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Lyra Messianica.

By the same Editor,

Lyra Eucharistica :

HYMNS AND VERSES ON THE HOLY COMMUNION,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

LONGMAN.

1863.

Lyra Messianica :

HYMNS AND VERSES ON

THE LIFE OF CHRIST,

ANCIENT AND MODERN ;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A.

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London :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,

AND GREEN.

1864.

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Preface.

L*YRA MESSIANICA* is a second experiment to ascertain how far the Ancient and Mediæval Hymns of the Church, translated into the language of the day, and associated with a selection from the Works, or specimens of the abilities of some of the first Writers of Religious Poetry of the present age, may become popular, when chosen for the purposes of private and devotional reading at home, and not with the view of public use in Church.

The Collection of Hymns and Verses entitled *Lyra Eucharistica* was the first experiment; and the results which attended the publication of that Volume seem to warrant the issue of the present Book. The subject matter of the former Work—the Holy Communion—confined the selection of

Hymns within a comparatively narrow compass ; but, in the present Collection, the range of subjects has been enlarged, and not only has a wider field for choice been opened, but a greater variety of treatment has been secured. The same principle, however, underlies both Collections : and there appears to be no reason why that principle, once conceded, as it has practically been, should not be further extended ; why the almost unknown treasures of past ages should not be made familiar to the Readers of the present day through the medium of translations ; nor why Hymns of a later date, which, in spirit and tone, harmonize with the earlier ones, should not be combined with them.

The principle in question, shortly stated, is this—that in the happily revived taste for Hymns and Sacred Verse, in order to supply the intellectual demand for Religious Poetry, it is at once more loyal, as well as more politic, in Churchmen, to seek to satisfy such literary craving, at least in part, from the well-nigh exhaustless stores of Ancient and Mediæval Hymns which are in existence. It is more loyal, because the Church has ever furnished to the world its sacred Songs, and what the Church has well done in former days, she is competent to effect again. And apart from their own internal value, Hymns which come to us with a greater or less amount of authority, and which have been used by the Church in times gone

by, commend themselves at once to a large class of minds, and create for themselves a prejudice in their own favour; whilst if, as in many cases is undeniable, such Hymns possess in addition to their religious and extrinsic worth, intrinsic merit of a high literary or devotional degree, they combine qualities with which no modern composition, be it ever so perfect as a mere work of art, can compete. The principle, also, in development, is not less politic than loyal. For human nature being changeless in the course of Centuries, whilst human taste and fashions vary, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the instincts and the sympathies, and more than all, the religious Faith of Christian men and women being, from age to age, identical, the Hymns which, in the best sense of the word, have been popular, which embodied the Creed of Christendom, and which spoke to the higher and deeper feelings of the supernatural Life of the Church of old, will never fail to touch a responsive chord in the heart of the Church of to-day.

These opinions must be received with some degree of qualification. It is not asserted that every popular Hymn or Poem of the iv. the x. or the xv. Centuries will be popular in the xix. Century. A good deal of margin must be left for the change in outward Christianity, which not only affects the growth and perfection of the inner

Life, but also influences the less important elements of our being, which help or hinder such perfection. Many of the Hymns were composed during a state of things, Ecclesiastical and social, which, for better or for worse, has passed away for ever; and the impress of those outward influences which has been left on such compositions, would not tend towards their naturalization amongst ourselves. Many Hymns also from their construction, from the intention with which they were composed, and the uses for which they were intended, and from the prominence given to Doctrinal statements, would probably fail to become thoroughly popular in an age which is impatient of dogmatic Christianity, even in the modified form it can assume in verse. Still, there are many Hymns which have possessed and still retain all the elements of genuine popularity, which unreservedly and boldly enunciate the Truth, and yet withal speak with tenderness to the inner and Christian sensibilities, to influence which for good should be the second chief aim of all Religious Poetry.

The intrinsic value, however, of the Hymns in question will not alone allow them to claim acceptance at the present day, except with those who can appreciate their beauties in the language in which they were written. It is clear, that a great deal depends upon their reproduction; since on the form in which ancient Hymns are presented to the English Reader will depend the favour or

the indifference with which they are viewed. And to this point some attention has been paid in *Lyra Messianica*.

Probably, as a rule, those translations of ancient Poetry most commend themselves to modern minds which translate the idea and sentiment, rather than the actual words and expressions. Such versions perhaps come more home to us than any other. Literal renderings, however, have their own special value: and it is not too much to say, that to possess as close a translation as possible of the very words of an ancient Hymn, is as important in one aspect, as in another to obtain a free and idiomatically expressed English version. In either case it is needful to write in the language of the day; and hence, among the translated Hymns, none have been admitted into *Lyra Messianica* which do not owe their origin to living Writers. But, in order to obtain as much variety in treatment as possible in the present Collection, examples of both systems of translation have been inserted; and those who have been so kind as to contribute to the Volume, have been left unfettered in their style of rendering, metre, and other accidents of translation. Nor has this principle been lost sight of in the selections which have been made from existing translations: so that, whilst literal versions from the Early and Mediæval Hymns find an honoured and valued place in the present Book, those renderings which seek to convey the senti-

ment, and to translate the idea, when they do not actually reproduce the vocabulary, have also been welcomed.

In the selection of Hymns from Ancient Sources for publication in *Lyra Messianica*, a practical difficulty has been felt. Many of the more beautiful or grand of these Poems have long ago become established favourites in their English dress. These, as a rule, it seemed needless to reprint in the present Collection; and it was thought wiser to extend the range of acquaintance with the old Christian Hymns, even at the cost of translating some of comparatively inferior merit, than to expend literary labour in fresh translations of Hymns which are at once widely known and highly esteemed. Some few exceptions have been made to this rule, in cases in which the beauty or vigour of new versions appeared to warrant the publication or the reprinting of Hymns or Verses familiar, in some other form, to the majority of Readers. It is needful to allude to this decision, that it may not be supposed, as it certainly was not contemplated, that *Lyra Messianica* is intended to contain a complete collection of all the more beautiful, or the finest examples of early Sacred Verse extant. A large number of the first Hymns, of the great Writers in old time, the Masters in and Fathers of Hymnology, have been intentionally omitted; and those that have been inserted must be con-

sidered to be, as they truly are, mere specimens of Hymns and Verses from Early and Middle-age Sources, which are still enshrined only in the language in which they were originally composed.

Before particularizing the Sources whence the translations of the ancient Hymns which are contained in *Lyra Messianica* are derived, a few words on the Originals themselves are necessary.

The Originals of the translations from the Latin which are now printed, may be divided into two classes. First, many Hymns have been rendered into English from the public Offices of the Church, from the various and widely-spread Breviaries and Missals of local or provincial use, and from other Sources, whence it is often difficult to obtain a date, and from which an Author's name can seldom be secured. Amongst other Sources which may be mentioned as furnishing contributions to *Lyra Messianica*, are the following—the Mozarabic, Parisian, and Roman Breviaries, the Breviaries of Amiens, Fribourg, and Cahors, and those of Sarum and of York; the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries; MSS. from the Libraries of Amiens, Coblenz, and Cambridge; the Missals of Liege in Belgium, of Utrecht in Holland, of Drontheim in Norway, of Abo in Finland, and those of Poitiers, Noyon, Angers, Saintes, and Rennes in France: and the

dates of these Office Books, though in all cases they cannot be determined, range from an early era to the xviii. Century. Secondly, other Hymns are distinguishable either by their Author's names, or by the approximate date of their composition, or by both. And amongst others which have been selected to serve as specimens of the various Classes, are Hymns by S. Peter Damiani of the xi. Century; Innocent III. and Peter the Venerable of the xii. Century; S. Bonaventura of the xiii., and Mauburn of the xv. Centuries; S. Notker, who died in 912; the voluminous Charles Coffin of Rheims, who died in 1749; Nicolas Le Tournier, a Priest of Rouen, 1686; the celebrated Adam of S. Victor of the xii. Century, and five Centuries later his spiritual descendant Santolius Victorinus, and his brother surnamed Maglorianus; W. Lovel, not later than the xvi. Century; S. Hildegarde of the xii., and Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, of the xi. Centuries; S. Ambrose, Prudentius, and Venantius Fortunatus of the iv. v. and vi. Centuries respectively; the great S. Bernard, the Venerable Bede, S. Fulbert of Chartres, and the Royal Poet, King Robert II. of France.

The Hymns from the Greek are, in general, more frequently distinguished by the name and date of their Writers, than those from the Latin; and although some, from the Service Books of the

Holy Eastern Church, are anonymous, the remainder of those printed in *Lyra Messianica* may be assigned to S. Romanus the Melodist, A. D. 500, to S. John Damascene, A. D. 780, and to S. Theodore, and to S. Joseph, both of the Studium, of the respective dates of A. D. 826 and 830. As Hymns from Eastern Sources are more rarely rendered into English than those of Western origin, it is a satisfaction to be able to refer to several newly translated or newly versified Hymns from the Advent, Christmas, and Easter Offices of the Greek Church. Many of these Hymns have been lately made accessible to English Readers, together with the Offices of which they form a portion, in rhythmical prose or dramatic blank verse, in the valuable Work of DR. LITTLEDALE, to which reference is made in the Index of Sources. The originals of many of the Hymns translated by DR. NEALE may be found in that Volume; and thence, from the English prose renderings, many of the Hymns, which are now for the first time published, have been re-written in verse by the kind Friend whose name is attached to them. Of the Hymns from the Greek which are reprinted in *Lyra Messianica*, it is hardly necessary to repeat the reference in the Index, or to state that they are taken from the Works of one who is at once the pioneer, and has hitherto been well nigh the sole explorer into the fields of Eastern Hymnology—the Rev. DR. NEALE.

The translations of the Hymns now published from these Originals, are obtained from many Sources. First of all, a large proportion are now for the first time rendered into English, and many Hymns, never previously attempted in verse, are printed in the present Volume. But, in addition to what may be termed original translations for the first time printed, are many Hymns which are now re-published or reprinted. And these are of two Classes. Several Works of much hymnological value, published many years ago, at the outset of the revived appreciation for Ancient Hymns, have long been allowed to become and to remain out of print. Such Works have most kindly been placed at my disposal, and the generous permission to make use of their contents has been widely employed in the compilation of *Lyra Messianica*. The same permission has been given, and the same results have ensued, in the case of Books privately printed, or printed for a particular purpose. But in each instance of selection, regard has been paid to the comparative notoriety of the Hymn, and those Hymns have been generally chosen which are less well known in an English form. Surrounded, as he has been, by so much of value from which to choose, the main difficulty which pressed on the Editor was that of selection, in order to adhere to the proportion of space allotted for each Division of the Work, and to de-

cide upon the claims, not of rival, but of duplicate, triplicate, and sometimes more oft repeated and independent translations of the same Hymn. And it may be as well to state, that in the choice of versions, to decide by the claims of merit between the various translations would have been attended with much difficulty; nor was the attempt made. For it frequently happens that different stanzas of the same Hymn, as well as the same stanza, by different Translators, are of very variable merit. Hence, unless there is any marked superiority in the rendering of any particular Hymn, it is well nigh impossible to assign a preference between the versions of those who are competent at all to make poetical translations. And the plan adopted in the following Collection has been, to select from the Works of the first Translators of the day those versions which appear to secure the greatest variety of metre, style, and treatment; as well to allow every Translator to be fairly represented in each Part into which *Lyra Messianica* is divided.

The titles of Works of these two Classes, from which contributions have been thankfully drawn, will be found in the Index of Sources. But, amongst others, more especial aid (which may be acknowledged in this place,) has been derived from the following Books—*Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary* (Rivingtons), 1839, by the Rev. ISAAC

WILLIAMS, B.D., the translations of which first appeared in the *British Magazine*, in the year 1830;* *Lyra Catholica, containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns* (Burns), 1840, by EDWARD CASWALL; and the well known *Hymns for the Week and Hymns for the Seasons* (J. H. Parker), 1848: whilst of unpublished Books, I am perhaps more deeply indebted than to any other, to a small and most valuable collection of *Occasional Hymns, Original and Translated*, 1862, by HERBERT KYNASTON, D.D.

These are three of the Sources from which the translations of Ancient Hymns have been derived which are collected in the following pages. The remaining Hymns have been reprinted from Works which are neither out of print nor privately issued, but which are widely known and extensively used. And, in addition to other Works of this class, to which reference is duly made in the Index of Sources, *Lyra Messianica* is chiefly under obligations, amongst Hymnals, to the *Church Hymn and Tune Book* (Rivingtons), 1855, by WILLIAM JOHN BLEW, M.A.; and, amongst Books for devotional reading, to *Lauda Syon, or Ancient Hymns of the English and other Churches* (Masters), 1857, by JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS, Esq., M.A.

* By a mistake, it was stated in the Preface to *Lyra Eucharistica*, that these Hymns were first published in the year 1839. They were then reprinted in a Volume by themselves.

From all these Sources, those Hymns have in general been selected which are not contained in Collections of which *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are at once a type as well as a good example. It seemed useless to reprint versions that have been printed in and have obtained a well-deserved reputation through the medium of a Work which, with a rapidly increasing issue, has circulated, within the short period of three years, upwards of half a million of copies of some of the best Hymns extant.

As the Origin whence the translations from Early and Middle-age Sources have been drawn for *Lyra Messianica* is four-fold, so the distinctively English portions of the Book have also been selected from four separate Sources—(1) Original Hymns and Verses; (2) Poetry that is out of print; (3) privately printed pieces, or such as are printed for a special use; and (4) those that have been published within the last few years.

With respect to the latter class of Hymns and Verses, selections have been made from the published Works of most of the first Writers of Sacred Verse of the present age. From the Works of one Author, indeed, no pieces have been reprinted, solely because reproduction is needless, on account of their world-wide acceptance wherever the Eng-

lish language is spoken : but the omission needs an explanation, if not an apology, since no Collection of modern Religious Poetry can be complete without selections from *The Christian Year*. Upon the Works of other living Writers of Verse, also, no contributions have been levied ; partly, from inability to provide space in which to do justice to their Poetry by sufficiently ample quotations ; and partly from a want of success, in some applications, for the needful permission to make use of their Verses. From others, again, whose leave has been freely given, it has been impossible to make more than a sparing selection of a few Hymns, where many with advantage might have been chosen, to serve as representative Hymns of the Authors in question. And as the space at my disposal has been limited, I have reluctantly been obliged, in each Division of *Lyra Messianica*, to deny myself the satisfaction of giving, in most cases, more than a single specimen from the Verses of each Writer.

The titles of the published Books whence help has been obtained will be found in the Index ; and it is needless to particularize any of them here. Nor is it necessary to refer to any of the privately printed Hymns, since the names of the Authors are invariably appended to their respective Verses, in the Table of Contents. And of the Books that are out of print, from which extracts have been made, I would refer only to the Works of an Au-

thor to whom is well not to forget that we owe a debt of gratitude, as to one who stood in the forefront of those who desired to restore the public use of Ancient Christian Hymns, who himself was one of the early translators of such Hymns, and whose own compositions bear the marks of appreciation for these old models in Hymnology—I mean the late Bishop MANT. And I much regret that the want of space alone has allowed me to benefit so sparingly from the leave to make use of the Bishop's Works—the republication of which is much to be desired,—kindly accorded by his Son, the Venerable the Archdeacon of DOWN.

The selection from modern Writers has been confined to extracts from those Works which have been published within the last thirty or forty years, since the revived taste for Ancient Compositions has arisen. Those Authors have been chiefly chosen whose attention has been directed to the early Hymnology of the Church; who have, at one time or another of their career, been engaged in translating from Latin or Greek Sources; who have allowed themselves to be influenced by Ancient Hymns, even if they have not imitated them; and whose style has been refined by the study of Compositions of a higher, purer, and more truly Christian order of Sacred Verse. It was needful to decide on some limit with reference to the date of Modern Hymns from which selections are made. Of late,

the best Hymns of the last, and of the early part of the present, Century have been repeatedly printed, and are accessible in many cheap and widely-circulated Hymn Books; whilst the entire Works of some Hymn Writers have lately been reprinted, or are now in the course of publication, amongst others by one, who in his intimate acquaintance with Hymns by English Authors is probably second to few living authorities, Mr. DANIEL SEDGWICK. Hence it appeared to be useless to extend the range beyond the bounds proposed; and within the limits of the present age there is an abundant scope for the selection of Hymns—a period in the history of the Hymnology of the Church which has been less exhaustively treated than other eras, by the learned researches of Sir ROUNDSELL PALMER, in his otherwise very complete *Book of Praise*.

The Hymns and Verses that are original will speak for themselves. In each case, affixed to them, will be found the Signatures or Initials of their respective Authors, with the exception of two Anonymous pieces from Magazines. Some few of these Poems have previously appeared in the periodical literature of the day, though not always authenticated by the Writer's name. Other pieces, again, have been re-written for the present Work; but in these, and similar cases, it has not been thought necessary to make further reference to the question of Origin or Authorship, than may be

gathered from the Preface, Table of Contents, or Index of Sources. And this decision has been made after consulting the wishes of the Authors themselves.

In connection with the subject of Authorship, it is only needful to mention two or three other points. First, that the Hymns and Verses in *Lyra Messianica* are printed, (1) in the case of republication, in every instance where it was possible to obtain leave, with the consent of the Author or Publisher; and (2) *verbatim*, as their Authors wrote or revised them. Whilst, however, this principle of exact reproduction has been observed, the privilege of omission is claimed, and has been exercised to the exclusion of stanzas from original or reprinted Hymns. These omissions have been chiefly made in the case of the various forms of the *Gloria*, with which most Ancient Hymns are wont to end. These concluding stanzas, though of great use for purposes of singing, and of much value in themselves, were not thought to be essential in a Book intended for devotional reading; and as in many of them there is necessarily a certain amount of sameness in composition, and as the saving of space, for the introduction of other Hymns, was needful, the *Gloria* in all Hymns has been omitted.

Secondly, no Author is to be held responsible for any opinion or expression contained in any thing

beyond his own Contribution to *Lyra Messianica*. In a Collection like the present, such a principle is at the root of this and of all similar combinations. The doctrine of irresponsibility, for all but personal Contributions, is tacitly assumed; but it is only fair to many kind known and unknown Friends, who have aided in the compilation, distinctly to avow this principle, as well as to draw attention to it. With so many various Contributors, it is too much to hope that no slight differences of opinion will be discovered to exist; but it is confidently asserted that nothing has been inserted in *Lyra Messianica* which is out of harmony with the Doctrine of the Church of England. Whether or not, then, any Theological discrepancies be observed, each Contributor is relieved from personal responsibility for any but personal Contributions.

Thirdly (and this is a point of but little moment) there is the question of orthography, punctuation, and other matters typographical. I have unsuccessfully endeavoured to reduce to a system the use of stops in the following pages. With Contributors who are so good as to take the trouble to correct their own proofs, it is impossible to obtain uniformity; but the benefit to the Work derived from this pledge for accuracy, is not comparable to the minor inconsistencies in punctuation which this course involves. And at the expense of frustrating my attempts at uniformity in the use of stops, I have to thank those who have thus insured

so large an amount of correctness in the press. The use of italic letters, to give that force to expressions which the words themselves should convey without the aid of typographical peculiarities has been avoided; and brackets, dashes, inverted commas, and notes of admiration have been but sparingly employed. It is thought that in this respect the style of printing cannot be too simple and unmonstrative; and the dash has been made to do duty not only as a mark of abrupt change of idea, but also in the place of the ordinary bracket, as well as instead of inverted commas, to indicate the words of a Speaker. In orthography, a greater measure of success has been attained than in the use of stops; and in particular, the inarticulated vowel *e*, which is sometimes omitted in favour of an apostrophe, in the final syllable, has been allowed in *Lyra Messianica*, in accordance with the custom of many Writers, to retain its proper position. As the Volume is printed and bound in a style which is not modern, other typographical arrangements have been made with a view to consistency; and in the use of capital letters a custom has been followed, which it is believed obtained, though not at all uniformly, of old.

In addition to Hymns which are in any sense English, and to those which are rendered from Ancient Eastern or Western Sources, *Lyra Mess-*

anica contains many Hymns and Verses translated from Modern Languages, many from the German, and a few from the Italian, Spanish, and Swedish, most of the latter and many of the former being now for the first time printed. The same kindness which has been shewn with reference to some translations from the Latin which are out of print, has also been received in the case of *Sacred Hymns, translated from the German* (Pickering), 1840, by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX; and Miss COX has been so good as to re-write or revise the Hymns which have been selected from her valuable Collection, as well as to add to the store of Hymns from the German in *Lyra Messianica* several new renderings not previously published. Amongst other Modern Authors, the following pages contain specimens of the poetical Works of Laurence Peterfen of Upsala, of S. Alphonso Liguori, of Gongora, Calderon, and Luis de Leon; and of German Writers, whilst several Hymns possess no distinguishing name, e. g., amongst others, those from the Hymn Book of the Diocese of Treves, others again may be referred to such Authors as Nicolai of the xvi. Century, E. Lange, G. Sacer, and Paul Gerhard of the xvii. Century, Garve, and G. Gellert, Count Zinzendorff and Novalis of the last or present Century.

In concluding this portion of the Preface, it need only be added that the main characteristic of

the Hymns and Verses published in the following pages is their definite and objective enunciation of dogmatic Truth. Hymns, the features of which are chiefly subjective and devotional, have also found a place in the Collection. But that which has not hitherto been effected, has been attempted in *Lyra Messianica*, the Collection, namely, of a large body of Hymns from many Sources, Ancient and Modern, on each of the leading Events or chiefest Mysteries in the Life of our Blessed LORD; Hymns, moreover, which shall distinctively teach the Catholic Faith on the Facts which form the subjects of the several Divisions of the Work. The result of the attempt, at the least, has been this—that in *Lyra Messianica* will be found many of the best efforts of Authors and Translators of the present age, who, without anything approaching to formal organization, and apart from all beyond a general sympathy in the Work, to a greater or a less extent acknowledge the principles to which this Collection of Hymns and Verses owes its origin. And I take this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations publicly, as I have in private expressed my hearty thanks to all and to each of the many Contributors to *Lyra Messianica*, who have, in different ways, helped me with their counsel, their knowledge, and their talents, in this labour of love. Nor may I forget to be grateful to those Publishers who have sanctioned the re-publication of that which is in

fact their literary property, and one in which they possess a pecuniary interest, upon the simple condition, where any was required—a condition which was self-imposed, and has always been observed—that due acknowledgment of permission should be made.

Lyra Messianica is divided into Six Parts. I. Advent, or Hymns and Verses on the first and second Advent of our Blessed LORD. In this Part are contained many Hymns of the present and former ages which look back to the first, and look onward to the second Coming of CHRIST. Amongst the many pieces of Sacred Verse which have Advent for their subject, it was difficult at once to keep within due bounds, and to give specimens which at all represent the number or the value of the Poems composed for this Season of the Church. Hymns on the kindred subjects of the Four Last Things—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell—have also been added to this Division to secure variety in its treatment. II. The Incarnation is the title of the Second Part. And this gives a fitting title to such Hymns as treat of the Annunciation at Nazareth, and the Nativity at Bethlehem. It was at one time contemplated to include in this Division the Circumcision, Purification, and the Early Life of our LORD, and thus to afford a more complete view than is given of the Hymnological history of the Holy Child-

hood. But as Hymns on the two more prominent Events accumulated, those on the lesser Mysteries were reluctantly abandoned. III. The Epiphany and Transfiguration, the subjects of the next Division, supply Verses on the Epiphany in Humility in the Manger, and on the Epiphany in Glory on the Mount. Here again, the many other Epiphanies of Holy Scripture have been over-passed in favour of these memorable ones. There exists, however, a large body of ancient Hymns on subjects which would suitably be ranged under this heading, as filling a gap between the Birth and the Ministry, such as the Baptism in Jordan, the Temptation in the Wilderness, the beginning of Miracles, and others, to which attention may profitably be drawn; whilst some Writers have of late attempted to work out the teaching of the Church at this season, in Verse, more pointedly than has hitherto been effected. The first of the subjects selected was chosen for its wide-spread popularity, to speak with reverence, with Writers of Hymns: the latter, on account of the very few Compositions which can be found to illustrate its lessons. That the Transfiguration is a neglected subject with English Authors is not to be wondered at, when we consider that whereas most modern Hymns are written for public use in Church, the Festival which commemorates the Mystery of Tabor finds no place amongst the greater Holydays in the English

Kalendar, and is but seldom commemorated even as a minor Festival. Of old, however, it was otherwise; and *Lyra Messianica* contains many pieces on this subject for the first time translated into English.

The Passion is a subject rather for a Volume of Hymns than for a Part in a Collection of Sacred Verse. This is Division IV. in the following pages; and a larger space has been allotted to its treatment than to any other Part. The Betrayal, the Agony in the Garden, the Apprehension and the Judgment, the Via Dolorosa, the Crucifixion, the Seven Last Words, the Death of our Blessed LORD, His Entombment, and the mysterious and hushed interval we call Easter Eve, amongst other details of the Sacred Passion, supply materials for this Division of the Book. V. Easter and the Resurrection naturally follow in the fifth place: and VI., they, in turn, are succeeded by the Ascension of CHRIST and the Descent of GOD the HOLY GHOST, with which the Volume closes. Pentecost, as the fulfilment of the Season of Ascension, is not inharmoniously joined with it in a Collection of Verse. And, as in the case of the Epiphany and Transfiguration, evidence is not wanting which shows the union, hymnologically, in the mind of the ancient Church between the Season and the Feast: so, also, the use of Hymns for Ascension-

Tide and Pentecost is not very clearly defined; since Ascension Hymns in one Office Book are sometimes found under the division of Whitsuntide in another, and Pentecostal Hymns are not unfrequently sung in and after the Octave of the Ascension, during the week which formerly was known by the name of Expectation Week.

It will be seen that the Hymns in this Collection are arranged according to the sequence of Events in the Life of CHRIST, and that they overlap those Mysteries, on the one hand, by the anticipation of His Advent, and, on the other, by the commemoration, after His Departure, of the Descent of His HOLY SPIRIT. *Lyra Messianica* thus follows the leading of the Church, in the chain of Festival and Fast, of Holyday and Season appointed to be observed in that portion of the Christian Year which is devoted to Doctrinal teaching, from Advent to Trinity Sunday. And whilst the Book does not pretend, in the selection of Hymns, to follow the Church's guidance, step by step, throughout each Event in her LORD's Life; yet it has made the attempt to group around the chiefest Landmarks in His Earthly Sojourn as large a body of Verse, Ancient and Modern, on each separate Mystery, as the space allotted to such poetical illustration permitted.

It only remains for me to give a short analysis of the Contents of *Lyra Messianica*, and then to mention the Names or Signatures of those to whom I am indebted either for original or reprinted Contributions, and of those from whose Works I have been able to quote.

Of the Hymns and Verses contained in these pages, the following is an abstract. The Collection consists of 343 pieces. And the first division which may be made, separates English Hymns from those which owe their origin to a Foreign Source. About one-half of the Volume is devoted to either class of compositions: whilst of the 171 or 172 Hymns from Ancient, Mediæval, or Foreign Sources, the larger proportion, or about 90 pieces, are translations from Latin originals, 16 or 17 are from the Greek Office Books, and of the remainder, 2 are from the Swedish, 3 have an Italian origin, 5 may be found in Spanish writers, and 21 can claim a German extraction. Of the Hymns which are purely English, about 90, in their present form, may be termed original. Most of the modern Foreign Verses are new translations. More than one-half of the Greek Hymns are for the first time published in Verse. And of the Hymns from the Latin, a large proportion are absolutely new to English Readers, and many of the remainder are fresh versions of formerly rendered Hymns.

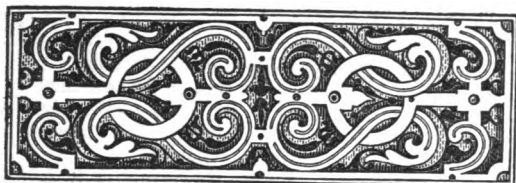
The Names of the Contributors to *Lyra Messianica* are printed in alphabetical order : they are as follows—HENRY ALFORD ; ANONYMOUS (2) ; R. H. BAYNES ; R. MEUX BENSON ; EDWIN L. BLENKINSOPP ; WILLIAM J. BLEW ; G. BOURNE ; L. BOURNE ; C. INGHAM BLACK ; MATTHEW BRIDGES ; H. R. B. ; CECILIA MARY CADDELL ; EDWARD CASWALL ; C. B. CAYLEY ; JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS ; EDWARD CHURTON ; A CLERGYMAN (Morning Thoughts) ; W. J. C. ; FRANCES ELIZABETH COX ; G. V. C. ; GEORGE W. COX ; ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE ; G. DANIEL ; W. CHATTERTON DIX ; W. H. D. ; EDITORS OF THE PARISH HYMN BOOK ; FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER ; WILLIAM B. FLOWER ; CHARLES L. FORD ; DORA GREENWELL ; T. GRINFIELD ; ARCHER GURNEY ; J. MIDDLETON HARE ; R. S. HAWKER ; JOHN WILLIAM HEWETT ; R. M. H. ; J. M. H. ; REGINALD HEBER ; W. WALSHAM HOW ; F. C. HUSENBETH ; C. E. KENNAWAY ; F. W. KITTERMATER ; HERBERT KYNASTON ; FREDERICK GEORGE LEE ; H. L. L. ; RICHARD F. LITLEDALE ; HELEN LOWE ; RICHARD MANT ; RICHARD MASSIE ; HENRY HART MILMAN ; M. ; JOHN S. B. MONSELL ; H. M. ; A. M. M. ; GERARD MOULTRIE ; JOHN MASON NEALE ; JOHN HENRY NEWMAN ; WILLIAM A. NEWMAN ; PHIPPS ONSLOW ; H. NUTCOMBE OXENHAM ; EMILY I. J. PALIN ; W. PALIN ; F. TURNER

PALGRAVE; GREVILLE PHILLIMORE; ADELAIDE
A. PROCTER; W. STERNE RAYMOND; CHRIS-
TINA G. ROSSETTI; C. S.; I. GREGORY SMITH;
JOHN GEORGE SMITH; HENRY THOMPSON;
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH; HENRY TREND;
R. S. TREND; J. STANLEY TUTE; AUBREY DE
VERE; VOICE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN SONG
(AUTHOR OF); T. WHYTEHEAD; C. A. M. W.;
W.; ISAAC WILLIAMS; PHILIP STANHOPE
WORSLEY; K. Y.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

Septuagesima,
A.D. 1864.






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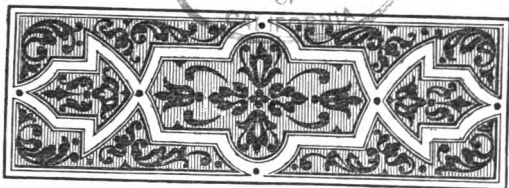
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Hymns and Verses on the Life of Christ.

PART I.

Advent.

*THE FIRST AND SECOND
ADVENT.*

Salus aeterna, indeficiens Mundi Vita.



LIFE of the World unfailing,
Sun of our troubled sky,
Who heard'st in Heaven our
wailing,
And would'st its anguish try,
'Twas of Thy matchless Clemency
Thou cam'st, INCARNATE, down,
From this world's God our race to free,
And wear, unknown, the Crown.

B

Advent.

The Sheep of GOD were roving
 Far off in error's track,
 When Thou, O Shepherd loving,
 Camest to bring them back ;
 'Twas of Thy free, constraintless Grace
 All Thou could'st give was given,
 JESU, that we might share a place
 With Thee, in Light, in Heaven.

All blest, O GOD our Brother,
 Was Thy First-coming's Day,
 But there shall be another ;
 Therefore Thy Servants pray,
 When throned in Light to judge aright
 Thou sittest, O may we,
 Where'er Thy Path, in raiment white
 For ever follow Thee.

Grabi me terrore pulcrae vitae Dies ultima.



HEAVILY with dread thou loomest, last
 day of my earthly life ;
 Heart and melting reins within me
 shudder at the mortal strife,
 When I would inform my spirit with what horrors
 thou art rife.

Who can dare the scene discover that doth compass
 thee about,

When the feeble flesh uncoileth, and life's span is
 measured out,
 And the Soul reluctant rushes on the Mystery
 without ?

Sense is dead, the dry tongue stiffens, and the eyes
 grow dim for death,
 And the sick man's breast is heaving, and his
 hoarse throat gasps for breath,
 Blanched his cheeks, his limbs hang nerveless, and
 his beauty vanisheth.

Things he wrought, and thought, and uttered, in
 the years he lived below,
 Rob him of his rest ; dread visions round his couch
 of anguish grow,
 Come up from the Past and daunt him, hunt his
 glances to and fro.

Then the thought of ended action doth his lonely
 spirit sting ;
 Then his conscience racks him ever with untimely
 visiting ;
 But his terrible repentance cometh now a fruitless
 thing.

In that hour are very bitter all the sweetnesses of
 earth,
 When the endless retribution tracks the footsteps
 of his mirth ;
 All that once was grand and glorious seemeth to
 him nothing worth.

CHRIST, Invincible, I pray Thee help me, LORD,
 respect my moan,
 When the last dark hour is on me and I journey
 hence alone;
 Suffer not the Powers of evil then to claim me for
 their own.

Slay in me the Prince of darknes; let Hell fall
 Thy Grace before :
 Thy lost Sheep, redeemed for ever, then unto Thy
 Fold restore,
 There to dwell in contemplation of Thy Glory
 evermore.

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.



WAKE! the startling Watch-cry
 pealeth,
 While slumber deep each eyelid
 sealeth ;

Awake ! Jerufalem, awake !
 Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
 And Cherub notes are onward rolling ;
 They call on us our part to take.
 Come forth, ye Virgins wife ;
 The Bridegroom comes, arife !
 Each Lamp be bright, with ready light,
 To grace the Marriage Feast to-night.

Zion hears the Voice that fingeth ;
 With fudden Joy her glad heart springeth ;

At once she wakes, she stands arrayed :
 Her Light is come, her Star ascending,
 Lo ! girt with Truth, with Mercy blending,
 Her Bridegroom there, so long delayed.
 All hail ! GOD'S Glorious SON :
 All hail ! our Joy and Crown.
 The joyful Call, we answer all,
 And follow to the Nuptial Hall.

Praise to Him Who went before us ;
 Let men and Angels join in chorus :
 Let harp and cymbal add their sound.
 Twelve the gates, a pearl each portal—
 We haste to join the Choir immortal
 Within the Holy City's bound.
 Ear ne'er heard aught like this,
 Nor heart conceived such bliss ;
 We raise the song, we swell the throng,
 To praise Thee ages all along.

Deliberance.



COME and release us, SON of GOD—
 We look for Liberty and Light to
 Thee :
 Thou only sin-bound Souls canst make
 Imperishably free ;
 Free from all carking strifes of earth ;
 Free from the time-forged chains which bind us
 down ;

Free to engage in Faith's high war,
To battle for the Crown :

Free from unmanly, selfish aims,
From angry strife of tongues and bitterness ;
From crime, oppression, fraud, and wrong,
From pride's cold-heartedness :

Free from great Mammon's golden sway ;
Free from the wearying thirst for place and power ;
From mad ambitions of the heart,
Which strengthen as they lower :

Free, above all, from inward love
For aught arrayed against that Cross of Light
Whose glories, streaming down the world,
Make its dark places bright.

Come and release us, SON of GOD ;
Hope of the Gentiles, SAVIOUR, hear our cry ;
Earth wanes toward her evening hour,
Deliverance is nigh.

Christi Materba clamitat.



ARK ! a glad exulting throng ;
Hark ! the loud Hosannas ring ;
Glad Hosannas loud and long
Greet MESSIAH triumphing.

He, of Whom the Prophets won
Mystic Visions faint and dim,
Comes, th' ALL-FATHER'S Only SON,
And Redemption comes with Him.

Bore the WORD sin's curse and shame,
Leaving Heaven for sin's domain ;
Wore the WORD our fleshly frame
By His Death, Death's King was slain.

Once of earthly Mother born
Ever of the FATHER, He ;
Twain the Natures He has worn,
One, His Perfect DEITY.

Lo ! the GODHEAD come to earth,
Perfect MAN, as all might see,
That reborn in GOD'S new Birth
Might the fallen manhood be.

Praise we Him with joyful voice,
Our new birth His Triumph sealed ;
In the Day let all rejoice
Which of old His Birth revealed.

Him with holiest worship praise
In His solemn Advent-Tide ;
Holiest rites for holiest days
By the GODHEAD glorified.

So, when earth His Terrors shake,
He shall come our faith to bless ;
Saved, for that first Advent's sake,
By His glorious Lowliness.

Prepare to meet thy God.



PREPARE to meet thy GOD! Now
dreams must flee ;
The pure in heart Faith's golden
crown shall wear :

Purge with Love's fire a chamber meet for prayer ;
Take Zeal's rough cloak, gemmed with Humility :
Learn in the Cross the Marks of CHRIST to see ;
In the world's hate His Love, in wounds His Care :
Faith, Hope, and Love be thine. LORD, we
prepare

With Thine own Gifts to deck ourselves for Thee.
Come ! quickly come ! By Mercy's ministers
With Joy and Peace our pilgrim feet are shod :
In rapturous Faith we call Thee LORD and GOD.
Come ! quickly come ! Rend the malignant skies,
Sins murky exhalations shroud my Light :
First grant Faith's martyr-gaze, then Seraph's
fight.

Jesu, Defensor omnium.



JESU, our Captain and our King,
Adorable Defender,
Now comes the night on ebon-wing,
And us to sleep we render :
Still rest we, JESU, in Thy Name,
Our Keeper and our Guard,

The Rule of Life.

9

And wakeful thus in spirit claim
The Watcher's blest reward.

At noon of night, by Gospel Voice,
The Bridegroom is proclaimed ;
He comes—in Him let all rejoice
By Whom Heaven's Realm is framèd :
Forth haste the holy Maiden-bands
To meet His Coming state,
Bearing their bright Lamps in their hands,
Joying with gladness great.

The foolish bide the gate before,
And hold their Lamps long quenched,
Smiting in vain that Palace door,
Whose bolts will ne'er be wrenched :
Then watch we and in spirit stand
With panoply complete,
That we, when CHRIST shall be at hand,
Go forth our LORD to greet.

The Rule of Life.



NOT too anxious for to-morrow,
Not too careless of to-day,
Temperate in joy and sorrow,
Not so often grave as gay ;
By no evil passions driven ;
Envy, malice, bearing none ;
On unkindness unforgiven
Never letting set the sun ;

Advent.

Grateful for whatever Blessing,
 In its bounty Heaven has sent ;
 Ever happy in possessing
 Quiet, competence, content ;
 Not, for pride, profusely giving ;
 Not to Mammon meanly sold ;
 Less for self, than others, living ;
 Prizing friendship more than gold ;
 Let me pass through life's probation—
 And then let me, when I die,
 Full of hope and resignation,
 Give to earth my long, last sigh.

The Dew of Blessing.



BLESSED Ruler of the sky,
 Who to compensate our loss
 Gav'st Thine Only SON to die
 Upon the shameful Cross ;

By Thy Love for sinful man,
 By the Water and the Blood,
 Sacramental streams, which ran
 Down from the holy Rood

At the Cross's base to rear
 Golden harvests, rich and broad—
 Tender plants, the full ripe ear,
 Meet for the harvest's LORD :

Der Herr bricht ein, um Mitternacht. 11

O'er the length and breadth and height,
Deep rich soil and shallow sand,
Pour the Dew of Blessing bright
Upon the thirsty land :

Till at last Thy Voice shall say—
Summer fades ; 'tis time ; begin
Labourers your work ; away !
Gather the Harvest in.

Angel-Reapers, robed in Light,
Opening wide your bosoms come ;
Lo ! the fields with harvest white ;
Garner the full sheaves home.

Der Herr bricht ein, um Mitternacht.



THE LORD shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round ;
How happy they whose Lamps are
bright,

Who hail the Trumpet's sound.

How blind and dead the world appears,
How deep her slumbers are,
Still dreaming that the Day she fears
Is distant and afar.

Who spends his day in holy toil,
His talent used aright,
That he may haste, with Heavenly spoil,
To meet his LORD that night ?

Are ye arousing from their sleep,
 The Saints who dare to rest,
 And calling every one to keep
 A watch more true and blest?

Wake up! my heart and Soul, anew,
 Let sleep no moment claim;
 But hourly watch, as if ye knew
 This night the Master came.

Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτὴν.



WHAT fearful Day, that Day of speech-
 less dread,
 When Thou shalt come to judge the
 quick and dead—
 I shudder to foresee,
 O God, what then shall be.

When Thou shalt come, Angelic legions round,
 With thousand thousands, and with Trumpet sound,
 CHRIST, grant me in the air
 With Saints to meet Thee there.

Weep, O my Soul, ere that great hour and Day
 When GOD shall shine in manifest array,
 Thy sin, that thou mayest be
 In that strict Judgment free.

The terror Hell-fire fierce and unfuccid :
 The bitter worm: the gnashing teeth: O CHRIST,
 Forgive, remit, protect ;
 And fet me with th' Elect.

That I may hear the blefsèd Voice that calls
 The Righteous to the Joy of Heavenly halls :
 And, King of Heaven, may reach
 The Realm that paffeth fpeech.

Enter Thou not in Judgment with each deed,
 Nor each intent and thought in ftrictnefs read :
 Forgive and fave me then,
 O Thou that loveft men.

Death.



OW let me clofe mine eyes,
 And ftrive to picture to myfelf the day,
 When, ftrched in my laft dying agonies,
 I here no more may ftay.

Ah! when will be the time
 For thee, my Soul, to wing thy folemn flight ?
 Shall it be Winter fnow, or Summer prime ?
 Shall it be day or night ?

And fhall it be my lot
 Prepared by Sacraments of Grace to die ?
 Or fhall I perish in fome lonely fpot
 No Priest of JESUS nigh ?

And will my death come slow
 Or sudden as the Lightning's vivid blast?
 Ah me! I cannot say—but this I know,
 That come it must at last.

Oh, then, since thus I live,
 Certain of Death—uncertain of the day—
 This Grace to me, Immortal SAVIOUR, give,
 In Thy dear Love, I pray;

That whatsoe'er befall
 Of good or ill, I evermore may be
 Ready, whenever sounds Thy solemn Call,
 At once to answer Thee.

The Chariot! the Chariot!



THE Chariot! the Chariot! its wheels
 roll on fire
 As the LORD cometh down in the pomp
 of His Ire:

Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the Heavens with the burthen of GODHEAD
 are bowed.

The Glory! the Glory! by myriads are poured
 The Hosts of the Angels to wait on their LORD,
 And the glorified Saints and the Martyrs are
 there,
 And all who the Palm-wreath of Victory wear.

The Trumpet! the Trumpet! the dead have all
heard :

Lo the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirred :

From the sea, from the land, from the south and
the north,

The vast generations of man are come forth.

The Judgment! the Judgment! the Thrones are
all set,

Where the LAMB and the white-vested Elders are
met :

All flesh is at once in the Sight of the LORD,
And the doom of Eternity hangs on His Word.

Oh Mercy! oh Mercy! look down from above,
CREATOR, on us Thy sad Children, with Love :
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,

May our sanctified Souls find a mansion in Heaven.

The Advent Antiphons.

O Sapientia.



WISDOM, that proceedest from
The Mouth of the Most High,
And through illimitable space
Extendest mightily ;
Thou, that in sweetest harmony
Disposest all creation,

Advent.

Come ! guide our Souls along the path
Of prudent contemplation.

O Adonai.

O Adonai, Israel's Ruler Thou,
To Moses in the flame-girt Bush revealed,
Who gavest to him the Law on Sinai's brow,
Come ! lift Thine outstretched Arm our Souls to
shield.

O Radix Jesse.

Root of Jesse, Ensign Thou
Set forth to every nation,
Unto Thee all Kings shall bow
In speechless adoration :
Thine Aid the Gentiles shall implore ;
Come ! and redeem us—tarry now no more.

O Clavis David.

Key of David, and Sceptre
Of Israel's race,
Who openest and closest
The portals of Grace ;
When Thou openest, none close,
When thou shuttest, none ope :
Come ! lead from their bondage
The Prisoners of hope ;
Make speed, O Redeemer,
The captives to save,
Who in darkness abide,
And the gloom of the Grave.

O Oriens.

O Day-Spring, Brightness of eternal Light,
 O Sun of Righteousness ;
 Come Thou ! the dwellers in dark shades of night
 And in Death's valley with Thy rising Beams
 to blefs.

O Rex Gentium.

O King, Desire of every nation,
 O Corner-stone that both to one dost mould,
 Come Thou ! accomplish man's Salvation,
 Man, whom Thou formedst from the clay of old.

O Emmanuel.

O Law-giver, and King, EMMANUEL, come !
 Come Thou ! the Gentiles tarry for Thy Birth,
 Predestined SAVIOUR ; from sin's righteous doom,
 Come ! save, O LORD our GOD, the tribes of earth.

Scarce discerning ought.



SCARCE discerning ought before us,
 On our weary way we go ;
 But one guiding Star is o'er us,
 Beaming forth the way to shew.

Watch we, pray we, let us sink not
 Journeying on while yet we can ;
 At a moment when we think not
 Shall we meet the SON of MAN.

Advent.

See! e'en now the East is bright'ning ;
 See! the cloud of gloom is riven ;
 See! a flash more swift than lightning
 Gleameth all athwart the Heaven.

CHRIST hath come (oh, joy and wonder !)
 Clothed in Majesty sublime,
 Glorious as the Son of Thunder
 Saw Him in the olden time.

Hark the 'Trumpets' note is pealing ;
 All the dead it summoneth,
 Endless Life to some revealing,
 But to some—the Second Death.

Lo! a Form from Earth ariseth,
 Pure and lovely, who is she ?
 She it is whom JESU prizeth,
 'Tis the Church, whose Spouse is He.

See the Robes of dazzling brightness
 That adorn the glorious Bride ;
 GOD hath clothed her in the whiteness
 Of the Saints all purified.

Hark! she hails Him—Thou that gavest,
 Thy Salvation draweth nigh,
 With the Children that Thou gavest,
 JESU, Bridegroom, here am I.

White-robed bands of His Redeemèd
 Stand around her by the Throne ;
 Sorrowful on earth they seemèd,
 Now their great Reward is shewn :

For with Joy how passing fervent
Each doth hear the gracious Voice—
Come, thou good and faithful Servant,
Come, and evermore rejoice.

Exiit cunis pretiosus Infans.



OW from his cradle comes the Child,
By the Most High
Trained for His own great Ministry:
He, far from man, drinks in the wild
The springs of Wisdom undefiled :

Far 'mid the desert caves profound,
'Mid low-browed rocks,
Where every noise lorn echo mocks,
The bees that in the rock abound,
And mountain streams, the only sound.

With limbs long-trained to hardihood,
The camel's hair
Wrapt rudely round his body bare,
There in the wild CHRIST'S Soldier stood,
The desert spoils his only food.

With strong-bent Hope his Soul doth burn
From Satan's thrall
That faithless Nation to recall—
That fathers might of children learn,
And children to their fathers turn.

The Mystery of Emmanuel.



INCARNATE GOD ! what tongue can
tell

The Mystery of EMMANUEL ?

What human lyre,

What Angel choir,

Can sing that Marvel passing ken,

The WORD made FLESH for sinful men ?

Thine Advent, LORD, was pain and shame,

Our world from Satan to reclaim ;

Oh, Grace unknown,

That from Thy Throne,

Thou cam'st to be despised of those

Thy Love would rescue from their woes.

A MAN of Sorrows, MAN of Grief—

As if Thou wert the very chief

Of sinners lost,

Thou cam'st the Host,

O Spotless LAMB of GOD, to be

For man, his Soul from death to free.

Yes, Thou wast wounded, bruised, and torn,

That we might healèd be, and born

To Life again,

And saved from pain ;

And yet from Thee we hid our face,

Who came from guilt to cleanse our race.

The Lord's Knocking.

21

When, JESU, Thou shalt come once more,
Not poor and lowly as of yore,
 But clothed in Light,
 And full of Might,
More Glorious than ten thousand days,
With Angels pealing forth Thy Praise.

The clouds of Heaven Thy Chariot-throne,
And crowned with Majesty Thine own,
 Grant I may stand
 On Thy Right Hand,
A sinner, yet absolved by Thee,
And worthy made Thy Face to see.

With eager eyes and longing heart
Thy Church would see Thee as Thou art ;
 Oh, hear Her cry,
 Her lone-lorn sigh,
And hasten, LORD, the promised hour,
When She will reach Her Bridal-bower.

The Lord's Knocking.



HE night is far spent, and the day is at
hand,
There are Signs in the Heaven, and
Signs on the land,
In the wavering earth, and the drouth of the sea—
But He stands and He knocks, Sinner, nearer to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the Day break
 To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is awake :
 He must knock at the sleep where the revellers tofs
 With the dint of the Nails and the shock of the
 Crofs.

Look out at the casement ; see how He appears ;
 Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears ;
 Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in its solitude
 crowned,
 With the drops of the night and the dews of the
 ground.

Will you wait? Will you slumber until He is gone,
 Till the beam of the timber cry out to the stone ;
 Till He shout at thy sepulchre, tear it apart,
 And knock at the dust, Who would speak to thy
 heart ?

Christe, fili summi Patris.



CHRIST, the SON of GOD Most High,
 Suppliants unto Thee we cry ;
 By Thy Love for her who bore Thee,
 And with tenderest care watched o'er
 Thee,

Hearken to our lowly prayer—
 Thou, our Twofold SAVIOUR, spare,
 Fountain of our earthly pleasure,
 And the Soul's eternal Treasure.

Though defiled by sin, we pray,
Wash Thou all our guilt away.
Thou, Who lovest Mercy, spare us ;
Grievous sinners we declare us.
JESU, blot out all our sin ;
Make us a clean heart within.
Grant us perfect Charity,
Faith, and firmest Hope in Thee,
And, at last, a blessed End,
Greatest boon that Thou canst send ;
That we may depart like those
Who in Thee, O CHRIST, repose.
Fit us for the Bread of Heaven,
At Thy holy Altar given.
From Thy Wrath, O LORD, defend us ;
Healing Balm in mercy send us
For our senses and our Soul,
From sin's dark and dread controul,
That, when our last hour draws nigh,
Thy strong Angel may stand by,
Sent by Thee to guide and guard us,
Till Thou with the Just reward us.
And, though we in death decay,
Drive the second Death away.
Though to earth restored we be,
May our Spirits rest in Thee,
That, when our long sleep is o'er,
We may see Thee evermore.

Hark! through the lonely Waste.



ARK! through the lonely Waste
 By foot of man unpaced—
 Prepare the Way—a warning Voice
 resounds ;
 Level th' opposing hill,
 The hollow valley fill,
 Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged
 grounds ;
 Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,
 And through the desert make a highway for our
 GOD.

Thine, Baptist, was the Cry,
 In ages long gone by
 Heard in clear accents by the Prophet's ear :
 As if 'twere thine to wait,
 And with imperial state
 Herald some eastern Monarch's proud career :
 Who thus might march his host in full array,
 And speed through trackless wilds his unresisted
 way.

But other task hadst thou
 Than lofty hills to bow,
 Make straight the crooked, the rough places plain :
 Thine was the harder part
 To smooth the human heart,

The wilderness where sin had fixed his reign ;
To make deceit his mazy wiles forego,
Bring down high-vaulting pride, and lay ambition
low.

Such, Baptist, was thy care,
That no obstruction there
Might check the progress of the King of kings ;
But that a clear high way
Might welcome the array
Of Heavenly Graces which His Presence brings ;
And where Repentance had prepared the road,
There Faith might enter in, and Love to man and
GOD.

An Advent Prayer.



W^HINE Advent is at hand :
By Grace again restored,
My sins in secret probe,
O SAVIOUR most Adored.

A traitor to Thy Cause,
By false conceit beguiled,
I have not hated sin,
But on Thy Cross have smiled.

Thy Voice reveals me thus,
And pierces through my heart ;
A leper foul I kneel,
Unveiled by human art.

The prodigal's return
 Thou watchest from afar,
 Treading a homeward path
 Beneath the guiding Star.

All travel-stained I come ;
 Thine Advent Love alone
 To plead in trembling guilt
 Before Thy Mercy-Throne.

O Holy ONE speak on,
 And give me ears to hear
 The still small Voice Divine
 Of JESUS passing near.

Creator alme siderum.



CREATOR of the starry height,
 Of hearts believing endless Light,
 JESU, Redeemer, bow thine Ear,
 Thy suppliants' vows in pity hear ;
 Who, lest the earth, through evil eye
 Of treacherous Fiend, should waste and die,
 With mighty Love instinct, were made
 Th' expiring world's all-healing Aid :
 Who to the Cross, that world to win
 From common stain of common sin,
 From Virgin Shrine, a Virgin Birth,
 A spotless Victim issuest forth ;
 At vision of Whose Glory bright,
 At mention of Whose Name of Might,

Angels on high and Fiends below
In reverence or in trembling bow :
Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
Great Umpire of the last dread Day,
Protect us through th' unearthly fight
With Armour of Celestial Light.

The Two Advents.



HANKS, and praise, and joy, and
blessing,

Yield we, Lord, for thy dear Word ;
There, the Key of Life possessing,
Hear we all that Prophets heard,
All that Sages
Sought with eager Hope deferred.

They with longing expectation
Hailed the Advent of their King :
We receive that glad Salvation,
And with joyous hearts we sing—
Alleluia !
Death in Him hath lost its sting.

But a second Advent glorious
We await, in faith sincere :
Hushed be Satan's hofts uproarious
When the blessed Saints appear
Round the Presence,
And our GOD descends to cheer.

Meantime prize we all exceeding
 Holy Scripture's Light and Grace ;
 GOD the SON, for sinners bleeding,
 Shows therein His awful Face.
 Bend to worship ;
 Him your All in all embrace.

I know you not.



CHRIST the Vine with living Fruit,
 The twelfefold-fruited Tree of Life,
 The Balm in Gilead after strife,
 The valley Lily and the Rose ;
 Stronger than Lebanon, Thou Root ;
 Sweeter than clustered grapes, Thou Vine ;
 O Best, Thou Vineyard of red Wine,
 Keeping Thy best Wine till the close.
 Pearl of great Price Thyself alone,
 And ruddier than the Ruby Thou ;
 Most precious lightning Jasper Stone,
 Head of the Corner spurned before :
 Fair Gate of Pearl, Thyself the Door ;
 Clear golden Street, Thyself the Way ;
 By Thee we journey toward Thee now,
 Through Thee shall enter Heaven one day.
 I thirst for Thee, full Fount and Flood ;
 My heart calls Thine, as deep to deep :
 Dost Thou forget Thy Sweat and Pain,
 Thy provocation on the Cross ?

Heart-pierced for me, vouchsafe to keep
 The purchase of Thy lavished Blood :
 The gain is Thine, LORD, if I gain ;
 Or if I lose, Thine Own the loss.

At midnight (saith the Parable)
 A Cry was made, the Bridegroom came ;
 Those who were ready entered in :
 The rest, shut out in death and shame,
 strove all too late that Feast to win,
 Their die was cast, and fixed their lot ;
 A gulph divided Heaven from Hell ;
 The Bridegroom said—I know you not.

But Who is This That shuts the door,
 And saith—I know you not—to them ?
 I see the wounded Hands and Side,
 The Brow thorn-tortured long ago :
 Yea ; This Who grieved, and bled, and died,
 This Same is He Who must condemn ;
 He called, but they refused to know ;
 So now He hears their cry no more.

Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.



HE LORD draws nigh, the righteous
 Throne's Assessor,
 The just to save, to punish the trans-
 gressor :

Weep we, and mourn, and pray,
 Regardful of that Day ;

When all the secrets of all hearts shall be
Lit with the blaze of full Eternity.

Clouds and thick darknes o'er the Mount
assembling,

Moses beheld th' Eternal's Glory, trembling :

And yet, he might but see

God's feebler Majesty.

And I—I needs must view His fullest Face :

O spare me, LORD ; O take me to Thy Grace.

David of old beheld, in speechless terror,

The Session of the Judge—the Doom of error :

And what have I to plead

For Mercy in my need ?

Nothing save this—Oh, grant me yet to be,

Ere that Day come, renewed and true to Thee.

Here, Fires of deep damnation roar and glitter ;

The Worm is deathless, and the Cup is bitter :

There, Day that hath no morrow,

And Joy that hath no sorrow :

And who so blest that he shall fly th' abyfs,

Raised up to God's Right Hand, and speechless

Blifs.

My Soul with many an act of sin is wounded :

With mortal weakness is my frame surrounded :

My life is well-nigh o'er :

The Judge is at the door :

How wilt thou, miserable Spirit, fare,

What time He sends His Summons through the air ?

The World is grown old.



THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past ;

The world is grown old, and her form may not last ;

The world is grown old, and trembles for fear ;
For sorrows abound, and Judgement is near.

The Sun in the Heaven is languid and pale ;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and Judgement is near.

The King on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and Judgement is near.

The world is grown old—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise
is vain ?

Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our Crown when Judgement is near.

Patris nefando Crimine.



WHILE Adam's race sore wounded lay,
 (O cruel fire, thy sons to slay)
 In death's dark shade, all weak and
 wan,

Sate the dishonoured race of man.

O'er them the second Death had power,
 Them would eternal flames devour ;
 And them did forecast of their fate,
 And dread of their just Judge, await.

Alas ! alas ! of wreck so sore,
 Who can the shattered rent restore ?
 What hand of healing power be found
 To remedy so grave a wound.

Thou, CHRIST the Healer, Thou alone,
 O GOD, descending from Thy Throne,
 Canst in Thy Likeness man renew ;
 Oh, then descend like morning-dew.

Parted from Thee for evermore.



PARTED from Thee for evermore,
 Parted, my GOD, from Thee,
 Never through all Eternity
 Thy blessed Face to see ;

Parted from Thee for evermore,
Amid the damned to dwell,
And hear Thy holy Name blasphemed—
Is this the pain of Hell ?

Parted from Thee for evermore,
Parted, my GOD, from Thee,
Oh, were it but th' undying worm,
The endless Agony ;
The restless, ceaseless, torturing pain
That words can never tell,
The torment and the hopelessness,
It would not yet be Hell.

Parted from Thee for evermore,
Parted, my GOD, from Thee,
Never to speak Thy glorious Praise,
Never to bend the knee ;
To feel Thy righteous Punishment
And stubbornly rebel
Against the LORD Who died for me—
Is this the pain of Hell ?

Parted from Thee for evermore,
Parted from Joys above,
To give Thee cursings for Thy Gifts,
And hatred for Thy Love ;
Parted from Thee for evermore
By passions dire and fell,
To hate Thee with unceasing hate,
This will indeed be Hell.

D

The Voice of one that cries.



THE Voice of one that cries
 Along the wilds untrod—
 Prepare ye in the wilderness
 A highway for our GOD.

Be every valley raised,
 And every hill made low,
 The crooked straight, the rugged plain,
 For GOD hath willed it so.

The Glory of the LORD
 To all men shall appear ;
 His Word shall sound throughout the world,
 And every nation hear.

Regnantem sempiterna per caecla susceptura.



O welcome Him Who shall for ever reign,
 Let this devout assembly chaunt its
 — highest strain,
 To its Divine Creator meekly raise
 Its sweet, harmonious tribute of exalted praise.
 Before Him all the Heavenly Hosts rejoice,
 And in His Face exulting lift their thankful voice ;
 For Him all things of earth expectant wait,
 When all mankind to judge, He comes in awful
 State.

The Son of Man shall come. 35

Striċt in that Judgment will the SAVIOUR be,
Yet 'mid His boundleſs Power, His Mercy we
ſhall ſee.

Oh, ſave us, JESU, by Thy Pity ſure,
Thou Who, to ſave us, did'ſt moſt bitter things
endure ;

Raiſe us unto the clear, bright ſtars above,
And from all ſtains of earth, LORD, cleanſe us in
Thy Love ;

Free from all peril bid Thy Servants live,
And Peace on all the earth to all the nations give.

Here kept in ſafety by Thy tender Care,
Grant us in Heaven at laſt unending Joys to ſhare ;

There Thine Eternal GODHEAD to adore,
Who reigneſt over all, the LORD for evermore.

The Son of Man shall come.



HE SON of Man ſhall come
With Angel-hoſts around,
'Mid darkening Sun and falling Stars,
And Trumpet's ſolemn ſound.

Awake ! ye ſlumbering Souls,
It is no time for reſt ;
He comes, as comes the Lightning ſaſh,
Shining from eaſt to weſt.

Thy Servants, LORD, prepare
For that tremendous Day ;

Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

Help us to wait the hour,
In toil and holy Fear,
When manifested with Thy Saints,
Thou shalt again appear.

Then, when the wailing earth
Thy Sign in Heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth Thy Angel-band
To gather us to Thee.

Dies Finalis.



RISE, O LORD, in all Thy Glory
On the last and dreadful Day :
Lo! the lofty hills are hoary
Trembling ere they melt away :
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment,
Let Thy Wheels no longer stay.

Crash on crash of distant thunder
Peals aloud from pole to pole :
As in wrath they burst asunder,
And the skies together roll :
Clothed in sackcloth, clothed in sackcloth,
Withering like a parchment scroll.

Now the Universe in motion
Sinks upon her funeral pyre—

Earth dissolving—and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire :
Hark the Trumpet, hark the Trumpet
Loud proclaims the Hour of Ire.

Graves have yawned in countless numbers,
From the dust the dead arise ;
Legions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelmed surprise :
Where all Nature, where all Nature
Wrecked and torn in ruin lies.

Lo ! that last long Separation
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread Adjudication
Sends each Soul to either side :
LORD of Mercy, LORD of Mercy,
How shall I that Day abide ?

Sign of Safety, see it lightning,
Once the Cross of crimson shame :
And with Heavenly Lustre brightening
Those who suffered in its Name :
Mighty millions, mighty millions,
Radiant with their wings of flame.

Rise, O LORD, in all Thy Glory
On Thine amaranthine Throne ;
Thousand thousand worlds adore Thee
From the centre to the zone :
Hail ! EMMANUEL, hail ! EMMANUEL,
Let our hearts be all Thine own.

Statua decreto Dei.



DEEP hidden, by Divine Decree,
 In the dark womb of Destiny,
 The long delaying Day appears,
 And shines through clouds of rolling
 years

From the descending Sky.

By crimes parental helpless made,
 Where Adam's offspring wounded laid,
 And far within yon gloomy vale
 Sat lost, in sorrow's twilight pale,
 And Death's o'erhanging shade,

That second Death of deathless shame—
 The Death of everlasting Flame ;
 While on the brow, by Terror writ,
 Did dismal Expectation sit
 At Judgment's awful name.

Alas ! for downfall so profound
 Who shall bring Help ? whence shall abound
 Succour and Hope ? what hand shall be
 Meet for the mighty Remedy
 Of that o'erwhelming wound ?

O CHRIST, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou alone,
 Descending from Thy GODHEAD'S Throne,
 The tarnished lineaments once more
 To Thy lost Image canst restore,
 Thy children to Thy Bosom own.

Lord, are there few that be saved? 39

Rain down, ye overhanging skies ;
Loft Earth looks up with yearning eyes,
And when the Just One shall have come
Into her long-expectant womb,
From her Salvation shall arise.

Lord, are there few that be saved?



WHETHER there many be, or few
Elect the Heavenly Goal to win,
Truly I know not—this I know,
That none who march with foot-
steps slow,
That none who fight with hearts untrue,
That none who serve with service cold,
Th' eternal City can behold,
Or enter in.

Whether there many be who thrive
In their vast suit for that vast Love,
Truly I know not—this I know,
That Love lives not in outward show,
That but to seek is not to strive,
That thankless praises, empty prayers,
Can claim no bond for suit of theirs
His Court to move.

How long the door unfastened now
Shall open by His Grace remain,
Truly I know not—this I know,
If once that Grace aside He throw,

No tear, no sigh, no anguished vow,
 Gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands,
 Shall draw the bolts and loose the bands
 Ever again.

How long His Wrath may yet forbear,
 And sheathe His Sword, and hide His Rod,
 Truly I know not—this I know,
 He points the arrows of His Bow,
 While speeds apace that night of fear,
 Of debt unpaid, of work undone,
 When Mercy, Pardon, Hope is none,
 Laid up with GOD.

I heard a Voice at the Matin Chime.



HEARD a Voice at the Matin Chime,
 Like a Trumpet it smote the dull ear
 of Time—

Wake! Christian, wake! unseal thine
 eye,

Far spent is the night, the dawn is nigh ;
 I see the bright and morning Star,
 Wax pale with its watching—up ! arm for war.

If men speak peace, believe them not,
 For the foeman is nigh, and his breath is hot ;
 Be Hope thy shield and Love like Death ;
 Take the sword of the SPIRIT, and helm of Faith ;
 Oh, who would fear the hottest fight
 With a Leader like thine clad in arms of Light ?

That Voice speaks now as erst it spake,
I hear it at morning, awake ! awake !
Awake ! awake ! Thy Leader is nigh,
And He leadeth His Soldiers to victory :
What boot the counsels proud men take,
If CHRIST be thy Captain ? awake ! awake !

Cunctorum Rex Omnipotens.



HE Mighty ONE, the King of kings,
The LORD of all created things,
To save the world from Satan's ban,
Is come in likeness of a MAN.

Lo ! He Who reigns with GOD Most High,
Deigns in a Virgin's Womb to lie,
And flesh of mortal men to wear
That we immortal Life may share.

In deepest night the nations lay :
Now dawns on them the Light of day ;
For now a SAVIOUR comes to aid
The people whom His Hand has made.

He, Whom the Prophets sung of old,
Whose glorious Reign they all foretold,
Full soon His Glory shall reveal
Our wounded, contrite hearts to heal.

Ecce, vocat Deus.



GOD calls you by His Voice of Might,
His Love, His Wrath, His Depth,
His Height ;

He, by His Mercy, Justice, all
Reiterates His loving Call—

Still would He have your Souls retrace
Your steps from death, to Life and Grace ;
Still, while your lingering footsteps stay,
His voiceful Call reproves delay.

He calls you by His Angels, sent
To breathe in you a kindlier bent ;
He calls you by the Patriarchs old,
To seek the Ark, His saving Fold ;
Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, all
Join in the loud entreative Call,
From first and last, from mean and high—
And who so mean and last as I ?

He calls you by His wondrous Might,
And day repeats His Call to night ;
Earthquake, and pestilence, and flood,
Speak to th' unwilling multitude ;
He calls you by misfortunes, sent
To lure your hearts from banishment—
Yea, sometimes by His lavish Gifts
And wealth, the humble heart He lifts.

Yet fear ye this, the Day may come
When thou wilt seek to hasten Home ;

But Graces long neglected rise
 In Judgment strict, and veil thine eyes:
 Thy voice is heard, but shivering fear
 Is all thy lot—GOD will not hear;
 Too long despised, too long delayed—
 Thy hour is come—thy Judgment weighed.

Then, by the Love that JESUS bore,
 Rise from thy slumbers—sleep no more:
 Thine everlasting Woe or Weal
 May crown this last and least appeal:
 Still while the day of Grace is here,
 Spring up in salutary fear;
 Before GOD'S Throne of Mercy bow,
 Lift to His Call—but listen now.

Surely I come quickly.



'ER the distant Mountains breaking,
 Comes the reddening dawn of day,
 Rise, my Soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise and sing, and watch and pray:
 'Tis thy SAVIOUR
 On His bright returning Way.

O Thou Long-expected, weary
 Waits mine anxious Soul for Thee,
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary
 Where Thy Light I do not see;
 O my SAVIOUR,
 When wilt Thou return to me?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
 Far away from Thee I pine,
 When, Oh, when shall I the Gladness
 Of Thy SPIRIT feel in mine ?
 O my SAVIOUR,
 When shall I be wholly Thine ?

Nearer is my Soul's Salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand,
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee till I stand,
 O my SAVIOUR,
 In Thy bright and promised Land.

With my Lamp well trimmed and burning,
 Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad Returning
 To restore me to my Home,
 Come ! my SAVIOUR,
 O my SAVIOUR, quickly come !

Prope est claritudinis magnae Dies.



DO ! now the bright and gladsome Day
 draws nigh,
 Which raised the poor weak sons of
 men to sit on high,
 For thus th' Eternal King our Blifs decreed,
 Bidding with wondrous Words the Angel bright
 to speed—
 Go, to the Maid of Judah's Line declare,

That she, a Virgin still, a Heavenly CHILD shall
bear.

Forthwith the Virgin, as the SPIRIT willed,
Unstained, a SON conceived, and all our hopes
fulfilled.

Oh, mighty Love, which thus the FATHER
showed,
Redemption hence, and Life, and Restoration
flowed,

All things made new, the power of Death
brought low,
And that first sin wiped out, whence sprang all
mortal woe.

Dark was the doom which Eve's transgression
sealed,
But GOD a Medicine found, and all our wounds
were healed.

Enoch and Elias.



HEY will appear
When the brief moment of recruited life
Sends them, as Heralds of the Avenger
near,

Into this Vale of strife ;
Meanwhile in Eden's mountain-grots they lie,
And hear the fourfold River as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage glen ;

Safe from its rocky bed, and current deep,
 And eddying pools, till then ;
 They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
 How long untired, unspent that giant Stream shall
 flow.

And soothing sounds
 Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide ;
 Posted along the haunted Garden's bounds,
 Angelic forms abide,
 Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove
 The verse of that Hymn which Seraphs chant above.

The Star of Gladness.



W E watch to see the Star of Gladness
 rise
 In holy triumph o'er the night of sin :
 With mightier promises its smiles
 begin

Than Eden proffered to our parent's eyes :
 Faith reaches forth to nobler energies :

The Coming BABE a fairer realm shall win
 Than Adam lost ; with prayers we welcome in
 Th' Eternal LORD descending from the Skies.

GOD's chosen time let maiden hearts adorn
 With wreaths of Mercy, box, and pine, and fir :
 Night now with moon more blest shines wealthier :

A mighty nation sprung from the Newborn
 Shall rise to Heaven's high Princedom and proclaim,
 In songs unsung before, Blest JESU's Name.

O Lord, Who in Thy wondrous Love.



LORD, Who in Thy wondrous Love
Didst leave Thy glorious Throne above,
Born to the cares and pains of earth
To win for man his Heavenly birth—

Thy SPIRIT's quickening Power impart,
Till Thou art formed within each heart ;
Dwell in Thy Blood-bought Church, and still
With Life Thy mystic Body fill.

The night hath waned ; the Day is near,
The Day when JESUS shall appear ;
Oh, be our lamps with oil well stored,
That we may meet our Coming LORD.

Hail we with praise and holy mirth
The Advent of His lowly Birth,
Then shall we wait with joy and love
His glorious Advent from above.

Ach, was ist doch unsre Zeit.



H! what is human life below ?
A passing show—
Wind, vapour, smoke; a fleeting shade ;
Man's short existence swiftly flown,
He is cut down,

As by the scythe the springing blade :
 Our years roll on and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter Day.

Man's days are like to fragile glass,
 Or fading grass,
 Or flower whose petals soon are strewn ;
 E'en he who boasts of matchless strength,
 Sinks down at length,
 When Death's cold breath has o'er him blown :
 Our years roll on, and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter Day.

Youth, whose fresh bloom we may compare
 To roses fair,
 Must pale, and all its charms forego ;
 All splendour, beauty, pomp, or state,
 Which men high rate,
 Shall be ere long by Death laid low :
 Our years roll on, and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter Day.

Man is the mark at which take aim,
 As in a game,
 The darts which Death unerring plies ;
 Though, like tall Cedar fair outspread,
 He lift his head,
 Fell'd down by Death, he lifeless lies :
 Our years roll on and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter Day.

Death is the lot that must befall
 Both great and small ;
Then banish trivial cares of earth ;
In thought beyond the things of time
 Thou now must climb,
If thou wilt win immortal birth :
 Our years roll on, and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter Day.

And let thy heart oft contemplate
 The Heavenly State,
Where is no death, no grief, no pain :
Christian, thy frequent thought employ,
 On Heavenly Joy,
Wouldst thou at length that Joy obtain :
 Our years roll on, and make no stay—
 Consider, Man, thy latter day.

Sanctae Syon adsunt Encaenia.



HOLY Sion's Feast is spread :
Lo! to-day the Church is wed.
Robe of Grace befits her well,
Sweet and loud the organs swell.
Drops like dew GOD's gracious Ruth,
Drops like rain His Heavenly Truth.
Lo! the Bridegroom, Mary's SON,
Healing Grace for earth has won,
Bringing, as the bridal Dower,
All the SPIRIT's sevenfold Power.

E

The Life-giving Feast is spread—
 He, the LAMB once offerèd—
 While the SIRE, the Heavenly King
 Bids His Own with welcoming :
 Abel, spotless raiment wearing ;
 Noah, GOD's just Wrath declaring.
 Blessing once again the Feast
 Sits Melchisedec the Priest.
 Abraham brings his tried Sincerity,
 Isaac Hope, and Jacob Charity ;
 Moses, with his Glory rayed ;
 Joshua, who the Sun's course stayed.
 Youthful David smites the foe ;
 Royal David's sweet Psalms flow.
 Joined the Law and Prophets stand
 By the Gospel's golden band.
 O'er earth and Heaven His Blessings fall,
 His Fullness, Who is All in All.

A Midnight Hymn of the Greek Church.

BEHOLD! the Bridegroom cometh in the
 middle of the night,
 And blest is he whose loins are girt,
 whose Lamp is burning bright ;
 But woe to that dull servant, whom the Master
 shall surprize
 With Lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with
 slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my Soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep
sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to Death, and lose the golden
Crown ;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eyes,
and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy GOD, have Mercy upon
us.

That Day, the Day of Fear, shall come; my Soul,
slack not thy toil,
But light thy Lamp, and feed it well, and make
it bright with oil ;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the Cry
at eventide—
Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise ! Go forth
to meet the Bride.

Beware, my Soul ; take then good heed, lest thou
in slumber lie,
And, like the Five, remain without, and knock, and
vainly cry ;
But watch, and bear thy Lamp undimmed, and
CHRIST shall gird thee on
His own bright Wedding-robe of Light—the Glory
of the SON.

The Call of the Christian Pilgrims.



COME! for the LORD hath called us,
 Called us the world to forsake,
 Called us to come to Himself,
 Called us His Joys to partake ;
 Let us up and away
 While it yet is the day,
 While we yet have the light,
 Ere the darkness and night.

Come! for the LORD hath called us,
 What should we tarry for here ?
 Sicknefs and grief surround us,
 Death and the cold grave are near ;
 Let us up and away,
 Why, oh, why should we stay
 Amid sorrow and fears
 In this valley of tears ?

Come! for the LORD hath called us,
 Called us to make us all free,
 Called us to come to His Courts,
 Called us His Children to be ;
 Let us up and away
 And like children obey ;
 'Tis our FATHER doth speak,
 'Tis our Home that we seek.

Come! for the LORD hath called us,
 Us whom His Mercy hath bought,
 Let us not linger madly
 Counting His Sacrifice nought ;
 Let us up and away,
 Lest His Love we gainfay,
 And His Anger full fore
 Close against us the door.

Dies illa, Dies Vitae.



O! the Day—the Day of Life, Day of
 unimagined Light,
 Day when Death itself shall die—and
 there shall be no more night.

Steadily that Day approacheth, when the Just shall
 find their rest,

When the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 Patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages, by the Just expected
 long ;

Long implored, at length He hasteth, cometh with
 Salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy, sweet and joyful
 it will be

When they who, Unseen, have loved Him, JESUS
 Face to face shall see.

In that Day, how good and pleasant, this poor
 world to have despised ;

And how mournful, and how bitter, dear that lost
world to have prized :

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners, who for
CHRIST have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure in those man-
sions to abide.

There shall be no sighs or weeping, not a shade of
doubt or fear,

No old age, no want or sorrow, nothing sick or
lacking there :

There the Peace will be unbroken, deep and solemn
Joy be shed ;

Youth in fadeless flower and freshness, and Sal-
vation perfected.

What will be the Bliss and Rapture none can dream
and none can tell,

There to reign among the Angels, in that Heavenly
Home to dwell.

To those Realms, just Judge, oh call me, deign to
open that blest Gate,

Thou Whom, seeking, looking, longing, I with
eager Hope await.





PART II.

The Incarnation.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND NATIVITY OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

Wir Angen dir, Immanuel.



E sing to Thee, EMMANUEL,
The Prince of Life, Salvation's
Well,
The Plant of Heaven, the Star of
Morn,

The LORD of Lords, the Virgin-born.

All glory, worship, thanks, and praise,
That Thou art come in these our days ;
Thou Heavenly Guest expected long,
We hail Thee with a joyful song.

For Thee, since first the world was made,
Men's hearts have waited, watched, and prayed ;
Prophets and Patriarchs, year by year,
Have longed to see Thy Light appear.

O GOD—they prayed—from Sion rise,
And hear Thy captive People's cries ;
At length, O LORD, Salvation bring,
Then Jacob shall rejoice and sing.

Now Thou, by Whom the world was made,
Art in Thy Manger-cradle laid ;
Maker of all things great, art small,
Naked Thyself, though clothing all.

Thou, Who both Heaven and earth dost sway,
In strangers' Inn art fain to stay ;
And though Thy Power makes Angels blest,
Dost seek Thy Food from human Breast.

Encouraged thus, our love grows bold
On Thee to lay our steadfast hold ;
The Cross which Thou didst undergo
Has vanquished Death and healed our woe.

Thou art our Head—then LORD, of Thee
True, living Members we will be ;
And, in the Strength Thy Grace shall give,
Will live as Thou wouldst have us live.

As each short year goes quickly round,
Our Alleluias shall resound ;
And when we reckon years no more,
May we in Heaven Thy Name adore.

Ἔσωσε λαὸν, θαυματουργῶν Δεσπότης.



HE Wonder-working Master
 Once deigned His Race to save,
 When dry land for His People
 He made the Red Sea wave :

Now born for us, all willing,
 Of Maiden pure and sweet,
 The path to Heavenly Mansions
 He opens to our feet,

The Bush unburned most truly
 Portrays the holy Womb,
 Whence sprung the WORD Incarnate
 To loose the ancient doom,
 And all the bitter sorrows
 Of Eva's curse to stay,
 The WORD, Who hither wended
 Our sin to do away.

To Him, with GOD the FATHER
 In Substance truly One,
 One with mankind, from all men
 Be laud for ever done :
 GOD to our human nature,
 To our mortality
 In form conjoined, we worship,
 And Him we glorify.

The Incarnation.

Thee, WORD of GOD Eternal,
 Who wert before the sun,
 The Star showed to the Magi,
 A poor and suffering One :
 Thee, swaddled in a Manger,
 They saw with glad accord,
 And hailed Thee with rejoicing,
 True MAN, and yet the LORD.

Lactare ! Puerpera.



MIRGIN Mother, oh, rejoice !
 Glad and honoured is thy Womb,
 Where the SON of GOD Himself
 Deigns our nature to assume :
 Joy be to thy fruitful Breast,
 For the SON of GOD lies there ;
 Very GOD, a Human CHILD,
 Is thy high and holy care.

He, the FATHER'S Only SON,
 And by Whom all things were made,
 Helpless, clothed in mortal flesh,
 In thy tender arms is laid :
 He in Heaven is the Source
 Whence the joy of Angels flows,
 Here on earth, an INFANT Weak,
 Thirst and hunger both He knows.

There He rules o'er all that are,
 Here He doth His Mother's will ;

There He gives His high Commands,
 Here commands He doth fulfil ;
 There on highest Throne He sits
 Far above the vaulted skies,
 Here enwrapped in swaddling clothes
 In a Manger low He lies.

Mortal, think upon these things,
 Study well the depth to know
 Of the all-embracing Love
 Which these wondrous Lessons show :
 Of Forgiveness be not hopeless,
 Though thou mayst have sinned much,
 When the proofs of Love are many,
 When the proofs of Love are such.

Seek the Blessed Fount and Source
 Whence Indulgence flows to all,
 And before the SAVIOUR'S Feet
 In confiding meekness fall—
 JESU, on the erring look,
 All the wanderers restore,
 And amid Thy Hosts redeemed
 Set them safe for evermore.

A Sonnet on the Nativity.



O hang transfixed upon the bitter Cross,
 To bear Thy bleeding Brows all
 pierced with thorn,
 For frail man's glory to abide foul
 scorn,

The Incarnation.

And for his gain to welcome deepest loss—

This was a Hero's Deed. But to be born
In such poor abject lodging, such scant room,
A doorless shed in icy blasts forlorn,

So low to stoop, Who from such height didst come—

Oh, what a choice was this, my Sovran LORD ?
What Strength did GODHEAD to Thy Cradle lend
To bear that outrage of cold winter's breath ?

Not more Thy bloody Sweat, or Body gored :
For greater far the distance to descend
From GOD to Man, than from poor Man to Death.

The Manger-Throne.



LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine

The stars are sparkling clear and
bright ;

The bells of the City of GOD ring out,
For the SON of Mary was born to-night ;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient Light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet

As those which are filling the skies ;
And never a Palace shone half so fair

As the Manger-bed where our SAVIOUR lies ;
Nor night in the year is half so dear
As this, which has ended our sighs.

Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell :

A CHILD is born Who shall conquer the Foe,
 And all the Spirits of wickedness quell :
 For Mary's SON is the Mighty ONE
 Whom the Prophets of GOD foretell.

The stars of Heaven still shine as at first
 They gleamed on this wonderful night ;
 The bells of the City of GOD peal out,
 And the Angels' song still rings in the height ;
 And Love still turns where the GODHEAD burns,
 Veiled in the FLESH from fleshly fight.

Faith sees no longer the Stable-floor,
 The Pavement of sapphire is there ;
 The clear Light of Heaven streams out to the world ;
 And Angels of GOD are crowding the air ;
 And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
 Are at peace on this night so fair.

Jubilemus Salvatoris.



IN her LORD His Church rejoices,
 Whom the host of Heavenly voices
 Welcome to His earthly Throne :
 Peace from Heaven their song reciteth,
 Earth to Heaven it reunitheth,
 Church with Angels now are one.

To the Flesh the WORD is chainèd,
 As it had been fore-ordainèd :
 Unapproached by mortal man,

The Incarnation.

Bears a Virgin GOD's own Temple,
 Nor Exemplar nor Exemple
 Having since the worlds began.

'Tis a Marvel past discerning,
 That the Bush with Fire is burning,
 Yet the Bush It not consumes :
 Dews the skies give, mists the mountains,
 Melt the clouds, the hills are fountains,
 And the Root of Jesse blooms.

From the Root the Flower up-groweth,
 As the Oracle foreshoweth
 Filling the rapt Seer with joy :
 Jesse's Root was David's Pattern,
 So the Rod the Virgin Matern,
 And its Flower her Heavenly Boy.

Where is gladness more abounding ?
 Where the plummet deep for sounding
 Such abysmal Mystery ?
 Here is theme for endless wonder ;
 Saints and Angels, praising, ponder—
 GOD an INFANT deigns to be !

Every charm the Flower attendeth :
 It to inner sense commendeth
 Seven-fold Grace's rich perfume :
 Let us in this Flower delight us,
 To the Feast which doth invite us
 With Its fair and fragrant Bloom.

JESU, Branch that shall not wither,
May the day which brought Thee hither,
Bring Thy People Joy and Peace :
Flower and Fruit of Virgin culture,
Vital in Thy brief Sepulture,
Never shall Thy Praises cease.

Before the paling of the Stars.



BEFORE the paling of the stars,

Before the winter morn,

Before the earliest cockcrow,

JESUS CHRIST was born :

Born in a Stable,

Cradled in a Manger,

In the world His Hands had made

Born a Stranger.

Priest and King lay fast asleep

In Jerusalem,

Young and old lay fast asleep

In crowded Bethlehem :

Saint and Angel, ox and ass,

Kept a watch together

Before the Christmas daybreak

In the winter weather.

JESUS on His Mother's breast

In the Stable cold,

Spotless LAMB of GOD was He,

Shepherd of the Fold :

The Incarnation.

Let us kneel with Mary Maid,
 With Joseph bent and hoary,
 With Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
 To hail the King of Glory.

Tu scendi dalle stelle.



GREAT King, from Heaven's high
 Throne descending low,
 In Bethlehem's stable born in cold and
 woe,

Thou shiverest in a Manger, **BABE** Divine,
 Much hast Thou borne for sins : how much for mine !

The world's Creator Thou, our **GOD** Adored,
 Thou sufferest cold and want, O Humbled **LORD** ;
 Dear Chosen **CHILD**, when Love transforms Thee
 so,
 For Thee my heart the more with Love shall glow.

In Joy reposing on Thy **FATHER**'s Breast,
 How can a couch of straw afford Thee rest ?
 Sweet Love, thus pained, inflame my frozen heart ;
JESUS, to me Thy purest Love impart.

If thus to suffer was Thy gracious Will,
 Yet, Loving **SAVIOUR**, let me ask Thee still,
 What could Thy blissful Soul to suffering move ?
 Thou weepst, not for grief, ah no ! for Love.

The Birth of the Christian's Day. 65

Thou grievest, after all Thy Love, to see
Thyself so little loved, O GOD, by me :
Yet, if the past so little love has shown,
I love Thee now, O JESUS, Thee alone.

Thou sleepest, Holy INFANT, but Thou art
For us still wakeful in Thy tender Heart :
Tell me, O Beauteous LAMB, say what may be
Thy Thoughts? I hear Thee lisp—To die for
Thee.

The Birth of the Christian's Day.



PIRIT of Midnight—bounding with
happinefs,
Herald the joy of the SAVIOUR'S RAY ;
Shout through Eternity's region of
Blessedness,
Hail to the birth of the Christian's Day !

Spirit of Morning—fond lips are greeting thee—
Beam as thou didst, on the Shepherds of old ;
Light with thy kindliness, bosoms now meeting thee,
Shine in thy might, but with Mercy enrolled.

Spirit of Noontide—comfort distilling,
Warm the lone hearts of the desolate poor ;
Brood o'er the dwellings that sorrow is chilling ;
Hearts that are mournful, to happinefs lure.

F

The Incarnation.

Spirit of Evening—link into Unity

Hearts that are met round the hearths of their
home,

Fetter the chains in the fires of Eternity,

Firm and untouched wherefoever they roam.

Spirit of Midnight—seasons may sever,

Ere thou returnest, whence thou'rt fleeting away,

Friends of the bosom now nestling together

Warm in the smiles that thy features display.

Grant, ere thou poiseest thy fluttering wing,

Thy Coming may find us unaltered to sing—

Hail to the birth of the Christian's Day!

Lux est orta Gentilibus.



GLORY to GOD! We were in bitter need,

We fate in darkness long and weary
days,

But now our Light is come, the Light
indeed,

And we may rise and shine with kindred rays ;
The GOD-MAN condescends for man's ascending,
The Guiltless drinks guilt's woes to work their
ending.

O mystic Gift of GOD Omnipotent !

O happiness for man, most deep, most dear !

This is no theme for subtle argument,

No lore of earth hath lot or portion here ;

That the Great GOD should so abasèd be—
We speak, we cannot search, the Mystery.

The Dew of GOD is on the parchèd Fleece,
The sapless Rod blooms with immortal Flowers,
The Virgin bears a SON, our utter Peace,
Nor knows pollution in her travail's hours;
We cannot speak that Birth; we but confess
Most great the Mystery of Godliness.

Though it may chance the shipmen toil in rowing
With many a wreck far strewn on either hand,
There is a Star above the waters glowing,
There is an Ark which fights the Pleasant Land,
There is a Door of Life set wide, which none
Can open to lorn Souls, can shut, save One.

O not with observation came He then
Into our world, but soon the day shall be
When with great Glory He shall come again
With all His Saints, and every eye shall see
Him whom they piercèd. When we meet Thee
thus
Let there be Mercy, O our GOD, on us.

Dormi! Fili, dormi!



USH! the Virgin's Song is ringing
Through the lowly Manger's shed,
Joseph's voice the chorus singing
O'er their Glorious INFANT's bed—

The Incarnation.

Oft-repeated Lays, full of Thy sweet Praise,
Dearest BABE, our love shall raise.

Sleep! my CHILD, for in the Manger
Softeft hay beneath Thee lies ;
Lovelleft INFANT, here no danger
Can Thy precious Life surprife.

Sleep! my CHILD, my Crown, my Beauty,
Lulled with nectar from my Breast ;
Sleep! whilst sweet Maternal duty
Watches o'er Thy balmy rest.

Sleep! my CHILD, fo full of Sweetnefs,
Sweeter than the honey-comb ;
Sleep! my Joy, my life's Completenefs,
Offspring of my Virgin Womb.

Sleep! my CHILD, and I will render
To Thy Wifhes full fupply ;
Thy dear Mother's Pleasure, tender
As the apple of her eye.

Sleep! my CHILD, my heart's fole Treasure,
Giving Joy which fears not death ;
Angels feem to whisper pleasure
When I hear Thy fleeping Breath.

Sleep! my CHILD ; Thy Mother fing
Lulls Thee now to calm refofe ;
Joseph's voice responsive ring
Softly as the chorus flows.

Sleep! my CHILD, for I am pouring
 Rose and violet on Thy bed :
 Hyacinths bestrew Thy flooring ;
 Lillies lie around Thy Head.

Sleep! my CHILD ; were Minstrels needed,
 I would send for Bethlehem's Swains ;
 Never are their songs unheeded,
 None can waken holier strains :
 Oft-repeated Lays, full of Thy sweet Praise,
 Dearest BABE, our love shall raise.

¶uer natus in Bethlehem.



CHILD is born in Bethlehem
 And joyful is Jerusaleem.

He lies within a lowly stall,
 The King Who reigneth over all.

The ox and ass beheld that sight,
 And knew Him for the LORD of Might.

The Wise Men hasten to their King,
 And Gold, and Myrrh, and Incense bring.

Sprung from no mortal father, He
 Is born of pure Virginity.

Unwounded by the serpent's tooth,
 He comes to us a Man in sooth.

Like to the flesh man dwelleth in,
 But all unlike to man in sin.

The Incarnation.

That He might bring our mortal race
Back to the Image of His Face.

Now upon this, His Natal-day,
Bless we our Infant LORD always.

Ave! Maria.



AVE! Maria :

Thou hast smiled
O'er the Cradle of thy SON ;
Whilst eastern Monarchs

 Their treasures piled,
To hail in its beauty, pure and mild,
 Redemption's work begun :
 Yes, thou hast smiled ;
 By that happy hour
 When Angels sang,
 And Judah's Flower
 From Its fair Stem sprang,
Heaven gaze on us in our hours of joy,
As the Mother smiled on her Heavenly Boy.

Ave! Maria :

 Thou hast wept
O'er the Grave of thy Glorious SON ;
 While Roman Warders
 Their night-watch kept,
Where the CHILD of our Heavenly FATHER slept
 When His mortal Race was run :

In Natali Domini.

Yes, thou hast wept ;
By that darknes of grief
Around her spread
As she mourned like a leaf
When its flower lies dead,
May love like hers, in deep distress,
Be fountain of our wildernes.

In Natali Domini.



IN the Birthday of the LORD
Angels joy in glad accord,
And they sing in sweetest tone—
Glory be to GOD alone.

GOD is born of Maiden fair,
Mary doth the SAVIOUR bear,
Mary Ever-pure.

These good news an Angel told
To the Shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the SAVIOUR's Birth,
Told them of the Joy for earth.

Born is now EMMANUEL,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, Whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from His FATHER's Breast.

Born to-day is CHRIST the CHILD,
Born of Mary undefiled,

The Incarnation.

Of no seed of mortal born,
He hath raised to-day our horn.

Wise Men, coming to adore,
Gold and Myrrh and Incense bore
To the King and LORD we own;
Glory be to GOD alone.

GOD is born of Maiden fair,
Mary doth the SAVIOUR bear,
Mary Ever-pure.

The Moon that now is shining.



THE Moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night:

There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay,
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white winged Angel
The Watchers stood before,
And told how CHRIST was born on earth
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling Shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a Manger
The Glorious CHILD was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
 Appeared an Angel-band
(The while in reverent wonder
 The Syrian Shepherds stand)
And all the bright Host chanted
 Words that shall never cease—
Glory to GOD in the Higheft,
 On earth Good-will and Peace.

The Vision in the Heavens
 Faded, and all was ftill,
And the wondering Shepherds left their flocks
 To feed upon the hill :
Towards the blessed City
 Quickly their courfe they held,
And in a lowly ftable
 Virgin and CHILD beheld.

Befide a humble Manger
 Was the Maiden-Mother mild,
And in her arms her SON Divine,
 A New-born INFANT, fmiled.
No fhade of future Sorrow
 From Calvary then was caft ;
Only the Glory was revealed,
 The Suffering was not paft.

The Eastern Kings before Him knelt,
 And rareft Offerings brought ;
The Shepherds worshipped and adored
 The Wonders GOD had wrought :

The Incarnation.

They saw the Crown for Israel's King,
 The future's glorious part :
 But all these things the Mother kept
 And pondered in her heart.

Νεῦσον πρὸς ὕμνους, οἰκετῶν εὐεργέτα.



BEND to our hymns, Redeemer ;
 The Foe's high brow bring low ;
 Thou from on High beholdest
 Each sin which works our woe,
 Yet us, Thine Own, most Holy,
 Who stedfastly believe,
 Thy Minstrels, truly faithful,
 Thyself in Love receive.

The band of herdsmen chosen
 The strange new sight to see,
 Was troubled at beholding
 The wondrous Mystery :
 The OFFSPRING of a Maiden,
 Incarnate without seed,
 This, this the passing Marvel
 No human mind can read.

O sight all unaccustomed,
 Their Monarch, CHRIST the LORD,
 They see by tuneful Cohorts
 Of Seraphim adored ;

The Mystery of the Incarnation. 75

In tender Loving-kindness
He comes, Who rules the sky,
And born of Maid unwedded,
Fulfil His Promise high.

Erewhile without a Body,
The ESSENCE Flesh was made,
The WORD took matter to Him
From Mary, stainless Maid :
That to Himself, us sinners,
The guilty sons of men,
Fallen chiefs of His Creation,
He might draw back again.

The Mystery of the Incarnation.



MAIDEN in thy lowly Bower,
Though spotless as a new-born flower,
Well may thy Spirit sink with fear
Such wondrous things to see and hear.

Thrice blest indeed, beyond all thought,
The chosen Shrine thy MAKER sought
When coming from His Mercy-seat
Th' eternal Purpose to complete ;

That GOD and MAN might be in ONE—
The WORD the Sole-begotten SON—
While Hosts of Heaven in mute amaze
And silent adoration gaze.

The Incarnation.

Hail! Mary, Mother undefiled,
 We love thee for thy Holy CHILD ;
 We love thee for thy stainless Life,
 Most pure and Ever-Virgin Wife.

We love thee, and we bless thy name,
 And fain our breasts would feel the flame
 Of Love adoring and Divine
 Thou barest to our LORD and thine.

And though unworthy of the least
 Of all Thy Mercies, King and Priest,
 Yet Thou, perchance, wilt deign one day
 Not far from Thee to let us stay.

♠ ter facundas, o ter secundas.



THREE joyful night,
 With Blessings dight,
 Which saw the SAVIOUR's Birth ;
 From Heaven high
 My GOD is nigh
 To calm the woes of earth.

When Eve's sad fall
 Had, like a pall,
 Enshrouded all our race,
 As MAN He came,
 For man to claim
 A Light for earth's dark face.

Hark! heard ye not the Ancient Seer? 77

Th' eternal Light
The GODHEAD Bright
In swathing bands they fold;
The King of all
In lowly stall
The ox and aſs behold.

Th' Almighty WORD
Whom Hoſts adored
A Silent INFANT lay;
The Sun grows old,
Its beam falls cold;
What mean theſe Marvels? Say!

Hark! heard ye not the ancient Seer?



ARK! heard ye not the ancient Seer,
While thus the wondrous promiſe
ran—

A Virgin ſhall conceive, and bear
A SON, EMMANUEL, GOD with man?
Hark! hear ye not the Angel bring
His anſwering Meſſage from the Sky—
Hail! Virgin bleſt, from whom ſhall ſpring
A SON, the SON of GOD moſt High?

O Thou, Who didſt not ſcorn below,
The SON of Man, with us to dwell,
And us Thy FATHER'S Glory ſhow,
The SON of GOD, EMMANUEL:

The Incarnation.

Thou, for our sake Incarnate made,
 Thy GODHEAD, lo! with faith we own,
 Or in a Servant's Form arrayed,
 Or Partner of Thy FATHER's Throne.

Ⓞ *Prox vel medio splendor die.*



ALL Hail! thou Night, than day more
 bright,
 Through whose mysterious shade,
 In wondrous Birth, arose on earth,
 From Bosom of pure Maid,
 The Sun new-born, a Star of morn,
 Filling the world with Light.

He, Who alone, from Heaven's high Throne,
 Rules all, and doth restore
 To GOD's Embrace man's fallen race,
 Lies on a cottage floor—
 Like Him that we, save poverty,
 Have nought to call our own.

While o'er their sheep close watch they keep,
 Those Shepherds first receive
 The Heavenly Call, that doth to all
 Great Joy and Gladness give;
 The Call from Heaven, to watchmen given,
 That wake and never sleep.

To Christ the Lord.



O CHRIST the LORD,
 Th' Incarnate WORD,
 Who left for us His FATHER's Throne,
 Put off His Crown,
 To earth came down,
 And lived amongst us as our own,
 The praises of our lives belong ;
 Accept, O LORD, both lives and song.

To Him who lay,
 As on this day,
 Low in His Manger-bed on earth,
 The Holy CHILD
 Who, Undeiled,
 Was born to give us second Birth,
 The praises of our lives belong ;
 Accept, O LORD, both lives and song.

His Name be blest,
 Who, from His Rest,
 Came down to suffer for us here,
 Our sins to bear,
 Our griefs to share,
 To shed, and dry the mourner's tear,
 To Him our lives and praise belong ;
 Accept, O LORD, both lives and song.

The Incarnation.

Glory and Love
 To GOD above
 Be ever in the Highest given,
 Good-will to men
 Below, and then
 Peace, endless Peace, 'twixt earth and Heaven ;
 Our lives, our praise to CHRIST belong ;
 Accept, O LORD, both lives and song.

The Holy Child Christ.



SING the Holy CHILD CHRIST,
 True Eternal LORD ;
 Born a Helpless INFANT,
 He the Incarnate WORD.

Haste we to the Manger
 Where in swathing bands
 He lies, the whole creation
 Holding in His Hands.

Lo! the horned cattle
 Stand around His bed,
 While on Mary's Bosom
 Rests that little Head—
 That Head, which men hereafter
 Shall in bitter scorn,
 With many a taunting gesture,
 Bind about with thorn.

CHILD, to Whom all nations
 Bending shall be brought,

CHILD, Who our Salvation
Wondrously hast wrought,
To Thee we bring our carols
At this holy Tide,
When first to Jew and Gentile
Heaven was opened wide.

Heu! Quid facies Stabulo?



WASHED, and feebly wailing,
Wherefore art Thou laid
All Thy Glory vailing
In the Manger's shade?
King, and yet no royal
Purple decks Thy Breast;
Courtiers mute and loyal
Bend not o'er Thy Rest.

Sinner, here I sought thee,
Here I made My Home,
All My Wealth I brought thee,
Vile am I become;
All thy los's redressing
On My Birthday morn,
Give My GODHEAD'S Blessing
In a stable born.

Thousand, thousand praises,
JESU, for Thy Love,

The Incarnation.

While my Spirit gazes
 With the Host above ;
 Glory in the Highest
 For Thy wondrous Birth,
 Lowly where Thou liest,
 Peace and Love on earth.

Hæc Illa Solemnis Dies.



HIS is the festal Light,
 Salvation's Herald bright,
 When the golden Sun was sent
 From the crystal Firmament.

We were all in ruined plight,
 Fallen on to endless night :
 To take the fallen for His Own,
 Lo! GOD Himself comes down.
 Who with th' Eternal FATHER shared His Throne,
 And on His Bosom lay, th' Eternal SON,
 He wears time's lowly weeds,
 Nor scorns the Virgin's Womb ; the Holy ONE
 Puts on our mortal needs,
 And as our Victim bleeds,
 That by His guiltless Blood He may atone
 For all our guilty deeds.
 He, Who fills all with His Own DEITY,
 Our earth hath trod
 In lineaments of poor mortality ;

To bring us back to God,
He makes us His Abode :
Then to His Feet, Who comes our King,
All worship let us bring ;
Three PERSONS and One GOD let endless ages sing.

The Star in the East.



GOD is the LORD Who shows us Light ;
No ray from Idol temple flows :
When all was sunk in sinful night,
The Star of Bethlehem arose.

The Dayspring from on High hath come,
To light whoe'er in darkness strays,
To chase the shadows of the tomb,
And guide our feet in peaceful ways.

The Sun of Righteousness hath risen
With Healing in His radiant Wings :
He shines into the Soul's dark prison,
And Hope in hearts despairing springs.

Then let us, while the Altar burns,
With cords each duteous Offering bind :
Alas ! O LORD, what fit returns
Can we for Thy great Mercies find ?

The Incarnation.

Yet wilt Thou not reject, though poor,
 The tribute of our contrite hearts,
 If by those bands of Love made sure
 Which Thine Own SPIRIT'S Grace imparts.

Our life, our Soul, our all, we bring
 In living Sacrifice to Thee—
 To Thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 For us Who died upon the Tree.

Coelestis Ales nuntiat.



THE Herald lights from Heaven on golden
 wing,
 Announcing Mysteries—the Time is
 come—

And GOD Himself, with dread O'ershadowing,
 Doth fill the Virgin's Womb.

Thee, from that wondrous and stupendous Birth
 What blessedness, O Maiden, doth await,
 While GOD, from thine own Bosom brought to
 earth,
 Makes thee the Heavenly Gate.

Thus moulded by the SPIRIT'S holy Flame,
 From thy pure Virgin-body, Mother-maid,
 He, the sole born of Adam free from blame,
 The Flesh of CHRIST is made.

Thus He, Who, ere the course of time began,
Was Food unto the Heavenly habitants,
Becometh Milk for babes, the Food of man,
Food tempered to his wants.

Sonent Regi Nato nova Cantica.



OW to the new-born King
New songs of glory sing :
His FATHER He doth call,
Him Who created all ;
His Mother He doth claim,
The Maid who knew no shame ;
No stain of fallen earth
Attends His sacred Birth.

Before the world was made,
Its strong foundations laid,
He, GOD, with GOD was ONE,
The Sole-begotten SON :
Now in our flesh He stands,
The Glory of all lands ;
In the pure Virgin's Womb
That Flesh He doth assume.

O, Work to ponder well,
Conception strange to tell,
And Birth for all to praise
Through endless, endless days,
And wondrous Virgin SON,
Of GOD and MAN made One :

The Incarnation.

Thus Holy Men of old
 Thy gladsome Birth foretold,
 As thus Thy SPIRIT taught
 This Marvel should be wrought.

Now Angel's sing Thy Birth,
 With Peace to all the earth ;
 Now doth Thy Face Divine
 On all Thy creatures shine ;
 Now Saints lift up their songs,
 For praise to Thee belongs :
 Hail ! LORD—they joyful cry—
 Now bring Salvation nigh ;
 Save, Holy ONE in THREE,
 Eternal TRINITY.

The Child Jesus : a Cornish Carol.



WELCOME! that Star in Judah's sky,
 That Voice o'er Bethlehem's
 palmy glen,
 The Lamp far Sages hailed on high,
 The tones that thrilled the Shepherd-men :
 Glory to GOD in loftiest Heaven—
 Thus Angels smote the echoing chord—
 Glad Tidings unto man forgiven ;
 Peace from the Presence of the LORD.

The Shepherds sought that Birth Divine ;
 The Wise-men traced their guided way ;

There, by strange Light and mystic Sign,
The GOD they came to worship lay :
A Human BABE in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod ;
A Maiden clasped her Awful CHILD,
Pure Offspring of the Breath of GOD.

Those Voices from on High are mute ;
The Star the Wise-men saw is dim ;
But Hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the Angel-hymn :
Glory to GOD in loftiest Heaven—
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
Good Tidings unto man forgiven ;
Peace, from the Presence of the LORD.

Afar the eastern Sky is glowing.



FAR the eastern Sky is glowing,
Hoary time again grows young ;
From golden springs of light fair-
flowing

Take one draught inspiring, long :
Blest fulfilment of long yearnings old,
Godlike apparent, gentlest Love behold.

At last, at last to earth descending,
The Holy CHILD of Heaven is come ;
Gales of Life, in music blending,
Breathe o'er the land awakening bloom —

Breathe into flame that never more expires,
The scattered embers of extinguished fires.

From the deep abyſs reviving
New life and energies upſpring,
See Him in Life's ocean diving,
Endleſs Peace for us to bring :
Lo, in the miſt, with bliſs-beſtowing Hands,
Heedful of every ſuppliant He ſtands.

Let His Aſpect, mildly beaming,
Deeply ſink thy Soul within ;
Thus, His Joys unmeaſured, ſtreaming
O'er thee, ever ſhalt thou win :
All ſpirits, hearts, and reaſonings of men,
In choral harmony ſhall mingle then.

To reach His Arms be thy endeavour ;
Impreſſed within His Traits inſtil ;
Towards Him muſt thou turn for ever,
Spread forth unto the ſunſhine ſtill :
Lay bare thine heart to Him, let all elſe periſh,
And like a faithful Spouſe He will thee cheriſh.

Now to dwell with us is given
The GODHEAD once terrific found ;
Wakening to life the Seed of Heaven,
From the north to ſouthern bound—
Wait awhile, and GOD's own Garden fair
For us unfading Flower and Fruit ſhall bear.

Sleep! Holy Babe.



LEEP! Holy BABE,
 Upon Thy Mother's breast ;
 Great LORD of earth and sea and sky,
 How sweet it is to see Thee lie
 In such a place of rest.

Sleep! Holy BABE ;
 Thine Angels watch around,
 All bending low, with folded wings,
 Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
 In reverent awe profound.

Sleep! Holy BABE,
 While I with Mary gaze
 In joy upon that Face awhile,
 Upon the Loving INFANT smile,
 Which there Divinely plays.

Sleep! Holy BABE,
 Ah, take Thy brief Repose ;
 Too quickly will Thy Slumbers break,
 And Thou to lengthened Pains awake,
 That Death alone shall close.

Then must those Hands,
 Which now so fair I see,
 Those little pearly Feet of Thine,
 So soft, so delicately fine,
 Be pierced and rent for me.

The Incarnation.

Then must that Brow
 Its thorny Crown receive ;
 That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
 Be drenched with Blood, and marred with blows,
 That I thereby may live.

A Solis ortus cardine.



FROM where the rising Sun goes forth,
 To where he spans the utmost earth,
 Proclaim we CHRIST our King, this morn
 Of Mary Virgin-Mother born :

All climes unite in common voice,
 Judea, Rome, and Greece rejoice,
 Thrace, Egypt, Persia, Scythia now,
 To One sole King's dominion bow.

All, all, confess your LORD and King ;
 Redeemed and lost, His Praises sing ;
 Health, sickness, life, and death adore,
 All live in Him, they die no more.
 His beauteous Portal, full of Grace,
 Is hallowed for the King to pass ;
 The King doth pass—the folded Door
 Abideth folded as before.

SON of the FATHER'S Might Divine,
 Proceeding from His Virgin-shrine,
 Maker, Redeemer, Bridegroom, He
 The Giant of His Church shall be.

Of Mother-Maid the Light and Joy,
Of all believers Hope most high,
He the dark cup of death shall drain,
Ere He unloose our guilty chain.

Fair Stone, cut out from Mountain-height,
Filling the world with Grace and Light,
Whom, by no hand of mortal hewn,
The ancient Sages had foreshewn :
'Tis done, what Herald-Angel said,
He the True WORD, True Flesh is made,
A Virgin-Birth of Virgin-Womb,
Virgin of Virgins, CHRIST is come.

The skies have shed the Dew from Heaven,
Th' outpouring clouds the Just One given,
Earth's open lap receives the Birth,
And brings the LORD the SAVIOUR forth.
Oh 'twas a wondrous Travail there
When Him the CHRIST the Virgin bare,
So bare the Birth, the Offspring pure,
As Ever-Virgin to endure.

Creator He of all the race,
For Whom creation hath no place,
Hath found, chaste Mother, where to dwell,
Hath shrined Him in thy sacred Cell :
Whom SIRE most High, when time was not,
GOD Very GOD of GOD begot,
The Bosom chaste of Mother mild
In time doth bear a New-born CHILD.

Night spreads her sable Veil.



IGHT spreads her sable veil
 Across the stainless sky,
 And one by one, each twinkling star
 Peeps from its silent home afar

 Tempting the wandering eye
 To rest—while thought in vision soars,
 And, lost in wonderment, adores.

But lo! the vaulted dome
 Is filled with Light Divine ;
 GOD'S Angel comes to earth to-day
 With gracious News ; about his way
 Celestial glories shine :
 He comes to tell to fallen earth
 The Long-expected SAVIOUR'S Birth.

The Shepherds see the Light
 And they are sore afraid ;
 They hear his voice—Let terror cease ;
 To you is born the Prince of peace,
 And in a Manger laid :
 Go ! seek the SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD,
 The Ever-blessed, All-adored.

Then wakes a mighty song
 From Angel Hosts above,
 And multitudes unite to sing

The praise of their Eternal King
And His redeeming Love :
Divine and full that wondrous sound
Goes echoing on the world around.

Glory to GOD on High,
And on the Earth be Peace,
Good-will to men—so swells the strain :
Hope visits this lost world again,
Hope that will never cease,
While JESU'S Grace and JESU'S Love
Call fallen man to Rest above.

Γένους βροτέιου τὴν ἀνάπλασιν πάλαι.



ABAKKUK in ancient song
Foretells the new Creation ;
Fellow of the Prophet-throng
And Herald of Salvation,

Unto him was given to see
Types of wondrous Mystery.

Now the WORD to mortals' aid
From Virgin-Mount hath hasted,
To frame anew the worlds He made,
To heal what sin has wasted,
Coming from the sunless Gates,
Leading all where Light awaits.

The Incarnation.

Highest, Thou our Flesh didst take,
 Wast born an INFANT Lowly,
 Didst Thyself man's equal make—
 The Uncreate—the Holy :
 Thus to purge the venom dread,
 Flowing from the Serpent's head.

Gentiles, once corrupt, rejoice,
 Now saved from condemnation ;
 Lift your hands with joyful voice
 And tuneful exultation ;
 CHRIST adoring, Whom alone
 Benefactor now ye own.

From the Root of Jesse sprung,
 O Virgin, born of mortal ;
 CHRIST, ere worlds with GODHEAD One,
 Hath passed thy sealèd Portal ;
 When it pleased Him, coming thus,
 Meekly to abide with us.

Son of God, before Thee.



SON of GOD, before Thee
 Prostrate, we adore Thee
 In Thy Manger lying,
 Born to tears and sighing :
 Blest the Womb that 'shrined Thee ;
 Blest the arms that 'twined Thee ;

Blest the fond eye keeping
Vigil o'er Thee sleeping.

Light of every nation,
Joy of all creation,
Fount of Blessings endless,
Helper of the friendless,
Make us pure and holy,
Gentle, meek, and lowly ;
Heavenly tempers send us ;
With Thy Love defend us.

LORD, Thy Grace displaying,
Keep our feet from straying ;
That by Thine own Merit
We our Home inherit.

BABE Divine, before Thee
Prostrate, we adore Thee :
Praise to Him, Who gave us
Thee from death to save us.

Oratio nobis Salvatore.



NOW is born our great Salvation,
Given a Gift of matchless worth,
Now first GOD had conversation
'Midst His creatures on the earth,
Light and Health to every nation—
Honour we His Day of Birth.

The Incarnation.

We in tears and death were lying,
 Now are health and gladness rife ;
 Eve was Mother to the dying,
 Mary doth bring forth the Life
 In His riven Flesh supplying
 All the merit of our strife.

We GOD'S Mercies were neglecting,
 GOD so loved the negligent
 That our state from Heaven inspecting
 Veiled to earth His SON He sent,
 Thus to sorrow, shame, rejecting
 From His Place the Bridegroom went.

Swift our cruel foes o'ertaking,
 Strong their strength to overthrow,
 In Himself fulfilment making
 Of the Law and Prophets—lo !
 CHRIST, like mighty Giant, waking
 Comes to run His Course of Woe.

JESU, Thou our Fount of Healing,
 Thou our Peace and Light alone,
 Liberty to slaves revealing
 Through Thyself, the Servant-SON,
 All things with one voice are telling
 All the Kindness Thou hast done.

A Christmas Carol.



COME out of doors, and leave thy sheep;
 There's peace between the wolf and
 them;
 Poor Shepherd! GOD the charge will
 keep;
 Since Peace is born in Bethlehem.

Peace to the world that GOD hath loved!
 The cradle of a race more wild
 Than e'er in Arab desert roved,
 By lust and wrathful sin defiled,

Is now a newborn Shepherd's bed,
 Beneath whose staff of peaceful sway,
 No more of prowling wolf in dread,
 The mountain lamb may skip and play.

Thy watchful dog outstretched may lie,
 Sleep all night long, and take no heed;
 In pastures wide as earth and sky,
 Without a fold, thy flocks may feed.

The age of gold from this glad night
 Shall this Auspicious CHILD restore:
 Faith! spread the fleece as ermine white
 To shield His Couch, and there adore.

H

Christmas Morning Hymn.



WAS in the winter cold, when earth
 Was desolate and wild,
 That Angels welcomed at His Birth,
 The Everlasting CHILD.
 From Realms of ever-brightening day,
 And from His Throne above
 He came, with humankind to stay,
 All Lowliness and Love.

Then in the Manger the poor beast
 Was present with His LORD ;
 Then Swains and Pilgrims from the East
 Saw, wondered, and adored.
 And I this morn would come with them
 This blessed sight to see ;
 And to the BABE of Bethlehem
 Bend low the reverent knee.

But I have not—it makes me sigh—
 One offering in my power ;
 'Tis winter all with me, and I
 Have neither fruit nor flower.
 O GOD, O Brother, let me give
 My worthless self to Thee ;
 And that the years which I may live
 May pure and spotless be :

Lux est orta Gentibus.

99

Grant me Thyself, O SAVIOUR Kind,
Thy SPIRIT Undeified,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a Child ;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of Prayer and Praise
Keep ever close to GOD.

Light of the everlasting Morn,
Deep through my Spirit shine ;
Here let Thy Presence newly-born,
Make all my being Thine :
There try me as the silver, try
And cleanse my Soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless Image there.

Lux est orta Gentibus.



IN the nations Light hath risen
Sitting in tenebrous prison
And the shadow drear of death :
Joyous is a race afflicted,
To behold the SON predicted
Drawing from the Virgin breath.

To atone for man's offending,
GOD in MAN is condescending
To our human miseries :

The Incarnation.

Who but throbs with exultation ?
 Who but glows with admiration
 At new Acts of Grace like these ?

This Enigma Sacramental
 Can no keenness argumental
 By vain searching ever solve :
 Not for us to ascertain it ;
 GOD was pleased to pre-ordain it ;
 How—no reason can resolve.

Who is he hath e'er divinèd
 What the GOD of GOD designèd ?
 Who the sublime Secret won ?
 As with Dew the Fleece was flooded,
 As the Verge with Blossom budded,
 So the Virgin bears a SON.

Chaste, Conception notwithstanding ;
 Virid, spite the Flower's expanding ;
 Mother she, yet Maid, declared :
 In that Holy THING conceiving,
 And in Birth to JESUS giving,
 To the Lily well compared.

☉ come ! Creator Spirit.



**COME ! Creator SPIRIT,
Inspire the Souls of Thine,
And fill the hearts, which Thou hast
made,**

With Grace and Love Divine.

**Author of our Salvation,
SON of the Virgin's Womb,
Remember that our flesh Thou art,
And didst our form assume.**

**This is the festal morning,
Salvation's herald this,
Whereon from Heaven to wretched man
Came down Celestial Blifs.**

**This day outspake the Angel—
Hail, thou of Women Blest :
With Power and Might the GODHEAD comes,
To fill a Maiden's Breast.**

**Maiden, how great the Glory
That waits henceforth on thee,
Conceived in thine own Womb this day,
GOD'S SON thy SON must be.**

**This day the HOLY SPIRIT
Moulds, of thy Maiden Blood,
His Flesh who feeds as MAN weak men,
And Angels as their GOD.**

Τὴν Ἐδέμ Βηθλεὲμ ἤνοιξε, δεῦτε ἴδωμεν.



BETHLEHEM hath opened Eden,
Come ! let us behold :
Sweetness we have found, once hidden,
Pearl of price untold ;
Gifts of Paradise, all precious,
Stored within the Cave refresh us.

There th' unwatered Root appearing
Blooms in Pardon free ;
Christians enter, nothing fearing,
And the Wonder see :
There the undug Well behold
David thirsted for of old.

Now the Maid her INFANT bearing
Hasten we to greet ;
He ere worlds the GODHEAD sharing,
Little CHILD so sweet,
Born within this lowly place,
Stays the thirst of Adam's race.

Stars of Glory, shine more brightly.



STARS of Glory, shine more brightly,
Purer be the moonlight's beam,
Glide ye hours and moments lightly,
Swiftly down Time's deepening
stream.

Bring the hour that banished sadness,
Brought Redemption down to earth,
When the Shepherds heard with gladness
Tidings of a SAVIOUR'S Birth.

See a beauteous Angel soaring
In the bright Celestial blaze,
On the Shepherds low adoring
Rest his mild, effulgent rays :
Fear not—cries the Heavenly Stranger—
Him Whom ancient Seers foretold,
Weeping in a lowly Manger,
Shepherds ! haste ye to behold.

See the Shepherds quickly rising,
Hastening to the humble stall,
And the New-born INFANT prizing,
As the Mighty LORD of all.
Lowly now they bend before Him,
In His helpless Infant State,
Firmly faithful they adore Him,
And His Greatness celebrate.

Hark ! the swell of heavenly voices
Peals along the vaulted sky ;
Angels sing, while earth rejoices—
Glory to our GOD on High :
Glory in the highest Heaven,
Peace to humble men on earth ;
Joy to these, and Bliss is given,
In the great Redeemer's Birth.

Come! ye Lofty, come! ye Lowly.



COME! ye Lofty, come! ye Lowly,
 Let your songs of gladness ring,
 In a Stable lies the Holy,
 In a Manger rests the King :
 See, in Mary's arms reposing
 CHRIST by highest Heaven adored :
 Come! your circle round Him closing,
 Pious hearts that love the LORD.

Come! ye Poor, no pomp of station
 Robes the CHILD your hearts adore :
 He, the LORD of all Salvation,
 Shares your want, is Weak and Poor :
 Oxen, round about behold them,
 Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
 See! the Shepherds, GOD has told them
 That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come! ye Children blithe and merry,
 This One CHILD your model make ;
 Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
 All be prized for His dear Sake :
 Come! ye gentle hearts and tender,
 Come! ye spirits keen and bold ;
 All in all your homage render,
 Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a Star is shining,
 And the Wise Men haste from far :

Come! glad hearts, and Spirits pining :
For you all has risen the Star.
Let us bring our poor Oblations,
Thanks, and Love, and Faith, and Praise :
Come! ye People, come! ye Nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark! the Heaven of Heavens is ringing—
CHRIST the LORD to man is born :
Are not all our hearts, too, singing—
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the CHILD, all Power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past ;
And the song of Christmas-blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

'Twas Midnight.



WAS Midnight, and the calm clear sky
Was studded o'er with gems of light ;
No breeze went floating by
To break the stillness of that glorious
night.

Tending their flocks with watchful care,
A lowly band of Shepherd-men,
Beneath the midnight air,
Were gathered on Judæa's palmy plain.

Hark! whence is that melodious sound
Which bursts upon that listening ear ;

Shedding on all around
A holy Joy, a reverential Fear ?

Well may they turn their wondering glance,
Enraptured, to the starry skies :
Well may such strains entrance,
And draw from earth to Heaven the dullest eyes.

'Tis from yon bright Celestial Band
Those thrilling notes of glory ring :
Sent from the Heavenly Land,
Glad tidings of great Joy to earth to bring.

Glory to Thee, O LORD most High—
Is the sweet music of their song,
While echo takes the cry
And wafts it far the vaulted arch along.

And Peace on earth, Good-will toward men,
Will CHRIST the King of Glory bring ;
Then let us join their strain,
And praises to the New-born SAVIOUR sing.

Coelum gaude ! Terra plaude !



SHOUT! ye Heavens, with laud and
praising,
Shout in triumph, earth and sea,
Every voice its song upraising
Loud proclaim the Jubilee.

For the LORD of all Creation

**Sees His creatures doomed to die,
And His Right Hand brings Salvation
And His Love brings Liberty.**

**Heaven its Grace on earth is pouring,
From the earth Earth's SAVIOUR springs,
Angel choirs, their King adoring,
Greet the BABE with carollings.**

**Now the Womb of Virgin lowly,
Quickened by the SPIRIT Holy,
Dwelling meet for GOD is made.**

**As a branch with flowers is teeming,
So the Virgin, GOD Redeeming
Bears, in fleshly Form arrayed.**

**From the Fount of Maid unstainèd
GOD-MADE-BABE His Food hath drainèd ;
Mystery surpassing thought—**

**On a creature's food He liveth
Who their Food all creatures giveth,
Wonder such as ne'er was wrought.**

**On the life of flesh He groweth
Who the life of flesh bestoweth.
Him the Virgin's Bosom beareth
Who the Throne of GODHEAD shareth.
Him as SON the Maid careffeth,
Him as LORD and GOD confesseth.**

Thrice blessed fruitful Theme of Mirth.



THRICE blessed fruitful theme of mirth,
Of sacred joy, and holy song,
The BREATH of Heaven comes down
to earth,

The CHRIST is born, foretold so long :
Deep mourning o'er the grievous fall
Of Eve, her children lone do sigh ;
Fast bound in sin's unholy thrall
The Universe in grief doth lie.

In human Flesh the GODHEAD came
A living Sun to light the earth ;
He took upon Himself our shame
And e'en endured a mortal's birth :
Born in a stable's lowly stall
His Infant Voice went up on high ;
The world's sun wept, while shone on all
The Lamp of His DIVINITY.

Mundi salus Qui naceris.



INFANT! born the world to free,
Look on us,
That in child-like Wisdom we
Put on Thy Humility.

Thou That midst the beasts did sleep,
Helpless BABE,

From dark foes that seek Thy Sheep,
Sacred Shepherd, save and keep.

Thou Who hast Thy GODHEAD laid
All aside,
On the breast of Mother-Maid,
To our weakness lend Thine Aid.

Auf! Schicke dit.



QOME! tune your heart,
To bear its part,
And celebrate MESSIAH'S Feast with
praises ;
Let Love inspire
The joyful Choir,
While to the GOD of Love glad Hymns it raises.

Exalt His Name ;
With joy proclaim,
GOD loved the world, and through His SON for-
gave us ;
Oh, what are we,
That, LORD, we see
Thy wondrous Love, in CHRIST Who died to
save us.

Behold our Friend !
His Love commend,
In that when foes He died to reconcile us ;

The Incarnation.

Our flesh He took,
 His Throne forsook,
 That from His Kingdom GOD might not exile us.

Your refuge place
 In His free Grace,
 Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you ;
 Ye mock GOD'S Word,
 Who call Him LORD,
 And follow not the Pattern He hath lent you.

O CHRIST, to prove
 For Thee my love,
 In Brethren Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish ;
 To each sad heart
 Sweet Hope impart,
 When worn with care, with sorrow nigh to perish.

Heaven and earth
 Received their birth
 From Thee, in Whom both Strength and Wisdom
 blended ;
 Let heart and voice
 In Thee rejoice ;
 Be every knee in adoration bended.

Come ! praise the LORD ;
 In Heaven are stored
 Rich Gifts for those who here His Name esteemèd ;
 Alleluia ;
 Alleluia ;
 Rejoice in CHRIST, and praise Him ye redeemèd.

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῶ.



O-day in Bethlehem hear I
Sweet Angel voices singing—
All Glory be to GOD on High
Who Peace to earth is bringing.

The Virgin Mary holdeth more
Than highest Heaven most holy :
Light shines on what was dark before,
And lifteth up the lowly.
GOD wills that Peace should be in earth
And holy Exultation :
Sweet BABE, I greet Thy spotless Birth
And wondrous Incarnation.

To-day in Bethlehem hear I
Even the lowly singing :
With Angel-words they pierce the sky
All earth with Joy is ringing.

The Cedar of Lebanon : a Carol.



THE Cedar of Lebanon, Plant of renown,
Hath bowed to the Hyssop His wide-
spreading crown,
And the SON of the Highest, an IN-
FANT, is laid

On the Breast of His Mother, that lowliest Maid.
All Glory to GOD in the Highest we sing,
And hence upon earth, through the newly-
born King.

The Incarnation.

From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath
 shined,
 Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's Hind,
 The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,
 The Maker of all things of Maiden is born.

The Manger of Bethlehem opens once more
 The Gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
 And He Who is lying, a CHILD, in the Cave,
 Hath conquered the foeman, hath ransomed the
 slave.

In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
 And offers His twelve Fruits to lips and to hands;
 For the LORD of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
 Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of
 fire.

On the hole of the Aspic the Sucking CHILD plays,
 And His Hand on the den of the Cockatrice lays,
 And the Dragon, that over a fallen world reigned,
 By the Seed of the Woman is vanquished and
 chained.

To Him Who hath loved us, and sent us His SON,
 To Him Who the victory for us hath won,
 To Him Who sheds on us His sevenfold rays,
 Be Honour and Glory, Salvation and Praise.

All Glory to GOD in the Highest we sing,
 And peace upon earth, through the newly-
 born King.

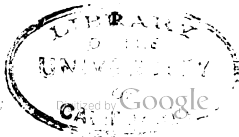
When the World slept.



WHEN the world slept and night was on,
Of old was heard a Hymn Divine ;
First broke a gleam, then splendour
shone,

And deepened crimson, line on line.
Take we the tablets of the Past,
To wipe recorded woes away ;
Now merry bells ring out at last,
For us another Christmas Day.
He came Heaven's Glories to unfold
So bring the captive a release,
For age of iron an age of gold—
EMMANUEL, the Prince of Peace.
So chime the bells for weald and wold,
Hang the bright holly up on high,
Aye fresh and green His Love untold,
He died, but ne'er again shall die.

Then bear a joy where joys are not,
Go, speak a kindly word in love,
Less bitter make some loveless lot
Now Earth is linked to Heaven above.
And, day by day, in common round,
Or dark or light, in joy or ill,
Let Faith and Love and Peace be found
So ever work a FATHER'S Will.



The Incarnation.

For links in many a circle here,
 That seemed to be so strong and sure,
 Grow less, increasing year by year
 Where only Peace and Love endure.
 We pass the graves with snowy pall,
 So pure and calm is Christmas morn ;
 Or, like GOD'S Grace, the snow-flakes fall
 On this glad Feast when CHRIST was born.

The Past brings up our deeds or dreams,
 Voices and faces known no more,
 Hopes to be crowned when evening's gleams
 Flood with their light th' eternal shore.
 The Future, when Time's stream is dry
 And Christmas Feasts are gone for aye,
 Shall to the King bring each one nigh—
 Then dawns the bright and perfect Day.
 Take up once more the Angel's song—
 The Angel's joy let each one share ;
 Our life at longest is not long,
 The carol must be ended there.
 Though here the City of the Saints,
 Beryl and pearl are up above,
 One Heaven-born thought that Future paints,
 A SON Divine, a Mother's Love.



PART III.

The Epiphany and Transfiguration.

*THE EPIPHANY AT BETHLEHEM AND
THE TRANSFIGURATION
ON TABOR.*

The Shadow of the Star.



ABÆAN Odours load the air
With Myrrh, as though for burial
brought ;
The flash of royal Gold is there ;
But where is He for Whom 'tis
sought ?

Behold Him on the spotless Virgin's knee,
The Priest, the Man, the Monarch, lo ! 'tis He.

Mother of GOD ! the Eastern Star
Shines brightly on the humble shed

116 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Where wise Chaldæans, led from far,
Bend low before the Infant Head ;
The Priestly Arms spread forth to bless e'en now ;
Stedfast to win the Crown, by Death, the Brow.

Mother of Sorrows ! mark the word,
And ponder it within thine heart—
Through thine own Soul shall pierce the Sword
Ere GOD full knowledge shall impart ;
Then shalt thou see with re-awakened eye
The Signs, worked out, of the Epiphany.

Upon the great Good Friday morn
Thy SON in Royal Guise shall stand
With purple Robe, and Crown of thorn,
And sceptred Reed in His Right Hand :
When these things come to pass, look up ! behold
The first great Sign worked out—the Gift of Gold.

When Priestly Arms on Calvary's crest
In Intercession wide are spread,
And to that Blessing, from their rest,
Hades sends forth the Sainted Dead,
The second Gift behold—see Heavenward rise
Atoning Incense of the Sacrifice.

The Soul has fled ; the vex'd Limbs sleep,
O'er both the GODHEAD spreads Its span :
Bring Myrrh and Spices ; Vigil keep
Over the Archetypal MAN :

With eyes of awful love and bated breath,
 Lady! behold the Myrrh—the type of Death.

* * * *

In mystic number, vested white,
 The Presbyters around the Throne
 Cast down their Crowns of golden Light
 Their Maker and their LORD to own;
 For He is worthy of all Praise, they sing,
 Of Heaven and earth Creator, LORD, and King.

Unchangeable the Priesthood's Vow,
 Which This MAN, pure from human stain
 Yet MAN in all things, offers now—
 Himself for sin the Victim slain.
 At last the threefold Gifts in one concur,
 Here blend the Gold, the Frankincense, the
 Myrrh.

Majistati sacro sanctae.



O the LORD for ever Glorious
 Saints on earth with Saints victorious
 Swell the shout of holy Joy:
 Lest the Soul sink down in slumbers,
 Let the lips in tuneful numbers
 Hail the Blifs without alloy.

See the Branch a new Bud bearing;
 See the Star new Day declaring;
 Monarchs to the Manger run:

118 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Wand'ers they, yet never turning
Whence the Star, before them burning,
Guides them to the Newborn SUN.

Three the Kings, threefold their Offering ;
He, Who takes what they are proffering,
GOD in MAN is One to see :
By the mystic Adoration
Is revealed to all creation
Thus the Triune DEITY.

Gold, Myrrh, Incense are their Treasure ;
But beyond what eye can measure
Is the Truth therein that lies :
Incense is for GOD from Heaven ;
To the King the Gold is given ;
And the Myrrh to Him Who dies.

Sweet the Incense upward streaming ;
Bright the Golden Circlet gleaming
On a King's majestic Brow ;
Shews the Myrrh, by time unblighted,
That the WORD to Flesh united
Never shall corruption know.

From this vale, wherein we wander,
Lead us, LORD, oh, lead us yonder
Where the Kings are gone before ;
Where, by Thine abounding Merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT
We may praise for evermore.

Quicumque Christum quaeritis.



YE who seek the **LORD**,
Lift up your eyes on high,
For there He doth the Sign accord
Of His bright Majesty.

We see a dazzling Sight
That shall outlive all time,
Older than depth or starry height,
Limitless and sublime.

'Tis He for Israel's Fold
And heathen tribes decreed,
The King to Abraham pledged of old
And his unfailing seed.

Prophets foretold His Birth,
And witnessed when He came,
The **FATHER** speaks to all the earth
To hear, and own His Name.

Tabor, Calvary, and Olivet.



DEAR SAVIOUR, when Thy chosen three
Ascended Tabor's Mount with Thee,
And when Thy Glory threw
Around Thy Form resplendant rays,
It circled Thee with Heavenly Blaze,
Dazzling to mortal view.

120 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Then did Thy great Apostle pray
On Tabor's radiant Mount to stay,
And fix his dwelling there ;
Held by Thy Glory's potent spell,
There he proclaimed it good to dwell,
That tranquil Blifs to share.

Little did that Apostle know
What toils awaited him below,
Ere Blifs should crown his head :
Ah ! little did Thy Favourite think
So deeply of Thy Cup to drink ;
He knew not what he said.

When Thou didst vanish from their sight,
From Olivet's majestic height,
To mount Thy glorious Throne ;
Thy chosen ones gazed fondly there,
And watched Thee till the bright Cloud's glare
Left them in grief alone.

They, as they gazed from Olivet,
Their Charge too quickly could forget,
They loved to linger there ;
Till Angels warned them to retire,
For Him, Who would return in Fire,
With fervour to prepare.

From Calvary Thy Followers fled :
Where Thy redeeming Blood was shed,
None of Thy Twelve were found,

Save Thy beloved John, who stood
Faithful beneath the saving Wood,
When numbers scoffed around.

With him, oh, let my station be ;
Dear SAVIOUR, let me mourn with Thee,
Thy Cross to me is sweet :
Oh, be Thy sorrowing Path my way,
LORD, it is good for me to stay
And press Thy sacred Feet.

Prima Uiricis Fidei corona.



FIRST in faith that overcame,
O swift to hear the Heavenly Call,
Ye Magi, this our Festival
With Faith's first triumphs links your
name.

'Twas yours to mourn what time the Star
Veiled from your ken her shining face,
And left you as a ship that strays
Unknowing where the shallows are.

But Faith prevails : to Sion come,
The Star, new risen, glads your eyes ;
And, downward pointing from the Skies
Reveals for you the BABE-King's home.
There with well-chosen Gifts adore ;
Incense for GOD, Gold for the King,

122 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Myrrh for the MAN, your hands shall bring,
Your hearts shall yield Him better store.

And thou, O Sion, called too long
The Barren, even now thy race
Springs as the stars : to thine embrace
Mother of Nations, bid them throng :
Behold thy CHRIST ! He casteth down
The wall which kept the world in twain :
Behold the CHRIST ! He binds again
The Bond that maketh all men one.

The Epiphany of Tabor.



CHRIST went about the earth
Aye doing good,
Unto its mighty dearth
He gave blest Food ;
He bade the sick rejoice
O'er sins forgiven,
And Satan heard His Voice
And fell from Heaven.

Once His Own mused on Him
Out on the sea,
Asking with eyesight dim
Who This might be ;
O'er them the tempest broke,
Fear was their psalm ;

The Epiphany of Tabor.

123

He from His Sleep awoke
And there was calm.

Haply for Light they prayed,
Grieving the while
Godlike the Works men said
The Worker vile ;
Haply such grief away
Pased not until
The Three beheld Him pray
On Tabor's hill.

Then sight came faith to blefs,
Then there did shine
Through that scorned mortal Drefs
Glory Divine ;
Then came the Prophets two
In witness one,
Then spake the FATHER—Lo !
This is My SON.

Our GOD's Epiphany
We thus recall ;
Made first to mortals three
It speaks to all ;
Still cleave your hearts below ?
Faint there its word ;
Far up the Mountain go
And see the LORD

Magnum nobis Gaudium.



THOY hath come to all of us,
 Blessed Virgin dear,
 When to Angel Gabriel
 Thou didst lend thine ear,
 Telling that thou wast to be
 JESU'S Mother meek,
 Doubtedst not the Miracle,
 Didst but counsel seek.
 Holy one ! is born to thee
 Holier ONE than thou ;
 Watchful shepherds witnessing
 At His Cradle-bow.
 Wondrous CHILD ! most wondrously
 Thou hast sent to quest
 Wand'ers wand'ring hopelessly,
 Back to Peace and Rest.
 Brightest Star of Bethlehem,
 Herald of Jerusalem,
 Telling of Thy King ;
 Eastern Sage enlightening,
 Nightly journey brightening,
 Mystic Gifts to bring :
 Star denoting Unity ;
 Myrrh His human Verity,
 Frankincense their prayer ;
 Gold proclaiming DEITY ;
 Three Kings shewing TRINITY—
 Mysteries most rare.

En Persici ex orbis Anu.



FROM daylight's portals, burning
 With Incense to the SUN,
 They come, the Wise, discerning
 His royal March begun :
 Before that Sign's bright dawning
 The stars have paled their light ;
 The ray-crowned Prince of morning
 Slopes back upon the night.

Where is the Host's assembling
 Of Him that rules the day—
 They ask—Whom Heaven with trembling
 Thus marshals on His Way ?
 This is the Gentile lightening
 Before His People's face,
 The promised Glory brightening
 On Abram and his race.

Still on, with brows uplifted,
 The way-worn Elders crept ;
 Their beacon never drifted,
 Their eyelids never slept ;
 Till low in worship bending
 The Star their fears beguiled,
 And quenched his torch descending
 Upon the Radiant CHILD.

And now, while they adore Him,
 Their Treasures are unrolled,

The threefold Gifts before Him,
 Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold ;
 The Spice their GOD confessing,
 Their Gold His Regal Bloom ;
 And yet the Myrrh is blessing
 His Body to the Tomb.

Enthroned upon the Mountain-Height.



ENTHRONED upon the Mountain-
 height,
 Harmonious Peace unbroken reigns,
 While discord like a stormy night
 In wild confusion wraps the plains.

When in Sinai's secret place
 GOD with His Servant talked alone
 With Beams too bright for earth, his face
 From the dread Mount returning shone.

While from the Camp below, the din
 Of hideous mirth to Heaven conveyed
 Wild orgies of the monstrous sin,
 The molten Calf 'which Aaron made.'

The wind is hushed, the ground is still,
 The burning flames no longer glow,
 On Horeb's top JEHOVAH'S Will
 Is heard in accents soft and low.

While earth of pity clean bereft,
God's latest Servant thought to slay—
I, even I alone am left,
Whose life they seek to take away.

How white their glistening robes appear,
How fair their heads with Glory crowned,
Sinai's Prophet, Horeb's Seer,
On Tabor's top with JESU found.

But while with CHRIST in GOD their life
Is hidden on the Mountain-brow,
More fierce the feud, more loud the strife
Of Satan's sons must rage below.

Why? but that weary Souls may yearn
The narrow Path in patience trod,
Their homeward steps from earth to turn,
And rest on Sion's Hill with GOD.

Hoc iusta quondam rumpimus.



BRING, happy Day, to light
Things which dark-mantling Night
In envious silence hath so long been
stealing ;
When, on the Mountain floor,
Before the three of yore,
The SON of Man His Glory was revealing :

128 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

And, through His Flesh's shrouding Shrine,
Illuminating ran the Effluence Divine.

The full Irradiance flows,
To every Limb it goes,
 With snowy Light Hisflery Garments blending ;
Now awe-struck silence quakes,
And the live Thunder speaks,
 From the bright Cloud in Majesty descending ;
There sounds the unutterable Voice,
Proclaiming His Dear SON, the everlasting Choice.

With low-browed awe profound,
Be silent on the ground,
 The LORD of all is in His holy Hill ;
And now, with voice of fear,
Let Angel hosts draw near,
 While all the listening world is still,
To sing the SPIRIT, and the WORD,
And FATHER, Whose dread Voice was in the
 Thunder heard.

A Carol of the Kings : an Armenian Myth.



THREE ancient Men in Bethlehem's Cave
With awful wonder stand ;
A Voice that called them from their grave
In some far eastern Land.

They lived, they trod the former earth
When the old waters swelled ;
The Ark, that womb of second birth,
Their house and lineage held.

Pale Japhet bows the knee with Gold,
Bright Sem sweet Incense brings,
And Cham, the Myrrh his fingers hold—
Lo ! the three Orient Kings.

Types of the total earth, they hailed
The signal's starry frame ;
Shuddering with second life, they quailed
At the CHILD JESU'S Name.

Then slow the Patriarchs turned and trod,
And this their parting sigh—
Our eyes have seen the Living GOD ;
And now—once more to die.

Quam nos potenter allicis.



HOW strongly and how sweetly still
Thou, CHRIST, dost draw the human
will

And gently prove ;
Whether Thou dost Thyself reveal,
Or from our senses dost conceal,
'Tis both in Love.

130 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

The FATHER calls, and for Thy Sake
Shall us too for His Children take ;
 And, through Heaven's door,
The Glory which doth break on Thee
Are rays of Immortality
 That go before.

What saith the FATHER, speaking loud?
And what the SON, beneath the Cloud?
 Now all are gone ;
The shadows fleet ; around again
Silence keeps watch ; there doth remain
 The Truth alone.

Again Thou dost Thy Form resume,
A Victim ready for the Tomb,
 And thence descend
In Lowliness ineffable,
Thy FATHER'S Mandate to fulfil
 Unto the end.

O CHRIST, Who now Thyself dost hide,
May Faith our darkling Spirits guide
 And firmly hold ;
That when these fleshly vessels break,
We of Thy Goodness may partake
 And Thee behold.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the
Morning.



BRIGHTEST and best of the Sons of
the Morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us
Thine aid,

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our **INFANT** Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His Cradle the dew-drops are shining,

Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,

Maker and Monarch and **SAVIOUR** of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,

Odours of Edom and Offerings Divine ?

Gems of the mountain and Pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or Gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample Oblation ;

Vainly with Gifts would His Favour secure :

Richer by far is the heart's Adoration ;

Dearer to **GOD** are the Prayers of the poor.

Jesu, Dulcedo cordium.



IESU, the heart's own Sweetness, and
true Light,

Thou art the secret Fountain that
o'erflows

132 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

The weary Soul, surpassing all delight,
In whom each anxious longing finds repose.

Stay with us, LORD, and with Thy kindly Ray
Enlighten our dark Spirits ; at Whose Birth
Dark shades shall flee the opening eye of day,
And sweetness shall revive the drooping earth.

When Thou the heart dost visit, all things seem
Made new ; Truth shines in her unclouded form,
Emerging from the world as from a dream ;
And Love, her face beholding, waxeth warm.

Good JESUS, while time's scroll I still unfold,
Do Thou to me Thy Love make manifest,
That I, 'mid clouds that wrap me, may behold
Thine everlasting Glory, and find Rest.

He whom Thy Love makes glad as with new wine,
He knows that Knowledge which is from above ;
Full blest is he ; that Fulness is Divine,
And there is nothing else that he can love.

Thou art the Fount of Pity ; as it flows
All drink of Thine Abundance infinite :
Thou art the only Sun Thy country knows ;
Scatter the clouds, and show us Thy true Light.

All Nations of the Earth, rejoice.



ALL Nations of the Earth, rejoice,
 High raise to-day your tuneful voice,
 To CHRIST your choicest presents
 bring ;

First taught as now the LORD to know,
 To Him your grateful homage show,
 And gladly own Him for your King.

The Wise Men from the East behold,
 With Myrrh, and Frankincense, and Gold ;
 These Gifts a mystic import bear ;
 The Myrrh for Him Who deigns to die,
 The Incense for a Priest most High,
 The Gold a Monarch to declare.

Led by the guiding of a Star,
 The Gentile First-fruits come from far,
 And in that lowly shed adore—
 First Christian Church in all the land—
 Whereto the Angel's gracious hand
 The Jewish Shepherds brought before.

Oh, may their zeal our hearts inflame,
 That we may prove our faith the same,
 And like acceptance thus secure ;
 Our Myrrh—to fleshly lust a death,
 Our Incense—prayer's ascending breath,
 Our Gold—a chastened heart and pure.

134 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Self-conquest, Longings meet, and Love,
We all may bring to CHRIST above,
And not the great or rich alone ;
In these let each with other vie,
By these proclaim the SAVIOUR High,
And make His saving Health be known.

Hæc est Dies summa grata.



THIS Feast above all others rated
Is by the SAVIOUR consecrated ;
By Him is richly decorated,
With Wonders of the TRINITY :

Moses' death to-day is ended ;
And that Truth may be defended,
See ! Elias comes attended
By the Apostolic Three.

Then, while they their worship render,
Bursts a Light of matchless splendour ;
Lustre marvellously tender,

Streams alike o'er form and drefs :
'Tis from CHRIST that Light is flowing ;
Flooding e'en their robes and throwing
Prostrate, by its sudden glowing,
Those astonished Witnesses—

Not to injure or to frighten,
But to cherish and to brighten,

But to brighten and to lighten
All who looked upon it there :
Full of sweet and joyful Graces,
All that's tender it embraces ;
There is shown in Heavenliest traces
Glory bright beyond compare.

Good it were in truth, and sweeter,
Here to tarry, gentle Peter—
But for CHRIST Himself, 'tis meeter
He His FATHER's Will obey :
All this Brightness that surprises,
Only with a Type supplies us,
Of a greater Light that rises
Nevermore to pass away.

With the Halo round them lying,
Hear the FATHER testifying
Of the SON that He is trying ;
Hear the thunders of His Voice—
'Tis My SON, that seems so Lowly,
Wholly Filial, Righteous wholly,
Before all elected solely ;
In Him does My Heart rejoice.

Thou wouldst not that men should know Thee,
Wouldst not that Thy Twelve should show Thee,
Till new Glory overflow Thee
In Thy Rising from the dead :
But, what tongue but would be telling,
What heart but would with Blifs be swelling,

136 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

While believing thus, and dwelling
Upon Joys so largely shed.

Here has Truth its attestation,
Hope its loftiest elevation,
Love its keenest sublimation

In each true and faithful breast :
May the LORD of our profession
Make us, through His Intercession,
Share the Blifs of the possession
With the Holy Ones at Rest.

Through the silent Midnight-Hours.



THROUGH the silent Midnight-hours,
When others sleep,
We upon our lofty towers
Long vigils keep ;
And the silver Moon in her orb we trace,
And can point each Planet's accustomed place.

In our skies of Eastern night,
Gleaming afar,
We have seen the wondrous Light
Of Jacob's star :
We have read in the Book of the Mighty Seer,
And we know that the ' Fulness of time ' is near.

Therefore we leave in haste
Our distant home ;

Linquunt terra Magi principis Urbis. 137

Therefore o'er the desert waste
Gladly we come ;
The first of the Gentile world to bring
Our Homage and Gifts to the new-born King.

Lo! from further land than theirs,
Weary and weak,
LORD, we come with earnest prayers
Thy Face to seek ;
We come from the land of bondage and chains,
To the Land where the King in His Beauty reigns.

Star of Jacob we adore Thee,
Still our onward feet direct ;
King of kings we bow before Thee,
Guard and guide Thine own Elect.
Us, the Children of the stranger,
Received Thine ancient Fold within ;
Guard us through the paths of danger,
Guide us from the paths of sin.

Linquunt terra Magi principis Urbis.



O! the pilgrim Magi
Leave their Royal Halls,
And, with Love devoutest,
Bethlehem's lowly walls
Seek with eager footsteps ;
While firm Faith, which rests
Built on Hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts.

138 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Oh, what joys extatic
 Thrilled each heart, from far
When, to guide their footsteps,
 Gleamed that Beacon Star,
O'er that home so holy
 Pouring down its ray,
In His Mother's Bosom
 Where the INFANT lay.

There no ivory glistens,
 Glowes no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
 Those fair Limbs enfold ;
But His Court He keepeth
 In a Stable bare,
His Throne is a Manger,
 Rags His Purple are.

Costly pomps and pageants
 Earthly Kings array ;
He, a mightier Monarch,
 Hath a nobler sway ;
Straw though be His Pallet,
 Mean His Garb may be,
Yet with Power transcendent
 He all hearts can free.

At His Crib they worship
 Prostrate on the floor ;
And a GOD, there present,
 In that BABE adore ;

Let us to that **INFANT**
We, their offspring true,
Hearts with faith o'erflowing
Give, our Tribute due.

Holiest Love presenting
As Gold, to our King ;
To the **MAN** pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring ;
Unto Him, as Incense,
Vow and prayer address ;
So with Offerings meetest,
This our **GOD** confests.

Laudes Deo, dicat per omnia.



MOW let our Mother the Church in each
nation
Sing to our **GOD** with devout jubilation ;
Praising Him for that celestial
Voice, which came to realms terrestrial
From the Glory that excelled—
This is My Beloved SON,
Who My Will hath always done ;
Let Him be in worship held.

When this Voice around them sounded,
Struck with awe, they sank astounded,
At the Heavenly brilliancy :
And, upon their faces falling,

140 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Shrank before that ray appalling,
They, the Apostolic three.

Then, their fear and dread allaying,
JESUS came and touched them, saying—
Now, aside your terror laying,
Be no more distressed.

From the earth their eyes they raised,
On no Form unknown they gazed :
Only they beheld, amazed,
JESUS with the rest.

Swift revealing all his feeling
Peter preffeth, and addresseth
Him with Whom he loves to be—
LORD, 'tis good for us to stay ;
In the Mount, without delay,
Make we Tabernacles three :

One for Thee, the LORD'S MESSIAS,
And for Moses, and Elias ;
Each like other build we all :
It delighteth us to tender
All the service we can render,
In this Light celestial.

JESUS said—Ye shall not tell,
In the world, what here befell,
Till the SON of Man be risen
From the Dead, and burst their prison.
Death being vanquished, ye shall teach,
And throughout the nations preach,

Huc vos, O Miseri, Surda relinquit. 141

Joys which ye to know are given
By the FATHER'S Voice from Heaven.

Let us then pray CHRIST, the Fountain
Of all Grace, that to that Mountain

He would take us

All, and make us

See what are true Joys : and then,
We with Peter there remaining,
And among the Fathers reigning,
Shall, to all Eternity,

Contemplate the TRINITY :

And let all things say—Amen.

Huc vos, O Miseri, Surda relinquit.



O Bethlehem, Sinners, haste
Your senseless idols leave,
Which deaf and dumb, debased
And blinded vows deceive ;
For see ! before your eyes
The shining towers arise,
Where Very GOD an inmate lies.

Lo ! Eastern Kings are fain
To travel first the road ;
The Prophets are made plain,
And e'en the dark abode,
Where wrapt in error's gloom,
The Gentiles wait their doom,
His wondrous Beams of Light illumine.

142 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Now Jews and Gentiles all,
Once separated quite
By that partition wall,
In amity unite,
With Him One Body made ;
And thus to all conveyed,
GOD'S Favour is to each displayed.

How deep Thy Counsels are,
O GOD, Thy Plans how vast !
O wondrous Love which far
Its first degree surpassed :
Judæa ! through thy disgrace,
The outcast Gentile race
Win Life and Glory in thy place.

Now from the olive root
Its native boughs decay ;
Degenerate, void of fruit,
Adulterous offspring, they ;
With wonder we behold
New shoots supplant the old,
Strange flowers and foliage unfold.

The noble olive Stem
Bears us its Branches fair ;
Ne'er barren like to them
May we their ruin share ;
O GOD, Whom we adore,
Thine ancient Branch restore,
Keep Thou the Engrafted evermore.

The Guiding Star.



AS with Gladness men of old
 Did the guiding Star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its Light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most Gracious LORD, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly Manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him Whom Heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the Mercy-feat.

As they offered Gifts most rare
 At that Manger rude and bare ;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest Treasures bring,
 CHRIST, to Thee our Heavenly King.

Holy JESUS, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed Souls at last
 Where they need no Star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy Glory hide.

144 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

In the Heavenly Country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Christ, through grief and toil we come.



CHRIST, through grief and toil we come,
Seeking Thy Eternal Home ;
On the weary way and far
Shine Thou forth, our Hope and Star ;
When by doubt and danger tried
Send Thy Wisdom for our guide.

As the Wise Men brought of old
Myrrh and Frankincense and Gold ;
King-like Gifts adoring poured
At Thy Feet, Incarnate LORD ;
So would we Oblations meet
Offer at Thy Mercy-seat.

Adoration, LORD, we bring
Unto Thee, our risen King ;
To our prayers, O GOD, attend,
When as Incense they ascend ;
Broken heart and holy sighs,
SAVIOUR, Thou wilt not despise.

LORD, when near our journey's end,
With fresh hopes Thy Saints defend ;
May Thy Light around us shine,
Till we reach Thy House Divine,
And behold Thee Face to face
In Thine own abiding Place.

Q nata Lux de Lumine.



LIGHT of Light, LORD JESU,
Redeemer of mankind,
Our prayers and praises deign accept
With sweet and gracious Mind.

Who for lost sinners didst not
Disdain the Virgin's Womb,
Help, LORD, that living Members we
Of Thy Blest Self become.

Thy Face—the Sun outshining,
Thy Raiment snowy white,
To worthy Witnesses shone forth
Upon that Mountain-height.

Seers from their children hidden,
Thou didst unite with Thine ;
And give Thyself, in Faith, to each
As GOD with Power Divine.

Thee out of Heaven the FATHER
Proclaimed His Only SON,

L

146 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Whom we with loyal hearts and true
The King of Glory own.

Grant us, we pray, to brighten
In life's mild charities,
That unto Heaven and all its Joys
On deeds of good we rise.

Im Abend blinkt de Morgenstern.



HE wondering Sages trace from far,
Bright in the west, the Morning-star ;
A Light illumes the western skies,
Seen never in the east to rise.

Eternity produced its blaze,
Time's fullness hails its nearer rays ;
Its brightness chafes night away,
And kindles darkness into day.

O JESU ! brightest Morning-star,
Shed forth Thy Beams both near and far,
That all, in these our later days,
May know Thee, and proclaim Thy Praise.

Thou That art the Father's Word.



THOU That art the FATHER'S WORD,
 Thou That art the LAMB of GOD,
 Thou That art the Virgin's SON,
 Thou That savest Souls undone,
 Sacred Sacrifice for sin,
 Fount of Piety within,

Hail! LORD JESUS.

Thou to Whom Thine Angels raise
 Quiring songs of sweetest praise,
 Thou That art the Flower and Fruit,
 Virgin-born from Jesse's Root,
 Shedding holy Peace abroad,
 Perfect MAN and Perfect GOD,

Hail! LORD JESUS.

Thou That art the Door of Heaven,
 Living Bread in Mercy given,
 Brightness of the FATHER'S Face,
 Everlasting Prince of Peace,
 Precious Pearl beyond all price,
 Brightest Star in all the skies,

Hail! LORD JESUS.

King and Spouse of holy hearts,
 Fount of Love that ne'er departs,

148 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

Sweetest Life, and Brightest Day,
Truest Truth, and surest Way
That leads onward to the blest
Sabbath of Eternal Rest,
Hail! LORD JESUS.

Qua lapsu tacito Stella loquacibus.



THE Star before doth stilly glide
With gently-speaking rays,
The Seers pursue the wondrous Guide
With earnest feet and gaze ;
And now the Heaven-led Wanderers come
To towering Salem's mountain home,
And there have lost the friendly Star,
As in his darkling mid career
The Star deserts the mariner
On nightly seas afar.

They little deem of envious arts,
No princely wrath they fear,
But for their King, with guileless hearts,
They seek both far and near ;
Faith ne'er shall simple hearts deceive,
For though the Heavenly Star may leave,
From Holy Writ breaks forth the Light ;
The Strangers to the King are brought,
By His own People set at naught,
And witness the dread fight.

The Three-fold Oblation.



SEE! from where the purple morning
 Gladdens o'er the dark blue sky,
 With its glorious tints adorning
 All the fading canopy,
 Kings their royal Offerings bearing
 Myrrh, and Frankincense, and Gold,
 In a Mystery declaring
 What the Prophets had foretold :
 First with Incense sweet adoring
 Him th' Eternal LORD of all ;
 Then at His blest Feet outpouring
 Gold, as humble subjects fall ;
 Last, the bitter Myrrh, in token
 Of His MANHOOD sad and grieved,
 Of His Wounds, and Body broken,
 Of His Mother so bereaved.

Punctum vobis fero de Supernis.



O earth from Heaven glad Tidings I unfold—
 The Angel cries—CHRIST LORD of
 world is born
 In Bethlehem Judah, as the Seers foretold,
 This hallowed Morn.

150 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Him do the joyful Choir of Angels sing,
The Star declares ; Him eastern Princes greet,
And mystic Gifts in adoration bring,
Oblations meet ;

Incense to GOD, and Myrrh to grace His Tomb,
For tribute to their King, a Golden store ;
One they revere, Three with three Offerings come,
And Three adore.

An Evening Epiphany Hymn.



SWEET BABE, That wrapt in twilight
shade,
Upon Thy Mother's Lap wast laid,
Grant, Holy JESUS, grant that we
May imitate Thine Infancy.

And when we seek our lowly bed,
While midnight darkens o'er our head,
From ravening wolves, kind Shepherd, keep
This little flock of Thy poor sheep.

Speak Peace unto our Souls, and tell
Of Heavenly Joys with Thee that dwell ;
So shall our Spirit, all night long,
Sing to our GOD her thankful song.

Thus, as the dying day grows dim,
To GOD we raise our evening hymn ;
And laud, with Heaven's bright Angel-host,
The FATHER, SON, and Holy GHOST.

Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh.



OLD, Frankincense, and Myrrh—
 The eastern Sages gave :
 My heart, what canst thou here confer
 On Him Who earth did save ?

Oft art thou sin's sad thrall,
 Oft tempt'st the Vengeance-rod,
 And He is Boundless LORD of all,
 The Everlasting GOD.

What canst thou, then, bestow ?
 O Wonder, sweet as rare,
 Thy LORD, thy GOD, Who shared thy woe,
 He will accept thy prayer.

The lowly prayer of sin,
 The praise of love-fraught fear,
 His sacred Temple's courts within,
 Before Him breathe them here.

Lord, at Thy Feet we fall,
 Imperfect Gifts we own ;
 Our works, our prayers, our praises all
 Are Thine, and Thine alone.

**Laetetur hodie Matris Ecclesiae sancta
debotio.**



IS the Feast of the Change that so rapidly ended—

Oh, sweet be the prayers, Mother dear,
that we pray—

When the Vision from Glory on Tabor descended
And **GODHEAD** through Flesh shone, outshining
the day.

Here, before the three Saints, shines the **WORD** in
His Power,

O'er the darkness of Nature flinging Light like the
Sun ;

While in splendour, and near Him, stand to wit-
ness the hour

Two Witnessess bright, upon either hand one.

Joy breaks on the silence which follows these
Wonders,

While wondering Peter speaks of the Shrine :
And a bright Cloud descends, from which, speak-
ing in thunder,

The **FATHER** declares that His **SON** is Divine.

The Three fall to earth, while those Accents float
o'er them,

And Power seals their lips and darkens their eyes ;

Till the SAVIOUR draws near them to raise and
 restore them,
 And bid them be silent until He arise.

That Day mortal eyes saw the SUN of Uprightness,
 The splendour of Grace marks what Glory shall be ;
 When that Marvellous SUN goeth forth in His
 Brightness,
 Which only our nature forbids us to see.

Oh, may we, with His Saints, through His Mercy,
 be tended,
 And that Face, which to-day shone, shine on us
 for aye,
 With such Glory as then upon JESUS descended ;
 O sweet Mother dear, be the prayers that we pray.

As Stars of Night.



Stars of night, when morn is near,
 The shadowy Prophets disappear ;
 And lo ! with healing in His Wings,
 The SUN of Righteousness upsprings :

One Star of Morn, yet lingering, one,
 Rises the Herald of that SUN ;
 One Voice that soon shall sound abroad—
 Behold ! behold ! the LAMB of GOD.

Hark ! from that cloud of Angels bright,
 What Heavenly music charms the night

154 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

With (Oh! what Words) a SAVIOUR'S Birth—
Glory to GOD—Peace, Peace on Earth.

Well may the shepherds catch the sound,
Well spread the rapture swift around ;
'Tis that great Shepherd of the sheep,
Come, with His Blood, His Own to keep.

And lo! the Star-led Magi haste
To Salem, o'er the Eastern waste :
The Wondrous INFANT is not here ;
Yet is high-fated Bethlehem near :
The Heavenly Manger they explore,
Display their Treasures, and adore
With Frankincense, with Gold, and Myrrh,
The GOD, the King, the Passover.

Ah, shall I view, nor with them kneel ?
A Christian, short of Pagan zeal !
I'll ope the casket of my heart ;
The Gold of bounty thence impart,
The Myrrh of penitential tears,
The Frankincense of praise and prayers :
My GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my King
Accept, Thine Own, the Gifts I bring.

Bethlehem and Tabor.



MRULY at the Manger-shed,
LORD, wast Thou transfigurèd ;
When, where lowing oxen fed,
Thou didst lay Thy lowly Head.

All the Glory then seemed o'er
Which was ever Thine before,
CHRIST, Thy Throne a stable floor,
Whom the highest Heavens adore.

Thou of nine-fold Orders blest,
In the realm of Life confest,
Then for us didst deign to rest
On the Mother-maiden's Breast.

Truly this the Mountain-height,
Whence the very Light of Light,
Streaming out upon the night,
Made the earth's dark places bright.

Thou the LORD of all the years,
Maker of the countless spheres,
Knew'st our human wants and fears,
Liv'dst a Life of toil and tears.

Three-and-thirty years of woe,
Thou for man didst undergo ;
Cross and Passion, Scourge and Blow,
Not a pain wouldst Thou forego.

GOD Incarnate ! Theme most high,
Ring it out in melody :
Let our Carols pierce the sky,
JESUS takes Mortality.

Fairer far than Tabor's Grace,
Now, O LORD, Thy Dwelling-place ;
There may we behold Thy Face,
Only Hope of sinful race.

God Manifest in the Flesh.



RAISE the LORD, ye Heavens above ;
 Answer back, O earth again ;
 Robed in Mercy, veiled in Love,
 GOD is Manifest to men.

Spread His glorious Praise abroad,
 Of His Loving-mercy sing,
 Sing ye praises to our GOD,
 Sing ye praises to our King.

Though He in a Manger lies,
 He is LORD of Heaven and earth,
 Hell before Him moved doth rise,
 Death is trembling at His Birth.

Guided by His leading Star
 To the Footstool of your King,
 Come ! ye nations, from afar,
 And your hearts as tribute bring.

Bring your Gold, an offering meet,
 All your richest treasures lay,
 Come! and lay them at the Feet
 Of your INFANT King to-day.

Incense of the loving Soul
 Offer in His poor Abode,
 Let its clouds of perfume roll
 Round the Infant SON of GOD.

Ⓓ Sator rerum Reparator aevi. 157

Myrrh, the emblem of that Faith,
Which, through all His Sorrows, can
See the Life which springs from death,
Offer to the SON of Man.

He hath rent the parting Veil,
He hath made the nations one,
O ye savèd nations, hail!
Come! and hail th' Eternal SON.

Come! with Faith serene and sure,
Do His Will and tread His Ways;
Come! with hearts uplift and pure;
Come! with endless songs of praise.

Ⓓ Sator rerum Reparator aevi.



HE World's Restorer, CHRIST, of kings
the King,
Builder of all, Dread Judge upon Thy
Throne,

Here, on the prayers we pour, the lauds we sing,
Look kindly down.

To Thee our vows of praise, at night's dim fall,
We pay; vouchsafe our vows of praise to greet,
And cheer us, Spring of Light perennial,
With concord sweet.

'Twixt Moses and Elias, Seers supreme,
Thy white Vest whiter than the driven snow,

158 **Epiphany and Transfiguration.**

With Visage brighter than the Sun's bright beam,
Forth didst Thou glow.

The FATHER greets Thee, GOD the FATHER'S
SON,

Before Thy Face the holy Angels bow ;
The Way, the Life, the world's Salvation
And Glory Thou.

The Magi at the Manger.



SEE them bending in the Manger,
Sages who have come from far
To behold the Heavenly Stranger,
Guided by His herald Star.

See, on high, that bright attendant
Pause to point their journey done,
Where, with Righteousness resplendent,
Smiles in clouds the New-born SUN.

To that SUN the Sages kneeling,
And their Treasures opening, view ;
May I share their holy feeling,
Kneel, and ope my bosom too ;
Well they come to gaze with gladness,
Well with gladness they return,
Those may bid adieu to sadness
Who a SAVIOUR theirs discern.

Well the wondrous scene engages
All that have a heart to bring :

Angels, Shepherds, Saints, and Sages,
Clustered here, adore your King :
Let me join the happy Legion,
Varied, vast, yet one in Love ;
Join on earth, and in the Region
Where they circle CHRIST above.

Probum Sidus exoritur.



O! the new-born Star appearing
Brightly sheds its mystic Light,
High in Heaven the Standard rearing
Of MESSIAH'S conquering Might.

Vain the strength of powers rebelling,
Vain their fierce and cruel boasts ;
Hark! the Songs of triumph swelling
From MESSIAH'S gathering Hosts.

Bannered Legions long contending
Watch their standard waving high,
Then, in fiercer conflict blending,
Fiercer strive for victory.

Of our strife the Banner glorious
CHRIST Himself, in Mystery Blest,
CHRIST our Triumph, CHRIST Victorious,
Reigning in triumphal Rest.

On Tabor's Mount.



ON Tabor's Mount how canst thou hope
to stand,
As stood of yore those highly-favoured
Three :

Weak Soul, unready at thy LORD's Command,
To watch one hour at sad Gethsemane :
Oh, how thy SAVIOUR's Glory think to share,
Shunning thy SAVIOUR's Agony and Prayer ?

They who beheld the Garments glistening white,
Must yet behold those Garments dyed with red ;
Those dazzled eyes, that fail with Heavenly Light,
Must see with darknes the whole land o'er-
spread :

If Glory's crown His sacred Brow adorns,
That sacred Brow must languish, pierced with
thorns.

To Him Whom Law and Prophets both foretold ;
Him Who the Law and Prophets both fulfilled ;
Moses, meek Leader of the Church of old,
And stern Elias come, their place to yield :
The Vision fades away, and side by side,
Between two Thieves they view Him crucified.

And they must forth, if they would win their crown ;
(Was ever Servant greater than his LORD ?)



One on the cross, with head suspended down ;
One the first victim to the tyrant's sword ;
Long years must prove the third, ere summoned
home
He claim his palm of life-long Martyrdom.

Thus Zion's hill riseth, exceeding fair,
And thou, weak Soul, would reach its height
sublime ;
But canst thou stoop, thy daily cross to bear,
In sorrow plant thy foot, in patience climb ?
Count thou the cost, timely the dangers count ;
So may He help Thee to ascend His Mount.

☉ *Sola magnarum Urbium.*



HE noblest cities upon earth
Must yield, O Bethlehem, to thee ;
'Twas thine to give mysterious Birth
To CHRIST, th' Incarnate DEITY.

More glorious than the Sun at morn,
Thy Herald-star its rays unfurled,
Proclaiming that the BABE was born,
Whose Power should save a dying world.

Drawn by its guiding light from far,
The Sages at His Cradle meet,
With Gold, and Frankincense, and Myrrh,
To worship at His sacred Feet.

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162 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Nor vain their mystic Offering—
The Incense owned the CHILD as GOD :
The Gold did homage to the King :
The Myrrh His Death and Burial showed.

There are Three Gifts.



HERE are three Gifts, three Homages,
Three Offerings of Love intense,
The Christian Soul must bring; and these
Are Gold, and Myrrh, and Frank-
incense.

The offering to GOD's Aspéct
Of all the judgment can unfold,
The homage of the intellect,
The light of Wisdom—this is Gold.

To bow submissive to the rod,
Meekly the shafts of spite to bear,
To raise the broken heart to GOD
In loving Patience—this is Myrrh.

To try the Gold, and purify
The Gift of Myrrh, by raising hence
The Soul in ardent prayer on high—
This, the best Gift of Frankincense.

Thy Myrrh were wormwood, Gold were dross,
Unhallowed by the prayer of Love ;
Then haste thee to the blessed Cross,
Vain else thy hopes to rise above.

And, Christian Soul, since round thee stand
Angels, to bear thy treasure hence ;
Be thine the care to fill their hand
With Gold, and Myrrh, and Frankincense.

And since in golden censers, they,
Ceaseless to GOD, these Offerings bear,
Be thine the task, by watching aye,
New stores of Grace to forward there.

Coelestis Formam Glorïae.



GLORIOUS scene, and passing fair,
The Church triumphant hopes to share,
Which CHRIST above the solar blaze
Resplendent, on the Mount displays.

O Wonder every age shall hear,
When He to three Disciples dear,
With Moses and Elias, thence
Speaks Words of gracious eloquence.

The Witnesses of Grace at hand,
Of Law and Prophets wondering stand ;
The FATHER'S Mandate from the Cloud
Proclaims His Only SON aloud.

With glistening Face and shining Robe
CHRIST teacheth this terrestrial globe,
What honour shall reward the just,
Who in their GOD devoutly trust.

164 Epiphany and Transfiguration.

Lo! the mysterious Vision nigh,
Lifts every faithful heart on high;
And we with voice exulting raise
To Heaven our festal hymns of praise.

Lux alma Jesu.



LIGHT of the anxious heart,
JESU, Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy Sweetness here.

Joyous is he with whom,
GOD'S WORD, Thou dost abide,
Sweet Light of our eternal Home,
To fleshly sense denied.

Brightness of GOD above,
Unfathomable Grace,
Thy Presence be a fount of Love
Within Thy chosen place.

Quae Stella Sole pulchrior?



WHAT Star is this that beams abroad,
More beauteous than the Sun's
bright ray?
It tells the spring
Of the new-born King,
And to the Cradle of our GOD
Doth point the way.

Faith with the ancient Prophet stands—
Behold! from Jacob's hill, a Star
Doth brightly rise
To arrest all eyes ;
Whereat erect the Eastern lands
Shine out afar.

While speaks without the Star benign,
Yet clearer shines the Light within ;
Whose rays' sweet force,
O'er their desert course,
To seek the Giver of the Sign,
The Three doth win.

Impatient Love knows no delay :
Their hearts nor toil nor peril grieve ;
At GOD's high Call,
From their father's hall
They haste ; and kindred far away
And country leave.

Thy shining Star of Grace, O CHRIST,
Our step invites ; then suffer not
Our cloudy heart,
From its Life apart,
Thine Heavenly Radiance to resist,
Thy Sun to blot.





PART IV.

The Passion.

THE BETRAYAL, PASSION, CRUCI- FIXION, AND ENTOMBMENT.

Good Friday.



THE awful noontide gloom is o'er,
The darkness ebbs away ;
The Maries linger to adore :
O, let us with them pray !

Yea, let us linger 'neath the Cross
Where hangs the LORD of Life ;
Now let us weep their bitter loss,
And mourn our carnal strife.

More calmly now each past offence
May we in grief re-view,
And weep our vanished innocence,
And feel despair our due.

Yet He upon the Cross Who lies
 For us hath pardon won ;
 Thence blend we comfort with our sighs,
 And laud the Glorious SON.

The hours creep on—O rest we here
 Beneath the Cross's shade !
 We'll keep our vigil, sad yet dear,
 Till low our LORD is laid.

* * * *

See ! Joseph comes with Spices' store ;
 See Nicodemus aid :
 They gaze upon their LORD once more
 While daylight's rays do fade.

With pious haste and pious awe
 They soon their task complete ;
 From those blest Hands the nails they draw
 And free those sacred Feet.

Then down the Blestèd FORM they bear,
 And low on earth do lay,
 And weeping bend in silent prayer,
 Yet scarce for tears can pray.

Now see that gracious Company,
 The Maries, true S. John,
 And those twain Lords of high degree
 Who raise and bear Him on.

They bear Him to the new-hewn Tomb :
 There down their LORD they set,

The Passion.

And leave Him in that sacred gloom,
Their LORD, their SAVIOUR yet.

O silent tears, O sighs of pain,
How flowed ye fast and free !
For them, for us, the LAMB was slain
To all Eternity.

Aspice infami Deus ipse Ligno.



SEE! where in shame the GOD of Glory
hangs,
All bathed in His own Blood :
See! how the nails pierce with a thousand
pangs
Those Hands so good.

Th' All-holy, as a Minister of ill,
Betwixt two Thieves they place ;
Oh, deed unjust ! yet such the cruel will
Of Israel's race.

Pale grows His Face, and fixed His languid Eye ;
His wearied Head He bends ;
And rich in Merits, forth with one loud Cry
His SPIRIT sends.

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

How shall I look upon that Brow ?

HOW shall I look upon that Brow
 That was crowned with thorns for me?
 How shall I lift my sinful eyes,
 Those glorious Eyes to see ?

How shall I dare to look upon
 The piercèd Hands and Feet,
 When all the dead in CHRIST shall rise
 Their Risen LORD to meet ?

How shall I venture, Holy LORD,
 To come before Thee now,
 With the stain of sin on my evil heart,
 With its mark on my weary brow ?

My waywardness, my wilfulness,
 The sins I dare not name,
 To the LORD of Life have given death,
 To the LORD of Glory shame.

The lame and blind were hated
 Of holy David's Soul ;
 They came to Thee in the Temple, LORD,
 And Thou didst make them whole.

The leper dared not sit or rest
 Where trace of man had been ;
 Yet didst Thou deign, All-merciful,
 To touch, and make him clean.

There are some from whom the pure will shrink
 And shun their face to see,
 But the harlot and the publican
 Thou calledst unto Thee.

And when Thy blessed Hands were pierced
 Upon the bitter Tree,
 Even in that hour of Agony
 Thou didst think with love of me.

Alas! I knew not what I did,
 I know not what I do,
 When by my sins I crucify
 The SON of GOD anew.

I only know that I am vile,
 More vile than words can say,
 And I know that JESUS did not will
 That the worst be cast away.

Æquis binas Columbinas.



HOLY DOVE, assist my love,
 Give my Soul swift wings to fly,
 And reach the Palm, whose wondrous
 balm

Fragrance yields that fills the sky :
 There GOD our LORD, th' Incarnate WORD,
 Glorious Friend of our lost race,
 Hung, wounded sore, and bruised all o'er,
 Meekly bearing all disgrace.

My heart, awake ! O JESU, take
 Pity ; save me ; refuge give ;
 And open wide Thy bleeding Side :
 Hidden there my Soul shall live,
 And Peaceful dwell, secure from Hell,
 Free from every worldly snare :
 No mountain cave such rest e'er gave
 Hunted wanderers sheltered there.

O Love Divine, for ever mine,
 Didst Thou suffer, LORD, for me
 Amazing loss ? and did the Cross
 Wring Thy Soul with agony ?
 Yes, LORD, that Tree did torture Thee,
 Though no sin at all was Thine :
 For my foul guilt Thy Blood was spilt ;
 Life now through Thy Death is mine.

It seems too much to make me such,
 Dearest LORD, as Thou hast done ;
 Oh, while I live, myself I give :
 Take the heart which Thou hast won :
 O blessed Love, born from above,
 Unconquered Thou, while conquering all ;
 Before Thy Breath, stronger than death,
 Harmless all his darts must fall.

Though dead in sins, new life begins,
 Wrought in me by Love's sweet might :
 Illustrious fire, burn on : blaze higher :
 Melt this frozen heart outright :

O CHRIST, inflame, through Thy dear Name,
 My loved Soul with Love of Thee ;
 To hold Thee ever, to leave Thee never—
 Give, Oh, give this power to me.

The Brier of Pleasures.



THROUGH miry paths I laboured on ;
 Dark fell the mist, I could not see ;
 But when my feet were almost gone,
 A Voice said—Turn, and look on Me.

Who com'st Thou, taunted like a thief
 By hard men, joyous in Thy fall ?
 Who art Thou, yearning pale with grief
 To some friend in the Judgment-hall ?

O glance too kind for broken vow,
 For crime sinned often and afresh !
 O thorns, that wring the purest Brow
 Made ever yet from human flesh !

O printed Hands, O printed Feet,
 O Side, dug to the quick with steel !
 I marvel, but no answering heat
 Strikes through my breast, to make it feel.

Ah LORD ! but if Thy Grace impart
 True sorrow for my inward stain,
 That look will pierce me to the heart,
 That crown will tear me to the brain.

Those marks upon Thy Feet and Hands,
 That furrow in Thy sinless Side,
 Will fear me as with iron brands
 While I with Thee hang crucified.

Nay, but the World—too far, too much
 She lures me with her power to please.
 How can I bear Thy healing touch
 To rob me of my sweet disease ?

For even again that path of mire,
 That dim place, where the mist came down,
 Seems, for its joy, worth endless fire,
 Such dreams my Soul in poison drown.

I bathe me in a false delight,
 Chew dust for bread : yet, LORD, I pray,
 Come, for without Thee day is night,
 Come now, for with Thee night is day.

Yea, by Thy Love, Thy Toil to save,
 Thy Prayer, Thy Groans, Thy Bloody Sweat,
 Thy Death, Thy Rising from the Grave,
 Look down from Heaven, and hear me yet.

The Holy Sepulchre.



Y JESUS' Grave on either hand,
 While night is brooding o'er the land,
 The sad and silent Mourners stand.

The Passion.

At last the weary Life is o'er,
The Agony and Conflict sore,
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the Rock's Sepulchral shade
The LORD, by Whom the world was made,
The SAVIOUR of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,
Here leave your griefs on JESUS' Breast.

So when the Day-spring from on High
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the LORD again draw nigh.

Das kreuz ist dennoch gut.



THE Cross is ever good,
Although with tears bedewed ;
A FATHER'S Hand from Heaven
This very Cross has given.

Take it as children should :
What bitter is at present,
We own ere long as pleasant,
It is so good, so good.

The Cross is ever fair ;
And though no beauty there
The eye of sight discerneth,
Such glory round it burneth,

That watching Angels wear
Sweet looks of joy and wonder
As on the Crofs they ponder,
It is so fair, so fair.

And with the Crofs is light :
Before it nought aright
Of thine own self thou knowest,
While unto it thou owest,
Of GOD the first true sight.

The Crofs in darknes finds thee,
But scatters all that binds thee :
For with the Crofs is light.

The Crofs makes all things pure :
No falsehood can endure
Its coming ; guilt, long hidden,
Arises then unbidden ;
And though severe the cure,
At sorrow's touch must perish
The sins we fain would cherish,
It makes so pure, so pure.

The Crofs makes man so small,
His proudest hopes must fall,
Their glory fast dispelling
The while the Crofs is telling
That GOD alone is All ;
That only He is Holy,
And must be worshipped solely,
Man is so small, so small.

The Cross to me is dear,
 It brings the SAVIOUR near ;
 And, worldly joy resigning,
 I take it unrepining.
 LORD of the Cross 'tis here
 My life, my all I tender
 To Thee, in full surrender,
 And thus the Cross is dear.

Schola Crucis, Schola Lucis.



BENEATH Thy Cross I stand
 JESUS, my SAVIOUR, turn and look on
 me :

Oh, who are these that on either hand
 Are crucified with Thee.

The one that turns away
 With sullen scoffing lip, and one whose eyes
 Close o'er the words—Yet shalt thou be this day
 With Me in Paradise.

Here would I fain behold
 This twofold Mystery ; Love's battle won,
 Its warfare ended, and its ransom told,
 Its conquest but begun.

I say not to Thee now—
 Come from the Cross, and then I will believe :
 Oh, lift me to Thee, and teach me how
 To love and how to grieve.

I tracked Thy Footsteps long,
For where Thou wert, there would Thy Servant be;
But now methought the silence, now the throng
Would part me still from Thee.

I sought Thee 'mid the leaves,
I found Thee on the dry and blasted Tree;
I saw Thee not until I saw the Thieves
There crucified with Thee.

Veneremur Crucis Lignum.

HAIL to the Cross! The Wood which bore
The costly Price, which did restore
The Universe to-day;
This is the hallowed Sign we know
By which we vanquish every foe
And scare each sin away.

By Eden's tree the Father failed,
And sorrow on his son entailed
Through ages yet to be;
Upon this other Wood—a Cross,
Our GOD repaired our every loss
As sinful, Sinless He.

The Triumphs of the Cross we sing
That to the world did Blessing bring,
Thou art the Banner of our King;
By thee we mount; to thee we cling;
Do thou to Glory guide us.

N

LORD, Who didst bless the Cross, give ear ;
 Thou, Whose Death conquered death and fear,
 Lead us, our sufferings over here,
 To those sure Joys Thy Passion dear
 And Sorrow did provide us.

The Way of Sorrows.



LORD, the wilderness to me
 A very Paradise shall be,
 Since Thou for forty days wast there,
 In Fasting, Solitude, and Prayer.

Unworthy though these feet to rest
 On ground Thy Footsteps once have blest,
 The Way of Sorrows shall be mine,
 Made sweet because it first was Thine.

LORD, let me find some lowly place
 Where I may seek Thy pitying Face,
 And plead with Thee by Olivet,
 By Agony, and Bloody Sweat.

Some quiet aisle or dim recess
 Shall make for me a wilderness ;
 And surely Angels shall be there
 To wait on penitence and prayer.

Nor is this all : for I would know
 The depth of shame, the crown of woe,

Stand by the stricken Mother's side,
While Thou art mocked and crucified.

And then in hours of saddest gloom
I still will watch around Thy Tomb,
Till with the day new Joy be born,
And Thou shalt rise on Easter-morn.

Oh, blessed thought, that faith can see
In every Altar—Calvary,
Find there the loving Arms outspread,
And fall before the fallen Head.

Come King of Kings, come Light of Light:
The Bride awaits the day all bright,
When she shall lift, her mourning o'er,
The shout of Paschal Joy once more.

The dying Words of Jesus.



BROTHER in CHRIST! thy heart
prepare,
Gird up thy loins, and mount with me
In Soul yon Blood-stained heights, to
share

The Sight which Angels wondering see :
Hear on this spot of holy ground
Thy SAVIOUR's dying Words resound,
And take to thee their strength Divine ;
For they can richest solace lend
Through life—yea, and when life shall end,
Such only Comfort shall be thine.

The Passion.

Father, forgive them.

O loving Heart, O pitying Eyes,
 Such Look that on His murderers threw :
 Forgive!—amidst His Pain He cries—
 They know not, FATHER, what they do.
 Lover of men, Thy suppliant Prayer
 Ascends for those who nail Thee there,
 Who on Thy Grief with mockeries gaze.
 O man, by vengeful passions driven,
 Behold Thy bright Example given,
 And pray as thy Redeemer prays.

Behold, thy Mother.

What pattern of Affection large,
 When, rising thousand pangs above,
 He recommends the filial Charge
 To the Disciple of His Love.
 Must I my own beloved ones see
 Weep round my dying bed for me ?
 This Word shall sweetest comfort bring :
 To Him whose latest Mandate kind
 Cared for the Friends He left behind,
 Shall those I leave for succour cling.

To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

Ho! sin-sick Souls, dispel your fears ;
 Trust, and be saved : in CHRIST confide :
 Hear how the world's Redeemer cheers
 The contrite sinner by His Side.

He saith, consoling—Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me.

Such light at death's dark gate be mine :
So may I hear Thy strengthening Voice,
Such Watch-word sweet my heart rejoice,
When in the last dread strife I join.

My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.

How sharp the sin-avenging Rod
That urged Him, hanging on the Tree,
Loudly to cry—My GOD, My GOD,
Wherefore hast Thou forsaken Me ?
Yet thus in nature's weakest hour,
When darkness o'er His Soul hath power,
His Heart's firm trust is unforgot.
I too the Cup of grief shall drain :
My sinking Soul shall cry, through pain—
O GOD, My GOD, forsake me not.

I thirst.

I thirst—He cries, in fore Complaint,
With Anguish parched, with Pain subdued,
The GOD Who strengthens all the faint,
And filleth every mouth with food :
And still, from thousand poor around,
He calleth, in like piteous sound,
From hearts by want and hunger riven.
Thrice happy they, that Call who heed :
Who helps the poor in hour of need,
Hath to his LORD refreshment given.

The Passion.

It is finished.

Now ends the heavy hour of sadness—
 'Tis finished—the Redeemer saith,
 O Word of Victory, sound of gladness,
 Thou robbest all the sting from death :
 How blest by JESUS justified :
 Who shall condemn, since CHRIST hath died ?
 Thou diedst for us, and we are Thine :
 LORD, when I reach my life's last day,
 Be this my joy, in death to say—
 'Tis finished : CHRIST and Heaven are mine.

Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit.

And when my eyes shall close, as Thine,
 In dark and sorrowful eclipse,
 In my last hour, such Word be mine
 As latest struggled from Thy Lips :
 Hark how the solemn Accents roll—
 FATHER into Thy Hands My Soul
 I yield—in mortal Pangs He saith ;
 So in that hour may I commend
 My Soul to her Eternal Friend,
 Then sudden change for fight my faith.

The Lord of Might from Sinai's Brow.



HE LORD of Might from Sinai's brow
 Gave forth His Voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder :

Beneath His Feet was pitchy night,
And at His left Hand and His Right
The rocks were rent afunder.

The LORD of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid Eye,
In Nature's hour of danger :
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His FATHER'S Anger.

The LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,
The King of all created
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of Glory seated ;
With Trumpet-sound, and Angel-song,
And Alleluias loud and long
O'er Death and Hell defeated.

The Crown of Thorns.



If thou wilt indeed and truly
Find whereof to boast, and duly
Be with glory crowned of GOD,
View this Coronal, think o'er it,
Track the steps of Him Who bore it,
Follow in the path He trod.

For our King this emblem lowly
Bore with honour, made it holy,
On the Brows Divine it stood ;

The Passion.

In this helmet He arrayed Him,
Met the ancient Fiend, and laid him,
Therein triumphed on the Wood.

Helmet unto him that fighteth,
Wreath of bays when victory lighteth,
Mitre for the Priestly brow ;
First it was of thorns enwoven,
Then, on that Divine Head proven,
Touched Him, and is golden now.

Yea, the virtue of CHRIST'S Passion
Twined it in a nobler fashion,
Changed each prickly spur to gold :
Pierced with many sins and sorrows,
Heir to endless death, man borrows
Ease for thorns, and wealth untold.

Crown compact of ills tormenting
To the sinner unrepenting
Thorny is it, rough with pain ;
When the way of truth he learneth
Straight to virgin gold it turneth,
While the heart grows pure again.

JESU, in Thy Love stand near us,
Help in our own fight, and cheer us,
Lavish Thy victorious Aid ;
So, we pray Thee, shape our Spirit
That the glory we inherit
Of the Crown that cannot fade.

Quam Felix, quam Praeclara.



QNLY stay of man's Salvation,
 Tree of Life and Tree of Good ;
 Altar of the One Oblation,
 Red with all its cleansing Flood ;
 Ages' first and last lustration
 Of the spotless Firfling's Blood.

Bethel's stair, to Heaven afcending,
 Drawing all the nations nigh,
 Earth's four regions comprehending,
 Ere they fet it deep and high,
 Breadth and height to all extending,
 High and broad againft the fky.

Not of earth, nor man's revealing,
 Crofs, thy lengthened fhadows fell ;
 Thine the Wood the waters healing
 Caft on Marah's bitter well ;
 Thine the Staff, the streams unfealing
 Pent within the rocky cell.

Thou the Life-mark from the dwelling
 Where the Pafchal lintels bled,
 All the deathful fword repelling,
 As the Angel onward fled ;
 Thine the only Life-drops, welling
 'Twixt the living and the dead.

Father ! forgive them.



WHEN they scourged, and mocked,
and bound Him,
And the Blood upon His Brow
Flowed from every thorn that
crowned Him,

CHRIST His Head did lowly bow ;
And this dying Prayer to Heaven,
Love from His Compassion drew—
Let them, **FATHER**, be forgiven,
For they know not what they do.

When with wrath my Spirit burning,
I would wrong with wrong repay,
LORD, to Thy Example turning
My resentment dies away :
Ere for pardon I implore Thee
Must my foe forgiven be ;
Or shall I in vain before Thee
Breathe my prayer, and bend my knee.

The Cross of Christ.



LET us now the Crucified **ONE**
All with loving hearts adore ;
Of the Cross from whence our Life comes,
Chant we praises evermore.

Tremble now the gates infernal,
Opened be the doors of Heaven :
Sign of wonder ! in this Token
Victory to man is given.

By the Tree the Serpent spoiled us,
Robbed us of eternal Day ;
By the Tree CHRIST hath redeemed us,
Taking Adam's fault away.
By the Law accursèd, reckoned ;
Cursèd for poor sinners slain
He, the Spotless LAMB, for ever
Curse of sin away hath ta'en.

Cross ! of Power the glorious Fountain,
Hope of everlasting Life,
Sign of Ransom and Redemption
From all slavery and strife,
When the Judge comes in His Glory,
Then the Cross in Heaven will shine,
And the earth gaze on, in wonder,
At the spectacle Divine.

Those who bear it now with gladness
Boldly then the Cross will see :
But the mockers and the scorers
Will with shame o'erwhelmèd be.
That we, CHRIST, may win acquittal
In Thy last and dreadful Day,
Be we judgèd now already
Glorying in the Cross alway.

The Passion.

To Thy Cross, O Lord, transfix us,
 By it kill all earthly pride ;
 Be, by it to this world's glory,
 Our affections crucified :
 Try us with the fiery trial,
 Only draw us near to Thee :
 Now afflict us—that for ever
 Our Protection Thou mayst be.

Be the ' old man ' over-mastered,
 Let the captive ones go free,
 And sin's body be destroyed
 By the Power of that blest Tree.
 Grant, O CHRIST, Thy precious Life-blood
 May not have been shed in vain ;
 Grant that man at such Cost purchased
 Be not given to death again.

He descended into Hell.



THOY in Hades, joy unknown
 Fills each longing Soul to-day ;
 He is there, the LORD of Glory,
 There to tell the wondrous Story,
 How their sins are washed away,
 Satan vanquished, Death o'erthrown.
 Prophets, Priests, of olden days ;
 Abel, with his Martyr-crown ;
 He who in the Ark was saved ;

Abra'm, Moses, Royal David,
And a Host of like renown,
Greet Him with triumphant praise.

Freedom, Glory, without ceasing ;
Gladness evermore increasing ;
Light around them tenfold shining ;
Peace and Ecstasy combining ;
Ah, what Joy and Love in Union ;
Ah, what marvellous Communion,
Wiping all past fears away,
Souls in Hades know to-day.

Surely on the blissful morrow,
When we banish Lenten sorrow,
They will join our Alleluia—
He is risen, Alleluia—
Surely, with the Angel-legions
Dwelling in supernal regions,
Easter laud and adoration
To the King of our Salvation—
Anthems rising everywhere—
They exultantly will share.

The Redemption.



HASTE! lovely Bride,
Thou who art pure and fair,
Haste to the Side
Pierced by the murd'rous spear.
O Thou most fair,

Put on thy garments bright,
 For Him prepare
 Who cometh like the light :
 Lift up thy voice
 Like lark upon the wing ;
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O holy One, and sing ;
 For He shall come
 The LAMB so Meek and True,
 And call thee home
 To Heaven's own clear blue.
 Haste ! haste ! oh, haste !
 Gird close thy garments white,
 With Love be graced
 To gladden His pure Sight.
 He comes, thy King,
 Thy Husband and thy LORD ;
 Arise, and sing,
 For thou shalt hear His Word.
 Behold Him ride
 Upon His Chariot high ;
 He cometh, Bride,
 To meet thee in the sky.
 His Chariot wheels
 Flash fire, and thunders roll,
 Whilst Heaven reels,
 And earth from pole to pole :
 On clouds of fire
 He rides, to call thee where
 Sweet Joys ne'er tire,

To Blifs beyond compare.
Mother of Saints,
Thy woes are o'er, and now
No sad complaints
From Thy meek heart shall flow :
Sorrow hath gone,
And tears are wiped away ;
A glorious Crown,
Sweet Queen, is thine this day.

Crucify! O Crucify!



RUCIFY! O Crucify!
Millions raised the awful cry ;
LORD, before Thine Altar-Throne,
Hear Thy sinful People groan :

We have doomed our LORD to die,
We have swelled the awful cry—
Crucify! O Crucify!

Yes, our sins Thy Tortures were ;
Seemed our weakness Thy Despair :
When in that appalling hour
All but sunk Thy Heavenly Power,
All our weakness Thou didst share,
All our pangs Thy Breast did tear,
Yea, our sins Thy Tortures were.

Crucify! O Crucify!
Soars the fearful shout on high ;

Every hour of selfishness
 Formed a part of Thy Distress.
 Blessed SAVIOUR, hear us cry ;
 All the sins through which we die
 Crucify ! O Crucify !

My God, My God, why hast Thou
 forsaken Me ?



HOUSANDS have felt Thy healing
 Power,
 Thousands from Thee their lives have
 taken,

And can it be that in Thine hour
 Of utmost need Thou art forsaken ?
 Forsaken ! Oh, what Grief and Love
 That Word expresses on Thy Tongue—
 Thou ! in Thy GODHEAD Bright above—
 And thus on earth by Sorrow wrung.
 Infinite GOD and Finite MAN,
 So high Thy State, Thy State so low,
 No human thought can sound or span
 The boundless deeps of such a Woe.
 Yet, at that Cry of sore Distress,
 Our hearts to some dim knowledge waken,
 And 'mid the gloom we faintly guess
 What GOD has felt when GOD-Forsaken:

Jesu, Manus, Pedes, Caput.



JESU! Whose Hands, Whose Feet,
Whose Head,
And sacred Side for us have bled,
Grant that Thy streaming Life-blood's
Cry

Mount to Thy FATHER'S Throne on high.

How vile our claims! how dread Thy Pain!
How great Thyself, Who thus could'st deign
A LAMB destroyed by wolves to be,
That wolves might change to lambs in Thee.

Depart, lukewarmness, hence! Depart
Cold torpor of the weary heart;
Thy boundless Love, O GOD the SON,
Draws us, impels us, speeds us on.

Blest JESU! Who would now deny
For Thee to live, for Thee to die?
Who by Thy Death us slaves hast bought,
And, Rising, into freedom brought.

In Thy torn Body let us find
A refuge for the sin-sick mind,
And from the FATHER'S Anger rest,
Redeemer! in Thy gentle Breast.

Self-Sacrifice.



WHEN CHRIST let fall that Sanguine
shower

Amid the Garden dew,

Oh, say what amaranthine Flower

In that red rain upgrew ?

If yet below the blossom grow,

Then earth is holy yet :

But if it bloom forgotten, woe

To those who dare forget !

No Flower so healing and so sweet

Expands beneath the skies ;

Unknown in Eden—there unmeet—

Its name ? Self-sacrifice !

The very name we scarce can frame ;

And yet that Flower's dark root

The monsters of the wild might tame ;

And Heaven is in its fruit.

Alas ! what murmur spreads around ?—

The news thereof hath been :

But now no more the man is found

Whose eye that Flower has seen—

Then Nobles all ! leave court and hall,

And search the wide world o'er :

For who so finds this Sanggreall

Stands crowned for evermore.

**Cruz benedicta nitet Dominus qua Carne
pendit.**



HE blessed Cross shines now to us where
once the SAVIOUR bled,
Love made Him Victim there for us,
and there His Blood was shed.

And with His Wounds our wounds He healed,
and washed our sins away,
And rescued from the raging wolf the lost and
helpless prey.

There, with transfixed Palms, He hung, and saved
the world from loss ;
And closed the bitter way of death by dying on
the Cross.

Those Hands were pierced with cruel nails, fixed
till His dying Breath—
The Hands that rescued Paul from crime, and Peter
once from death.

O rich and fruitful Branches ! O sweet and noble
Tree !

What new and precious Fruit hangs for the world
on Thee,

Whose fragrance breathes the breath of Life into
the silent dead—

Gives Life to those from whom, long since, earth's
pleasant light had fled.

No summer heat has power to scorch who in Thy
shadow rest ;

No moonlight chill can harm at night, no burning
noon molest.

Planted beside the water-flood, unshaken is thy root ;
Thy branch shall never fade, and in all seasons be
thy Fruit :

For round thine arms entwining is the true and
living Vine,

And from that Blood-stained stem distils the new
and Heavenly Wine.

A Hymn in Holy-Week.



WHO is this, with Garments gory,
Triumphing from Bozrah's way?
This, that weareth Robes of Glory,
Bright with more than Victory's
ray?

Who is this unwearied Comer
From the journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer
In the greatness of His Strength?

Wherefore red in Thine Apparel,
Like the conquerors of earth;

And arrayed like those who carol
 O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?
 Who art Thou, the valleys seeking,
 Where our peaceful harvests wave?—
 I, in righteous Anger speaking,
 I, the Mighty ONE to save.

I, that of the raging heathen
 Trod the Wine-press all alone,
 Now in Victor-garlands wreathen,
 Coming to redeem Mine Own.
 I am He, with sprinkled Raiment,
 Glorious from My Vengeance-hour,
 Ransoming with priceless Payment,
 And delivering with Power.

Hail! all Hail! Thou LORD of Glory,
 Thee, our FATHER, Thee we own;
 Abram heard not of our story,
 Israel ne'er our name hath known:
 But, REDEEMER, Thou hast fought us,
 Thou hast heard Thy Children's wail,
 Thou, with Thy dear Blood hast bought us:
 Hail! Thou mighty Victor, hail!

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?



ESUS! gentle Suff'rer! say
 How shall we, this dreadful Day,
 Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray:

We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear Love, on Olivet
Bathed Thy Brow with Bloody Sweat—

We, whose sins with awful power
Like a cloud did o'er Thee lower,
In that GOD-excluding hour—

We, who still in thought and deed
Often hold the bitter reed
To Thee, in Thy time of need—

Canst Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on this Day
Took Thy precious Life away ?

Yes ! Thy Blood is all my plea,
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy Cross I flee.

At Thy Feet, in dust and shame,
I dare breathe Thy Holy Name,
And a great Salvation claim.

Save me, SAVIOUR ! stoop and take
Pity on my Soul, and make
This day bright, for Thy dear Sake.

He descended into Hell.



INTO the world which awe and gloom
enfold

He hath gone forth. Who wait His
Coming there ?

Myriads on myriads. Now, with passionate
prayer,

Prisoners of Hope, turn all to your Stronghold,
The Source of your Salvation ! He shall preach
Blest tidings, then as Breaker shall break forth,
And in vast Victory seal His matchless Worth :
O Mystery ! which we touch, not wholly reach,
Transcending words. Lo ! Death and Hell are lit
By Bethlehem's Star, and tremble in strange glow
Owning His Presence ; He their keys doth bear
In His firm Grasp, for use, and not for show ;
And where He went, go we, if GOD think fit,
Nor tremble. All the worlds are knit by Prayer.

Salve! Tropaeum gloriae.



CROSS ! whereon my SAVIOUR bled,
Dying to redeem our lofs,
Now with living trophies spread,
Welcome, welcome, happy Cross !

The Passion.

Sickening once with hope delayed,
 Paling all our hearts with gloom,
 Then a Tree of Life displayed,
 Budding with eternal bloom.

Cross! thy loving arms' embrace
 Clasps my SAVIOUR to my Soul,
 Heaven, to bring us Face to face,
 Rending wide from pole to pole.

Where to buy me JESUS died,
 How shall I, poor serf, recline,
 To thy gaging standard tied
 Measure all His Love with mine?—

Thus, his Cross beholding nigh,
 With its horns athwart the sky,
 Andrew spake—then doffed his vest
 Ere they lift him to his rest.

Darkly frowns the Evening Sky.



DARKLY frowns the evening sky,
 Fails for woe the mourner's eye;
 Silent in the silent Cave,
 Where the dead no being have,
 Armed soldiers by the side,
 They have left the Crucified.

GOD! my GOD! and dost Thou show
 Wonders midst the Dead below?

Darkly frowns the Evening Sky. 201

They who slumber 'neath the earth,
Shall they wake to second birth?
Who shall those dread Gates unfold,
Barred through all the days of old?

Lo! the Doors are opening,
And the Dead behold their King.
See! the awful Fathers know
Him, Who lays Death's terrors low.
Hark! He bids the Ancients rise,
Sharers in His Sacrifice.

When we sink into the dust,
May we fix on Thee our trust;
May Thy mighty Works be known
Where we helpless lie alone,
Unforgotten in Thy Sight,
Where in darkness Thou art Light.

LORD, the Day approaches near,
Shield us in that hour of fear;
SAVIOUR of the sons of men,
May we die to live again:
Dying, may our faith recall
Thy dear Death and Burial.

Ave! Crucis dulce Lignum.



HAIL! Cross most sweet and holy,
Hail! thou triumphal Sign,
Alone accounted worthy
To be CHRIST'S Throne Divine :

Upon thee high exalted,
Predestined Death He slew,
Our Isaac immolated,
That man might live anew.

Hail! Stair of sinners, Pathway
Which led Heaven's King on high,
That to the choir of Angels
Man also might draw nigh :
Here did the SON of David,
Life's Author, Life restore,
And bear this shame, that mortals
Might live for evermore.

Hail! Seal of the new Covenant,
And Banner of the King,
Where for the sheep the Shepherd
Himself made offering :
And He shall be our Leader
Unto the Realms of day,
Whose precious Blood hath hallowed
His blessed Cross for aye.

I Thirst.



THIRST!—O meek Redeemer, Thou
didst cry ;
No wine to stay Thee can our hands
afford.

I thirst!—Ah! me, the Cup is raised on high,
Gall mixed with vinegar, my Dying LORD.
Drink, drink, Dear SAVIOUR, drain the bitter
Draught ;
For me, for man's Salvation, it is quaffed.

Hail! that Head with Sorrows bowing.



HAIL! that Head with Sorrows bowing,
Crowned with thorns, with Anguish
flowing ;
And that Body pierced and shaken,
Mocked of man, of GOD forsaken,
Marred beyond the sons of men ;

By Thy Death of Life the giver,
When we suffer, O deliver
In our sorrow and our weakness,
Thou Who didst prevail by Meekness,
Think upon Thy Woes again.

When the hour of death is near us,
Be Thou present, LORD, to cheer us :

The Passion.

In that time of fear and sadness
Tarry not, our Help and Gladness,
SAVIOUR of the sons of men.

When our latest breath is failing,
Be Thy SPIRIT All-prevailing :
When the Tempter's wiles shall prove us,
Show Thy sacred Sign above us,
Hold us, save us, free us then.

Ⓞ Christ, Ⓞ Saviour dear.



CHRIST, O SAVIOUR Dear,
How sad, how deep, appear
Thy bitter Woes.

Thine Head with Crown of thorn,
Thy Back with scourges torn,
With murd'rous blows,

Till Thy Blood streams around,
And covers o'er the ground,
With purple Tide.

Thee blows and spit defiled,
Yet Heavenly JESUS Mild,
Thou didst abide.

Betrayed, and left by all,
By Peter's three-fold fall,
Pained to Thy Heart.

Lord Jesu, when we stand afar. 205

O LORD, how deep, how vast,
The woes upon Thee cast,
How keen their smart.

How are Thy holy Feet,
Led rudely through the street—
Those Feet of Peace.

Though Pilate Thee confest
Guiltless, O JESU Blest,
Their taunts ne'er cease.

Lord Jesu, when we stand afar.



LORD JESU, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding Wounds;
And the rough Way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our GOD.

O Holy LORD, uplifted high
With outstretched Arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous Love
The sinful world that lies below,

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the Mystery of Thy Death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Wednesday before Easter.



QUENTFUL night is this, on which
 The lamps of Heaven are dim,
 And gentle Kedron fears to rill
 Its wonted evening Hymn,
 Nor woo the winds the sleeping flower,
 Lest they should break the stillness of the hour.

But, oh, what Cry is that, which now
 Floats on the midnight air,
 As moan of ONE that ere He dies
 Would soothe His Soul in prayer ;
 Such wails of bitter Agony
 Are those that come from out Gethsemane.


Within that Garden kneeleth ONE
 Bereft of human aid,
 By one deemed true in times gone by
 Ere long to be betrayed :
 Yes, JESUS kneeleth down to pray,
 Haply His bitter Cup may pass away.

Dire pangs are His ! Blood-drops of Sweat
 Stream down His sacred Brow :
 He prays—O FATHER to Thy Will
 Submissive I would bow ;
 Let this Cup pass ; oh, hear Thy SON ;
 And yet, not Will of Mine, but Thine be done.

The Cup it passèd not—for the hour
 Of death was nigh at hand ;
 And yon armèd soldiery,
 A rude and ruthlefs band,
 Led from that place, and crucified ;
JESUS the Guiltlefs for the guilty died.

Then oft, my Soul, as thou shalt feel
 The wily Tempter's power,
 Steal from the world a time, and share
 The Sorrows of that hour ;
 Bethink thee of Gethsemane ;
 Remember there thy SAVIOUR died for thee.

If I have only Him.

 **I** have only Him,
 If He alone is mine,
 If e'en beyond the grave His Faith
 My heart shall not resign ;
 Of sorrow nought I prove,
 Nought feel but glad devotion, joy, and love.

If only He be mine,
 All else I gladly leave ;
 On pilgrim-staff still follow true,
 And to my Master cleave ;
 Let others fondly stray
 Along the broad, frequented flowery way.

If I have none but Him,
 Joyful to sleep I go ;
 Ever a sweet restoring stream
 His Blood for me doth flow,
 Whose mild compelling Might
 All things must soften, and in Peace unite.

If I have none but Him,
 The universe is mine ;
 Blest as a Child of Heaven that holds
 The Virgin's veil Divine,
 Wrapt in sacred thought,
 No more by earthly cares am I distraught.

Where only He is mine,
 My father-land I see,
 And every boon is on me poured,
 As birth-right full and free.
 Long sought-for brothers then
 In His Disciples I behold again.

When God came down from Heaven.



WHEN GOD came down from Heaven
 —the Living GOD—
 What Signs and Wonders marked
 His stately Way ?
 Brake out the winds in music where He trode ?
 Shone o'er the Heavens a brighter, softer day ?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leaped, and pain and paleness fled ;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead !

When GOD went back to Heaven—the Living
GOD—

Rode He the Heavens upon a fiery car ?
Waved Seraph-wings along His glorious road ?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star ?
Upon the Cross He hung, and bowed the Head,
And prayed for them that smote, and them that
curst ;
And drop by drop, His slow Life-blood was shed,
And His last hour of Suffering was His worst !

Blood is the Price of Heaven.



LOOD is the Price of Heaven ;
All sin that Price exceeds ;
Oh, come to be forgiven—
He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His Brows—
He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

While the fierce scourges fall,
The precious Blood still pleads ;
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

P

The Passion.

Beneath the thorny Crown
 The crimson Fountain speeds ;
 See how It trickles down—
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

Bearing the fatal Wood
 His band of Saints He leads,
 Marking the way with Blood ;
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

On Calvary His Shame
 With Blood still intercedes ;
 His open Wounds proclaim—
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

He hangs upon the Tree,
 Hangs there for my misdeeds ;
 He sheds His Blood for me ;
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

Ah, me ! His Soul is fled ;
 Yet still for my great needs
 He bleeds when He is dead ;
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

His Blood is flowing still ;
 My thirsty Soul it feeds ;
 He lets me drink my fill ;
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

O sweet, O precious Blood !
 What Love, what Love it breeds !
 Ransom, Reward, and Food—
 He bleeds, my SAVIOUR bleeds !

The Descent from the Cross.



IX weary hours extended
 Upon the Cross of pain,
 When will the day be ended,
 Night's shadows come again?
 Would morn were eve's declining,
 Would God that eve were morn,
 His eve of life's resigning,
 His Resurrection dawn.

Thrice now the congregation
 Has climbed the steep to prayer,
 It is the Preparation,
 And yet He withers there :
 They say the Cross dissembles
 The Spirit's parting strife ;
 And day by day still trembles
 The hideous wreck of life.

Haste, Joseph—It is finished—
 The sun sinks on the wave ;
 The time must needs be minished,
 The three days of the grave :
 An eve without a morning,
 Of blackest midnight born ;
 The Sabbath past, His dawning
 Is everlasting Morn.

Blest Sepulchre ! where never
 Man's mortal form was laid ;

The Passion.

The only Tomb for ever
 With Angel-light arrayed ;
 Life's only, last, defender—
 When graves shall be no more,
 No earth hast thou to render,
 No treasure to restore.

It is finished !



IT is finished ! Nature darkened,
 And the Sun was in eclipse,
 As to these last Words they hearkened
 From the Dying SAVIOUR'S Lips :
 Death beheld his bondage broken,
 Satan his o'er fallen man,
 When the SON of GOD had spoken,
 And His reign of Peace began.

It is finished ! No exemption,
 Fellow sinners, yours and mine
 Is the Mystery of Redemption
 Promised by those Lips Divine :
 They who seek it shall not lose it
 If in faith sincerely fought ;
 Woe to them who dare refuse it,
 Such a Prize so dearly bought.

The Tomb of Joseph.



O in the Grave, where we our dearest lay,
 Thou too wast laid, O LORD our Life !
 The stone [and day
 Was rolled to bar the portal ; night
 The world's proud liegemen watched, and Thou
 wert gone.

* * * *

Thy loving Friends discerned not ; Mystery
 From first to last was all their eyes beheld—
 The King of Israel doomed a Curse to be—
 Despair to all their hopes its death-note knelled,
 Yet still a secret stream of comfort welled ;
 They loved—and GOD was Just. Against all
 hope, [pelled
 They felt, some ray must gleam ; by love im-
 They lingered, as the deep-hewn tomb might ope ;
 Love soars, nor can for aye 'mid dust and ashes grope.

Faith is not sight ; when all seems lost, for aye
 A trembling expectation stirs the heart—
 Hath He then left us, wandering far away,
 Our King, our Life, our All ? Then, hope
 depart !

And yet our passionate instinct feels ' Thou art.'
 What love thus clasps cannot be nothingness.
 A tremulous star seems through the gloom to dart,
 Then vanish ; sinks the midnight of distress ;
 And yet a morn will rise, will rise to cheer and bless.

I thirst!



DOWN through the hushed and thickening air,

And gathering gloom of earth's eclipse,
That weary Word, that half-breathed
Prayer,

Hath fallen at last from JESUS' Lips.
For three long hours upreared to die—

For three long hours each sinew straining—
He hath not breathed as yet one Sigh
Could tell of Nature's Self-complaining.

I thirst! The Word is full of pain,
Of fever rack, of human anguish,
Of gaping Wounds that Life-blood drain,
And leave the Heart to faint and languish :
And yet not this—not this alone

Hath caused that piteous sad outburst ;
Not human pain hath made that Moan,
Not human want that mystic Thirst.

Thirst, to see Justice satisfied,
Thirst, to save sinners tempest-toft,
Thirst, to pour out Love's boundless tide
On Souls that all unloved were lost—

This was Thy Thirst, and this Thy Pain,
This the deep Grief Thy Bosom nurs't ;
Say, JESU, say that Word again,
Still for Thy creatures, JESUS, thirst!

Thirst, that at last our hearts may give
 Torrents of Love that Thirst to slake ;
 Thirst, that we too may thirsting live,
 Thirsting to die for Thy Sweet Sake,
 Thirsting to see Thee Face to face,
 Thirsting these earthly bonds to sever,
 Thirsting for that last, long Embrace
 In which such Thirst is quenched for ever.

A Litany of the Passion.



HOLY FATHER ! from Thy Throne
 Hear a lowly suppliant moan :
 Yea, though wrath be all my meed,
 Break not Thou the bruised reed :
 Let the bitter Agony
 Of my JESU plead for me.

Hear ! by Him, Who bowing low
 'Neath our sins' o'erwhelming woe,
 His Soul's Blood in Anguish poured :
 Lo ! those Drops on High are stored :
 Let the bitter Agony
 Of my JESU groan for me.

In that Flood my Soul embathe,
 In that Love my Spirit swathe ;
 Bid that shower of bleeding Tears
 Thrill my heart through livelong years :
 Let the bitter Agony
 Of my JESU weep for me.

The Passion.

Give me, from that Fount of Might,
 Grace to brave the Powers of night ;
 With a child's reposing Faith,
 Thine to be in Life or death :
 Let the bitter Agony
 Of my JESU strive for me.

Holy FATHER, Strong and Just,
 Hear Thy Suppliant from the dust ;
 May that overflowing Love
 Thee to gentle Pity move :
 Let the bitter Agony
 Of my JESU sue for me.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.



HE Royal Banner floats on high,
 The Cross is gleaming in the sky,
 The WORD, by Whom all flesh was
 made,

Himself made Flesh is there displayed.

Ah ! look with eyes of pity here ;
 See, how they pierce Him with a spear ;
 To cleanse our sins flows out a tide
 Of Blood and Water from His Side.

Now is fulfilled what was of old
 By David's truthful Verse foretold :
 From His high Cross, as from a Throne,
 On subject realms GOD'S SON looks down.

Thrice blest art thou, O Tree elect,
 With royal Purple richly deckt,
 On whom such honour was bestowed
 To bear so wonderful a Load.

Upon those arms once hung sublime
 The Praise of every age and clime ;
 As in a balance thou didst weigh
 Him Whom from Hell redeemed the prey.

Thy taste is nectar, and thy scent
 Than precious Oils more excellent ;
 Proud of the Fruit which thou dost bear
 Thou dost a look of triumph wear.

Hail ! sacred Altar ; Victim, hail !
 We celebrate the wondrous tale—
 How Life by Death was overcome,
 And Life for all men sprang therefrom.

Hail ! blessed Cross to which we flee
 For refuge in our Agony ;
 In pious Souls, add Grace to Grace,
 In guilty, all their guilt efface.

Christ in Hades.



ARK is the tomb, and dreary is the
 dwelling,
 Where all thy sins, O earth, expect-
 tant lie ;

But lo ! I come, the funeral shades dispelling,
 And Death himself shall die.

Souls of the Just ! I bring you Joy and Gladness :
 No more in lingering doubt your Spirits roam ;
 Bright regions skirt the shadowy realm of sadness ;
 The grave is not your home.

Awake and sing, ye that in dust are sleeping ;
 See Life and Light immortal round you shed :
 Bright from the east the first grey hues are creeping—
 Earth shall cast out the dead.

Calm is this Rest from pain, and sweet the feeling
 That all the Fight is fought, the Battle won ;
 But lo ! I go, My conquering Might revealing
 With the next rising sun.

Now, like the Seer in his dark prison pining,
 Singing I lie, earth's bars around me thrown,
 Till the strong Angel, as the lightning shining,
 Shall roll away the stone,

Singing—Thou wilt not leave in Hell My Spirit !
 Thy Holy ONE shall no corruption see :
 Thy glorious Joy predestined to inherit,
 Supreme o'er all, but Thee.

Free among all the dead, I wait the morrow,
 My perfect Rest, my grand Sabbatic morn,
 When man with Me shall rise, no more to sorrow,
 But Life eternal, born.

Farewell ye shades ; and thou, sepulchral Dwelling :
 I hear the sound ; I see the radiant wings :
 The world is saved, and in glad chorus swelling
 The new Creation sings.

Crux, ave! benedicta.



BLESSED Cross, all hail to thee!
 Thou o'er Death hast victory;
 Nailed to thee my SAVIOUR-King
 For my sins died suffering.

Thou of trees art chosen Queen,
 Thou Salvation's medicine,
 Thou dost raise the sinking Soul
 And the wounded makest whole.

Wood most hallowed and Divine,
 Thou, to us of Life the Sign,
 JESUS for thy Fruit didst bear;
 Human hearts find nurture there.

While from this kind Cross to all,
 Friends and foemen, Thou dost call,
 JESUS, SON of GOD most High,
 Oh, keep me in memory.

Lo! on the inglorious Tree.



O! on the inglorious Tree
 Our GOD, the GOD of Glory hangs;
 All steeped in Blood is He,
 And pierced with pangs:

The Passion.

A felon's death He dies,
 Uplift betwixt that Robber-twain ;
 Sweet LAMB for Sacrifice,
 By sinners slain.

Pale, pale grows that dear Brow,
 In death that drooping Head declines ;
 His parched Lip moves, and now
 His Soul resigns—
 His placid Soul. Oh ! gaze
 On that wan Face, that Crown of Thorn,
 Those Eyes which death-films glaze ;
 There look and mourn—

Mourn, and with tears of blood
 Weep till thine eyes in death grow dim
 For Him unto the Wood
 Thou nail'st—yea Him,
 To Whom, the Mighty God,
 Washing in Blood our sins away,
 Our everlasting laud
 We meekly pay.

Lo ! I come to do Thy Will.



O ! I come to do Thy Will !
 When the FATHER'S Only SON
 Came this Promise to fulfil,
 Then Salvation's work was done.

Offered once upon the Tree,
He for all men doth avail :
Adam's last posterity,
Pleading this, shall never fail.

Just, He for the unjust died,
So to bring their Souls to GOD ;
Sheltered in His wounded Side,
Washed in His atoning Blood.

What to His are all my pains,
But the smallest balance-dust ?
Mine, whose Soul is full of stains ;
His, the Holy ONE and Just.

But His Sufferings are o'er ;
He hath entered into Peace :
Passing was the Cross He bore,
While its Virtues never cease.

Huc ad jugum Calvariae.



O Calvary ascending
With JESUS let us go,
Beneath the shadow bending
Of all His mighty Woe :
The Chief of our Salvation
Should we not follow nigh,
With all His Tribulation,
In all His Death to die ?

The Passion.

The reward's faint wayfarer
 Must stagger with his load,
 Where still the Standard bearer
 Leads up the mountain road :
 Wrung out from life's affliction,
 Death has no bitter cup
 So sharp, but Crucifixion
 Has brimmed its sorrows up.

Does life's last fever burning
 Thy couch with anguish toss ?
 His racked Limbs had no turning,
 His Deathbed was the Cross :
 Each Vein of Life-drops streaming,
 From Sole to Crown Divine,
 Has, Death, for thy Redeeming
 A deeper pang than thine.

Art poor ? in all thy toiling
 See how the Master sped,
 His Robe, His Vesture's spoiling,
 His naked, homeless Head :
 The fox his hole, the sparrow
 Has where to lay her nest,
 Those Rood beams, hard and narrow,
 Are all thy SAVIOUR's rest.

Have evil-tongued oppressors
 Thy reputation torn ?
 Hark, numbered with transgressors
 He bears the robbers' scorn :

The sharpened nails affailing
 Less need the opiate bowl
 Than those fell tongues, impaling
 Their iron in His Soul.

Dost fear the pains of dying,
 When Death has poised his dart?
 See, all those arrows flying
 Are gathered in His Heart:
 A moist wind, gently sighing,
 Is now that furnace blast;
 Death, in His bitter Crying,
 Thy bitterness is past.

Bethsemane.



RIGHT cast unwonted gloom around;
 His Friends had given their grief to
 sleep:

He, prostrate on the chilling ground,
 His lonely watch of Woe must keep.

The last, the farewell Paschal Feast,
 With those sad Friends at evening ta'en;
 He waits the traitor's murderous haste
 To prove Him, now, the LAMB so slain.

As thrice He kneels to groan His Woe,
 See Sweat, like thick large Blood-drops, run:—

My FATHER, if this Cup might go!
And yet, Thy Will, not Mine, be done!

Death, hovering in his ghastliest form,
Forfaking friends, Hell's banded power,
His FATHER's Frown, (Soul-piercing storm!)
And earth's whole guilt, were in that hour.

Gethsemane! we hail thee well,
Fair Eden's contrast, sad, yet dear:
There Man a moment smiled, then fell;
MAN groaned for Man, and triumphed, here.

But, O All-lovely LAMB of GOD,
Hast Thou Thy Heaven resigned for me?
For me, th' abyfs of horrors trod?
Where shall I find return for Thee?

Oh, reign, enthroned o'er all my heart,
The happy prisoner of Thy Love;
And fit me here to bear my part
In Thine unending Praise above.

Christ to the Daughters of Jerusalem.



WEEP not for Me, oh! weep not Salem's
Daughters,
Faint though ye see Me, stay the
bursting tear;
Turn the sad tide—the tide of bitter waters—
Back on yourselves for Desolation near.

Christ to the Daughters of Jerusalem. 225

Lift not for Me the heart-wrung lamentation,
Pierced though ye see Me, nailed and crucified ;
Hush the wild wail, till floods of devastation
Pour on yon heights the waste of ruin wide.

Tear not for Me your locks in keenest anguish,
Though ye behold Me bow the Head and die ;
Weep for your children soon to pine and languish,
Rolling in death the sunk and famished eye.

Smite not for Me your breasts with frantic beating,
When the mixed Draught is raised in cruel hate ;
Weep for your City, whose red cup is heating
To waste in flames its houses desolate.

Gaze not on Me with looks of silent mourning,
While the fierce soldiers part My Vesture round ;
Soon shall their hands, thy Holy Temple scorning,
Lay its proud glories level with the ground.

Shed not for Me the burning tear of sadness,
Pressed though I droop mid tumult's noisy din ;
Soon will the spoiler, fired with wrath and madness,
Surround thy walls, and shut thy sons within.

Weep not for Me, with fond remembrance
pondering,
Dreams of Redemption for Judah's severed
race ;
Weep for her children, scattered, peeled, and
wandering,
The Gentile's taunt—without a resting-place.

Weep not for Me, then, weep not Salem's Daughters,
 Faint though ye see Me, stay the bursting tear ;
 Turn the sad tide—the tide of bitter waters—
 Back on yourselves for Desolation near.

Wednesday before Easter.



HIS Day, remote from earth's rude noise,
 The SAVIOUR dwelt in still retreat,
 And knew perchance earth's latest joys,
 Communion with His FATHER Sweet.

Yet weighed upon that Righteous Soul
 The burden of th' approaching Woe ;
 He heard the nearer thunders roll
 And trembled at the awful blow.

FATHER ! O save me from this hour :
 Yet for this hour to earth I came.
 Thus Love must vanquish Terror's power
 And spotless Virtue stoop to shame.

'Twas not the stripes, the Crown of thorn,
 The bitter Cross, that might appal ;
 The weight of sin for mortals born,
 That hid the FATHER'S Face, was All.

O LORD of Grief, this livelong day
 Let us, too, seek to dwell apart,
 And where'soe'er our footsteps stray,
 Adore Thee in our inmost heart.

Heart's-Ease.



E, for ease of heart who long,
 Seek it not earth's gifts among,
 Nor in pleasure's garish round,
 But where only it is found—
 In the Cross.

Be your trials what they may,
 Though as dark as night your way,
 Though each hour the thorns increase,
 Doubt not—ever floweth Peace
 From the Cross.

Cast aside all gloomy fear ;
 Wipe away desponding tear ;
 For the Holy JESUS bare
 All our sorrow, all our care
 On the Cross.

Thoughts on the Death of our Blessed Saviour.



MYSTERIOUS Darkness! welcome now
 thy gloom ;
 Veil the foul treason from my aching
 sight :

The hate-swollen breasts that urged their SAVIOUR'S
 Doom

Are darker, deadlier than thy thickest night ;
 And though thy horrors chill me with affright,
 Yet art thou welcome ! Cloud the sorrowing Sun ;
 Haste with thy blackest veil to shut out light ;
 Tell not the world that such a day has run ;
 Do all to hide the deed earth's shameless sons have
 done.

Has then this fury urged you to the worst,
 O senseless, hardened, impious Deicides ?
 And can you feel your guilty heads accursed,
 Know that the Demon scorn which now derides,
 And the proud insult that in power confides
 Will call down shortly Heaven's avenging stroke ;
 Can you foresee the Vengeance that betides,
 And dare His fearful Justice to provoke
 To strike you, as the lightning scathes the forest oak ?

But no—what said that Voice, that dying Sound ?
 Those Accents called no Vengeance from above ;
 There were sweet Peace, and meek Forgiveness
 found,
 And those were Words that spoke the tenderest
 Love.

To future worlds amazed, those Words shall prove
 His boundless Charity, Who e'en in Death,
 While yet His Heart could feel, His Lip could
 move,
 And His dim Eye look down on aught beneath,
 Implored His foes' Forgiveness with His latest
 Breath.

Jesu, meae Deliciae.



**JESU, in Thy Torture,
Nailed to the bitter Tree,
My Soul's true Guide and Nurture,
I yearn to be with Thee.**

**How can I taste of pleasure,
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain,
JESU, mine only Treasure,
Mine everlasting Gain?**

**O JESU, may Thy Sadness,
Thine Agony and Tears,
Win for my Spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.**

**With Thine own Body feed me,
Life to my Soul accord,
Then to Thy pierced Heart lead me,
And hide me there, O LORD.**

**And in my dying hour,
By those sharp Wounds I pray,
LORD, may Thy Passion's power
Wash all my sins away.**

Ein Lammlein geht und tragt die Schuld.



HOLY, Pure, and Spotless LAMB
 Came to these earthly regions ;
 To bear the weight of sins He came
 Of this world's countless legions :

A weary way He humbly trod,
 Bore strokes of man's chastising rod,
 With patient resignation :
 'Mid Blows and Wounds He silent stood,
 Till, laid upon the fatal Wood,
 He died, a meek Oblation.

Then all day long, and every day
 This in my thoughts retaining,
 Such Love with love I will repay,
 Love constant and unwaning.
 Thou, LORD, shalt be my Beacon-light,
 To guide me through the world's dark night,
 And cheer my heart in sorrow ;
 Henceforth myself and all that's mine
 To Thee entirely I consign,
 From Whom all things I borrow.

I'll praise Thee while on earth I stay,
 Glad anthems ever singing ;
 To Thee each night, to Thee each day,
 My willing service bringing :

So, as life's streamlet flows along,
Still shalt Thou hear a grateful song
Its onward course attending ;
From Memory's clearest fount, the thought
Of what Thy Love for me has wrought,
With all its eddies blending.

No more I fear Death's fatal sting ;
Thy Blood 'gainst Death shall arm me ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy Wing,
No scorching sun shall harm me :
By weight of anxious thought opprest,
On Thee my weary Soul shall rest,
As sick man on his pillow ;
My Anchor, when 'mid storms of woe,
My bark is driven to and fro,
On trouble's restless billow.

And when I come before Thy Throne,
On Resurrection morning,
The glorious Crown Thy Blood has won
My blissful head adorning,
May I be placed on Thy Right Side,
With Thy loved Church, Thy chosen Bride,
Drawn out from every nation ;
No more of GOD's just Wrath afraid,
But in Thy Righteousness arrayed,
Thy Garments of Salvation.

Ecce Homo!

BEHOLD the MAN! Who wore
 A Crown of thorns for me :
 And in His sacred Person bore
 Our sins upon the Tree :

Our sins upon the Tree,
 Thus full of Honour made,
 Through Him, whose Love beyond degree
 Our Ransom paid.

Behold the MAN! Who gave
 That matchless, peerless Price,
 Which Souls from death alone could save,
 Himself the Sacrifice :
 Himself the Sacrifice—
 Spotless, without a stain ;
 No more Temptation shall entice,
 Thou LAMB once slain.

Behold the MAN! Who saw
 From His eternal Throne
 The ruins of a broken Law—
 Those ruins not His own :
 Those ruins not His own—
 Yet as He saw, He sighed :
 And GOD for sinners to atone
 Came down and died.

Behold the MAN! Who now
 Whilst Angels prostrate fall,

Uplifts His everlasting Brow,
As Saints to Seraphs call :
As Saints to Seraphs call,
And sweep their lyres of flame,
Till the full chorus swells o'er all
With JESU'S Name.

Along the steep and weary Road.



LONG the steep and weary road
Meekly Thou toilest, SAVIOUR Dear :
Beneath the Cross's bitter load,
Beneath the bitterer taunt and jeer :
Like gentle Lamb, unto the slaughter led
Unmurmuring, Thy guileless Blood is shed.

And lo! to us Thy gracious Word
Is—Burdened Souls, come learn of Me—
Teach us to follow, Lowly LORD,
Clothed in Thy Humility :
Upon these willing limbs Thy Yoke be laid,
Only do Thou stand by to guide and aid.

Hidden Thy Way of Life and Light
To lofty, self-enlightened eyes :
Unto Thy lowly Followers' sight
Is given to scan Thy Mysteries :
The Soul by Meekness taught, the clue unwinds,
The secret of her Master's Presence finds.

O SAVIOUR Meek, be Thou our Guide ;
 Our Way, our Truth, our Life be Thou :
 Teach us the ignorance of pride,
 The haughty stature bring Thou low,
 Till bending 'neath Thy Yoke with childlike heart,
 We learn, at Thy blest Feet, the better part.

There, lost in her own nothingness,
 Absorbed in contemplating Thee,
 Thy Mien of Heavenly Lowliness,
 Thy Pattern of Humility,
 The weary Soul, with vanities oppressed,
 By these still Waters finds her promised Rest.

Shadow of sweeter Rest in store,
 Awaiting JESU'S little Ones
 Who entering through Heaven's lowly door,
 Shall mount, and sit on glorious Thrones,
 Adoring Him from Whom all Goodness flows,
 In Whose meek Heart they sought and found
 Repose.

Opprobriis, Jesu, satur.



That dark Hill funereal, faint with ill,
 True Isaac, sinking 'neath that Tree of
 pain,
 That dark funereal Hill
 Thou climbest to be slain.

Thy tender Hands were torn un pityingly,
 Thy tender Feet with fangs of iron driven ;

Thou art uplifted high—
Oh, fight for earth and Heaven!

Thy Will, Eternal FATHER, Thine be done—
O boundless, unconceived Charity,
That gave the Guiltless SON
For guilty foes to die.

From that Thy bleeding Side, those bleeding Hands,
Must the foul world be cleansed—it needs must be;
For Justice so demands,
And Mercy grants the plea.

Else that dread bond must aye on us remain;
But from Thy Cross extending to Thy Throne
Now binds a peaceful chain,
The earth and Heavens in one.

The Entombment.



KEEPING, as they go their way,
Their Dear LORD in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in Agony,
Dying on th' accursèd Tree.

All is over—in the Tomb
Sleeps He, as in Death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

The Passion.

All is over—fought the Fight ;
 Heaviness is for the night ;
 Joy comes with the breaking Light.

Leave we in the Grave with Him
 Sins that shame, and doubts that dim,
 If our Souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the LORD Who gave
 His pure Body to the Grave,
 Us from sin and death to save.

Good Friday.



AM I a stone and not a Sheep
 That I can stand, O CHRIST, beneath
 Thy Cross,
 To number Drop by Drop Thy Blood's
 slow loss,
 And yet not weep ?

Not so those Women loved
 Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee ;
 Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly ;
 Not so the Thief was moved ;

Not so the Sun and Moon
 Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
 A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
 I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy Sheep, true Shepherd of the Flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

The Heavenly Stranger.



STRANGER in the pale moonlight,
Before the door He stood,
His Locks are drenched with dews of
night,

His Raiment stained with Blood.

A Torch in nail-pierced Hand He bore
No earthly Sun so bright;
A Stranger at th' unopened door
He knocked the livelong night.

The cruel cincture o'er His Brow,
Woven of thorns, is bound;
Tears from His Eyes incessant flow,
Like rain, upon the ground.

Not for the chill night-dews He wept,
Nor for the thorny Crown;
But that His Own, His loved Ones slept,
And left Him all alone.

The sheep will hear the shepherd's cry,
The hen can call her brood,
Yet to His Voice came no reply,
Shepherd, whose Name is Good.

The flowers unfold them to the Sun,
 Some radiant grace to win ;
 The livelong night that Torch burnt on,
 Yet all was dark within.

A Stranger in the morning light,
 Still at the door He stood,
 His Locks are drenched with dews of night,
 His Raiment stained with Blood.

Legis figuris pingitur.



CHRIST'S Peerless Crown is pictured in
 The figures of the Law—
 The Ram entangled in the thorns ;
 The Bush which Moses saw ;
 The Rainbow girding round the Ark ;
 The Table's Crown of gold ;
 The Incense which in waving wreaths
 Around the Altar rolled.
 Hail ! glorious Crown, which didst the pangs
 Of Dying JESUS feel ;
 Thou dost the brightest gems outshine,
 And all the stars excel.

The Healer of the Nations.



WHEN across the heart deep waves of
sorrow

Break, as on a dry and barren shore;
When hope glistens with no bright
to-morrow,

And the storm seems sweeping evermore ;

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving Stream,
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream ;

Who shall hush the weary Spirit's chiding ?
Who the aching void within shall fill ?
Who shall whisper of a Peace abiding ?
And each surging billow calmly still ?

Only He Whose wounded Heart was broken
With the bitter Cross and thorny Crown,
Whose dear Love glad Words of Joy had spoken,
Who His Life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer ! all our burdens lighten ;
Give us Peace, Thine own sweet Peace, we pray ;
Keep us near Thee till the Morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away.

I love the Cross.



LOVE the Cross. 'Tis a holy Form :
 I love on its Form to gaze ;
 My heart grows fonder, my love more
 warm,

As my eyes to that Form I raise.

I love the Cross. Who can love It not ?
 Where hung and where died the LAMB,
 With never a blemish, and never a spot
 Of sin on His mortal Frame.

'Twas there that He, the Eternal WORD,
 Endured the nails and spear ;
 'Twas there He offered His Life to GOD,
 That we may to GOD draw near.

'Twas there that His sacred Flesh and Blood
 Was broken, pierced, and shed ;
 'Twas there streamed forth the healing Flood,
 For the living and the dead.

'Twas there that in that tremendous hour,
 When the sun was shrouded, and day grew night,
 He vanquished for ever the Serpent's power,
 And poured through the Grave a quickening
 Light.

Yes, I love the Cross—as the Christian must
 Who sees there the Altar, whereon was laid

The Victim That raised us from the dust,
The Ransom that for our Souls was paid.

How can this Emblem fail to move
The too cold springs of the human breast,
This Sign of a Dying SAVIOUR'S Love,
Of a Christian's toil and a Christian's rest.

Yes, I'll love the Cross till my latest breath :
And why should a Christian be denied
To waken his love for his SAVIOUR'S Death,
By the Sight of the Cross where that SAVIOUR
died ?

Florem Spina coronabit.



O! the Thorn hath crowned the Flower,
Who produced it by His Power,
For the Flower is Mary's SON :
From the Flower what precious Merit
Doth the twisted Thorn inherit,
Flower to thorn-brake rough unknown.

Through the Flower the flower-thorn pointeth ;
Yet the Flower the brake anointeth
With the oil of Piety :
Life the Thorn from Life's Tree borrows,
Healing Balm for human sorrows,
Honey with the stinging bee.

R

The Passion.

Life's fair Fruit the thorn offendeth ;
 Yet that Fruit life's exile endeth,
 And in it lives Mercy's power :
 Rise, my Soul, in exultation,
 Greet the Crown with veneration,
 Which is France's noblest dower.

Ophir's gold that Crown excelleth :
 Precious, comely, rich, it dwelleth
 Budding with the Blood that ran :
 In the Brow this circlet bindeth,
 It perchance the scoffer blindeth
 To the Sight of GOD in MAN.

To the Shittim wood superior
 Which adorned the Ark's exterior,
 Resting in its tented home,
 Is this Crown : we bow before It,
 To be crowned with CHRIST Who wore It,
 In the happy age to come.

The Dream of Pilate's Wife.



H, touch not thou that holy Head—
 The Wife of Pilate cried—
 Full is my heart with fear and dread
 As though a Friend had died,
 Or was about to die, instead
 Of some one else beside :
 Spare then that Just ONE ; let Him go ;
 The whispering Spirits tell me so.

Mysterious Dream : I saw a Fire
All boundless in its blaze,
Raging in red omnivorous ire,
And scorching in its rays :
It licked the Heavens with many a spire,
Nor could I bear to gaze :
The clouds together seemed to roll
And wither, like a parchment scroll.

Hosts upon hosts essayed in vain
The ruthless flames to quell :
Each mountain, city, tower, and plain
Subsided in the Hell :
Ten thousand sounds of woe and pain
Blended into a yell,
Such as hath struck no mortal ear
But mine—in this last night of fear.

The rocks were rent : the welkin rang ;
When lo ! as from a Throne,
While Souls in secret sorrow sang,
A LAMB came forth alone :
Its look was Love : It hushed the clang
Of earth's tremendous groan ;
Then mounting on the awful Pyre,
Pierced Its own Heart, and quenched the Fire.

And as It died, Its closing Eyes
With Tears most piteous ran :
Its Face beneath the frowning skies
Waxed wonderfully wan ;

The Passion.

Then changed—and in amazing guise
 An aspect wore of Man,
 A MAN Divine, and more than fair,
 Too like the mystic Prisoner there.

Calvary.



O songs shall break our gloom to-day,
 Save lowliest strains of Love,
 Which, as we kneel before the Cross,
 Shall sudden, deeper prove.

O Thou th' Eternal SON of GOD,
 The LAMB for sinners slain,
 We worship, while Thy Head is bowed
 In Agony and Pain.

E'en as we gaze, the sweetest Love
 Encircles Thy pale Brow ;
 O Royal King, more fair than gold
 The Crown Thou wearest now.

None tread with Thee the lowly place ;
 Thou sufferest alone ;
 Thine is the perfect Sacrifice
 Which only can atone.

Thou great High Priest, Thy Glory-robcs
 To-day are laid aside ;
 And human Sorrows, SON of Man,
 Thy GODHEAD seem to hide.

Moerentes oculi spargite lachrymas. 245

The Cross is sharp, but in Thy Woe
This is the lightest part ;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee
And breaks Thy sacred Heart.

Who love Thee most, at Thy dear Cross
Will truest, LORD, abide ;
Make Thou that Cross our only hope,
O JESUS Crucified.

Moerentes oculi spargite lachrymas.



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

See ! how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh ;
See ! how they smite, with buffets rude,
That Head Divine of awful Majesty :

How, bound with cruel cord,
CHRIST to the Scourge is given ;
And ruffians lift their hands, unawed,
Against the King of kings and LORD of Heaven.

Hear it ! ye People, hear !
Our Good and Gracious GOD,

The Passion.

Silent beneath the lash severe,
 Stands with His sacred Shoulders drenched in Blood.

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

Then roughly dragged to death,
 CHRIST on the Cross is slain;
 And, as He dies, with parting Breath,
 Into His FATHER'S Hands gives back His Soul
 again.

The Sacred Wounds.



WHEN evil thoughts bring trouble nigh
 The struggling heart to rend,
 Then to my SAVIOUR'S Wounds I fly,
 As some life-giving Friend.

Or when the flesh me layeth low,
 With all its pride and lust;
 Remembrance of His Wounds and Woe
 Uplifts me from the dust.

When Satan with his cruel wiles
 My Spirit would ensnare,
 I turn me to those loving Smiles
 My LORD alone can wear.

If burning passion e'er abounds
Within my fevered frame,
A cooling flood from JESU'S Wounds
Extinguishes the flame.

In sorrow's hour, in night of tears,
In sickness or in pain,
The Wounds of CHRIST allay my fears
And make me whole again.

Securely in those Wounds I keep,
And rest without a dread ;
Shall He Who died not safely keep
His Own for whom He bled ?

Ah, where so deadly bitter lot
His Love can not make sweet ?
Ah, where the poor and humble cot
Too lowly for His Feet ?

All, all my hope is in the Cross,
Thereon my Merit hangs ;
To it all else is earthly dross,
My wealth my JESU'S Pangs.

Yes! from His Wounds springs forth my life ;
My refuge is His Grave ;
His Grace shall soothe my last dark strife ;
He rose again to save.

While His Compassion wearies not
I shall not Merit lack ;

While glows the Love my Soul that bought
His Mercy will not slack.

The more my Master's Power to save,
The more secure am I ;
In JESU'S Wounds to live I crave,
In JESU'S Arms to die.

Arbol! donde el Cielo quiso.



REE! which Heaven has willed to dower
With that true Fruit whence we live,
As that other, death did give ;
Of new Eden loveliest Flower ;
Bow of light, that in worst hour
Of the worst flood Signal true,
O'er the world, of Mercy threw ;
Fair Plant, yielding sweetest Wine ;
Of our David Harp Divine ;
Of our Moses Tables new ;
Sinner am I, therefore I
Claim upon thy Mercies make,
Since alone for sinners' sake
GOD on Thee endured to die.

Quam despectus, quam reſectus.

OH, what ſhame and deſolation,
 Working out the world's Salvation,
 Deigned the King of Heaven to bear!
 See Him, bowed with Sorrows endleſs,
 Hungry, Thirſty, Poor, and Friendleſs,
 Even to the Croſs repair.

Hold His Wrongs in recollection,
 Who, in undeſerved Affliction,
 Wandered through a thankleſs land :
 Countleſs Agonies unmeaſured
 In thy heart of hearts keep treaſured,
 If at all thou underſtand.

To the Croſs from Judgment taken,
 Silent, of His Friends forſaken,
 From no Torments doth He ſhrink ;
 There His Hands and Feet they piercèd,
 There of gall, as one accursèd,
 Gave the King of kings to drink.

See, the Eye no longer flaſhes,
 And the Face is white like aſhes,
 Furrowed with an iron pain.
 On that bleſsèd Form unſhrouded
 Ancient Comelineſs is clouded ;
 Scarce doth any Grace remain.

Whofo hearest and believest,
See that in this Grief thou grieveft ;
 Groan for heavinefs of heart ;
Vex thy flesh, thy Soul, with sorrow ;
Weeping reach thy hand, and borrow
 From the Crofs each cruel smart.

With the curse upon Him lying,
Mark the MAN of Sorrows dying,
 Strong in pain, our crowning Seed :
Justly, then, be thou contented
With thy LORD to be tormented,
 On the Crofs with Him to bleed.

Brother ! in all work whatever
Still to see CHRIST'S Wounds endeavour,
 Still take up the Crofs He bore ;
Count Him thine eternal Treasure,
Let thine heart, with deepening pleasure,
 Feed upon Him more and more.

Crucified ! sustain Thy Servant,
Make my Soul with anguish fervent
 Feel Thy Passion day by day.
Lovingly I yearn to cherish
That sweet Crofs where Thou didst perish,
 In Thine Arms to pass away.

Easter Even.



HERE is nothing more that they can do
 For all their rage and boast ;
 Caiaphas with his blaspheming crew,
 Herod with his host,

Pontius Pilate in his Judgment-hall
 Judging their Judge and his,
 Or he who led them all and passed them all,
 Arch-Judas with his kifs.

The Sepulchre made sure with ponderous Stone,
 Seal that same Stone, O Priest ;
 It may be thou shalt block the Holy ONE
 From rising in the east :

Set a watch about the Sepulchre
 To watch on pain of death ;
 They must hold fast the Stone if ONE should stir
 And shake it from beneath.

GOD Almighty, He can break a Seal
 And roll away a Stone ;
 Can grind the proud in dust who would not kneel,
 And crush the mighty one.

* * * * *

There is nothing more that they can do
 For all their passionate care,
 Those who sit in dust, the blessed few,
 And weep and rend their hair :

Peter, Thomas, Mary Magdalene,
 The Virgin Unreproved,
 Joseph with Nicodemus foremost men,
 And John the Well-beloved,

Bring your finest Linen and your Spice,
 Swathe the Sacred DEAD,
 Bind with careful hands and piteous eyes
 The Napkin round His Head ;

Lay Him in the Garden-rock to rest ;
 Rest you the Sabbath length :
 The SUN That went down crimson in the west
 Shall rise renewed in Strength.

GOD Almighty shall give Joy for pain,
 Shall comfort him who grieves :
 Lo! He with Joy shall doubtless come again
 And with Him bring His Sheaves.

Si vis vere glorari.



IF thou dost wish to joy indeed
 And win from GOD such glorious Meed
 As circles Him Who wears it,
 Then thou must hail the Crown to-day,
 And ever follow on the way
 The Steps of Him Who bears it.

This Wreath the Heavenly Sovereign wore,
 Honouring and hallowing what He bore

Upon His Forehead holy ;
 'Twas in this Helm He fought, and thus
 He slew His old Foe on the Cross,
 While suffering, sad, and lowly.

The Helmet of our warring Chief,
 Our Conqueror's triumphant Leaf,
 Our Heavenly Pontiff's Mitre—
 First was it made of thorn, and now,
 Since it has touched His hallowing Brow,
 Than very gold 'tis brighter.

CHRIST's Passion touched and still adorns
 The points of those transfigured thorns
 With Blessedness supernal,
 That o'er our nature wild doth spread,
 And vanquishes the final dread
 Of Death that is eternal.

Of gathered ills a penal wreath,
 With many a probing thorn beneath,
 For those whom passions harden
 Is shaped—yet turns to gold, when sin
 Is put away, and from within
 Each turns to sue for pardon.

O JESU Holy, JESU Kind,
 Grant us, in our great strait, to find
 Success of Thy Forecasting ;
 So harmonize our hearts within
 That we a blessed Crown may win
 Of Glory everlasting.

Christus Consolator.



H OPE of those that have none other,
 Left for life by Father, Mother,
 All their dearest lost or taken,
 Only not by Thee forsaken ;
 Comfort Thou the sad and lonely,
 SAVIOUR Dear, for Thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,
 Satan in his strength before us ;
 When despair and doubt and terror
 Drag the blinded heart to error ;
 Comfort Thou the poor and lonely,
 SAVIOUR Dear, for Thou canst only.

By Thy days of earthly trial,
 By Thy friend's foreknown denial,
 By Thy Cross of bitter anguish,
 Leave not Thou Thy Lambs to languish :
 Comforting the weak and lonely
 Lead them in Thy Pastures only.

Sick with hope deferred, or yearning
 For the never now returning,
 When the glooms of grief o'er shade us,
 Thou hast known, and Thou wilt aid us :
 To Thine own Heart take the lonely,
 Leaning on Thee only, only.

Ⓞ Calvary.



CALVARY!

Thou Mount of Mystery ;
 Might I but climb thy steep
 And lay me down to weep ;
 Might I but apprehend the Cross,
 And leave for e'er this earthly dross !

O Calvary !
 To all Eternity
 Shall be the sound most dear
 To such as love and fear,
 As love and fear the sacred Name
 Of Him Who bore the Cross and shame.

'Twas on thy height,
 Amid meridian night,
 He bowed His Head and died,
 For sinners crucified ;
 And closed through mortal Woe and Thrall,
 Crying—'Tis finished, finished all.

To Thee, to Thee
 Alone, my GOD, I flee ;
 To Thee Who shed Thy Blood,
 Thirsting to drain the flood,
 Eager to cleanse the stain of guilt
 By that Thy boundless Love hath spilt.



In every Cry
 Of matchless Agony,
 Which wrung Thy tortured Frame,
 I mark but still the same,
 Thy Grace, my need ; Thy Love, my sin ;
 Thy Joy an erring Soul to win.

Then, fie ! my heart,
 If thou canst e'er depart
 From such a priceless Friend
 Who died thy death to end ;
 If thou, my Soul, canst e'er forget
 Him Who hath paid thy Heaven-ward debt.

Arborem malitiae excinde.



STRIKE boldly down the tree of malice ;
 Dig deep—root up its hidden pride ;
 No longer in a goodly chalice
 Gather the poison from its side.

There is a Tree of Life erected,
 A goodlier shade, on Calvary's height ;
 In place of that, be this elected,
 Thither repair and find delight.

There at the Cross of Ages bending,
 Pour forth thy vows, raise up thy prayer,
 And 'neath that shade of Love unending,
 Thy heart shall breathe a tranquil air.

For there no tempest, storm, or sorrow,
But what sweet Love can soothe, may fall ;
A day of toil—and on the morrow
Rest endless shall atone for all.

As on a rock the wild waves beating,
Break idly with unmeaning foam,
So pain is short, and sorrow fleeting
Where JESUS speaks, and calls thee Home.

O ever blessed Cross of ages,
How sweet the hope by thee begot :
How dark and dismal all presages,
How cheerless all where Thou art not.

What springs of Love, increasing ever,
Well from the fountain of the Cross ;
How shall thy brook become a river,
And all but Thee, Sweet JESUS, lose !

Father, into Thy Hands I commend
My Spirit.



HE Race is nearly finished, the Battle
well nigh done,
Looks down the Mighty FATHER well
pleased upon His SON ;
And the nations of the earth to the Cross in spirit come
To listen to His dying Words—the signal of their
doom.

The Saint alike and sinner are kneeling silent there,
 Those weeping tears of gladness, these rapt in dull
 despair ;

For well they know those dying Words shall one
 day reach each Soul,

And even as it lived its life, shall madden or console.

And now the moment comes, He lifts His Eyes to
 Heaven—

Lo ! FATHER, It is done—the Task which thou hast
 given,

I have trod the press alone, poured out My Blood
 like wine,

And have snatched these Souls from Hell ; behold
 them—they are Thine.

Justice and Peace have kissed, and Mercy is recon-
 ciled,

And each sinful son of Eve, FATHER, is now Thy
 Child :

I fought for each, that each might with Me the
 Land inherit,

And FATHER into Thy Hands I now commend My
 Spirit.

With a loud Voice He spoke—and then bowed
 Him down to die,

And all the weeping nations took from His Lips
 that Cry ;

Up as one mighty Vow it went from the Blood-
 stained earth

Claiming for all her sons a new and immortal
 Birth—

Receive them for His Sake Who died that they
might inherit—
Into Thy Hands, O LORD, we commend each
parting Spirit!

The Entombment.



OUR Blessed LORD, still on the Cross
behold:

Those tender pitying Eyes are closed
in death;

And those Almighty Hands, rigid and cold;

Sealed are those Lips, and silence locks the Breath:
He is not left alone: by that sad Tree

Borne down with grief His holy Mother stands
With His beloved Disciple: weeping see
The prostrate Magdalene with clasped hands.

They who in secret came to Him in life,

Boldly in death confess Him before men,
Fine Linen bring, with Myrrh, and Spices rife;
They join the sorrowing group, and weep with
them.

Mark with what reverent care they now take down
That Bleeding FORM, and gently they begin
To lift the thorny Crown, draw forth the nails
By cruel hands so roughly driven in.

His Blessed Mother weeps, clasps that dear Head
Which on her Bosom slept in early years;

The Passion.

Those Blessed Feet, so wounded, cold, and dead
 Again the Magdalene now bathes with tears :
 His seared and wasted Limbs are gently bound
 In the fine Linen ; pouring sweet perfume
 Of Myrrh and Spices in the gaping Wound,
 With mournful haste they bear Him to the Tomb.

LORD JESUS, grant me Grace to banish hence
 Those heinous sins which nailed Thee to the Tree,
 Embalming Thee with Myrrh of penitence
 In my cleansed heart, in holy purity :
 Thee the rich Stranger to his new Tomb bore ;
 Vouchsafe to make my heart Thy resting-place :
 Would none had ever laid therein before !
 Oh, cleanse, renew it, till the Day of Grace.

The Betrayal.



QULD is the wind, the scene is drear,
 No ray of comfort can appear
 For Him Who comforts all :
 Angels reluctant fold their plumes
 As the great Foe his post assumes
 Upon the field to fall.

Yet some brief triumph is at hand,
 Such as the Serpent may command
 To bruise EMMANUEL'S Heel ;
 And through the centre of His Heart
 Send, dipt in poison, many a dart
 He bitterly must feel.

For, lo! o'er Cedron's shallow stream,
See how those lurid torches gleam
In fitful streaks of light :
Weapons of war are glittering there,
The sword that knows not how to spare
Either by day or night.

And one before the rest advances
Just as a Demon, when he glances
Upon some spotless prey :
And clothes himself in gentle form,
Lest, prescient of the coming storm,
The prize should pass away.

O meek Redeemer, dost Thou move
To meet the Traitor, and reprove
That execrable kiss ?
Yielding Thyself for a sinful man,
Whose life on earth is but a span—
Was ever Love like this ?

Alas ! for me the guilt is mine
Whene'er against Thy Will benign
My treacherous heart hath stood :
Mine are the lips that hath betrayed,
Mine is the debt which must be paid
With Groans, and Tears, and Blood.

Jesu, mi Dulcissime, Domine Coelorum.



IESU, Solace of my Soul,
 Gentle Mediator,
 King of Kings from pole to pole,
 Heaven and earth's Creator,
 Who can praise Thee as he ought,
 Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
 Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
 Rending Thee asunder?

Love, it drew Thee from the sky,
 Love of Souls that perished,
 Leaving—here on earth to die—
 All Thy Glories cherished:
 Born into the vale of tears,
 There Thyself more tearful;
 Toiling up the steep of years
 To a height more fearful.

Born life's saddest paths to tread,
 Thou the world's Salvation;
 Hungry, Thou the Living Bread
 In its desolation;
 Thou, the fourfold River's Fount,
 Paradise all steeping,
 Thirsting on the cursed Mount,
 In the Garden weeping.

Oh, the depth, the breadth, the height
Of Thy Love's extension,
JESUS, Oh, the wondrous might
Of Thy Condescension ;
Innocency's purest bloom,
All Thy Foes refuting,
Bearing all our sorrow's doom,
All our sins imputing.

Mine the while the joys of life,
Thine its Tribulation ;
Mine the glory of the strife,
Thine the Consternation ;
Mine the banquet's sweetness all,
Thine the Self-devotion,
Thine the Vinegar and Gall
For Thy bitter Potion.

It is finished !



IT is finished ! He hath seen
Each beloved one leave His Side ;
He by one betrayed hath been,
By the chief of all denied.

It is finished ! He hath wept
O'er the coming of His Woe,
Till the Blood in torrents swept
To the reddening ground below.

It is finished ! He hath borne
Scourges that His Bones laid bare,
Purple Robe and Crown of scorn,
Sceptred reed, and mocking stare.

It is finished ! He hath stood
By the ribald King, whose hand
Guilty of the Baptist's blood,
Mocked Him to his Soldier band.

It is finished ! He hath bowed
'Neath the Cross to Calvary's steep,
And hath seen amid the crowd—
Bitter woe !—His Mother weep.

It is finished ! Not a wail
Told His Pain, when hammers sent,
To the very Heart, the nail
Through His Sinews crushed and rent.

It is finished ! He hath hung
Three long hours, in grief to die,
Curfes loud on every tongue,
Malice in each heart and eye.

It is finished ! Mocked and curst
Through the gloom His last Words sighing ;
Sin and Hell have done their worst :
It is finished ! He is dying.

It is finished ! John is weeping—
Well he knows the fight is won—

Though the Mother still is keeping
Silent watch beside her SON.

It is finished ! Nought is left—
He may yield at last His Breath,
Bleeding, bruised, forlorn, bereft—
LIFE in dying conquers Death.

The Sacred Sign.



STAY ! grieved One, stay !
I have opened to strangers the sacred cell
Of the Spirit where Thou didst deign to
dwell—

But leave me not lone to-day.

Return ! dread Guest :
Oh ! enter the threshold that yet doth bear
The holy Cross that was sculptured there
When the Master the mansion blest.

'Tis with me still,
Though the Sign be dimmed and its freshness gone ;
And I trust in His Grace Who died thereon
To shield me from mortal ill.

Then blefs me now :
Thou that wert by at that solemn hour
When the holy Priest, by Thine awful Power,
First traced It upon my brow.

Send still Thine Aid :
 Till asleep on the lap of the Church I may fall,
 And start from the dust at the Trumpet-call
 In the Might of that Symbol arrayed.

The Sabbath.



FINE Linen bring for Winding-sheet ;
 Anoint His Limbs with Spices sweet ;
 And place Him in the fresh-hewn Tomb,
 A second time in Virgin-Womb.

The warrior rests when strife is o'er,
 And peace succeeds the battle's roar :
 Then, gently down the Conqueror lay
 To slumber through the Sabbath-day.
 That Sabbath-day, it was the last ;
 For scarce its numbered hours are past,
 When, bursting from the silent Grave,
 He comes the ransomed world to save.
 This is the Day the LORD hath made,
 The Day of days in light arrayed :
 In vain ye seek Him, Sisters three ;
 The night is done ; the SUN is free.
 Hush, hush your weeping ; dry your tears ;
 This is no time for idle fears :
 Behold Him, Mary, at thy side,
 The Risen GOD, the Glorified.

Easter Eve.



SILENCE in the House of Prayer ;
 Low our LORD in earth lies sleeping ;
 Silence, silence, everywhere,
 While the Saints their watch are
 keeping.

He at earliest morn shall rise ;
 Now in mystic Peace He slumbers :
 Flow, ye plaintive melodies ;
 Ring, ye still recurring numbers.

Sweet it seems to sit and wake
 By that Tomb, in garden lonely,
 Knowing He can ne'er forsake,
 This a passing trial only.

Though for us His Soul doth seek
 That mysterious World of Spirits,
 He shall rise to cheer the weak ;
 Hope and Joy His Church inherits.

So Lent's latest vigil now
 Keep we with a tempered sadness :
 Easter-morn ! speed quickly thou,
 And transform this grief to gladness.

Silence in the House of Prayer ;
 Low our LORD in earth lies sleeping ;
 Silence, silence, everywhere,
 While the Saints their watch are keeping.

Prove vocem, Mens, canoram.



DRAW out, sad heart, thy melody,
 And tell with plaintive cry
 The Sorrows of the Crucified,
 The Wounds of Him that died,
 Him, Who a willing Victim came
 To die a Spotless LAMB.

By that unplying fury killed,
 Our Ransom He fulfilled ;
 We drink Health from His bitter Cup,
 His Cross doth lift us up,
 His Stripes for us a balm have found,
 'Tis He our wounds hath bound.

With Feet and Hands transfixed in pain
 He bursts our bonds in twain ;
 For us a healing Fount He bore,
 At every bleeding pore—
 The nails that hold Thee on the Tree
 Bind us to that and Thee.

Thy Heart, now stilled by Death's cold trance,
 Hath pierced the barbed lance,
 Opening a door to all below,
 Whence Blood and Water flow :
 This hath the Fount of cleansing shown,
 That is our Heavenly Crown.

Grant, SAVIOUR, that for us below
These Fountains aye may flow,
The Cup of healing here to prove,
The Cup of Blifs above ;
Then we will ever sing Thy Praise
Through Heaven's eternal Days.

The Love of Christ which passeth
Knowledge.



IBORE with thee long weary days and
nights,
Through many pangs of Heart,
through many Tears ;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years. .

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?
I plunged the depth most deep from Blifs above ;
I not My Flesh, I not My Spirit spared :
Give thou Me love for Love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost :
Much sweeter thou than honey to My Mouth :
Why wilt thou still be lost ?

I bore thee on My Shoulders and rejoiced :
Men only marked upon My Shoulders borne
The branding Cross ; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

The Passion.

Thee did nails grave upon My Hands, thy name
 Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine
 Eyes :

I, Holy ONE, put on thy guilt and shame,
 I, GOD, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right Hand and My left ;
 Six hours alone, athirst, in misery :
 At length in death one smote My Heart, and cleft
 A Hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking Cross, than bed of down
 More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep :
 So did I win a Kingdom—share My Crown ;
 A harvest—come and reap.

The breaking Heart.

WEARY Heart in weary Breast,
 O weary Heart that will not rest
 With all Thy mortal Care opprest,

Let me in all Thy Pulses feel,
 The Love of Him whose Love can heal
 And give me everlasting Weal !

Oh, let me, passing where He trod,
 By Olivet's anointed sod
 Study the breaking Heart of God ;

That Heart with sorrow overfraught,
To Agony intensest wrought
By passions of atoning thought :

Till sympathy true likeness breed
And all my inner nature bleed,
In suffering with the Love Indeed.

Till dowered by supernal Grace,
This mortal will GOD'S Will embrace,
And a new pulse the old replace.





PART V.

Easter.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Mundi renobatio.



NOW the world's fresh dawn of birth
Teems with new rejoicings rise ;
CHRIST is rising, and on earth
All things with Him rise to life.
Feeling this memorial Day
Him the elements obey,
Serve, and lay aside their strife.

Gleamy fire flits to and fro,
Throbs the everlasting air,
Water without pause doth flow,
And the earth stands firm and fair ;
Light creations upward leap,
Heavier to the centre keep,
All things renovation share.

Clearer are the skies above,
 And more quiet is the sea,
 Each low wind is full of love,
 Our own vale is blooming free,
 Dryness flushing into green,
 Warm delight where frost hath been,
 For Spring cometh tenderly.

Melted is the ice of Death,
 And the world's Prince driven away ;
 From amidst us vanisheth
 All his old tyrannic sway.
 He, who sought to clasp more tight
 That wherein he held no right,
 Fails of his peculiar prey.

Life is vanquisher of Death,
 And the Joy man lost of old
 That he now recovereth,
 Even Paradise to hold.
 For the Cherub, keeping ward,
 By the Promise of the LORD
 Turns the many-flaming sword,
 And the willing gates unfold.

The Defeat of Death.

HE comes! He comes! the Tomb
 Opens her pregnant womb,
 And Life and Light spring forth in
 mystic birth ;

T

The garden flowers exhale
 Scents on the morning gale,
 Heaven gives her Angel-guard, her fragrance
 earth :

The Grave is swallowed up, and Death must
 die ;
 Where is thy sting, O Death ? where, Grave, thy
 victory ?

Fling wide, great Heaven, thy door
 The LORD of Hosts before ;
 He bears the blossom of the budding Wood :
 The Lily sprouts to thee
 Her Graft upon the Tree,
 The Cross is quickened from the living Blood ;
 Our High Priest bears His Staff no longer dry,
 He smites thy sting, O Death ; stays, Grave, thy
 victory.

He comes ! He comes in Might !
 Triumphant o'er the Night ;
 In dread dismay exclaim the Powers of Hell—
 We hailed Him as the dead :
 With Him our sway has fled,
 The first-fruits of the sleepers breaks our spell :
 We hold the dead ; He raises all—For He
 Has drawn thy sting, O Death ; robbed, Grave,
 thy victory.

Lift up your heads, ye Gates !
 The King of Glory waits,

Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich. 275

He waits but for the Rainbow round His Throne :
One half the ring is set
On earth, the rest is met
Inplighted faith where earth and Heaven are one :
The Bride may lift the veil, her LORD to see :
Where now thy sting, O Death ? where, Grave,
thy victory ?

* * * *

He comes ! He comes, once more !
Roll back the golden door,
The Trumpet sounds : once more the LORD is
come.
In second Advent-tide
He comes to claim the Bride,
And bear the Children to their Heavenly home :
There GOD shall wipe the tear from every eye :
Where is thy sting, O Death ? O Grave, thy
victory ?

Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich.



ESUS lives—no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
JESUS lives—by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us :
Brighter scenes at Death commence ;
This shall be our confidence.

JESUS lives—to Him the Throne
 High o'er Heaven and earth is given ;
 We may go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven :
 GOD through CHRIST forgives offence ;
 This shall be our confidence.

JESUS lives—who now despairs,
 Spurns the Word which God hath spoken ;
 Pledged to grant to sinners' prayers,
 Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken :
 CHRIST rejects not penitence ;
 This shall be our confidence.

JESUS lives—for us He died ;
 Hence will we, to JESUS living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and Glory giving :
 Freely GOD doth Grace dispense ;
 This shall be our confidence.

JESUS lives—our hearts know well,
 Nought from us His Love shall sever ;
 Life nor Death, nor powers of Hell,
 Part us now from CHRIST for ever :
 God will be a sure Defence ;
 This shall be our confidence.

JESUS lives—henceforth is Death
 Entrance-gate of Life immortal ;

This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal :
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense—
 LORD, Thou art our Confidence.

Ἕμνοῦμέν σου Χριστέ, τὸ σωτήριον Πάθος.



CHRIST, we sing Thy saving Passion,
 Thine Arising glorify ;
 Death for ever to abolish
 Thou upon the Cross didst die ;
 Then from Hades Thou didst hasten,
 As alone Omnipotent ;
 Grant us Peace in life, Redeemer,
 Joy when earthly life is spent.

Sing we now Thy Condescension,
 CHRIST, with GOD the FATHER ONE ;
 We in lofty hymns will praise Thee,
 Mary-Mother's Blessed SON.
 Thou for us as MAN didst suffer,
 Willingly the Cross didst bear,
 That Thy Resurrection-glory
 We, the sons of men, may share.

Coming as from bridal chamber,
 Robed with orient morning-light,
 Bringing to the world Salvation,
 Spoiling Hell of all her might ;

Raising by Thy Resurrection,
 Man to dignity most high;
 CHRIST, may we with pure thanksgiving
 Thee for ever glorify.

O give us Peace.



GIVE us Peace—the weary Heathen
 cried—
 Peace hath its home without, above,
 around,
 In sky, on wave, in flowers it doth abide,
 Only within our hearts it is not found.

We know not whence it flows nor what it is ;
 But ye, ye say, are come from a far shore
 Bringing for boon glad News of Joy to this—
 What greater joy than Peace ? what lack we
 more ?

Thus spake in these last times sad Africa ;
 And then the Angel of a Church new-born
 Told them how in the past men yearned as they,
 And how Peace came on the first Easter morn.

For since on earth the curse primæval came
 Till o'er it Feet Divine in blessing trode,
 From many a heart in cares and need the same
 That cry—O give us Peace—went up to God.

That cry was heard as on this happy Day
When earth at dawn was bid its Trust disclose,
When One came down from Heaven and rolled
away

A stone, and He Who is our Peace arose.

When with His own ere death He communed last
'Twas Peace He left them, 'twas His Peace
He gave,
And 'Peace!' was His first Greeting when He passed
Through the shut doors as forth from the sealed
Grave.

Most sure the Gift of Peace He brought us then,
Peace from the wall broke down, the breach
made whole,

Peace between GOD and man, and Man and men,
Peace in that weary inner world, man's Soul.

Have we not Peace? hath He not heard our prayer?
The New-birth waters were to us His Tomb,
We rose from them as He from it, and there
The trouble, sin, lay dead as in earth's gloom.

Shall we be troubled more? shall heirs of Heaven
Send from regenerate hearts the Heathen's cry?
Shall we to whom a better Peace was given
Be shamed by outward Nature's harmony?

Ah, the glad Easter-bells; they answer—No;
Our hearts must be where CHRIST is, far on High:
Daily, within, the only Peace shall grow,
If sin, the only trouble, daily die.

Hic est dies verus Dei.

HIS is indeed the Day of GOD,
 Serene its holy Light within,
 When, in His SON's most sacred Blood,
 Was washed away the world's foul sin.

To Souls destroyed, It brings relief ;
 To darkened, makes the vision clear,
 Wherein the late-forgiven Thief
 Dissolves the spell of guilty fear.

His Cross of shame with honour crowned,
 Swift he acquired in JESUS trust ;
 Then, swifter, at one blessed bound,
 Rose to the Mansions of the Just.

A wonder Angels had not wist—
 His limbs are rent with penal woes,
 Yet, clinging in its guilt to CHRIST,
 His Soul to Life eternal goes.

O Mystery ! adoring, fall !
 Blood that the world's pollution scours,
 And takes away the sins of all ;
 Flesh which restores the lapse of ours.

Ah ! what can be sublime as this ?
 That Grace should come in quest of guilt,
 Sweet Charity sad fear dismiss,
 And new Life spring from Blood-drops spilt.

Can greedy Death the hook devour?
Himself ensnare in his own mesh?
The Life of men he first o'erpower?
And then, that Life start up afresh?

Though death on our whole race hath past,
Can all the dead to life arise?
And he, with his own stroke down cast,
Mourn 'tis himself alone that dies?

Author of all! here seen by faith,
In this glad Feast we look to Thee:
From every pang and power of Death,
For ever set Thy People free.

Alleluia! Christ is Risen.



ALLELUIA! Christ is Risen
Conqueror o'er Sin and Death;
Bursting from the death-dark prison,
Heaven's high Throne He chal-
lengeth.

In the Tomb, deformed and gory,
Rest of Life the SAVIOUR lay;
Now on GOD'S Right Hand in Glory
O'er the world He beareth sway.

Every knee shall bend before Him,
Every tongue proclaim Him LORD;

Blessed is the Womb that bore Him,
Blest are they who keep His Word.

Raise then, LORD, our hearts, we pray Thee,
From the earth to Heaven above ;
Where in Blifs for ever may we
Sing Thy Mercies and Thy Love.

Ecce tempus est vernale.



PRING is in its beauty glowing,
When the Tree, unique in growing,
Through the world its branches throwing,
Bears our wondrous Ransom, showing
MAN o'er Death victorious.

Urged by Jews of cruel feeling,
Men His mystic Fruit are peeling ;
O'er the Cross His Blood is stealing ;
Heaven grows dark, the earth is reeling,
At this deed notorious.

Charged with blasphemy and treason,
See Him scourged, and suffering lesion
From the Crown of Thorns' adhesion,
Tasting gall, and, without reason,
Bearing scoffs opprobrious.

But, while frantic Jews are crying,
'Lead Him off for crucifying ;'

While in torments He is dying ;
To our race, in misery lying,
Comes Salvation glorious.

Saints of GOD, from your dejection
Rise in faith and strong affection ;
Give your hearts to joy's direction ;
Lo ! the Day of Resurrection
Dawns in brightness o'er us.

Du kommen aer waor Paoskafroesd.



OUR Paschal Joy at last is here,
We praise Thee, CHRIST, Redeemer
dear,
From death Thy Servants Thou dost
save,
Thyself arising from the Grave.

The Tree of Life its Fruit hath borne,
The Tree where Thou wast hung in scorn,
Whereon Thy rosy Blood was shed—
And now we feed on Heavenly Bread.

We praise Thee, JESU, for Thy Hand
Hath freed us from Corruption's band,
Our weary thraldom now is o'er,
We bow beneath the Law no more.

True Paschal LAMB, for sinners slain,
 CHRIST, free from blemish, pure from stain,
 Be Thou our Strength, our Food, our Life,
 In all our need, in all our strife.

Thou Who hast conquered Hell in fight ;
 We can do all things through Thy Might,
 Set free the slaves, to give Thee laud,
 And bring them to the Land of GOD.

O Risen LORD, grant us to rise,
 As Thou hast done, in joyful wise,
 First, for Thy Work, from error's gloom,
 Then, on the Last Day, from the tomb.

We praise Thee, Who from Death's fierce hold
 The carnal, under evil fold,
 Hast freed, and pointed out the way
 Where we must tread to live for aye.

God is gone up with a merry Noise.



GOD is gone up with a merry noise
 Of Saints that sing on high,
 With His own Right Hand and His
 holy Arm
 He hath won the victory.

Now empty are the courts of Death,
 And crushed thy sting, Despair :

And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For JESUS hath been there.

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His Chariot wheel
He hath bound Captivity.

Hæc est sancta Sollemnitas Sollemnitatum.



HAIL! the holy Day of days :
High the song of triumph raise ;
To the SAVIOUR's Glory tell
How the Cross hath vanquished Hell,

And the empire, old and strong,
Satan's power had held so long.
By the precious Blood are we
Now Redeemed of CHRIST, and free ;
High thanksgiving therefore raise,
Sing the great Redeemer's praise.
King of kings, thy Saints unite
To the choir of Angels bright ;
Hear them when they make their prayer,
For Thy Worship is their care ;
Show them, LORD, Thy tender Grace,
All the sweetness of Thy Face.
Thou, Who wouldst not man should lie
Under righteous doom to die,
Who, for man, didst stoop so low
Death Thyself to undergo,

Thou hast changed that Law of doom,
 Rising from Thy sacred Tomb.
 Now, Thy bitter Passion done,
 Thou, the Well-beloved SON
 Of the FATHER, throned on high,
 Rulest all below the sky.
 Alleluia ! LORD, we sing
 JESU, CHRIST, Redeemer, King.

He is Risen !



HE is risen ! He is risen !

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day :
 He the bands of Death hath riven,
 He, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Why approach, ye weeping fair,
 Bringing Unguents for your King ?
 Ye but find a shining pair
 Who the joyous Anthems sing—

He is risen ! He is risen !

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day :
 He the bands of Death hath riven,
 He, the Life, the Truth, the Way :

Haste ye to proclaim the story ;
 Linger not around the Tomb :
 Haste to find the LORD of Glory
 In His Resurrection bloom.

So may we, when loved ones bearing
 To the dull and cheerless grave,
 Hear a Voice from Heaven declaring—
 JESUS died, and rose to save.

Now, O Death, in triumph swallowed,
 Where is visible thy sting?
 Hades! e'en thy courts were hallowed
 By the presence of thy King.

Gone, O Grave, thy power for ever;
 Vanished is the strength of sin:
 JESUS came Hell's chains to sever;
 CHRIST our Victory hath been.

Myriad myriad tongues are pealing
 Forth their hymn of joy to-day;
 Heaven and earth, one rapture feeling,
 Blend in one harmonious lay—

He is risen! He is risen!
 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day:
 He the bands of Death hath riven,
 He, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Salve! festa Dies, toto venerabilis aevo.



AIL! Day of days, in peals of praise
 Throughout all ages owned,
 When CHRIST our GOD, Hell's empire
 trod,

And high o'er Heaven was throned.

Thou sunn'st the year, the months dost cheer,
 Thou, Day of days most bright,
 Dost through each hour thy brightness pour,
 All time and space dost light.

CHRIST, Heaven's true Wealth, earth's saving
 Health,
 Creator, SAVIOUR Blest,
 GOD's only SON, th' Eternal ONE,
 True GOD of GOD confest.

When wrecked and drowned in depth profound
 Thine Eye lost man surveyed ;
 Thou, wondrous Plan ! to rescue man,
 Thyself True MAN wert made.

Who Life dost give to all that live,
 Thou lay'st Thee on Thy Bier ;
 From gloomy Grave to raise and save,
 Thou walk'st the Valley drear.

Almighty LORD, fulfil the Word
 Thou gav'st Thy mourning Dove,
 'Tis the third morn ; to Life return ;
 Arise, my buried Love.

Thy Face restore, Thy Light once more
 O'er worlds reviving shed ;
 Bring back the day, which far away
 When Thou wert dying, fled.

The gates unclofe, the bars unloofe,
The Souls in bondage free,
And raife up all, whate'er doth fall,
That all may rife with Thee.

Hail! Day of joyous Rest.



HAIL! Day of joyous Rest,
On which our LORD arofe :
Now every Christian breast
With facred pleasure glows ;
And every Christian tongue should fing
An Easter-song to Sion's King.

Ah, erft, on midnight ground,
In sorrow He was found
Bedewed with His own Blood,
While crying unto GOD :
Strange was that bitter Agony,
He felt in thee, Gethfemane!

And on the myftic Crofs
He fuffered wondrous lofs ;
'Midft pain and foul difgrace,
His FATHER hid His Face ;
And earth and Hell were active then
To crush the Friend of friendlefs men.

He died—and Joseph's Tomb
Gave the predicted room

U

To bury Him ; and there,
 With stern and jealous care,
 To make it sure, they sealed the stone,
 And left Him with their guards alone.

But all their craft and power
 Availed them not that hour ;
 Th' appointed time was come,
 And forthwith from the Tomb
 He rose ; for, lo ! th' astonished rock
 Was shivered, as by earthquake-shock.

Yes, JESUS left the grave,
 And took His Life again ;
 And now He lives to save
 The dying sons of men—
 Let His triumphant praise be sung
 Through every land by every tongue.

He is not here !



He is not here ! What words of cheer,
 Of victory, that early dawn
 Heard Angels utter—Seek not here :
 This is the Resurrection-morn.

He is not here ! It could not be
 That Death should hold his Conqueror. Run ;
 Tell them ; where they laid Him see,
 See how the conquest He hath won.

He is not here! The Triumph spread,
CHRIST, the First Fruits, was the cry
Of willing Martyrs as they bled;
To rise with Him 'twas gain to die.

He is not here! Then all is well;
It breathes a hope, it lights the way;
Thou will not leave my Soul in Hell,
Now He hath risen, all may say.

Mortis portis fractis, fortis.

O! the gates of Death are broken,
And the strong Man armed is spoiled
Of his armour which he trusted,
By the stronger Arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the Prince of Hell,
Smitten by the Cross he fell.

Then the purest Light resplendent
Shone those seats of darkness through,
When, to save whom He created,
GOD willed to create anew.
That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies,
By Whose Death our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise.

Satan groaned, defeated then,
When the Victor ransomed men;

Fatal was to him the strife,
 Unto man the source of life ;
 Captured as he seized his prey,
 He is slain as he would slay.

Thus the King all Hell hath vanquished
 Gloriously and mightily ;
 On the first day leaving Hades,
 Victor He returns on High.
 Thus GOD brought man back to Heaven,
 When He rose from out the Grave,
 The pure primal Life bestowing,
 Which creating first He gave.
 By the Sufferings of his Maker,
 To his perfect Paradise
 The first dweller thus returneth—
 Wherefore these glad songs arise.

Τὸν πρὸ ἡλίου ἥλιον δύναντα ποτὲ ἐν τάρῳ.



S those who seek the break of day
 Full early in the morning,
 The women came where JESUS lay,
 Who late had borne the scorning.
 Sweet Ointment in their hands they brought,
 And ere the Sun had risen,
 The SUN of Righteousness they sought,
 Now set within Death's prison.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. 293

And thus they cried—The Body here,
Let us give new anointing ;
The quick'ning Flesh, the Body dear,
Which by Divine appointing
From this dark Sepulchre shall rise,
And Adam's race deliver,
And lift the fallen to the skies
To reign in Blifs for ever.

And like the Magi, hasten we
To Him with love adoring ;
Sweet Spices, too, our gifts shall be,
And we must weep, imploring
That He, in swaddling Clothes no more,
But in fine Linen lying,
Would grant the fallen when life is o'er,
The Gift of Life undying.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.



H! to write
In refulgent rays of Light :
Grave in brass ; or shape the pages,
Which the matchless Truth recite
In the Rock that lives through ages ;
Yea, with adamantine pen record
Every word.

Pressed with woe,
This I confidently know—

My Divine Redeemer liveth
Yet to reappear below.

Oh, what joy that prospect giveth,
Gilding with a blaze of Heavenly light
Death's dread night.

In the Tomb
Let this frame of dust consume ;
Yet these eyes, in swift transition,
Reawaken from their gloom,
These shall yet attain the Vision
Of my GOD and SAVIOUR, as He is,
Throned in Blifs.

Rabboni !



ABBONI! Master, LORD Divine,
So sadly lost, so strangely found !
Once more I touch, once more I twine
My arms those sacred Feet around.

Hold Thee I must ; for much I fear me,
That but for this enforced delay,
Elijah-like, Thy GOD will bear thee
I know not whither, far away.

Mary ! I came not from above
As those white-robèd Angels come,
To do some deed of wrath or love,
Then spread their wings in haste for home.

Not yet unto My Throne ascended—
Unloose thy grasp ; such fears are vain :
Depart, and ere My Work is ended
Thou shalt behold My Face again.

Detain Me not. The loving touch
But wastes the hour of loving deeds,
And all thou valuest so much,
While yet we linger, useleſs ſpeeds.
Go, bid My Brethren haſte before Me,
Hence to their native Galilee,
There ſhall thy LORD aſcend in Glory,
And they My Heavenward flight ſhall ſee.

And thou—let not thy courage ſhrink ;
Absent, I ſhall be with thee ſtill ;
My Fleſh to eat, My Blood to drink,
My SPIRIT in thy heart to dwell.
I go unto our common FATHER ;
Yet in My Name, in mutual prayer,
Wherever two or three ſhall gather,
There ſhall they meet and touch Me there.

Hallelujah! Christus lebt.

LLELUIA! JESUS lives ;
He is now the Living ONE :
From the gloomy houſe of Death
Forth the Conqueror has gone,

Bright Forerunner to the skies
Of His People, yet to rise.

JESUS lives, let all rejoice;
Praise Him, ransomed ones of earth;
Praise Him, in a nobler song,
Cherubim of Heavenly birth;
Praise the Victor-King, Whose Sway
Sin, and Death, and Hell obey.

JESUS lives, why weepest thou?
Why that sad and frequent sigh?
He Who died our Brother here,
Lives our Brother still on high,
Lives for ever to bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

JESUS lives, and thus, my Soul,
Life eternal waits for thee;
Joined to Him, thy living Head,
Where He is, thou too shalt be;
With Himself, at His Right Hand,
Victor over Death shalt stand.

JESUS lives, to Him my heart
Draws with ever-new delight:
Earthly vanities, depart,
Hinder not my Heavenward flight;
Let this Spirit ever rise
To its Magnet in the skies.

Alleluia ! Angels, sing,
Join us in our hymn of praise,
Let your chorus swell the strain
Which our feebler voices raise—
Glory to our GOD above,
And on earth His Peace and Love.

Done luctum Magdalena.



MARY! put thy grief away,
And thy dropping eyelid clear,
'Tis not Simon's feast to-day,
'Tis no time to shed a tear ;
There are thousand springs of joy,
Thousand springs of transport high.

Mary ! learn to smile again,
Let thy beaming forehead brighten,
Far is banished every pain,
Now the SUN of suns doth lighten.
CHRIST the World from Death hath freed,
Yea, the **LORD** is risen indeed.

Mary ! leap for joy and gladness,
CHRIST hath triumphed o'er the tomb,
He hath closed the scene of sadness,
He of Death hath sealed the doom,
Whom thou late in death wert mourning
Welcome now to life returning.

Mary ! lift thy trembling glance,
 View Him risen with deep amaze,
 See, how fair that Countenance,
 On those Wounds resplendent gaze.
 How like purest pearls they shine,
 Sparkling all with life Divine.

Mary ! live, yea, live again,
 Now thy Light again hath shone,
 Transport swell through every vein,
 Now the sting of Death is gone.
 Far away be gloom and sadness,
 All once more be joy and gladness.

The joyful Morn.



THE joyful Morn ! the joyful Morn !
 The Day of days hath come,
 The bonds of mighty Death are torn,
 And vanquished is the Tomb.
 The joyful Morn ! Oh, Joy of joys !
 The LORD hath conquered Hell,
 And Death hath heard, who all destroys,
 His own deep passing-bell.
 The joyful Morn ! the Tomb is left,
 No more the LORD is there ;
 The trembling earth and rocks have cleft,
 And Joy springs up for fear.

The Angels and Archangels fair
 In Heaven their harps new string,
 And in earth's sweet-toned chorus share,
 And rapturously sing—
 Captives we were, and chained, and bound
 To bitter misery ;
 But, at Thy Resurrection-sound
 No more, for we are free :
 Free Thee to serve in humble Fear,
 In duteous Love and Joy ;
 Free from our ancient bondage drear ;
 Free for the Saints' employ.

Aurora lucis rutilat.



HE ruddy Morning clear and bright
 Glows sweetly out with new-born Light ;
 The Heaven with solemn praises rings,
 And earth with exultation sings,
 Whilst Hell wails forth her bitterest moans,
 And at her very centre groans,
 As the Almighty King of Heaven,
 The bonds of Death in sunder riven,
 Low trampling down the powers of Hell,
 Frees from deep pain us miserable :
 He, Who before in Death reposed,
 By the rocky Tomb enclosed,
 Whilst stone, and seal, the soldiers share
 Of the awful Tomb the care,
 Triumphantly o'er sin's sad reign
 Now leads on high His noble Train.

Cedant justis signa luctus.



JOY! O joy! ye broken-hearted,
Joy! the deathful sea is parted :
 Here and there the ramping wave
 Frowns beside an empty grave ;
 With His Blood the LAMB has laved us,
 With His Passing CHRIST has saved us,
 Shouting on the Red-Sea shore
 Alleluias ! evermore.

Loud above the billows' thunder,
 Sound the chains He rives asunder ;
 Saints below of ancient days
 Glisten with His rising Rays,
 Saints who died before they saw Him
 Yearn to rise on earth before Him,
 Yearn to take the form He wore—
 Alleluia ! evermore.

All our marbled slumber breaking,
 From our sinful dreams awaking,
 From our worldly cerements free,
 JESUS, make us rise with Thee—
 Thee, our Death, Hell's portals rending,
 Thee our Life, to GOD ascending
 All our Blessings to restore ;
 Alleluia ! evermore.

Noli Me tangere.



TOUCH Me not, Mary, touch Me not ;
 Thy eager love restrain :
 Touch Me not, Mary, touch Me not,
 For I have risen again.

This Body, Mary, is not now
 As while I sat at meat,
 A sinner, Mary, such as thou,
 With tear-drops washed My Feet.

No longer, Mary, may thy heart
 An earthly homage show ;
 No longer, Mary, till we part
 The fond carefs bestow.

For quickly, Mary, to My Throne,
 Beyond that dark blue sky,
 This Body, Mary, must be gone,
 And veiled from human eye.

Then mayest thou, Mary, drawing near,
 With love more true and warm,
 Behold Me, Mary, touch Me here
 In Sacramental Form.

Faith's yearning, Mary, then shall bind
 Me closer to thy Soul ;
 And contrite sinners ever find
 My Presence make them whole.

Touch Me not, Mary, I ascend—
 Go, haste, My Brethren tell—
 In Heaven your Monarch, SAVIOUR, Friend,
 True GOD and MAN to dwell.

Wie herrlich strahlt das Morgenroth!



OW brightly glows the morning red!
 Our Life hath conquered, Death hath
 fled,

The Tomb is void, the warders foiled,
 The Heavens exult, and Hell is spoiled.
 The whole Creation's wide expanse
 Joys in its Risen SAVIOUR'S Glance,
 For He, Who dead and buried lay,
 Hath cast the cords of Death away.
 His sacred Wounds are gleaming bright,
 And choirs of Angels in the height
 Upon the clouds of purple rest,
 To watch that Resurrection blest.
 Before the rising of the sun
 The Women to the Tomb are gone,
 And store of spices with them bring
 To grace the Body of the King.
 And lo! beside the open Grave,
 A white-robed Angel tidings gave—
 Why seek ye Him among the dead?
 He hath arisen, and forth is sped.
 Our eyes have seen, our tongue shall tell
 That CHRIST hath conquered Death and Hell,

The might of sin is done away,
And Judah's Lion wins the day.
Thy Conquest is our faith, O LORD,
For evermore endures Thy Word,
Believing thus, in hope we die,
To live in Thee for aye on high.

The Lord is risen to-day.



HE LORD is risen to-day,
Our Souls triumphant say ;
Behold, He leaves the Grave,
Omnipotent to save :
Let Heaven and earth their music bring
To hail the world's Redeeming King.

The LORD is risen to bless
Mankind with Righteousness ;
To make His Grace abound
Where'er the curse is found ;
That sinners may have cause to sing
The saving Glory of their King.

The LORD is risen, and all
His enemies must fall ;
His Triumphs shall be sung
By men of every tongue :
With songs the Universe shall ring
In praise of our all-conquering King.

The LORD is risen, and we
 Shall share His Victory ;
 We die ; but we shall rise
 Through Him and mount the skies ;
 And then the Church in Heaven shall sing
 Her dying, rising, reigning King.

Hæc est Dies triumphalis.



WELCOME the triumphal token,
 Day to ruined world how sweet,
 When the Foeman's power was
 broken,

And our ills found comfort meet !
 Know ye not this Day so splendid,
 Shining with so fair a crown,
 Witnessed sin's dominion ended,
 And the Evil One cast down ?

Then, the Prince of darknes flying,
 Every baneful charm did cease,
 Health came to the sick and dying,
 Rose on earth the reign of peace ;
 Death the sting of death undoing,
 Hope of Life returned to-day ;
 Sin's stronghold was hurled to ruin,
 And pollution chased away.

Since then CHRIST our Souls hath cherished
 In a union such as this,

And on earth hath freely perished
 For the things we wrought amifs,
 Rightly may we hymn His Story,
 And our Paschal banquet spread,
 Heart, word, work proclaim His Glory,
 Rising with Him from the dead.

The Resurrection : An Acrostic.



RAISE the high Hymn to Him Who died ;
 Exalt, and praise the Crucified ;
 Sing, and loud thanksgivings raise
 Upon each instrument of praise :

Rend the high Heaven with shouts of joy,
 Repeat again, again employ
 Every power that we possess ;
CHRIST is risen, let us blefs
 The Author of our happiness :
JESUS, LORD, let me abide
 Only near Thy piercèd Side ;
 'Neath Thy Wings, me ever hide.

Mitis Agnus, Leo fortis.



LOW thy gentle **LAMB**, O Sion,
 Shows the strength of Judah's Lion ;
 Hell's stern fetters hold Him not :
 Dawns the third day o'er His prison,
 And our Mighty **SAVIOUR**, risen,
 Makes us share His glorious Lot.

Holy Women, with devotion
 Such as springs from love's emotion,
 Bring sweet unguents to His Tomb ;
 There, O wonderful transition !
 Worthy of the Heavenly Vision,
 Glory meets them in the gloom.

One in faith that scorns defection,
 Equal in their warm affection
 For His Name Whose Grave they seek,
 Back they see the stone is taken,
 And the opened Tomb forsaken,
 Whence they hear an Angel speak—

Fear not, loving Souls ; but going
 Quickly back, the Vision showing,
 Say to Peter and the rest—
 JESUS lives, o'er Death victorious,
 Now to reign for ever glorious,
 In the Regions of the blest.

Risen Life with Christ.



WE are risen with CHRIST to-day :
 Why then do we loitering stay ?
 Christians' life should daily be
 Dawn of CHRIST's Eternity.

Though on earth our journey last,
 Yet the grave's dark night is past :
 JESUS lives, no more to die—
 Death departs when CHRIST is nigh.

Seeming all unchanged, we hide
In His Body sanctified :
There in deathless power who dwell,
Feel not earth and fear not Hell.
Let not cloudy phantoms come
Shutting out the sight of Home ;
Welcome glad should Easter give,
Dead to earth, with CHRIST to live.

Are we fearful to depart,
Weary now and faint of heart ?
Day's full sheen shall cheer far more
Than ought else that comes before.
Not from earth our life is found :
Not from earth our joys abound :
CHRIST in vain to earth would rise,
But as Sovereign of the skies.

Through the Grave the Virtue trine
Streams on us with Life Divine ;
Though far off we seem to wait,
Heaven is near with opened gate.
Faith shall teach us how to tread,
Living here among the dead ;
Power unseen it bids us own,
Looking to the Priestly Throne.

Hope with courage stays the heart,
Sure of rest, though worlds depart ;
Firm with CHRIST delights to stand,
Measuring earth from GOD'S Right Hand.

Charity eternal springs
 From the glorious King of Kings ;
 Mild, with cleansing lustre burns ;
 Born of GOD, to GOD returns ;

Lifts the will to reign above,
 Lost in GOD's almighty Love ;
 Quickens self with Heavenly glow,
 Strong to act for GOD below.
 Let us then our voices raise
 With new songs of ceaseless praise :
 Let each deed a trumpet be,
 Telling of Eternity.

Victimæ Paschali.



LET Christians grateful Hymns of praise
 To CHRIST our Paschal Victim raise.
 The LAMB has now redeemed the Sheep,
 Sinners absolved no longer weep.

CHRIST Innocent their ransom paid,
 Atonement to His FATHER made.
 Death here has been engaged with Life,
 Contending in a wondrous strife.
 Life's Hero, numbered with the dead,
 In Glory reigns, our living Head.
 Tell us, O Mary, on that Day,
 What didst thou see upon thy way ?
 The Tomb of CHRIST, Who lives in Light,
 I saw, and hailed His Glory bright ;

Angels, who witnessed and adored,
 And linen Cloths which bound the LORD.
 CHRIST, all my hope, Who truly rose,
 To Galilee before you goes.
 CHRIST truly risen, we know and sing—
 Have mercy Thou, victorious King!

The Expectant Bride.



UT on thy beautiful robes, Bride of
 CHRIST,

For the King shall embrace Thee
 to-day,

Break forth into singing, the morning has dawned,
 And the shadows of night are away.

Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of CHRIST,
 For the Conqueror, girded with might,
 Has vanquished the Foe, the Dragon cast down,
 And the cohorts of Hell put to flight.

Thou art the Bride of His Love, His Elect—
 Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past ;
 Lone were the hours when thy LORD was away,
 But He comes with the morning at last.

The winds bear the noise of His chariot-wheels,
 And the thunders of victory roar ;
 Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of CHRIST,
 For the Grave has dominion no more.

Once they arrayed Him with scorning ; but see,
 His Apparel is glorious now :
 In His Hand are the Keys of Death and of Hell,
 And the Diadem gleams on His Brow.

Hark ! 'tis her voice : Alleluia—she sings—
 Alleluia, the captives are free ;
 Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
 And unfolded for ever shall be.

Choir answers Choir, where the Song has no end,
 All the Saints raise Hosannahs on high ;
 Deep calls to deep in the ocean of Love,
 As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry !

Salve ! Dies dierum gloria.

BEHOLD the Day the LORD hath made !
 That peerless Day which cannot fade ;
 That Day of light, that Day of joy,
 Of glory which shall never cloy.

The Day on which the world was framed
 Has signal honour ever claimed :
 But CHRIST, arising from the dead,
 Unrivalled brightness o'er it shed.
 In hope of their Celestial choice
 Now let the Sons of Light rejoice :
 CHRIST'S Members in their lives declare
 What likenesses to their Head they bear.
 For solemn is our Feast to-day,
 And solemn are the vows we pay.

This Day's surpassing greatness claims
Surpassing joy, surpassing aims.
The Paschal victory displays
The glory of our Festal days ;
Which type and shadow dimly bore,
In promise, to the Saints of yore.
The veil is rent : and lo ! unfold
The things the ancient Law foretold :
The figure from the Substance flies,
And Light the shadow's place supplies.
The Type the Spotless LAMB conveyed,
The Goat, where Israel's sins were laid ;
MESSIAH, purging our offence,
Disclosed in all their hidden sense.
By freely yielding up His Breath,
He freed us from the bonds of Death,
Who on that Prey forbidden flew,
And lost the prey that was his due.
The ills on sinful flesh that lay
His sinless Flesh hath done away,
Which blooming fresh on that third morn
Assurance gave to Souls forlorn.
O wondrous Death of CHRIST, may we
Be made to live to CHRIST by thee !
O deathless Death, destroy our sin,
Give us the prize of Life to win !

Last at His Cross ; earliest at His Grave.



IS past, that night of deepest gloom ;
 'Tis risen, the joyous sun ;
 And, sleepless, to her SAVIOUR'S Tomb
 Poor Magdalene has run.

She gazed within the darksome grot,
 Where His dear Form was laid ;
 But, while pale death absorbed her thought,
 Bright Angels were displayed.

With looks of Love, and words of Peace,
 They soothed her aching breast :
 When lo !—to bid all sorrow cease—
 Her JESUS stands confessed.
 And ' Mary,' from that well-known Voice—
 Heaven's harmony its tone—
 Can instant make the heart rejoice,
 Which late could only groan.

In that sepulchral Eden, lo !
 The Tree of Life restored ;
 Imparadised the scene of woe
 By Angels and their LORD.
 'Tis thus the Christian sees the tomb
 Begirt with shining bands ;
 And, while he eyes the place of gloom,
 Before him JESUS stands.

Salve ! festa Dies, toto venerabilis aevo.

HAIL ! Day of days, in peals of praise
 Throughout all ages owned,
 When CHRIST our GOD, Hell's empire
 trod,
 And high o'er Heaven was throned.

This glorious Morn the world new-born
 In rising beauty shows ;
 How, with her LORD to Life restored,
 Her gifts and graces rose.

The spring serene in sparkling sheen
 The flower-clad earth arrays,
 Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
 In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon
 O'er Heaven's high orbit shines,
 As o'er the tide of waters wide
 He rises and declines.

From Hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
 The LORD in triumph soars ;
 The forests raise their leafy praise ;
 The flowery field adores.

As star by star He mounts afar,
 And Hell imprisoned lies,

Let stars and light and depth and height
In Alleluias rise.

Lo ! He Who died, the Crucified,
God over all He reigns ;
On Him we call, His creatures all,
Who Heaven and earth sustains.

The Angel sitting on the Stone.



THE Soldiers were watching ; the Stone
lay sealed :

But the LORD of Hosts is gone ;
No more shall earth bind Him, for GOD-
HEAD revealed

From His glorified Body hath shone.
In vain were the Soldiers for surety placed,
To delay His Triumph-hour :
The Kingdom of CHRIST with a Glory is graced
Which surpasses their perishing power.

He is gone : but the Grave is not empty yet,
Whence the LORD made Blessings spring :
For Angels unseen in the Cave are set,
Their Heavenly message to bring.
The Earth, at the bidding of GOD most High,
Its fearful earnest gave
Of the last great quaking, when earth and sky
Shall sink in a bottomless grave.

The Angel came, and rolled away
The stone which the Soldiers guard :
There sat He enthroned whom Hosts obey,
And vain was their feeble ward.
They saw, and sank as the helpless dead
At the vision of Heaven's great Chief :
And soon as they woke to their terror, they fled
And told of that strange relief.

For the Angel came in his robe of snow,
A white and glittering form ;
And the lightning flashed from his Godlike brow :
And they could not abide that storm.
So Heaven hath taken the place of earth,
And the figure of empires must fall :
And the Stone which was moulded in mystic Birth
In Glory is risen o'er all.

Sexta passus feria.

CHRIST, upon the Friday slain,
When three days were past, again
Rose victorious,
And, triumphant o'er the Tomb,
Lifts His loved ones out of gloom,
Makes them glorious.

For the People of His Name
He, upon the Cross of shame,
Dead was lying :

Easter.

In the Grave awhile He lay,
Then, at dawning of the day,
Rose undying.

In His Passion and His Cross
With a Bulwark sure from loss
We are gifted :
By His Resurrection bright
From the grave of sin and night
We are lifted.

Offered up for sinners, CHRIST
As their Sacrifice sufficed
Unrepeated ;
By the precious Blood He spilt,
JESUS washed our Souls from guilt,
Hell defeated.

Once He lay within the Grave,
Left the race He came to save
Twice should perish :
Now He opens Heaven wide,
Comes to every mourner's side,
Comes to cherish.

He, the Lion strong in fight,
Rising up to-day, His Might
Forth is telling :
With the Arms of Righteousness
Satan, Prince of wickedness,
Ever quelling.

Now is come the LORD's own Day,
 Whereon He hath washed away
 Earth's pollution;
 Whereon Death was slain in strife,
 And the foe hath made of Life
 Restitution.

So from hearts made pure from stain
 Now the Alleluia strain
 Doubly peaaleth:
 Now all evil hath its close,
 And the Life which Heaven knows
 GOD revealeth.

In the world's late eventide
 Raise Thou up Thy Servants tried,
 JESU Holy;
 May this glad and festal Day
 Thy Salvation bring for aye
 To the lowly.

Rejoice! Rejoice!



REJOICE! Rejoice!

Let shouts of triumph tell our gladness:

Let joy's loud voice

Proclaim us free from death and sadness:

Our GOD hath saved and set us free;

Our GOD hath risen in Victory.

His own Right Hand
 Hath burst Hell's hated bands asunder :
 His high Command
 Hath doomed Hell's haughty Chief in thunder :
 His holy Arm, His conquering Might
 Hath chafed the Grave's terrific night.

He lives again,
 His Eyes with Love and Goodness beaming ;
 He lives for men,
 His Form in radiant Brightness gleaming ;
 He comes to bid our sorrows cease,
 He comes to soothe our Souls in peace.

Then, hail ! our King :
 His Reign is come, His foes are vanished :
 Rejoice and sing :
 From Heaven's bright Realm no longer banished :
 Our GOD is risen ; and we shall rise
 And join His Kingdom in the skies.

Chorus novae Hierusalem.



CHOIR of the new Jerusalem,
 Wake the new Song's transporting
 theme,
 With chastened joy, ere yet 'tis morn,
 Thine own new Paschal Feast adorn.

From the Regions unbeholden. 319

Th' unconquered Lion, CHRIST doth rise,
Crushed 'neath His Feet the Dragon lies,
His quickening Might through earth is shed,
His living Voice awakes the dead.

Hell's yawning cavern back hath poured
The prey her ruthless jaws devoured ;
They follow Him, His captives free,
Who captive leads captivity.

High triumph His, with Glory crowned,
With boundless Grandeur compassed round,
Who earth beneath and Heaven above
Binds in one league of Peace and Love.

His soldiers, we His triumph sing,
His suppliants, we implore our King
Within His Presence-chambers bright
To range us 'neath the Saints in light.

From the Regions unbeholden.



FROM the Regions unbeholden,
Where the primal Spirits are,
Like the daybreak pure and golden,
Dawns all Nature's morning star.
Conqueror of the deathful prison,
Every bolt and barrier burst,
GOD'S Beloved SON hath risen,
In the Resurrection first.

Easter.

SAVIOUR, while we lowly feast here,
 Hungering for eternal Rest,
 Grant a Spiritual Easter
 May be shared by every breast.
 Undying Love, That bled to win us,
 Let Thy living Force and Breath
 Gloriously o'ercome within us
 All the mastery of Death.

Break, O Source of our Election,
 All our Spirit-wards and cells,
 Till the Blifs of Resurrection
 Through our vanquished nature dwells ;
 Till each captive thought and passion
 Captive led, but to be free,
 Imitates the radiant fashion
 Of Thy new Humanity.

Adeste! Corlitum Chori.



ANGELS to our Jubilee,
 Hasten, your sweetest songs awaking ;
 CHRIST amid the dead is free,
 CHRIST the rocky Tomb is breaking.
 Vain the guard around the Grave,
 Vain the Rulers' wild endeavour ;
 Vain the seal, upon the cave,
 Of the nation faithless ever.

Christ is risen from the Dead. 321

Fear, away! no subtle spy
Steals that Form so sorely stricken;
He, Who willed the death to die,
Will with Life Himself requicken.
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb,
Virgin-born He came, in token
That, through Jewry's guarded Tomb,
He should rise with seals unbroken.
Hanging on th' inglorious Tree,
Mad with mocking lips they grieve Him—
Let him quit the Cross, and we
Will the SON of GOD believe Him.
From the Cross He came not down,
Yet He worked a mightier Wonder;
SON of GOD the SAVIOUR own—
Dead, He smites grim Death afunder.
Grant us, LORD, with Thee to die,
And to rise at Thine Uprising;
And to set our heart on high,
Earth and all its joys despising.

Christ is risen from the Dead.



CHRIST is risen! Alleluia!
Risen our victorious Head:
Sing His praises; Alleluia!
CHRIST is risen from the dead.
Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
As His Light once more appears,

Y

Bowing down in joy before Him,
 Rising up from grief and tears :
 CHRIST is risen ! Alleluia !
 Risen our victorious Head :
 Sing His praises ; Alleluia !
 CHRIST is risen from the dead.

CHRIST is risen ! all the sadness
 Of our Lenten fast is o'er,
 Through the open gates of gladness
 He returns to Life once more :
 Death and Hell before Him bending,
 He doth rise, the Victor now,
 Angels on His Steps attending,
 Glory round His wounded Brow.

CHRIST is risen ! all the sorrow,
 That last evening round Him lay,
 Now hath found a glorious morrow
 In the Rising of to-day :
 And the Grave its First-fruits giveth,
 Springing up from holy ground ;
 He was dead, but now He liveth ;
 He was lost, but He is found.

CHRIST is risen ! henceforth never
 Death or Hell shall us enthrall,
 Be we CHRIST's, in Him for ever
 We have triumphed over all ;
 All the doubting and dejection
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased ;

'Tis His Day of Resurrection,
 Let us rise and keep the Feast :
 CHRIST is risen ! Alleluia !
 Risen our victorious Head :
 Sing His praises ; Alleluia !
 CHRIST is risen from the dead.

Forti tegente brachio.



BY GOD's strong Arm stretched forth to save
 We have escaped the Red-Sea wave,
 And from our necks away have cast
 The faithless tyrant's yoke at last.

Glad thanks and homage let us bring
 To GOD, our own protecting King,
 And, clad in robes of white, surround
 The Table where the LAMB is found.

Glowing with love for His dear Sake,
 His sacred Body let us take,
 And drinking of His precious Blood,
 Draw Life and Food alike from GOD.

Now CHRIST our Passover is slain,
 The LAMB, the Victim without stain,
 And those anointed with His Gore,
 The vengeful Angel passes o'er.

O Victim for the Heavens meet,
 Who hast put Death beneath Thy Feet,

The shattered gates of Hell restore
To Thee the prey they held before.

The LORD, arising from the Tomb,
Returns to Light again from gloom,
He binds the Foeman in his pride,
And throws the gates of Heaven wide.

Grant, CHRIST, that we may die with Thee,
And sharers in Thy Rising be,
That we may earthly things despise,
And love the things within the skies.

Jesus lives! He rose to-day.



HE is risen! to die no more:

Let sweet notes of praise arise;
Death's dark night for Him is o'er,
Waft His Triumph to the skies;

He is risen! Within the Tomb
Two long days and nights He lay;
On the third He burst its gloom
With the first bright morning ray:
Let our joyful Anthem say—
JESUS lives! He rose to-day.

He is risen! The Victor's Crown
Sparkles on His sacred Brow;
Conqueror of vast renown—
Death and Hell are vanquished now.

He is risen ! Rise, weary heart,
Cast aside the cares of earth ;
He will Light and Life impart,
He will give immortal Birth.

He is risen ! that we may rise,
If we love and serve Him here,
To His Home beyond the skies,
Far above the starry sphere :
He is risen to die no more !
Hail the Church's living King !
Now our Lenten fast is o'er,
Sweetest Alleluias bring :
Let our joyful Anthem say—
JESUS lives ! He rose to-day.

Jesu, Redemptor saeculi.



HOU, Who to save
The world didst die, and then Thy
Breath
Resume, to vanquish gloomy Death
And kill the grave.

O'er all below
Night reigns ; our eyes are weighed with sleep ;
Oh, from the wiles and watchings keep
Of the great Foe.

May rest, which lays
Care's lid, and labour's brow doth flake,

Easter.

Quicken our hearts, more fresh to wake
Unto Thy Praise.

Oh, be it given
With Thee to die, on earth to love
The better things which are above,
And dwell in Heaven.

Christ is risen.



CHRIST is risen! the LORD is come,
Bursting from the sealed Tomb;
Death and Hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier Prey.

CHRIST is risen! but not alone;
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown:
We shall rise as He hath risen,
From the deep sepulchral prison.

Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom,
To the unawakening tomb.

Heirs of life, and Sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod,
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting Sky.

Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on,
Round our great Redeemer's Throne.

Lofty Hopes! and theirs indeed
Who the Christian's Life shall lead;
CHRIST's below in Faith and Love,
CHRIST's in endless Bliss above.

Surrexit Christus hodie.



HO! CHRIST is risen this Day, and brings
To mortals healing on His Wings.

But two days since He deigned to die,
That we no more in death might lie.

To JESU's Tomb, with duteous feet,
The Women take their spices sweet.

They seek, within the guarded Grave,
The LORD Who died mankind to save.

An Angel, clad in robe of white,
Tells them the tidings of delight—

Ye trembling Daughters, do not fear!
Ye seek the CHRIST, He is not here;

Go, bid the glad Disciples see
Their Risen LORD in Galilee.

To Peter first, and then the rest,
He shows Himself, by all confessed.

This time of holy Paschal joy
In Hymns to CHRIST let all employ.

High Glory to the LORD ascend,
Who thus the chains of Death doth rend.

Ⓜ Mystery of Mysteries!



MYSTERY of Mysteries!

With flesh and bones like ours,
Our SAVIOUR rose His Joy to seize,
And rule the Heavenly powers.

Behold My Hands and Feet—He said—
'Tis I, your Brother still.
Oh, condescension sweet yet dread;
Our hearts with wonder thrill.

The MANHOOD not alone was borne
Through earthly shame and woe;
Our CHRIST, till dawns the Judgment-morn,
Is LORD, above, below.

Nay, evermore that MANHOOD Pure
In Heaven of Heavens shall dwell;
The King of Saints, the SAVIOUR sure,
The Lord of Heaven and Hell.

The MANHOOD with the GODHEAD blest,
One Person, Natures Twain,
Is round each sinner lowly bent,
And high o'er all bears reign.

Te quanta, Victor funeris.



WORDS may not Thy Glory tell,
Conqueror of Death and Hell,
Whom the Cross but lately bore,
Now alive for evermore.

Marred by cruel blows wert Thou ;
Stars have no such glory now,
Though untouched by any need,
Still with men Thou deign'st to feed.
Needs no more the uttered word,
Wind and wave no less have heard,
Own their LORD, and pathway meet
Spread before His passing Feet.
Fleshly fetters now forgot,
Doors of brass may stay Thee not ;
Other, yet the Same—but free
To come and go as liketh Thee.
LORD ! our hope Thou biddest rise,
Grasping Life beyond the skies,
Where Thy Glory we shall view
In Thine Image clothed anew.

A Worte Qui Te suscitans.



THOU Who once from death didst rise,
 Effulgent with new Victories,
 Lighten the darkness of our night,
 And shield us with Thy Gifts of might.

Oh, grant that when our limbs shall lie
 Wrapt in sleep's needful lethargy,
 Our Spirits then from fetters free,
 May upward soar, O LORD, to Thee.

And lest the fiery darts that fly
 By night should work us injury,
 With thy Right Hand victorious keep
 Watch o'er Thy Servants, while they sleep.

And when the cord shall be unwound
 With which our guilty race is bound,
 Grant that we be not crushed beneath
 The weight of everlasting Death.

Auf! Stimmet freud, ge Siegeslieder.



HP! found your joyful songs victorious
 And jubilant to JESUS CHRIST to-day!
 Back to His Own He comes All-
 glorious ;

The Grave's strong portals burst to make Him way.
 He sank below, in pain and sore disgrace :
 He mounts above : His pathway Angels trace.

Our GOD prevails ! yes, Fraud and Malice
Their little day may triumph o'er the Just ;
GOD gives them back their poisoned chalice ;
Our Strength is He, our Helper and our Trust.
He gave indeed His SON to mortal pain :
This Day He shows Him glorified again.

Praise, praise to Him ! the LORD is risen !
Now is He SAVIOUR, LORD, and GOD indeed :
Redeemer from Sin's deadly prison :
From Death Redeemer and from all our need.
The FATHER hath avouched Him His this Day :
We reach our Country through no other way.

Bliss, Bliss, to us ! now Death hath o'er us
No power to fright ; to Immortality,
Though Earth her veil may spread before us,
Our Spirits now are consecrate and free :
Could CHRIST arise thus potent from the Grave,
His Flock shall rise whom thus He died to save.

**Laudes Christo redempti voce modulemur
supplici.**



RAISE to CHRIST with suppliant voices
Let His ransomed People sing,
Let the world, which now rejoices,
Bless the SON of GOD, its King.

Ye, of Heaven's Shrine the warders,
Fellow-citizens of earth,

Standing in your nine-fold Orders,
Join us to your festal mirth.

Sing aloud, O highest Regions,
Lowest Deeps, your echoes raise,
To the LORD in glad allegiance
Let all Spirits give their praise.
GOD, as MAN Himself concealing,
Born in Flesh to save mankind,
Bearing shame for sinners' healing,
Yet as GOD in Wonders shined.

With our human form invested,
Truly MAN, He dwelt below,
And no GODHEAD manifested
At the tempting of the Foe.
Craft with Wisdom He defeated,
And the knots of sin untied,
On the Cross His Work completed,
There for us a Victim died.

To His FATHER sacrificing,
By His Death He Sin hath slain,
Now, with noble Pomp arising,
From the depths He comes again—
Comes victorious over Evil,
Spoiling Hell of all its prey,
Binding in His chains the Devil
On this glad triumphant Day :
Day which brightest radiance giveth,
Now that Egypt's gloom is o'er,

When He rose, Who ever liveth
 In the Flesh which Mary bore :
CHRIST, Who here with mortals tarried,
 While the straying sheep He sought,
 Which, upon His Shoulders carried,
 To the **FATHER** He hath brought.

An Easter Carol.



HHE SON of David bowed to die,
 For man's transgression stricken ;
 The **FATHER**'s Arm of Power was nigh
 The **SON** of **GOD** to quicken :

Praise Him that He died for men ;
 Praise Him that He rose again.

Death seemed all-conquering when he bound
 The **LORD** of Life in prison ;
 The might of Death was nowhere found
 When **CHRIST** again was risen :
 Wherefore praise Him, night and day,
 Him Who took Death's sting away.

Coeli choris perennisibus.



SAINTS on earth, and Saints in light
 In your songs of praise unite ;
 Praise to **CHRIST**, the Heavenly King
 O'er Death's bondage triumphing.

Easter.

Flesh and Soul Death's law divides,
 Still The WORD with each abides ;
 Flesh and Soul Death rends in twain,
 He reknits their life again.

Whom the Virgin's Womb revealed,
 Womb of Virgin ne'er unsealed,
 From the sealèd Cave outbroke,
 In death's womb to life awoke.

Love, the sweetest known on high,
 Sternly, JESU, bade Thee die ;
 Love, the Priest, Thy bitter Death
 To the FATHER offereth.

JESU, Risen SAVIOUR, give
 Grace Thy risen Life to live,
 Grace from sins dark fetters free
 Works of love to offer Thee.

Lift the Portals.



LIFT the portals ! He is risen ;
 He hath conquered Death and sin ;
 Open wide the gates of Heaven,
 Let the King of Glory in.

Lo ! the Stone is rolled away,
 And the Guards in fear have fled ;
 Angels in their white array
 Guard the spot where He was laid.

Seek Him not—He is not here ;
In the dead of night He rose :
Tell His Brethren not to fear,
He hath conquered all their foes.

He hath broke the sinners chain,
He hath cast down Satan's might,
And behold He comes again
Clothed in Beauty, Power, and Light.

Lift the portals ! He is risen ;
He hath conquered Death and sin ;
Open wide the gates of Heaven,
Let the King of Glory in.

Sursum Corda subleuemus.



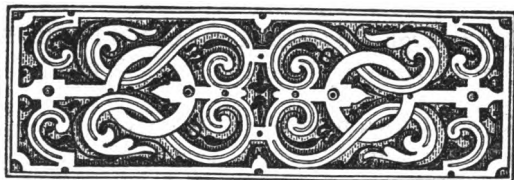
LIFT to Heaven your hearts adoring,
Lift to Heaven your praises soaring,
High as His redeeming Name
Whom upon His Throne victorious
Angels ranked in order glorious
Magnify with sweet acclaim.

For the Spoiler now is spoiled,
By the Cross his wiles are foiled ;
Paradise is free again.
From the slave, whose chains are riven,
Praises wafted up to Heaven
Thrill with joy that high domain.

Over sin's dark doom prevailing
He hath stilled the voice of wailing,
 Wakening all the world to life.
Nor alone is He ascending
But with all the spoils attending
 Won in His triumphant Strife.

Oh, the sound of high rejoicings
Of Angelic festal voicings
 In the stately Courts above ;
Whence the SON for ever Blestèd
On a world by night oppressèd
 Sheds the rays of Light and Love.





PART VI.

Ascension and Pentecost.

*THE ASCENSION OF OUR DIVINE LORD
AND THE DESCENT OF THE
HOLY SPIRIT.*

Du, som ofg traelst ur Syndens band.



**CHRIST, Who for us didst evil quell,
The night of Death and flames of
Hell,
Oh, raise us from this changeful land
To sit with Thee on GOD's Right
Hand.**

**Thy FATHER's Bidding Thou hast done,
And to Thy FATHER's House art gone,
Yet, though the skies Thy Glory hide,
Unseen with us Thou dost abide.**

**Amongst Thy Flock, O Shepherd dear,
Thou wilt remain for ever near,**

Near through Thy SPIRIT, through Thy Word,
Through cleansing Bath and mystic Board.

Thy Guidance, until time shall end,
Will lead Thy Pilgrims as they wend,
Until Thou comest from the Height
To earth again, in glorious Might.

Then they whose faith unshaken stood,
Who in Thy Footsteps bore the Rood,
Where Thou art gone, in Joy shall be,
And take their Crown, O LORD, from Thee.

Thou art gone up on High!



THOU art gone up on High!
Why gaze they upwards there
Into the silent air,
That holy Band?

Is it in grief, or doubt, or love,
With eyes upturned to Heaven above
Wondering they stand?

Thou art gone up on High!
Yet to their weary sight,
Clothed as in Heaven bright,
The Angels come;
They bring the warning words below,
And His Apostles needs must go
Without Him Home.

Thou art gone up on High !
Yet shall the Holy ONE
Not leave on earth alone
Whom He doth send ;
These Comfort, Truth, and inward Power,
Strength for the trial and the hour
Ever defend.

Thou art gone up on High !
Help us our Souls to raise,
Upwards on Thee to gaze,
Strength to obtain ;
So to go forth and do Thy Will,
And reach at last that holy Hill
Where Thou dost reign.

Hymnum canamus Glorïae.



AN Hymn of Glory let us sing,
New Songs to CHRIST of triumph ring,
Now by His new and living road
Ascending to the Throne of GOD.

On mystic Mount of Olives raised
Th' Apostles, as they stood and gazed,
With Mary, Maiden-Mother bright,
Saw JESUS wing His radiant Flight.

The glistening Angels ask on High—
Why stand ye gazing up the Sky ?

Ascension and Pentecost.

Lo! here the SAVIOUR ; hither come,
In high triumphal Glory home.

And thus—they sing—shall He return,
As now ye see His Footsteps burn,
To highest Heaven's empyreal height,
Upmounting o'er the fields of light.

LORD, grant us thither to ascend,
Our ceaseless yearnings thither bend,
Where Faith to-day discerns Thee gone,
High seated on Thy FATHER's Throne.

Be Thou our Gladness here below,
In Heaven above our Treasure Thou,
Be all our Glory, LORD, in Thee,
Through all the long Eternity.

A Priest for ever after the Order of
Melchisedec.



TERNAL King, eternal Priest—

Think not the SAVIOUR's Work has
ceased :

As here, on earth, for men He died,
And won the Church to be His Bride ;
E'en so in Heaven, He lives to plead
For every ransomed sinner's need.

Exalted to His Heavenly Throne,
He loves and watches o'er His Own ;

For Israel's joy, for Zion's peace,
His Intercessions never cease ;
While daily He presents afresh,
For man, the Offering of His Flesh.

There's not an earnest prayer we say,
Nor Heavenward sigh we breathe away ;
There's not a penitential tear,
Or Sacrifice we offer here ;
But He with twofold Power and Love
Repeats it, in our name, above.

Perpetual Priest, within the Vail,
Whose Supplications never fail,
Who deign'st Thy Presence to bestow
On Altars of the Church below,
From GOD'S Right Hand Thy Succour lend
To keep us faithful to the end.

¶ Jam Christus astra ascenderat.



O former scenes of glorious Light,
Resuming His forsaken Crown,
Our Risen LORD had winged His flight,
To send the Promised SPIRIT down.

The week of weeks had passed away,
And Pentecost drew on apace ;
His chosen few had met to pray,
And thus await the coming Grace.

When suddenly a Sound from Heaven,
 A mighty rushing round them came ;
 And, glittering on them, Signs were given,
 Like cloven Tongues of lambent Flame.

The GOD was come, the SPIRIT-GOD,
 From GOD the FATHER and the SON :
 What wondrous Gifts were then bestowed !
 What glorious Miracles were done !

Forthwith th' Apostles preached the Word
 To sinners on that holy day ;
 And thousands, turning to the LORD,
 Made haste to wash their sins away.

O JESU, on Thy Throne of Love,
 Hear now Thy suppliant Church below ;
 And now Thy SPIRIT from above,
 With Pentecostal Grace, bestow.

We wait in prayer for this high Boon,
 This glorious Gift—Oh, hear our voice ;
 Come ! SPIRIT of our GOD, come soon,
 And make this sorrowing world rejoice.

Ἰησοῦς ὁ Σωδότης.



IESUS, LORD of Life eternal,
 Taking those He loved the best,
 Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
 And His Own the last time blest :

Then, though He had never left It,
Sought again His FATHER's Breast.

Knit is now our flesh to GODHEAD,
Knit in everlasting bands :
Call the world to highest festal :
Floods and oceans, clap your hands :
Angels, raise the song of triumph :
Make response, ye distant lands.

Loosing Death with all its terrors
Thou ascended'st up on High ;
And to mortals, now Immortal,
Gavest Immortality,
As Thine own Disciples saw Thee
Mounting Victor to the Sky.

Duo vos Magistri gloria quo Salus.



HERALDS of your GOD !

Haste, where every nation
Calls ye to proclaim
All His glad Salvation,

Your Master's Glory o'er the world to bear ;
The First-fruits of the Brethren ask your care.

O what rich return
Straight the good Seed maketh :
In three thousand hearts
Root it firmly taketh ;

And GOD matures the crop ; each teeming field
Doth to His Praise a wondrous harvest yield.

Lo ! in anguish deep
Multitudes repenting
Tears of sorrow weep,
For their sins lamenting ;
They long in Baptism's cleansing fountain laved,
From all their past transgressions to be saved.

Nor on Judah's shore
Doth this Fire transcendent
Light aloud outpour ;
But where'er resplendent
The circling Sun displays his quickening beams,
Each region with their peaceful triumphs teems.

Every idol shrine
Fast to ruin crumbleth ;
CHRIST with Power Divine
Human wisdom humbleth ;
Tyrants abashed give way, and e'en, dismayed,
The persecutor's furious arm is stayed.

Lo ! the SPIRIT'S Grace
Forms a new Creation ;
Look from Thy holy Place,
GOD of our Salvation :
And light within us also from above,
Thy bright and renovating flame of Love.

God is gone up with a merry noise.



SING! O Heavens, O Earth, rejoice!
 Angel harp, and human voice,
 Round Him, as He rises, raise
 Your Ascending SAVIOUR's praise.

Bruisèd is the Serpent's head,
 Hell is vanquished, Death is dead,
 And to CHRIST, gone up on High,
 Captive is captivity.
 All His Work and Warfare done,
 He into His Heaven is gone,
 And, beside His FATHER's Throne,
 Now is pleading for His Own :
 Asking Gifts for sinful men,
 That He may come down again,
 And, the fallen to restore,
 In them dwell for evermore.

Open! ye Gates.



OPEN! ye gates, for the battle hath ended,
 The warfare is over, the victory won :
 Mighty the Foe who his kingdom de-
 fended,

But mightier things by our Captain are done.

Sound ! sound your harps ! in your Mansions of
glory,

Ye Angels, who heralded Peace at His Birth ;
Now welcome Him back, while man takes up the
story,

And echoes the tidings of Peace upon earth.

Olivet ! henceforth for evermore holy,

As Bethlehem, Tabor, thy name we will call ;
He trod thee despised, rejected, and lowly,
Behold Him now triumphing, LORD over all.

Higher, yet higher, behold Him ascending ;

See ! Messengers coming apparelled in white ;
See Him now vanish, the Marvel is ending,
The Cloud is receiving Him out of our sight.

Open ! ye gates, yet again shall the thrilling

Command be repeated, and all men shall hear—
Saints, as their heritage, Heaven is filling,
The cursèd, as Hell first re-echoes their fear.

The Mystic Chain.



AIL on, O Ships, across the main,
Bear on, bear on, the mystic Chain.

Drop down the bright Links in the deep
Below where storms and tempests sweep.

In the dark sea-depths let them lie,
For ever hid from human eye.

Bear on the last Links to the land
And lay them on the golden sand—

A living bridge the depth's below,
Where living thoughts pass to and fro—

Bearing their Message evermore,
Peace and Goodwill from shore to shore.

Toil on, O Church, through storm and blast
Where He, Thy LORD, thy track has cast.

Let go thy loved ones, one by one,
To rest awhile when work is done.

Lost in time's dark and shoreless deep,
Unknown, forgotten, let them sleep,

Links in that Chain which reacheth o'er
From earth unto the Heavenly shore :

One end—with Him, where He is gone
Safe stored beneath the golden Throne ;

One end—on earth, which He has left
Awhile of its new Life bereft :

Binding to Him—awhile unseen,
With the great gulf of Time between.

Along that line of living Dead
The Fire of Pentecost is sped :

Along those Links beneath the deep
His Grace and Mercy ever sweep :

Along that Chain His Word is given—
Peace and Goodwill from earth to Heaven.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.



COME! O HOLY SPIRIT, come!
Earthward from Thy Heavenly home
Flash the flowing Radiance bright.

Come! Thou Father of the poor;
Come! Thou Giver of good store;
Come! of hearts Thou sovran Light.

COMFORTER the truest, best,
Who the Soul with pleasant rest
Pleasantly doth entertain.

Ease in toil and Cordial sweet,
Shelter in the burning heat,
Soothing Influence in pain.

O most blessed blessed Light,
Shine with splendour pure and white,
Shine upon Thy Saints within;

For in man, without Thy Grace,
Nothing ever can have place,
Nothing void of shame and sin.

Wash to whiteness every stain,
Slake the thirsty soil with rain,
Heal the hurt that needs Thy Care ;

Bend the stubborn to Thy Sway,
Cheer the cold with genial day,
Make the crooked straight and clear.

HOLY SPIRIT, to the just,
Who in Thee believe and trust,
Give the sacred Sabbath-rest ;

Give the Guerdon they have won,
Give supreme Salvation's crown,
Give the ages ever blest.

Supreme Rector Coelitum.



READ King, to Whom th' Angelic
Hosts do cry,

Who tramplest Death 'neath Thy
victorious Feet,

And opest a Path unto the glorious sky,
Marked by Thy Blood ; from the Eternal Seat,
Where Thou, with the Life-giving PARACLETE,
Sit'st by Thy FATHER'S Side, look on us now,
Nor leave us comfortless : let our wants meet
Thy pitying Eyes. Thy covenanted Bow
Is left upon Thy Path, and marks the clouds below.

Thou didst give birth to us with piercing throes,
 And direst travail pains, while the dark tide
 Of woes o'erwhelmed Thee, and brought Death's
 repose ;

Then the rude lance opened Thy bleeding Side,
 And thence was taken Thine own spotless Bride,
 The Mother of us all. From Thy calm shore
 Send forth Thy SPIRIT of Truth, Who shall
 abide :

Washed in Thy Blood, the Church shall Him
 adore,
 And Thee and FATHER Blest worship for ever-
 more.

The Heavenly Intercession.



RISEN LORD, enthroned on high,
 Now the toils of earth are o'er,
 Hear Thy Church's daily cry
 Rising Heavenward evermore—
 Lord, to save us make good speed ;
 JESU, Master, intercede.

Now the Battle-strife is done
 Which the Victor fought so well,
 For the Crown of Life is won
 From the vanquished King of Hell—
 LORD, to save us make good speed.

Breaker of the bonds of Death,
 Captor of Captivity,

Pray for us to Him Who saith,
All things doth He give to Thee—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

Virgin-born, to Thee we kneel,
Gifts for man Who didst receive,
Sinless human flesh, to heal
The death-tainted sons of Eve—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

Second Adam, from Whose Side,
In the tranquil sleep of death,
Issued forth the Heavenly Bride,
Mother to the sons of Seth—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

Bruiser of the Serpent's head,
Thou the SERPENT on the Tree,
Healer of the Souls half-dead,
All who fainting look to Thee—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

Judah's Lion, from Whose Might
Honey-sweet distils the power
Which lays low the Beast of Night
Seeking whom he may devour—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

LAMB of GOD, Who tak'st away
Of our Sin the guilty stain,
Ransom Thou for man to pay
On the Altar as if slain—
LORD, to save us make good speed.

When in worship low we bend,
 Master, leave us not alone ;
 Bid the HOLY GHOST descend
 From the FATHER's central Throne—
 LORD, to save us make good speed.

Fill the Shrine whence loud and long
 Rolls the pealing Litany,
 Matin chant and Even-song,
 To the Feet of GOD on high—
 LORD, to save us make good speed ;
 JESU, Master, intercede.

Lux jucunda, Lux insignis.



DAY of pleasure, Day of wonder,
 When the Throne's imprisoned thunder
 Shook its Fire-drops to the earth ;
 Give us flaming hearts inditing,
 Tongues, like ready pen, reciting,
 All the Theme's surpassing worth.

On the Church, from Heaven descending,
 Bridal Gifts the LAMB is sending,
 On His bright espousals' Day :
 Now His honied Word distilling,
 Now with holy Unctions thrilling
 Shines the Flinty Rock's array.

Fleshly hearts, and fiery laving,
 For the Stony Tablets' graving,

Writ with wrathful Sinai's ire ;
 For the Host, the few united,
 From that Upper-chamber lighted
 Through the earth with flames of Fire.

Oh, what Day of joys abounding
 Was that mighty Wind's resounding,
 When the Fire with Water ran ;
 When three-thousand Spirits winning
 Was the Message's beginning
 To the universal man.

In new bottles, not in olden,
 Must the New-wine's strength be holden,
 Widowed Church prepares the store ;
 They who saw the LORD ascending
 Fill their vessels without ending
 With His Unctions evermore.

Hosanna in the Highest.



GLORIOUS Jerusalem, Joy of all the
 earth,

Open wide thy pearly gates, uplift the
 strain of mirth ;

Rejoice, rejoice dear Mother, so beautiful and free,
 For behold, the King of Kings cometh wondrously
 to Thee.

All ye holy Angels, welcome back the Mighty SON ;
 The Cross and pain are over, the Victory is won ;

A A

354 Ascension and Pentecost.

Hofannas in the highest, ye armies bright outpour,
For the LORD GOD Omnipotent shall reign for
 evermore.

Ye Incense-clouds adore Him, ye swinging Censers
 greet,

Thou Sea of crystal, thunder thy praises at His
 Feet :

Oh, all is Joy within thee, City of living Light,
And the Wounds of GOD Incarnate for aye shall
 make thee bright.

With Garments dyed, from Bozrah, the Victor
 comes alone ;

Let every thing created His awful Conquest own ;
No more the bending Sceptre, no more the thorny
 Crown,

The LORD hath triumphed gloriously, and all His
 foes cast down.

Veni ! Creator Spiritus.



OME ! Creator-SPIRIT high,
 Re-creating ever ;
Given and Giving from the sky,
 Thou the Gift and Giver.

Thou the Law within us writ,
Finger Thou that writeth it,
 Inspired and Inspirer.

With Thy sevenfold Graces good
 Sevenfold Gifts be given,
 For sevenfold Beatitude
 And Petitions seven.

Thou the pure, unstainèd snow,
 That shall never sullied flow ;
 Fire that burns not though it glow ;
 Wrestler ne'er defeat to know,
 Giving Words of Wisdom.

Kindle Thou Thyself in us,
 Thou both Light and Fire ;
 Thou Thyself still into us,
 Breath of Life, inspire.
 Thou the Ray and Thou the Sun,
 Sent and Sender, Thee we own ;
 Of the Blessed Three in One,
 Thee we, suppliant, call upon—
 Save us now and ever.

¶ *dejas, Pastor Santo.*



AND wilt Thou in this vale
 Obscure and deep, O blessed Shepherd,
 leave
 Thy lonely flock to wail,
 Thyself pure air to cleave,
 That realms of Peace eterne may Thee receive ?

To whom shall those that had
 Thy Fellowship, that lately were so blest,

Now desolate and sad,
The leaners on Thy Breast,
Incline their hearts, of Thee when dispossessed ?

What object shall employ
Their eyes, that have Thy Aspect's beauty known,
Not causing them annoy ?
Where shall they hear a tone
Not dull or harsh after Thy Sweetness gone ?

Who shall henceforth refrain
The wild wind's rage, and on the troubled sea
Make halcyon calm to reign,
When they descry not Thee ?
By what star guided shall their wanderings be ?

O Cloud, whose envious haste
Impairs the fleeting joy they yet might know,
Whither away so fast ?
What riches with Thee go !
How poor Thou leav'st us, and how blind below !

Sacrata Christi tempora.



HOW the holy times, foretold
In Prophetic strains of old,
Strengthening with her might the breast,
Doth the truth of Faith attest :

How the LORD of all mankind
Comes, in holy Flesh inshrined,

Man, to whom He being gave,
Self-destroyed, from death to save.

Self-abased, in mortal guise,
MAN, He suffers, and He dies ;
Rising, from the Grave again,
GOD, incapable of pain :

Rising, as had been foretold
By His sacred Seers of old,
He, for long days four times ten,
Preached Salvation's work to men :

Then, when these were all complete,
Mounting to His FATHER'S Seat,
Gifts on man bestowing, He
Captive led Captivity.

Yet the heralds of His State
He commands awhile to wait,
Till Himself the might supply
Of His SPIRIT from on High.

We, triumphant in the same,
Our Salvation's LORD proclaim,
Saints on earth, and Saints above,
Joining in our Hymns of Love.

Grant that we, Almighty Friend,
Ceaseless in devotion tend
Thither, where Thou sitt'st in Light,
Throned upon Thy FATHER'S Right.

Gott fahret auf gen Himmel.



O! GOD to Heaven ascendeth ;
 Throughout its regions vast,
 With shouts triumphant blendeth
 The Trumpet's thrilling blast :
 Sing praise to **CHRIST** the **LORD**,
 Sing praise with exultation,
 King of each heathen nation,
 The **GOD** of Hosts adored.

With Joy is Heaven resounding,
CHRIST's glad return to see ;
 Behold the Saints surrounding
 The **LORD** Who set them free :
 Bright myriads thronging come ;
 The Cherub-band rejoices,
 And loud Seraphic voices
 Welcome **MESSIAH** home.

No more the way is hidden,
 Since **CHRIST** our Head arose :
 No more to man forbidden
 The road to Heaven that goes.
 Our **LORD** is gone before,
 But here He will not leave us ;
 In Heaven He'll soon receive us,
 He opens wide the door.

CHRIST is our place preparing,
To Heaven we too shall rise,
And, Joys Angelic sharing,
Be where our Treasure lies :
There may each heart be found ;
Where **JESUS CHRIST** has entered,
There let our hopes be centred,
Our course still Heavenward bound.

May we, His Servants, thither
In heart and mind ascend,
And let us sing together—
We seek Thee, **CHRIST** our Friend,
Thee, **GOD'S** Anointed SON,
Our Life, and Way to Heaven,
To Whom all Power is given,
Our Joy and Hope and Crown.

When, on our vision dawning,
Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all glorious Morning,
When **CHRIST** shall come with Power ?
O come ! thou welcome Day,
When we, our **SAVIOUR** meeting,
His second Advent greeting,
Shall hail the Heaven-sent Ray.

Beata nobis gaudia.



GAIN the slowly circling year
 Brings round the blessed hour,
 When on the Saints the **COMFORTER**
 Came down in Grace and Power.

In fashion of a Fiery Tongue
 The Mighty **GODHEAD** came ;
 Their lips with eloquence He strung,
 And filled their hearts with flame.

Straightway with divers Tongues they speak,
 Instinct with Grace Divine ;
 While wondering crowds the cause mistake,
 And deem them drunk with wine.

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

GOD of all Grace ! to Thee we pray,
 To Thee adoring bend ;
 Into our hearts this sacred day
 Thy **SPIRIT'S** Fulness send.

Thou, Who in ages past didst pour
 Thy Graces from above,
 Thy Grace in us where lost restore,
 And stablish Peace and Love.

Back returning to His Own.

BACK returning to His Own,
 Death for mortals tried and known,
 Takes the LORD His sapphire Throne.

Human nature glorified,
 With the Scars that aye abide,
 Pleads that He for sinners died.

Now the glorious battle's won ;
 Heaven and earth conjoined in one,
 Triumphs the Eternal SON.

Smiles the Everlasting SIRE ;
 Glows the Boundless SPIRIT'S Fire ;
 THREE in ONE ! all worlds admire.

Now as Priest for ever sealed,
 See the Incarnate LAMB revealed,
 Through Whose Wound the world is healed.

He, above the glowing skies,
 Proffers in mysterious wise
 His eternal Sacrifice.

We on earth with Him unite
 In the pure and bloodless Rite :
 Speechless Wonder infinite !

Yea, the Bridegroom and the Bride,
 By Celestial bonds allied,
 Clasp the Cross on which He died,

In the Bride her LORD doth dwell—
 Thence her unattainted spell ;
 Thence this matchless Miracle ;
 Thence her SAVIOUR, fraught with praise,
 At the FATHER'S Feet she lays ;
 Thence the SPIRIT fires her gaze.

While up to Heaven God goeth.



W HILE up to Heaven GOD goeth
 In Majesty from earth ;
 Its blast the Trumpet bloweth,
 All jubilant with mirth.

Sing praise then, nothing loath,
 Sing praise and gratulation,
 The King of our Salvation
 Is LORD of Sabaoth.

To greet the LORD ascending,
 The wide Heaven laughs with glee ;
 And, on their King attending,
 The Saints, whom CHRIST set free,
 Around their SAVIOUR throng,
 With Seraphs sweetly singing,
 And Cherub voices ringing
 The welcome of their song.

We know the way that leadeth
 To our exalted Head ;
 We know the Path that speedeth
 To Heaven where CHRIST hath sped.

Our LORD is gone before,
He will not here forsake us,
But to His Home will take us,
And open wide the door.

We too the House will enter,
The Mansion of our LORD ;
We too our hopes will centre,
Where lies our Treasure stored ;
Lift up your hearts each one,
Where CHRIST hath onward hastened :
On Him your hopes be fastened ;
To Him your race be run.

Let us to Heaven go pressing,
With mighty hearts yet meek ;
Let us sing sweet our Blessing—
Thee, JESU CHRIST we seek ;
Thee, O Thou SON of GOD,
Who dost all Might inherit ;
Thee, Crown of heart and Spirit,
Thee, true and living Road.

When will that morn break o'er us ;
When come the blessed time,
That CHRIST will stand before us,
In Lordliness sublime ?
Thou day, Oh haste and cheer
Our Souls the SAVIOUR meeting,
Our hearts the SAVIOUR greeting,
Sweet Day of days, appear.

Sit Thou on My Right Hand, My SON.



SIT Thou on My Right Hand, My SON—
saith the LORD—

Sit Thou on my Right Hand, my SON;
Till in the fatal hour

Of My Wrath and My Power,
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy Throne.

Prayer shall be made to Thee, My SON—saith
the LORD—

Prayer shall be made to Thee, My SON!

From earth and air and sea

And all that in them be,

Which Thou for Thine Heritage hast won.

Daily be Thou praised, My SON—saith the LORD—

Daily be Thou praised, My SON;

And all that live and move,

Let them blefs Thy bleeding Love,

And the Work which Thy Worthinefs hath done.

Promissa Tellus concipe gaudia.



EARTH, Thy face adorn

With promised joys and smiles;

Thee this happy Morn

With Heaven reconciles;

Thy GOD His ancient Wrath has put away,

Thy SAVIOUR enters the domains of Day.

O CHRIST! Who Victor
 Hast Death and Hell cast down ;
 Won by Thine own Blood,
 Put on Thy glorious Crown ;
 Proceed and reign, Thy regal Sceptre take,
 The world unto Thee doth submission make.

Why, O Disciples,
 Gaze ye thus up on High ;
 At your GOD rising
 Far far above the sky ?
 As your Redeemer doth now Heavenward soar,
 Thence shall He, dread Avenger, come once more.

CHRIST! Thou Who sittest
 Throned at Thy FATHER's Side,
 To share Thy Triumphs
 Us Thine own Children guide ;
 Sore is the conflict ; all Thine Aid bestow,
 Thou mighty Captain, to defeat the foe.

Amor Patris et Filii.



LOVE of FATHER and of SON,
 True and glorious Helping ONE,
 Comforter and Hope of all :
 Of the Saints' unfading Light,
 Prize of those that do aright,
 Lifter up of them that fall ;

Giver of all Holiness,
 Fortitude and Blessedness,
 Lover of all Righteousness,
 Gracious, and of perfect Might,
 Merciful and Infinite ;
 Ever Dearest, Purest,
 Wisest, Strongest, Surest,
 Ever most unfailing Trust,
 Ever Tender, ever Just ;
 Lightener of hearts, through Whom the FATHER
 and the SON we find,
 SPIRIT of Counsel, Balm for sin, Giver of joy, and
 Source of mind ;
 Unchanging, Gentle, Lowly,
 Unconquered, Noble, Holy,
 Ever Loving, ever Swift,
 Most Divine and chosen Gift ;
 Understanding clear bestowing,
 Giver of Affection glowing,
 Truth in Love for ever showing ;
 The SPIRIT of the FATHER,
 The SPIRIT of the WORD,
 The Comforter Who quickeneth,
 The Finger of the LORD ;
 Highest, Sweetest, Kindest, Best,
 Bountiful and Lowliest ;
 Who as He wills, and when He wills,
 And where He wills, His Grace instils,
 Teaches, fills, and lifts,
 Enriches with His Gifts ;

To gladden the Apostles, to take their grief away,
 The SPIRIT of all Knowledge, He comes to earth
 to-day,
 He comes in all His Fulness, the Everlasting LORD,
 And the fount of perfect Wisdom upon their Souls
 is poured.

A Painter's Legend.



PAINTER, long ago, wrought out the
 story
 Of the great Love of CHRIST our
 LORD ;

How He, the Prince of Life and Glory,
 The Very and Eternal WORD,
 Enthroned before the glassy Sea,
 Still mourns for sin exceedingly.

And thus he pictured Him Whose Look so tender,
 No art may paint, no hues express,
 GOD in His Majesty of splendour,
 But wearing still His Passion-dress—
 The purple Robe which may not hide
 His wounded Hands and Feet and Side.

Once more His blessed Face looks marred with
 anguish ;
 His Brow still bears the thorny Crown ;

And still in death He seems to languish,
 And in an Agony look down
 On those Who nail Him yet again
 Fast to the Cross of sharpest pain.

Felix Dies mortalibus.

BEST Day, when doomed to die no
 more,
 Our SAVIOUR op'ed the starry way,
 Through Heaven's eternal door,
 That had been closed for aye.

Our Head hath pierced the skies, and we
 The body left, but not alone,
 If one in Charity,
 In Glory shall be one.

Yea, He hath gone, but still is nigh,
 Unseen, in SPIRIT present still,
 Doth every limb supply,
 And all the body fill.

But, oh, that day, when from His Throne,
 Th' Avenger of our crimes to be,
 The Heavens shall let Him down
 In terror's panoply.

He, once arraigned as criminal,
 The Judge returns, and from afar

Sitting on High shall call
His judges to the bar.

He died—that He from death might save :
What vengeance shall for them remain,
To whom a SAVIOUR'S Grave,
The Blood of GOD is vain.

Then let the guilty now come forth,
Ere Love in terror disappears,
And flames of wakening wrath
Extinguish with our tears.

Heut ist gefahren Gottes Sohn.



O-DAY the SON of GOD hath gone
Up to the Heavens' highest Throne.

To Olivet, as Gospels tell,
He came to bid His Own farewell.

While Blessing them He rose on High
In Might and Glory to the sky.

He to His FATHER went His Way,
To reign with Him above for aye.

The Gates are opened for the King,
And Heavenly hosts in Gladness sing.

The SON of Man is clothed with Might,
And seated on the FATHER'S Right.

Where Thou, LORD JESU, didst ascend,
Bring us, Thy Servants, at the end.

B B

Veni Superne Spiritus.



PIRIT Superne, come down again,
 Kind Patron of the poor opprest :
 Great Gift and bounteous Giver! deign
 To be our heart's abiding Guest.

Thou Radiant DOVE of Truth, descend
 On natures plunged in error's night :
 Essential Strength, the weak defend ;
 The dark illumine, Source of Light.

Come, and the empty shows destroy
 Which cheat weak sense with snares impure ;
 Left, far from Thee, true Fount of Joy,
 Their gaudy hues our feet allure.

So be Thy Presence in our hearts,
 So Thou alone within us shine,
 That, dead to all vain Earth imparts,
 Our life may be Thy Breath Divine.

Melt these cold bosoms, Sacred Love,
 With holy flames of Heavenly Fire,
 Till yielding Self, to GOD above,
 An offering of sweet smell expire.

Far have we gone from Thee astray,
 Back to Thy Throne our footsteps bend :
 Be Thou the exiles' homeward Way,
 And Thou its everlasting End.

Thr Junger Jesu, treuet euch.



REJOICE, ye Saints, in glad accord,
 Unto His Kingdom goes your LORD.
 His Work on earth is now complete,
 And Death is crushed beneath His Feet.

For all the world He hath atoned,
 And GOD hath Him in Glory throned.
 Far as the Heavenly realms extend
 His Might and Kingdom have no end.
 For evermore He reigneth King,
 And keeps His Church beneath His Wing.
 He is your Head, O raise the hymn,
 Ye Christians, with the Seraphim.
 Our Strength and Might are Thine alone,
 And we, O SAVIOUR, are Thine Own.
 Upon the Cross Thou diedst to spare,
 And madest us Thy Glory share.
 When faithful pilgrimage is o'er,
 Thou openest the Heavenly door :
 Thou hast prepared for us a place
 Where we shall ever see Thy Face.
 Teach us to seek for things on high,
 Where Thou dost shine in Majesty,
 And make us ever trust Thy Love
 Until we look on Thee above.

O crowned Redeemer, in that fight
 We, Thine for aye, shall find delight,
 And mid the Saints' exulting throng
 Sing in Thy Praise the glad new Song.

The Day of Pentecost.



HE Day of Pentecost,
 When down the HOLY SPIRIT came,
 And sat, like cloven Tongues of Flame,
 On the Apostles' host :

The Day of Pentecost,
 When first, in all His wond'rous Power,
 Himself, as everlasting Dower,
 Bestowed the HOLY GHOST :

The Day of Pentecost,
 When that amazing Boon was given
 By which on earth we dwell in Heaven,
 And joy when stricken most :

The Day of Pentecost,
 When that Celestial Grace was won
 By which alone we reach the SON,
 And count His Cross our boast :

This Day of Pentecost
 Has dawned again our Souls to cheer
 Then bring us all to JESUS near,
 O GOD, the HOLY GHOST !

Ἐπάρατε πυλάς.

GXALT, exalt, the Heavenly Gates,
Ye Chiefs of mighty name,
The LORD and King of all things waits,
Enrobed in earthly frame.

So to the higher seats they cry,
The humbler Legions of the sky.

For Adam's sake, by Serpent guile
Distressed, deceived, o'erthrown,
Thou left'st Thy native Home awhile,
Thou left'st the FATHER'S Throne :
Now He is decked afresh with Grace,
Thou seek'st once more the Heavenly place.

Glad festal keeps the earth to-day,
Glad festal Heaven is keeping :
Th' Ascension-pomp in bright array,
Goes proudly sky-ward sweeping :
The LORD the mighty deed hath done,
And joined the severed into one.

Postquam hostem et inferna.

WHEN all the Powers of Darknefs
spurning,
The SAVIOUR was at length re-
turning
To GOD's own Consolations :

As at His Coming, at His Going,
The Angels yield, with transport glowing,
Their radiant Ministrations.

And up above the Constellations,
Beyond all mortal observations,
Is raised His Frame Corporeal,
Who rules the world with Guidance tender
Coequal with the FATHER'S Splendour
And Force imperatorial.

But late enfranchised, late victorious,
Now is He set in Heaven All-glorious,
LORD of each Principality :
No more to taste of dissolution ;
Or cleanse by death the dread pollution
That cleaves to our mortality.

Once, once made Flesh, Who lived so lonely
And delgnd to offer once, once only
For sin His great Oblation !
By Him no further pains are owing,
And He enjoys a Peace o'erflowing
With perfect Exultation.

'Twas as He rose, that, thus impressing
Upon the Twelve He was addressing
The Maxims of His Mystery,
He said—Seek men, though forced asunder,
And teach them every one by Wonder
And Evangelic History.

My Path unto My FATHER wending,
I soon shall be again descending ;
The LORD of Intercession
Shall give you Words to Sin unsparing,
And dauntless breasts, and Souls of daring
Within your own possession.

Upon the sick, and on the pining,
Your consecrated hands inclining
Shall give all restoration :
Spreading o'er all the powers of harming,
Foes, plagues, the snakes that know no charming,
An utter desolation.

He who is found in Me believing,
And duly at your hands receiving
The true Purification,
He shall have ease from all transgression,
And with the Saints, in glorious session,
Eternal Delectation.

'Tis the last of the Days.



IS the last of the days He must sojourn
below,

The first that His orphan Disciples
must mourn :

He has toiled, He has bled, He has risen, He must go ;
The Stranger from Heaven to His Home must
return.

In the still early morning, ere man is abroad,
 He led forth His Friends, with sweet Words by
 the way,
 To the scene they so oft in His Converse had trod,
 Where at Olivet's foot His loved Bethany lay.

And there, as around Him they tearfully gazed,
 (His Aspect all beaming, all breathing with Love,)
 His Hands, like a Priest and a Father, He raised,
 And gave His deep Blessing—'twas echoed above.

Midst His Words, more unearthly His Countenance
 grew ;
 And lo! like a Spirit, He Heavenward ascends ;
 And a bright Cloud has caught Him too soon from
 the view,
 As they gaze through their tears, of His heart-
 bleeding Friends.

He is gone—what a parting—yet mark where attend
 Two Angels of comfort, and calm their despair :
 Why gaze ye ? This JESUS, ye saw thus ascend,
 Shall yet come in like manner, and ye shall be
 there.

He has finished His Work ; He has glorified GOD ;
 The Forerunner has gained his reversion of Bliss :
 And now must His Followers tread where He trod,
 Till they see Him, are like Him, and rest where
 He is.

No longer by sight, they must journey by faith ;
And with prayer, and with patience, must
Heavenward move on ;
And the SAVIOUR'S OWN SPIRIT shall gladden
their path ;
And they soon shall arrive where that SAVIOUR
is gone.

Ⓓ Ignis Spiritus Paracliti.



FIRE of the COMFORTER, O Life of
all that live,
Holy art Thou to quicken us, and Holy,
strength to give ;
To heal the broken-hearted ones, their sorest
wounds to bind,
O SPIRIT of all Holiness, O Lover of Mankind !
O sweetest Taste within the breast, O Grace upon
us poured
That faintly hearts may give again their perfume
to the LORD.
O purest Fountain, we can see, clear mirrored in
Thy Streams,
That GOD brings home the wanderers, that GOD
the lost redeems.
O Breastplate strong to guard our life, O Bond of
Unity,
O Dwelling-place of Righteousness, save all who
trust in Thee ;

Defend those who in dungeon dark are prisoned by
 the foe,
 And, for Thy Will is aye to save, let Thou the
 captives go.
 O surest Way, that through the height, and through
 the lowest deep,
 And through the earth dost pass, and all in firmest
 union keep ;
 From Thee the clouds and ether move, from Thee
 the moisture flows,
 From Thee the waters draw their rills, and earth
 with verdure glows ;
 And Thou dost ever teach the wise, and freely on
 them pour
 The inspiration of Thy Gifts, the gladness of Thy
 Lore.
 All praise to Thee, O Joy of Life, O Hope and
 Strength, we raise,
 Who givest us the prize of Light, Who art Thy-
 self All Praise.

Ye Saintly-Bands.



E Saintly-Bands that circle round
 The Throne of GOD, ye Sons of Light
 Polluted ne'er by sins of Earth,
 And clad in robes of dazzling white,
 Oh, touch your ever-tuneful lyres again,
 And joyfully pour forth the high Seraphic strain.

Ye beauteous clouds, that now as gates
 Of the eternal City stand,
 And hide from mortals' earth-dimmed sight,
 The untold Glories of that Land,
 Ope wide your Portals now your King is near,
 Let Joy and Gladness reign throughout your blue-
 arched Sphere.

Lo! now He comes—His Work is o'er,
 The Heaven-designed Task is done ;
 And bruised is the Serpent's head,
 O'er Death and Grave the victory won :
 For man had merited the Wrath of GOD,
 Redemption's bought by shedding of His guiltless
 Blood.

Lo! now He comes—let songs of joy
 The mourning heart with gladness cheer ;
 He comes ! and in His Body bears
 The deep imprints of nail and spear
 By men, as Priest, to intercede,
 And memory of His blessed Passion ever plead.

Why, mortals, gaze ye idly here ?
 He'll come once more to visit earth ;
 Not as despised and spurned of men,
 A Humble CHILD of lowly birth,
 To hold o'er all an undisputed Reign—
 As King of Glory, Judge of men, He'll come again.

Adeis, Superne Spiritus.



COME, O SPIRIT, graciously,
 Fount of Light, shine lucidly
 In the gloomiest night :
 Be Thou Peace to weary Souls,
 When the turbid ocean rolls,
 Then—Let there be Light.

Scatter far vain fantasies,
 Heal the wounded consciences
 Poisoned by their sin :
 Fill each heart with Charity
 From Thy Bounteous DEITY
 Pouring Grace within.

Charity which flows from Thee,
 Triple mail of Charity,
 Gird around our heart ;
 Lest our great nocturnal Foe
 Slay us with a secret blow
 From his fiery dart.

Guard the trembling penitent,
 Mingle peaceful heart-content
 With his anxious strife ;
 Make the stream of flowing tears
 Lead on through the vale of years
 To eternal Life.

Saviour, Thy Father's Promise send.



SAVIOUR, Thy FATHER's Promise send :
SPIRIT of Holiness, descend :
Lo! we are waiting for Thee, LORD,
All in one place with one accord.

Come and convince us all of sin,
Lighting Thy Lamp our hearts within ;
Thy Temples—but alas! how slow
Thy Presence and Thy Voice to know.
Convince us all of Righteousness :
By that great Work Thy People bless,
Which our High Priest hath wrought alone,
And carried to His FATHER's Throne.
Of Judgment, LORD, convince us too :
Teach us in CHRIST all things to view :
Oh, make us pure, with lightened eyes,
Harmless as doves, as serpents wise.

Lord, Thy Wing outspread.



LORD, Thy Wing outspread,
And us Thy flock enfold ;
Thy broad Wing spread, that covered
Thy Mercy-seat of old :

And o'er our nightly roof,
And round our daily path,
Keep watch and ward, and hold aloof
The Devil and his wrath.

For Thou dost fence our head,
 And shield—yea, Thou alone—
 The peasant on his pallet-bed,
 The prince upon his throne :
 Make then our heart Thine Ark,
 Whereon Thy Mystic DOVE
 May brood, and lighten it, when dark,
 With Beams of Peace and Love,

That dearer far to Thee
 Than gold or cedar-shrine
 The bodies of Thy Saints may be,
 The Souls by Thee made Thine ;
 So never more be stirred
 That Voice within our heart,
 The fearful Word that once was heard—
 Up! Let Us hence depart.

Coelos ascendit hodie.



HE King of Glory, CHRIST most High,
 Ascends this day above the sky.

At GOD'S Right Hand for evermore,
 He sits, while Heaven and earth adore.

Fulfilled is David's mystic strain,
 Who sang MESSIAH'S boundless Reign—

I set my King on Sion's hill,
 The utmost earth shall do His Will.

In this our day of highest joy,
 Be Hymns to CHRIST our glad employ.
 Those Hymns with Angel songs we blend,
 Dear LORD, Who dost to Heaven ascend.

Silence in Heaven.



COME, HOLY GHOST; the LAMB has
 broke
 The hidden Scripture's seals;
 Yet from the Throne no thunders woke,
 No golden trumpet peals:
 Mysterious rest of Light repest,
 As when the day was won,
 The sun stood still on Gibeon's hill,
 The moon in Ajalon!
 'Tis silence still in all the Heaven,
 Above, below, around;
 The Angels with the trumpets seven,
 Who stand prepared to sound;
 The Saint before the golden Shrine,
 The River by the Tree;
 And where the pictured harps recline
 Upon the glassy Sea.
 Hold fast the Rock, thou little Flock,
 So fainting, and so few;
 Lift, lift your hands—the Angel stands
 With incense lit for you:

Those prayers shall be a cloudy sea,
 From myriad censers hurled ;
 Earth's utmost space your Meeting-place,
 Your Upper-room the world.

Felix Dies mortalibus.



HAPPY Day, to mortals dear,
 When, by His precious Blood shed here,
 The **MAN-GOD** reached the ageless hall
 Closed unto mankind since the Fall.

Where He, our Head, is gone before,
 His Members thither too shall soar,
 For, joined to His Humility,
 Joined to His Glory we shall be.

Ascended **LORD**, Who in Thy Grace
 Preparest for Thine Own a place,
 Draw us, we pray, with cords of Love
 From exile to our Home above.

There living streams abundantly
 With their sweet draughts shall satisfy
 Those Souls from fear and trouble free,
 Those happy Souls which dwell with Thee.

Giver of bounty, Blessèd **LORD**,
 Thyself shalt be our great Reward,
 When our brief sorrow here is o'er
 Thou wilt give Joy for evermore.

And when we come to that one Fold,
Thee, Face to face, we shall behold,
For ever there Thy Praises sing,
For ever love Thee, CHRIST the King.

JESU, Who never leavest those
Whom once Thy Loving-kindness chose,
Send down Thy SPIRIT from Thy Throne,
Salvation's pledge, to teach Thine Own.

Anni peractis mensibus.



YEAR'S swift months have passed
away,
The Joys of Pentecost are here ;
At length returns the wished-for day
Again believing hearts to cheer.

'Twas then the SPIRIT of the LORD
Filled with Celestial Joys the earth ;
His radiant Glories all abroad
From Heaven throughout the world go forth.

For thus the SON of GOD most High
His Promise to the Apostles made,
Ascending o'er the lofty sky,
To send His HOLY SPIRIT'S Aid.

Now He by surest proofs is here,
Apostles' voices witness bear,
And various nations far and near,
In divers tongues His Power declare.

① Geist des Herrn, nur deine Kraft.



HOLY GHOST Thy Heavenly Dew
 The hearts of sinners can renew ;
 Thou dost within our breasts abide,
 And still to holy actions guide.
 Thou mak'st the Soul with joy to sing,
 When sorrow's clouds are deepening ;
 With **JESUS CHRIST** Thou mak'st us one,
 Earnest of Heaven, from **GOD's** high Throne.
 Best Gift of **GOD**, and man's true Friend,
 Into my inmost Soul descend ;
 The mind of **JESUS CHRIST** impart,
 And consecrate to Thee my heart.
 Teach me to do my **FATHER's** Will,
 To lie, beneath His Guidance, still ;
 Lighten my mind, and oh, incline
 My heart to make His Pleasure mine.
 From spot and blemish make me pure,
 My future Blifs in Heaven secure ;
 When lost in darkness, give me Light,
 And cheer me through death's dreary night.

Pentecostal Type and Antitype.



WHEN Israel came from Egypt's land,
 And after fifty days they stand
 At Sinai's chosen place ;
 The People stood in fear and awe,
 While their Dread **LORD** proclaimed His Law
 Of Wrath, and not of Grace.

When Israel came to Canaan's shore,
 The home GOD promised long before,
 Yet won by war and toil ;
 Each Pentecost they gave the LORD,
 According to His written Word,
 The first-fruits of the soil.

* * * *

Another Pentecost came round,
 Another Law gave forth its sound,
 Of Grace and not of Wrath ;
 The Twelve, baptized with HOLY GHOST,
 That Law proclaimed to Israel's host,
 By CHRIST the LORD sent forth.

From every land at home, abroad,
 Elected by their GOD and LORD,
 By new and Heavenly Birth ;
 Their earthly life they little prize,
 They give themselves a Sacrifice,
 The first-fruits of the earth.

Mundo novum Jus dicere.

AS Heralds here, Ascended GOD,
 To publish Thy new Law abroad,
 We wait, within this Sacred Place,
 Th' Afflatus of Thy SPIRIT'S Grace.

Bound to Thy Service, LORD, may we
 With pure devotion worship Thee ;
 Till, filled with Influence from above,
 We tell the world Thy glorious Love.

About to breathe Thy SPIRIT'S Breath
 On men, in virtue of Thy Death ;
 By rich experience make us know
 What Blessings from Thy Sufferings flow.

Exalted to Thy FATHER'S Throne,
 His vast Dominion is Thine Own ;
 LORD, with Divine munificence,
 To us the promised Gifts dispense.

Let darknes from our minds remove,
 And our great Law be that of Love,
 Thy potent Hand our hearts prepare,
 And write this Law for ever there.

Holy Spirit! long expected.

HOLY SPIRIT! long expected,
 Come, Thou Slow-returning DOVE,
 And the Olive-branch rejected,
 Oh, bring with Thee from above.

HOLY SPIRIT!

Let the favour
 Of Thy Favour

Comfort all our hearts with Love.

COMFORTER of those in sorrow :

Guide to those who go astray :

Teacher, all whose Lessons borrow

Light from what the LORD did say ;

HOLY SPIRIT!
 Let Thy Guiding,
 Grace providing,
 Lead us upward into Day.

O Thou Advocate! Whose Pleading
 Wins back those whose Souls have erred,
 While, for sinners interceding,
 CHRIST their Advocate is heard;

HOLY SPIRIT!
 Let Thy Praises
 Help to raise us
 Nearer to th' Eternal Word.

Deffnet eure Thore, Fursten Deffnet sie.



IFT ye up your Gates, ye Princes! lift
 them high,

Let the King of Glory enter gloriously;
 Who is He that cometh, girt with
 Legions bright?

He, the strong and mighty Victor in the fight.

Open wide your portals, ye eternal Gates!
 For the King of Glory, glorious triumph waits.
 Who is This, the King Who comes to reign on high,
 He, Whom hosts of Angels serve and glorify?

Break forth into singing, all that dwell on earth,
 Praise your GOD with joy, and laud His Name with
 mirth:

Who in Manger rough a Weeping INFANT lay,
 Over earth and Heaven bears most blessed sway.

While that great rejoicing foundeth far and wide,
 Goes He up in Glory to His FATHER'S Side :
 He, of all forsaken on the cruel Tree,
 Ruleth over all, to all Eternity.

Salutis humanæ Sator.



AUTHOR of lost man's Salvation,
 JESU, each true heart's delight,
 Framers of the new creation,
 Light of lovers chaste and bright.

LORD, what mighty Mercy bowed Thee
 Thus to bear Thy creatures' sin ;
 Guiltless, bidding Death o'ercloud Thee,
 Guilty Souls from death to win ?

Bursting through the gulf infernal,
 Thou unchain'st the captive band ;
 Triumphant in state supernal,
 Sitteest now at GOD'S Right Hand.

Oh, may yet Thy Pity turn Thee
 To repair our ruined plight,
 Cleansed in beauty to discern Thee,
 Filled with Thine all hallowing Light.

Thou, the Way, dost Heavenward lead us ;
 Goal, to which our hearts must tend :
 Solace sweet, 'mid tears to speed us ;
 Crown of Life, when tears shall end.

Laudes Deo devotas.

HIGH praise to GOD, and laud devout,
 With dulcet voice and joyous shout
 Let the faithful people pay ;
 For on the chosen Twelve that day
 The HOLY SPIRIT'S Grace adored
 In cloven Tongues of Fire was poured.
 Oh, may the Present PARACLETE
 Purge us from every taint of sin,
 And build Himself a dwelling meet,
 And pour our inmost hearts within
 All Gifts and Graces, that aright
 Our Life be pleasing in His Sight,
 Through endless ages infinite.
 Sing we, shout we—Alleluia,
 To our GOD be Praise and Power,
 Honour, Glory, Strength, and Might !

Q Christe, Qui noster poli.

CHRIST, Who Leader in the race,
 Entrest Thy royal Dwelling-place,
 Bid upwards draw to that blest sphere
 Those whom Thou seest prostrate here.

With love that knows no base alloy,
 Oh, make us hasten to the Joy
 To every earthly heart unknown,
 Which faith can taste, and faith alone.

Then Thou dost give—most full Reward—
Thyself unto Thy dear Ones', LORD ;
And, the full blifs to overflow,
In all Thou workest all Thy Will.

And the unstinted streams that pour
Their Divine sweetness evermore,
Shall gladden the blest inmates there,
Released from every fear and care.

Triumphe ! plaudant Maria.



WITH all your floods attending
Beat, Seas, upon the shore.
Ye Saints, more lowly bending,
Exalt Him more and more—

The LORD of Lords—ascending
Above the starry floor.

The Name which GOD has given,
All knees shall lowly bow
Of things in earth and Heaven,
And things the earth below.

Ho ! Heavenly warders, glorious,
Your portals lift on high ;
The KING of Kings victorious
Let in on all the sky ;
His Triumph meritorious
With praises magnify.

Who is the King of Glory,
Who comes with Garments dyed

From Bozrah's wine-press gory,
And Edom's purple tide ?
The strong man's deathful foray
The stronger has defied.

The FATHER's Right Hand gracing,
Thy Throne, O LORD, prepare ;
The goal of all our racing,
The mark of every prayer ;
No pity's touch effacing
With Thee ascending there.

The Name which GOD has given,
All knees shall lowly bow,
Of things in earth and Heaven,
And things the earth below.

Ἀνέστης τριήμερος.



AFTER three days Thou didst rise
Visible to mortal eyes :
First th' Eleven worshipped Thee,
Then the rest in Galilee :

Then a Cloud in glory bore
Thee to Thine own Native-shore.

Boldly David poured the strain :
GOD ascends to Heaven again :
With the Trumpet's pealing note
Alleluías round Him float ;
As He now, by hard-won right,
Seeks the Fount of purest Light.

Crime on crime, and grief on grief,
 Left the world without relief :
 Now that aged, languid race
 GOD hath quickened by His Grace :
 As Thy going up we see,
 Glory to Thy Glory be.

Where is our Master now ?



HERE is our Master now ?

Vainly our eyes,
 Seeking to follow Him,
 Turn to the skies :

He is gone up on High,
 Yet to us still is nigh ;
 He leaves us not.

Still He is near to those
 Met in His Name,
 He with His Children walks
 Through trial's flame ;
 Near when His loved ones call,
 Near when they lowly fall,
 Still He is near.

It shall be given us
 His Crown to share,
 So while on earth we live
 His Cross we bear ;
 Ours shall His Glory be,
 Ours then His Victory
 Valiantly won.

Where is the Promise now
 That He will come ?
 When will He lead His Own
 To His bright Home ?
 True is His Word and sure,
 His Promise shall endure,
 He shall return.

Sadly the weary ones
 Wait for His Word,
 Gladly the true in heart
 Watch for their LORD.
 Shall He come soon or late ?
 Blessèd are they that wait,
 Till He appear.

De Ascensione Domini.



HERE'S rapture in the Heavenly height,
 And music 'mid the worlds of light,
 For Glory's King ascends on High
 Crowned with immortal Victory.

He came to die, but lives again ;
 The tyrant Death himself is slain
 While e'en the spoils of conquered Hell
 Shall the Redeemer's triumph swell.

Risen, that He might others raise ;
 Sold, He the price of others pays ;
 The wandering sheep that far had strayed
 Has heard His Voice, and prized His Aid.

Rise, then, above thy sinful birth ;
 Now live the life of Heaven on earth ;

Members of CHRIST must follow on
When He, their Head, before is gone.

JESUS! the Glory, the Delight
Of Angels, clothed with Heavenly Might,
Do Thou our inmost Souls inspire
To seek Thee still with warm desire.

Grant us in Thee alone to live ;
Lead us ourselves to Thee to give ;
And still Thy Love Divine impart,
And warm and cheer Thy People's heart.

The Heavens for their mighty King
prepare.



HE Heavens for their mighty King
Prepare, when He shall captive bring
Captivity, and bear it high
In triumph, far above the sky.

They take their harps, they stand, they wait
For His Return, at Heaven's gate—
He comes—then bursts the holy song
Far through the aisles of Heaven ; and long
Re-echoes through th' eternal Hall.
Ten thousand chariots at His Call
Roll down to earth, like thunder loud
Their noise ; and the Angelic crowd,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, all
Before His awful Presence fall :
Then bursts the Hymn afresh and fills
With joy the everlasting Hills.

I will not leave you Comfortless.



WILL not leave you Comfortless—
 The Promised **SPIRIT** comes to bless ;
 The Pentecostal Day is come,
 And with one mind, in common home,

The sad Disciples of the **LORD**
 Waiting, obey His solemn Word.

Oh, let His Word with us abide,
 While thus we keep our Whitsuntide !

Sudden, above, and all around,
 A mighty Wind, a rushing Sound
 Comes from the Clouds asunder riven ;
 Resistless comes—it comes from Heaven—
 Its Power expansive makes its way,
 And fills the chamber where they pray.

Oh, may that Power with us abide
 To cheer us in our Whitsuntide !

Not Sounds alone, but Sights are there,
 For cloven Tongues of Fire appear ;
 Brighter than jewelled diadem
 They rest on each and all of them :
 The Heavenly Influence spreads : and they
 Exulting hail the glorious Day.

And oh, may we with thankful pride
 Thus hail our glorious Whitsuntide !

Filled from one Source, the **HOLY GHOST**,
 (JESUS their theme, His Cross their boast)

No other teaching they require,
 Kindled, inspired by Heaven's own Fire,
 In Tongues ne'er learnt they JESUS preach,
 E'en as the SPIRIT's Breathings teach.

Oh, help us, teach us, Heavenly Guide,
 To keep aright our Whitsuntide !

The tidings soon were noised abroad
 Of Powers that spoke the Present GOD ;
 And numbers vast of pious men,
 From every clime 'neath Heaven's ken,
 Each in his native language heard,
 From men untaught, the sacred Word.

Oh, spread those tidings far and wide,
 Blest Founder of our Whitsuntide !

Well might those listeners cry—Oh ! see,
 Are not they all from Galilee ?
 How in our proper tongue doth each
 Catch words of Wisdom from their speech ?
 To keep a Feast from far we came,
 A holier Feast we now proclaim.

And oh, what they far off descried,
 May we enjoy each Whitsuntide !

Surely I come quickly.



SURELY—the Master said—I come
 Quickly to earth again :
 And yet how long our eyes have watched
 And waited but in vain.

Long? and in vain? O foolish heart,
 When will thy faith grow strong,
 And learn that when the watch is past
 Thou shall not deem it long.

No watch too long for Him Who comes :
 Nor any waiting vain
 For Crowns like those which GOD shall give
 When He hath come again.

O Coming LORD! Who still delay'st
 Thy Chariot-wheels in Love,
 To give us time to fit ourselves
 For higher rooms above.

Increase our faith—Nay! wash our Souls
 More clean from guilty stain ;
 Lest, though Thou comest quickly, we
 Who wait should wait in vain :
 Give us some right to say—E'en so,
 LORD JESUS, come again!

Pentecost.



SON of GOD, Who wentest up on high
 Only to come more nigh,
 More nigh Thy orphaned Twelve the
 first of us

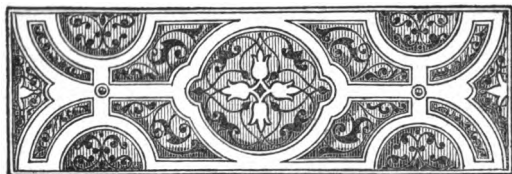
Thy Sons innumerable,
 Lo, at the break of Pentecostal Day

We list what GOD will say,
 In Sion, in the Mountain of Thy choice
 We wait the still small Voice.

He speaks! He speaks! now he that hath an ear
 Let him the loved Voice hear—
 That where I am My Own might be alway
 On earth I would not stay ;
 A little while, and in My gracious Rain
 To earth I came again,
 That I with man might dwell and be his Friend
 Even unto the end.

The Flesh Which died, Which nevermore shall die,
 'Twas That I bare on high ;
 My Death, My Life, to work 'mid sin and woe,
 'Twas That I sent below ;
 Summed in the mighty Wind and Tongues of Fire
 Are all ye can desire
 That ye may work with This your GOD and be
 Mine through Eternity.

Amen! Amen! so be it, LORD, with all
 Who love Thy Festival !
 Thou hast not left us orphans ; to our need
 The COMFORTER indeed,
 The Eternal FATHER's Promise, Thy Work's
 Crown,
 The SPIRIT hath come down ;
 The FATHER, thus, and SON, in Souls may dwell
 For ever. It is well.



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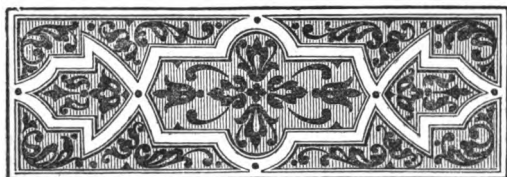
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"The Collection before us is one of the most valuable, perhaps, which is extant in our language. [The Eucharistic] is a department of Hymnology which hitherto has been only too much neglected in the English Church. . . . This great defect, then, is here, in some measure, supplied—most ably supplied as far as it goes—though, of course, it could only, within the necessary limits of such a Collection, be a gleaning from the vast stores which are available to the Church. The *Lyra Eucharistica* is beautifully printed and got

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up. It will prove, we are sure, an attractive Book, as well from its intrinsic merits as its external beauty."—*The Church Review*.

"The Volume before us is the last addition to the number [of Books on Hymnology]. But it will be observed, as its title indicates, that the Hymns contained in this Work are all devoted to one subject. Some idea of the labour incurred by the Editor may be gathered from the fact, that the Book contains 165 Hymns devoted to the Holy Communion. These have been selected from every available Source, many of them being Translations from Mediæval Hymns, while others are original compositions. There are copious Indices, and an explanatory Preface which is not the least interesting part of the work. It would be absurd to say a word of praise in favour of the Hymns themselves: we cannot gild refined gold. Suffice it to say, that to those who wish to deepen their sense of our Lord's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, this work will be found invaluable. It is most beautifully got up, printing, paper, and binding, being everything one could wish for; and its price is so moderate as to place it within the reach of nearly every one."—*The Church Times*.

"The present beautiful Volume will probably be the most popular of the many Collections and Translations relating to the Holy Communion edited by Mr. Shipley. Those who possess his *Divine Liturgy*, will have learnt to appreciate some of the special beauties of Eucharistic Hymns, as aids to devotion, from the choice specimens, chiefly ancient and mediæval, collected in that Publication. The comparatively few there given have gradually expanded in the Editor's hands into the present Volume: [and] no less than 165 grand and beautiful Hymns, all closely related to the Holy Eucharist, many now appearing for the first time, at least in their present English dress, are thus brought together into a handsomely printed and neatly bound little Volume."—*John Bull*.

"Works like the *Lyra Eucharistica* are in two ways useful. In this Volume are brought together a great number of beautiful Hymns, original and translated, which for private use will doubtless be grateful to many. But it is also a valuable contribution towards the Hymnal of the future. Eucharistic Hymns are needed: here we have 165, some of which are of a very high order. Mr. Shipley has gathered in his stores from every side: but we conceive the most valuable part of the Volume to be the translations of ancient Hymns."—*The Press*.

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"The idea which has prompted the publication of this Volume is very commendable. Among the devotional poetry of ancient and

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mediæval times, there are many beautiful Hymns, which, in apt and spirited Translations, might aid the faith of Christians in our own time. If it be true that the highest and most lasting evidence of the truth of our holy Faith is found in its effect on the mind of the believer, it must surely be a good thing for men to have the witness of earlier ages brought home to them by means of Collections like this; and the Hymns which Mr. Shipley and others are striving to rescue from oblivion, will be welcome to the hearts and lips of many who can find little in the Poetry of the present day that will serve as the expression of their Faith. We can, therefore, freely acknowledge that Mr. Shipley set himself a good work when he undertook the collection of Hymns on the Holy Eucharist."—*The Standard*.

"Of the literary merits of the contributions, both as to the Translations and the Original Hymns, we cannot speak too highly . . . [and the] Volume cannot fail to strike the eye by the appropriate character of its printing and binding."—*The Economist*.

"Mr. Shipley has made an offering to the Church, in this beautiful work, which may well win for him the gratitude of all who mourn over the coldness and indifference with which the unspeakable Gift of CHRIST, in the Holy Eucharist, is received by too many of her members. It is a most exquisite Collection, containing not only Translations from the old days of faith and fervour, but also all that is most worthy of the subject from the Poems of Modern Authors. Such a Work may prove no mean instrument for promoting the love and reverence for this great Sacrament, which so many earnest minds are now labouring to revive."—*The Churchman's Companion*.

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are original, and of singular ability and interest."—*The Union Review*.

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"In the department of devotional Literature, we think [that Mr. Shipley's] last effort is the best. The printers and binders have produced a beautiful Volume, a fit casket for the gems, modern and antique, which it contains. In a Preface of thirty pages, the Editor states his design, and makes some excellent remarks on Hymnology generally, but especially on Hymns for the Holy Communion. Mr. Shipley has done all he could to collect together a noble body of verse on a noble subject, and has laid under contribution a great number of friends, both for Translations of Ancient Hymns and Original ones. The Volume certainly supplies a want."—*The Clerical Journal*.

"We should not do justice to Messrs. Longman if we did not mention the very ornamental manner in which the [*Lyra Eucharistica*] is published, in imitation of the handsomest Works of the 16th and 17th Centuries."—*The Weekly Register*.

"As a Book [*Lyra Eucharistica*] is one of the most perfect specimens of typography we have seen for some years; and although some few inaccuracies are found in its pages, we think the Editor's labours have been marked with considerable success . . . There are no less than 165 Compositions, the collecting, translating, and arranging of which supply abundant evidence of the earnest diligence and painstaking care of the Editor."—*The Wesleyan Times*.

"This elegantly got-up Book [*Lyra Eucharistica*] scarcely comes within our province, but we wish to call attention to it as containing a number of very beautiful pieces upon the subject to which it is consecrated. Some of the Translations are original, and not a few among them are admirable."—*The Journal of Sacred Literature*.

"*Lyra Eucharistica* and the *Divine Liturgy*, both of them compilations by the Rev. Orby Shipley, are got up with great typographical *luxé*, and are edited with Mr. Shipley's usual care."—*The Ecclesiologist*.

"The peculiar stamp and beauty of the binding of this Hymnal [*Lyra Eucharistica*], which has been evidently designed with most exquisite taste, in accordance with the strictest rules of mediæval art, is the first circumstance which strikes the Reader on taking it into his hands. Opening the Volume, everything is in character with the exterior—mediæval title-page—mediæval designs, vignettes, and illustrations—mediæval printing—and the Hymns themselves abundantly mediæval and antique."—*The London Review*.



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