERUSALEM luminosa,
Veræ pacis visio,
Felix nimis ac formosa,
Summi Regis mansio ;
De te o quam gloriosa
Dicta sunt a sæculo !

Thou with beauteous stones, and polished,
Wondrously art raised on high ;
Thou with precious gems and crystal
Decorated gloriously :
And with pearls Thy portals glitter,
And with gold Thy high-ways vie.

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured ;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the LORD :
All is pure, and all is holy,
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air ;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there :
There night needs not rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

Lapidibus expolitis
Structa tu mirifice,
Gemmis, auro, claris vitris,
Decoraris undique;
Portæ fulgent margaritis,
Plateæ sunt aureæ.

In te jugiter jocundum
Alleluia canitur;
Sollemne ac lætabundum
Semper festum agitur;
Totum sanctum, totum mundum,
In te quidquid cernitur.

In te nunquam nubilata
Aëris temperies;
Sole solis illustrata
Semper est meridies;
In te non nox fessis grata,
Nec labor nec inquires.

There the everlasting spring-tide
Sheds its dewy, green repose ;
There the summer, in its glory,
Cloudless and eternal glows ;
For that Country never knoweth
Autumn's storms nor winter's snows.

Whatsoever trills of gladness
From the sweet birds' sweetest throat,—
Whatsoe'er delicious concord
Drops from music's tenderest note,—
Strains a thousand times more lovely
Round the heavenly City float.

Youth with all its freshest vigour
Into age there cannot wane,
There the old man shall not sorrow
For departed years again :
Nothing past, and nothing future,—
Time doth present still remain.

In te florida vernalis
Perdurat amœnitas ;
Ferax semper æstivalis
Rutilat serenitas ;
Autumnalis seu brumalis
Procul est frigiditas.

Quidquid libet, hîc dulcoris
Avium in cantibus,
Quidquid jubili canoris
Musicis in actibus,
In te plenum hoc saporis
Abundat diffusius.

In te robusta juvenus
In ævum non deperit ;
Senex seu morte præventus
Neque est neque erit ;
Sed neque futurum tempus ;
Præsens nunquam præterit.

Animal and carnal passion
 Nevermore can weary there ;
That new flesh made spiritual
 Then the spirit's yoke shall bear ;
Sensual vigour, perfect reason,
 Both one common law shall share.

O how blessed, O how quick'ning,
 Is the Fount of all good things,
Whence each heart hath full possession
 Of its best imaginings :
Whence hath body, whence hath spirit,
 What their highest rapture brings !

Sempiternal is the glory
 In the which that Land is viewed,
Where each ransomed form attaineth
 Its complete beatitude ;
Where the Elect and where the Angels
 Hold entire similitude.

Lex membrorum animalis
Erit plene mortua ;
Nova caro spiritalis
Erit menti subdita ;
Vivaque vis sensualis
Rationi consona.

In te vivus continetur
Fons bonorum omnium ;
In quo plene possidetur,
Proprium ad libitum,
Quidquid corpori videtur
Sive menti congruum.

In te durat longitudo
Sempiterni temporis,
Quæ plena beatitudo
Reformati corporis ;
In hoc par similitudo
Redemptis et Angelis.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid :
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st stand array'd !

Amen.

O quam vere gloriosum
Eris, corpus fragile,
Cum fueris tam formosum,
Forte, sanum, agile,
Liberum, voluptuosum,
In ævum durable !

Nunc libenter ac ferventer
Laborum fer onera,
Habeas ut [condecenter]
Dona tam magnifica,
Doterisque luculenter
Gloriâ perpetuâ !

Amen.



Æq Quisquam.

The Third Part of the Hymn, entitled: "*Of the Glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, as concerning the Endowments of the Glorified Soul.*"

VII.

EYE hath never seen the glory ;
Ear hath never heard the song ;
Heart of man can never image
What good things to them belong,
Who have loved the LORD of beauty
While they dwelt in this world's throng.



VII.

*De Gloriâ Cœlestis Jerusalem quoad dotes
Glorificatæ Animæ.*

NEC quisquam oculis vidit,
Neque ullis sensibus,
Nec quis cogitare scivit
De mundo viventibus,
Quam bona Deus promisit
Hic se diligentibus.

If the body, once made glorious,
Such high gifts and bright shall own,
What the beatification
Of the spirits round the Throne,
When in perfect revelation
Shall the Bridegroom's Face be shown?

There the soul, in fullest tenour,
Graspeth wisdom's total round ;
There in loveliest peace and concord
With each sister soul is bound ;
And, for shame receiving double,
Sits, with perfect honour crowned.

O how full, how heaped, the rapture,—
O how blest, how high, the soul,—
When on every side around her
Torrents of such pleasure roll !
Nothing this way, nothing that way,
Lacking to the perfect whole.

Si caro glorificata
Dona capit talia,
Anima plene beata
Habebit O qualia,
Sibi nude revelatâ
Sponsi sui gloriâ !

Sic mens habeat tenorem
Totalis scientiæ,
Amicitie dulcorem,
Pacis ac concordie;
Pietatem et honorem
Gaudens securissime.

Eja quam mire gaudebit
Beata tunc anima,
Cum circumquaque habeat
Tam immensa gaudia,
Nec ullo unquam egebit
Augetur quo gloriâ !

Every sense in every fibre
There, beholding GOD, shall thrill ;
All the intellectual vigour
Clearly comprehend Him still ;
Whom, embracing unitively,
Thou shalt love with perfect will.

Yield not then to fear or weeping,
O thou soul of little faith !
If it chance that many travails
Should assail, as Scripture saith ;
Or if manifold temptations
Of the fiend should work thee scathe !

Lo ! thou hearest that the sufferings
Of the present world are not
Worth compare the weight of glory
That shall be thy future lot ;
Weight eternal, weight exceeding ;
Endless joy and pain forgot.

Amen.

Omni sensu sensitive
Vigens Deum sentiet,
Menteque intellective
Clare hunc intelliget,
Quem amplectens unitive
Supra mentem diliget.

Noli flere, nec tristari,
Homo pusillanimis,
Si contingat te gravari
Laboribus variis,
Seu graviter impugnari
Temptamentis dæmonis.

En audis, quod non condignæ
Passiones sæculi,
Ad promissum tam insigne
Sempiterni præmii,
Quo donabuntur benigne
Cuncti Dei famuli.

Amen.

VIII.

Christ's Triumph over Death.

[THE following Stanzas, perhaps the most beautiful original verses, in a strictly religious poem, which the English language possesses, are taken from the Fourth and last comparative Canto of the "CHRIST'S Victory" of Giles Fletcher; His "Triumph after Death." They are, unhappily, intermixed with others, so wretched both for their puns and for their politics, that we cannot so much wonder at the oblivion into which the poem has fallen. And yet Southey most truly says; "No single family has ever, in one generation, produced three such Poets as Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and their cousin, the Dramatist." Our author died in the prime of life, (1623), Rector of Alderton, in Suffolk. To quote Southey once more: "The single poem which he has left, will preserve his name while there is any praise."

Besides the omission of a good many stanzas, I have here and there altered a coarse word, and strengthened a weak line. The reader to whom this poem is new, will, I think, allow that nothing more exquisite was ever written than the 5, 6, 7, 10, 12 and 13 stanzas, as here numbered.]

i.

“LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in!
At whose brave volley of sidereal states,
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale, were seen;
When leaping first from earth, he did begin
 To climb his angels' wings: then open hang
 Your crystal doors;”—so all the chorus sang
Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

ii.

Out leap the antique Patriarchs all in haste,
To see the powers of hell in triumph led;
And with small stars a garland interchased
Of olive leaves they bore to crown His Head
That was before with Thorns degloried:
 After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol'd
 In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

iii.

To which the Saints victorious carols sang ;
Ten thousand Saints at once ; that with the sound
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rang :
The Cherubim their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around :
 Down from their thrones the Dominations flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw ;
And all the Princely souls fall on their faces low.

iv.

Nor can the Martyrs' wounds them stay behind ;
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their Heav'n out of their heav'n to find ;
And sound their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise breaks through the starry cloud :
 And all the Virgin souls in pure array
 Came dancing forth and making joyous play :
So Him they led along into the Courts of Day.

v.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,
Where never war nor wounds abide Him more;
But in that House eternal peace doth play,
Acquiating the souls that, new besore,
Their way to heav'n through their own blood did
score :

But now, estrang'd from all misery,
As far as heav'n and earth discoasted lie,
They bathe in quiet waves of immortality.

vi.

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the sun may seem embodied,
Depur'd of all his dross, we see so white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered ;
What lustre super-excellent will He
Lighten on those that shall His sunshine see
In that all-glorious Court, in which all glories be!

vii.

Here let my LORD hang up His conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm ;
And looking down on His weak Militants,
Behold His Saints, amidst their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon His Arm ;
 And in this lower field dispadding wide,
 Through windy thoughts, that would their sails
 misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in His Wounded Side !

viii.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous :
 All their eternal day in songs employing ;
 Joying their end, without end of their joying ;
While their Almighty Prince Destruction is destroying

ix.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite;
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat,
But one eternal Day, and endless Light
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite :
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee;
 Beholding Him, Whom never eye could see ;
And magnifying Him, That greater cannot be.

x.

How can such joy as this want words to speak ?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this ?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the Face of Beauty kiss,
Poured out in pleasure on their beds of bliss.
 And drunk with nectar-torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on Him, Whose Graces manifold,
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

xi.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes ;
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on the heavenly altar burning lies ;
Their hungry ears feed on celestial noise,
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys ;
 Their understanding, naked truth ; their wills
 The All, and self-sufficient, Goodness, fills :
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

xii.

No sorrow here hangs clouding on their brow ;
No bloodless malady empales their face ;
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow ;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase ;
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace :
 No fear of death the joy of life devours ;
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers ;
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged
 hours.

xiii.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
 And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
 The infant wonders how he came so old,
 The old man how he came so young again;
 Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain:
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;⁽¹⁾
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
 All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

xiv.

(2)

For things that pass are past: and in the field
 The indeficient spring no winter fears;
 The trees together fruit and blossom yield;
 The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
 The crimson rose a scarlet garment wears:
 And all of these on the Saints' bodies grow,
 Not, as they wont, on baser earth below:
 Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

(1) i.e., *own*.

(2) He is simply translating the "*Nam transire transiit*" of S. Peter Damiani. (p. 11.)

xv.

About the Holy City rolls a flood
Of molten chrystal, like a sea of glass ;
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood ;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass :
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave ;
 And little pearls, for dust, it seemed to have ;
On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did
 wave.

xvi.

In midst of this City celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened the IDEA BEATIFICAL :
End, and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows ;
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear ;
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

xvii.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before, and after all, the first and last :
That moving all is yet immoveable ;
Great without quantity, in Whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past ;
 Swift without motion, to Whose open Eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
Absent at once, and present to them, far, and nigh.⁽¹⁾

xviii.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, that shines in ev'ry place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace :
 Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The Saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds
 outwear ;
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

(¹) One of our Poet's most careless lines. Surely, something like this would have been better:—

“To Whom the dark is light: to Whom the far is nigh.”

xix.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains ;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Amongst those white flocks and celestial trains
 That feed upon their Shepherd's Eyes, and frame
 That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of His name !



IX.

Heavenly Love.

[This, and the other verses signed G., are from an unpublished poem which I think the reader will wish, as much as I do, that its writer would give to the world.]

Is not love life? is not the pure life love?
Is not love peace, and peace the life above?
Is not love truth? is not truth's Teacher love,
The brooding Spirit, and the heavenly Dove?
Is not love knowledge, and to know to love?
Is not love bliss, and bliss the state they prove
Who in truth peace and wisdom upward move?

O love of Mary by the inn's poor manger,
O love far higher of the Infant Stranger,
O virgin love which laid Him on her breast,
O love far purer of that Child at rest,
O love in exile, braving wintry storm,
O loveliest love in exiled Baby's form,
O love of Maiden Mother unto death,
O Filial love till the last parting breath,
Take thou my soul devoted at thy shrine,
I yield thee all my own, then give me thine!
Vision too bright! I see the sacred Heart,
I see it pierced by burning love's red dart,
I see this home of saints enwrapped in flame,
The passion and the horror and the shame
In one commingled fire together rise,
For quick and dead the perfect Sacrifice.

G



X.

Christ's own Martyrs.

[This is an attempt of my own; intended as a processional Hymn for All Saints.]

CHRIST'S own Martyrs, valiant cohort,
White-robed and palmiferous throng,
Ye that, 'neath the Heavenly Altar,
Cry, 'How long, O LORD; how long?'
Tell us how the fiery struggle
Ended in the victor-song?

'Twas His Love that watch'd beside us,
His Right Arm that brought us through ;
So the fiercer wax'd our torture,
Sweeter His consoling grew :
Till the men that killed the body
Had no more that they could do.'

CHRIST'S Confessors, noble Victors
O'er the world, and self, and sin,
Tell us how ye faced the onset
From without and from within ;
Ne'er the stretched-out lance withdrawing ;¹
Resolute the Land to win ?

'He, with each a Fellow Pilgrim,
Was our more than sword and shield :
So they two went on together,
So they two won many a field ;
If He for us, who against us ?
If He succour, who can yield ?'

¹ Joshua viii., 26.

CHRIST'S true Doctors, filled with wisdom,
Tell us how the lore to gain
That discerned the serpent's venom,
Crushed down heresy amain ;
Winning conflict after conflict
Till ye reached the Golden Chain?

'In the Cross we found our pulpit ;¹
In the Seven great Words, our lore ;
Dying gift of dying Master,
Which, once utter'd, all was o'er ;
Pillars seven of sevenfold wisdom ;
Sion's safeguard evermore.'

CHRIST'S dear Virgins, glorious lilies,
Tell us how ye kept unstained
Snowiest petals through the tempest
Till eternal spring ye gained :
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson
Some more precious leaves were veined.

¹ Neh. viii., 4.

'In the place were He was buried
There was found a garden nigh ;¹
In that garden us He planted,
Teaching there with Him to die:
Till to Paradise He moved us,
Here to bloom eternally.'

All CHRIST'S Saints, that none may number,
Out of every land and tongue,
Ye that by the fire and crystal²
Have your crowns in worship flung,
Tell us how ye gained the region
Where the Unknown Song is sung ?

'Glory, honour, adoration
To the Lamb That once was slain ;
Virtue, riches, pow'r, the Kingdom,
To the Prince That lives again ;
His entirely, His for ever,
His we were, and His remain.'

Amen.

¹ S. John xix., 41. ² Rev. v., 5, 6.



XI.

They is Lyf.

[The following uncouth lines, from the "Prikke of Conscience," a poem of the 15th century, have always struck me as, in spite of their rudeness, dearly shewing the knowledge that the writer possessed of the heavenly Home-sickness.]

THER is lyf withoute ony deth,
 And ther is youthe without ony elde,
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde ;
 And ther is rest without ony travaille ;
 And ther is pees withoute ony strife,
 And ther is alle manner likynge of lyf:

And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that Countree :
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere hadde kynges other emperour:
And ther is grete melodee of Aungeles' songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite ;
And ther is wisdom withoute folye,
And ther is honeste withoute vilenye.
All these a man may joyes of hevене call ;
As youthe the most sovereyn joye of alle,
Is the sight of Godde's bright face,
In whom resteth alle manere grace.



XII.

**The entrance into Paradise.**

Now pausing, let us drop the emblem here,
And leave the body lying on the bier.
Then stay me not, for follow, follow on,
I must to where the blessed soul is gone.
It is all gold, it is all splendour—wings
Like pearl and sapphire, and such lovely things
Are soaring round : beauty is there to wait
And waft the victor spirit through life's gate ;
Before her diamonds gleam, her former tears,
Mercy resplendent in each drop appears ;
And melody's enchanting grace draws nigh,
Each swelling note was once a holy sigh ;

Rubies are seen aloft, the cross she bore
In glowing red is carried on before—
Her token of acceptance—by the band
Who speed her welcome to celestial land.
Psyche has left her earthly garb below,
One casts around her fairest vest of snow ;
This is the holiness she strove to win,
This the best robe with which she enters in.
Where, mortal thought, thou must to rapture change,
How canst thou image aught so passing strange
In all its sweetness? How shall fantasy
Tell what ear hath not heard, and only eye
By faith hath seen? Sure the unnumbered throng
Ring through unclouded space the conqu'ror's song ;
Sure for each wave of grief in time passed o'er,
Breaks a blest anthem on th'untrodden shore.
'Tis charm of Paradise! for deepest shade
Which any earthly sorrow ever made,
Pure rays shine here most exquisitely fair,
Till light and music seem the very air.

I cannot, cannot more—Thou yearning heart
That faint'st with longing for that better part,
Dissolve not yet, not yet; O there are flowers,
Such fadeless life! oh there, oh there are hours,
Such perfect bliss! The smiles, th' embrace, the meeting,
The clasp of love, th' unutterable greeting,
The thrill of joy, th' entrancement of delight,
The ravishment of angel kisses bright,
The beatific hope, desire's fruition,
No cold decay, no change, no intermission.
Aye, it is changeless bloom : the soul takes rest,
Assurance, peace secure upon her breast,
Possessed by undefiled, uncloying pleasure,
Possessing uncorrupt and faultless treasure,
The riches unimagined, day unending,
And this, this immortality still spending
With Him the All, the Infinite, the One,
The manhood Deified, GOD's only Son.

G



XIII.



Magna Poli.

[This, and the following, are given as specimens of the way in which modern Latin poets have treated the same theme. How completely one steps into another atmosphere !

Herman Hugo, a Belgian Jesuit, at the beginning of the 17th century, published, among other works, one called *Pia Desideria*: a collection of Emblematic Engravings, each illustrated by an elegiac poem; followed by well-selected quotations from the Fathers. Herman Hugo himself died of the plague, taken in ministering to one stricken with it. His plates, originally published in 1626, were copied by our own poet Quarles, who subjoined to each an original poem. Both the *Pia Desideria* and the *Quarles' Emblems* have been favourites with me from the time that I could read: because they were favourites with a Mother to whom I owe more than I can express. Hugo's work was

translated by a certain Edmund Arwaker: the Fourth Edition of that translation being published in 1712. The woodcuts are wretched copies of the original; but the translation is wonderfully, not only close, but feeling,—more especially considering the age.

I may perhaps be allowed to add, that Arwaker's book is endeared to me from another reason. To the Sister who was,—so to speak,—the first offering of S. Margaret's, in the way of her work, to our LORD,—the whole book was a great favourite; and its two loveliest lines were, after her death, found transcribed with marks of very dear approbation—

But oh, to love, and be beloved by, Thee,
Is the great Mystery of Felicity !

In the following translation I have altered a word or two, often; a line or two, sometimes.]

THOU Leader of the starry hosts that stand
In shining order on Thy either hand !
Such glory and such beauty gird Thy throne,
That hence my ravished soul would fain begone.
O glorious walls, where jasper girdeth in
The everlasting Home of them that win :
Where thresholds, framed of topaz, kiss the feet
Of all who have attained the Almighty's Seat :

Where doors of glorious ebon, work divine,
Where golden roofs on emerald pillars shine :
Where purest airs, the breath of angel's wings,
Breathe all the odour of ten thousand springs :
Where no benumbing frosts dare once be rude,
Nor piercing blasts within these courts intrude ;
The torrid zone is far remote from hence ;
This climate feels a gentle influence.
There true Elysian pleasures ne'er decay,
Whose time is all but one eternal day.

Thou glorious Monarch of the heavenly spheres,
How miserable earth when heaven appears !
The very name of grief, a stranger here,—
No jeopardy of sin, no shade of fear.
Far hence each passion, frailty and disease,—
All that may hurt, or trouble, or displease ;
All fleshly lusts that tempt the ethereal mind,
To everlasting banishment consigned.

Thou glorious Monarch of the heavenly spheres,
How miserable earth when heaven appears !
Where Saints the Lamb's eternal banquet keep,
And hunger never more, nor thirst, nor sleep,
With indefatigable zeal they move
On the twin wings of duty and of love.
Where victor Saints with wreaths of light are
crowned,
While golden harps and silver trumpets sound.



XIV.

Few are the Joys.

[These elegies are translated from a poem, written in illness, of James Zevcot, a Dutch writer of the 17th century. The paganism of many of the expressions shew the deep decline of Christian feeling: and yet, here and there, is real earnestness.—The translation is by a Sister of S. Margaret's.]

Scilicet exilij non sunt mihi gaudia tanti.

FEW are the joys that exile brings my soul,
Born of this world, impure they stand confest ;
Fain would I fly from Babel's turbid stream,
And by my Country's sweet still waters rest.

My Country! Home and Realm of very bliss!
My Country! O my often sought desire!
Haste, fatal Sisters, nor so slowly twine
My life's long tissue in your solemn choir.

Ah! who shall lead me to that starry height
From all thy rage, O shipwrecked world, set free?
Where everlasting spring, with genial smile
Aye sheds her flowerets o'er the blooming lea?

Nor scorching summer sun nor wintry blast
Drives with harsh frown the soft south wind away;
Bright shine the causeways undefiled with mire,
Fell pestilence resign its direful sway.

No sultry Sirins burns the thirsty fields,
Dull autumn, evil winter frowns no more;
Unnumbered vines in native purple decked,
Uncounted harvests crown thy happy shore.

With diamond and with tender pearl bedropt
The green and silvery grass in radiance glows ;
Whiter than driven snow the lily waves,
With nectar odours breathes the noble rose.

Its locks of fire the proud narcissus shakes,
And gold gleams shyly through the violet's shade :
Fair roseate blossoms fling about the mead,
Their veil of beauty, never now to fade.

How shall my tongue thy glory rightly tell,
Bright emerald, and thou, sweet turquoise blue,
How sing the jasper and carbuncle rich
Brilliant as glowing stars of ruddy hue ?

Welcome, then, fever : work thine utmost end :
Anguish in thee, and then no anguish more :
Thy sharpest, fiercest, pangs will only send
A short rough passage to my native shore.



XV.

Jerusalem, thou City built on high.

[The following hymn is an imitation, by Kosegarten, of one of Meyfart's, commencing with the same line:—*Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.*

Both are given by Mohnike, *Hymnol. Forschungen*, ii., 191. Kosegarten's is partly quoted in Archbishop Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, 2nd Edit. p. 314.]

**JERUSALEM, thou City built on high,
Would GOD I were in thee!
My yearning heart, with many an earnest sigh,
Belongs no more to me.
Far over land and ocean,
Far over hill and dale,
She wings her eager motion
To thee from this world's vale.**

City of GOD, whose diamond line of fort
No storm of foe may dare ;
Thee can no tyrant waste, —no lordling's court
Vex the Free Burghers there :
But only Truth and Lightness
Build up the Monarch's Throne ;
And brightness beyond brightness
Invests the Royal Son.

City, whose streets are of transparent gold,
Whose marble walls stand sure ;
The stream of splendour, through thy broad ways
roll'd,
Still welletth silver-pure :
There streams of crystal, laving
Those happy meadows, glide :
The Tree of Life is waving
Her boughs on either side.

No sun, O City, is thy light by day,
No paler moon by night :
The LORD Himself is thine eternal ray,
So mildly, heavenly bright.
God's Self thy light, — thy glory
The LAMB That once was slain ;
Who wrought Salvation's story
Upon the Tree of Pain.

O City of our GOD! for thee we wait
With sighs that never cease ;
When shall we enter at thy golden gate,
Still City of our peace?
What day shall end our sadness,
And, trampling Pharaoh's might,
Bid Israel sing with gladness,
“ Egyptian hosts,—Good Night! ”



XVI.

Angels' Ministry.

BLEST messengers of more than human love,
And may ye now around our footsteps move?
Our fervour cherish, feverish passions calm
With sacred warmth, or with your holy balm?
And into our dull minds may ye instil
Grief for the past, submission of the will,
Comfort in sweet expectancy of joy?
O golden pinions free from earth's alloy,
O beauty wafted from the Home Celestial,
O forms of life above our death terrestrial,
O circling warders of surpassing brightness,
O floating visions of unsullied whiteness!

Ye may be ours, our guardians and our friends,
Pity Divine such higher nature sends,
And only bids that with a grateful heart
In your obedience we should bear our part.
Unfallen ones from that supernal sphere,
To my poor fallen heart how passing dear,
Ah but forgive, and love me, love me yet!
I know I ill return the mighty debt
I owe your ministries of watchful care,
By night, by day, abroad, yea everywhere;
I oft offend such grace, I oft forget,
Ah but forgive, and love me, love me yet!
My life your blessed labour shall repay,
By echoing back from earth your own angelic lay.

G.



XVII.

Longing for Paradise.

THE curtain is let fall, and fancy's eye
Closed by the weight of her mortality.
The veil is drawn, the bird must droop her wings,
And stay her flight, but as she sinks, she sings——
Fair Hope, thou richest gift to fallen earth,
Thou sweetest blossom of our infant birth,
Thou brightest flower, and choicest fruit of prime,
Thou dear companion through each change of time,
Thou blessed comforter in death's deep gloom,
Thou light of radiance clear above our tomb——
Yes! "saved by Hope": it must be the unseen;
Could we behold, Hope had no longer been.

If ever soldier on the battle field
Hoped for the conquest earthly arms might yield,
If ever mariner on mountain wave
Hoped for safe harbour from a watery grave,
If ever pilgrim hoped for distant home,
So hope our souls for Eden's rest to come.
Adieu, adieu, farewell, a long farewell,
Peace, joy and Paradise, ah loved how well!
Beauty, and voice of song, and bloom and light,
One last embrace ere all be closed in night!
Yet are ye ours, here by a Hope assured,
Hereafter by that Hope to be secured.
Saints dwell in Hope their glory to attain,
We dwell in Hope the same bright end to gain,
While one with us in deep and true affection,
They share like Hope of joyful Resurrection.

G.



XVIII.

[The two following Hymns, even if they are less beautiful than I think them, will, I am sure, be allowed to find a place here. They are two choruses of a Tragedy, written by my father, on the Greek Model, and founded on the death of Saul. By his (I think mistaken) wish, the drama was burnt after his decease.

The first was thus introduced. Jonathan, learning the prophesy of the Witch of Endor, and having spoken on the subject of death, proceeded :

Yes ; and tomorrow

Where shall I be ?

Chorus.—Perchance, where now thou art.

And the Ode follows.]

'Tis but a film of flesh divides
 Us from the heav'nly place ;
 'Tis heaven to be where GOD resides,
 And see Him face to face.

Our GOD is everywhere around ;
But, while we sojourn here,
Thick mists from earth the sense confound,
And heaven may not appear.

But could we lay the body by,
And wash our eye-sight clean,—
Then look into the boundless sky,
How different 't would be seen !

What now is void and silent space
Were full and vocal then ;
Its habitants a heavenly race,
Though once our brother men.

Our brethren once, our brethren now,
Still knit in holy love ;
We praise and serve Him here below,
They praise and serve above.



XIX.



This was the concluding Chorus of the same Drama.

Oh! happy Land above!
My soul would fain be there ;
A Land of life and love,
Unsullied with a tear.

Oh! happy men, whose toil
Hath gain'd those hills of light,
Put off this mortal coil,
For natures heavenly bright!

Their work on earth is wrought,
Their race of trial run,
The field of glory fought,
—And oh! the battle won.

My soul would fain be there!
To Him I've lov'd below,
To shining worlds,—how fair
No human heart may know,—

From sighs and sorrowing,
From frail and feeble clay,
Oh, had I a dove's wing,
How quickly I'd away!



XX.

*The worship of the Elect.*

VISION of mortal eye, desire of mortal heart,
Plunge deep in holy love ere hence ye seek to part.
My spirit meekly begs the grace she fain would sing,
Then dares again to soar on soft poetic wing.

One end and only one,
To worship GOD Supernal,
One life and only one,
His, Who is Life Eternal.

Their mem'ry filled with mercy's deeds benign,
Their fancy charmed with Beauty uncreate,
Their reason searching into truth Divine,
Their will resolved upon His Will to wait,
Their intellect desiring heav'nly food,
And their affection the supremest Good.

Emotion wrapped in sacred unity,
Communion with divine society,
Devotion fixed upon the Trinity,
And union with an unseen Deity ;
A constancy no time can e'er remove,
A satisfaction in abiding love.

Their fallen nature changed to unfalling grace,
Their sin original to virtue fair,
Their charnel-house to Eden giving place,
Corruption's vapour to cerulean air,
Their mortal chains cast off by liberty,
Undying life from living death set free.

Confessors, Martyrs, Virgins, Seers of old,
Evangelists, Apostles, early dead,
Peace, charity, assurance, joy untold,
Truth, mercy, goodness, hope for ever wed ;
These, by rich lustre of each perfect gem,
Offer their Lord His faultless diadem.

A solemn, holy hush,
A silent, low prostration,
And then a bursting gush
Of loftiest adoration :

Glory to GOD on High, eternal glory be
To the essential One, the undivided Three ;
Glory to Him Who gave, Glory to JESUS Given,
Glory to HOLY GHOST, eternally in Heaven.

Amen.

G.

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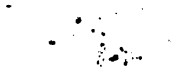
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