

SONGS OF THE SOUL

GATHERED OUT OF

MANY LANDS AND AGES.

BY

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME,

AUTHOR OF "THE ALHAMBRA AND THE KREMLIN," "THE POWER OF PRAYER,"
ETC., ETC.

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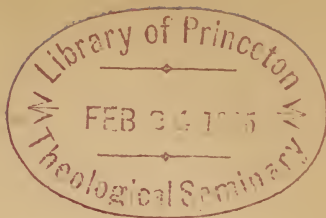
NOTE TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE favor with which these sacred songs have been received, encourages and justifies the publishers in giving them to the public in another form. It was always to me a source of regret that the expensive style of the previous editions made the collection inaccessible to thousands whom I desire to reach and cheer. From many, the most precious testimonials have come to me, of the comfort, peace, and joy derived from the possession of these poems ; and I count it among the greatest blessings of my life to have had a hand in giving to the Christian public this collection, much of which will be immortal and beloved in the Church of God.

Again I commend it as containing many of the noblest hymns that mortal tongues have sung, and my prayer is that they who read them may sing with me the everlasting song.

S. I. P.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1879.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE work has been a great delight to me. With it has come a sense that the wants and utterances of the soul have been the same in all climes and all ages, and that God's grace was as rich and full and free eighteen hundred years ago as it is to-day. Side by side go up the plaintive utterances of the captive queen, the passionate cry of the earth-stained soul, the triumphant chant of the redeemed, the stirring call of the soldier, the deep and solemn music of the mitred abbot, the noble strains of the cloistered monk, the clear, sweet melody of the martyred girl; and, swelling as they rise, they blend into a grand chorus of love and of thanksgiving that shall one day shake the skies. The work has been itself its own reward; but if any soul be touched and drawn to a higher life, any weak heart lifted up and strengthened, it will be to me an unspeakable joy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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MATIN AND VESPER SONGS.

MATIN SONGS.



G O D.

O THOU eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God, there is no God beside.
Being above all beings, Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone,
Embracing all, — supporting, — ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call GOD — and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure: — none can mount
Up to thy mysteries, reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in Eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call
First chaos, then existence ; — Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation ; — all
Sprung forth from thee — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin ; — all life, — all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be, glorious, great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath,
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
thee ;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light —
A glorious company of golden streams —
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright —
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams :
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost, —

What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
 And what am *I*, then? Heaven's unnumbered
 host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I? — Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards thy presence: for in thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely *thou* must be.

Thou art, directing, guiding all. — Thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand:
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their
 birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
 Created *me*, thou source of life and good;

Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord ;
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source — to thee — its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
 'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore ;
 And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

1816.

TRANS. BY BOWRING.



LORD GOD OF MORNING AND OF NIGHT.

LORD God of morning and of night,
 We thank thee for thy gift of light :
 As in the dawn the shadows fly,
 We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
 Fresh force to do our daily part ;
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
 A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lórd of lights ! 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God we cry for thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

1683.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

MORNING.

O H, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought !

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain,
Untir'd, we ask and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more! Content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

1827.

JOHN KEEBLE



VOX MATUTINA.

EARTH'S lamps are growing dim,
The Church's early hymn
Comes up in slow, soft sound,
Like music from the ground;
Her old prophetic psalm
Fills the deep twilight calm!

Not yet his blossom wreath
Of beams, from climes beneath,
The happy sun has bound
These mountain peaks around;
Hardly yon cloudlet high
Has caught the radiancy.

Only the stars look pale,
As if some luminous veil
Were passing o'er their face,
Taking, yet adding grace,

Hiding, yet giving light,
To these fair gems of night.

The beacon lights still gleam
Along the ocean-stream,
Goes up no city-smoke,
No city-hum has broke
Earth's sleep, or sounded forth
Another morning's birth.

Shake off from us the night,
O God, as sons of light ;
Prepare us for the day,
That at the first faint ray
Of morn in eastern skies
We may with joy arise.

What though night's silence still
Broods over plain and hill ;
These shades will soon be past,
The Day-star comes at last !
And we shall welcome him
With our clear morning-hymn !

1857.

HORATIUS BONAR.



A CHRISTMAS MATIN-HYMN.

'T WAS in the morning 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 human kind 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 ;

Grant me thyself, O Saviour kind,
 Thy Spirit undefiled,
 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;
 There let thy presence, newly born,
 Make all my being thine.
 Then try me as the silver, try,
 And cleanse my soul with care,
 Till thou art able to descry
 Thy faultless Image there.

C. I. BLACK

 MATIN SONG.

I CANNOT ope my eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God! what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God! what is a heart,
 That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts, and richly, to serve thee;
 He did not heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee !

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



AS A BIRD IN MEADOWS FAIR.

(Wie ein Vogel lieblich singet.)

AS a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air,
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more !

If thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And, to greet thee, upward flies,
Gladsome as yon tiny bird.
Shine thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise thee right ;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do ;
Bless whate'er I have and love ;
From the paths of virtue true,
Let me never, never rove :

By thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to thee,
Then an heir of life on high,
Fearless I may live and die.



NOW THAT THE DAY-STAR GLIMMERS BRIGHT.

(Jam lucis orto sidere.)

NOW that the day-star glimmers bright,
Pray, brothers, bending low,
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe, —
The gate of every sense.

And grant, that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

And, lest the flesh in its excess
Should lord it o'er the soul,
Let taming abstinence repress
The rebel, and control.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to his only Son,
And to the Spirit One and Three,
While endless ages run.

1580.

TRANS. BY NEWMAN, FROM THE PARISIAN BREVIARY.

A MORNING PRAYER.

(Im Osten flammt empor die goldene Sonne.)

THE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,
And what dark night had hid from every eye,
All piercing daylight summons clear to view.
And all the forest, vale, or plain, or hill,
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart, and bring me joy and light;
Sun of my darkened soul, dispel its night,
And shed in it the truthful day abroad;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart, that fain would learn to wear
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

Glad with thy light, and glowing with thy love,
So let me ever speak and think and move
As fits a soul new-touched with light from Heaven,
That seeks but so to order all her course,
As most to show the glory of that Source.
By whom alone her strength, her life, are given.

I ask not, take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray, that all can bear

And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart, most rich in love,
And from his bounteous hánds it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still ;
No, here too, Lord, be done thy holy will ;
I ask but for a quiet child-like heart ;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever thine ;
Draw it from earth and fix it where thou art.

I ask thee not to finish soon the strife,
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life ;
No, be my peace amid its grief and pain ;
I pray not, grant me now thy realm on high ;
No, ere I die let me to evil die,
And through thy Cross my sins be wholly slain.

True morning sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain thou shine on me to-day :
Be thou my light when all around is gloom ;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see, when life is fled,
The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

1833.

SPITTA.



THOU BOUNTEOUS GIVER OF THE LIGHT.

(Lucis Largitor splendide.)

THOU bounteous giver of the light,
All-glorious, in whose light serene,
Now that the night has passed away,
The day pours back her sunny sheen.

Thou art the world's true morning star!
 Not that which on the edge of night,
 Faint herald of a little orb,
 Shines with a dim and narrow light;

Far brighter than our earthly sun,
 Thyself at once the Light and Day!
 The inmost chambers of the heart
 Illumining with heavenly ray.

Be every evil lust repelled
 By guard of inward purity,
 That the pure body evermore
 The Spirit's holy shrine may be.

These are our votive offerings;
 This hope inspires us as we pray,
 That this, our holy matin light,
 May guide us through the busy day.

530.

ST. HILARY OF ARLES.



WHEN I RISE AGAIN TO LIFE.

(From the German.)

WHEN I rise again to life,
 From the tranquil sleep of death,
 And, released from earthly strife,
 Breathe that morning's balmy breath,
 I shall wake to other thought:
 The race is run, the fight is fought;
 All the pilgrim's cares are dreams,
 When that dawn of morning gleams!

Help, that no departed day,
 God of endless life and joy,
 To the righteous Judge may say,
 'Twas profaned by my employ :
 To another morn I wake,
 And to thee my offering make ;
 O may all my days that flee,
 Joys and sorrows, lead to thee !

1792.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.



VESPER SONGS.



ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the even-tide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But, as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
 But kind and good, with healing in thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee.
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour :
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power !
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, Grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold then thy cross before my closing eyes !
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee !

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

1847.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTR.

I COME, DEAR LORD, LIKE A TIRED CHILD.

I COME, dear Lord, like a tired child to creep
 Unto thy feet, and there awhile to sleep.
 Weary, though not with a long busy day,
 But with the morning's sunshine and with play,
 And with some tears that fell, although the while
 They scarce were deep enough to drown a smile.

There is no need of words of mine to tell
My heart to thee ; thou needest not to spell,
As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;
Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing, all the while,
How soon will pass away the endless grief,
How soon will come the gladness and relief ;
But if thou smilest, yet thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less thy love doth understand,
And not the less, with tender, pitying hand,
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face
Doth cherish to a smile in thy embrace,
Until the pain is gone, and thou dost say,
“Go now, my child, and work for me to-day.”



I COME TO THEE TO-NIGHT.

I COME to thee to-night,
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave communion high with thee,
Father of love and light !

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all, — the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hours,
Now, at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake!

EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise:
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine !

Let peace, O Lord, — thy peace, O God, —
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh give us now repose !

1858.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

CRADLE SONG.

SWEET baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child ; and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear ?
What thing to thee can mischief do ?
Thy God is now thy Father dear ;
His holy spouse, thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be ;
Thine eldest brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight ;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in his sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he ;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon his virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed :
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that he did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;
And by his torments and his pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more, to perfect this
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not ;
Sleep, baby, then ; forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep !

CRADLE SONG OF THE HOLY BABE.

SLEEP! Holy Babe,
Upon thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep! Holy Babe,
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the 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.

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.

EDWARD CASWELL.



CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! *my* Father too !
 Oh make me good and just and true,
 Make me delight to learn thy word,
 And love to pray and praise the Lord.

Oh may thy gracious presence bless
 And guard my childhood's helplessness ;
 Be with me as I grow in years,
 And guide me through this vale of tears.

1833.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.



CHILD'S VESPER HYMN.

(*Ἀφετε τα παιδιά ἔρχεσθαι πρὸς με —*)

THOU that once on mother's knee
 Wert a little one like me,
 When I wake, or go to bed,
 Lay thy hands about my head ;
 Let me feel thee very near,
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night ;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do ;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house :
Now thou art above the sky ;
Canst thou hear a baby cry ?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me.

1868.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.



EVENING HYMN.

FATHER ! by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour.
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil

On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy children to repose.
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

Saviour! to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray:
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view,
Blessed Saviour! yet through thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile before we sleep,
We, with thee, will vigils keep;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence,
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Softens, strengthen, comfort still!

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear:
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.



THE MOON HATH RISEN ON HIGH.

(Der Mond ist aufgegangen.)

THE moon hath risen on high,
And in the clear dark sky
The golden stars all brightly glow ;
And black and hushed the woods,
While o'er the fields and floods
The white mists hover to and fro.

How still the earth ! how calm !
What dear and home-like charm
From gentle twilight doth she borrow !
Like to some quiet room,
Where rapt in still, soft gloom,
We sleep away the daylight's sorrow.

Look up ! the moon to-night
Shows us but half her light,
And yet we know her round and fair.
At other things how oft
We, in our blindness, scoffed,
Because we saw not what was there !

We haughty sons of men
Have but a narrow ken,
We are but sinners poor and weak ;
Yet airy dreams we build,
And deem us wise and skilled,
And come not nearer what we seek.

Thy mercy let us see,
Nor find in vanity
Our joy ; nor trust in what departs ;
But true and simple grow,
And live to thee below,
With sunny, pure, and childlike hearts.

Let death all gently come
At last to take us home,
And let us meet him fearlessly ;
And when these bonds are riven,
Oh take us to thy Heaven,
Our Lord and God, to dwell with thee !

Now in his name most blest,
My brothers, sink to rest ;
The wind is cold, chill falls the dew !
Spare us, O God, and keep
Not only us in sleep,
But all thy weary sufferers too.

EVENING.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near !
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

Oh by thine own sad burden borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
 With blessings from thy boundless store ;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ;
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE



O LIGHT OF LIFE, O SAVIOUR DEAR.

O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
 Before we sleep bow down thine ear !
 Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
 We have no other hope but thee.

Oft from thy royal road we part,
 Lost in the mazes of the heart :
 Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
 We seek for God and find him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
 What dawning risen upon the night !
 Thou givest thyself to us, and we
 Find guide, and path, and all in thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
 Abide with us more nearly near;
 Till on thy face we lift our eyes,
 The sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
 Praise him through time, till time shall end;
 Till psalm and song his name adore
 Through Heaven's great day of evermore.

1868.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE



THE EVENING HYMN OF THE GREEK ISLES.

(τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.)

THE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
 I pray thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesu! keep me in thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night!
 The joys of day are over;
 Oh lift my heart to thee,
 And call on thee, that sinless
 The hours of sin may be.
 O Jesu! make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming night!
 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to thee;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Jesu! keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night!

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I;
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry:
 "He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be thou my soul's preserver,
 O God! for thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go;
 Lover of men! oh hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

457.

ST. ANATOLIUS, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed!
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day!

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds;
Oh may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil;
Stop all the avenues of ill:

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

SONGS
OF
THE FATHER, THE SON,
AND
THE HOLY GHOST.

SONGS TO THE TRINITY.



ODE TO THE TRINITY.

(From the Greek.)

THE tuneful sound of music
Burst sweetly forth of old,
In honor of the idol,
The lifeless form of gold :
We cry, with cry adoring
The Spirit's radiant flame,
Sole Trinity, we bless thee,
For evermore the same !

They who the voice prophetic
Knew not as word of thine,
The unknown tongues regarded
As drunkenness of wine ;
But we, in faith, devoutly
Give God the honor due :
Sole Trinity, we bless thee,
Who makest all things new !

The prophet Joel, looking
Upon the face of God,
Astonied, heard him speaking,
And told his words abroad :

They whom I give my Spirit
 Shall cry thus, filled with might,
 Sole Trinity, we bless thee,
 O everlasting Light!

The third day-hour abounded
 With grace, that we might know
 The source of blessing threefold,
 Whence benedictions flow.
 And now on this glad morning,
 The best and chief of days,
 Sole Trinity, we bless thee
 In hymns of grateful praise!

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCENE



O UNITY OF THREEFOLD LIGHT.

(τριφεγγής Μονὺς Θεαρχική.)

O UNITY of threefold light,
 Send out thy loveliest ray,
 And scatter our transgression's night,
 And turn it into day!
 Make thou those temples pure and fair
 Thy glory loveth well,
 The spotless tabernacles, where
 Thou mayst vouchsafe to dwell!

The glorious hosts of peerless night
 That ever see thy face,
 Thou mak'st the mirrors of thy light,
 The vessels of thy grace;

Then when their wondrous strain they weave,
 Hast pleasure in the lay :
 Deign thus our praises to receive,
 Albeit from lips of clay !

And yet thyself they cannot know,
 Nor pierce the veil of light
 That hides thee from the thrones below,
 As in profoundest night :
 How then can mortal accents frame
 Due tribute to the King ?
 Thou only, while we praise thy name,
Forgive us while we sing !

910.

METROPHANES OF SMYRNA, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.

HYMN OF HILDEBERT.

AN ADDRESS TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE MOST
 HOLY TRINITY.

(*A et Ω magne Deus.*)

TO THE FATHER.

FATHER, God, my God all-seeing !
 Alpha and Omega being, —
 Thou whose power no limit showeth,
 Thou whose wisdom all things knoweth ;
 God, all good beyond comparing ;
 God of Love for mortals caring ;
 Over, under all abounding,
 In and out and all surrounding ;

Inside all, yet not included,
Outside all, yet not excluded,
Over all, yet not elated,
Under all, yet not abated ;

Thou above, thy power ordaining ;
Thou beneath, thy strength sustaining ;
Thou without, the whole embracing ;
Thou within, thy fulness gracing.

Thee within, no power constraineth,
Thou without, no freedom gaineth ;
Over all, thee none sustaineth,
Under all, no burden paineth.

Moving all, no change thou knowest ;
Holding fast, thou freely goest.
Changing time, thou art unchanging,
Thou the fickle all arranging.
Force and fate, whichever showing,
Are but footsteps of thy going,
Past and future to us, ever
Are to thee, but now forever.
Thy to-day with thee abiding
Endless is, no change dividing ;
Thou, in it, at once foreseeing
All things, by thee perfect being,
Like the plan thy mind completed,
When creation first was meted.

TO THE SON.

Son, the Father's equal ever,
From his substance changing never,
Like in brightness and in feature ;
Though Creator, still a creature,

Thou our human body worest,
Our redemption too thou borest.

Endless, still thy time declaring,
Deathless, though thy death preparing,
Man and God, divided never,
Thou Man-God unmixed forever ;
God is not to flesh converted,
Nor by flesh the God perverted ;
God in human form appearing,
Never human weakness fearing ;
With the Father equal being,
Fleshly weakness disagreeing,
God the God begetting solely,
Virgin both conceiving wholly.

In this union, thus created,
Both the natures there are mated,
Each, its own existence taking,
Both, a new existence making.

He alone our Interceder,
Our Lawgiver, and our Leader,
He the law and gospel heeded,
To the cross and grave proceeded,
There he slept, and there descended,
There he rose, and there ascended.
Judged on earth, in heaven he liveth,
And the world its judgment giveth.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Comforter denominated,
Never born, and not created,
Both the Son and Father knowing,
Spirit from them both outgoing,

Thus in power their equal being,
And in quality agreeing,
Great as they, he still remaineth,
All their goodness he retaineth,
With them from the first existing,
All their power in him subsisting.

Father, he begetting showeth,
Son, from human birth he groweth,
Spirit, from them both outflowing,
They are one the Godhead showing.
Each is God in fulness ever,
All are God, and three Gods never.
In this God true God completing,
Three in one are ever meeting,
Unity in substance showing,
Trinity in persons knowing.

Of the persons none is greater,
Neither less and neither later,
Each one still itself retaining,
Fixed and constant still remaining,
In itself no variation,
Neither change nor transmutation.

This is true faith for our keeping,
Error bringeth sin and weeping, —
As I teach it, I believe it,
Nor for other will I leave it.
Trusting, Lord, thy goodness ever,
Though I sin I hope forever.
Worthy death, but not despairing,
By my death, my life preparing.

When I please thee, nothing showing,
But the faith on thee bestowing.
Hear my prayer, my faith perceiving,
From my burden me relieving;
Here, my sickness now revealing,
Let thy medicine be my healing.

Now without the city taken,
Dead, offensive, and forsaken,
Grave-clothes bind, the stone confineth —
At thy word the grave resigneth —
Speak! the stone away is rolling —
Speak! the shroud no more controlling —
When “come forth!” thy summons sayeth,
Then at once the dead obeyeth.

On this sea of troubles resting,
Pirates are my bark infesting;
Strifes, temptations, billows sweeping,
Everywhere are death and weeping;
Come, good Pilot, calm proclaiming,
Hush the winds, the billows taming,
Drive these pirates to their hiding,
Safe to port my vessel guiding.

My unfruitful fig-tree growing,
Dry and withered branches showing,
Shouldst thou judge, the truth discerning,
Thou wouldst give it to the burning;
But another season bless it,
Dig about it, Lord, and dress it,
If it then no fruit returneth,
I will praise thee while it burneth.

Me, the evil one possessing,
Flames and floods by turns oppressing,

Feeble, sick, and helpless lying,
To thy grace my soul is flying.
That my weakness all may vanish,
Thou the evil spirit banish.
Teach me, Lord, my weakness staying,
Grace of fasting and of praying,
This alone, the Saviour telleth,
Such a demon e'er expelleth.
Thou my sickened sense restoring,
Faith and penitence imploring,
Give me fear which, once ejected,
Leaves salvation all perfected.
Faith, and hope, and love conferring,
Give me piety unerring,
Earthly joys forever spurning,
Heavenward still my footsteps turning.

God, in thee, all things desiring,
From thee, every thing requiring —
Thou my praise, my good, abiding,
All I have, thy gift providing —
In fatigue, thy solace feeling,
In my sickness, thou my healing,
Thou, my harp, my grief assuaging,
Thou, who soothest all my raging,
Thou, who freest my enthralling,
Thou, who raisest me when falling,
'Tis thy grace my footsteps guideth,
Strengthening hope when it subsideth.
None would hurt, but thou forefendest,
Who may threaten, thou defendest,

What is doubtful, thou revealest,
What is mystery, thou concealest.

Never, Lord, with thy permission
Let me enter in perdition,
Where is fear, and where is wailing,
Shame and weeping unavailing,
Every loathsome thing displaying
In confusion, disarraying,
Where the fierce tormenter lieth,
And the worm that never dieth,
Where this endless woe infernal,
Maketh death and hell eternal.

Let me be in Sion savèd !
Sion, peaceful home of David,
Built by him, the light who maketh,
And the cross for portals taketh ;
And for keys the welcome given
By the joyful saints in heaven ;
Walls of living stone erected,
By the Prince of Joy protected ;
Where the light that God is sending,
Endless spring and peace are blending.
Perfume every breeze is bearing,
Festive strains the joy declaring,
No corruption there appeareth,
None defect or sorrow feareth,
None deformed or dwarfed remaining,
All the form of Christ retaining.

Heavenly city ! happy dwelling !
Built upon that stone excelling,

City safe in heavenly keeping,
 Hail! in distant glory sleeping!
 Thee I hail, for thee am sighing;
 Thee I love, for thee am dying!

How thy heavenly hosts are singing,
 And their festive voices ringing!
 What the love their souls conforming!
 What the gems the walls adorning!
 Chalcedon and jacinth shining,
 Know they all those walls confining.

In that city's glorious meeting
 Moses and Elias greeting —
 Holy prophets gone before us —
 Let me sing the heavenly chorus!

1100.

TRANS. BY E. C. BENEDICT.



SONGS TO THE FATHER.



THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of Love;
 Jehovah, Great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confess'd;
 I bow and bless the sacred Name —
 Forever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake, —
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King !
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee ! "

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
" Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry :

Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

1772.

THOMAS OLIVERS.



CREATION'S SONG OF PRAISE.

THOU wast, O God, and thou wast blest,
 Before the world begun ;
 Of thine eternity possest,
 Before Time's glass did run.
 Thou needest none thy praise to sing,
 As if thy joy could fade ;
 Couldst thou have needed any thing,
 Thou couldst have nothing made.

Great and good God, it pleasèd thee
 Thy Godhead to declare ;
 And what thy goodness did decree,
 Thy greatness did prepare ;
 Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared
 And answered to thy call ;
 As if their Maker's voice they heard,
 Which is the creature's all.

Thou spak'st the word, O mighty Lord,
 Thy word went forth with speed :
 Thy will, O Lord, it was thy word ;
 Thy word, it was thy deed.

Thou brought'st forth Adam from the ground,
And Eve out of his side:
Thy blessing made the earth abound
With these two multiplied.

Those three great leaves, heaven, sea, and land,
Thy name in figures show;
Brutes feel the bounty of thy hand,
But I my Maker know.
Should I not here thy servant be,
Whose creatures serve me here?
My Lord, whom should I fear but thee,
Who am thy creatures' fear?

To whom, Lord, should I sing but thee,
The Maker of my tongue?
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to thee belong.
As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to thee,
From whom it had its birth.

But ah! I'm fallen in the night,
And cannot come to thee!
Yet speak the word, "*Let there be light,*"
It shall enlighten me.
And let thy word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen creatures raise;
And make me o'er again, and I
Shall sing my Maker's praise.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE OF
GODESCALCUS.

(*Cantemus cuncti.*)

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Alleluia!

They through the fields of Paradise who roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia!

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say,
Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wild and bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing,

Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,

Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,

Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,

Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,

Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry

Alleluia!

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply

Alleluia!

To God who all creation made,

The frequent hymn be duly paid :

Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty
loves, —

Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ him-
self approves, —

Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,

Alleluia!

And children's voices answer, echo making,

Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured

Alleluia to the Lord ;

With Alleluia evermore,

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One,

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Amen!

SONGS TO THE SON.



THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

(Στόμιον πάλων ὑδαῶν.)

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways ;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout thy praise !

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife.
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art the great High Priest ;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love.
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on thee in vain ;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,
 Our Staff and Song!
 Jesus, thou Christ of God,
 By thy perennial word,
 Lead us where thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing!
 Let all the holy throng,
 Who to thy church belong,
 Unite, and swell the song,
 To Christ the King!

200.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.



MY SAVIOUR, WHOM ABSENT I LOVE.

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power, —
 Dissolve thou those bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee;
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free!

When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline,

Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured !
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose :
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne !

WILLIAM COWPER.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing ;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me ;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me.

KNOX.

HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;

With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing :
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end ;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

JESUS! I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes! thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there, —
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

DODDRIDGE.

HIS NAME.

O WONDERFUL! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and turn like star and flower.

Those marvellous rays that at thy will,
From the closed heaven which is so still,
So passionless, streamed round thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of lights, from thy deep heart :
Thyself, thyself, the wonder art !

O Counsellor ! four thousand years,
One question, tremulous with tears,
One awful question vexed our peers.

They asked the vault, but no one spoke ;
They asked the depth, no answer woke ;
They asked their hearts, that only broke.

They looked, and sometimes on the height,
Far off, they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but looked like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead,
By the child-voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God !
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seemed to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace ! crowned, yet discrowned,
They say no war nor battle's sound
Was heard the tired world around ;

*They say the hour that thou didst come
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark,
Its poor adventure seems a bark,
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark.

Thou who art wonderful dost fling
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing
The canvas is a snowy thing ;

Till the dark boat is turned to gold,
The sun-lit silvered ocean rolled
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray
From the boat slanting all the way,
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm
Around our hearts, and dimly form
Their problems of the mist and storm ;

And still as ages fleet, but fraught
With syllables, whereby is wrought
The fulness of the Eternal thought ;

And when, not yet in God's sunshine,
The smoke drifts from the embattled line
Of warring hearts that would be thine ;

We bid our doubts and passions cease,
Our restless fears be stilled with these, —
Counsellor, Father, Prince of Peace !

WHEN STREAMING FROM THE EASTERN
SKIES.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine !
Oh chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name ;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me in thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And, as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

YE ANGELS, WHO STAND ROUND THE
THRONE.

YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face, —
In rapturous songs make him known,
Oh tune your soft harps to his praise!
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down to despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I want, oh, I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu, —
Your joy and your friendship to share, —
To wonder, and worship with you!

AWAKE, MY SOUL, TO JOYFUL LAYS.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving-kindness, oh how free !

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness, oh how great !

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood :
His loving-kindness, oh how good !

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail :
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

LAUD TO THE SON.

(Gloriosi Salvatoris.)

TO the Name that brings salvation,
Honor, worship, laud, we pay ;
That to many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
But, to every tongue and nation,
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name for victory ;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches
Finds it music in his ear ;
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer ;
Who its perfect wisdom reaches,
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over every other name ;
 That, when we are sore assaulted,
 Puts our enemies to shame :
 Strength to them that else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesu, we, thy Name adoring,
 Long to see thee as thou art ;
 Of thy clemency imploring
 So to write it on our heart,
 That hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with angels may have part. Amen.

TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



SONGS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.



BLEST COMFORTER DIVINE.

BLEST Comforter divine !
 Whose rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And point our souls above ;

Thou who, with still small voice,
 Dost stop the sinner's way,
 And bid thy mourning child rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay ;

Thou whose inspiring breath
 Can make the cloud of care,
 And even the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear ;

Thou who dost fill the heart
 With love to all our race,
 Blest Comforter, to us impart
 The blessings of thy grace !

1824.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



SWEETEST FOUNT OF HOLY GLADNESS.

(*O Du allersüszste Freude.*)

SWEETEST Fount of holy gladness,
 Fairest Light was ever shed,
 Who alike in joy and sadness
 Leavest none unvisited ;
 Spirit of the highest God,
 Lord from whom is life bestowed,
 Who upholdest every thing,
 Hear me, hear me while I sing !

Thou art shed like gentlest showers
 From the Father and the Son,
 Bringing to us quickened powers,
 Purest blessing from their throne ;
 Suffer then, O noble Guest,
 That rich gift by thee possest,
 That thou givest at thy will,
 All my being now to fill.

Thou art ever true and holy,
Sin and falsehood thou dost hate,
But thou comest where the lowly
And the poor thy presence wait :
Wash me then, O Well of Grace !
Every stain and spot efface ;
Let me flee what thou dost flee,
Grant me what thou lovest to see !

Well content am I if only
Thou wilt deign to dwell with me ;
With thee I am never lonely,
Never comfortless with thee.
Thine for ever make me now,
And to thee, my Lord, I vow
Here and yonder to employ
Every power for thee with joy.

When I cry for help, oh hear me !
When I sink, oh haste to save !
When I die, be inly near me !
Be my hope even in the grave !
Bring me, when I rise again,
To the land that knows no pain,
Where thy followers, from thy stream,
Drink for ever joy supreme !

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

And when the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
 And the comforters are few,
 And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
 And that opened which was sealed,
 When to thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

1647.

ROBERT HERRICK.



COME, HEAVENLY SPIRIT, COME.

(*Adsis, superne Spiritus.*)

COME, heavenly Spirit, come,
 Kind Father of the poor!
 The Giver and the Gift,
 Enter my lowly door.
 Be Guest within my heart,
 Nor ever hence depart.

Thou the eternal Truth,
 Into dark hearts steal in!
True Light, give light to souls
 Sunk in the night of sin!
True Strength, put forth thy power
For us in evil hour!

Ours is a world of wiles,
 Of beauteous vanities;
Come, and in us destroy
 Its fair impurities,
Lest, by its tempting arts,
From thee it steal our hearts.

Unveil thy glorious self
 To us, O Holy One!
That thou into our hearts
 Mayst shine, thyself alone!
Saved from earth's vanities,
To thee we long to rise!

Renew us, Holy One!
 Oh purge us in thy fire!
Refine us, heavenly Flame!
 Consume each low desire!
Prepare us as a sacrifice
Well pleasing in thine eyes.

Far from thee we have lived,
 Exiles from home and thee:
Oh bring us back in love,
 End our captivity!

Be thou the way we wend,
Be thou that way's blest end!

Glory to the Father be,
Glory to the equal Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Glory to the Three in One!
Spirit, 'tis thy breath divine
Makes these hearts to burn and shine!

TRANS. BY HORATIUS BONAR, FROM THE GALRICAN BREVIARY.



O HOLY SPIRIT, WHO ART ONE!

(Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.)

O HOLY Spirit, who art One
With God the Father, God the Son!
For the dear sake of him who died,
Let not my prayer be turned aside,
But answer it, O Holy Dove,
By breathing o'er my soul his love.

Oft as my feet approach thy shrine,
Upon my heart's affections shine;
And as my lips thy praises sing,
Oh consecrate the offering,
And let thy sanctifying grace
Make my whole soul thy dwelling-place!

My Father, hallowed be thy name!
And glory be to Him who came

To take my flesh, and bear my load,
And lead the sinner back to God ;
And be the psalm of praise to thee,
Great Paraclete, eternally !

397.

ST. AMERSE, TRANS. BY MRS. CREWDSON.



COME, HOLY GHOST !

COME, Holy Ghost ! in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh come to-day !

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow, —
Cheer us this hour !

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosom fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but thine ;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

Exalt our low desires ;
 Extinguish passion's fires ;
 Heal every wound :
 Our stubborn spirits bend ;
 Our icy coldness end ;
 Our devious steps attend,
 While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless ;
 Let all who Christ confess,
 His praise employ :
 Give virtue's rich reward ;
 Victorious death accord,
 And, with our glorious Lord,
 Eternal joy !

1865.

RAY PALMER.

CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID.*

(*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*)

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human-kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

* This grand hymn has always held the highest rank among poems addressed to the Spirit. "It was appointed to be used," says Daniel, "at the creation of a pope, the coronation of a king, the election of a bishop, the celebration of a synod," &c. At the time of the Reformation, it was also appointed, by the German and Anglican churches, to be used on all occasions of extraordinary solemnity. Its authorship is uncertain. Daniel ascribes it to Charlemagne. Others have supposed that it was written for Charlemagne by Alcuin. Trench ascribes it to an earlier date. Mone and Wackernagel agree in ascribing it to Gregory the Great ; and it is generally conceded that the burden of proof rests in their favor. — ED.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire !
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy seven-fold energy !
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But oh inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our mind the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for man's lost redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

TRANS. BY JOHN DRYDEN.



HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT !

(*Veni, sancte Spiritus.*)

HOLY Spirit, Lord of Light,
 From thy clear celestial height,
 Thy pure beaming radiance give !

Come, thou Father of the poor !
 Come with treasures which endure !
 Come, thou Light of all that live !

Thou, of all consolers best,
 Visiting the troubled breast,
 Dost refreshing peace bestow ;

Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,
 Pleasant coolness in the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! Light divine !
 Visit thou these hearts of thine,
 And our inmost being fill.

If thou take thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay,
 All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
 On our dryness pour thy dew;
 Wash the stains of guilt away.

Bend the stubborn heart and will;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
 Thee confess and thee adore,
 In the seven-fold gifts descend;

Give them comfort when they die;
 Give them life with thee on high;
 Give them joys which never end.

1031.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE, TRANS. BY EDWARD CASWALL.



SEQUENCE OF ST. HILDEGARDE,
 ABBESS OF THE CLOISTER OF ST. RUPERTSBURG.

(*O Ignis Spiritus Paracliti.*)

O FIRE of God 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 saintly 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 thyself all
Praise!

SONGS OF HOLY-TIDES.

SONGS OF HOLY-TIDES.



HOLY-TIDES.

(Supernæ Matris Gaudia.)

THE Church on earth, with answering love,
Echoes her Mother's joys above :
These yearly feast-days she may keep,
And yet for endless festals weep.

In this world's valley dim and wild,
That Mother must assist the child ;
And heavenly guards must pitch their tents,
And range their ranks in our defence.

The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage,
Their differing wars against us wage ;
And, when their phantom-hosts come on,
The Sabbath of the heart is gone.

This triple league, with fierce dislike,
At holy festivals would strike ;
And set the battle in array,
To drive their peace from earth away.

And storms confused above us lower,
 Of hope and fear, and joy and woe;
 And scarcely, even for one half-hour,
 Is silence in God's House below.

That distant City, oh how blest,
 Whose feast-days know no pause nor rest!
 How gladsome is that Palace-gate,
 Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait!

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
 Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
 But one the joy, and one the song,
 And one the heart of all the throng!

In that serene and glorious place,
 When this life's many toils are past,
 Christ of his everlasting Grace
 Grant us to join the blest at last.
 Amen!

1172.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



SONGS OF ADVENT.



ADVENT HYMN.

THE Advent moon shines cold and clear,
 These Advent nights are long;
 Our lamps have burned year after year,
 And still their flame is strong.

Watchman, what of the night? we cry,
Heartsick with hope deferred:
No speaking signs are in the sky,
Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,
The servants watch within;
The watch is long betimes, and late,
The prize is slow to win:
Watchman, what of the night? But still
His answer sounds the same, —
No day-break tops the utmost hill,
Nor pale our lamps of flame.

One to another, hear them speak,
The patient virgins wise, —
Surely he is not far to seek,
All night we watch and rise;
The days are evil looking back,
The coming days are dim;
Yet count we not his promise slack,
But watch and wait for him.

One with another, soul with soul,
They kindle fire from fire;
Friends watch us who have touched the goal;
They urge us, Come up higher!
With them shall rest our way-sore feet,
With them is built our home,
With Christ, — they sweet, but he most sweet,
Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain ;
The distant ones brought near ;
The lost so long are found again, —
Long lost, but longer dear :
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived, that rest ;
With them, our good things long deferred ;
With Jesus Christ, our best.

We weep, because the night is long ;
We laugh, for day shall rise ;
We sing a slow contented song,
And knock at Paradise :
Weeping, we hold him fast, who wept
For us ; we hold him fast,
And will not let him go except
He bless us first or last.

Weeping, we hold him fast to-night ;
We will not let him go,
Till day-break smite our wearied sight,
And summer smite the snow.
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
Shall coo the livelong day ;
Then he shall say, Arise, my love !
My fair one, come away !

THE TIME DRAWS NEAR THE BIRTH OF
CHRIST.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS.



THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR!

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

1870.

J. G. HOLLAND.



NO WAR NOR BATTLE'S SOUND.

NO war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

Lo! with enraptured ear
The watching shepherds hear
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the list'ning band.

Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world aloft was hung.

"Hail, hail auspicious morn !
 The Saviour Christ is born !"
 Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime ;
 "Glory to God in heaven !
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."

1629.

ADAPTED FROM MILTON.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BEFORE the paling of the stars,
 Before the winter morn,
 Before the earliest cock-crow,
 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 day-break,
 In the winter weather.

Jesus on his mother's breast,
 In the stable cold,
 Spotless Lamb of God was he,
 Shepherd of the fold :

Let us kneel with Mary maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With saint and angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of glory!

1865.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen! let nothing you
dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas
day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone
through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas day.

God rest ye, little children! let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy
night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on
Christmas day.

God rest ye, all good Christians! upon this blessed
morn,

The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins he takes
away;

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas
day.

1858.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

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.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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 highest,
On earth good-will and peace.

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still ;
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks
To feed upon the hill :

Towards the blessed city
 Quickly their course they held,
 And in a lowly stable
 Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
 Was the maiden-mother mild,
 And in her arms her son divine,
 A new-born infant, smiled.
 No shade of future sorrow
 From Calvary then was cast ;
 Only the glory was revealed,
 The suffering was not past.

The Eastern kings before him knelt,
 And rarest offerings brought ;
 The shepherds worshipped and adored
 The wonders God had wrought :
 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.

1858.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



TO-DAY IN BETHLEHEM HEAR I.

(Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις θεῷ.)

TO-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 on earth,
And holy exaltation :
Sweet babe, I greet thy spotless birth,
And wondrous incarnation.
To-day in Bethlehem hear I
Even the lowly singing ;
With angel words that pierce the sky
All earth with joy is ringing.

754.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, TRANS. BY W. C. DIX



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 ;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

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 angel's song still rings in the height ;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Veiled in the flesh from fleshly sight.

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.

1865.

W. C. DIX.



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,
Odors 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 favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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 !

1811.

BISHOP HEBER.



THE WISE MEN TO THY CRADLE-THRONE.

THE wise men to thy cradle-throne,
O Infant Saviour, brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern Star,
Thine own baptizèd Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far
An offering in our hand !

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love ;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above ;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err ;
Worship and love and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for thee, our own Adored,
 Our suffering Saviour, God, and King ;
 Accept the gold and incense, Lord ;
 Accept the myrrh we bring !

1867.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.



O THOU WHO BY A STAR DIDST GUIDE!

O THOU who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood beside
 The place where Jesus lay ;

Although by stars thou dost not lead
 Thy servants now below,
 Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
 Will show them how to go.

As yet we know thee but in part ;
 But still we trust thy word,
 That blessed are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour ! give us, then, thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart ;
 That we may see thee face to face
 Hereafter, as thou art.

1866.

J. M. NEALE.

CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains ;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high ;
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God !" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills ;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills !
"Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with the anthems ring ;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born ;
Then bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn,

And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God! on earth be peace!
Salvation comes to-day!"

1850.

EDMUND SEARS.



WHEN JORDAN HUSHED HIS WATERS STILL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his water's still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift, to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps, and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye ;
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again ;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye ;
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again ;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

1797.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :

“Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

1850.

EDMUND SEARS.

JAM DESINANT SUSPIRIA.

A WAY with sorrow's sigh,
Our prayers are heard on high;
And through heaven's crystal door,
On this our earthly floor,
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.
In dead of night profound,
There breaks a seraph sound
Of never-ending morn;
The Lord of glory born
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.
Now with that shepherd crowd,
If it might be allowed,
We fain would enter there
With awful hastening fear,
And kiss that cradle chaste, in reverend worship bowed.
O sight of strange surprise
That fills our gazing eyes!
A manger coldly strewed,
And swaddling-bands so rude,
A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.

Art thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in thy hand
The sky and sea and land, —
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding
bright?

'Tis so: Faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where angels prostrate fall,
Adoring, tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round thee break;
Yet doth thy silence speak
From that, thy Teacher's seat,
To us around thy feet,
To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors to seek.

Within us, babe divine,
Be born, and make us thine;
Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal;
Be born, and make our hearts thy cradle and thy shrine.

1839.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.



KEEP THE FEAST WITH GLADNESS.

WHEN the world slept and night was on,
Of old was heard a hymn divine;
First broke a gleam, then splendor 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,
To 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.

For links in many a circle here,
That seemed to be so strong and pure,
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, or deeds or dreams,
 Voices and faces known no more,
 Hopes to be crowned when evening's gleams
 Flood with their light the 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 Saviour's love.

F. G. LEE.



SONGS OF EASTER.



THE GOLDEN CANON.

(ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.)

'TIS the day of Resurrection :
 Earth, tell it out abroad !
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God !

From death to life eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own, *All hail!*—and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain!

Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein!
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen!—
 Our joy that hath no end!

780.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN.

(*Der Herr ist auferstanden.*)

THE Lord of life is risen!
 Sing, Easter heralds, sing;
 He burst his rocky prison,
 Wide let the triumph ring.

Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking;
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives !

We hear, in thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done !
We worship thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won !
O Head of all believing !
O Joy of all the grieving !
Unite us, Lord, to thee.

Here at thy tomb, O Jesus !
How sweet the morning's breath !
We hear in all the breezes,
Where is thy sting, O Death !
Dark hell flies in commotion ;
While, far o'er earth and ocean,
Loud hallelujahs ring.

Oh publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth !
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth !
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail, our Jesus risen !
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing !
Through Death's dark, gloomy prison,
Let Easter chorals ring !

Haste, haste, ye captive legions !
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' kingdom live !

1851.

DR. LANGE.



THE MORNING PURPLES ALL THE SKY.

(Aurora cælum purpurat.)

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings ;
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.
Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory !

While he, the King, all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day ;
Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory !

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison,
Fast fettered he has lain ;
But he has mastered Death, is risen,
And Death wears now the chain.

Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
 For Christ's great victory !

The shining angels cry, " Away
 With grief ; no spices bring ;
 Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
 Should greet the rising King !"
 Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
 For Christ's great victory !

That thou our Paschal Lamb mayst be,
 And endless joy begin,
 Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
 From the dread death of sin.
 Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
 For Christ's great victory !

ROMAN BREVIARY, TRANS. BY A. R. THOMPSON.



STILL THY SORROW, MAGDALENA !

(Pone luctum, Magdalena !)

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena !
 Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes ;
 Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
 Pouring thy repentant sighs :

All with thy glad heart rejoices ;
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah !

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena !
Be thy drooping forehead bright ;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light :
Christ from death the world hath freed ;
He is risen, is risen indeed :
Hallelujah !

Joy ! exult, O Magdalena !
He hath burst the rocky prison ;
Ended are the days of darkness ;
Conqueror hath he arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed ;
Run to welcome him, glad-hearted :
Hallelujah !

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena !
See ! thy living Master stands ;
See his face, as ever, smiling ;
See those wounds upon his hands,
On his feet, his sacred side, —
Gems that deck the Glorified :
Hallelujah !

Live, now live, O Magdalena !
Shining is thy new-born day ;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away ;

Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness !
Hallelujah !

TRANS. BY E. A. WASHBURN.



THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HIS BRIDE.

PUT 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 forever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,
 All the saints raise Hosannas on high,
 Deep calls unto deep in the ocean of love,
 As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

1865.

W. C. Dix



HAIL, DAY OF DAYS !

(Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo.)

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 hallelujahs rise.

Lo ! he who died, the Crucified,
God over all he reigns ;
On him we call, his creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains.

600.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS



RISE, GLORIOUS CONQUEROR! RISE.

RISE, glorious Conqueror ! rise
Into thy native skies, —
Assume thy right ;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light !

Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train ;
Praises all heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire, —
Thou Lamb once slain !

Saviour triumphant, hail !
And let thy name prevail
 From age to age :
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres ;
For thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

Yet who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
 Can count or say,
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles,
A galaxy of souls
 In white array ?

And then was heard afar
Star answering to star :
 “ Lo ! these have come, —
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save ;
And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home.”

LAMB, THE ONCE CRUCIFIED.

(Lamm, das gelitten, und Löwe, der siegreich gerungen.)

LAMB, the once crucified ! Lion, by triumph surrounded !

Victim all bloody, and Hero who hell hast confounded !

Pain-riven heart,
That from earth's deadliest smart
O'er all the heavens hast bounded !

Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest revealing,

God in humanity veiled, thy full glory concealing !

“ Worthy art thou ! ”
Shouteth eternity now,
Praise to thee endlessly pealing.

Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past expression !

Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue owes confession !

Didst thou not go,
And under sentence of woe,
Rescue the doomed by transgression ?

O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors infernal,
Victory's palm thou art waving in triumph supernal :

Who to thee cling,
Circled by hope, shall now bring
Out of its gulf life eternal.

Son of Man, Saviour, in whom, with deep tenderness
blending,

Infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extending :

On thy dear breast,
Weary and numb, they may rest,
Quickened to joy never ending.

Strange condescension ! immaculate Purity, deigning
Union with souls where the vilest pollution is reigning,

Beareth their sin,
Seeketh the fallen to win,
Even the lowest regaining.

Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, thy call has resounded ;
Melting my heart so obdurate, thy love has
abounded ;

Back to the fold,
Led by thy hand, I behold
Grace all my path has surrounded.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul ! who, thy pardon
assuring,

Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life ever-
during ;

Joy amid woe,
Peace amid strife here below.
Unto thee ever securing.

Upward on pinions celestial, to regions of pleasure,
Into the land whose bright glories no mortal can
measure,

Strong hope and love
Bear thee, the fulness to prove
Of thy salvation's rich treasure.

There, as he is, we shall view him, with rapture
abiding,
Cheered even here by his glance, when the darkness
dividing
 Lets down a ray,
 Over the perilous way
 Thousands of wanderers guiding.

Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with trembling
emotion :
Chorus of saints who, though sundered by land and
by ocean,
 With sweet accord
 Praise the same glorious Lord,
 One in their ceaseless devotion.

Break forth, O Nature! in song, when the spring-tide
is highest!
World that hast seen his salvation, no longer thou
sighest!
 Shout, starry train,
 From your empyreal plain,
 "Glory to God in the highest!"

WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM
HEAVEN.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay :
A day of wrath, and not of grace ;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom ;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start :
Conscience gives back the appalling tone ;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set :
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come, Lord ! come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear !
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear !

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.



OUR BLEST REDEEMER ERE HE BREATHED.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
 With sheltering wings outspread,
 The holy balm of peace and love
 On earth to shed.

He came, in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue ;
 All-powerful as the wind he came,
 As viewless too.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of Heaven.

1829.

HARRIET AUBER.



THOU WHO ONE IN ESSENCE LIVEST.

(Simplex in Essentia.)

THOU who One in Essence livest,
 Seven-fold in the grace thou givest,
 - Holy Spirit, on us shine!
 All the shadows o'er us brooding,
 All the snares our flesh deluding,
 Lighten by thy beam divine.

Clad in fear, in darkness clouded,
Came the Law in figure shrouded :

Now behold the Gospel ray,
Now the Spirit's wisdom better,
Hidden by the leafy letter,
Open into perfect day.

'Neath the mount the people trembled :
In the upper room assembled,

Heard a few the word of Grace :
Nobler law than Sinai telling,
Newer precepts, gifts excelling,
Learn we in that holy place.

Trumpet clang and fiery wonder,
Midnight and the muttering thunder,
Bickering lamps and sounds of dread,
Shook the Hebrew, conscience-stricken ;
But the love it could not quicken,
By the Oil of gladness shed.

See the fathers, fore-appointed,
God's ambassadors anointed,
Break the chains of human ill :
Raining truth, and judgment pealing,
With new tongues and doctrines healing,
Heavenly signs attend them still.

See, the sick they kindly cherish :
Man's lost nature, nigh to perish,
Love divine will seek, will find ;
But the guilty, past repentance,
Scourge they with pursuing sentence ;
Theirs to loose, and theirs to bind.

This the time to by-gone ages,
 If you search the mystic pages,
 In the Jubilee foreshowed :
 Lo! the long descried fulfilling,
 When three thousand converts willing
 Bloomed within the Church of God.

Jubilee! the glorious token,
 When the captive's bonds were broken,
 Rose anew Redemption's morn ;
 So from sin's dark, hapless prison,
 By the law of love new-risen,
 Sons of God are we free-born.

1192.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, TRANS. BY E. A. WASHBURN.



SONGS OF SUNDAY.



SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ; —
 The week were dark but for thy light :
 Thy torch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace archèd lies :
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
Oh let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



THE FESTAL MORN, MY GOD, IS COME.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

With holy joy I hail the day
That warns my thirsting soul away
 To dwell among the blest !
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to his rest !

Even now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise :
 Even now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
 And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail the immortal King.

J. MERRICK.

MY LORD, MY LOVE, WAS CRUCIFIED.

MY Lord, my love, was crucified,
 He all the pains did bear ;
But in the sweetness of his rest
 He makes his servants share.
How sweetly rest thy saints above
 Which in thy bosom lie !
The Church below doth rest in hope
 Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast ;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

I bless thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray !
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace !
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face !

1683.

JOHN MASON.



O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

Thou art a Port, protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A Garden, intersected
With streams from paradise ;
Thou art a cooling Fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy Ladder
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home..
A day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love ;
A day of resurrection,
From earth, to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
 From this, our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises!
 To Father and to Son!
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One!

1802.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH



SONGS OF BAPTISM.



BAPTISMAL HYMN.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thee here,
 And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in his name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly, and visibly,
We seal thee for his own ;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

1845.

DEAN ALFORD.

WE PRAISE THEE, SAVIOUR, FOR THE GRACE.

WE praise thee, Saviour, for the grace
That bids us with our infants come,
That gives them in thy heart a place,
And in thy kingdom grants them room.

We bring them to thine altar, Lord,
And here the holy seal apply ;
Oh make them clean, their names record
In thine own Book of Life on high !

When storms shall beat, or gathering foes
Beset the path their feet must tread,
Dear Shepherd, let thine arms enclose,
Or o'er them for defence be spread.

If thou hast marked them for the tomb,
 Ere morning brightens into day,
 As in thy bosom bear them home,
 And gently wipe our tears away.

Or if, when gathered to thy rest,
 'Tis ours to leave them pilgrims still,
 Guide thou their steps, till with us, blest,
 They reach thine Everlasting Hill!

1865.

RAY PALMER

O FATHER-HEART.

(O Vaterhertz das Erd und Himmel schuf.)

O FATHER-HEART, who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray
 Look on this babe, who at thy gracious call
 Is entering on life's way!
 Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
 And make thou something out of naught,
 O Father-heart!

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold
 We bring our child to thee!
 Thou tender Shepherd, take it to thy fold,
 Thine own for aye to be;
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life,
 O Son of God!

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child!
 Give it undying life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled;

Grant it, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for thee,
O Holy Ghost !

O Triune God, what thou command'st is done ;
We speak, but thine the might !
This child hath scarce yet seen one earthly sun,
Yet pour on it thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God !

1823.

ALBERT KNAFF.



MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

GOD'S child in Christ adopted, — Christ my all, —
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father ?
Father ! in Christ we live, and Christ in thee ;
Eternal thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death ;
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life ; let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me ! on my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?
Yes ; but not his : 'tis Death itself there dies.

1833.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SONGS OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.



HYMN OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

(Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium.)

SING, and the mystery declare ;
Sing of the glorious Body slain ;
And of the blood beyond compare, —
Price of the world, — that not in vain
He, sole of men pure-born, hath shed ;
He, of the nations King and Head.

To us was born the Christ of God ;
A virgin's Son to us was given ;
And, while the earth his footsteps trod,
Abroad he sowed the seed of Heaven ;
Then, when drew near his destined hour,
Ordained this rite of wondrous power.

'Twas on the last night of the feast,
Reclining with his faithful few,
Of ancient laws, e'en to the least,
Each word obeyed with service true ;
Himself he gave with his own hand
The Bread of Life to all the band.

The incarnate Word, in broken bread,
His Body broken there did show ;
And in the wine his blood, once shed .
From guilt to cleanse, to save from woe ;
Where falters sense, faith trusts his word,
And souls sincere receive the Lord.

Before this noblest sacrifice,
In reverent love we lowly bow ;
No more the appointed victim dies,
But shadow yields to substance now ;
While Faith, that want of sight supplies,
Lifts to the cross her trustful eyes !

Now to the Father and the Son,
And Spirit sent by each, shall be
All worship, honor, homage done,
By all that live, eternally ;
Unto the Three in One be given
An equal praise in earth and heaven !
Amen.



SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

FROM tangled ways by which I wandered far
In realms of doubt unlit of moon or star,
Where muttering fears and legioned phantoms are,
Jesus, I come.

'Tis not that I have found thy temple's base,
Or yet among the clouds its top can trace,
Enough, henceforth I see its inner grace,
Enough for me.

How rolls thy Jordan to the wondrous sea
Of boundless Godhead, still is hid from me,
I have such need to be baptized of thee,
Dear Christ, I come.

I see thy white feet on Judea's hills,
I hear the melting flow of Kedron's rills,
Time's dreary desert all that vision fills
I know not how.

The ages show their garnered sheaves of thought,
By all the gleaning generations brought,
Some secret mildew on them all hath wrought,
No food is there.

But in an upper room in Palestine,
Is one that giveth mystic bread and wine,
I reach out for that nourishment divine,
And faint no more.

Oh, many hands tear down thy fane to-day,
Yet, lo! its stones all man's true building stay;
Give unto me the gold without the clay,
O great High Priest!

The marvels of thy beauty draw me so,
The sweetness of thy sacrificial woe,
Divinest vision that the world can show,
Stay in my sight!

Though Reason close this way her sullen door,
Her scornful bolts shall baffle me no more,
Faith hath her secret wings by which to soar;
Faith, bear me in !



MYSTERIOUS IS THY PRESENCE, LORD.

MYSTERIOUS is thy presence, Lord,
Awful thy power divine ;
The water hears thy faintest word,
And blushes into wine.

The clouds, that round us dark and low
With threatening aspect move,
If thou dost look upon them, glow
With rainbow lights of love.

The grain, that from the sower's hand
Is scattered on the mould,
Soon in the valleys thick shall stand,
Returned a thousand-fold.

The dews, which evening skies distil
Around the creeping vine,
At thy command arise and fill
The blood-red grape with wine.

Thus holy truths around us lie,
Doing their humble part,
But wanting the attentive eye
And the believing heart.

Thus at thy holy feast, O Lord,
 We kneel, and we believe
 That that which thy creative word
 Hath made it we receive.

Mysterious truth, which human pride
 Must bow to, and adore,
 Which in our heart of hearts we hide,
 Believe, and ask no more.

1850.

J. S. B. MONSELL.



O THE MYSTERY, PASSING WONDER.

(τὸ μέγα μυστήριον.)

O THE mystery, passing wonder,
 When, reclining at the board,
 "Eat," thou saidst to thy disciples,
 "That True Bread with quickening stored :
 Drink in faith the healing chalice
 From a dying God outpoured."

Then the glorious upper chamber
 A celestial tent was made,
 When the bloodless rite was offered,
 And the soul's true service paid,
 And the table of the feasters
 As an altar stood displayed.

Christ is now our mighty Pascha,
 Eaten for our mystic bread ;
 Take we of his broken body,
 Drink we of the blood he shed,
 As a lamb led out to slaughter,
 And for this world offerèd.

To the twelve spake Truth eternal,
 To the branches spake the vine,
 "Never more from this day forward
 Shall I taste again this wine,
 Till I drink it in the kingdom
 Of my Father, and with mine!"

Thou hast stretched those hands for silver
 That had held the Immortal Food;
 With those lips that late had tasted
 Of the body and the blood,
 Thou hast given the kiss, O Judas;
 Thou hast heard the woe bestowed.

Christ, to all the world, gives banquet
 Of that most celestial meat:
 Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
 Yet with holy hearts we greet;
 Him, the sacrificial Pascha,
 Priest and Victim all complete.

732.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



THE BOARD IS SPREAD WITH MEATS DIVINE.

THE board is spread with meats divine,
 O worn with strife and soiled with sin;
 Draw near, love-thirsting soul of mine,
 Draw near and take thy Saviour in.

I see the white preparèd board,
 I hear the words of love and grace,
 But canst thou deign to dwell, O Lord,
 Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the prophet chief
Made for thy dwelling-place of old,
With curtain fine, and almond leaf,
And Shittim shaft, and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast
The house the monarch reared for thee,
With costly gems and odors drest,
With burning lamp and molten sea,

With cedar flower and carven palm,
In purest gold of Parvaim set,
And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,
Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart! ah, where thy hallowed fires,
Thy gold of consecrated days,
The broidered veil of pure desires,
The cedar-scented songs of praise?

Ah me! the world has come between
Thy soul and Christ! the gold is dim,
The floor is soiled he made so clean;
Is this a dwelling fit for him?

Yet come! I see the wine, the bread!
That blood can wash away thy sin;
Draw near, my soul, and be thou fed,
Nor doubt that Christ will enter in!

ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art !
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee, unseen, adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more ;
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee ;
Then death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

I HEAR THE WORDS OF LOVE.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace !
Sure as Jehovah's name ;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

I change, he changes not,
The Christ can never die !
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie !

The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now his home ;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is his tomb !

And yonder is my peace,
 The grave of all my woes !
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know he died and rose !

I know he liveth now
 At God's right hand above,
 I know the throne on which he sits,
 I know his truth and love !

1856.

HORATIUS BONAR



UNTO THY FEAST WITH HEART DEEP
 HUSHED.

UNTO thy feast with heart deep hushed,
 And lowly bended knee,
 As thou commandedst, blessed Lord,
 I come, remembering thee.

With thankfulness that weeps its joy,
 I listen tremblingly
 Unto the words of love divine, —
 My blood was shed for thee,

My body given ! — Jesu Lord,
 Through all I fly to thee ;
 In life, in death, at every hour,
 Do thou remember me.

Grant thou me food to stay my soul,
 That I in thee may live ;
 Till I have left this mortal strife
 Vouchsafe that food to give.

When, fought the fight, and kept the faith,
Death comes to set me free,
Receive me, Jesu Lord, receive !
In love remember me !

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face !
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here, —
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon :
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed !
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
 My wisdom and my teacher both in one;
 No wisdom can I lack while thou art wise,
 No teaching do I crave save thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
 Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
 Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

I know that deadly evils compass me,
 Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
 Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee, —
 Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear!

But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,
 And moving onward through the desert night:
 It beckons, and I follow, for I know
 It leads me to the heritage of light!

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

1868.

HORATIUS BONAR.

AND WHEN THEY HAD SUNG A HYMN
 THEY WENT OUT.

CALM lay the city in a double sleep
 Beneath the Paschal moon's cold silvery light,
 That flung broad shadows o'er the rugged steep
 Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound
Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the air ;
And deep-toned voices, echoing all around,
Made music everywhere.

The holy rite is o'er ; the blessed sign
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;
The bread is broken, and outpoured the wine,
Symbol of better life.

The bitter cup of wrath before him lies ;
And yet, as up the steep they pass along,
The mighty Victim to the sacrifice,
They cheer the way with song.

We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night
Pierced to the heart the suffering Son of God ;
And every earthly sadness is but light
To that dark path he trod !

And yet how faint and feeble rise our songs ;
How oft we linger 'mid the shadows dim ;
Nor give the glory that to him belongs,
In Eucharistic hymn !

Oh for an echo of that chant of praise ;
Oh for a voice to sing his mighty love ;
Oh for a refrain of the hymns they raise
In the bright home above !

Touch thou our wayward hearts, and let them be
In stronger faith to thy glad service given,
Till, o'er the margin of time's surging sea,
We sing the song of heaven !

SONGS OF THE SECOND ADVENT.



MIDNIGHT HYMN OF THE EASTERN
CHURCH.

(From the Greek.)

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
surprise
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! beware, beware, 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.

TRANS. BY G. MOULTRIE.



THE DAWNING.

AH! what time wilt thou come? when shall that cry,
“The Bridegroom’s coming!” fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run,
When our works and words are done?
Or will thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowers,
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime:

All now are stirring ; every field
Full hymns doth yield ;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light.

Oh, at what time soever, thou
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted,
So let me all my busy age
In thy free services engage ;
And though, while here, of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above.

So when that day and hour shall come,
In which thyself will be the Sun,
Thou'lt find me drest, and on my way,
Watching the break of thy great day.

GOD COMES! AND WHO SHALL STAND
BEFORE HIS FEAR?

(Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.)

GOD comes! and who shall stand before his fear?
Who bide his presence, when he draweth near?
My soul, my soul, prepare
To kneel before him there!

Haste! weep! be reconciled to him before
The fearful judgment knocketh at the door:
Where, in the Judge's eyes,
All bare and naked lies.

Have mercy, Lord! have mercy, Lord! I cry,
When with thine angels thou appear'st on high;
And each shall doom inherit,
According to his merit.

How can I bear thy fearful anger, Lord?
I, that so often have transgressed thy word?
But put my sins away,
And spare me in that day!

O miserable soul, return, lament,
Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent:
Ere, time for sorrow o'er,
The Bridegroom close the door!

Yea, I have sinned, as no man sinned beside:
With more than human guilt my soul is dyed;
But spare and save me here,
Before that Day appear!

Three Persons in One Essence uncreate,
 On whom, both Three and One, our praises wait,
 Give everlasting light
 To them that sing thy might!

826.

ST. THEODORE OF THE STUDIUM, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



THOU INEVITABLE DAY.

THOU inevitable day,
 When a voice to me shall say,
 "Thou must rise and come away ;

"All thine other journeys past,
 Gird thee, and make ready fast
 For thy longest and thy last," —

Day deep-hidden from our sight
 In impenetrable night,
 Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
 Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
 Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
 Thou art standing at the door,
 Saying, — light and life are o'er ?

Or with such a gradual pace,
 As shall leave me largest space
 To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap ; round my bed
Prayer be made, and tears be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which, parting, it must grieve ?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.

Come thou must, and we must die :
Jesus, Saviour, stand thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

THE HARVEST IS THE END OF THE WORLD.

IN his wide field walks the Master,
In his fair fields ripe for harvest,
Where the evening sun shines slant-wise,
On the rich ears heavy bending :
Saith the Master, "It is time."
Though no leaf shows brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-bite
Only reddens the horizon,
Saith the Master, the wise Master,
"It is time."

Lo, he looks ! That look compelling,
Brings his laborers to the harvest ;
Quick they gather, as, in autumn,
Passage-birds in cloudy eddies
Drop upon the seaside fields ;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience,
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And uprears his sickle shining,
"Speak, O Master : is it time ?"

O'er the field the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downwards,
Humble with their weight of harvest ;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows :

But the sickles, the sharp sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing :
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O Great Master, are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains ?
Art thou walking in thy wheat-field ?
Are the snowy-wingèd reapers
Gathering in the silent air ?
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing
Of the distant sky, blood-reddened,
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant ?
Sure it must be harvest-time !

Who shall know the Master's coming ?
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,
When night-dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow-field ?
Only may thy voice, Good Master,
Peal above the reapers' chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling,
"Gather all into my garner,
For it is my harvest-time !"

LATE, LATE, SO LATE!

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
 And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
 Oh let us in, that we may find the light!
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
 Oh let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
 No, no! too late! ye cannot enter now.

1859.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THAT GREAT DAY OF WRATH AND TERROR.*

(*Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini.*)

THAT great Day of wrath and terror,
 That last Day of woe and doom,
 Like a thief at darkest midnight,
 On the sons of men shall come;

* In regard to this hymn, Dr. Neale remarks: "This rugged but grand judgment-hymn is at least as early as the seventh century, because quoted by the Venerable Bede. It manifestly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which, however inferior in lyric fervor and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realization of its subject." — ED.

When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have passed,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last.
Then the trumpet's pealing clangor,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud, and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead ;
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume his throne on high,
And the cohorts of his angels
Shall be near him in the sky.
Then the sun shall turn to darkness,
And the moon be red as blood ;
And the stars shall fall from heaven,
Whelmed beneath destruction's flood.
Flame, and fire, and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go :
Earth, and sea, and all abysses
Shall his mighty sentence know.

Then the elect upon the right hand
Of the Lord shall stand around ;
But, like goats, the evil-doers
Shall upon the left be found.
"Come, ye blessed, take the kingdom,"
Shall be there the King's award,
"Which for you, before the world was,
Of my Father was prepared :
I was naked, and ye clothed me ;
Poor, and ye relieved me : hence,

Take the riches of my glory
For your endless recompense."
Then the righteous shall make question :
"When have we beheld thee poor,
Lord of glory? When relieved thee,
Lying needy at our door?"
Whom the blessed King shall answer :
"When ye showed your charity,
Giving bread and home and raiment,
What ye did was done to me."
In like manner, to the left hand,
That most righteous Judge shall say,
"Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,
And the fire that is for aye :
For in prison ye came not nigh me ;
Poor, ye pitied not my lot ;
Naked, ye have never clothed me ;
Sick, ye visited me not."
They shall say : "O Christ, when saw we
That thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison, or sick or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed?"
Whom again the Judge shall answer :
"Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick and poor and needy,
It was me ye did despise."

Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the flame is never-ending,
Where the worm can never die ;

Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound ;
Where are chains and lamentation,
Where are quenchless flames around.
But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly land shall go,
Midst the cohorts of the angels,
Where is joy for evermo.
To Jerusalem, exulting,
They with shouts shall enter in ;
That true "sight of peace" and glory
That sets free from grief and sin.
Christ shall they behold for ever,
Seated at the Father's hand,
As in beatific vision
His elect before him stand.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest.
From the dragon's malice fly :
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky ;
Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right,
At the coming of the Bridegroom,
That thy lamp may glitter bright.

TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.

DAY OF WRATH!

(Dies iræ, Dies illa!)

I.

DAY of wrath! of days that Day!
Earth in flames shall pass away,
Heathen seers with prophets say.

II.

What swift terrors then shall fall,
When descends the Judge of all,
Every action to recall.

III.

Hark! the trump, with wondrous tone,
Wakes the graves with nations gone,
Forcing all before the Throne.

IV.

Death shall die, fair Nature too,
When the creature ris'n anew
Answers to his God's review.

V.

He the fatal scroll shall spread,
Writ with all things done or said,
Thence to judge th' awakened dead.

VI.

Lo, he takes his seat of light!
All that's dark shall leap to sight,
Guilt the sword of vengeance smite.

VII.

What shall I, then, wretched plead?
Who will mediate in my need,
When the just shall scarce succeed?

VIII.

King majestic! Sovereign dread!
Saving all for whom he bled,
Save thou me, Salvation's head!

IX.

Holy Jesus! priceless stay!
Think! for *me* thy bleeding way!
Lose me not upon that Day.

X.

Faint and weary, thou hast sought;
By the cross my crown hast bought;
Can such anguish be for naught?

XI.

O avenging Judge severe,
Grant remission full and clear,
Ere th' accounting day appear.

XII.

Like a guilty thing I moan,
Flushed my cheek, my sins I own,
Hear, O God, thy suppliant's groan!

XIII.

Magdalen found grace with thee,
So the thief upon the tree;
Hope, too, thou hast breathed in me.

XIV.

Worthless are my vows, I know ;
Yet, dear Lord, thy mercy show,
Lest I sink in endless woe.

XV.

From the goats my lot divide,
With thy lambs a place provide,
On thy right and near thy side.

XVI.

When th' accursed sink in shame,
Given to tormenting flame,
With thy blessed write my name.

XVII.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer,
Heart like cinders, see, I bear,
Its last throbbing be thy care !

XVIII.

Ah ! that Day of burning tears !
When from ashes reappears
Man all guilt, his doom to bear,
Spare him, God ! in mercy spare !

LO! THE DAY, THE DAY OF LIFE.

(Dies illa, dies vitæ.)

LO! 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 utt'rance 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 mansions 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 salvation 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 !

SONGS OF THE CROSS.

SONGS OF THE CROSS.



HYMN FOR PASSION WEEK.

THERE is a rapturous movement, a green growing
Among the hills and valleys once again,
And silent rivers of delight are flowing
Into the hearts of men.

There is a purple weaving on the heather,
Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,
Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,
Dead nature breathes and stirs.

Is this the season when our hearts should follow
The Man of Sorrows to the hill of scorn?
Must not our pilgrim grief be scant and hollow
On such a sunny morn?

Will not the silver trumpet of the river
Wind us to gladness against our will,
The subtle eloquence of sunlight shiver
What sadness haunts us still?

If I might choose, those notes should all be duller,
That silver trump should fail in Passion Week;
The mountain-crowning sky wear one pale color,
Pale as my Saviour's cheek.

And day and night there should be one slow raining,
With mournful splash, upon the moor and moss,
And on the hill one tree its bare arms straining,
Bare as my Saviour's cross.

Nay! if thy heart were sorrowful exceeding,
Its pulses big with that divinest woe,
These natural things would only set it bleeding
To think it could be so;

To think that guilty and degraded Nature
Could look as joyful as she looketh now,
When the warm blood has dropped from her Creator
Upon her branded brow.

1857.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

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 trod?
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 his 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!

1822.

DEAN MILMAN.



WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1709.

ISAAC WATTS.

O SOUL OF JESUS, SICK TO DEATH!

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight! and still the oppressive load
Upon thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on thy human soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In death-like sadness droops thy head.

And thou hast struggled with it, Lord!
Even to the limit of thy strength;
While hours, whose minutes are as years,
Slowly fulfil their weary length.

And thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin, and the Father's anger ! they
Have made thy lower nature faint ;
All, save the love within thy heart,
Seems for the moment to be spent.

My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin ; and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

Shall it be alway thus, O Lord ?
Wilt thou not work this hour in me
The grace thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of thee ?

Oh, by the pains of thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And, by thy death, thy bloody sweat,
Oh wash my guilty conscience clear !

Even when tempted, make me see
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding on the earth he made !

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to him who bears the world
A load that he could scarcely bear.

1849

F. W. FABER.



LONG BARREN.

THOU who didst hang upon a barren tree,
My God, for me ;
Though I till now be barren, now at length,
Lord, give me strength
To bring forth fruit for thee !

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn,
Spitting and scorn ;
Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now
Strengthen me thou,
That better fruit be borne.

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots,
Vine of sweet fruits,
Thou Lily of the vale, with fadeless leaf,
Of thousands chief,
Feed thou my feeble shoots !

1866.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I BORE WITH THEE LONG, WEARY DAYS.

I BORE 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 bliss 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.

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.

1866.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judea's hills,
And on the waves of Galilee,
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea !
Most freshly from the greenwood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings ;
And gayly quiver in the sun
The cedar-tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours, a change hath come !
The sky is dark without a cloud !
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are bowed ;
A change is on the hill of death,
The helmèd watchers pant for breath,
And turn, with wild and maniac eyes,
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That sacrifice ! the death of Him !
The High and ever Holy One !
Well may the conscious heavens grow dim,
And blacken the beholding sun !

The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake, from his caverned bed,
Is waking with a thrill of dread.

The dead are waking underneath !
Their prison door is rent away !
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day !
The temple of the cherubim,
The house of God, is cold and dim ;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern depths of earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God ;
Well may the temple shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the cherubim,
When he, the chosen one of heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart alone
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power ?
Oh shall the heart, whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to his sore distress,
And added to his tears of blood,
Refuse its trembling gratitude ?

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST.

AT PRIME.

(Tu qui velatus facie.)

O THOU who, though with veiled face,
Wast still the sun of righteousness ;
With fainting limbs and footsteps slow,
Smitten with many a scornful blow, —

With hearts intent we thee entreat,
Extend to us thy mercy sweet ;
And for thy loving kindness' sake,
Let us thy glory all partake.

Honor and praise to Christ be paid,
Once sold and causelessly betrayed ;
Who, for his people, willingly
Bore death upon the shameful tree.

AT TERCE.

(Horâ qui ductus tertia.)

Thou who at the third hour wast led,
O Christ, to meet that torture dread,
Who, on thy shoulder, didst for us,
For us unhappy, bear the cross,

Make us so full of love to thee,
And let our lives so holy be,
That we may win thy tranquil rest,
And in the heavenly land be blest.

AT SEXT.

(Crucem pro nobis subiit.)

For us the bitter cross he bore,
And, stretched thereon, was parched with thirst,
Jesus, whose sacred hands were pierced,
Whose sacred feet with nails they tore.

Honor and blessing we will bring
To him, the Lord, the crucified ;
Who, by his sufferings as he died,
Has ransomed us from perishing.

AT NONES.

(Beata Christi passio.)

Christ's blessed passion set us free,
His death our liberation be,
Since endless joys are won by this,—
For us, eternal, heavenly bliss.

Glory to Christ, the Lord, be sung,
Who, as upon the cross he hung,
With that great cry gave up the ghost,
Saving a world undone and lost.

AT COMPLINE.

(Qui jacuisti mortuus.)

O thou, who layedst dead, the King,
The spotless King, in peace at last,
Grant us in peace in thee to rest,
And evermore thy praise to sing.

Oh succor us, our Lord, and bless
Whom thou redeemedst with thy blood,
And grant us, in thy blest abode,
Sweet joys of deep, eternal peace.

15th century.

TRANS. BY MRS. CHARLES.



H Y S S O P.

I THIRST! the blessed Saviour said,
Ere on the cross he bowed his head,
And gave himself to God.

The vinegar was pressed in vain,
And the full cup of woe and pain
Now blushed with his own blood.

Hail, Holy Chalice! let my soul
Bathe in thy depths without control,
Filled from the Heavenly Vine!
Let every thought be fixed on thee,
Thine overwhelming agony,
Until thy love be mine!

I thirst that bitterness to share,
Which Christ would deign for me to bear,
The wormwood and the gall,
The pointing finger and the leer,
The wagging head, the loathsome sneer,
And the reproach of all.

I thirst for what my Lord can give,
That life which he would have me live
Devoted to his will;

Through cloud or sunshine, calm or storm,
In scenes of every shade or form,
Obedient to him still.

I thirst to have a soul within,
Divided from the smallest sin,
In word or deed or mind ;
A heart to soar on sacred wings
Above all sublunary things,
And leave the world behind.

I thirst to taste that precious stream
Which only can my guilt redeem,
And wash me white as snow,
Poured from that side, those hands and feet,
Whence fountains of salvation sweet
In ceaseless mercy flow.

I thirst to see that glorious brow,
Once pierced with thorns for me, but now
Crowned as with many crowns ;
Where the perpetual hymn of praise
Rises above all other lays,
All other music drowns.

I thirst to have his mercy known
From shore to shore, from zone to zone,
His tears and tenderness ;
Until the universe shall sigh
That its dear Lord should ever die,
Although that death we bless.

✱

I thirst to hail the countless throng
Of those who to that world belong,
Where pain afflicts no more ;
Where every tear is wiped away,
And, through a cloudless, nightless day,
All saints the Lamb adore.

1848.

MATTHEW BRIDGES



I T H I R S T !

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-tost ;
 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 nursed :
 Say, Jesus, 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 !

C. M. CADELL



O CROSS, THAT ONLY KNOWEST THE WOES.

(*O crux quæ sola languentes.*)

O CROSS, that only knowest the woes
 He suffered erst who hung on thee,
 Speak to our hearts of those deep throes,
 Those broken words, that agony !

Sharp were the nails that ruthless bound
 His fainting form in thine embrace ;
 The thorns about his temples wound
 Forbade him e'en that resting-place.

O fearful woe! the Lord of Life
 Upon thy breast contends with death;
 And, victor in the mortal strife,
 Yet yielded up his last, faint breath.

O holy Cross, by thee we live,
 And at thy foot our life we lay;
 Tribunal whence our Lord shall give
 His judgment, in that bitter Day.

Give us, O Lord, to die with thee;
 With thee, fell death to rise above.
 Despising earthly vanity,
 To fix our hearts on joys above.

FROM THE PARISIAN BREVIARY.



STOOD THE MOURNFUL MOTHER WEEPING.

(Stabat Mater Dolorosa.)

STOOD the mournful Mother weeping,
 By the cross her vigil keeping;
 While her Jesus hung thereon:
 Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
 With him grieving, for him groaning,
 Through that heart the sword hath gone.

Oh how sad and sore distressed
 Was she, the for ever blessed,
 Mother of the Undeiled!
 She who wept, and mourned, and trembled,
 When she saw such pains assembled
 Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's Mother bending
'Neath his load of sorrow, rending
Her sad soul in woe so deep ;
Who that sees that pious Mother
With him weeping, could do other
Than, himself afflicted, weep ?

For the sins of each offender,
Sinless soul, and body tender,
Sees she 'neath the cruel rod :
Sees her own sweet Son, her only,
Dying, desolate, and lonely,
Pouring out his soul to God.

Jesu ! Fount of love ! thee loving,
And my soul thy sorrow moving,
Make me watch and weep with thee :
As my God and Christ thee knowing,
Let my loving heart be glowing
With a holy sympathy.

Holy Father ! let affliction
For thy dear Son's crucifixion
Pierce my heart ; and grant this prayer, —
That while he for me was wounded,
With indignities surrounded,
I his cup of grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
From the Crucified me sever,
Long as I on earth shall live :

By the cross of Jesus weeping,
Vigil with his Mother keeping,
To my prayer this answer give.

God of saints ! thou King most holy !
Comforter of spirits only !

Fill me with my Saviour's grief ;
That, his death devoutly bearing,
And his bitter passion sharing,
I may bring him some relief.

Make me with his stripes be stricken,
With the cross my spirit quicken,

For the love of Christ I pray :
That with love inflamed, attended,
I by Love may be defended
In the awful Judgment Day.

By the cross for ever guarded,
And, through Christ's dear dying, warded

By the grace that never dies ;
When my mortal body, dying,
In the quiet grave is lying,
Take my soul to paradise,
To adore

Thee, my God, for evermore !

O HEAD, SO FULL OF BRUISES.

O HEAD, so full of bruises !
Brow, that its life-blood loses !
O great humility !
Across his face are flying
The shadows of the dying :
'Twas suffered all for me !

O back, by scourges ploughèd !
O soul, by sorrow bowèd
Upon the accursed tree !
He hears the bitter scorning ;
'Tis night, without a dawning :
'Twas suffered all for me !

Eye, that in darkness sinketh !
Lip, that the red cup drinketh !
Hands, bound to misery !
See, from his feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth !
'Twas suffered all for me !

And now he speaks : oh hearken,
While clouds all nature darken !
“Lama Sabacthani !”
His head is bent, and droopeth,
To such a death he stoopeth !
'Twas suffered all for me !

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO.

(Vexilla Regis prodeunt.)

THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

When deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side,
To wash us in that precious flood,
Where, mingled, water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty ! tree of light !
O tree with royal purple dight !
Elect, on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of human-kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou ;
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphal lays.

Hail, altar ! hail, O victim ! thee
Decks now thy passion's victory,
Where life, for sinners, death endured,
And life, by death, for man procured.

6th century.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



SING, MY TONGUE, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE.

(Pange, lingua, gloriosi.)

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
With completed victory rife ;
And, above the cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife, —
How the world's Redeemer conquered,
By surrendering of his life.

God, the Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he eat the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this Word, the ruin
Of the ancient word to quell.

For the work of our salvation
Needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art, by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the med'cine,
Whence the insult of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left his Father,
Sent the heavenly mansion from,
And proceeded, God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the Infant in the manger,
That in Bethlehem's stable stands ;
And his limbs the Virgin Mother
Doth compose in swaddling-bands,
Neatly thus in linen folding,
Of her God, the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, he meets his passion,
For that this he freely willed :
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where his life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar and spear and reed ;
From that Holy Body, broken,
Blood and water forth proceed ;
Earth and stars and sky and ocean,
By that flood, from stain are freed.

Faithful cross ! above all other,
One and only noble tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be :
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron !
Sweetest weight is hung on thee !

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory !
 Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
 For a while the ancient vigor,
 That thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
 And the King of heavenly beauty
 On thy bosom gently tend !

Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold ;
 For a shipwrecked race preparing
 *Harbor like the ark of old ;
 With the sacred blood anointed,
 From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

When, O Judge of this world, coming
 In thy glory all divine,
 Thou shalt bid thy cross's trophy
 Bright above the stars to shine,
 Be the light and the salvation
 Of the people that are thine.

6th century.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE



SONG OF THE CROSS.

(Laudes crucis attollamus.)

BE the cross our theme and story,
 We who in the cross's glory
 Shall exult for evermore.
 By the cross the warrior rises,
 By the cross the foe despises,
 Till he gains the heavenly shore.

Sweetest praises
Earth upraises ;
Accents sweetest
Are the meetest

For the trees of sweetest cheer !
Life and voice keep well in chorus ;
Then the melody sonorous
Shall make concord true and clear.

Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
Thou that art the cross's servant,
And in that hast rest from strife :
Every kindred, every nation,
Hail the tree that brings salvation,
Tree of beauty ! tree of life !

Oh, how glorious, how transcendent
Was this altar ! how resplendent
In the life-blood of the Lamb !
Of the Lamb Immaculate
That redeemed our ancient state
From its sin and from its shame.

Ladder this to sinners given,
Whereby Christ, the King of heaven,
Drew to him both friends and foes :
Who its nature hath expended,
In its limits comprehended
All the world's four quarters knows.

No new sacraments we mention ;
We devise no new invention ;
This religion was of old :

Word made sweet the bitter current, —
Word called forth the rushing torrent
From the smitten rock that rolled.

No salvation for the mansion
Where the cross, in meet expansion,
On the door-post stood not graved :
Where it stood, the midnight blast
Of the avenging angel passed,
And the first-born child was saved !

Rome beheld each shattered vessel,
And Maxentius vainly wrestle
In the stream against its might ;
This procured the bright ovation
O'er the Persian and the Thracian,
When Heraclius won the fight.

Types of old, in Scripture hidden,
Setting forth the cross, are bidden
In these days to fuller light ;
Kings are flying, foes are dying ;
On the cross of Christ relying,
One a thousand puts to flight.

This its votaries still secureth,
Victory evermore assureth,
Weakness and diseases cureth,
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell ;
Satan's captives liberateth,
Life in sinners renovateth,
All in glory reinstateth,
Who by ancient Adam fell.

Tree, triumphal might possessing !
 Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing !
 Every other prætergressing,
 Both in bloom and bud and flower !
 Medicine of the Christian spirit,
 Save the just, give sinners merit,
 Who dost might for deeds inherit,
 Overpassing human power.

1172.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.

JESUS, HAIL!

(Salve, mundi salutare !)

JESUS, hail ! the world's salvation ;
 Hail ! my soul's sweet salutation ;
 To thy cross or e'er thou goest,
 See me clinging, why thou knowest !
 Oh take me with thee glorified !
 There as though I stood before thee,
 There I see thee, there adore thee,
 All thy purest love exploring,
 All my sinful self abhorring,
 In all thy dying crucified.

Scarred beyond all time's effacing,
 Suffer, feet, my soul's embracing,
 All beneath those wounds abasing,
 Ere I climb the glories gracing
 That meek brow's patient majesty.

Lo! we bless thy love unbounded,
We the stricken, we the wounded,
Friend of sinners, lost and parted,
Healer of the broken-hearted,
Sweet gospeller of misery!

What in me sin has contracted,
Dissipated, or distracted,
Loved Physician, cleanse it purely,
Save me wholly, save me surely,
With all that life-blood's purity.
With my whole heart I have sought thee,
There where all my sins have brought thee;
On the cross must thou not heal me,
Purchase, wash me, prove me, seal me,
In all thy work's maturity!

All those wounds, their red lips parting,
All the nail-dints through thee darting,
Write within me, write them truly,
Fix me to thee, fix me surely,
From all thy cross inseparate!
Saviour, to thy soul's affliction,
Let me speak my sin's conviction;
Man of God, thy feet from holding,
Thrust me not, that grief unfolding,
From thy redemption reprobate!

Blessed feet, still lowly bending,
Let me kiss them without ending;
Blessed Jesus, do not spurn me!
With that drooping eye discern me,
With all that life's last sympathy!

All thy Godhead's might uprearing,
 All thy human love endearing,
 Say, upon the cross appearing,
 Go in peace! thy pardon hearing,
 Thy sins are all forgiven thee!

1153.

ST. BERNARD, TRANS. BY H. KYNASTON.

HAIL, THOU HEAD!

(*Salve, Caput cruentatum.*)

HAIL, thou Head! so bruised and wounded,
 With the crown of thorns surrounded;
 Smitten with the mocking reed,
 Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
 Trickling faint and slow.
 Hail! from whose most blessed brow
 None can wipe the blood-drops now;
 All the flower of life has fled,
 Mortal paleness there instead;
 Thou, before whose presence dread,
 Angels trembling bow!

All thy vigor and thy life
 Fading in this bitter strife;
 Death his stamp on thee has set,
 Hollow and emaciate,
 Faint and drooping there.
 Thou this agony and scorn
 Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
 Me, unworthy, all for me!
 With those signs of love on thee,
 Glorious face, appear!

Yet, in this thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me ;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not ;
Unto me thy head incline,
Let that dying head of thine
In mine arms repose !

Let me true communion know,
With thee in thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on thy cross :
'Neath it will I die !
Thanks to thee with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death ;
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh !

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me ;
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay :
See and set me free !
When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near ;
With thy saving cross appear,
Show thyself to me !

O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED.

(O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.)

O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown.
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst:
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that vision languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek,
Alas! they have departed;
Wan Death has rifled all!
For weak and broken-hearted,
I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer :
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I've taken
My place — forbid it not !
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold thee
In agony opprest,
Then, then will I enfold thee
Within this arm and breast !

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language can I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

And when I am departing,
Oh part not thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By thine own pain and woe!

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely in thy love!

O JESUS! SWEET THE TEARS I SHED.

O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
 Whilst at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
 And all thy sorrows feel.

My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
 This heart so hard before ;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
 And grief o'erflows the more.

'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
 And I a sinner stand :
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
 And from each pierced hand !

I know this cleansing blood of thine
 Was shed, dear Lord, for me ;
For me, for all — O Grace divine ! —
 Who look by faith on thee.

O Christ of God ! O spotless Lamb !
 By love my soul is drawn ;
Henceforth, forever, thine I am ;
 Here life and peace are born.

In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
 Thine arm shall be my stay ;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
 On thy great judgment-day !

HYMN OF ST. STEPHEN THE SABAÏTE.

(Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.)

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming
Be at rest!”

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
“In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.”

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!”

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!”

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 "Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer, Yes!"

794

TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.



THE BLOOD-DROPS OF CHRIST.

(Lines pencilled on horseback in a Syrian tour.)

WHEN landing first on Sharon's plain,
 In walks by Jordan's stream,
 On Jezreel's fields of waving grain,
 Where Hermon's glaciers gleam,

Above the crest of Olivet,
 And treading many an hour
 The Holy Land, I oft have met
 And plucked a blood-red flower.

"Blood-drops of Christ" the peasants call
 The multitudinous gem,
 Which reddens thus the meadows all,
 From Dan to Bethlehem.

The stream that gushed from Jesus' breast,
 In golden legend sung,
 Lay not in dust, knew not of rest,
 But straightway upward sprung.

It rose, this flower, which, east and west,
 'Neath Palestinian skies,
 Blooms earliest, latest, brightest, best,
 And wintry storm defies.

Gray ruin o'er Judea lowers,
Jerusalem lies waste,
Her purest shrines, her strongest towers.
By war and time defaced.

Outlasting Herod's walls of stone,
This blossom we behold,
More gorgeously than Solomon
Its purple robes unfold.

Its chalice pours in crimson flood
On each ensanguined sod,
The cup of sacramental blood,
Shed by the Lamb of God.

God, broadly on the common track,
This floral angel sent,
That Palestine might nowhere lack
The Saviour's monument.

But, seeking Baalbec and Beyrout,
No blood-drops met my sight,
As if to grow the emblem shoot
Were only Judah's right.

Nor marvel I the herb of grace
Confines its influence sweet
To regions where, in dolorous race,
Christ walked with bleeding feet.

Yet, far remote from Palestine,
The mystic floweret roams ;
For myriad pilgrims now combine
To shrine it in their homes.

And farther than this ruby flower,
Pilgrims beyond the sea,
The blood of Christ shall prove its power
To make men truly free.

The Moslem crescent pales and dies ;
Hopeless the myriads weep ;
But the sole blood that purifies,
On wings of fire shall sweep,

In climes from which no pilgrim feet
Have sought the sacred shore,
When the last flowers their course complete,
And earth shall be no more.

When the child Christ to Egypt went,
Eluding Herod's wrath,
And palms, with fruit and foliage, bent
Their boughs along his path,

The Holy Babe bade heavenward bear
A branchlet from those trees,
And straight an angel soared in air,
To do his Lord's decrees.

That palm-spray, planted in the skies,
There grows and blossoms still ;
But, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
To stand on Zion's hill,

From its wide grove it then shall yield
The branches to be waved,
In homage on the crystal field,
By nations of the saved.

Beneath those palms, let us believe,
Blood-drops of Christ now bloom,
And their angelic care receive,
Till saints shall burst the tomb.

One shadows forth his triumph, one
His agony and war;
The palms are grand, but to *atone*
Blood-drops are mightier far!

1868.

JAMES D BUTLER.

SONGS OF SORROW.

SONGS OF SORROW.



THE GLORIES OF OUR BIRTH AND STATE.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant with laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death !

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor victim bleeds !

All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

1666.

JAMES SHIRLEY.



COUNT EACH AFFLICTION, WHETHER LIGHT
 OR GRAVE.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
 With courtesy receive him : rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
 Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
 the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A FIRST SORROW.

ARISE! this day shall shine
For evermore,
To thee a star divine,
On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay :
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day !

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun ;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run :

But now the stream has reached
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine :
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine !

To each anointed priest
God's summons came :
O soul, he speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.

Then, with slow, reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days,
Thou must depart.

And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes — be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to day !

1858.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



SPEECHLESS SORROW SAT WITH ME.

SPEECHLESS sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing wearily !
Lamp and fire were out ; the rain
Wildly beat the window pane.
In the dark we heard a knock ;
And a hand was on the lock ;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
“ I am come to sup with thee ! ”

All my room was dark and damp ;
“ Sorrow ! ” said I, “ trim the lamp ;

Light the fire, and cheer thy face ;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock :
In the dark I found the lock, —
"Enter ! I have turned the key, —
 Enter, Stranger !
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name ;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face ;
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
 Lo ! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me !

HARRIET M. KIMBALL.



FATHER ! BEFORE THY FOOTSTOOL
KNEELING.

FATHER ! before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to thee,
For aid, for strength, to thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me ! for heart and flesh are failing,
My spirit yielding in the strife ;
And anguish wild as unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow,
Help me to bear thy chastening rod ;
Give me endurance ; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O my God !

Not mine the grief which words may lighten ;
Not mine the tears of common woe :
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak ! my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay :
Yet, not that thou that task wouldst spare it,
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul thy might infusing,
Strengthening my spirit by thine own,
Help me, all other aid refusing,
To cling to thee, and thee alone.

And oh, in my exceeding weakness,
Make thy strength perfect, — thou art strong !
Aid me to do thy will with meekness,
Thou to whom all my powers belong.

Saviour ! our human form once wearing,
Help, by the memory of that day
When, painfully thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
Jesus, I cast myself on thee ;
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking
From trials that I know must be.

Oh let me feel that thou art near me,
Close to thy side I shall not fear ;
Hear me, O Strength of Israel, hear me !
Sustain and aid ! in mercy hear !



O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown,
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too !
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !

1816.

THOMAS MOORE



IN THIS DIM WORLD OF CLOUDING CARES.

IN this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death,
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling, from afar,
Our light of love and fainting faith.

Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come ;
And, ready for the harvest home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Oh weep no more ! there yet is balm
In Gilead ! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles, — spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm !

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ;
The best fruit loads the broken bough ;
And, in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed !

1854.

GERALD MASSEY.



THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect was the same,
Alike their features, and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth as a flame,
And one with asphodels like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy belovèd are at rest ! "

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The water sinks, before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not death, but life," he said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like "death."

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And, softly from the hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messenger to shut the door ?

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image stamped upon this clay
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave, and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul, laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

1852.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



ROOM FOR OUR TREASURE.

ROOM for our treasure, closed tomb!
Open thy doors, O Grave!
Take all the angel Death can claim,
And all that thou canst have.
For Christ to thy dark gates went down,
And rent the veil in twain,
And gleams of glory, else unseen,
Point where he rose again.

Room for thy kindred dust, O Earth,
The casket of the soul ;
Room for a little while, and then
Resign thy proud control.
O Death, where is thy boasted power,
That breaks Life's threefold cord,
When the freed spirit upward soars,
To meet her risen Lord ?

Take, then, the garment of our loved,
Still precious for her sake ;
But glorious shall that garment be
When Christ shall bid her wake.
The faded form thou dost enfold,
On which we weeping gazed,
Shall lose each stain of Earth, and be
In incorruption raised.



THE VOICE WHICH I DID MORE ESTEEM.

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day, —
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen ;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
 So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
 May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

1041.

GEORGE WITHER.



“THE SILVER CORD IS LOOSED.”

IN the June twilight, in the soft, gray twilight,
The yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy
 eve,
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
 “All these things for ever, for ever thou must
 leave.”

My love she sank down quivering, like a pine in tem-
 pest shivering,
 “I have had so little happiness as yet beneath the
 sun ;
I have called the shadow sunshine, and the merest
 frosty moonshine
I have, weeping, blessed the Lord for, as if daylight
 had begun.

“Till he sent a sudden angel, with a glorious sweet
evangel,
Who turned all my tears to pearl-gems, and crowned
me, — so little worth ;
Me! and through the rainy even changed my poor
earth into heaven,
Or, by wondrous revelation, brought the heavens
down to earth.

“Oh the strangeness of the feeling! — oh the infinite
revealing, —
To think how God must love me to have made me
so content !
Though I would have served him humbly, and pa-
tiently, and dumbly,
Without any angel standing in the pathway that
I went.”

In the June twilight, in the lessening twilight,
My love cried from my bosom an exceeding bitter
cry :
“Lord, wait a little longer, until my soul is stronger !
Oh wait till thou hast taught me to be content to
die !”

Then the tender face, all woman, took a glory super-
human,
And she seemed to watch for something, or see some
I could not see :
From my arms she rose full-statured, all transfigured,
queenly-featured, —
“As thy will is done in heaven, so on earth still let
it be !”

I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only
The vestibule of palaces whose courts we never
win :

Yet I see my palace shining, where my love sits amaranths twining,
And I know the gates stand open, and I shall
enter in !

1866.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have naught that is fair ? ” said he,
“ Have naught but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed on the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves :
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”
The reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, with tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
But she knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day !
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

1852.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



WE WATCHED HER BREATHING THROUGH
THE NIGHT.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So gently moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

And when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed, she had
 Another morn than ours !

1845

THOMAS HOOD.



O YE WHO SAY, "WE HAVE A CHILD
 IN HEAVEN" !

O YE who say, "We have a child in heaven ;"
 Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp,
 Defined in Death's own face ; who have stood beside
 The Silent River, and stretched out pleading hands
 For some sweet babe upon the other bank,
 That went forth where no hand might lead,
 And left the closed house with no light, no sound,
 No answer, when the mourners wail without :
 What we have known, ye know, and only know.

We saw, but feared to speak of her strange beauty ;
 As some hushed bird that dares not sing in the night,
 Lest lurking foe should find its secret place
 And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's
 strength,

All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
 We fenced her round. Exchanging silent looks,
 We went about the house with listening hearts,
 And eyes that watched for danger's coming steps.
 Our spirits felt the shadow ere it fell !

We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.
At midnight, when men die, we strove with Death,
To wrench our darling from his grasping hand !
Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,
Then, seeing the old familiar faces, dropped content !

And there our jewel lay in confined calm,
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flowed the Everlasting Peace !
The breathing miracle into silence passed ;
Never to stretch her hands, with her sweet smile
As soft as nightfall on unfolding flowers !
Never to wake us crying in the night !
Our little hindering thing for ever gone !

1857.

GERALD MASSEY.

WHEN THE MORNING, HALF IN SHADOW.

WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And, with milk-white fingers, parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted ;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes :
That's the time our little baby —
Strayed from paradise it may be —
Came with eyes like heaven above her ;
Oh we could not choose but love her !

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproofing,
Ever lovely, ever loving ;
Starry eyes, and sunset tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses,
Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting ;
Beauty, even in completeness,
Over-full of childish sweetness :
That's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who, while about her,
Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And, with milk-white fingers, parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted ;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes :
That's the time our little baby,
Pining here for heaven, it may be,
Turning from our bitter weeping,
Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
And her white hands on her bosom
Folded, like a summer blossom.

Now, the litter she doth lie on,
Strewed with roses, bear to Zion ;

Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow.
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels,
Past the saints and martyrs holy,
To the Earth-Born meek and lowly :
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom !

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

MY babe ! my tiny babe ! my only babe !
My single rosebud in a crown of thorns !
My lamp that in the narrow hut of life,
Whence I looked forth upon a night of storms,
Burned with the lustre of the moon and stars !

My babe ! my tiny babe ! my only babe !
Behold the bud is gone ! the thorns remain !
My lamp hath fallen from its niche, — ah me !
Earth drinks the fragrant flame, and I am left
For ever and for ever in the dark !

My babe ! my babe ! my own and only babe !
Where art thou now ? If somewhere in the sky
An angel holds thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love !

Forgive me, Lord ! forgive my reckless grief !
Forgive me that this rebel, selfish heart
Would almost make me jealous for my child,
Though thy own lap enthroned him. Lord, thou hast
So many such ! I have — ah ! had but one !

Oh yet once more, my babe, to hear thy cry !
Oh yet once more, my babe, to see thy smile !
Oh yet once more to feel against my breast
Those cool, soft hands, that warm, wet, eager mouth,
With the sweet sharpness of its budding pearls !

But it must never, never more be mine
To mark the growing meaning in thine eyes,
To watch thy soul unfolding leaf by leaf,
Or catch, with ever fresh surprise and joy,
Thy dawning recognitions of the world.

Three different shadows of thyself, my babe,
Change with each other while I weep. The first,
The sweetest, yet the not least fraught with pain,
Clings like my living boy around my neck,
Or purrs and murmurs softly at my feet !

Another is a little mound of earth ;
That comes the oftenest, darling ! In my dreams
I see it beaten by the midnight rain,
Or chilled beneath the moon. Ah ! what a couch
For that which I have shielded from a breath
That would not stir the violets on thy grave !

The third, my precious babe ! the third, O Lord !
Is a fair cherub face beyond the stars,

Wearing the roses of a mystic bliss,
Yet sometimes not unsaddened by a glance
Turned earthward on a mother in her woe!

This is the vision, Lord, that I would keep
Before me always. But alas! as yet,
It is the dimmest, and the rarest too!
Oh touch my sight, or break the cloudy bars
That hide it, lest I madden where I kneel!

1866.

HENRY TIMROD.

G O N E.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps,
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star, —
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice, —
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear,
Once more, her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone, unto our Father's will,
One thought hath reconciled,
That he whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

1850.

J. G. WHITTIER.



MY DARLING'S SHOES.

GOD bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in the closet hid
away!

Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, till I see
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in
twain.

O little feet that wearied not ! I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached
the shore ;
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes
so old,
She stands unsandaled in the streets that pearly gates
infold :
So I softly lay them down again, but always turn to
say,
God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot
stray !

And, while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be ;
Two little faces lifted with their sweet and tender
eyes : —
Ah me ! I might have known that look was born of
paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty
air,
There's nothing of my darlings but the shoes they
used to wear !

Oh the bitterness of parting cannot be done away,
Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can
never stray !
When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side ;
Be patient, heart ! while waiting to see their shining
way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go
astray !

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

CHILD, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows,
By his grace so fair to see ;
Fair as some sweet flower in summer,
Till Death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorched the beauty from my flower,
Made the tender petals fade.
Yet I dare not weep nor murmur,
For I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage chamber,
To the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would have me weeping,
Love asserts her mournful right ;
But I answer, they have brought thee
To the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamentings,
As I speak thy cherished name,
Desecrate the royal dwelling, —
Fear to meet deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abodes of joy ;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in mine ears ;
And I listen and remember,
Till mine eyes will gather tears,

Thinking of thy pretty prattlings,
And thy childish words of love ;
But when I begin to murmur,
Then my spirit looks above,
Listens to the songs of spirits, —
Listens, longing, wondering,
To the ceaseless glad hosannas
Angels at thy bridal sing.

378.

EPHRAEM SYRUS.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes. He is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a foot-fall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that — he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye,
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there !

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not
there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there !

Not there ! where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see

Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear ;
 The grave that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked : *he* is not there !

He lives ! In all the past
 He lives ; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair ;
 In dreams I see him now ;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there* !"

Yes, we all live to God !
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is *there* !

1840.

JOHN PIERPONT.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

THOU touchest us lightly, O God, in our grief,
 But how rough is thy touch in our prosperous
 hours !

All was bright, but thou camest, so dreadful and brief,
 Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children ! my children ! they clustered all round me,
 Like a rampart which sorrow could never break
 through ;

Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me
 In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest ! O Father, how glorious he was,
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like
eyes !

Thou lovest thy Sole-born ! and had I not cause
The treasure thou gavest me, Father, to prize ?

But the lily bed liès beaten down by the rain,
And the tallest is gone from the place where he grew ;
My tallest, my fairest, oh let me complain !
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat
through.

I murmur not, Father, my will is with thee ;
I knew at the first that my darling was thine :
Hadst thou taken him earlier, O Father ! but see,
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was
mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to me ;
Thou hast taken the fairest : 'tis always thy way ;
Thou hast taken the dearest : was he dearest to thee ?
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome, yet woe is the
day.

Thou hast honored my child with the speed of thy
choice,
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed
him with mirth ;
He sings up in heaven, with his sweet-sounding
voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through
heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake ;
Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him regiven,
Yet I long to have back what I would not retake.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father, thou
knowest,

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;
It is thus in thy husbandry, Saviour : thou sowest
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom, my pride !
And thy beauty makes Jesus, thy Saviour, more
glad ;

Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born died ,
Oh why, my own saint, is thy mother so sad !

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's bright shore,
Should I still in my child find a separate joy ;

While I lie in the light of thy face evermore,
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy ?

1862.

F. W. FABER.

IN MEMORIAM E—— I—— P——.

HOW calm, how beautiful, he lies !
'Neath drooping fringes shine his eyes,
Like stars in half-eclipse ;
As sunlight, falls his wavy hair
Across that noble brow, so fair
That the blue veins seem pencilled there,
And curved by art those lips.

No quivering of the lid or chin
Betrays the final strife within ;
 So noiseless sinks his breath,
That, if those cheeks did not disclose
Life's current in the tint of rose
That, like a bright thought, comes and goes,
 This would seem beauteous death.

Already is the stain of earth —
The stamp of his terrestrial birth —
 Changing for heaven's pure seal :
The angel's beauty now I see
Pledged in that sweet serenity ;
And that unearthly smile to me
 God's signet doth reveal.

But even here his guileless life,
His path with only flowerets rife,
 Almost a cherub's seemed :
He knew no change from light to shade,
His soul its own glad sunshine made ;
Where'er he paused, where'er he strayed,
 Light all around him beamed.

If such hath been his life's first dawn,
Oh what will be the glorious morn
 Just opening on his soul !
Favored of heaven ! to wear the crown,
Life's weary race to thee unknown,
And sit with laurelled conquerors down,
 Who toiled to reach the goal.

But fading is that roseate hue ;
 And now, cold, pearly drops bedew
 That brow of heavenly mould ;
 Fainter and fainter grows his breath :
 Ah, now 'tis gone ! can this be death ?
 Oh what so fair the heavens beneath,
 So lovely to behold !

1849.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY

O U R B A B Y.

TO-DAY we cut the fragrant sod,
 With trembling hands, asunder,
 And lay this well-beloved of God,
 Our dear, dead baby under.
 O hearts that ache, and ache afresh !
 O tears too blindly raining !
 Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
 Too strong for our restraining !
 Sleep, darling, sleep ! Cold rain shall steep
 Thy little turf-made dwelling ;
 Thou wilt not know, so far below,
 What winds or storms are swelling ;
 And birds shall sing in the warm spring,
 And flowers bloom about thee :
 Thou wilt not heed them, love ; but oh,
 The loneliness without thee !
 Father, we will be comforted !
 Thou wast the gracious Giver ;
 We yield her up, not dead, not dead,
 To dwell with thee for ever !

Take thou our child, ours for a day,
Thine while the ages blossom !
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom !



FROM "A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE."

POOR earth, poor heart, — too weak, too weak
To miss the July shining !
Poor heart ! what bitter words we speak,
When God speaks of resigning !

Sustain this heart in us that faints,
Thou God, the self-existent !
We catch up wild at parting saints,
And feel thy heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin
Has ruffled all our vesture :
On the shut door that let them in,
We beat with frantic gesture, —

To us, us also, open straight !
The outer life is chilly !
Are we too, like the earth, to wait
Till next year for our Lily ?

But God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers promise,
And Hope itself can smile at length,
On other hopes gone from us.

Love, strong as Death, shall conquer Death,
Through struggle made more glorious :
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts
With spirit unbereaven, —
“God will not all take back his gifts,
My Lily’s mine in heaven !

“Still mine ! maternal rights serene
Not given to another !
The crystal bars shine faint between
The souls of child and mother.

“Meanwhile,” the mother cries, “content !
Our love was well divided :
Its sweetness following where she went,
Its anguish stayed where I did.

“Well done of God, to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness ;
To us the empty room and cot, —
To her the heaven’s completeness.

“To us, this grave, — to her, the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in ;
To us, the silence in the house, —
To her the choral singing.

“For her, to gladden in God’s view, —
For us, to hope and bear on.
Grow, Lily, in thy garden new,
Beside the Rose of Sharon !

“Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily clipped,
 In love more calm than this is,
 And may the angels, dewy-lipped,
 Remind thee of our kisses,

“While none shall tell thee of our tears,
 These human tears now falling,
 Till after a few patient years,
 One home shall take us all in.

“Child, father, mother, — who left out?
 Not mother and not father!
 And when, our dying couch about,
 The natural mists shall gather,

“Some smiling angel close shall stand
 In old Correggio’s fashion,
 And bear a *Lily* in his hand
 For death’s *Annunciation*!”

1849.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there!
 There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
 But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
 And mournings for the dead:
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps :
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition :
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives ;
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her :
 For when, with raptures wild,
 In our embraces we again infold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And, beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

1852.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



AH! HUSH NOW YOUR MOURNFUL
 COMPLAININGS.

(*Fam mæsta quiesce querela.*)

AH! hush now your mournful complainings,
 Nor, mothers, your sweet babes deplore :
 This death we so shrink from, but cometh
 The ruin of life to restore.

Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
 Or beautiful sepulchres crave ?
 We lay them but here in their slumber :
 This earth is a couch, not a grave.

This body a desolate casket,
Deprived of its jewel we see ;
But soon her old colleague rejoining,
The soul reunited shall be.

For quickly the day is approaching,
When life through these cold limbs shall flow,
And the dwelling, restored to its inmate,
With its old animation shall glow.

The body we lay in dishonor
In the mouldering tomb to decay,
Rejoined to the spirit which dwelt there,
Shall soar like a swift bird away.

The seed which we sow in its weakness,
In the spring shall rise green from the earth ;
And the dead we thus mournfully bury,
In God's springtime again shall shine forth.

Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
Whom we lay to repose in thy dust ;
For precious these relics we yield thee :
Be faithful, O Earth, to thy trust !

This once was the home of a spirit,
Created and breathed from its God ;
The wisdom and love Christ imparteth,
Once held in this frame their abode.

Then shelter this sacred deposit ;
Their Maker will claim it of thee ;
The Sculptor will never forget it,
Once formed in his image to be.

The happy and just times are coming,
When he every hope shall fulfil,
And visibly then thou must render,
What now, in thy keeping, lies still.

For though, through the slow lapse of ages,
These mouldering bones shall grow old ;
Reduced to a handful of ashes,
A child in its hands might infold ;

Though flames should consume it, and breezes
Invisibly float it away,
Yet the body of man cannot perish ;—
Indestructible through its decay.

Yet whilst, O our God, o'er the body
Thou watchest, to mould it again,
What region of rest hast thou ordered,
Where the spirit unclothed may remain ?

In the bosom of saints is her dwelling,*
Where the Fathers and Lazarus are,
Whom the rich man, athirst in his anguish,
Beheld in their bliss from afar.

We follow thy words, O Redeemer,
When, trampling on Death in his pride,
Thou sentest to tread in thy footsteps
The thief on the cross at thy side.

The bright way of Paradise opened
For every believer her space ;
And that garden again we may enter,
Which the serpent once closed to our race.

Thus violets sweet, and green branches,
Oft over these relics we strew ;
The names, on these cold stones engraven,
With perfumes we'll fondly bedew.

405.

PRUDENTIUS, TRANS. BY MRS. CHARLES



WRITTEN TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF
HIS SISTER.

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another
May never know ;
Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother,
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
Thy hand in mine ;
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;
I stood not by,
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted,
Lay down to die.

And on thy ear my words of weak condoling
Must vainly fall :
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the world's poor, common,
And heartless phrase ;
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb !

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth :
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear one whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought :
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As his in heaven.

And she is with thee ! In thy path of trial
She walketh yet !
Still, with the baptism of thy self-denial,
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest
Lie white in view !
She lives and loves, and the God thou servest
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle! England's toil-worn peasants
Thy call abide;
And she thou mournest, a pure and holy presence,
Shall glean beside!

JOHN G. WHITTIER



FROM "ONLY A CURL."

"GOD lent him and takes him," you sigh;
Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he ever can take back again.

He is ours and for ever! Believe,
O father! O mother! look back
To the first love's assurance! To give
Means with God, not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given, be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant he went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As he loves to the end! If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream,

Or keep, as a mother will toys
Too costly, though given by herself, —
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends ! You, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are : speed
Where they loiter, persist when they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there :
Then weep not. 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair,
To the safe place above us. Adieu !

1862.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO A WORLD OF
LIGHT.

THEY are all gone into a world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty !

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill
Where I shall need no glass.

SONGS OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

SONGS OUT OF THE DEPTHS.



HYMN TO GOD.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou had'st not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done ?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave,
First made of nought,
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell
His glorious name
Quite overcame ;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

1637.

BEN JONSON



PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene ?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms :
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
For guilt, for guilt my terrors are in arms !
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod !

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence,"
Fain promise nevermore to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan!
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran!

O thou great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee;
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line:
Oh aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

1786.

ROBERT BURNS.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

UP from the deeps, O God, I cry to thee!
Hear the soul's prayer, hear thou her litany,
O thou who sayest, "Come, wanderer, home to me."

Up from the deeps of sorrow, wherein lie
Dark secrets veiled from earth's un pitying eye,
My prayers, like star-crowned angels, Godward fly.

Up from the deeps of joy, deep tides that swell
With fulness that the heart can never tell,
Thanks shall ring clear as rings a festal bell.

From the calm bosom, when in quiet hour
God's Holy Spirit reigns with largest power,
Then shall each thought in prayer's white blossom
flower.

From the dark mine, where slow thoughts' diamond
burns,
Where the gold-spirits vein their rugged urns,
From that grim Cyclop-forge my spirit turns,

And gazes upward at thy clear blue sky,
And, midst the light that floods it, does espy
Bright stars unseen by superficial eye ;

Where Sin's red dragons lie in caverns deep,
And glare with stony eyes that never sleep,
And o'er the heavenly fruit strict ward do keep ;

Thence my poor heart, long struggling to get free,
Torn by the strife, in painful agony,
Crieth, O God, my God, deliver me !

Up from the thickest tumult of the game,
Where spring life's arrows with unerring aim,
My shaft of prayer, Acestes-like, shall flame.

Not from life's shallows, where the waters sleep,
A dull, low marsh, where stagnant vapors creep,
But ocean-voiced, deep calling unto deep,

As he of old, King David, called to thee,
As cries the heart of poor humanity,
“Clamavi, Domine, exaudi me!”

C. S. FENNER.

WITH TERROR THOU DOST STRIKE.*

(*Gravi me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies ultima.*)

WITH terror thou dost strike me now, life's fearful dying day!

My heart is sad, my loins are weak, my spirit faints away,

While, to my saddened soul, thy sight my anxious thoughts display.

Who can that dreadful sight describe, or without trembling see,

When from the ended course of life the weary soul would flee,

And, sick of all the bonds of flesh, it struggles to be free?

The senses fail, the tongue is stiff, the eyes uncertain stray;

The panting breath, the gasping throat, the coming end betray;

From palsied limbs, and pallid lips, all charm has fled away.

* This awful hymn, Dr. Neale finely calls “the Dies Iræ of individual life.”

Now spring at once to view past thoughts, and words,
and deeds, and life ;

Before unwilling eyes they come all crowding fresh
and rife,

And stand revealed before the mind, that shrinks
with timid strife.

And biting conscience tortures now the trembling,
guilty breast,

And weeps the loss of perished hours, that might
have given rest :

Too late repentance, full of grief, no proper fruit has
blessed.

Of the false sweetness of the flesh, what bitterness
remains,

When the brief pleasure of this life is turned to end-
less pains,

And all life's idols here below the dying hour dis-
dains !

I pray, dear Jesus, grant me, then, thine own almighty
aid,

When I shall enter at the last in death's dark valley
shade ;

Let not the tyrant foe, I pray, my trembling soul in-
vade.

Oh, from the prince of darkness, then, and hell's dark
prison save !

And take me ransomed to thy home, Good Shepherd,
now I crave,

Where I may live in endless life, WITH THEE, beyond
the grave !

AM I A STONE?

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!

1866.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



JESUS, PITIYING SAVIOUR, HEAR ME.

JESUS, pitying Saviour, hear me;
 Draw thou near me;
 Turn thee, Lord, in grace to me,
 For thou knowest all my sorrow;
 Night and morrow
 Doth my cry go up to thee.

Peace I cannot find : oh, take me,
 Lord, and make me
 From the yoke of evil free ;
 Calm this longing never-sleeping,
 Still my weeping,
 Grant me hope once more in thee.

Thou, my God and King, hast known me,
 Yet hast shown me
 True and loving is thy will ;
 Though my heart from thee oft ranges,
 Through its changes,
 Lord, thy love is faithful still.

Here I bring my will, oh take it ;
 Thine, Lord, make it ;
 Calm this troubled heart of mine :
 In thy strength I too may conquer ;
 Wait no longer ;
 Show in me thy grace divine.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.



MY SINS, MY SINS, MY SAVIOUR !

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour !
 They take such hold on me,
 I am not able to look up,
 Save only, Christ, to thee :
 In thee is all forgiveness,
 In thee abundant grace ;
 My shadow and my sunshine,
 The brightness of thy face.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
How sad on thee they fall !
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven ;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on thee.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
Their guilt I never knew,
Till, with thee in the desert,
I near thy passion drew, —
Till, with thee in the garden,
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe;
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below, —
Thy goodness and thy favor,
Whose presence, from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in thee, and love !

LORD, MANY TIMES I AM AWEARY QUITE.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity ;
Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me !

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate :
Take thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse,
We know of our own selves, they also knew ;
Lord, Holy One ! if thou who knowest worse,
Should loathe us too !

1856.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.



CHURCH-LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sinne which locks thine eares,
And bindes thy hands !
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
And mend it still :
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sinnes, or coldnesse, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his bloud's sake,
Which pleads for me :
For though sinnes plead too, yet like stones they make
His bloud's sweet current much more loud to be.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

OH do not use me
After my sins ! look not on my deser.,
But on thy glory ; then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me. For thou only art
The mighty God ; but I, a silly worm :
Oh do not bruise me !

Oh do not urge me !
For what account can thy ill steward make ?
I have abused thy stock, destroyed thy woods,
Sucked all thy magazines. My head did ache
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :
Oh do not scourge me !

Oh do not blind me !
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude thy light.
But I am frailty, and already dust :
Oh do not grind me !

Oh do not fill me
With the turned vial of thy bitter wrath ;
For thou hast other vessels, full of blood,

A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
 Even unto death. Since he died for my good,
 Oh do not kill me!

But oh reprieve me!
 For thou hast life and death at thy command;
 Thou art both Judge and Saviour, Feast and Rod,
 Cordial and Corrosive. Put not thy hand
 Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
 My God, relieve me!

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



LORD, WITH WHAT CARE HAST THOU BEGIRT
 US ROUND!

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers.

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our shame—within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears:

Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LORD, WHAT AM I?

(From the Spanish.)

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me? that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
 Thy blessed approach! and oh to heaven how lost,
 In my ingratitude's untimely frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wound upon thy feet!

How oft my guardian-angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"

And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied;
 And when to-morrow came, I answered still, "To-
 morrow!"

LOPE DE VEGA, TRANS. BY LONGFELLOW.

THE METHOD.

POORE heart, lament!
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
 Quickly effect what thou dost move;
 For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book :
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst not thou look ?

What do I see
Written above there ? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's care
To such indifferents chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions heare ?
Is God lesse free ?

But stay ! what's there ?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's eare,
Which needs not man, be tyed to those
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice :
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoyce !

SELF-LOVE.

O H ! I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me clinging,
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air ;
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame ;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
Self is forgotten never ;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain, —
Its waters flow for ever.

Alas ! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of self's hateful sight ;
And it keeps step whene'er we travel slowly,
And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing,
Self and the soul can sever ;
The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,
Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus are we never men, self's wretched swathing
Not letting virtue swell ;
Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever bathing
Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
The goal in every race !

Inevitable self ! vile imitation
Of universal light, —
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right !

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
Deep in my nature lying ;
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord, that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own !
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone !

Such was the life thou livedest ; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing.

OH FOR THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY !

OH for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free, —
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty !

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled, —
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called !

Then, when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless, and bright, and beautiful
Beyond all my control.

Oh ! who hath locked those fountains up ?
Those visions who hath stayed ?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade ?

This freezing heart, O Lord ! this will,
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command, —

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesus' blessed name, —

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread :—

If this drear change be thine, O Lord !
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread,—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from thee,
And yet to know it not.

Oh, when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love thee more, —

To love thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much, —
To have thee with me, Lord, all day,
Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served thee, Lord, for hire, —
Hire which thy beauty showed, —
Ah! I can serve thee now for nought,
And only as my God.

Oh, blessèd be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessèd be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy!

t849.

F. W. FABER.



AH! DEAREST LORD, I CANNOT PRAY.

AH! dearest Lord, I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.

The world that looks so dull all day,
Grows bright on me at prayer;
And plans that ask no thought but then,
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend,
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits ;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord, thou know'st
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.

Ah, Jesus ! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before thy face,
In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet :
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue and eye and ear ;
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near ;

Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
 But in the thought of thee, —
 Prayer would have come unsought, and been
 A truer liberty.

Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,
 In weak, distracted prayer :
 A sinner out of heart with self
 Most often finds thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
 From all illusions free,
 And teaches it how utterly
 It hangs, dear Lord, on thee.

The soul that on self-sacrifice
 Is covetously bent,
 Will bless thy chastening hand, that makes
 Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus ! why should I complain ?
 And why fear aught but sin ?
 Distractions are but outward things,
 Thy peace dwells far within !

These surface-troubles come and go,
 Like rufflings of the sea ;
 The deeper depth is out of reach
 To all, my God, but thee !

THE WINDS WERE HOWLING O'ER THE DEEP.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour wakened from his sleep;
He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there!

He met that glance, so thrilling sweet;
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weanèd child.

Oh, madder than the raving man!
Oh, deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!

He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view:
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to his fold.

O Thou, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer,
Oh give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair !

My struggling will by grace control ;
Renew my broken vow !
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?
My God, I hear thee now !

1826.

BISHOP HEBER.



FATHER OF LOVE, WHO DIDST NOT SPARE.

FATHER of love, who didst not spare
For us thine only Son,
Oh look on him, and hear the prayer
Of thy poor suppliant one !
Behold his piercèd hands and feet,
Pleading for us e'en now ;
Behold that wounded heart so sweet ;
Behold upon his brow
The traces of the thorny crown ;
Behold the stripes he bore :
By these he claims us for his own,
His own for evermore !

Oh look on him, and let the cry
Of this our Brother's blood,
Who, guiltless, for our guilt did die,
Ascend to thee, our God.
Wilt thou refuse his love, his toil,
The one reward they crave ?
Shall his most deadly foe despoil
The souls he died to save ?
Father, oh that be far from thee,
That thou shouldst turn away
When, in that name's high merits, we
Kneel humbly down to pray !

For this is thy beloved Son,
In whom thou art well pleased ;
Who for the sins that we had done
Thine anger just appeased.
Clothed in his raiment we appear,
Kneeling before his throne,
Besprinkled with that blood so dear,
The garment thou wilt own ;
And for its sake the sinner vile
Is made thy wedding-guest, —
E'en such an one as her erewhile
By seven fiends possessed.

No depth of sin can drown that love,
No water quench its fire :
Desponding soul, arise and prove
Its might, its strong desire !
Come ! yea in lowliest confidence,
Approach in Jesus' name ;

Greater his love than all offence :
 Father, that love we claim !
Bending before thine altar low,
 We offer it to thee,
The purest offering earth can know,
 Or Heaven look down to see.

TAKE ME, O MY FATHER, TAKE ME !

TAKE me, O my Father, take me !
 Take me, save me, through thy Son !
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done !

Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod ;
Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to thy love, my God !

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in !

Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine ;
Freely life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like thine !

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree :
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee !

Father, take me ! All forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast :
 In thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest !

1865.

RAY PALMER.



A PRAYER.

MY God, oh let me call thee mine,
 Weak, wretched sinner though I be ;
 My trembling soul would fain be thine,
 My feeble faith still clings to thee !

Not only for the past I grieve,
 The future fills me with dismay ;
 Unless thou hasten to relieve,
 Thy suppliant is a castaway !

I cannot say my faith is strong,
 I dare not hope my love is great :
 But strength and love to thee belong ;
 Oh do not leave me desolate !

I know I owe my all to thee ;
 Oh take the heart I cannot give !
 Do thou my strength, my Saviour be,
 And *make* me to thy glory live.

ANNE BRONTË

EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMN.

(From the Greek.)

TO thee, O dear, long-suffering Lord,
I stretch weak hands, and cry :
Oh heal my soul ! oh give me faith
To know that thou art nigh !
I feel the terrors of thy law ;
My sins oppress me sore ;
Oh save my soul, and I thy name
For ever will adore !

Receive thy servant, O my Lord,
Who here before thee lies !
I loathe my sins, I tell them o'er,
With bitter tears and cries.
O my sweet Saviour, this I plead,
That thou for me hast died ;
I fly to thee, I trust in thee,
My Christ, my Crucified !

Oh hear me in thy realm of light,
And still this anguish wild !
Speak but one word ! O Jesus, hear
Thy weeping, helpless child !
Receive my guilty, trembling soul,
That hopes but in thy grace ;
Reach down, O Christ, thine arms of love !
Give me to see thy face !

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, —
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By thy helpless infant years ;
By thy life of want and tears ;
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power, —
Turn, oh turn, a favoring eye ;
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold, —
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By thine hour of dire despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;

By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By the deep expiring groan ;
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God, —
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty reascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany!

1839.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



I COME, O LORD, TO THEE.

I COME, O Lord, to thee ;
 In sad and grievous thought I hear
 thy call,

And I must come, or else from thee I fall
 Deeper in misery.

I have not kept thy word,
 And yet thou biddest me to taste thy love ;
 Shaming my faithless heart, that e'er could rove
 From thee, O gracious Lord!

Shame wraps my heart around,
 Like morning gloom upon the mountains spread ;
 Indignant memory, avenger dread,
 Deepens each restless wound.

Yet must I come to thee !
Thou hast the words of life, and thou alone ;
Thou sittest upon the Mediator's throne :
Where should a sinner flee ?

Nor saint's nor angel's will
Could lift the burden from this loaded breast :
Weary I come, and thou wilt give me rest ;
Thou wilt thy word fulfil.

I come to thee ! Since all
To faith is possible, in faith I come !
As blind, and deaf, and halt, and maimed, and dumb,
Before thy feet I fall !

Whom didst thou turn away ?
From what distress was hid thy pitying face ?
What cold rebuke e'er checked the cry for grace ?
Can I unheeded pray ?

Saviour, oh come to save !
Speak but the word, thy servant shall be whole :
Turn, Lord, and look on me ; quicken my soul
Out of this living grave !

Enter my opening heart !
Fill it with love and peace, and light from heaven !
Give me thyself, for all in thee is given !
Come, never to depart !

THOMAS W. WEBB.

WHEN AT THY FOOTSTOOL, LORD, I BEND.

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Oh think thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer !
Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye :
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still thine own,
The trembling creature of thy hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
Oh think how blind and weak am I,
How strong and wily are my foes ;
They wrestled with thy hosts on high :
How should a worm their might oppose ?

Oh think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.
Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine :
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine !

Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shortened be ;

Behold me here, — my heart is full, —
 Behold, and spare and succor me !
 No claim, no merits, Lord, I plead ;
 I come, a humbled, helpless slave :
 But ah, the more my guilty need,
 The more thy glory, Lord, to save !

1868.

FRANCIS LYTE.



HERE BEHOLD ME.

(Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.)

HERE behold me, as I cast me
 At thy throne, O glorious King !
 Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
 Son of man, to thee I bring.
 Let me find thee ! let me find thee !
 Me a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray thee,
 Let thy spirit dwell in mine ;
 Thou hast sought me, thou hast bought me ;
 Only thee to know, I pine.
 Let me find thee ! let me find thee !
 Take my heart and grant me thine !

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
 But thy grace so rich and free,
 That thou givest whom thou lovest,
 And who truly cleave to thee.
 Let me find thee ! let me find thee !
 He hath all things who hath thee !

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
 Glorious name, or richest hoard,
 Are but weary, void, and dreary,
 To the heart that longs for God.
 Let me find thee ! let me find thee !
 I am ready, mighty Lord.

1679.

NEANDER.



O BLESSED MY JESU.

(O care mi Jesu.)

O BLESSED my Jesu,
 I've trusted in thee ;
 O Saviour, my Jesu,
 Now liberate me !
 In horrible prison
 And gloom have arisen
 My sighs, O my Jesu, incessant to thee ;
 But oh ! on my sorrow
 Has brightened no morrow ;
 Yet hear me, my Jesu, and liberate me !
 O blessed my Jesu,
 I've trusted in thee ;
 And still will I trust thee
 To liberate me !
 And so, while I languish,
 I cry in my anguish,
 Adoring, imploring, and bending the knee ;
 In sorrow and tremor,
 O blessed Redeemer,
 Smile on me from heaven, and liberate me !

1587.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, TRANS. BY BISHOP COXE

FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends : O Father,
hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness ;
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before thee :
What can I offer in thy presence holy,
But sin and folly ?

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat
them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear thy voice, — it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away, and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still thy rain descends, thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing ;
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joy covers nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering ; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling ?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever ?
My bosom ? never !

Father and Saviour ! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower that creeps through Death's
dark portal
Becomes immortal.

1841.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.



LORD, AT THIS MOMENT THOU ART SURELY
HERE.

LORD, at this moment thou art surely here,
And I thy presence feel ;
I feel thy pitying eye rest on my head,
I hear thy gentle footsteps near me tread,
And at thy feet I kneel.

I kneel, I tell thee all my inmost woe,
Tell of a load of sin ;
I ask thy mercy, pardon, and relief ;
I show thee all my bitter, bitter grief,
The deep distress within.

I count my years, to thee a wasted life,
With so much left undone ;
It looks so sad ! now that thyself art near,
Thy human life shines out so pure and clear,
And mine in sin has run.

Lord, while I see thy wounds I feel it all,
Too much for me to bear !
I need to draw new life in every breath ;
I need a rescue in the hour of death,
And One my griefs to share.

And while I lay this sadness at thy feet,
I feel thee nearing me !
Stretch forth thine hand,— I know thy healing voice !
It makes this weary, mournful heart rejoice,
And draws me nearer thee !

Nearer and nearer still, offers thyself
In wondrous mystery !
Unites me with thee, and thyself with me,
In sorrow, joy, through life, through death, to be
Thine in eternity !



MY GOD ! LO, HERE BEFORE THY FACE.

(Hier liegt ich, Herr, im Staube.)

MY God ! lo, here before thy face,
I cast me in the dust ;
Where is the hope of happier days ?
Where is my wonted trust ?

Where are the sunny hours I had
Ere of thy light bereft?
Vanished is all that made me glad :
My pain alone is left.

I shrink with fear and sore alarm
When threatening ills I see,
As though, in time of need, thine arm
No more could shelter me ;
As though thou couldst not see the grief
That makes my courage quail ;
As though thou wouldst not send relief
When human helpers fail.

Cannot thy might avert e'en now,
What seems my certain doom,
And still with light and succor bow
To him who weeps in gloom ?
Art thou not evermore the same ?
And hast not thou revealed
That thou wilt be our strength ; thy name,
Our tower of hope, our shield ?

My Father, compass me about
With love, for I am weak ;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt, —
Thy pitying glance I seek :
For torn and anguished is my heart,
Thou seest it, my God :
Oh soothe my conscience' bitter smart,
Lift off my sorrow's load !

I know that I am in thy hands,
Whose thoughts are peace toward me ;
That ever sure thy counsel stands, —
Could I but build on thee !
I know that thou wilt give me all
That thou hast promised, Lord :
Here will I cling, nor yield, nor fall ;
I live but by thy word.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast :
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.
Though strange and winding seem the way
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, doest all things well.

Take courage, then, my soul, nor steep
Thy days and nights in tears :
Thou soon shalt cease to mourn and weep,
Though dark are now thy fears.
He comes, he comes, the Strong to save !
He comes, nor tarries more !
His light is breaking o'er the wave !
The clouds and storms are o'er !

A LITANY.

(Κύριε, ἐλέησον.
Χριστὲ, ἐλέησον.)

O LORD God eternal,
The First and the Last,
We are fallen before thee,
As sinners downcast :
Not in anger deal with us ;
Lighten the rod ;
Once more, once more, say,
“ I am your God : ”
Turn thy face toward us ;
Put up the sword ;
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord !

In the blindness of youth,
In sickness and health,
In the time of trial,
In the time of wealth,
As we creep and dwindle
In age away,
In the hour of death,
In the judgment-day, —
Turn thy face toward us ;
Put up the sword ;
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord !

When the lust of wealth
Makes its own self all ;
When the pride of strength
Tramples down the small ;
When the world's outcasts
Sit and hide the head ;
When the barefoot children
Cry out for bread, —
Turn not thy face from us ;
Draw not the sword ;
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord !

When the tempter comes
With gold and smiles ;
When the flesh is master,
And thought defiles ;
When faith grows faint
Through pride or fear, —
O thou that knowest,
Spare us ! oh spare !
Turn thy face toward us ;
Put up the sword ;
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord !

By thy manhood on earth,
By thy death and life ;
By the mountain peace
And the midnight strife ;
By the scourge and cross,
And all that pain ;

By thy golden throne
Set with God to reign, —
Turn thy face toward us ;
Put up the sword ;
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord !

1868.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

A L I T A N Y.

THOU who dost dwell alone,
Thou who dost know thine own,
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save !
From the world's temptations ;
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —
Save, oh save !

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer ;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher ;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,

Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence,
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave, —
Save, oh save !

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars thy creature ;
From grief that is but passion ;
From mirth that is but feigning ;
From tears that bring no healing ;
From weak and wild complaining, —
Thine own strength revealing,
Save, oh save !

From doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong,
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust, —
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea, —
Oh set us free !

Oh let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually !
Oh, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb !
Let all words be mild,
All strifes be reconciled,
All pains beguiled !
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing :
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save !

1856.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FROM MY LIPS IN THEIR DEFILEMENT.

(From the Greek.)

FROM my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O my Jesus, take my prayer !
Spurn me not for all it says,
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued.
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would !
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do, and what to speak.

I have sinnèd more than she
Who, learning where to meet with thee,
And bringing myrrh the highest-priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly,
My God, my Lord, my Christ !
As thou saidest not, "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said !
But give thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close and never miss,
With over-dropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee !
Wash me with thy tears : draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me.
Then remit my sins, who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest, —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes thyself decreest ;
Yea ! but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,
Hearest all my wailings low,
That mine evil should be so.

Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine !

Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat, — which is gone !

JESU, NAME ALL NAMES ABOVE.

(Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε.)

JESU, name all names above,
Jesu, best and dearest,
Jesu, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest !
Jesu, source of grace completest,
Jesu truest, Jesu sweetest,
Jesu, well of power divine,
Make, keep me, seal me thine !

Jesu, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured.
Thou whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise !

Thou didst call the prodigal ;
Thou didst pardon Mary :
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary,
Lord, amidst my lost condition
Give — for thou canst give — contrition !
Thou canst pardon all mine ill,
If thou wilt : oh say, “ I will ! ”

Woe, that I have turned aside,
After fleshly pleasure !
Woe, that I have never tried
For the heavenly treasure !
Treasure safe in homes supernal ;
Incorruptible, eternal !
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the Passion of the Son !

Jesu, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression !
Witnessing through agony
That thy good confession ;
Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment, —
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be vain !

When I reach Death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
As the storm draws nigher :
Jesu, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish !
Tell me, " Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day ! "

SONGS OF ASPIRATION.

SONGS OF ASPIRATION.



THE BIRD LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee :
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings !

1816.

THOMAS MOORE.



FROM "HONORS."

O GOD, O Kinsman loved, but not enough !
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath !

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where sinless thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in,

By thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall, —
I pray thee visit me !

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain ;
Lest eyes which never saw thine earthly day
Should miss thy heavenly reign.

Come, weary-eyed from seeking in the night
Thy wanderers strayed upon the pathless wold,
Who, wounded, dying, cry to thee for light,
And cannot find their fold.

And deign, O Watcher with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning, — deign reply :
Is there, oh ! is there aught that such as thou
Wouldst take from such as I ?

Are there no briers across thy pathway thrust ?
Are there no thorns that compass it about ?
Nor any stones that thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out ?

Oh ! if thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay ;
Let my lost pathway go — what aileth me ? —
There is a better way.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing his glory wrong.

1866.

JEAN INGELOW.



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 hath seen :

Then, nobles all, leave court and hall,
And search the wide world o'er ;
For whoso finds this Sanggreall,
Stands crowned for evermore !

AUBREY DE VERE.



FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

FIGHTING the battle of life,
With a weary heart and head ;
For, in the midst of the strife,
The banners of Joy are fled.

Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near ;
And the music of Hope this night
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,
With a very tired hand,
With only my armor strong, —
The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me* :
If all *my* strength were shown,
So small the amount would be,
Its presence could scarce be known.

Fighting alone to-night,
With not even a stander-by
To cheer me on in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see
The struggle within how dark and drear,
Though quiet the outside be.

Fighting alone to-night,
With what a sinking heart !
Lord Jesus, in the fight,
Oh stand not thou apart !

Body and mind have tried
To make the field mine own ;
But when the Lord is on my side,
He doeth the work alone.

And when he hideth his face,
And the battle-clouds prevail,
It is only through his grace
If I do not utterly fail.

The word of old was true, —
And its truth shall never cease, —
“ The Lord shall fight for you,
And ye shall hold your peace.”

Lord, I would fain be still
And quiet behind my shield ;
But make me to love thy will,
For fear I should ever yield.

For when, to destroy my foes,
Thou lettest them strike at me,
And fillest my heart with woes,
That joy may the purer be,

Nothing but perfect trust,
And love of thy perfect will,
Can raise me out of the dust,
And bid my fears lie still.

Even as now my hands,
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting thy commands,
Without one anxious thrill.

But, as with sudden pain,
My hands unfold and clasp,
So doth my will start up again,
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Lord, fix mine eyes upon thee,
And fill my heart with thy love ;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks from above.



P A S S N O T B Y.

JESUS, Saviour, pass not by !
Pass not by, pass not by !
Lo, as one to thee we cry.
Pass not by, pass not by !
Lord, fulfil thy promise now,
Pour thy spirit while we bow ;
Turn to us, as one we cry,
Pass not by, pass not by !

Prostrate in thy path we lie :
 Pass not by, pass not by !
 Lest our very faith should die ;
 Lord, we perish ! pass not by !
 To thy garments we will cling,
 All our need before thee bring ;
 Son of David, hear our cry,
 Pass not by, pass not by !

Lord, we cannot let thee go :
 Pass not by, pass not by !
 In our midst thy presence show ;
 Till thou bless us we will cry.
 Breathe, oh breathe on us, we pray ;
 Tarry not, Lord ; come to-day :
 While we wait, and watch, and cry,
 Pass not by, pass not by !

1870.

E. C. KINNEY.



P R A Y E R.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
 Spent in thy presence will prevail to make !
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take !
 What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower !
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
 We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !
 Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
 Or others, — that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy and strength and courage are with thee?

1856.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



P R A Y E R.

(Imitated from the Persian.)

L ORD, who art merciful as well as just,
 Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
 Not what I would, O Lord, I offer thee,
 Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
 And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
 I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:

My nothingness, my wants,
 My sins, and my contrition.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



P R A Y E R.

W HEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
 Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst
 pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
 Straighten myself by thy right-line again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits,
Pierce genial showers down to my parchèd roots !

My well is bitter : cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say what is prayer when it is prayer indeed ?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won ;
Withdrawn from thence, 'tis cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalk divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain-head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live, from God their sustenance wait ;
And sun and moon are beggars at his gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from heaven are scattering gold.

THE ANSWER.

"**A**LLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked
with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like
honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter, said, "Call louder,
child of pain!
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, 'Here am I!'
again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness
sent.

Then before him stands Elias, says, "My child, why
thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer
afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard
the 'Here am I:'
And I thought God will not pity, will not turn on me
his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise,
Elias; go
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf
of woe."

“ ‘ Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry ;
That his prayer, “ Come, gracious Allah ! ” is my answer, “ Here am I.” ’ ”

Every inmost aspiration is God’s angel undefiled ;
And in every “ O my Father ” slumbers deep a “ Here, my child ! ”

1856.

DSCHELADEDDIN, THOLUCK’S VERSION.

THE SUPPLIANT.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said in bitter scorn,
“ Oh, peace ! what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain ?
‘ Come, Lord, oh come ! ’ you cry alway ;
You pour your heart out night and day ;
Yet still no murmur of reply, —
No voice that answers, ‘ Here am I ! ’ ”

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust ;
No strength retained it now to pray,
While Faith and Hope had fled away :
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the tempter’s art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,

“ Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer ; that now not any more
It knocks at heaven’s gate as before ? ”
— “ I am cast out, — I find no place,
No hearing, at the throne of grace.
‘ Come, Lord, oh come ! ’ I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer, — ‘ Here am I, my son. ’ ”

“ O dull of heart ! enclosed doth lie,
In each ‘ Come, Lord, ’ a ‘ Here am I. ’
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine, —
Reflections of a love divine :
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so ;
Strong bands are round them in their woe,
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart :
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;
But Love’s sweet smart and costly pain
A treasure for his friends remain.

FAIN WOULD MY THOUGHTS FLY UP TO THEE.

FAIN would my thoughts fly up to thee,
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find ;
But, when I offer, still the world
Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below :
How nothing, there, do all things seem,
That here make such a show !

Then round about I turn mine eyes
To feast my hungry sight ;
I meet with heaven in every thing,
In every thing delight.

I see thy wisdom ruling all,
And it with joy admire ;
I see myself among such hopes
As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumphed awhile,
And think to build my nest,
Some cross-conceits come fluttering by,
And interrupt my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,
And from my low dust cry,
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but thine,
That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise
Or still lie down in dust,
Both I submit to thy blest will :
In both on thee I trust.

Guide thou my way, who art thyself
Mine everlasting end,
That every step, or swift or slow,
Still to thyself may tend !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be ! Amen.

1668.

JOHN AUSTIN



I WOULD THAT I WERE FAIRER, LORD.

I WOULD that I were fairer, Lord,
More what thy bride should be,
More meet to be the sharer, Lord,
Of love and heaven with thee ;
Yet if thy love with me thou'lt share,
I know that love can make me fair.

Oh, would that I were purer, Lord !
More filled with grace divine.
Oh, would that I were surer, Lord,
That my whole heart is thine !
Were it so pure that I might see
Thy beauty, I would grow like thee.

Oh, would that I could higher, Lord,
Above these senses live !
Each feeling, each desire, my Lord,
Could wholly to thee give !
The love I thus would daily share,
That love alone would make me fair.

1837.

J. B. MONSELL.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

WHERE hast been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad ?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare ?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care ?

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine !
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart ? who set thee there ?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

“ I climbed on the judgment-seat myself ;
I have sat there alone all day ;
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

“ They wasted the Master’s precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours ;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers.”

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart ? what didst thou there ?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice ?
Did the garden mend by thy care ?

“ Nay, that grieved me more ! I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn ;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee !
The servants were not thine !
And the Eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame,
See further than thine or mine.

The Voice that shall sound there at eve, sweetheart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard :
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

“ Should I see the Master’s treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grievèd sore ? ”

Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,
Wait till the evening falls ;
The Master is near, and knoweth all :
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat ?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet ?

“ Nay, that is saddest of all to me !
That is saddest of all !
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls :
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst, —
Thou workest never alone ;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet ;
And, when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In the garden so fair to see :
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of his own for thee.

NOT THOU FROM US, O LORD!

NOT thou from us, O Lord ! but we
Withdraw ourselves from thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh teach us that we do not say,
“ Where is *thy* brightness fled ? ”

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For thou remainest still the same ;
But earth's own vapors earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

1856

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

SUPPLICATION.

SPIRIT of God ! descend upon my heart ;
Wean it from earth ; through all its pulses
move ;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies ;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay ;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies ;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King ?
All, all thine own, soul, heart, and strength,
and mind ;

I see thy cross, — there teach my heart to cling !
Oh let me seek thee, and oh let me find !

Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh ;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear ;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame ;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame !

1854.

GEORGE CROLY.

SUPPLICATION.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
From the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee, —
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For mine inmost heart is taught the truth,
That makes thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

1850.

A. L. WARING.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame ;
The yearning of the mind is stilled, —
I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,
O sweet, fond dream of human love,
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death ;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath !

In vain I task mine aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan :
I only feel how weak and vain
And poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come,
O Father, unto thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day !

1850.

J. G. WHITTIER



PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright —
Though strength should falter, and though heart
should bleed —
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here :
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see :
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
 And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
 Like quiet night :
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

1858.

• ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

PRUNE THOU THY WORDS.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng :
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft, luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 That bloom their hour and fade.

1833.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

O LIVING WILL, THAT SHALT ENDURE.

O LIVING Will, that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure !

That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto Him that hears
A cry above the conquered years,
To One that with us works, and trusts,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

1842.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In thee all things to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleases, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, " For thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as by thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE.

JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly.
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less ;
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;

A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word ;
Thy promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

1742.

CHARLES WESLEY.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none, —
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
Boundless love in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name, —
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am, —
Thou art full of truth and grace.

1740.

CHARLES WESLEY



THE ROSEATE HUES OF EARLY DAWN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven !
Oh for the golden floor !
Oh for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !

The higher hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !

Oh for a heart that never sins !
Oh for a soul washed white !
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh, by thy life laid down !
Oh, that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

1853.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.



SOMETHING FOR THEE.

SOMETHING, my God, for thee,
Something for thee ;
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering ;
In thy dear name some kindness done ;
To thy dear love some wanderer won ;
Some trial meekly borne for thee,
Dear Lord, for thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee ;
That to thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice, —

Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
Uplifted faith unstained by fears,
Hailing each joy as light from thee,
Dear Lord, from thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee ;
For the great love that thou hast given,
For the great hope of thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !"



YEARNING.

(From the Persian.)

HAPPY name I you, my brethren, who, not ever
doomed to roam,
In the Eternal Father's mansion from the first have
dwelt at home.

Round the Father's throne for ever standing, in his
countenance
Sunning you, you see the seven circling heavens around
you dance.

Me he has cast out to exile, in a distant land to learn
How I should love him the Father, how for that true
country yearn.

I lie here, a star of heaven, fallen upon this gloomy
place,
Scarce remembering what bright courses I was once
allowed to trace.

Still in dreams it comes upon me that I once on wings
did soar ;
But, or ere my flight commences, this my dream must
all be o'er.

When the lark is climbing upward on the sunbeam,
then I feel
Even as though my spirit also hidden pinions could
reveal.

I, a rose-bush, to this lower soil of earth am fastly
bound,
And, with heavenly dew besprinkled, still am rooted to
the ground.

Yet the life is struggling upward, striving still, with all
their might,
Yearning buds their cups to open to the warmth and
heavenly light.

From its stalk released, my flower soars not yet, — a
butterfly ;
But meanwhile my fragrant incense evermore I
breathe on high.

From this gloomy land of vapors, where the hurricanes
surprise,
Lightning scorches, and hail lashes, and the thunder
terrifies,

By my Gardener to his garden I shall once transplanted
be,

There where I have been already written from eter-
nity.

O my brothers, blooming yonder, unto him the Ancient
pray,

That the hour of my transplanting he will not for long
delay.

1856.

TRANS. BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.



THE LIFE ABOVE, THE LIFE ON HIGH.

(*Vivo sin vivir en mí.*)

THE life above, the life on high,
Alone is life in verity ;

Nor can we life at all enjoy

Till this poor life is o'er.

Then, O sweet Death, no longer fly

From me, who, ere my time to die,

Am dying evermore ;

For evermore I weep and sigh,

Dying, because I do not die.

To Him who deigns in me to live,

What better gift have I to give,

O my poor earthly life, than thee ?

Too glad of thy decay,

So but I may the sooner see

That face of sweetest majesty,

For which I pine away ;

While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Absent from thee, my Saviour dear,
I call not life this living here,
But a long dying agony,
 The sharpest I have known ;
And I myself, myself to see
In such a rack of misery,
 For very pity moan ;
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Ah, Lord ! my light and living breath,
Take me, oh take me from this death,
And burst the bars that sever me
 From my true life above !
Think how I die thy face to see,
And cannot live away from thee,
 O my eternal love !
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife ;
I weary of this dying life,
This living death, this heavy chain,
 This torment of delay,
In which her sins my soul detain.
Ah, when shall it be mine ! Ah, when
 With my last breath to say,
No more I weep, no more I sigh,
I'm dying of desire to die !

U P W A R D.

N E A R E R, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

SONGS OF FAITH.

SONGS OF FAITH.



STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

STRONG Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest death ; and lo ! thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him, — thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine ;
The highest, holiest manhood thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day, and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow !

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear ;
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light !

1842.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



I FOUND HIM NOT IN WORLD OR SUN.

I FOUND him not in world or sun,
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
 Nor, through the questions men may try,
 The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
 I heard a voice, " Believe no more,"
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And, like a man in wrath, the heart
 Stood up and answered, "*I have felt !*"

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamor made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am, beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through Nature, moulding men.

1842.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?

ACROSS the sea, along the shore,
In numbers more and ever more,
From lonely hut and busy town,
The valley through, the mountain down,
What was it ye went out to see,
Ye silly folk of Galilee ?
The reed that in the wind doth shake ?
The weed that washes in the lake ?
The reeds that waver, the weeds that float ?
A young man preaching in a boat !

What was it ye went out to hear,
By sea and land, from far and near ?
A teacher ? Rather seek the feet
Of those who sit in Moses' seat.
Go, humbly seek, and bow to them,
Far off in great Jerusalem.

From them that in her courts ye saw,
 Her perfect doctors of the law,
 What is it came ye here to note ?
 A young man preaching in a boat !

A prophet ! Boys and women weak !
 Declare, or cease to rave ;

Whence is it he hath learned to speak ?

Say who his doctrine gave ?

A prophet ? Prophet wherefore he
 Of all in Israel's tribes ?

*He teacheth with authority,
 And not as do the scribes !*

1861.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



FAITH AND SIGHT IN THE LATTER DAYS.

(I prae : sequar.)

THOU sayest, "Take up thy cross,
 O man, and follow me :"
 The night is black, the feet are slack,
 Yet we would follow thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
 That we thy face could see !
 Thy blessed face, one moment's space,
 Then might we follow thee !

Dim tracts of time divide
 Those golden days from me ;
 Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change :
 How can I follow thee ?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee ;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades :
How should we follow thee ?

Unchanging law binds all,
And nature all we see :
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee !

Ah, sense-bound heart, and blind !
Is naught but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true ?
Can we not follow thee ?

Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree ?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow thee ?

O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see !
As once of yore, thyself restore,
And help to follow thee !

If not as once thou camest
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be :
Set up thy throne within thine own :
Go, Lord ; we follow thee !

WHILE FAITH IS WITH ME.

WHILE faith is with me I am blest,
It turns my darkest night to day ;
But, while I clasp it to my breast,
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks,
To see my light of life depart ;
And every friend of hell, methinks,
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away ;
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I pray ?

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret call,
Or see the silent tears I weep,

Oh help me, God ! for thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve ;
Forsake it not : it is thine own,
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh drive these cruel doubts away,
And make me know that thou art God !
A faith that shines by night and day,
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believed that Jesus died,
 And waking rose to reign above,
 Then surely sorrow, sin, and pride
 Must yield to peace, and hope, and love.

And all the blessed words he said
 Will strength and holy joy impart,
 A shield of safety o'er my head,
 A spring of comfort in my heart !

1849.

ANNE BRONTË.

 P S A L M LIII.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
 Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
 To thee, O God, I pray ;
 To thee my withered hands arise,
 To thee I lift these failing eyes :
 Oh cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard mine infant prayer ;
 Thy love, with all a mother's care,
 Sustained my childish days ;
 Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
 And formed my heart to love thy truth,
 And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour ! has thy grace declined ?
 Can years affect the Eternal mind,
 Or time its love decay ?
 A thousand ages pass thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee :
 Oh ! yet this bosom feels the fire,
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice transported shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long :
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

1839.

SIR ROBERT GRANT



AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

(*Um Mitternacht bin ich erwacht.*)

AT dead of night
 Sleep took her flight :
 I gazed abroad, no star of all the crowds
 That people heaven, was smiling through the clouds
 To cheer my sight
 That dreary night.

At dead of night
 I scaled the height
 Of giddy question o'er our mortal lot :
 My searchings found no answer, brought me not
 One ray of light
 In that deep night.

At dead of night
In still affright
I turned, and listened to my throbbing heart :
One pulse of pain alone, whose ancient smart
Hath dimmed sweet light,
Beat there that night.

At dead of night
I fought the fight,
Humanity, of all thy pains and woes :
My strength could not decide it, and my foes
O'erwhelmed me quite
At dead of night.

At dead of night
All power and might
I yielded, Lord of life and death, to thee,
And learned thou watchedst with me, and that we
Are in thy sight
In deepest night.

1860.

RUCKERT, TRANS. BY MISS WINKWORTH.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, — do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more, — They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That *this* is blessing, *this* is life.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNERS' FRIEND.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms infold,
And plead, oh plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me !

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away ;
Oh say, thou plead'st for me !

LET US DRAW NEAR.

WHY stand I lingering without,
In fear and weariness and doubt,
When all is light within ?
O thou, the new and living Way,
The trembler's Guide, the sinner's Stay,
My High Priest, lead me in !

I know the mercy-seat is there
On which thou sitt'st to answer prayer ;
I know the blood is shed ;
The everlasting covenant sealed,
The everlasting grace revealed,
And life has reached the dead !

Not the mere Paradise below ;
The heaven of heavens is opened now,
And we its bliss regain.
Guarded so long by fire and sword,
The gate stands wide, the way restored,
The veil is rent in twain !

Without, the cloud and gloom appear,
The peril and the storm are near,
The foe is raging round ;
Then let me boldly enter in,
There end my danger, fear, and sin,
And rest on holy ground.

JESUS, LAMB OF GOD, FOR ME.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die :
Whither, whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly ?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll :
Save, oh save my sinking soul !

Never bowed a martyred head
Weighed with equal sorrow down,
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown !
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there ;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair :
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest ;
Life, immortal life, I feel,
Kindled in my throbbing breast !
Thine forever ! thine I am !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

MY SAVIOUR, WHAT THOU DIDST OF OLD.

MY Saviour, what thou didst of old,
When thou wast dwelling here,
Thou doest yet for them who, bold
In faith, to thee draw near.

Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnawed my heart :

I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sung to thee ;
I felt the waving of their palms ;
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became ;
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon thy name :

“ O Son of David ! save and heal,
As thou so oft hast done :
O heavenly Saviour, let me feel
My load of darkness gone.”

And ever weeping, as I spoke,
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.

A sudden answer stilled my fear ;
For it was said to me,
" O poor blind man ! be of good cheer ;
Arise, He calleth thee."

I felt, Lord, that thou stoodest still ;
Groping, thy feet I sought ;
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.

Thou saidst, " What is it thou wouldst have ? "
" Lord, that I might have sight ;
To see thy countenance I crave."
" So be it : have thou light."

And words of thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er ;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, TRANS. BY MISS WINKWORTH.

O FAITH, THOU WORKEST MIRACLES.

O FAITH, thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men ;
Choosing thy home in those same hearts,
We know not how or when.

To one thy grave, unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem ;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first,
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring ;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

Oh, gift of gifts ! oh, grace of faith !
My God ! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine !

Ah, Grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come :
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief ?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh, happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?

Thy choice, O God of goodness, then
I lovingly adore ;
Oh give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to merit more !

1849.

F. W. FABER.



FAR OFF, YET NEAR.

O BLESSED Lord,
Once more, as at the opening of the
day,
I read thy Word ;
And now, in all I read, I hear thee say,
"To those who love I will be ever near ;"
And yet, while this I hear,
To me, O Lord, thou seemest far away !

Thou Sovereign One,
Greater than mightiest kings, can it be fear,
Or blinding sun
Made by thy glory, so if thou art here

I cannot see thee ; yet this Word declares
That whoso loves and bears
Thy holy name, shall have thee ever near !

I bear thy name !
That love, dear Lord, have I not long confessed ?
Thy love's the same
As when, like John, I leaned upon thy breast,
And knew I loved : oh ! which of us has changed ?
Am I from thee estranged ?
O Lord, thou changest not ! I know the rest.

My doubting heart
Trembles with its own weakness, and afraid
I dwell apart
From thee, on whom alone my hope is stayed :
I would, and yet I do not know thy will
And perfect love ; am still
Trusting myself, to be by self bêtayed.

O blessed Lord,
Far off, yet near, on me new grace bestow,
As on thy Word
I go to meet thee ; even now I know,
Thou nearer art than when my quest began ;
One cry, and thy feet ran
To meet me ! Lord, I will not let thee go !

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, — thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down, —
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
 prove,
Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

1836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

HOLY SAVIOUR, FRIEND UNSEEN.

HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee !

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee !

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest
 While she can cling to thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my consolation, this,
 Each hour to cling to thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone,
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee!

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel thee near, and strong to save,
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee!

1836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



TRUST IN GOD.

OH let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well since ruled by thee!

When mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar,
Thy light sweet-beaming through thy frown;
And should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on :
What though some cherished joys are fled ?
What though some flattering dreams are
gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
Why should my spirit then complain ?

1824.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.



BATTLE HYMN.

(From the German.)

FATHER, to thee I cry !
The roaring cannon's vapor shrouds me
round,
And flashing lightnings hiss along the ground ;
Lord of the fight, I cry to thee !
O Father, guide thou me !

Father, be thou my guide !
In victory's triumph, or in death laid low,
O Lord, unto thy mighty will I bow,
Even as thou, so let it be !
God, I acknowledge thee !

Thy holy presence, Lord,
In the dread thunder of the clashing steel,
As in the rustling autumn leaves, I feel :
Fountain of mercies, I acknowledge thee !
O Father, bless thou me !

Thy blessing on me rest !
 Into thy hands, O Father, I resign
 The life thou gavest, and canst take ; but mine
 In life or death thy blessing be !
 Glory and praise to thee !

1791.

KÖRNER.



HYMN OF TRUST.

(From the German.)

WHEN the sky is black and lowering,
 When thy path in life is drear,
 Upward lift thy steadfast glances,
 'Mid the maze of sorrow here.

From the beaming fount of gladness
 Shall descend a radiance bright ;
 And the grave shall be a garden,
 And the hours of darkness, light.

For the Lord will hear and answer
 When in faith his people pray ;
 Whatsoe'er he hath appointed,
 Shall but work thee good alway.

E'en thy very hairs are numbered,
 God commands when one shall fall ;
 And the Lord is with his people,
 Helping each and blessing all.

1524

MARTIN LUTHER

SONG OF TRUST.

I KNOW not what may befall me ;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And before each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy that he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread the days of the year ;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy will clear ;
And what seems dark in the distance,
May brighten as I draw near.

For perchance the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be he has waiting,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance !
'Tis blessed not to know !

It makes me quiet in those arms
That will not let me go ;
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing ;
I would not if I might :
I would rather walk with God in the dark
Than walk alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose ;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what my dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered words, " He knows."



I KNOW NOT IF THE DARK OR BRIGHT.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite ;
I shall not fall :
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !
The end is this ;
And then with him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss !

1845.

DEAN ALFORD.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

L EAD, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom
Lead thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home :
Lead thou me on !
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel-faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

1833.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



OH, SWEETLY BREATHE THE LYRES ABOVE !

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
 When angels touch the quivering string,
 And wake to chant Immanuel's love,
 Such strains as angel-lips can sing !

And sweet on earth the choral swell,
 From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays ;
 When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
 And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

Jesus, thy name our souls adore ;
 We own the bond that makes us thine ;
 And earthly joys that charmed before,
 For thy dear sake we now resign.

Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
 Accept thine offered grace to-day,
 Beneath the cross with blood bedewed,
 We bow and give ourselves away.

In thee we trust, on thee rely ;
 Though we are feeble, thou art strong ;
 Oh keep us till our spirits fly
 To join the bright, immortal throng !

1860.

RAY PALMER.

T R U S T.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
 Leaves there its cares, and is at rest :
 The bird sits singing by its nest,
 And tells aloud
 His trust in God, and so is blest
 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
 Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed :
 By flowing stream or grassy mead,
 He sings to shame
 Men who forget, in fear of need,
 A Father's name.

The heart that trusts, for ever sings,
 And feels as light as it had wings ;
 A well of peace within it springs :
 Come good or ill,
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings,
 It is his will !

1842.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

O THOU GREAT POWER.

O THOU Great Power, in whom I move,
 For whom I live, to whom I die,
 Behold me through thy beams of love
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;
 And cleanse my sordid soul within,
 By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no grains, I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One rosie drop from David's seed
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
 Oh, precious ransom ! which once paid,
 That " consummatum est " was said, —

And said by him who said no more,
 But sealed it with his dying breath :
 Thou then that hast dispunged my score,
 And dying wast the death of Death,
 Be to me now, on thee I call,
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

1600.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

" And I sought whence is evil." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE fourteen centuries fall away
 Between us and the Afric saint,
 And at his side we urge to-day
 The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given, —
From sea or earth comes no reply ;
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned, bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife, —
From all we grasp the meaning slips ;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before and guilt behind ;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect, —
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh ! why, and whither ? God knows all ;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall,
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
A Father's face I still discern,
As Moses looked of old on him,
And saw his glory into goodness turn.

For he is merciful as just ;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before his will, and trust,
Howe'er they seem, he doeth all things right :

And dare to hope that he will make
The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain ;
His mercy never quite forsake ;
His healing visit every realm of pain :

That suffering is not his revenge
Upon his creatures weak and frail,
Sent on a pathway new and strange,
With feet that wander and with eyes that fail :

That o'er the crucible of pain
Watches the tender eye of Love,
The slow transmuting of the chain
Whose links are iron below to gold above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain ;
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

We turn us from the light, and find
Our spectral shapes before us thrown ;
As they who leave the sun behind,
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And, scarce by will or strength of ours,
We set our faces to the day ;
Weak, wavering, blind, the eternal powers
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin ;
But love must needs be stronger far,
Intrenching all, and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A voice grows with the growing years ;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears,
“ The Resurrection and the Life am I.”

O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leavest us, because we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed, thou know'st,
Wide as our need thy favors fall ;
And white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

O Beauty, old, yet ever new !
Eternal Voice and Inward Word,
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The old sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within ;
The Law of Love, beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin !

Shine on us with the light which glowed
 Upon the trance-bound shepherds' way,
Who saw the darkness overflowed,
And drowned by tides of everlasting day.

Shine, light of God ! make broad thy scope
 To all who sin and suffer ; more
And better than we dare to hope,
With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor !

1860.

J. G. WHITTIER.

PRAYER OF FAITH.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh let me from this day
 Be wholly thine !

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire !
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide !

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

SONGS OF HOPE.

SONGS OF HOPE.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come! at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish:

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure!"

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal:
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!"

OH DEEM NOT THEY ARE BLEST ALONE.

OH deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thine arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny, —
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear :
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. BRYANT.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS OF
THE OCEAN.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God ! silent to thee !
Pure, warm, silent to thee !

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God ! trembling to thee !
True, fond, trembling to thee !

1816.

THOMAS MOORE.



AROUND BETHESDA'S HEALING WAVE.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred, —
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred ;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone !

Bethesda's pool has lost its power !
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went :
But he, whose word surpassed its wave.
Is still omnipotent to save.

Saviour, thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke ;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke !
Oh, be that power, that love, displayed ;
Help those whom thou alone canst aid !

1812.

BERNARD BARTON



WHEN ISRAEL, OF THE LORD BELOVED.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful Guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow :
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh, when stoops upon our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

1805

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HOW SWEETLY FLOWED THE GOSPEL'S SOUND!

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

1841.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

NOT always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd-seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given,
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals :
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels !
As she who by Samaria's well
The Saviour's errand sought, —
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought ;

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw ;
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass
Like breezes o'er the harps fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,

Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right, and true,
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of humankind ;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief,
An anguish not thine own, —

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low ;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, — heed it well,
Thy Father's call of love !

1846.

J. G. WHITTIER.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not ! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
 May be a token that below
 The soul has closed in deadly fight
 With some infernal, fiery foe,
 Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
 And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise,
 May be the angel's slackened hand
 Has suffered it, that he may rise
 And take a firmer, surer stand ;
 Or, trusting less to earthly things,
 May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,
 With hopeful pity, not disdain :
 The depth of the abyss may be
 The measure of the height of pain,
 And love, and glory, that may raise
 This soul to God in after days !

1858.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

HE saves the sheep, the goats he does not save !
 So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
 Of that un pitying Phrygian sect which cried,
 " Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave
 Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave !"
 So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
 The infant Church ; of love she felt the tide
 Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,
 With eye suffused, but heart inspirèd, true,
 On those walls subterranean, where she hid
 Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
 She her good Shepherd's hasty image drew ;
 And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid !

1856.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

LA ROCHELLE.

A WORTHY man of Paris town
 Came to the bishop there :
 His face, o'erclouded with dismay,
 Betrayed a fixed despair.

"Father," said he, "a sinner vile,
 Am I against my will :
 Each hour I humbly pray for faith,
 But am a doubter still.

"Sure, were I not despised of God,
 He would not leave me so,
 To struggle thus in constant strife
 Against the deadly foe."

The bishop to his sorrowing son
 Thus spake a kind relief :
 "The King of France has castles twain ;
 To each he sends a chief.

"There's Montelhery, far inland,
 That stands in place secure ;
 While La Rochelle, upon the coast,
 Doth sieges oft endure.

“ Now for these castles, — both preserved, —
 First in his prince’s love
 Shall Montelhery’s chief be placed,
 Or La Rochelle’s above ? ”

“ Oh, doubtless, sire,” the sinner said,
 “ That king will love the most
 The man whose task was hard to keep
 His castle on the coast ! ”

“ Son,” said the bishop, “ thou art right ;
 Apply this reasoning well :
 My heart is Montelhery fort,
 And thine is La Rochelle ! ”



A A R O N.

HOLINESS on the head ;
 Light and perfections on the breast ;
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
 To lead them unto life and rest :
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head ;
 Defects and darkness in my breast ;
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead,
 Unto a place where is no rest :
 Poor priest, thus am I drest !

Only another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another music, making live, not dead ;
 Without whom I could have no rest :
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head ;
 My alone, only heart and breast ;
 My only music, striking me even dead,
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in Him new drest.

So, holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine tuned by Christ who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest, —
 Come, people ! Aaron's drest !

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



WHERE IS THE CITY ?

(Ἰδοὺ γὰρ, ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐν τῷ ὑμῶν ἐστί.)

O THOU, not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God, thou art !

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art !

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled, afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are :
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

1868.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.



OH ! SOMETIMES GLEAMS UPON OUR SIGHT.

OH ! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right ;
And, step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man ; —

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here, —
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



I SAW THE SYRIAN SUNSET'S METEOR-CROWN.

I SAW the Syrian sunset's meteor-crown
Hang over Bethel for a little space;
I saw a gentle, wandering boy lie down,
With tears upon his face.

Sheer up the fathomless, transparent blue,
Rose jasper battlement and crystal wall;
Rung all the night-air, piercèd through and through
With harps angelical.

And a great ladder was set up the while
From earth to heaven, with angels on each round;
Barks that bore precious freight to earth's far isle,
Or sailed back, homeward bound.

Ah! many a time we look on star-lit nights
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old
Look longing up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lines of gold.

But nevermore, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad ;
And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
And angel-visitants still come and go ;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-crossed faith's outspreading
wings ;
Prayers of the Church, ayè keeping time and tryst ;
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flower the Eucharist ;

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions ; from the nursery-door,
Bright babes, that climb up with their clay-cold feet
Unto the golden door ;—

These are the messengers, for ever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan ;
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of man.

VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

I SAW again, behold ! heaven's open door ;
Behold ! a throne, — the seraphim stood o'er it ;
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book, — an angel strong
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals ;
But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death-cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given :
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear
Fall on the floor of heaven !

And a sweet voice said, " Weep not : wherefore fails,
Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal ?
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
To loose the sevenfold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice, and straightway up above
Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-white,
Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wound of love,
Eternal, infinite.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before ;
Then from the white-robed throng no anthem woke ;
And, fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore,
The alleluias broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is high,
When first life's weary waste his feet have trod ;
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God, —

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose ;
Through the dark woof of death's approaching night,
His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,
Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set,
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath ;
He walketh to a fadeless coronet
Up through the gate of death.

1857.

FROM "DEATH OF JACOB," BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER.



THE RIVER-PATH.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But, on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified ;

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us, the damp, the chill, the gloom ;
With them, the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While, dark through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon the hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun ;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear.

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed ;
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side.

" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw near
The river dark, with mortal fear,

" And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father, let thy light break through !

“So let the hills of doubt divide ;
To bridge, with faith, the sunless tide !

“So let the eyes that fail on earth,
On thine eternal hills look forth ;

“And, in thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below !”

—♦—
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHATEVER CRAZY SORROW SAITH.

WHATEVER crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath,
Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant ;
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant !
More life, and fuller, that I want !

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

On to God's house the people prest :
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered like a welcome guest.

A second voice was at mine ear ;
A little whisper, silver-clear ;
A murmur, “Be of better cheer.”

As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
“I see the end and know the good ;”

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know ;"

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes, —

Such seemed the whisper at my side :
"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice," I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied,

So heavenly toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wondered at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers :
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wondered, while I passed along :
The words were filled so full of song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seemed all things wrought,
I marvelled how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought ;

And wherefore rather made I choice
To commune with that barren voice
Than him that said, " Rejoice ! rejoice ! "

1832.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate :
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting songs,
Amid the trees of life !

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again ;
With joy we welcome them, the same,
Except in sin and pain.

Ah ! ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life ! There is no dead !

SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON.



GOD'S ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow :
This is the field and Acre of our God ;
This is the place where human harvests grow !

1840.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE DEAD ARE LIKE THE STARS BY DAY.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For Death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet, —
Are more than ever ours ;—

Ours by the pledge of love and faith ;
 By hopes of heaven on high ;
 By trust triumphant over death,
 In immortality.

1812.

BERNARD BARTON.



THIS PLACE IS HOLY GROUND.

THIS place is holy ground :
 World, with thy cares away !
 Silence and darkness reign around ;
 But lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears,
 To shine upon this scene of tears !

Eternity and time
 Met for a moment here ;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.

Behold the bed of death,
 This pale and lovely clay !
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eyes' last ray ?
 No ! life so sweetly ceased to be :
 It lapsed in immortality.

Bury the dead — and weep,
 In stillness, o'er the loss ;

Bury the dead — in Christ they sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross ;
 And, from the grave, their dust shall rise
 In his own image to the skies.

1853.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE IS A LAND WHERE BEAUTY WILL
 NOT FADE.

(From the German.)

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
 Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
 Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
 And love will never die.
 Tell me, I fain would go,
 For I am burdened with a heavy woe ;
 The beautiful have left me all alone ;
 The true, the tender, from my path have gone,
 And I am weak and fainting with despair ;
 Where is it, tell me where ?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
 The desolate path of life ;
 Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
 Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
 Think how the Son of God
 These thorny paths has trod,
 Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
 Think of his loneliness in places dim,
 When no man comforted or cared for him ;

Think how he prayed, unaided, and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"

Friend, do not thou despair,
Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will hear thy
prayer!

1804.

UHLAND.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS AND
GLOOMY SKIES.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal;—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And, while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Oh, Land unknown ! oh, Land of Love divine !
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal !

N. A. W. PRIEST.



THE CITY OF REST.

O BIRDS from out the east, O birds from out the
west,

Have you found that happy city, in all your weary
quest ?

Tell me, tell me : from earth's wanderings may the
heart find glad surcease ?

Can you show me as an earnest any olive-branch of
peace ?

I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin, and toil, and
care ;

I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruit-
less prayer :

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Can ye tell me of that city, "the name of which is
Rest" ?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed city
crown ?

Are there couches spread for sleeping softer than
eider-down ?

Does the silver sound of waters falling 'twixt its marble walls,
Hush its solemn silence, even into stiller intervals?
Does the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled Moly,
With its peaceful, leaden Lethe, bathe the eyes with slumbers holy?
Do they never wake to sorrow, who, after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that city "the name of which is Rest"?

Doth the fancy rule not there for aye? Is the restless soul's endeavor
Hushed in a hymn of solemn calm, for ever and for ever?
Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire?
Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not aspire?
But weary, weary of the oar, within its yellow sun,
Do they lie and eat the lotus-leaves, and dream life's toil is done?
Oh tell me, do they there forget what here hath made them blest,
Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the city callèd "Rest"?

O little birds, fly east again! O little birds, fly west!
Ye have found no happy city in all your wandering quest;

Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may
stray,
And still, like ye, the weary soul must wing its weary
way !
There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's
bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals
found.
We are but children, crying here, upon a mother's
breast,
For life, and peace, and blessedness, and for eternal
rest !

Bless God ! I hear a still small voice above life's
clamorous din,
Saying, " Faint not, O weary one, thou yet may'st
enter in !
That city is prepared for those who well do win the
fight,
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed
them pure and white.
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy waking eyes with stupefying
power ;
It lieth calm, within the light of God's peace-giving
breast,
Its walls are called Salvation, — *that* city's name is
' Rest ! ' "

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

THE WAY TO THE CITY.

THE city of the Lord I see,
Beyond the firmament afar :
Its every dome a noonday sun,
And every pinnacle a star !

How shall I scale those shining heights,
And in his beauty see the King,
And hear the anthems of the skies, —
Those songs celestial voices sing ?

Lead me, thou spotless Lamb of God,
And place me near thy wounded side ;
With thee in glory let me live
Immortal, since thou once hast died.

Thou art my Saviour ! there is none
But thee on whom I dare rely :
For thee, O Christ, 'tis mine to live,
In thee my joy shall be to die.

Then, while this crumbling body sleeps
In hope beneath its native sod,
My soul, redeemed, will rise to see
The shining city of my God !

THOU SHALT RISE!

(Auferstehn, ja auferstehn wirst du.)

THOU shalt rise ! my dust, thou shalt arise !
Not always closed thine eyes :
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life for ever,
Hallelujah !

Sown in darkness but to bloom again,
When after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping,
Hallelujah !

Day of praise ! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my quiet grave I stay ;
And when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me !

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrims' sorrow,
All past and gone !

Then shall I the holy of holies tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally !

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO A FLOWER.

TWO thousand years ago, a flower
 Bloomed brightly in a far-off land ;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
 Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
 That man had lived, and toiled, and died ;
But even in that far-off time
 That flower had shed its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went ;
 That dead hand kept its treasure well :
Nations were born, and turned to dust,
 While life was hidden in that shell.

The senseless hand is robbed at last ;
 The seed is buried in the earth ;
When lo ! the life long sleeping there,
 Into a lovely flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew,
 From such a seed when buried low ;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
 And died — two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed,
 And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
 Watch o'er his buried saints as well ?

And will not he, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise?
Ay, though it sleeps two thousand years,
Yet all this slumbering dust shall rise !

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as now you wear,
But, oh, more glorious far shall rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air !

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears ;
For "in my flesh I shall see God,"
E'en though I sleep a thousand years !

SONGS OF COURAGE.

SONGS OF COURAGE.



THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

(From the German.)

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope ! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow :
No night but hath its morn !

Have faith ! Where'er thy bark is driven, —
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth, —
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love ! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul, —
Hope, faith, and love ; and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind !

I HAD DRUNK WITH LIPS UNSATED.

I HAD drunk with lips unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst ;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst.

And I said, " Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry ;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die ! "

Spoke there then a friend and brother :
" Rise, and roll the stone away ;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day."

Then I said, — my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech, —
" All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach."

And he answered, " Rise and labor ;
Doubt and idleness is death.
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith."

So I wrought, and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
With the golden chain of prayer.

HIGH THOUGHTS AT FIRST AND VISIONS
HIGH.

HIGH thoughts at first and visions high
Are ours of easy victory ;
The word we bear seems so divine,
So framed for Adam's guilty line,
That none, unto ourselves we say,
Of all his sinning, suffering race,
Will hear that word so full of grace,
And coldly turn away.

But soon a sadder mood comes round ;
High hopes have fallen to the ground,
And the ambassadors of peace
Go weeping that men will not cease
To strive with Heaven ; they inly mourn
That suffering men will not be blest,
That weary men refuse to rest,
And wanderers to return.

Well is it, if has not ensued
Another yet unworthier mood,
When all unfaithful thoughts have way ;
When we hang down our hands and say,
" Alas ! it is a weary pain
To seek, with toil and fruitless strife,
To chafe the numb'd limbs into life,
That will not live again."

Then, if spring odors on the wind
Float by, they bring into our mind

That it were wiser done to give
Our hearts to Nature, and to live
For her, or in the student's bower
To search into her hidden things,
And seek in books the wondrous springs
Of knowledge and of power.

Or if we dare not thus draw back,
Yet, oh, to shun the crowded track,
And the rude throng of men ! to dwell
In hermitage or lonely cell,
Feeding all longings that aspire
Like incense heavenward, and with care,
And lonely vigil, nursing there
Faith's solitary pyre.

Oh, let not us this thought allow !
The heat, the dust, upon our brow,
Signs of the contest, we may wear ;
Yet thus we shall appear more fair
In our Almighty Master's eye,
Than if, in fear to lose the bloom,
Or ruffle the soul's lightest plume,
We from the strife should fly.

And, for the rest, in weariness,
In disappointment, or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him
Who has the golden oil divine
Wherewith to feed our failing urns, —
*Who watches every lamp that burns
Before his sacred shrine.*

SONG OF COURAGE.

(Σὶ καὶ τα παρόντα.)

ARE thy toils and woes increasing ?
 Are the foe's attacks unceasing ?
 Look with faith unclouded,
 Gaze with eyes unshrouded,
 On the cross !

Dost thou fear that strictest trial ?
 Tremblest thou at Christ's denial ?
 Never rest without it,
 Clasp thine hands about it,
 That dear cross !

Diabolic legions press thee ?
 Thoughts and works of sin distress thee ?
 It shall chase all terror,
 It shall right all error, —
 That sweet cross !

Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river ?
 Should'st thou tremble ? Need'st thou quiver ?
 No ! if by it lying !
 No ! if on it dying,
 On the cross !

Say then, " Master, while I cherish
 That sweet hope I cannot perish !
 After this life's story,
 Give thou me the glory,
 For the cross ! "

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.

(Τὰς ἐδρας τὰς αἰωνίας.)

THOSE eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the throne of God, —
 Who may hope to gain them,
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground;
 He who, like the martyrs,
 Says, "I will be crowned;"
 He whose one oblation
 Is a life of love,
 Clinging to the nation
 Of the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
 Of the Heavenly King,
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining!
 What! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light,
 When he bids you labor;
 When he tells you, "Fight!"

While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper thou of beauty
 On the other side !
 Tell who will the story
 Of our *now* distress :
 Oh, the future glory !
 Oh, the loveliness !

78c.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE.

 GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common clod,
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet ;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain,
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light ;
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
 We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray ;
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

1872.

J. G. HOLLAND.



TIME WAS I SHRANK FROM WHAT WAS
 RIGHT.

TIME was I shrank from what was right,
 From fear of what was wrong ;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
 And surer shame aside :
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to him, with silent eyes
Of faith and hope, the rest.

I step, I mount, where he has led ;
Then count my haltings o'er :
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love his precepts more.

1833.

JOHN H. NEWMAN



OH SAY NOT THOU ART LEFT OF GOD.

OH, say not thou art left of God,
Because his tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read : this earth he trod
To teach thee he was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathanael con his sacred lore :
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek, unseen
He enters through the unopened door.

And, when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although he holds their eyes ;
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, he bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the waves, he wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free !

1833.

JOHN H. NEWMAN



SONG FROM "SINTRAM."

WHEN death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail ;
Then raise thy hands, and pray
To Him who smooths thy way
Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn ?
Hearest thou in the red morn
The angels' song ?
Oh lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long !

Death comes to set thee free :
Oh meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

THOU, WHO DIDST STOOP BELOW.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high ;

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee ;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread !
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife !
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed ;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,

That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee !

1840.

SARAH A. MILES.



THOU WHO DIDST SIT ON JACOB'S WELL.

THOU, who didst sit on Jacob's well
 The weary hour of noon,
 The languid pulses thou canst tell,
 The nerveless spirit tune.
 Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst
 The cry that owned thy dying thirst,
 To thee we turn, our Last and First,
 Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
 We ask not full repose :
 Only be thou at hand to bless
 Our trial-hour of woes.
 Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
 By the clear rill and palmy shade ?
 And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
 The gate of heaven unclosed ?

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.

O GOD, THY POWER IS WONDERFUL.

O GOD, thy power is wonderful ;
Thy glory, passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

I see thee in the eternal years,
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see thee walk in Eden's shade ,
I see thee through all time ;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed ;
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine, shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When this great God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

WHEN SORROW ALL OUR HEART WOULD ASK.

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm ;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe,
Familiar by our pathway grow ;
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure, domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine ;
Our hearths are altars all ;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armèd angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appall.

Alms all around, and hymns within, —
What evil eye can entrance win,
Where guards like these abound ?
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure, thought of these will lure it home,
Ere lost in Folly's round.

O joys, that, sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like withered leaves, away ;
But, with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death !

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift myself above the mist,
Where the sun shines, and the broad breezes
blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow, —

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne like Christian's pack ?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself, and all who love me ? Nay, ⁴
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day !

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine :
Grateful, I take his slightest gifts ; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and, when the clouds are
past,
One golden day redeems a weary year ;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding ; let me be :
I must be glad and grateful to the end ;
I grudge you not your cold and darkness ; me
The powers of light befriend.

WITHIN THIS LEAF.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancv.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare ;

But first must skilful hands essay
With file and flint to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf ? this stone ? It is thy heart :
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

DEAR LORD, IN ALL OUR LONELIEST PAINS.

DEAR Lord, in all our loneliest pains,
Thou hast the largest share,
And that which is unbearable,
'Tis thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful thine anger is !
How tender it can be !
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come direct from thee !

Years fly, O Lord, and every year
More desolate I grow ;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,
Old places left unfilled,
And young lives quenched before the old,
And the love of old hearts chilled.

Dear voices and dear faces missed,
Sweet households overthrown ;
And what is left, more sad to see
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,
This rupture with the past ;
For thus we die before our deaths,
And so die well at last !

WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine !

1846.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SHALL WE GROW WEARY IN OUR WATCH ?

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell or martyr's stake
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make !

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong ;
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer ;
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save,
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharpar's brighter wave !

O Thou who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee !

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

“HAD’ST thou stayed, I must have fled!”
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber, all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision ;
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial :
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him,
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light elysian,
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the monk in rapture lost ;
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me !
Who am I, that, from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my Guest to be !

Then, amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour,
When, alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent-portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who, upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration :
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent-gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly Guest,
Slight this Visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent-gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear,
"Do thy duty ; that is best :
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;

Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent-gate to rise ;
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor, —
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see :
And the inward voice was saying,
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine, and lowest,
That thou doest unto me ! ”

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come, a mendicant, imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of the door ;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent-bell appalling
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return ;
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,
“ Had’st thou stayed, I must have fled.”

1871.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



FROM “LINES TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.”

THEY lay their corner-stones in dark
Deep waters, who upbuild in beauty
On earth’s old heart their triumph-arc,
That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the martyrs go,
To keep with pain their solemn bridal ;
And still they walk the fires who bow
Not down to worship custom’s idol !

In fieriest forge of martyrdom
Their sword of souls must weld and brighten ;
Tear-bathed, from fiercest furnace, come
Their lives, heroic, tempered, Titan !

And heart-strings sweetest music make
 When swept by suffering's fiery fingers ;
 And through soul-shadows starriest break
 The glories on God's brave light-bringers !

Take heart ! though sown in tears and blood,
 No seed that quick with love hath perished,
 Though dropped in barren byways, — God
 Some glorious flower of life hath cherished !

Take heart ! the rude dust, dark to-day,
 Soars, a new-lighted sphere, to-morrow,
 And wings of splendor burst the clay
 That wraps us in death's fruitful furrow !

1854.

GERALD MASSEY.

GOD'S ANVIL.

(From the German.)

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers ;
 God's breath upon the flame doth blow ;
 And all my heart in anguish shivers,
 And trembles at the fiery glow ;
 And yet I whisper, " As God will !"
 And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the hard anvil, minded so
 Into his own fair shape to beat it
 With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
 And yet I whisper, " As God will !"
 And, at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper, " As God will !"
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me :
So I say, trusting, " As God will !"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master's hand ;
So I say, praying, " As God will !"
And hope in him, and suffer still.

JULIUS STURM

AS THE HARP-STRINGS ONLY RENDER.

(Sicut chorda musicorum.)

AS the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound ;

So the hearts of Christians owe,
 Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
 To the pressure firm of woe,
 And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,
 Trodden scents their sweets respire :
 Would you have its strength revealed,
 Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
 Oft doth sweetest graces yield :
 And through suffering, toil, and shame,
 From the martyr's keenest flame
 Heavenly incense is distilled.

1172.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, TRANS. BY MRS. CHARLES.



HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION, YE SAINTS OF THE LORD.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled !

Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed ;
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
 stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The billows of sorrow shall not overflow ;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply :
 The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake !

KIRKHAM.



LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

(Τῶν λειτουργικῶν ἀθροισμῶν.)

LET our choir new anthems raise ;
 Wake the morn with gladness :
 God himself to joy and praise
 Turns the martyr's sadness.
 This the day that won their crown,
 Opened heaven's bright portal,
 As they laid the mortal down,
 And put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
 From the torture never ;
 Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
 Satan's best endeavor :

For by faith they saw the land,
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions showed,
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the sight of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Who will first begin it ?
Who will seize the land of life ?
Warriors, up and win it !

SONGS OF LOVE

SONGS OF LOVE.



THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?

There is, — else much more wretched were the
cace

Of men than beasts. But, O, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,

And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!

How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting Skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against foule feendes to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:

O, why should heavenly God to man have such
regard!

SONG OF THE CRUSADERS.

(Schönster Herr Jesu.)

FAIREST Lord Jesus,
 Ruler of nature !
 Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son !
 Thee will I cherish,
 Thee will I honor ;
 Thee, my delight, and my glory, and crown !

Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer the woodlands,
 Robed in the flowery vesture of spring :
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Making my sorrowful spirit to sing !

Fair is the moonshine,
 Fairer the sunlight,
 Than all the starry, celestial host :
 Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels that heaven can boast !

12th century.



NOTHING FAIR ON EARTH I SEE.

(Keine Schönheit hat die welt.)

NOTHING fair on earth I see,
 But I straightway think on thee ;
 Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
 Source in whom all beauty lies !

When I see the reddening dawn,
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To thy glorious form divine.

Oft I think upon thy light,
When the gray morn breaks the night ;
Think what glories lie in thee,
Light of all eternity !

When I see the moon arise,
'Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I think in spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be !

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale ;
Sweet the flute's soft, plaintive tale :
Sweeter than their richest tone
Is the name of Mary's Son.

Sweetly all the air is stirred,
When the echo's call is heard ;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Belovèd's voice.

Come, then, fairest Lord, appear !
 Come, let me behold thee here !
 I would see thee face to face,
 On thy glorious light would gaze.
 Take away these veils that blind,
 Jesus, all my soul and mind ;
 Henceforth ever let my heart
 See thee truly as thou art.

1624.

ANGELUS SILESIVS, TRANS. BY CATHARINE WINKWORTH.



THE SPILT PEARLS.

(From the Persian.)

HIS courtiers of the caliph crave :
 “ Oh say how this may be,
 That, of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
 Is best beloved by thee.

“ For he is hideous as the night :
 Yet when has ever chose
 A nightingale, for its delight,
 A hueless, scentless rose ? ”

The caliph then : “ No features fair,
 No comely mien, are his :
 Love is the beauty he doth wear,
 And love his glory is.

“ Once when a camel of my train
 There fell in narrow street,
 From broken casket rolled amain
 Rich pearls before my feet.

“ I nodding to my slaves that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

“ One only at my side remained, —
Beside this Ethiop none :
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Beside me sat alone.

“ ‘ What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side ? ’
‘ My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,’ he cried.

“ ‘ True servant’s title he may wear,
He only, who has not,
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,
His lord himself forgot.’ ”

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From him desiring nothing more
Beside himself to claim.

For if thou not to him aspire,
But to his gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to his throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain : the golden key
Of God’s rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

IF JESUS CAME TO EARTH AGAIN.

IF Jesus came to earth again,
And walked and talked in field and
street,

Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet ?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself ?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a youth with woe forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize
Which fails the earthly, weak endeavor,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content for ever !

And I where'er he went would go,
Nor question where the path might lead :
Enough to know that here below
I walked with God indeed !

If this be thus, O Lord of mine,
In absence is thy love forgot ?
And must I, when I walk, repine,
Because I see thee not ?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
 And our poor prayers yet reach thee, Lord,
 Since we are weak, once more to us.
 Reveal the Living Word !

Oh, nearer to me in the dark
 Of life's low hours one moment stand,
 And give me keener eyes to mark
 The moving of thy hand.

1857.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

(Τοῖσι λαμπρὴ μὲν μένος ἡελίου τὰν ἐνθάδε νύκτα κάτω,
 φοινικορόδοις δ' ἐνὶ λειμώνεσσι προάστιον αὐτῶν
 καὶ λιβανῶ σκιαρᾷ καὶ χρυσέοις καρποῖς βέβριθεν.)

CHRIST in his heavenly garden walks all day,
 And calls to souls upon the world's highway ;
 Wearied with trifles, maimed and sick with sin,
 Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

"How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
 Here from the throne sweet waters ever go ;
 Here the white lilies shine like stars above ;
 Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

"'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
 But lighter in my ways your feet will be :
 'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
 But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

“ Still by the gate I stand, as on ye stray :
Turn your steps hither : am I not the Way ?
The sun is falling fast ; the night is nigh :
Why will ye wander ? Wherefore will ye die ?

“ Look on my hands and side, for I am he :
None to the Father cometh but by me :
For you I died ; and more, I call you home :
I live again for you ! My children, come ! ”

1868.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.



SPEAK TO ME, O MY SAVIOUR.

SPEAK to me, O my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not missed where faithful hearts entreat :
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet ;
And, if no precious gums my hands bestow,
My tears fall fast as amber. Let me go
In reach of thy divinest voice, complete
With humanest affection, there, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing, as a child,
Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth ;
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

1844.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour: hear his word!
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath.
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore!
Oh for grace to love thee more!

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.

(Unter jenen grossen Fahren.)

MANY a gift did Christ impart :
Noblest of them all is love, —
Love, a balm within the heart,
That can all its pains remove ;
Love, a star most bright and pure ;
Love, a gem of priceless worth,
Richer than man knows on earth ;
Love, like beauty, strong to lure :
Love, like joy, makes man her thrall,
Strong to please and conquer all.

Love can give us all things here,
Use and beauty cannot sever ;
Love can raise us to that sphere
Whence the soul tends heavenward ever ;
Though one speak with angel-tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
If no love his heart inspire,
They are but as fleeting songs ;
All his eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

Science with her keen-eyed glance,
All the wisdom of the world,
Mysteries that the soul entrance,
Faith that mighty hills had hurled

From their ancient seats, — all this,
Wherein man most takes his pride,
Valueless is cast aside,
If the spirit there we miss
That can work from Love alone,
Not from pride in what is known.

Though I lavished all I have
On the poor in charity ;
Though I shrank not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake could see ;
Though my body here were given
To the all-consuming flame, —
If my mind were still the same,
Meeter were I not for heaven,
Till by Love my works were crowned,
Till in Love my strength were found.

Faith must conquer, Hope must bloom,
As our onward path we wend,
Else we came not through the gloom ;
But with earth they also end.
Thou, O Love, dost stretch afar,
Through the wide eternity ;
And the soul, arrayed in thee,
Shines for ever as a star.
Faith and Hope must pass away :
Thou, O Love, endurest aye !

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven ?
When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious ointment poured,
And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone ;
Though now those gems of grief are there
Which shine for God alone ?
Were not those tears so humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?
Thou who hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, would'st thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven !

1816.

THOMAS MOORE.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

SHE sat, and wept beside his feet. The weight
Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date.

Only the sin remained, the leprous state ;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove,
And purge the silver we adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;
And he wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.

I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears :
Make me a humble thing of love and tears !

1849.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



SHE BROUGHT HER BOX OF ALABASTER.

SHE brought her box of alabaster ;
The precious spikenard filled the room
With honor worthy of the Master,
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
On his dear feet, outstretched and bare ;
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
Adown her cheek, like willow-leaves,
As stooping still, with fond caresses,
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choicest offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of costly service to our King !

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly
Some hallowed voice at evening rise,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy,
Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies, —

I bring my box of alabaster,
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaster,
On that dear head, those feet of thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondest idols perished ;
Receive the incense of my love !

What though the scornful world, deriding
Such waste of love, of service, fears ?
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster ;
Accepted let the offering rise !
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,
In founts of gladness from mine eyes !

C. L. FORD.



WE COME NOT WITH A COSTLY STORE.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold ;

No weepings of the incense-tree
Are with the gifts we bring ;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified :
The fragrant graces of the mind;
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

SINCE FIRST THY WORD AWAKED MY HEART.

SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, thou art
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel or hear or see ;
All bonds of earth I sever ;
Thee, O God, and only thee,
I live for now and ever !
Like him whose fetters dropped away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touched by mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul thou bidst be free
Return to bondage ? Never !
Thee, O God, and only thee,
I live for now and ever !

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

(From the German.)

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but, though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way, —
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek its peace in thee ;
Yet while I seek but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see :
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Jesus tend !

What is there more that hinders me
From entering to thy promised rest,
Abiding there substantially,
And being permanently blest ?
O Love, mine inmost soul expose,
And every hindrance now disclose !

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Tell me, O God, if aught there be
Of self that wills not thy control;
Reveal whate'er impurity
May still be lurking in my soul:
To reach thy rest and share thy throne,
Mine eyes must look to thee alone.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to mine inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

1731.

TERSTEEGEN.



COME, O THOU TRAVELLER UNKNOWN.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hath called me by my name :
Look on thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And, when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone ; my nature dies ;
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise ;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer !
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me !
I hear thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal love thou art !
To me, to all, thy bowels move !
Thy nature and thy name is Love !

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art, —
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end !
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love !

The Sun of righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in his wings ;
 Withered my nature's strength, from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings ;
 My help in all laid up above :
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from thee to move :
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home :
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

1740.

CHARLES WESLEY.



JESUS, WHOSE NAME THE ANGEL HOSTS.

(*Jesu, decus angelicum.*)

JESUS, whose name the angel hosts
 Unceasing praise above,
 Not all the joys our being boasts
 Can move us like thy love.

To thee our fainting spirits cry :
When wilt thou show thy face !
Oh, when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with thy grace !

We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light ;
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

Around thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven thy glory sings ;
And earth, for which thou cam'st to die,
Loud with thy praises rings.

Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend ;
Our eyes thy face would see :
Oh let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee !

1153.

ST. BERNARD, TRANS. BY PROF. DUNN.



REST, WEARY SON OF GOD.

REST, weary Son of God ! and I, with thee,
Rest in that rest of thine :
My weariness was thine, thou barest it,
And now thy rest is mine.

Rest, weary Son of God ! we joy to think
That all thy toil is done ;
No ache, no pang, no sigh for thee again :
Thy joy is now begun.

Thy life on earth was one sad weariness ;
Nowhere to lay thy head :
Thy days were toil and heat ; thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain-bed.

How calmly in that tomb thou liest now !
Thy rest, how still and deep !
O'er thee in love the Father rests : he gives,
To his beloved, sleep.

On Bethel-pillow now thy head is laid,
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell ;
Thy watchers are the angels of thy God :
They guard thy slumber well.

With thee thy God and Father still abides,
And thou art not alone :
He in that still, dark chamber is with thee,
The well-beloved Son.

Oh, silent, silent is thine earthly tomb !
The raging of thy foes
Is ended all ! Nor Jew nor Roman now
Can ruffle thy repose.

Rest, weary Son of God ! thy work is done,
And all thy burdens borne ;
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has brought
Thine everlasting morn.

Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
 Upon the throne above,
 Rise, weary Son of man, to carry out
 Thy glorious work of love!

1868.

HORATIUS BONAR.

LOST, BUT FOUND.

“Arte mirâ, miro consilio,
 Quærens ovem suam summus opilio,
 Ut nos revocaret ab exilio.”

OLD HYMN.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one !
 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole.

'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold !
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home !

1857.

HORATIUS BONAR



NONE IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.

LORD of earth ! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned :
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought ;
Friendship, gem transcending price ;
Love, a flower of Paradise :
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me !
Whom have I in heaven but thee !

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
 Rolls a world of purer light ;
 There, in Love's unclouded reign,
 Parted hands shall join again ;
 Martyrs there, and prophets high,
 Blaze, a glorious company ;
 While immortal music rings
 From unnumbered seraph-strings :
 Oh, that scene is passing fair !
 Yet should'st thou be absent there,
 What were all its joys to me !
 Whom have I in heaven but thee !

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
 Seeks in thee its only rest !
 I was lost : thy accents mild
 Homeward lured thy wandering child.
 I was blind : thy healing ray
 Charmed the long eclipse away.
 Source of every joy I know,
 Solace of my every woe ;
 Yet should once thy smile divine
 Cease upon my soul to shine,
 What were heaven or earth to me !
 Whom have I in heaven but thee !

1839.

SIR ROBERT GRANT

JESUS, THESE EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of thine ;
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art.

1858.

RAY PALMER.

THEE WILL I LOVE.

(From the German.)

THEE will I love, my strength and tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy and crown ;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone :
Thee will I love till that pure fire
Fills all my soul with strong desire.

In darkness willingly I strayed ;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved ;

For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light !

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my heart and flesh decay ?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

O LOVE, WHO FORMEDST ME TO WEAR.

(Liebe die du mich so milde.)

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care,
Through all my wanderings wild and drear, —
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, who, ere life's earliest dawn,
On me thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And like to us in all things made, —
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know, —
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The word and spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial-hour, —
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, who thus hast bound me fast
 Beneath that gentle yoke of thine ;
 Love, who hast conquered me at last,
 And rapt away this heart of mine, —
 O Love, I give myself to thee,
 Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
 O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead, —
 O Love, I give myself to thee,
 Thine ever, only thine, to be !

O Love, who once shall bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
 O Love, who once above yon skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers, —
 O Love, I give myself to thee,
 Thine ever, only thine, to be !

1657.

ANGELUS SILESIVS.

JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

(*Jesu, dulcedo cordium.*)

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on thee call ;
 To them that seek thee thou art good ;
 To them that find thee, all in all !

We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still !
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill !

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light !

1153.

ST. BERNARD, TRANS. BY RAY PALMER.



LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

Take away the love of sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be :
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver !
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave.
Then we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy host above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish thou thy new creation :
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee,
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

1746.

CHARLES WESLEY



THE LOVE OF GOD.

(From the German.)

THOU Love Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,
 The other leads us safe and slow,
 O love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
 And wander wide and long,
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
 O love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
 The toil-worn frame and mind,
 Alike confess thy sweet control,
 O love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
 Our wayward steps to win :
 We know thee by a dearer name,
 O love of God within !

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
 Our souls are strong and free
 To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
 O love of God, to thee !



I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

(Cor meum tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime.)

I GIVE my heart to thee,
 O Jesus most desired !
 And heart for heart the gift shall be,
 For thou my soul hast fired :

Thou hearts alone would'st move ;
Thou only hearts dost love.
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like thine ?
That thou, the God, didst stoop to take,
A human form like mine !
"Give me thy heart, my son ;"
Behold my heart ! 'tis done :
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in thee.
Ah, how thy love doth burn
Till I that love return !
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest.
In thee, the riven Rock,
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found.
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

JESU, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

(Jesu, dulcis memoria.)

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.

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

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be :
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

'TIS HE ! 'TIS HE ! I KNOW HIM NOW

'TIS he ! 'tis he ! I know him now,
By the red scars upon his brow,
His wounded hands, and feet, and side,
My Lord ! my God ! the crucified !

Those hands have rolled the stone away ;
Those feet have trod the path to-day ;
And round that brow triumphant shine
The rays of majesty divine.

Oh, from those hands uplifted shed
Thy blessing on my fainting head ;
And, as I clasp those feet, impart
The love that gushed out from thy heart !

Thy death upon the cross be mine,
My life from mortal sin be thine,
And mine the way thy feet have trod,
To reign in heaven with thee, my God !

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

(*O Deus, ego amo te.*)

JESUS, I love thee, — not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die :

I love thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art,
Who first hast lovèd me.

For me to lowest depth of woe
Thou didst thyself abase ;
For me didst bear the cross and shame,
And manifold disgrace ;

For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself, — all, all for me,
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine,
Should I not love thee well ? —
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast lovèd me, O Lord !

Even so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing,
Solely because thou art my God
And my eternal King !

THE LOVE OF GOD.

(From the Provençal.)

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass
away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for
aye ;
The forms of men shall be as they had never been ;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender
green ;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening
long.

The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the
hills ;
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild-boar of the wood, and the chamois of the
rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust
shall lie ;
And the dolphin of the sea and the mighty whale
shall die.

And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no
more,
And they shall bow to Death, who ruled from shore to
shore ;

And the great globe itself, — so the holy writings
tell, —
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies
dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat, they shall all pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for
aye!

BERNARD RASCAS, TRANS. BY W. C. BRYANT.

SONGS
OF
PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND THANKS- GIVING.



SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !
Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken :

His chariot and horsemen all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but
spoken,

And chariot and horsemen are sunk in the wave !
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride !
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

BEGIN, MY SOUL, THE EXALTED LAY.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme !

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay, transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair ;
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air !

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string !

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
Soon as gay evening gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade !

Let every element rejoice !
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice

To Him who bids you roll !
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Let man, for nobler service made,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ :
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy !

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne ;
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of his own !

Let youth its ardent passions move,
To praise the eternal Source of love,
With all its hallowed fire :
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name, then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre !

Let saints redeemed from death and hell,
In louder, loftier numbers tell
The wonders of his grace ;
Beyond creation's utmost bounds,
Above her noblest, sweetest sounds,
Declare Jehovah's praise !

SONG OF PRAISE.

TO God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear
And join the grateful song.

Praise him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song
Through the serene and silent night
To listening worlds prolong.

Sing him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings his praise,
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder to this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;

Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
And, towering, pierce the sky ;

Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides

A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,

To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems, —

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,

Ye creatures great or small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

And if ye want or sense or sounds,

To swell the grateful noise,
Prompt mankind with that sense, and they
Shall find for you a voice.

From all the boundless realms of space

Let loud hosannas sound ;
Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
The grateful concert round.

HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX.

AWAKE, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Coherald! Wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountains' brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!
GOD! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with praise!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THERE IS A BOOK, WHO RUNS MAY READ.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat,
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven :
What are the saints on earth ?
Like trees they stand whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed, unswerving root ;
Hope, their unfading flower ;
Fair deeds of charity, their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace ;
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

•

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentle breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.



SINCE O'ER THY FOOTSTOOL.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne !
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine :
What, then, the day where thou dost shine !

Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure
Upon thy brightness gaze ?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light !

1824.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.



THOU ART, O GOD, THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

1830.

THOMAS MOORE.



THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice or sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine !"

1712.

JOSEPH ADDISON.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem,
 But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
 It is the Star of Bethlehem !

Once on the raging seas I rode :
 The storm was loud ; the night was dark ;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose, —
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for ever more,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

1806.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

(From the German.)

“**L**ORD, thou art great !” I cry, when in the east
 The day is blooming like a rose of fire ;
 When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
 Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
 When art thou seen more gracious, God of power,
 Than in the morn's great resurrection hour !

“ Lord, thou art great !” I cry, when blackness shrouds
 The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings
 flame,
 And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
 In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
 When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
 Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path !

“ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry, when in the west
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye ;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die.
When giv’st thou, Lord, our hearts more blest repose
Than in the magic of thy evening shows !

“ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry, at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep ;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep.
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights
Than in the silent praise of holy nights !

“ Lord, thou art great ! ” in nature’s every form ;
Greater in none, — simply most great in all ;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile, and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call.
“ Lord, thou art great ! ” oh let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim !

1650.

SEIDL.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words of equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart !
But thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And, after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore !

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise !

1712.

JOSEPH ADDISON.



HOW SHOULD I PRAISE THEE, LORD !

HOW should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my
 rhymes

Gladly engrave thy love on steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heavens, or more,
 Sometimes I peere above them all ;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent !
 Those distances belong to thee :
 The world's too little for thy tent,
 A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumme of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure such a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there!
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me, thy poore debtor;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.



P R A I S E.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sinnes against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me.

Seven whole dayes, not one in seven,
I will praise thee ;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst ;
And, when Justice called for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort,
To enroll thee :
Even eternitie is too short
To extoll thee.

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HAPPY THE MAN WHOSE HOPES RELY.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

1719.

ISAAC WATTS.

P R A I S E.

KING of comforts ! King of life !
 Thou hast cheered me ;
And, when fears and doubts were rife,
 Thou hast cleared me.

Not a nook in all my breast
 But thou fill'st it ;
Not a thought that breaks my rest,
 But thou kill'st it.

Wherefore with my utmost strength
 I will praise thee ;
And, as thou giv'st line and length,
 I will raise thee.

Day and night, not once a day,
I will blesse thee ;
And, my soul in new array,
I will dresse thee.

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind thee ;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind thee.

In thy word, as if in heaven,
I will rest me ;
And thy promise, till made even,
There shall feast me.

Then thy sayings all my life
There shall please me ;
And thy bloody wounds and strife
They will ease me.

With thy grones my daily breath
I will measure ;
And my life, hid in thy death,
I will treasure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HAIL, KINGLY JESUS !

HAIL, kingly Jesus ! to thy feet
Our hearts their tribute bring ;
Not sparkling gold, not odors sweet,
But love, our offering.

Such treasures to thy manger-bed
The ancient Magi brought,
When, by the star resplendent led,
Judea's King they sought.

But hearts of humble poverty
Are fairer in thine eyes,
And penitence is more to thee
Than costly sacrifice.

When thou wert sitting once at meat,
And, kneeling humbly there,
With tears a sinner bathed thy feet,
And wiped them with her hair ;

As over them she poured perfume,
Amid her tears like rain,
Till the sweet odor filled the room,
Thou didst not her disdain.

And wilt thou, Master, from our hymn
Turn scornfully thine ear?
Nay! 'mid the songs of seraphim
Our worship thou wilt hear.

1864.

A. R. THOMPSON.

LIFE'S PRAISE.

FILL thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty, and each deed,
However small and mean.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board,
With my beloved ones.

Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain ;
Or standing by another's couch,
Watching the pulse of pain.

Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will ;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.

Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak
Of thee, and of thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak !

So shalt thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song ;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with thee.

1856.

HORATIUS BONAR.



SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue :
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces, are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied :
 And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How Love has in their aid,
 Love that not ever seems to tire,
 Such rich provision made !

1856.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCIL



A THANKSGIVING.

(Brennende Liebe, du heilige Flamme.)

THOU burning Love, thou holy Flame,
 O thou my God and Lord,
 Thou hast preserved me by thy name,
 When terrors were abroad ;
 Thou helpest us in worst distress,
 If we but cling to thee,
 Wherefore, my God, no bitterness
 Shall ever make me flee.

Ah ! I can never praise enough
 The goodness thou hast shown !
 When days were dark, and storms were rough,
 Thou mad'st thy kindness known ;
 Thy miracles of goodness then
 Thou sufferedst me to see ;
 O Bread of Life ! my heart again
 Cries, let me cling to thee !

Thee I desire, to thee I cleave,
To thee I will be true ;
As opes the floweret to receive
The May-time's quickening dew,
So, in the time of grief and woe,
Opens my heart to thee,
And feels anew a living glow,
For thou consolest me.

Ah ! though I lived a thousand years,
And spake with thousand tongues,
I could not tell with words nor tears
What praise to thee belongs.
Ah, no ! it never can be told,
Not even, my God, to thee,
How rich the gifts, how manifold,
That thou hast showered on me !

This only, O my God, I pray,
Thy spirit may abide
In me, and keep me in thy way,
My comfort and my guide.
Let nothing evil reign within,
Thine angels send to me,
Let me escape all snares of sin,
And lead me home to thee !

HIS HOLY SPIRIT DWELLETH.

(Ist Gott fur mich so trete.)

HIS Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart.
He crowns his work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry
"My Father!" without ceasing
To Him who dwells on high.

And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and opprest,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be exprest ;
But God's quick eye discerns them,
Although they give no sound,
And into language turns them,
Even in the heart's deep ground.

To mine, his spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.
There God himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

O LOVING ONE! O BOUNTEOUS ONE!

O LOVING One! O bounteous One!
What have I not received from thee,
Throughout the seasons that have gone
Into the past eternity?

Lowly my name, and mine estate;
Yet, Father, many a child of thine,
Of purer heart and cleaner hands,
Walks in a humbler path than mine.

And, looking backward through the year,
Along the way my feet have pressed,
I see sweet places everywhere,
Sweet places where my soul had rest.

For though some human hopes of mine
Are dead and buried from my sight,
Yet from their graves immortal flowers
Have sprung and blossomed into light.

Body, and heart, and soul have been
Fed by the most convenient food;
My nights are peaceful all the while,
And all my mortal days are good.

My sorrows have not been so light,
Thy chastening hand I could not trace;
Nor have my blessings been so great
That they have hid my Father's face.

THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right !

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things !

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest, —
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast !

1858.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

MY BLESSINGS.

GREAT waves of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungathered rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat ;

Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad,
With sunshine resting over all,
That everlasting smile of God !

For these, yet not for these alone,
My tongue its gratitude would say :
All the great blessings of my life
Are present in my thought to-day.

For more than all my mortal wants
Have been, O God, thy full supplies :
Health, shelter, and my daily bread,
For these my grateful thanks arise.

For ties of faith, whose wondrous strength
Time nor eternity can part ;
For all the words of love that fall
Like living waters on my heart ;

For even that fearful strife where sin
Was conquered and subdued at length,
Temptations met and overcome,
Whereby my soul has gathered strength ;

For all the warnings that have come
From mortal agony or death ;
For even that bitterest storm of life
Which drove me on the rock of faith.

For all the past I thank thee, God !
And, for the future, trust in thee,
Whate'er of trial or blessing yet,
Asked or unasked, thou hast for me.

Yet only this one boon I crave, —
After life's brief and fleeting hour,
Make my belovèd thy beloved,
And keep us in thy day of power.

PHOEBE CARY.

TREMBLING BEFORE THINE AWFUL THRONE.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own :
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend ! — oh smile, and heal the strife !

The Saviour smiles ! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll :
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise,
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the eternal will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil ;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song, — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain ;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine ;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear !

1816.

A. L. HILLHOUSE.



OH COULD I SPEAK THE MATCHLESS WORTH !

OH could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine :
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,

And I shall see his face :
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

1800.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.



WHEN THIS PASSING WORLD IS DONE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe !

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe !

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinching heart, —
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe !

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,

Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe!

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy spirit's help so meet, —
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe!

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe!

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe!

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise;
The Spirit comes, — the tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe!

Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain :
But a night thine anger burns ;
Morning comes, and joy returns.
God of comforts ! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe !

1843.

ROBERT MCCHEYNE.

MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God ;
I hear his joyful voice.
I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love,
This is my heavenly feast.
This makes me Abba Father ! cry
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry, My Lord, my God !
And that without control.

There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne
And from the Lamb ; a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing :
One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.

I see thy face ! I hear thy voice !
I taste thy sweetest love !
My soul doth leap, but oh for wings !
The wings of Noah's dove !
Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last :
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
That gives me here a taste !

SONGS OF PATIENCE.

SONGS OF PATIENCE.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes.
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance ;
There's rest in his still countenance ;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,

He walks with thee, that angel kind,
 And gently whispers, " Be resigned.
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

1846.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



GOD'S RESTRAINT.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, " No more ;
 I will abroad.
 What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free, free as the road ;
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
 Sure there was wine,
 Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn,
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me ?
 Have I no bays to crown it ?
 No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?
 All wasted ?
 Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit ; and not forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 Whilst thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there ; tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load."

But, as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child !"
 And I replied, "My Lord !"

1632.

GEORGE HERBERT.

 THE VOICE CALLING.

IN the hush of April weather,
 With the bees in budding heather,
 And the white clouds floating, floating, and the sun-
 shine falling broad ;
 While my children down the hill
 Run and leap, and I sit still,
 Through the silence, through the silence art thou call-
 ing, O my God ?

Through my husband's voice that prayeth,
 Though he knows not what he sayeth,
 Is it thou who, in thy holy Word, hast solemn words
 for me ?

And when he clasps me fast,
And smiles fondly o'er the past,
And talks hopeful of the future, Lord, do I hear only
thee ?

Not in terror nor in thunder
Comes thy voice, although it sunder
Flesh from spirit, soul from body, human bliss from
human pain ;
All the work that was to do,
All the joys so sweet and new,
Which thou shewdst me in a vision, Moses-like, and
hidst again.

From this Pisgah, lying humbled,
The long desert where I stumbled,
And the fair plains I shall never reach, seem equal,
clear and far :
On this mountain-top of ease
Thou wilt bury me in peace ;
While my tribes march onward, onward unto Canaan
and to war.

In my boy's loud laughter ringing,
In the sigh more soft than singing
Of my baby girl that nestles up unto this mortal
breast,
After every voice most dear,
Comes a whisper, " Rest not here."
And the rest thou art preparing, is it best, Lord, is it
best ?

Lord, a little, little longer !
Sobs the earth-love, growing stronger :
He will miss me, and go mourning through his solitary days,
And heaven were scarcely heaven,
If these lambs that thou hast given
Were to slip out of our keeping, and be lost in the world's ways.

Lord, it is not fear of dying,
Nor an impious denying
Of thy will, which evermore on earth, in heaven, be done ;
But a love that desperate clings
Unto these, my precious things,
In the beauty of the daylight, and the glory of the sun.

Ah ! thou still art calling, calling,
With a soft voice unappalling ;
And it vibrates in far circles through the everlasting years ;
When thou knockest, even so !
I will arise and go !
What, my little ones, more violets ? nay, be patient ;
mother hears !

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints, that none
Among his creatures anywhere
Blasphe^me against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown !
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief Misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee,
Whose days eternally go on !

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won :
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on ;
I love thee while my days go on,
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.

And having in thy life-depth thrown
 Being and suffering (which are one),
 As a child drops his pebble small
 Down some deep well, and hears it fall
 Smiling, — so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ALL ARE NOT TAKEN !

ALL are not taken ! there are left behind
 Living belovèds, tender looks to bring,
 And make the daylight still a blessed thing ;
 And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
 But if it were not so, — if I could find
 No love in all the world to answer me,
 Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
 Where “dust to dust,” the love from life disjoined, —
 And if with parchèd lips — as in a dearth
 Of water-springs the very deserts claim —
 I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving
 The bitter cry, “Where are ye, O my loving ?” —
 I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM.
 Can I suffice for heaven and not for *earth* ?”

1844.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHEN SOME BELOVÈDS.

WHEN some belovèds, 'neath whose eyelids lay
 The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
 Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
 And I astonied fell, and could not pray ;

A thought within me to myself did say,
"Is God less God, that thou art mortal sad?
Rise, worship, bless him, in this sackcloth clad,
As in that purple!" But I answer, nay!
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite? What can he, but with sobbing breath
Embrace the unwilling hand which chasteneth?
And my dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and praise.

1844.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace.
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work address,
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking his ways;

Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears ;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath nor fears.
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;
Pardon those erring prayers, Father ! hear these !

1858.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.



O LORD, THOU KNOWEST.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;
I come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet, — thou knowest, Lord !

Thou knowest all the past, how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed,
How the good shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present ! each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
All pensive memories as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone !

Thou knowest all the future ! gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last :
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path but this, — thou knowest, Lord !

Thou knowest ! not alone, as God all-knowing ;
As man our mortal weakness thou hast proved ;
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour ! thou hast wept, and thou hast loved !
And love and sorrow still to thee may come
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home !

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete ;
Then rising, and refreshed, I leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known !



I HOPED THAT WITH THE BRAVE AND
STRONG.

I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie ;
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high ;
But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well :
I said so with my breaking heart
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
 These days of misery,
 These nights of darkness, tempest-tost, —
 Can I but turn to thee;
 With secret labor to sustain
 In patience every blow,
 To gather fortitude from pain,
 And holiness from woe.

If thou shouldst bring me back to life,
 More humble I should be,
 More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
 More apt to lean on thee.
 Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow:
 But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
 Oh let me serve thee now.

1849.

ANNE BRONTË.



I ASKED THE LORD THAT I MIGHT GROW.

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
 In faith and love and every grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.



I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid them low.

"Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cried ;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst set thine all in me !"

1779.

JOHN NEWTON



O LORD, MY BEST DESIRE FULFIL.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou hast engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
The poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

1779.

WILLIAM COWPER.



THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill ;

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

(From the French.)

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Naught have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And he, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To thee, whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence is love ;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

1717. ⁴

MADAME GUYON.



SAVIOUR! THOUGH MY REBELLIOUS WILL.

SAVIOUR! though my rebellious will
Has been by thy blest power renewed,
Yet in its secret workings still
How much remains to be subdued.

Oft I recall, with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run,
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done."

I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven ;
A lonely room, a suffering bed,
These for my training place were given.

Long I resisted, mourned, complained,
Wished any other lot my own ;
Thy purposé, Lord, unchanged remained,
What wisdom planned, love carried on.

Year after year I turned away,
But marred was every scheme I planned ;
Still the same lesson, day by day,
Was placed before me by thy hand.

At length thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
Availed that stubborn heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.

Then was I taught by thee to say,
“ Do with me what to thee seems best ;
Give, take, whate’er thou wilt away,
Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest.

“ Be my whole life in suffering spent,
But let me be in suffering thine, —
Still, O my Lord, I am content,
Thou now hast made thy pleasure mine ! ”

t836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE MASTER’S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master’s touch, the sculptor’s chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand !
Let not the music that is in us die ;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie !

Spare not the stroke ! do with us as thou wilt,
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred !
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

1856.

HORATIUS BONAR.



THY WILL BE DONE.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was thine ;
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
 Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with thine ; and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer half mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done."

1836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



O FAITHFUL GOD! O PITYING HEART!

(Ach treuer Gott! barmherzigs Hertz!)

O FAITHFUL God! O pitying Heart,
 Whose goodness hath no end,
 I know this cross, with all its smart,
 Thy hand alone doth send !
 Yes, Lord, I know it is thy love,
 Not wrath or hatred, bids me prove
 The load 'neath which I bend.
 'Twas ever wont with thee, my God,
 To chasten oft a son ;
 He whom thou lovest feels thy rod,
 Tears flow ere joy is won ;
 Thou ledest us, through darkest pain,
 Back to the joyous light again ;
 Thus ever thou hast done.

For e'en the Son, thou most dost love,
Here trod the path of woe ;
Ere he might reach his throne above,
He bore the cross below ;
Through anguish, scorn, and poverty,
Through bitterest death, he passed that we
The bliss of heaven might know.

And if the pure and sinless One
Could thus to sorrow bow,
Shall I, who so much ill have done,
Resist the Cross ? O thou,
In whom doth perfect patience shine,
Whoe'er would fain be counted thine
Must wear thy likeness now !

Yet, Father, each fresh aching heart
Will question, in its woe,
If thou canst send such bitter smart,
And yet no anger know.
How long the hours beneath the cross !
How hard to learn that love and loss
From one sole Fountain flow !

But what I cannot, thou true Good,
Oh work thyself in me ;
Nor ever let my trials' flood
O'erwhelm my faith in thee !
Keep me from every murmur, Lord,
And make me steadfast in thy word ;
My Tower of Refuge be !

If I am weak, thy tender care
Shall bid me fear no ill ;
With ceaseless cries and tears and prayer,
The long sad hours I'll fill ;
The heart that yet can hope and trust,
And cry to thee, though from the dust,
Is all unconquered still !

O Thou who diedst to give us life,
Full well to thee is known .
The cross and all the inner strife
Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden well-nigh faint ;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
Finds echo in thine own.

Ah, Christ, do thou within me speak,
For thou canst comfort best ;
The tower and stronghold of the weak,
The weary wanderer's rest,
Our shadow in the noonday hours,
And, when the tempest round us lowers,
Our shelter safe and blest !

O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
In whom all gladness lies,
Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
From thee all sadness flies ;
Thou knowest the glories yet to come,
The joy, the solace, of that home
Where we, one day, shall rise.

There in thy presence we shall see
Glories beyond our ken ;
The cross, known here to none but thee,
Shall turn to gladness then ;
There smiles for all our tears are given,
And for our woes the joys of heaven ;
Lord, I believe, Amen !

PAUL GERHARDT.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not ; all our way
Is night, — with thee alone is day :
From out the torrent's double drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,
 Thy sacrificial wine we press ;
 If, from thine ordeal's heated bars,
 Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
 Thy will be done !

Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,
 The anthem of the destinies,
 The minor of thy loftier strain :
 Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
 Thy will be done !

1863.

J. G. WHITTIER.



I WORSHIP THEE, SWEET WILL OF GOD !

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
 And all thy ways adore,
 And every day I live I seem
 To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
 Of Jesu's toils and tears ;
 Thou wert the passion of his heart
 Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
 A special love of thee, —
 A love to lose my will in his,
 And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought
 The plans of wily men ;
 When simple hearts outwit the wise,
 Oh, thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the church full oft ;
And then how easily thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear thee, blessed will !
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt ;
My heart is ever gay ;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss ;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on ! ride on, triumphantly,
 Thou glorious will, ride on !
 Faith's pilgrim-sons behind thee take
 The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God ;
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill,
 And it is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be his sweet will !

1849.

F. W. FABER.

A CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS.

THEREFORE, O friend, I would not, if I might,
 Rebuild my house of lies, wherein I joyed
 One time to dwell : my soul shall walk in white,
 Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul ;
 Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face,
 To pluck down, to build up again the whole, —
 But in a distant place.

The thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them ;
 The cup is bitter, yet He makes it sweet :
 My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
 My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees, —
I, precious more than seven times molten gold, —
Until the day when from his store-houses
God shall bring new and old.

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness ;
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,
I languish, and grow less.

Although to-day he prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth his blood nourish and warm my root ;
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways, —
To-day his staff is turned into a rod, —
Yet will I wait for him the appointed days,
And stay upon my God.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



GO NOT FAR FROM ME, O MY STRENGTH !

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away ;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassions I repose
In weakness and distress,

I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness !

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then, on thine everlasting strength,
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show,
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go.
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech :
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ my Lord hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified.
And it is fellowship with him,
That keeps me near his side.

My heart is fixed, O God my strength !
My heart is strong to bear ;
I will be joyful in thy love,
And peaceful in thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be ;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His father's face to see ;

And, oh, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee !

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore, —
Borne onward, — sin and death behind,
And love and life before, —
Oh let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge,
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.



WHEN I CONSIDER HOW MY LIGHT IS SPENT.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide, —
 “Doth God exact day labor, light denied?”
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
 Either man’s work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait!”

1692.

JOHN MILTON.

THE OUTER DARKNESS AND THE INNER
 LIGHT.

I AM old and blind!
 Men point at me as smitten by God’s
 frown,
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
 Yet I am not cast down.
 I am weak, yet strong!
 I murmur not that I no longer see;
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father, supreme, to thee!
 O merciful One!
 When men are farthest, then thou art most near;
 When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.
 Thy glorious face
 Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, —
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown ;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing,

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen !

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes ?
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture, — waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit, — strains sublime
Break over me unsought !

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine !

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us ;
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you come !
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last !

Cheer up, my soul ! Faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping!
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

1862.

F. W. FABER.



A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him who sendeth joy and woe,
 The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,—
 Oh praise him, all that dies, and lives!

He opens and he shuts his hand;
 But why, we cannot understand:
 Pours, and dries up, his mercies' flood,
 And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
 The mystery of God and man;
 We women when afflictions come,—
 We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
 He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
 We look up, and, through black clouds riven,
 We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
 We have no deep philosophies:
 Child-like, we take both kiss and rod;
 For *he who loveth, knoweth God!*

1866.

DINAH MARIA MUILOCH

SONGS OF PEACE.

SONGS OF PEACE.



BLEST IS THE FAITH DIVINE AND STRONG.

BLEST is the faith divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Blest is the hope that holds to God,
In doubt and darkness still unshaken ;
And sings along the heavenly road,
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Blest is the love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best, and brightest ;
Whose raptures thrill, like saints above,
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

Blest is the time that in the eye
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,
And grows into eternity,
Like noiseless trees when men are sleeping.

NOT SELDOM, CLAD IN RADIANT VEST.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
Not seldom, evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die :
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace, with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy !

1834.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

YEARS CANNOT MAKE THEIR STRENGTH
DECAY.

YEARS cannot make their strength decay,
Who lean upon the Lord ;
Nor age fling shadows o'er the way
That's lighted by his word :

Their path doth bright and brighter shine,
Till perfect in the skies ;
And life's soft eve is no decline,
For heavenward still they rise.

When winter's might hath rent the oak,
Or summer blights its shoot,
The streams of God can heal the stroke,
And sprout its deathless root :
And souls, that have the fountain quaffed
Of Christ's world-healing side,
Arise, immortal from the draught,
And live, through him that died.

1869.

BISHOP COXE.

WHILST THEE I SEEK, PROTECTING POWER.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed, —
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear, —
That heart will rest on thee.

H. M. WILLIAMS.



CALM ME, MY GOD.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes : keep me calm, though loud and rude

The sounds mine ear that greet ;

Calm in the closet's solitude,

Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,

Calm in my hour of pain ;

Calm in my poverty or wealth,

Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,

Like him who bore my shame ;

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,

Who hate thy holy name ;

Calm when the great world's news with power

My listening spirit stir :

Let not the tidings of the hour

E'er find too fond an ear :

Calm as the ray of sun or star

Which storms assail in vain,

Moving unruffled through earth's war,

The eternal calm to gain !

1856.

HORATIUS BONAR.



FAR FROM THE WORLD, O LORD, I FLEE.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,

From strife and tumult far ;

From scenes where Satan rages still

His unsuccessful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine !

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

1779-

WILLIAM COWPER.



IN THE MID SILENCE OF THE VOICELESS
NIGHT.

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone ;
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For oh, in spite of past and present care,
Or any thing beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee !

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me ?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee ?



MY GOD, IS ANY HOUR SO SWEET.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lôrd, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus mine inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

1830.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT



SWEET WAS THE HOUR, O LORD.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee, there,
The great salvation tell.

Thither she came, but oh, her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of thee, nor thought to find
The hope of Israel there !

Lord, 'twas thy power, unseen, that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn of thee
The secrets of thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life, that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
The gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory thou !

No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see ;
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek,
And find our all in thee.

JACOB'S WELL.

WHERE once Samaria's deep, cold well had given
Its liquid treasure to the patriarch's thirst,
There stands a stranger now, who brings from heaven
A richer boon than that bestowed at first.

God's bounteous gift, that well, from age to age,
Cooled the parched lip, and bade the fainting live ;
But oh, diviner power ! 'tis his to assuage
The soul's deep thirst, and life eternal give !

No draught from earthly fountains e'er can fill
The immortal spirit's longings to be blest ;
The gracious words that from his lips distil,
Alone can calm that feverish unrest.

For there celestial, pitying love reveals
A friend divine to sorrowing mortals given ;
The arid heart the genial influence feels,
Melts into love, and tastes the life of heaven.

Oh give to him thy trust, and he shall bring
A bliss to thee that time can ne'er destroy ;
For heavenly love within thy soul shall spring,
A living fountain of perennial joy.

1863.

W. C. DANA.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Behold ! I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live. "
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright. "
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

1856.

HORATIUS BONAR.

P E A C E.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry,
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One, born in a manger,
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my soul, awake!)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thine ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.



NO, NO, IT IS NOT DYING!

(Nein, nein, das ist kein sterben!)

NO, no, it is not dying,
 To go unto our God ;
 This gloomy earth forsaking,
 Our journey homeward taking,
 Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be ;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of the Lord."

No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know.
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of him whose sway we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind !
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here drops alone we find.

A SONG OF REST.

(Kein Lämmlein auf des Hirten Schoos.)

NO lambkin by its shepherd borne,
 No dove its mate caressing,
 No bondman freed, no pilgrim worn,
 The grateful shade possessing ;
 No child clasped to its mother's heart,
 No sick man when his pains depart,
 No warrior, home returning ;
 No man can know such perfect rest
 As that which ends our weary quest,
 Our gracious Lord discerning.

O winning words ! " Come unto me,
 Ye weary and forsaken ! "
 They gave me rest : I came to thee ;
 My burden thou hast taken.
 Thus I am well who once was ill ;
 Up, soul ! thy lips with praises fill,
 For praise thy peace deserveth.
 O Saviour ! make me yet more blest ;
 Let me at last attain that rest,
 Which Heaven for me reserveth !

1760.

HILLER, TRANS. BY PROF. DUNN.



O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

O EYES that are weary
 And hearts that are sore,
 Look off unto Jesus,
 And sorrow no more.

The light of his countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth as in heaven
There need be no night.

Looking off unto Jesus,
Mine eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers
That throng about me :
They cannot be blinded
By sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed
With unbelief-fears.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My spirit is blest :
In the world I have turmoil,
In him I have rest.
The sea of my life
All about me may roar :
When I look unto Jesus,
I hear it no more.

Looking off unto Jesus,
I go not astray :
Mine eyes are on him,
And he shows me the way.
The path may seem dark
As he leads me along,
But following Jesus
I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My heart cannot fear ;

Its trembling is stilled
When I see Jesus near :
I know that his power
My safeguard will be,
For " Why are ye troubled ? "
He saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus
Oh may I be found,
When the waters of Jordan
Encompass me round :
Let them bear me away
In his presence to be !
'Tis but seeing him nearer,
Whom always I see.

Then, then I shall know
The full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord,
When I stand face to face :
I shall know how his love
Went before me each day,
And wonder that ever
Mine eyes turned away.



ONE PRIEST ALONE CAN PARDON ME.

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,
Or bid me go in peace,
Can breathe that word, " Absolvo te,"
And make these heart-throbs cease :

My soul hath heard his priestly voice,
It said, "I bore thy sins, rejoice!"

He showed the spear-mark in his side,
The nail-print on his palm,
Said, "Look on me, the crucified!
Why tremble thus? be calm!
All power is mine, — I set thee free, —
Be not afraid, — 'Absolvo te!'"

By him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed in the fountain from his side,
God sees me as a child:
No priest can heal or cleanse but he;
No other say, "Absolvo te."

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring,
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the Priestly King:
Would win all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear him say, "Absolvo te."

A little while, and he shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call his pardoned brethren home;
O bliss, supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said, "Absolvo te."

He robed me in a priestly dress,
That I might incense bring,

Of prayer and praise and righteousness,
To heaven's eternal King :
And when he gave this robe to me,
He smiled, and said, " Absolvo te."

In heaven he stands before the throne,
The great High-Priest above,
" Melchisedec," — that name alone
Can sin's dark stain remove :
To him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet — " Absolvo-te."

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



C O M I N G.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

" I T may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy,
With thoughts of me ;
While you hear the little children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet.
Therefore I tell you, watch
By the light of the evening star
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar !

Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come !

“It may be when the midnight
 Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
 Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
 When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
 Beside the bed :
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake, and watch
 In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
 I will come !

“It may be at the cock-crow,
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun,
 Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
 The rivers chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
 Over the hill :
Behold, I say unto you, watch !
Let the door be on the latch

In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come !

“ It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the sweet, green lawn ;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And gay birds are singing sweetly
About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And your dear ones come to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember, *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore !
As you work, your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come ! ”

So I am watching, quietly,
Every day !
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say,
Surely it is the shining of his face !
And look unto the gates of his high place

Beyond the sea ;
For I know he is coming shortly
 To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
 Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
 If he is come ;
And an angel answers sweetly
 In my home,
“Only a few more shadows,
 And he will come !”

LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
 That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
 To soar to endless day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms,
 Than he went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by his door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
My weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

1691.

RICHARD BAXTER.



M Y P S A L M.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west wind blows, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope or fear ;
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim's staff ; I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away,
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image riven ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel,
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood, .
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond a Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

ACCORDING TO THY WILL.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone ;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night, for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, " Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear ?
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All night long ; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, — could calmly say,
" It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder,
Held out a scroll

On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll

To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master !
Other than this, —

Still go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss

The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee?

Step by step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen ;

Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest
hide thee,

Or heavens serene, —
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know my God ; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;

Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth ;
No voice replies

To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always ;

Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's ;

Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait
If thou come late !

O FRIEND OF SOULS !

(Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen.)

O FRIEND of souls ! how blest the time
When in thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast !
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy pardon and thy care
The Heaven of heavens is won.

The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure :
I care not for the world, I go
To this tried Friend, and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

The law may threaten endless death
Upon the dreadful hill ;
Straightway from its consuming breath,
My soul mounts higher still.
She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And finds in him her home,
Whence she shall not go forth again,
And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness
Where thou hast been before :
Nay, rather would I daily press
After thee, near thee, more !
Thou art my strength, on thee I lean ;
My heart thou makest sing,
And to thy pastures green at length
Thy chosen flock wilt bring !

To others, death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me :
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace !

SONGS OF TRIUMPH.

SONGS OF TRIUMPH.



FLING OUT THE BANNER!

FLING out the banner ! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner ! Angels bend,
 In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner ! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight ;
And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner ! Sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner ! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Our glory only in the cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the banner ! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ;
We conquer only in that sign !

1859.

BISHOP DOANE.



ABEL ENTERING HEAVEN.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo ! a solitary tongue
Took up a song unknown ;
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that spoke of vanished fears,
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain,
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as years are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransomed soul on high,
To swell the chorus there ;
And still the song shall louder grow,
Till all, redeemed from sin and woe,
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh grant me, Lord, a golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys!
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore!



THE CHILDREN AT THE GATES.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land;"

"I from India's sultry plain;"

"I from Afric's barren sand;"

"I from islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky:"

Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

1820.

JAMES EDMESTON.



THANK GOD THAT TOWARDS ETERNITY.

(Gottlob ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit.)

THANK God, that towards eternity
Another step is won!
Oh, longing turns my heart to thee,
As time flows slowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence those rich streams of grace are drawn,
That through my being run!

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When at thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be consumed for aye in thee,
And deathless life be mine!

So glows thy love within this frame,
That, touched with keenest fire,
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire,
To be in thee, and thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth, to be
Still pressing closer, nigher!

Oh that I soon might thee behold !
I count the moments o'er ;
Ah ! come, ere yet my heart grows cold,
And cannot call thee more !
Come in thy glory, for thy bride
Hath girt her for the holy tide,
And waiteth at the door !

And since thy spirit sheds abroad
The oil of grace in me,
And thou art inly near me, Lord,
And I am lost in thee,
So shines in me the living light,
And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,
To greet thee joyfully !

Come ! is the voice then of thy bride,
She loudly prays thee come !
With faithful heart she long has cried,
Come, Jesus ! quickly come !
Come, O my Bridegroom ! Lamb of God !
Thou knowest I am thine, dear Lord ;
Come down to take me home !

Yet be the hour that none can tell
Left wholly to thy choice,
Although I know thou lovest it well,
That I with heart and voice
Should bid thee come, and from this day
Care but to meet thee on thy way,
And at thy sight rejoice !

I joy that from thy love divine,
No power can part me now ;
That I may dare to call thee mine,
My Friend, my Lord avow ;
That I, O Prince of life, shall be
Made wholly one in heaven with thee ;
My portion, Lord, art thou !

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one more year is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won ;
And with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder, distant, golden gate,
I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith, oh, quickly speak,
And make thine arm my stay !
That so my heart drink in new strength,
And I speed on, nor feel the length,
Nor steepness of the way.

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,
Let nought thy terror move ;
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith,
E'er tempt thy steps to rove ;
If slow thy course seem o'er the waste,
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste
On wings of tireless love.

O Jesus ! all my soul hath flown
 Already up to thee,
 For thou, in whom is love alone,
 Hast wholly conquered me.
 Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,
 Eternity is round me here,
 Since, Lord, I live in thee !

1691.

A. H. FRANCKE.

O CHRIST, HOW GOOD AND FAIR !

(Ach Jesu, wie so schön.)

O CHRIST, how good and fair
 Will be my portion, where
 Thine eyes on me shall rest,
 And make me fully blest ;
 When from this narrow earth
 To thee I shall spring forth !

What joy, unmixed and full,
 Thou treasure of the soul,
 When, in that home above,
 Thy heart speaks out its love
 To all made one with thee, —
 My brothers, Lord, and me.

What glorious light will shine
 Forth from thy face divine,
 Which in that life untold
 Then first I shall behold !
 How will thy goodness free
 Fill me with ecstasy !

Lips, whence such words have streamed !
 Eyes, whence such pity beamed !
 Side, wounded once for me !
 All, all I then shall see !
 With reverent rapture greet
 Thy piercèd hands and feet !
 O thou poor passing earth !
 What are thy treasures worth
 Beside those heavenly crowns,
 And more than golden thrones,
 Which Christ hath treasured there
 For those who please him here ?
 This is the angels' land,
 Where all the blessed stand ;
 Here I hear nought but singing,
 See all with gladness springing ;
 Here is no cross, no sorrow,
 No parting on the morrow !
 When shall that joy begin ?
 When wilt thou call me in ?
 Thou knowest ! but my feet
 Press onward, thee to meet ;
 And my heart, day by day,
 Bears me to thee away !

1656.

PAUL GERHARDT

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY ?

WHO are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song ?

Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

1853.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



THOUGH I WALK THE DOWNWARD SHADE.

THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
Deepening through the vale of death,
Yet will I not be afraid,
But, with my departing breath,

I will glory in my God ;
 In my Saviour I will trust,
 Strengthened by his staff and rod,
 While this body falls to dust.

Soon on wings, on wings of love,
 My transported soul shall rise,
 Like the home-returning dove,
 Vanishing through boundless skies ;
 Thus where death shall be no more,
 Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
 All my days of mourning o'er,
 In his presence I shall rest.

1853.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I WOULD not live away, — live away below !
 Oh, no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
 Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of
 God,
 Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod ?
 While brethren and friends are all hasting home,
 Like a spirit unblessed o'er the earth would I roam ?

I would not live away, — I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
 Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found :

Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, — thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within :
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears :
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway, — no, welcome the tomb ;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom ;
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head ;
Oh, soft are the slumbers on that holy bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song as the sleepers arise,
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air :
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above !
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

1824.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

ABOVE THE STARS.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light !
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !

And thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid !

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God !

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day !

No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes,
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies !

There all the million of the saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight !

1755.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



THEREFORE, NOW, A LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

(From the German.)

THEREFORE, now, a last good-night !

Sun, and moon, and stars of fire,
 Farewell to your splendor bright !

Higher now I soar, far higher ;
 Where there is such glorious day,
 Ye will vanish quite away !

Weep not that I bid farewell
 To the world and all its errors,
 Far from vanity to dwell,

Far from darkness and its terrors ;
 Weep not that I take my flight
 To the land of endless night !

Weep not ! my Redeemer lives,
 High above dark earth ascending :
 Hope her heavenly comfort gives ;
 Faith stands by, her shield extending ;
 Love eternal whispers near,
 " Child of God, no longer fear ! "

1819.

MORITZ ARNDT.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

MY times are in thy hand !
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On him rely,
Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand !
Pale poverty, or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snows,
Sickness, or buoyant health, —
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best, I wish no lot beside !

My times are in thy hand !
Should friendship pure illume,
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom ?
Thou art a Friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same, — in thee all beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand !
Many or few my days,
I leave with thee, — this only pray,
That by thy grace, I, every day

Devoting to thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome thee,
Whene'er thou comest to set my spirit free!

My times are in thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow, my soul's release,
'Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my Friend!
If he is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy!

My times are in thy hand!
To thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till thy command
Bids all the dead before thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity
In heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding, and resembling thee!
O too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!
Haste, haste, my Lord, and soon transport me there!

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister-spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens on mine eyes! mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

POPE.



IMMANUEL'S LAND.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes!

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land !

There the red rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.
Oh, to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land !

The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil, is seen ;
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between !"
The Lamb, with his fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand ;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land !

O Christ ! he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love.
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean's fulness
His mercy doth expand ;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land !

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou art still dear ;
E'en from the verge of heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh, if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's Land !

I've wrestled on towards heaven
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide ;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's Land !

With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time he wove ;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's Land !

The Bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace !

Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercé hand ;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's Land !

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wraiths in thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean ;
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The days are a' fair,
I' the land o' the leal !

Oh dry your glistenin' ee, Jean ;
My soul langs to be free, Jean ;
An' angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.
Ye have been gude an' true, Jean ;
Your task's near ended noo, Jean ;
An' I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal !

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean ;
She was baith gude an' fair, Jean ;
An' we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal !

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean ;
 An' joys are coming fast, Jean, —
 The joy that's aye to last
 I' the land o' the leal !

Our friends are a' gane, Jean ;
 We've lang been left alane, Jean ;
 We'll a' meet again
 I' the land o' the leal !
 Then fare thee well, my ain Jean ;
 This world's cares are vain, Jean ;
 We'll meet, an' a'll be plain, Jean,
 I' the land o' the leal !

COUNTESS OF NAIRNE.



ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snow-drop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord, and far,
 Through all yon star-light keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin !
The sabbaths of eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide ;
A light upon the shining sea,
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

(Urit me patriæ decor.)

IT kindles all my soul,
 My country's loveliness ! These starry
 choirs
 That watch around the pole,
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires,
 Through golden halls that roll.
 O chorus of the night ! O planets, sworn
 The music of the spheres
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
 To rest till day appears !
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born, —
 Why here, oh why so long,
 Do ye behold an exile from on high ?
 Here, O ye shining throng,
 With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie !
 Here let me drop my chain,
 And, dust to dust returning, cast away
 The trammels that remain ;
 The rest of me shall spring to endless day !

CASIMIR OF POLAND, TRANS. BY R. C. TRENCH.



DE GLORIA.

(Ad perennis vitæ fontem.)

(Free translation.)

THERE nor waxing moon nor waning,
 Sun nor stars in courses bright ;
 For the Lamb, to that glad city,
 Shines an everlasting light :

There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure :
Crowned in triumph's flushing honors,
Joy in unison secure ;
And in safety tell their battles
And their foes' discomfiture.

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

Here they live in endless being :
Passingness has passed away :
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay :
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

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

Christ ! thy soldier's palm of honor,
 Unto this, thy city free,
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
 I shall cast away from me !
 A partaker in thy bounty,
 With thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigor, while I labor
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,
 That thou mayst, the conflict over,
 Grant me everlasting rest ;
 And I may at length inherit
 Thee, my portion, ever blest !

1072.

PETER DAMIANI, TRANS. BY WACKERBARTH.



MY AIN COUNTREE.

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary oftenwhiles,
 For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's
 welcome smiles :

I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, many-tinted, fresh, an'
 gay,

The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them
 sae ;

But these sights an' these soun's will be naething to
 me,

When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome
day the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring ;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running o'er, we shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain countree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er be remem-
bered mair ;
His bluid hath made me white, his hand shall dry
mine ee,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo to my Saviour's breast ;
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs
like me,
And he carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithful that hath promised ; he'll surely come
again ;
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching, aye an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the sounin' o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT.

(From the Greek.)

SAFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck :
But, oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell ;
Bare all he *could* endure,
And bare not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm !
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp :
And yet how nearly he had failed !
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died !

The exile is at home !
O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam !
O sins and doubts and fears !
What matter now, when, so men say,
The King has wiped those tears away !

O happy, happy Bride !
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last !
The sorrows of thy former cup,
In full fruition swallowed up !

830.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, TRANS. BY J. M. NEALE



THE ENDLESS ALLELUIA.

(Alleluia piis edite laudibus.)

ALLELUIA! let the holy sounds of cheerful
praises ring,
Freemen of the heavenly city, join in sweetest notes
to sing
Alleluia evermore !

In the everlasting anthem, while the hymning choirs
unite,
Alleluia shall uplift you hence to realms of endless
light.
Alleluia evermore !

You, in God's illustrious city, shall a ready welcome
greet,
City with glad songs resounding, where the echoes
still repeat

Alleluia evermore !

Of that happy restoration freely gather all the joys,
To the Lord ascribing glory, singing with melodious
noise

Alleluia evermore !

Victors, of the star-bespangled fatherland ye now
attain
All the radiant honors, wherefore peals aloud the cease-
less strain,

Alleluia evermore !

Thence a sound of noble voices, grandly echoing, rolls
along,
Telling out the King's high praises in a blithe and
merry song,

Alleluia evermore !

There is rest for all the weary, there immortal wine
and bread,
Sweetly luring home the travellers, plenteous though
they all be fed.

Alleluia evermore !

Thee, with all our hearts and voices, Maker of the
world we praise,
And to thy deserved honor our melodious music raise,
Alleluia evermore !

Thee, O Christ, as Lord Almighty, shall thy glorious
praise proclaim,
By our gladsome voices chanted, while we sing to thy
dear name,

Alleluia evermore !

8th century.

FROM THE MOZARABIC BREVIARY.

HIGH THE ANGEL CHOIRS ARE RAISING.

(Astant angelorum chori.)

HIGH the angel choirs are raising
Heart and voice in harmony ;
The Creator King still praising,
Whom in beauty there they see.

Sweetest strains from soft harps stealing ;
Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing ;
Radiant wings, and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming ;
Where the heavenly bells are ringing ;
Holy, holy, holy ! crying ;
For all earthly care and sighing
In that city cease to be !

Every voice is there harmonious,
Praising God in hymns symphonious ;
Love each heart with light unfolding,
As they stand in peace beholding
There the triune Deity !
Whom adore the seraphim,
Aye with love eternal burning ;

Venerate the cherubim,
 To their Fount of honor turning;
 Whilst angelic thrones adoring,
 Gaze upon his majesty.

Oh, how beautiful that region !
 And how fair that heavenly legion,
 Where thus men and angels blend !
 Glorious will that city be,
 Full of deep tranquillity,
 Light and peace from end to end !
 All the happy dwellers there
 Shine in robes of purity,
 Keep the laws of charity,
 Bound in firmest unity ;—
 Labor finds them not, nor care.
 Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
 Nothing tempt them, nothing vex ;
 Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
 Always all things good possessing !

1471.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

(Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit arida.)

IN the Fount of life perennial the parched heart its
 thirst would slake,
 And the soul, in flesh imprisoned, longs her prison-
 walls to break, —
 Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning in her fatherland to
 wake.

When with cares oppressed, and sorrows, only groans
her grief can tell,
Then she contemplates the glory which she lost when
first she fell ;
Present evil but the memory of the vanished good can
swell.

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace
unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light
afar,
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the
evening star !

Wholly of fair stones most precious are those radiant
structures made ;
With pure gold, like glass transparent, are those shin-
ing streets inlaid ;
Nothing that defiles can enter, nothing that can soil or
fade.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within those
regions never,
But perpetual bloom of roses, and unfading spring for
ever ;
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms
their scents deliver.

Honey pure and greenest pastures this the land of
promise is ;
Liquid odors soft distilling, perfumes breathing on the
breeze ;
Fruits immortal cluster always on the leafy, fadeless
trees.

*

There no moon shines chill and changing, there no
stars with twinkling ray,
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the Sun and
Day ;
Night and time are known no longer, day shall never
fade away.

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at
dawn they glow ;
Crownèd victors after conflict, all their joys together
flow,
And secure they count the battles where they fought
the prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleansed, every strife is left
behind,
Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of mind ;
Dwelling in deep peace for ever, no offence or grief
they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their
souls they steep, —
Truth by actual vision learning, on its form their gaze
they keep, —
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living
waters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those hosts
among ;
Glorious, wakeful, blest, no shade of chance or change
o'er them is flung ;
Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old age the
ever young.

There their being is eternal, things that cease have
ceased to be ;

All corruption there has perished, there they flourish
strong and free ;

Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

Nought from them is hidden, knowing him to whom
all things are known,

All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless to each other
shown, —

Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind for ever one.

Diverse as their varied labors, the rewards to each that
fall,

But Love, what she loves in others, evermore her own
doth call ;

Thus the several joy of each becomes the common joy
of all.

Where the body is, there ever are the eagles gathered,
For the saints and for the angels one most blessed
feast is spread ;

Citizens of either country living on the self-same bread.

Ever filled, and ever seeking, what they have they still
desire,

Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety shall
tire, —

Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they still
aspire.

There the new song, new for ever, those melodious
 voices sing,
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those
 blessed regions ring,
Crownèd victors ever bringing praises worthy of the
 King!

Blessed who the King of heaven in his beauty thus
 behold,
And beneath his throne rejoicing see the universe un-
 fold,—
Sun, and moon, and stars, and planets, radiant in his
 light unrolled!

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors, of that city make
 me free ;
When my warfare shall be ended to its mansions lead
 thou me ;
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of thy gifts
 to be !

Let thy soldier, yet contending, still be with thy
 strength supplied ;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet when the arms are laid
 aside,
Make me meet with thee for ever in that country to
 abide !

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

(*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.*)

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late ;
Be sober, and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate, —
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom !

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead, —
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun, —
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas, —
An endless Sabbath-day.

Then, then from his oppressors,
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of jubilee ;
And the sunlit land, that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite, —
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no storm,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around, —
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace ! for war is needless, —
Yes, calm ! for storm is past, —
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

That peace, — but who may claim it ?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say, —
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth ;
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth ;
The garden breathing spices,
The paradise on high ;
Grace, beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace, below :
Peace endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Zion know.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight ;

Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill, —
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, 'midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet ;
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last great supper
The faithful shall come in ;
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great,
(So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate ;) 23
And perfect from unperfected,
And fallen from those that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part to either hand.

And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then, —
The new, peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them ;
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth ;

The glorious, holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified, —
The sacred, ransomed number,
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene,
Who (fed with heavenly nectar
Where soul-like odors play)
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long, vernal day.

And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy, dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide ;
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze :
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
And ampler are the praises
Of him who pardoned all.

Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of his love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above, —

Instead of torment, glory ;
 Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
 True Israelites, is rife !

Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.
Oh, happy retribution ; —
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals, and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest ;
That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our home on high ;
That worms should seek for dwelling
 Beyond the starry sky !
To all one happy guerdon
 Of one celestial grace ;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
 Is one eternal place.

And martyrdom hath roses
 Upon that heavenly ground ;
And white and virgin lilies
 For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure, —
 Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know ;

And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown :
But now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;
But he, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay ;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away ;
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend ;
Fraud, clamor, guile, what say I ?
All ill, all ill shall end !

And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow ;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow, —

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced, —
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show him us, and, showing,
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward ;
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness ;
The cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.

And Jesus to his true ones
Brings trophies fair to see ;
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee, —
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day ;

And every ear shall hear it, —
 *“ Behold thy King’s array,
Behold thy God in beauty :
 The Law hath passed away ! ”*

Yes ! God, my King and Portion,
 In fulness of thy grace,
We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel,
 For ever shall be changed ;
Then all the halls of Syon
 For aye shall be complete,
And in the land of beauty
 All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely mansion !
 O paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy,

Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall ;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy saints build up the fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

The cross is all thy splendor ;
The Crucified, thy praise :
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise :
“ *Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,*
 True God and Man,” they sing ;
“ *The never-failing Garden,*
 The ever-golden Ring ;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of his Court,
The Day-star of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port !”

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower !

Thou feel'st, in mystic rapture,
O Bride, that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own ;
The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom, thine alone.
The Crown is he to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And he himself the Mansion,
And he the Architect.

The only art thou needest, —
Thanksgiving for thy lot ;
The only joy thou seekest, —
The life where death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem, the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever, and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of seraphim !

O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions,
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions,
That divers merits claim ;
For, 'midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem, the glorious !
The glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven, below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe ;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

•

Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
Oh, none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O Peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,
Whom GOD's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!

And there the band of prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes,
The lily-beds of virgins,
The rose's martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-begotten
Is Lord in equal state;—
He, Judah's mystic Lion;
He, Lamb Immaculate.

O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O home, and realm of life !

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I ;
But yet with Faith I venture,
And Hope upon my way ;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest FATHER,
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep ;
But grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's royal fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !
 Oh, lovelier far than gold !
 With laurel-girt battalions,
 And safe, victorious fold !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I ever see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace ?
 I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless !
 Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
 Oh, tell me, tell me, yes !

*Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, his for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, his for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !*



O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbor of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore ;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
No cloud nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

There, lust nor lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful wight, is there ;
No sigh, no sob, no cry, is heard ;
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God, our King alone ;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon his throne.

Ah, God, that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold !
For why ? the pleasures there abound
With tongue cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear ;
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold, —
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square ;
Thy gates are made of Orient pearl, —
O God, if I were there !

Within thy gates no thing can come
That is not passing clean :
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth, may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my grief and plaints ;
Take me to thy Jerusalem,
And place me with thy saints,

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face ;
They triumph still, and aye rejoice, —
Most happy is their case.

But we, that are in banishment,
Continually do moan ;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep, —
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on, —
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seem but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see ?
Thy King sitting upon his throne,
And thy felicity ?
Thy vineyards and thine orchards are
So wonderful and fair,
And furnishèd with trees and fruits
Most beautiful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound ;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring,
There musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow ;
Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees, each month, yield ripened fruit, —
For evermore they spring ;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full sore I long to see ;
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee !

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the queir ;
A thousand times that man were blessed
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings *Magnificat*,
With tones surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like ;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Thy joys fain would I see ;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to thee !
Oh paint thy name in my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
And sing thy praises aye !

Jerusalem, thrice happy seat !
Jehovah's throne on high !
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally !
O comely queen, with glory clad,
With honor and degré,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright, —
No spot there is in thee !

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all ;
For thou art fair and beautiful, —
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear ;
No night, no shade, no winter foul, —
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering stars to light ;
For Christ, the King of Righteousness,
There ever shineth bright.
The Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light, — so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst his servants' sight ;
And they, his happy household, all
Do serve him day and night.
There, there the queir of angels sing ;
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles, six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist ;
Young men and maids, that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell :

And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.
They love, they praise, they praise, they love ;
They " Holy, holy ! " cry ;
But neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh, happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal King are sung
By happy wights above, —
By saved souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love !

Oh, passing happy here my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound ;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and his grace,
According to his promise made,
Which I here interlace.

“O Father dear,” quoth he, “let them
Which thou hast put of old
To me, be there where, lo, I am,
Thy glory to behold ;
Which I with thee, before the world
Was made, in perfect wise
Have had, from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise.”

Again : “If any man will serve,
Then let him follow me ;
For where I am, be thou right sure
There shall my servant be.”
And still : “If any man love me,
Him loves my Father dear ;
Whom I do love, to him myself
In glory will appear.”

* Lord, take away my misery,
That there I may behold
With thee, in thy Jerusalem,
What here cannot be told.
And so in Zion see my King,
My Love, my Lord, my All ;
Whom now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh, blessed are the pure in heart !
Their Sovereign they shall see ;
And the most holy heavenly host,
Who of his household be !

O Lord, with 'speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong ;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over-long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,
Fetch me thy fold unto,
That all thy angels may rejoice
While all thy will I do.
O Mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end, —
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to thine hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life,
With cherubims and seraphims,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O God of Hosts,
For ever and Amen !

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