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VERSES

ON

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

DUBLIN :

JAMES DUFFY, 7 WELLINGTON QUAY.

MDCCCLIII.

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**FAMILIARIBUS SUIS**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following compositions are selected from a larger number, and have, nearly all of them, already been put into print. They are brought together by the writer in their present form, in the hope that they may be acceptable and useful to his immediate friends, penitents, and people.

In festo S. Athanasii, 1853.



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 CORRIGENDUM.

Page 71, for, in sin, read, we sin.

# SENTIMENTS.

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## I.

### PROVIDENCE.

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice  
First quickened love divine ;  
I am all Thine—Thy care and choice,  
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence  
In childhood frail I trace,  
For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,  
 Bright dreams and fancyings strange ;  
 Blessings, when reason's awful power  
 Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
 Unasked, unhop'd, have come ;  
 And, choicer still, a countless store  
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
 I shrine those seasons sad,  
 When, looking up, I saw Thy face  
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
 Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,  
 Love-tokens in Thy stead,  
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,  
 And thorn-encompassed head.



And such Thy tender force be still,  
When self would swerve or stray ;  
Shaping to Truth the froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove  
The lure of power or name ;  
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,  
And Faith in this world's shame.

## II.

## GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour  
When first I drew my breath ;  
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,  
Unfailing, till my death ;

Thou hast been ever at my side ;  
My Maker to thy trust  
Consigned my soul, what time He framed  
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,  
No faith, informed aright,  
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,  
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,  
The dearest and the best,  
Has known my being, as thou hast known,  
And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font ;  
And thou, each budding year,  
Didst whisper elements of truth  
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,  
My rebel spirit fell,  
Oh ! thou didst see, and shudder too,  
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,  
And scared me back again,  
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe  
And hallow every pain.

Oh ! who of all thy toils and cares  
Can tell the tale complete,  
To place me under Mary's smile,  
And Peter's royal feet !

And thou wilt hang about my bed,  
When life is ebbing low ;  
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,  
The jealous sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge ;  
And mine, if spared to stay  
Within the golden furnace, till  
My sin is burned away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,  
When my release shall come ;  
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,  
Thy wings shall waft me home.

## III.

## MORTAL SIN.

ERE yet I left home's youthful shrine,  
My heart and hope were stored  
Where first I caught the rays divine,  
And drank the Eternal Word.

I went afar ; the world unrolled  
Her many-pictured page ;  
I stored the marvels which she told,  
And trusted to her gage.

Her pleasures quaff'd, I sought awhile  
The scenes I prized before ;  
But parent's praise and sister's smile  
Stirred my cold heart no more.

So ever sear, so ever cloy  
Earth's favours as they fade ;  
Since Adam lost for one fierce joy  
His Eden's sacred shade.

## IV.

## THE BRAND OF SIN.

I BEAR upon my brow the sign  
Of sorrow and of pain;  
Alas! no hopeful cross is mine,  
It is the mark of Cain.

The course of passion, and the fret  
Of godless hope and fear,—  
Toil, care, and guilt,—their hues have set,  
And fixed their sternness there.

Saviour! wash out the imprinted shame;  
That I no more may pine,  
Sin's martyr, though not meet to claim  
Thy cross, a saint of Thine.

v.

## THE STAINS OF SIN.

WHAT time my heart unfolded its fresh leaves  
 In springtime gay, and scatter'd flowers around,  
 A whisper warned of Earth's unhealthy ground,  
 And all that's there love's light and pureness grieves;  
     Sun's ray and canker-worm,  
     And sudden-whelming storm;—  
 But, ah! my self-will smiled, nor recked the gracious  
     sound.

So now defilement dims life's memory-springs;  
     I cannot hear an early-cherished strain,  
     But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—  
 Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings:  
     Tears lull my grief to rest,  
     Not without hope, this breast  
 May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom again.

## VI.

## THE WOUNDS OF SIN.

OH ! miserable power  
To dreams allowed, to raise the guilty past,  
And back awhile the illumined spirit to cast  
    On its youth's twilight hour ;—  
In mockery guiling it to act again  
\*The revel or the scoff in Satan's frantic train !

Nay, hush thee, angry heart !  
An Angel's grief ill fits a penitent ;  
Welcome the thorn—it is divinely sent,  
    And with its wholesome smart  
Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's palmy home,  
And warn thee what thou art, and whence thy wealth  
    has come.



## VII.

## THE SCARS OF SIN.

My smile is bright, my glance is free,  
My voice is calm and clear ;  
Dear friend, I seem a type to thee  
Of holy love and fear.

But I am scanned by Eyes unseen,  
And these no saint surround ;  
They mete what is by what has been,  
And joy the lost is found.

Erst my good Angel shrank to see  
My thoughts and ways of ill ;  
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,  
Scar-seamed and crippled still.

## VIII.

## TEMPTATION.

O HOLY Lord, who with the Children Three  
Didst walk the piercing flame,  
Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to Thee,  
I dare not name;  
Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart  
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

Thou, who didst once Thy life from Mary's breast  
Renew from day to day,  
O might her smile, severely sweet, but rest  
On this frail clay !  
Till I am Thine with my whole soul ; and fear,  
Not feel a secret joy, that Hell is near.

## IX.

## VENIAL SIN.

Moses, the patriot fierce, became  
The meekest man on Earth,  
To show us how love's quickening flame  
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,  
Lost Canaan by self-will,  
To show, where Grace has done its part,  
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,  
Yet seest me frail at best,  
O grant me loss with Moses here,  
To gain his future rest !

## x.

## PENANCE.

MORTAL! if e'er thy spirits faint,  
By grief or pain opprest,  
Seek not vain hope, or sour complaint,  
To cheer or ease thy breast ;

But view thy bitterest pangs as sent  
A shadow of that doom,  
Which is the soul's just punishment  
In its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own judge: hate thy proud heart ;  
And while the sad drops flow,  
E'en let thy will attend the smart,  
And sanctify thy woe.

## XI.

## JUDGMENT.

IF e'er I fall beneath Thy rod,  
As through life's snares I go,  
Save me from David's lot, O God!  
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues? which scare,  
And haunt, and stun, until  
The heart or sinks in mute despair,  
Or names a random ill.

If else. . . then guide in David's path,  
Who chose the holier pain;  
Satan and man are tools of wrath,  
An Angel's scourge is gain.

## XII.

## GRACE OF CONGRUITY.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the 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 hath blest 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.

## XIII.

## DESOLATION.

O 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,  
Nathaniel 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 wave, He wings the sail,  
The shore is gained, and thou art free.



## CONSOLATION.

*Fgo sum, nolite timere.*

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,  
Hope blighted or delayed,  
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,  
" 'Tis I; be not afraid !"

Or, startled at some sudden blow,  
If fretful thoughts I feel,  
" Fear not, it is but I !" shall flow,  
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit thy way, though foes  
Some onward pass defend ;  
From each rough voice the watchword goes,  
" Be not afraid ! . . . a friend !"

And O ! when judgment's trumpet clear  
Awakes me from the grave,  
Still in its echo may I hear.  
" 'Tis Christ ! He comes to save".

## xv.

## PROGRESS.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,  
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray  
More brightly burned, or guided some new way ;  
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space  
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.  
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,  
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,  
To my tormented soul such larger grace.  
So now, whene'er in journeying on, I feel  
The shadow of the Providential Hand,  
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,  
Searching to know what He will now reveal,  
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,  
And girding me to work His full behest.

## XVI.

## CHANGES.

*Cum essem parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus ; quando factus  
sum vir, evacuavi quæ erant parvuli.*

IN childhood, when with eager eyes  
The season-measured year I viewed,  
All, garbed in fairy guise,  
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of Heaven : the summer-flowers  
Let me gaze on, and did not fade ;  
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers  
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

They came and went, the short-lived four,  
Yet, as their varying dance they wove,  
To my young heart each bore  
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ;—the whirling year  
 Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;  
 And its fair tints appear  
 All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,  
 Spring-time, or winter's social ring ?  
 Long days are fire-side nights,  
 Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this world to thee, my heart ?  
 Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.  
 Thou hast no owner's part  
 In all its fleetingness.

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,  
 Earth's joy, Earth's terror, nought is thine ;  
 Thou must but hear the sound  
 Of the low voice divine.

O priceless art ! O princely state !  
 E'en while by sense of change opprest,  
 Within to antedate  
 Heaven's Age of fearless rest.

## XVII.

## CONVERSION.

Quod ego facio, tu nescis modo, scies autem postea.

DID we but see,  
When life first opened, how our journey lay  
Between its earliest and its closing day,  
Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be,  
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break  
The youthful spirit, though bold for JESUS' sake.

But Thou, dear LORD!  
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,  
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,  
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;  
Wiling me year by year, till I am found  
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

## XVIII.

## SENSITIVENESS.

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 sorer 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 hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;  
Men count my haltings o'er ;—  
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,  
I love His precept more.

## XIX.

## VEXATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight; which, whose bears  
 Knows his own woe, and need of succouring grace;  
 The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace  
 Of flowing blood; the while life's humblest cares  
 Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,  
 Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.  
 Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fail,  
 May not He pitying view, and send relief  
 When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts  
 prevail?

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard course  
 Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.  
 Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just  
 To the bare letter, heedless of its force,  
 But walking by its light amid Earth's sun and dust.

## XX.

## MODESTY.\*

Sacramentum regis abscondere bonum est ; opera autem Dei  
revelare honorificum.

BETWEEN two comrades dear,  
Zealous and true as they,  
Thou, prudent Ethelwald, didst bear  
In that high home the sway.

A man, who ne'er, 'tis said,  
Would of his graces tell,  
Or with what arms he triumphed  
Over the Dragon fell.

So down to us hath come  
A memorable word,  
Which in unguarded season from  
His blessed lips was heard.

\* These verses are paraphrased from St. Bede. St. Ethelwald  
was the successor of St. Cuthbert at Farne.



It chanced, that, as the Saint  
 Drank in with faithful ear  
 Of Angel tones the whispers faint,  
 Thus spoke a brother dear:

“O why so many a pause,  
 Thwarting thy words' full stream,  
 Till her dark line Oblivion draws  
 Across the broken theme?”

He answered: “Till thou seal  
 To sounds of Earth thine ear,  
 Sweet friend, be sure thou ne'er shalt feel  
 Angelic voices near”.

But then the hermit blest  
 A sudden change came o'er;  
 He shudders, sobs, and smites his breast,  
 Is mute, then speaks once more:

“O by the Name Most High,  
 What I have now let fall,  
 Hush till I lay me down to die,  
 And go the way of all!”

Thus did a Saint in fear  
His gifts celestial hide;  
Thus did an Angel standing near  
Proclaim them far and wide.

## XXI.

## WITNESS.

How shall a child of God fulfil  
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,  
And raise on high his baptism-light,  
Like Aaron's seed in vestment white,  
And holy-hearted Nazarite?

First, let him shun the haunts of vice,  
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice;  
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,  
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,  
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,  
Aye must he lift his witness, when  
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,  
And none at hand of higher grace  
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,  
First, he will lose his hate of ill;  
Next, fear of sinning, after hate;  
Small sins his heart then desecrate;  
And last, despair persuades to great.

## XXII.

## PERSECUTION.

*Et mulier fugit in solitudinem.*

SAY who is he in deserts seen,  
 Or at the twilight hour ?  
 Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,  
 Measured in speech, in purpose keen,  
 Calm as in Heaven he had been,  
 Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Mother Mary made reply,  
 " Dear child, it is my Priest  
 The world has cast me forth, and I  
 Dwell with wild Earth and gusty sky ;  
 He bears to men my mandates high,  
 And works my sage behest.

Another day, dear child, and thou  
Shalt join his sacred band.  
Ah! well I deem, thou shrinkest now  
From urgent rule and severing vow ;  
Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow :  
Time hath a taming hand !”

## XXIII.

## PROTESTANTISM.

POOR wanderers, ye are sore distrest  
To find that path which CHRIST has blest  
    Tracked by His saintly throng ;  
Each claims to trust his own weak will,  
Blind idol !—so ye languish still,  
    All wranglers and all wrong.

He saw of old, and met your need,  
Granting you prophets of His creed,  
    The throes of fear to swage ;  
They fenced the rich bequest He made,  
And sacred hands have safe conveyed  
    Their charge from age to age.

Wanderers ! come home ! obey the call !  
A mother pleads, who ne'er let fall  
    One grain of Holy Truth ;  
Warn you and win she shall and must,  
For now she lifts her from the dust,  
    To reign as in her youth !

## XXIV.

## PROGRESS OF UNBELIEF.

Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life ;  
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful Earth,  
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds' strife,  
Heartless to store them for the months of dearth.  
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,  
Self-trusting still ; and in his comely gear  
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view  
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.  
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,  
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,  
Unanswered here ; for she, once pattern chief  
Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted grown,  
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's throne.



## ENGLAND.

**TYRE** of the West, and glorying in the name  
More than in Faith's pure fame !  
**O** trust not crafty fort nor rock renowned  
Earned upon hostile ground ;  
**Wielding** Trade's master-keys, at thy proud will  
To lock or loose its waters, England ! trust not still.

**Dread** thine own power ! since haughty Babel's prime,  
High towers have been man's crime.  
Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay bare,  
Strongholds have been man's snare.  
**Thy** nest is in the crags ; ah ! refuge frail !  
**Mad** counsel in its hour, or traitors, will prevail.

**He** who scanned Sodom for His righteous men,  
Still spares thee for thy ten ;  
**But**, should vain tongues the Bride of Heaven defy,  
He will not pass thee by ;  
**For**, as Earth's kings welcome their spotless guest,  
So gives He them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

## REVERSE.

WHEN mirth is full and free,  
Some sudden gloom shall be ;  
When haughty power mounts high,  
The Watcher's axe is nigh.  
All growth has bound ; when greatest found,  
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long  
Has lain its huts among,  
Uprears its pageants vast,  
And vaunts—it shall not last!  
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign  
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,  
With fond adoring gaze,  
And yearning heart, thy friend—  
Love to its grave doth tend.  
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow  
Towards an end.

## XXVII.

## DECLENSION.

WHEN I am sad, I say,  
 "What boots it me to strive,  
 And vex my spirit day by day  
 Dead memories to revive?"

Alas! what good will come,  
 Though we our prayer obtain,  
 To bring old times triumphant home,  
 And wandering flocks regain?

Would not our history run  
 In the same weary round,  
 And service in meek faith begun,  
 At length in forms be bound?

Union would give us strength—  
 That strength the earth subdue;  
 And then comes wealth, and pride at length,  
 "And sloth, and prayers untrue".

Nay, this is worldly-wise ;  
To reason is a crime,  
Since the LORD bade His Church arise,  
In the dark ancient time.

He wills that she should shine ;  
So we her flame must trim  
Around His soul-converting Sign,  
And leave the rest to Him.

## XXVIII.

## ENOCH AND ELIAS.

THEY will appear  
When the brief moment of recruited life  
Sends them, as heralds of the Avenger near,  
    Into this vale of strife ;  
Meanwhile in Eden's mountain-grots they lie,  
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep  
In distance down the dark and savage glen ;  
Safe from its rocky bed, and current deep,  
    And eddying pools, till then ;  
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know  
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

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

## XXIX.

## THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

WHENE'ER goes forth the solemn word,  
And my last hour is come,  
Deal me the gracious stroke, O Lord,  
Within a Christian home.

I pray not, friends of youth may be  
Or kindred standing by,  
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee,  
To grant me, or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath  
My Mother's smile recline ;  
My name in sickness and in death  
Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed  
In its dread Presence rest ;  
And may the absolving words be said  
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord! where'er we lie, canst aid;  
But He, who taught His own  
To live as one, will not upbraid  
The dread to die alone.

xxx.

## DEATH.

*Ascendit Moyses super montem Nebo, ostenditque ei Dominus omnem terram, dixitque ad eum, Vidisti eam oculis tuis, et non transibit ad illam.*

My Father's hope! my childhood's dream!

The promise from on high!

Long waited for! its glories beam

Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay;

Nor eye nor mind is dim;

The keenness of youth's vigorous day

Thrills in each nerve and limb.

Blest scene! thrice welcome after toil—

If no deceit I view;

O might my lips but press the soil,

And prove the vision true!



Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,  
Its many-tinted groves,  
They call! but He my steps restrains  
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah! now they melt. . . . they are but shades. . . .  
I die!—yet is no rest,  
O Lord! in store, since Canaan fades  
But seen, and not possest?

XXXI.

## PURGATORY.

Nec possum in monte salvari, ne moriar; est civitas hæc juxta,  
ad quam possum fugere, et salvabor in eâ.

WEEP not for me, when I am gone,  
Nor spend thy faithful breath  
In murmurs at the spot or hour  
Of all-enfolding death ;

Nor waste in idle praise thy love,  
On deeds of head or hand,  
Which live within the living Book,  
Or else are writ in sand ;

But let it be thy best of prayers,  
That I may find the grace  
To reach the holy house of toll,  
The frontier penance-place,—

To reach that golden palace bright,  
Where souls elect abide,  
Waiting their certain call to Heaven,  
With angels at their side ;

Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments  
The transitory guest,  
But in the willing agony  
He plunges, and is blest.

And, as the fainting patriarch gained  
His needful halt mid-way,  
And then refreshed pursued his path,  
Where up the mount it lay,

So pray, that, rescued from the storm  
Of Heaven's eternal ire,  
I may lie down, then rise again,  
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

XXXII.

## HEAVEN.

WEEP not for me ;—  
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom  
The stream of love that circles home,  
Light hearts and free !  
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;  
Nor miss my face, dear friends.

I still am near ;—  
Watching the smiles I prized on Earth,  
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;  
Now, too, I hear  
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before  
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass  
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.  
We, on its shore,  
Share, in the bosom of our rest,  
God's knowledge, and are blest.

## HYMNS.

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XXXIII.

MATINS.    *Sunday.*

*Primo die, quo Trinitas.*

**TO-DAY** the Blessed Three in One  
           Began the earth and skies ;  
**To-day** Death's Conqueror, God the Son,  
           Did from the grave arise ;  
 We too will wake, and, in despite  
 Of sloth and languor, all unite,  
 As Psalmists bid, through the dim night  
           Waiting with wistful eyes.

\* These Hymns are all translations from the Roman Breviary, except one from a Commune Episcoporum.

So may He hear, and heed each vow  
 And prayer to Him address ;  
 And grant an instant cleansing now,  
 A future glorious rest.

So may He plentifully shower,  
 On all who hymn His love and power,  
 In this most still and sacred hour,  
 His sweetest gifts and best.

Father of purity and light !  
 Thy presence if we win,  
 'Twill shield us from the deeds of night  
 The burning darts of sin ;  
 Lest aught defiled or dissolute  
 Relax our bodies or imbrute,  
 And fires eternal be the fruit  
 Of fire now lit within.

Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,  
 The ever-gushing spring  
 Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer  
 Souls sick and sorrowing.

**Thee, bounteous Father, we entreat,  
And only Son, awful and sweet,  
And life-creating Paraclete,  
The everlasting King.**

XXXIV.

MATINS. *Sunday.**Noctes surgentes.*

LET us arise, and watch by night,  
And meditate always ;  
And chant, as in our Maker's sight,  
United hymns of praise.

So, singing with the Saints in bliss,  
With them we may attain  
Life everlasting after this,  
And Heaven for earthly pain.

Grant it to us, O Father, Son,  
And Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all worship shall be done  
In every time and place.



XXXV.

MATINS. *Monday.**Somno refectis artubus.*

SLEEP has refreshed our limbs, we spring  
From off our bed, and rise ;  
Lord, on Thy suppliants, while they sing,  
Look with a Father's eyes.

Be Thou the first on every tongue,  
The first in every heart ;  
That all our doings all day long,  
Holiest ! from Thee may start.

Cleanse Thou the gloom, and bid the light  
Its healing beams renew ;  
The sins, which have crept in with night,  
With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburthen Thou,  
Let nothing there offend ;  
That those who hymn Thy praises now,  
May hymn them to the end.

Grant this, O Father, only Son,  
And Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all worship shall be done  
In every time and place.

XXXVI.

MATINS. *Tuesday.**Consors Paterni luminis.*

O GOD from God, and Light from Light,  
Who art Thyself the day,  
Our chants shall break the clouds of night ;  
Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,  
The thronging shades of Hell,  
The sloth and drowsiness that bind  
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,  
Who, in this hour forlorn,  
By faith in what they do not see,  
With songs prevent the morn.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

## XXXVII.

MATINS. *Wednesday.**Rerum Creator optime.*

WHO madest all and dost control,  
Lord, with Thy touch divine  
Cast out the slumbers of the soul,  
The rest that is not Thine.

Look down, Eternal Holiness,  
And wash the sins away,  
Of those, who, rising to confess,  
Outstrip the lingering day.

Our hearts and hands by night, O Lord,  
We lift them in our need ;  
As holy Psalmists give the word,  
And holy Paul the deed.

Each sin to thee of years gone by,  
Each hidden stain lies bare ;  
We shrink not from Thine awful eye,  
But pray that thou wouldst spare.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

## XXXVIII.

MATINS. *Thursday.**Nox atra rerum contegit.*

ALL tender lights, all hues divine  
 The night has swept away ;  
 Shine on us, Lord, and we shall shine  
 Bright in an inward day.

The spots of guilt, sin's wages base,  
 Searcher of hearts, we own ;  
 Wash us and robe us in Thy grace,  
 Who didst for sins atone.

The sluggard soul, that bears their mark,  
 Shrinks in its silent lair,  
 Or gropes amid its chambers dark  
 For Thee, who art not there.

**Redeemer ! send Thy piercing rays,  
That we may bear to be  
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,  
And yet rejoice in Thee.**

**Grant this, O Father, etc.**

## XXXIX.

MATINS. *Friday.**Tu Trinitatis Unitas.*

MAY the dread Three in One, who sways  
All with His sovereign might,  
Accept us for this hymn of praise,  
His watchers in the night.

For in the night, when all is still,  
We spurn our bed and rise,  
To find the balm for ghostly ill,  
His bounteous hand supplies.

If e'er by night our envious foe  
With guilt our souls would stain,  
May the deep streams of mercy flow,  
And make us white again ;



That so with bodies braced and bright,  
And hearts awake within,  
All fresh and keen may burn our light,  
Undimmed, unsoiled by sin.

Shine on Thine own, Redeemer sweet !  
Thy radiance increate  
Through the long day shall keep our feet  
In their pure morning state.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

## XL.

MATINS. *Saturday.**Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

FATHER of mercies infinite,  
 Ruling all things that be,  
 Who, shrouded in the depth or height,  
 Art One, and yet art Three ;

Accept our chants, accept our tears,  
 A mingled stream we pour ;  
 Such stream the laden bosom cheers,  
 To taste Thy sweetness more.

Purge Thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,  
 Its sores and wounds profound ;  
 And with the watcher's girdle bind  
 The limbs which sloth has bound.

That they who with their chants by night  
Before Thy presence come,  
All may be filled with strength and light  
From their eternal home.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

## XLI.

LAUDS. *Sunday.**Æterne rerum conditor.*

FRAMER of the earth and sky,  
Ruler of the day and night,  
With a glad variety,  
Tempering all, and making light ;

Gleams upon our dark path flinging,  
Cutting short each night begun,  
Hark ! Thy herald-cock is singing,  
Hark ! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,  
And unlocks the imprisoned day :  
And the godless bandit flies  
From his haunt and from his prey.

Shrill it sounds, the storm relenting  
 Soothes the weary seaman's ears ;  
 Once it wrought a great repenting,  
 In that flood of Peter's tears.

Rouse we ; let the blithesome cry  
 Of that bird our hearts awaken ;  
 Chide the slumberers as they lie,  
 And convince the sin-o'ertaken.

Hope and health are in his strain,  
 To the fearful and the ailing ;  
 Murder sheathes his blade profane,  
 Faith revives when faith was failing.

Jesu, Master ! when in sin,  
 Turn on us Thy healing face ;  
 It will melt the offence within  
 Into penitential grace :

Beam on our bewildered mind,  
 Till its dreamy shadows flee ;  
 Stones cry out where Thou hast shined,  
 Jesu ! musical with Thee.

To the Father and the Son,  
And the Spirit, who in Heaven  
Ever witness, Three and One,  
Praise on Earth be ever given.

## XLII.

LAUDS. *Sunday.**Eccæ jam noctis.*

PALSR have grown the shades of night,  
And nearer draws the day,  
Checkering the sky with streaks of light,  
Since we began to pray :

To pray for mercy when we sin,  
For cleansing and release,  
For ghostly safety, and within  
For everlasting peace.

Grant it to us, etc

## XLIII.

LAUDS. *Monday.**Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.*

OF the Father Effluence bright,  
 Out of Light evolving light,  
 Light from Light, unfailing Ray,  
 Day creative of the day :

Truest Sun, upon us stream  
 With Thy calm perpetual beam,  
 In the Spirit's still sunshine  
 Making sense and thought divine.

Seek we too the Father's face,  
 Father of almighty grace,  
 And of majesty excelling,  
 Who can purge our tainted dwelling ;



Who can aid us, who can break  
Teeth of envious foes, and make  
Hours of loss and pain succeed,  
Guiding safe each duteous deed,

And infusing self-control,  
Fragrant chastity of soul,  
Faith's keen flame to soar on high,  
Incorrupt simplicity.

Christ Himself for food be given,  
Faith become the cup of Heaven,  
Out of which the joy is quaffed  
Of the spirit's sobering draught.

With that joy replenished,  
Morn shall glow with modest red,  
Noon with beaming faith be bright,  
Eve be soft without twilight.

It has dawned;—upon our way,  
Father in Thy Word, this day,  
In Thy Father Word Divine,  
From Thy cloudy pillar shrine.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three and One,  
As of old, and as in Heaven,  
Now and here be glory given.

## XLIV.

LAUDS. *Tuesday.**Ales diei nuntius.*

DAY's herald bird  
At length is heard,  
Telling its morning torch is lit,  
And small and still  
Christ's accents thrill,  
Within the heart rekindling it.

Away, He cries,  
With languid eyes,  
And sickly slumbers profitless!  
I am at hand,  
As watchers stand,  
In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear  
The hearts to cheer  
Of suppliants pale and abstinent ;  
Who cannot sleep  
Because they weep  
With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,  
The fetters break,  
Jesu! which night has forged for us ;  
Yea, melt the night  
To sinless light,  
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One,  
To the Most Holy Trinity,  
All praise be given  
In Earth and Heaven,  
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

## XLV.

LAUDS. *Wednesday.**Nox et tenebræ et nubila.*

HAUNTING gloom and fitting shades,  
Ghastly shapes, away!  
Christ is rising, and pervades  
Highest Heaven with day.

His bright spear the dazzled night  
Chases and pursues;  
Earth wakes up, and glows with light  
Of a thousand hues.

Thee, O Christ, and Thee alone,  
With a single mind,  
We with chant and plaint would own;  
To Thy flock be kind.

Much it needs Thy light divine,  
Spot and stain to clean ;  
Light of Angels, on us shine  
With Thy face serene.

To the Father and the Son  
And the Holy Ghost,  
Here be glory, as is done  
By the angelic host.

## XLVI.

LAUDS. *Thursday.**Lux ecce surgit aurea.*

SEE, the golden dawn is glowing,  
 While the paly shades are going,  
 Which have led us far and long,  
 In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene ;  
 May it cleanse, as it is clean ;  
 Plain and clear our words be spoke,  
 And our thoughts without a cloak ;

So the day's account shall stand,  
 Guileless tongue and holy hand,  
 Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled,  
 Flesh as of a little child.

There is One who from above  
Watches how the still hours move  
Of our day of service done,  
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three and One,  
As of old, and as in Heaven,  
Now and here be glory given.



## XLVII.

LAUDS. *Friday.**Æterna cœli gloria.*

GLORY of the eternal Heaven,  
 Blessed Hope to mortals given,  
 Of the Almighty Only Son,  
 And the Virgin's Holy One ;  
 Raise us, Lord, and we shall rise  
     In a sober mood,  
 And a zeal, which glorifies  
     Thee from gratitude.

Now the daystar, keenly glancing  
 Tells us of the Sun's advancing ;  
 While the unhealthy shades decline,  
 Rise within us, Light Divine !  
 Rise, and, risen, go not hence,  
     Stay and make us bright,  
 Streaming through each cleansèd sense,  
     On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread  
In the heart new fashionèd;  
Gladsome hope shall spring above,  
And shall bear the fruit of love.  
To the Father, and the Son,  
    And the Holy Ghost,  
Here be glory, as is done  
    By th' Angelic host.

## XLVIII.

LAUDS. *Saturday.**Aurora jam spargit polum.*

THE dawn is sprinkled o'er the sky,  
 The day steals softly on ;  
 Its darts are scattered far and nigh,  
 And all that fraudulent is, shall fly  
 Before the brightening sun ;  
 Spectres of ill, that stalk at will,  
 And forms of guilt that fright,  
 And hideous sin, that ventures in  
 Under the cloak of night.

And of our crimes the tale complete,  
 Which bows us in Thy sight,  
 Up to the latest, they shall fleet,  
 Out-told by our full numbers sweet,  
 And melted by the light.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,  
Whom we adore and love,  
Be given all praise, now and always,  
Here as in Heaven above.

## XLIX.

## PRIME.

*Jam lucis orto sidere.*

THE star of morn to night succeeds;  
 We therefore meekly pray,  
 May God, in all our works and deeds,  
 Keep us from harm this day.  
 May He in love restrain us still  
 From tones of strife and words of ill,  
 And wrap around and close our eyes  
 To earth's absorbing vanities.

May wrath, and thoughts that gender shame  
 Ne'er in our breasts abide;  
 And cheerful abstinences tame  
 Of wanton flesh the pride:—  
 So, when the weary day is o'er,  
 And night and stillness come once more,  
 Strong in self-conquering purity,  
 We may proclaim, with choirs on high,

**Praise to the Father, as is meet,  
Praise to the only Son,  
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,  
While endless ages run.**

L.

**TERCE.***Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.*

COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One  
Reignest with Father and with Son,  
It is the hour, our souls possess  
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let flesh, and heart, and lips, and mind,  
Sound forth our witness to mankind;  
And love light up our mortal frame,  
Till others catch the living flame.

Now to the Father, to the Son,  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise and thanks and glory given  
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven.

Ll.

SEXT.

*Rector potens, verax Deus.*

O GOD, who canst not change nor fail,  
Guiding the hours, as they roll by,  
Bright'ning with beams the morning pale,  
And burning in the mid-day sky,

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,  
The wasting fever of the heart ;  
From perils guard our feeble life,  
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,  
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all glory, Three in One,  
Be given in every time and place.



LII.

NONE.

*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*

O GOD, unchangeable and true,  
 Of all the Life and Power,  
 Dispensing light in silence through  
 Every successive hour,

Lord, brighten our declining day,  
 That it may never wane,  
 Till death, when all things round decay,  
 Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,  
 Father, Co-equal Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
 Eternal Three in One.

## LIII.

• VESPER. *Sunday.**Lucis Creator optime.*

FATHER of Lights, by whom each day  
 Is kindled out of night,  
 Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay  
 Their rudiments in light ;  
 Thou, who didst bind and blend in one  
 The glistening morn and evening pale,  
 Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,  
 And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime  
 Wreck us with life in view ;  
 Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time  
 Earn us a sinner's due.  
 So may we knock at Heaven's door,  
 And strive the immortal prize to win,  
 Continually and evermore  
 Guarded without and pure within.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,  
And Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all worship shall be done  
In every time and place.

VESPERS. *Monday.**Immense cœli conditor.*

LORD of unbounded space,  
Who, lest the sky and main  
Should mix, and heaven should lose its place,  
Didst the rude waters chain ;

Parting the moist and rare,  
That rills on earth might flow  
To soothe the angry flame, whene'er  
It ravens from below ;

Pour on us of Thy grace  
The everlasting spring ;  
Lest our frail steps renew the trace  
Of the ancient wandering.

May faith in lustre grow,  
And rear her star in heaven,  
Paling all sparks of earth below,  
Unquenched by damps of even.

Grant it, O Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit of grace,  
To whom be glory, Three in One,  
In every time and place.

LV.

VESPERS. *Tuesday.**Telluris alme conditor.*

ALL-BOUNTIFUL Creator, who,  
 When Thou didst mould the world, didst drain  
 The waters from the mass, that so  
 Earth might immoveable remain ;

That its dull clods it might transmute  
 To golden flowers in vale or wood,  
 To juice of thirst-allaying fruit,  
 And grateful herbage spread for food ;

Wash Thou our smarting wounds and hot,  
 In the cool freshness of Thy grace ;  
 Till tears start forth the past to blot,  
 And cleanse and calm Thy holy place ;

Till we obey Thy full behest,  
Shun the world's tainted touch and breath,  
Joy in what highest is and best,  
And gain a spell to baffle death.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,  
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all glory, Three in One,  
Be given in every time and place.

## LVI.

VESPERS. *Wednesday.**Cæli Deus sanctissime.*

O LORD, who, thron'd in the holy height,  
Through plains of ether didst diffuse  
The dazzling beams of light,  
In soft transparent hues ;

Who didst, on the fourth day, in heaven  
Light the fierce cresset of the sun,  
And the meek moon at even,  
And stars that wildly run ;

That they might mark and arbitrate  
'Twixt alternating night and day,  
And tend the train sedate  
Of months upon their way ;



Clear, Lord, the brooding night within,  
And clean these hearts for Thy abode,  
Unlock the spell of sin,  
Crumble its giant load.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,  
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,  
To whom all praise be done  
In every time and place.

VESPERS. *Thursday.**Magnus Deus potentiae.*

O GOD, who hast given  
                           the sea and the sky,  
 To fish and to bird  
                           for a dwelling to keep,  
 Both sons of the waters,  
                           one low and one high,  
 Ambitious of heaven,  
                           yet sunk in the deep ;

Save, Lord, Thy servants,  
                           whom Thou hast new made  
 In a laver of blood,  
                           lest they trespass and die ;  
 Lest pride should elate,  
                           or sin should degrade,  
 And they stumble on earth,  
                           or be dizzied on high.

**To the Father and Son  
And the Spirit be done,  
Now and always,  
Glory and praise.**

VESPERS. *Friday.**Hominis superne Conditor.*

WHOM all obey,—  
 Maker of man! who from Thy height  
 Badest the dull earth bring to light  
 All creeping things, and the fierce might  
 Of beasts of prey.

And the huge make  
 Of wild or gentler animal,  
 Springing from nothing at Thy call,  
 To serve in their due time, and all  
 For sinners' sake;

Shield us from ill!  
 Come it by passion's sudden stress,  
 Lurk in our mind's habitual dress,  
 Or through our actions seek to press  
 Upon our will.

Vouchsafe the prize  
Of sacred joy's perpetual mood,  
And service-seeking gratitude,  
And love to quell each strife or feud,  
If it arise.

Grant it, O Lord!  
To whom, the Father, Only Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
In heaven and earth all praise be done,  
With one accord.

VESPERS. *Saturday.**Jam sol recedit igneus.*

THE red sun is gone,  
Thou light of the heart  
Blessed Three, Holy One,  
To Thy servants a sun  
Everlasting impart.

There were Lauds in the morn,  
Here are Vespers at even ;  
O may we adorn  
Thy Temple new born  
With our voices in Heaven.

To the Father be praise,  
And praise to the Son,  
And the Spirit always,  
While the infinite days  
Of eternity run.

LX.

## COMPLINE.

*Te lucis ante terminum.*

Now that the day-light dies away,  
By all Thy grace and love,  
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray  
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,  
The offspring of the night,  
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,  
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,  
Father, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
Eternal Three in One.

ADVENT. *Vespers.**Creator alme siderum.*

CREATOR of the starry pole,  
Saviour of all who live,  
And light of every faithful soul,  
Jesu, these prayers receive.

Who, sooner than our foe malign  
Should triumph, from above  
Didst come, to be the medicine  
Of a sick world, in love;

And the deep wounds to cleanse and cure  
Of a whole race, didst go,  
Pure Victim, from a Virgin pure,  
The bitter Cross unto.

Who hast a Name, and hast a Power,  
The height and depth to sway,  
And angels bow, and devils cower,  
In transport or dismay ;



Thou too shalt be our Judge at length ;  
Lord, in Thy grace bestow  
Thy weapons of celestial strength,  
And snatch us from the foe.

Honour and glory, power and praise,  
To Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, be paid always,  
The Eternal Three in One.

## LXII.

ADVENT. *Matins.**Verbum supernum prodiens.*

SUPERNAL Word, proceeding from  
The Eternal Father's breast,  
And in the end of ages come,  
To aid a world distrest ;

Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire  
Our spirits with Thy love,  
That, dead to earth, they may aspire  
And live to joys above.

That, when the judgment-seat on high  
Shall fix the sinner's doom,  
And to the just a glad voice cry,  
Come to your destined home ;

Safe from the black and yawning lake  
Of restless, endless pain,  
We may the face of God partake,  
The bliss of heaven attain.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
As heretofore, when time is done,  
Unending glory be.

## LXIII.

ADVENT. *Lauds.**En clara vox redarguit.*

HARK, a joyful voice is thrilling,  
And each dim and winding way  
Of the ancient Temple filling;  
Dreams depart! for it is day.

Christ is coming—from thy bed  
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring,—  
With the sun new-risen to shed  
Health on human suffering.

Lo! to grant a pardon free,  
Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven;  
Sad and tearful, hasten we,  
One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again He comes in light  
Girding earth with fear and woe;  
Lord! be Thou our loving Might,  
From our guilt and ghostly foe.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, who in Heaven  
Ever witness, Three and One,  
Praise on earth be ever given.

## LXIV.

THE TRANSFIGURATION. *Matins.*

*Quicumque Christum quæritis.*

O YE who seek the Lord,  
Lift up your eyes on high,  
For there He doth the Sign accord  
Of His bright majesty.

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

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

Prophets foretold His birth,  
And witnessed when He came,  
The Father speaks to all the earth  
To hear, and own His name.

To Jesus, who displays  
To babes His beaming face,  
Be, with the Father, endless praise,  
And with the Spirit of grace. *Amen.*

LXV.

THE TRANSFIGURATION. *Lauds.**Lux alma Jesu.*

LIGHT of the anxious heart,  
Jesu, Thou dost appear,  
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,  
And shed Thy sweetness here.

Joyous is he, with whom,  
God's Word, Thou dost abide ;  
Sweet Light of our eternal home,  
To fleshly sense denied.

Brightness of God above !  
Unfathomable grace !  
Thy Presence be a fount of love  
Within Thy chosen place.



To Thee, whom children see,  
The Father ever blest,  
The Holy Spirit, One and Three,  
Be endless praise address. *Amen.*

LXVI.

## FOR A MARTYR.

*Deus tuorum militum.*

O GOD, of Thy soldiers  
                   the Portion and Crown,  
 Spare sinners, who hymn  
                   the praise of the Blest ;  
 Earth's bitter joys,  
                   its lures and its frown,  
 He scanned them and scorned,  
                   and so is at rest.

Thy Martyr he ran  
                   all valiantly o'er  
 A highway of blood  
                   for the prize Thou hast given.  
 We kneel at Thy feet,  
                   and meekly implore,  
 That our pardon may wait  
                   on his triumph in heaven.

Honour and praise  
To the Father and Son  
And the Spirit be done  
Now and always. *Amen.*

## ON THE FEAST OF A CONFESSOR BISHOP.

O THOU, of shepherds Prince and Head,  
Now on a Bishop's festal-day  
Thy flock to many a shrine have sped  
Their vows to pay.

He to the high and dreadful throne  
Urged by no false inspirings, prest,  
Nor on hot daring of his own,  
But Thy behest.

And so, that soldier good and tried,  
From the full horn of heavenly grace,  
Thy Spirit did anoint, to guide  
Thy ransomed race.

And he becomes a father true,  
Spending and spent, when troubles fall,  
A pattern and a servant too,  
All things to all.

His pleading sets the sinner free,  
He soothes the sick, he lifts the low,  
Powerful in word, deep teacher, he,  
To quell the foe.

Grant us, O Christ, his prayers above,  
And grace below, to sing Thy praise,  
The Father's power, the Spirit's love,  
Here and always.

## SONGS.

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LXVIII.

## CANDLEMAS.

THE angel-lights of Christmas morn,  
Which shot across the sky,  
Away they pass at Candlemas,  
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,  
Although it be divine;  
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone,  
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then for eight long weeks and more,  
We wait in twilight grey,  
Till the tall candle sheds a beam  
On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide  
Of solemn fast and prayer ;  
While song is hushed, and lights grow dim  
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul  
Is driven home, we hide  
In our own hearts, and count the wounds  
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent  
And Alleluias o'er,  
Mary is music in our need,  
And Jesus light in store.

## LXIX.

## THE PILGRIM-QUEEN.

THERE sat a Lady  
                  all on the ground,  
Rays of the morning  
                  circled her round,  
Save thee, and hail to thee,  
                  Gracious and Fair,  
In the chill twilight  
                  what wouldst thou there ?

“ Here I sit desolate”,  
                  sweetly said she,  
“ Though I’m a queen,  
                  and my name is Marie :  
Robbers have rifled  
                  my garden and store,  
Foes they have stolen  
                  my heir from my bower.



They said they could keep Him  
                   far better than I,  
 In a palace all his,  
                   planted deep and rais'd high.  
 Twas a palace of ice,  
                   hard and cold as were they,  
 And when summer came,  
                   it all melted away.

Next would they barter Him,  
                   Him the Supreme,  
 For the spice of the desert,  
                   and gold of the stream ;  
 And me they bid wander  
                   in weeds and alone,  
 In this green merry land  
                   which once was my own".

I looked on that Lady,  
                   and out from her eyes  
 Came the deep glowing blue  
                   of Italy's skies ;

And she raised up her eyes  
and she smiled, as a Queen  
On the day of her crowning,  
so bland and serene.

“ A moment”, she said,  
“ and the dead shall revive ;  
The giants are failing,  
the saints are alive ;  
I am coming to rescue  
my home and my reign,  
And Peter and Philip  
are close in my train”.

LXX.

## THE MONTH OF MARY.

GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,  
And rich the hues of May ;  
We see them in the gardens round,  
And market-paniers gay :  
And e'en among our streets and lanes,  
And alleys we descry,  
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,  
The blue transparent sky.

*Chorus.*

O Mother maid, be thou our aid,  
Now in the opening year ;  
Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,  
And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,  
 'Twill grow, and then will wither ;  
 The flowrets, brightly as they smile,  
 Shall perish altogether :  
 The merry sun, you sure would say,  
 It ne'er could set in gloom ;  
 But earth's best joys have all an end,  
 And sin, a heavy doom.

*Chorus.*

But Mother maid, thou dost not fade ;  
 With stars above thy brow,  
 And the pale moon beneath thy feet,  
 For ever throned art thou.

The green green grass, the glittering grove,  
 The Heaven's majestic dome,  
 They image forth a tenderer bower,  
 A more refulgent home ;  
 They tell us of that Paradise  
 Of everlasting rest,  
 And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,  
 The sweetest, yet the best.

*Chorus.*

O Mary, pure and beautiful,  
Thou art the Queen of May ;  
Our garlands wear about thy hair,  
And they will ne'er decay.

LXXI.

## MARY, THE QUEEN OF SEASONS.

*(For an inclement May).*

ALL is divine  
                   which the Highest has made,  
 Thro' the days that He wrought,  
                   till the day when He stayed;  
 Above and below,  
                   within and around,  
 From the centre of space,  
                   to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing  
                   the Universe smiled,  
 On the morn of its birth,  
                   like an innocent child,  
 Or like the rich bloom  
                   of some gorgeous flower ;  
 And the Father rejoiced  
                   in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,  
    and a brighter than those,  
And a brighter again,  
    He had made, had Hechose  
And you never could name  
    that conceivable best,  
To exhaust the resources  
    the Maker possessed.

But I know of one work  
    of His Infinite Hand,  
Which special and singular  
    ever must stand ;  
So perfect, so pure,  
    and of gifts such a store,  
That even Omnipotence  
    cannot do more.

The freshness of May,  
    And the sweetness of June,  
And the fire of July  
    in its passionate noon,

Munificent August,  
September serene,  
Are together no match  
for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months  
and all days are thine own,  
In thee lasts their joyousness,  
when they are gone ;  
And we give to thee May,  
not because it is best,  
But because it comes first,  
and is pledge of the rest.



## PETER AND PHILIP.

In the far north our lot is cast,  
Where faithful hearts are few ;  
Still are we Philip's children dear,  
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire ! to mighty Rome,  
Beneath St. Peter's shade,  
Early thy vow of loyal love  
And ministry was paid.

The ample porch and threshold high  
Of Peter was thy home ;  
The world's apostle he, and thou  
Apostle of his Rome.

And first in the old catacombs,  
In galleries long and deep,  
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock,  
And slept their glorious sleep,

Through the still night, in silent prayer,  
Thou tarriedst, till there came,  
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,  
The Pentecostal flame.

Then, in that heart-consuming love,  
Thou through the city wide  
Didst wile the noble and the young  
From Babel's pomp and pride ;

And, gathering them within thy cell,  
Unveil the lustre bright  
And beauty of thy inner soul,  
And gain them by the sight.

And thus to Rome, for Peter's faith  
Far known, thou didst impart  
A rule of life, and works of love,  
And discipline of heart.

And as the apostle, on the hill  
Facing the imperial town,  
First gazed upon his fair domain,  
Then on the cross lay down,

So thou, from out the streets of Rome  
Didst turn thy failing eye  
Unto that mount of martyrdom,\*  
Take leave of it, and die.

\* On the day of his death, Philip, "at the beginning of his Mass, remained for some time looking fixedly at the hill of St. Onofrio, which was visible from the chapel, just as if he saw some great vision. On coming to the Gloria in Excelsis, he began to sing, which was a very unusual thing for him, and he sang the whole of it with the greatest joy and devotion", etc. *Bacci's Life*.

## THE REGULAR SAINTS AND PHILIP.

THE holy Monks, conceal'd from men,  
 In midnight choir, or studious cell,  
 In sultry field, or wintry glen,  
 The holy Monks, I love them well,

The Friars too, the zealous band  
 Of Francis and of Dominic,  
 They gather, and they take their stand  
 Where foes are fierce, or souls are sick.

And then the unwearied Company,  
 Which bears the name of sacred might,  
 The Knights of Jesus, they defy  
 The fiend, full eager for the fight.

Yet there is one I more affect  
 Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar,  
 'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,  
 I love him more, I more admire.

I know him by his head of snow,  
His ready smile, his keen full eye,  
His words which kindle as they flow ;  
Save he be rapt in ecstasy.

He lifts his hands, there issues forth  
A fragrance virginal and rare,  
And now he ventures to our North,  
Where hearts are frozen as the air.

He comes, by grace of his address,  
By the sweet music of his face,  
And his low tones of tenderness,  
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

O sainted Philip, Father dear,  
Look on thy little ones, that we  
Thy loveliness may copy here,  
And in the eternal Kingdom see.

## LXXIV.

## MARY AND PHILIP.

THIS is the Saint of sweetness and compassion,  
Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning,  
Beckoning and luring in a holy fashion,  
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the bad world vaunteth  
Her many coloured wares and magic treasures,  
Outbids her, and her victim disenchanteth,  
With heavenly pleasures.

This is the Saint, with whom our hearts, like Moses,  
Find o'er the waste that Tree, so bright and beaming,  
Till 'neath her shade the sobered soul reposes,  
After its dreaming.

And then he shakes the boughs where it is lying,  
Nor of their fruit are those sweet branches chary,  
Mary the tree, Jesus the fruit undying,  
Jesus and Mary ;

Jesu and Mary, Philip, and high Heaven,  
Angels, of God the glorious reflexion,  
To you be praise, to us from you be given  
Peace and protection.

## JESUS AND PHILIP.

PHILIP, on thee the glowing ray  
Of heaven came down upon thy prayer,  
To melt thy heart, and burn away  
All that of earthly dross was there.

Thy soul became as purest glass,  
Through which the Brightness Increate  
In undimmed majesty might pass,  
Transparent and illuminate.

And so, on Philip when we gaze,  
We see the image of his Lord ;  
The Saint dissolves amid the blaze  
Which circles round the Living Word.

The Meek, the Wise, none else is here,  
Dispensing light to men below ;  
His awful accents fill the ear,  
Now keen as fire, now soft as snow.



As snow, those inward pleadings fall,  
As soft, as bright, as pure, as cool,  
With gentle weight and gradual,  
And sink into the feverish soul.

The Sinless One, He comes to seek,  
The dreary heart, the spirit lone,  
Tender of natures proud or weak,  
Not less than if they were His own.

He takes and scans the sinner o'er,  
Handling His scholars one by one,  
Weighing what they can bear, before  
He gives the penance to be done.

Jesu, to Philip's sons reveal  
That gentlest wisdom from above,  
To spread compassion o'er their zeal,  
And mingle patience with their love.

## LXXVI.

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

THE one true Faith, the ancient Creed,  
 Martyrs for it were fain to fight and bleed ;  
 The holy Sign, our awful spell,  
 It is the Cross triumphant over Hell ;  
 The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest !  
 They sanctify our brow, and lips, and breast ;  
 The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest !  
 Are on our brow, and lips, and breast.

The Church of God, the world-wide name,  
 Found in all lands, yet everywhere the same ;  
 Love with its thrilling unison  
 Knows how to knit ten thousand hearts in one.  
 Behold a triple bond where'er we rove,  
 'Tis one, 'tis Catholic, 'tis strong in love ;  
 O triply blest, 'tis ours, where'er we rove,  
 One, Catholic, and strong in love.

God's Mother dear, sweet lily flower,  
And Saints on high, creations of His power ;  
While to and fro the Church is driven,  
Angels descend and rivet her to heaven ;  
The warring Church below, the Church on high,  
A golden chain unites the earth and sky ;  
Angels, the Church below, the Church on high,  
O triply blest, to us are nigh.

The eternal Sire, the gracious Son,  
And the dread Spirit, the Heavenly Three in One ;  
On earth, the fair, the wondrous Child,  
Joseph the meek, the Mother undefiled ;  
Three are in heaven above, on earth are three,  
Bright images of heaven in their degree ;  
Three are in heaven above, on earth are Three,  
O blest, and triply blest are we !

## THE TWO WORLDS.

Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine,  
In glory and in grace ;  
This gaudy world grows dim before  
The beauty of Thy face.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be  
A sort of fairy ground,  
Where suns unsetting light the sky,  
And flowers and fruits abound.

But when Thy keener, purer beam  
Is poured upon our sight,  
It loses all its power to charm,  
And what was day is night.

Its noblest toils are then the scourge  
Which made Thy blood to flow :  
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns  
Which circled round Thy brow.

And thus, when we renounce for Thee  
Its restless aims and fears,  
The tender memories of the past,  
The hopes of coming years.

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes  
Are lighted from above ;  
We offer what we cannot keep,  
What we have ceased to love.





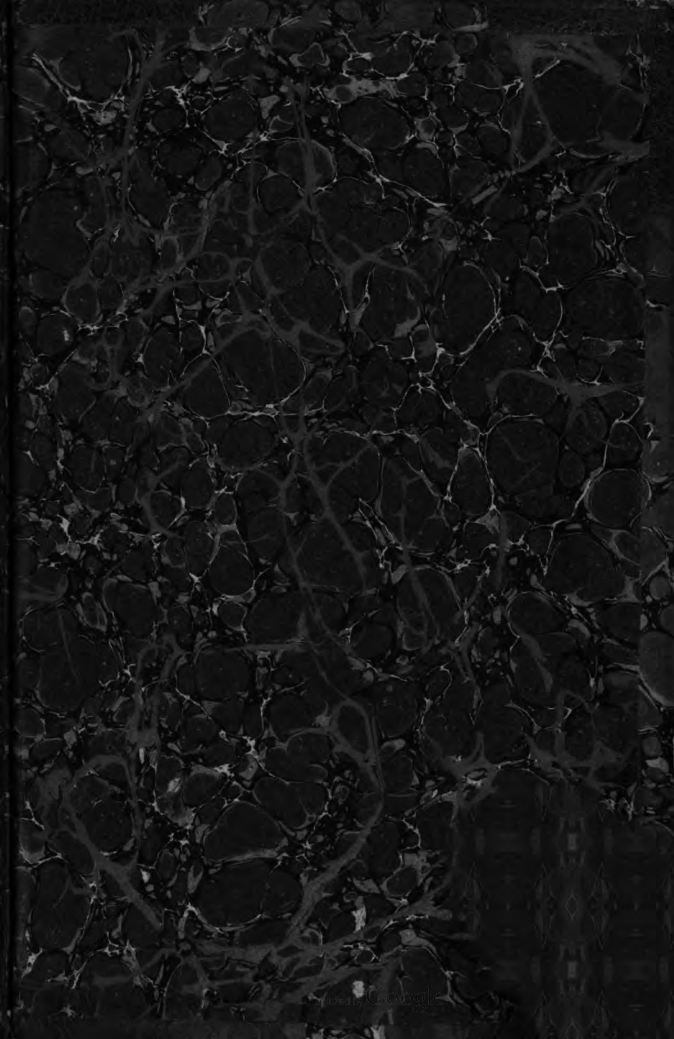












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