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Christian Carols  
of  
LOVE and LIFE

by  
Eleanor C. Donnelly

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"SHINING ANGELS WATCH INSTEAD." — PAGE 12.



# CHRISTIAN CAROLS

OF

LOVE AND LIFE

BY

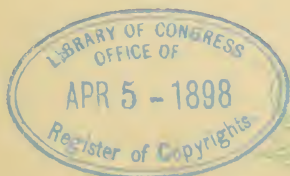
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY



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PUBLISHERS



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12-31900

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
MY FATHER.

**The late Dr. Philip Carroll Donnelly,**

THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS DEDICATED.





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## Christian Carols of Love and Life.

---

### Easter Eve.

**B**EHIND the heavy, rock-barr'd door,  
Low-stretch'd upon the granite floor,



The dead Christ lies—His blesséd face  
Full of a wordless peace and grace.



O Angels, watching near the Dead,  
Loose ye the napkin from His head ;

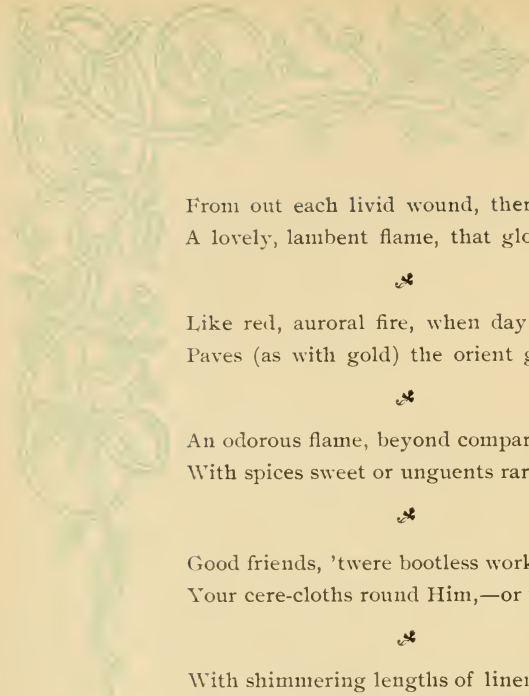


And lift the winding-sheet that veils  
The dear Flesh, torn by scourge and nails ;



That we may creep beneath its fold,  
And Love's dread recompense behold !





From out each livid wound, there flows  
A lovely, lambent flame, that glows



Like red, auroral fire, when day  
Paves (as with gold) the orient gray :



An odorous flame, beyond compare  
With spices sweet or unguents rare.



Good friends, 'twere bootless work to wind  
Your cere-cloths round Him,—or to bind



With shimmering lengths of linen bands  
His mangled limbs and bleeding hands !



These outstretch'd Arms, ye can not close—  
Earth's sinners *there* must seek repose !



This Heart's red wound, ye dare not hide—  
Earth's saints must in its depths abide !

And at these Feet, tho' swathed in gloom,  
Earth's myriad mourners must find room !



O Love ! nor shroud, nor cerements white  
Can shut Thee from our longing sight !



O Love ! nor guard, nor sealéd door  
Can keep us from Thee ! On the floor,



Like creeping things, we come to kiss  
Thine ev'ry wound. With tender bliss



Of gushing tears and rapturous sighs,  
We worship where Thy dear corpse lies ;



And clasp Thy feet, all bruised and torn,  
And, like to Magdalen forlorn,



With faith and hope and love, essay  
To wait Thy Resurrection Day !

## Christ Hath Risen.

### I.

**A**S the glorious sun on high  
Rends apart the night's dark cloud ;  
As the radiant butterfly  
Springs from out its dusky shroud  
As the lily from the mold,  
Blossoms in its robes of snow ;  
Or, from out its ashes cold,  
Mounts the phoenix, all aglow,—  
Out of Death's sepulchral prison  
Christ hath risen !

### II.

Sleep the Roman guards as dead ;—  
Where the stone is rolled away,  
Shining angels watch instead  
On this beautiful Easter Day.  
Vain the spices, unguents sweet,  
Which the holy women bring :

Blessed head and bleeding feet  
Need no more Love's minist'ring.  
Hark ! that burst of song Elysian—  
Christ hath risen !

III.

Speed the rapturous news abroad—  
Give it to the breezes free !  
Every chorister of God,  
Weave it into melody !  
Hearts that bleed and heads that bow,  
See, He cometh from afar !  
Living pearls, His teardrops glow,  
Every wound is like a star !  
Up ! adore the shining Vision !  
Christ hath risen !



## Her First Easter.

**I**N the dark hush before the dawn of day,  
The Mournful Mother kept, in grief profound,  
Her lonely vigil. Sign was none, nor sound

Of waking morn, when, sudden, all the gray  
Its *Alleluia* sang in one red ray,—  
Slender at first, but broadening as she gazed,  
Till from its fiery fullness, burst away  
A white-robed PRESENCE with pierced Hands  
upraised!

Ah! then she knew Him who, swift-footed,  
came  
To clasp her to His heart!—Her God, her  
Son

Cried from His every wound, with tongue of  
flame,

“Rejoice, My love! Be glad, My sinless one!  
Last at the Cross—now art thou first to claim  
The Risen Christ! \* \* \* The new Pasch  
hath begun!”







## Jesus, the Lord of Glory.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

JESUS, the Lord of glory,  
Sings from the tomb, with life im-  
mortal won!

Darkness and death before Him

Flee, like the clouds before the sun!

No more He'll languish

In pain and anguish,

His might doth vanquish

Mortality!

Oh! banish sadness,

And Error's madness;

Awake to gladness,

He is free!

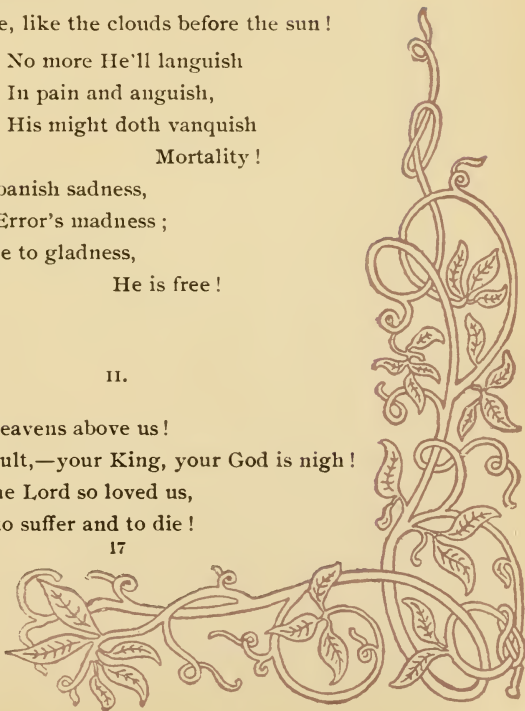
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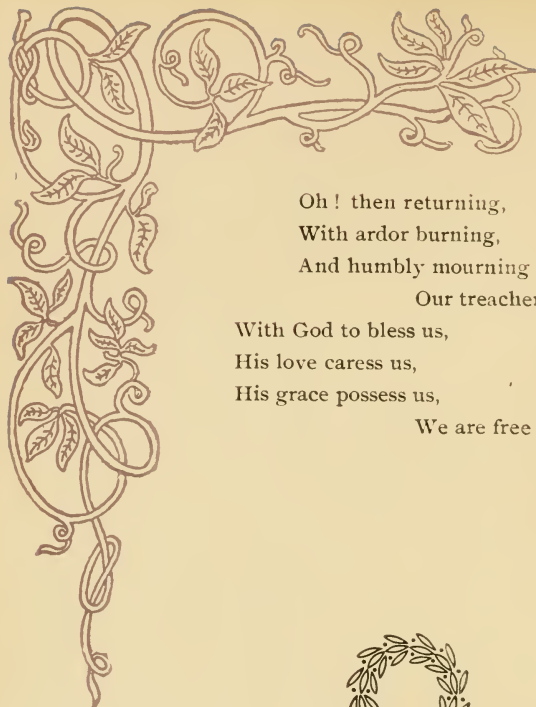
Joy in the heavens above us!

Angels exult,—your King, your God is nigh!

Joy! that the Lord so loved us,

For men to suffer and to die!





Oh ! then returning,  
With ardor burning,  
And humbly mourning  
    Our treachery ;  
With God to bless us,  
His love caress us,  
His grace possess us,  
    We are free !







## The Rose-Jar. <sup>2</sup>

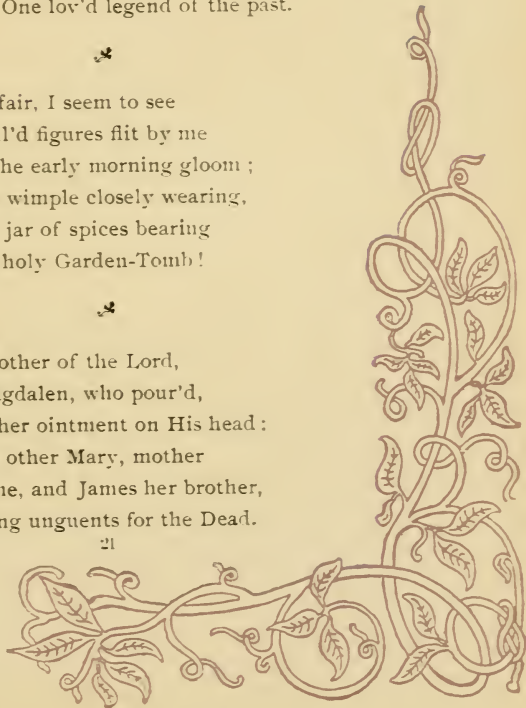
FOUND this little jar, replete  
With a wealth of spices sweet,  
(Wither'd roses, fragrant-mass'd),  
On this blessed Easter Eve,  
Doth my rev'rent fancy weave  
One lov'd legend of the past.

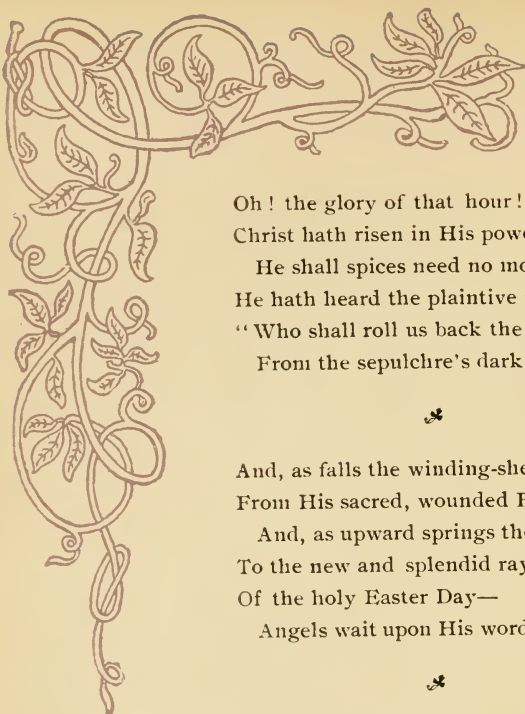


Tall and fair, I seem to see  
Three veil'd figures flit by me  
Thro' the early morning gloom ;  
Each her wimple closely wearing,  
Each her jar of spices bearing  
To the holy Garden-Tomb !



Mary, Mother of the Lord,  
Mary Magdalen, who pour'd,  
Once, her ointment on His head :  
And that other Mary, mother  
Of Salome, and James her brother,  
Bringing unguents for the Dead.





Oh! the glory of that hour!  
Christ hath risen in His power—  
    He shall spices need no more!  
He hath heard the plaintive moan:  
“Who shall roll us back the stone  
    From the sepulchre's dark door?”



And, as falls the winding-sheet  
From His sacred, wounded Feet,  
    And, as upward springs the Lord  
To the new and splendid ray  
Of the holy Easter Day—  
    Angels wait upon His word.



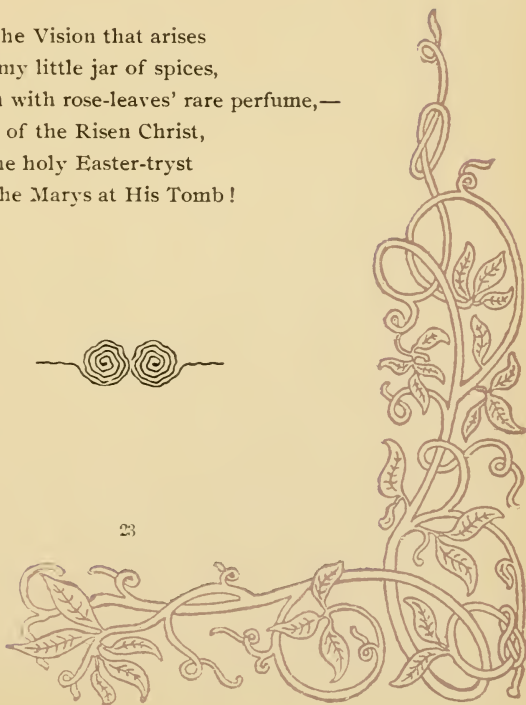
Angels cry: “He hath arisen!  
He hath burst the Grave's black prison!  
    Seek Him not among the dead!  
Christ the living, Christ the glorious,  
Over Death and Hell victorious,  
    Into Galilee hath fled!”

\* \* \* \*

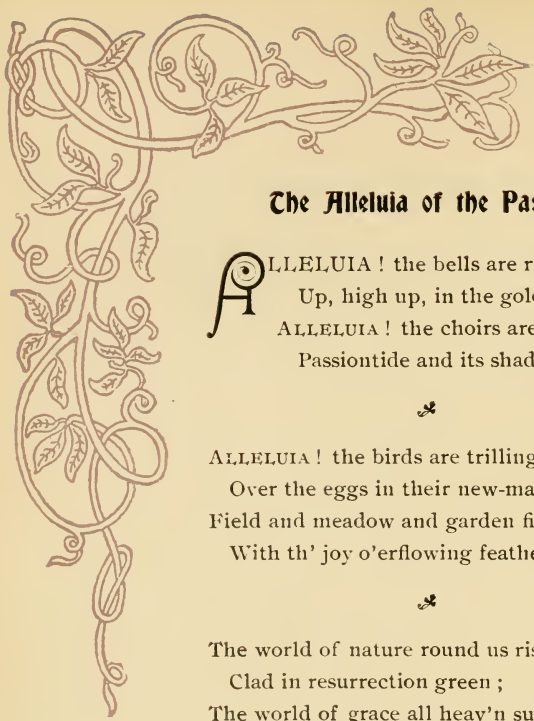
These the words that haunt mine ear  
In the Paschal twilight here—  
Ere the chimes begin their ringing ;  
Ere the Angels' "*Resurrexit!*  
*Alleluia! Sicut dixit!*"  
Thro' the dawn its bliss is flinging.



This, the Vision that arises  
From my little jar of spices,  
Rich with rose-leaves' rare perfume,—  
Vision of the Risen Christ,  
And the holy Easter-tryst  
Of the Marys at His Tomb!







### The Alleluia of the Pasch.<sup>3</sup>

ALLELUIA ! the bells are ringing,  
Up, high up, in the golden dawn ;  
ALLELUIA ! the choirs are singing,  
Passiontide and its shadows gone.



ALLELUIA ! the birds are trilling  
Over the eggs in their new-made nests :  
Field and meadow and garden filling  
With th' joy o'erflowing feathered breasts.



The world of nature round us rises  
Clad in resurrection green ;  
The world of grace all heav'n surprises  
With risen glories, earth unseen !



ALLELUIA ! chants the river  
To hill and mountain, sky and sea !  
Evermore and still forever,  
Float the echoes back to me :

Echoes of an Angel-chorus  
(White-robed in the garden gloom),  
Shouting to the welkin o'er us :  
" Christ hath risen from the tomb ! "



All my heart springs up in greeting  
To the rapture of the word :  
" ALLELUIA ! "—glad repeating—  
" Hail, thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord ! "





## The Easter Truce of Troyes.<sup>1</sup>

FROM Rheims, Besançon, Cambria,  
From Langres, and from Auxerre,  
King Attila, the savage Hun,  
Marched upon Troyes fair,  
(Where watched the people and their priests  
Three days and nights in prayer.)



'Twas Easter Eve—long gatheréd,  
In fear, suspense, and cold,  
The sinners made their Paschal shrift  
In the Cathedral old:  
When thund'rous sounds of coming strife  
Thro' door and window roll'd.



Swift to the holy altar,  
The men, affrighted, fled ;  
And with one shout of anguish  
Called on their sainted head,  
Called on their bishop, Lupus,  
To meet th' invader dread.

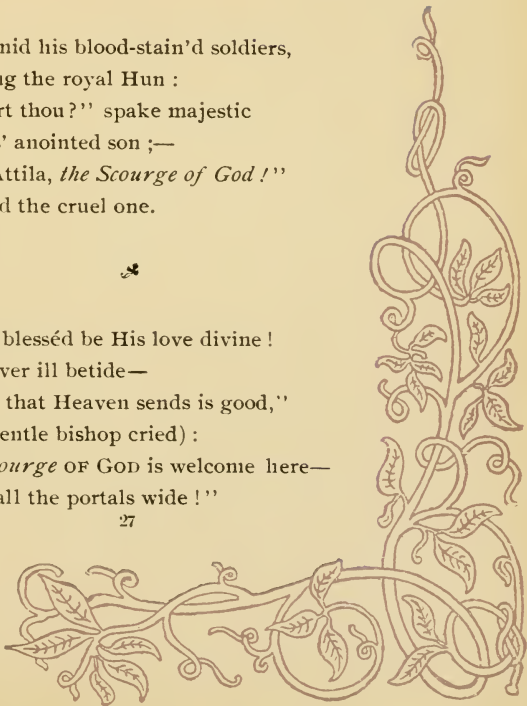
Up rose the fearless prelate,  
    Donn'd mitre, stole, and cope ;  
With crosier, cross, and clergy  
    Went forth, assured in hope,  
To bid the pale-faced warders  
    The city's portal ope.

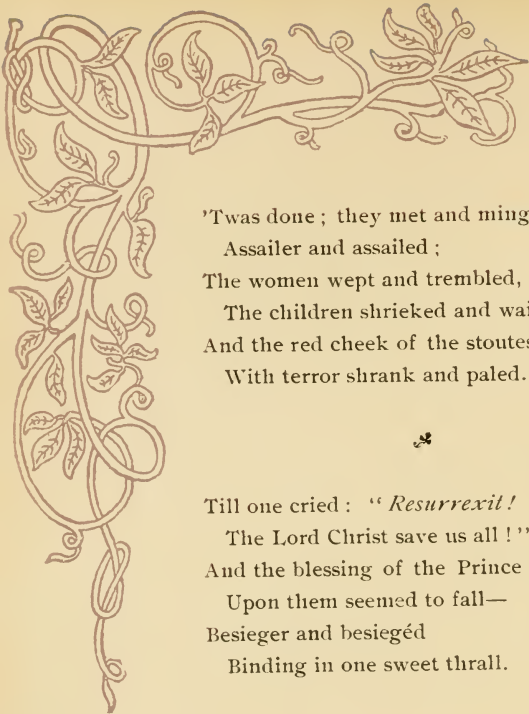


There, 'mid his blood-stain'd soldiers,  
    Meeting the royal Hun :  
"Who art thou?" spake majestic  
    Troyes' anointed son ;—  
"King Attila, *the Scourge of God!*"  
    Replied the cruel one.



"Thrice blesséd be His love divine !  
    Whatever ill betide—  
Since all that Heaven sends is good,"  
    (The gentle bishop cried) :  
"The *Scourge of God* is welcome here—  
    Fling all the portals wide !"





'Twas done ; they met and mingled,  
Assailer and assailed ;  
The women wept and trembled,  
The children shrieked and wailed ;  
And the red cheek of the stoutest man  
With terror shrank and paled.



Till one cried : “ *Resurrexit !*  
The Lord Christ save us all ! ”  
And the blessing of the Prince of Peace  
Upon them seemed to fall—  
Besieger and besieged  
Binding in one sweet thrall.



For, thro' the silent, kneeling throngs  
That all the roadways lined,  
The mob of fierce marauders  
Passed onward, mute and kind,  
As harmless as the summer breeze  
That leaves no wreck behind.

“ *Laus Deo !* ” Bishop Lupus said :  
“ Safe are my children still !  
King Attila and all his hordes  
Can work no wrong nor ill  
To them that meet the Scourge of God  
Submissive to God’s Will ! ”





## The Vision in the Flowers.

LILIES of snow, tulips of gold,  
Bless'd be the hand that sent them me!  
Deep in their fragrant cups, they hold  
An Easter memory.



A fair young face, like a lily white,  
Long soft strands of golden hair,  
Rise from the depths of th' flow'rets bright,  
In Paschal glory rare ;



The waxen lids o'er the dim blue eyes,  
Seem to quiver their fringe of gold ;  
Cheeks, like the roses of Paradise,  
Their velvet bloom unfold ;



And a sunbeam smile from the silent lips  
Of the dear dead darling, downward flows,  
Till the harp 'neath her perfect finger-tips  
In golden splendor glows.



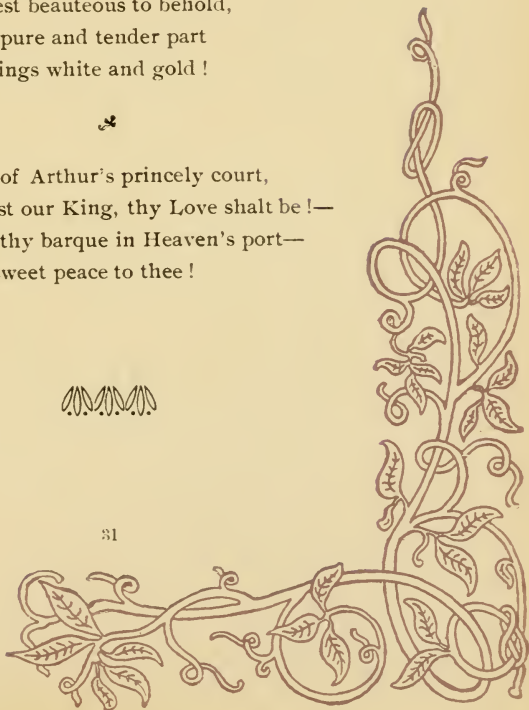
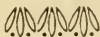
O virgin vision ! sweet Elaine !  
Far fairer than the maid begot  
Of poet dreams—(that child of pain,  
The Ladye of Shalott)—

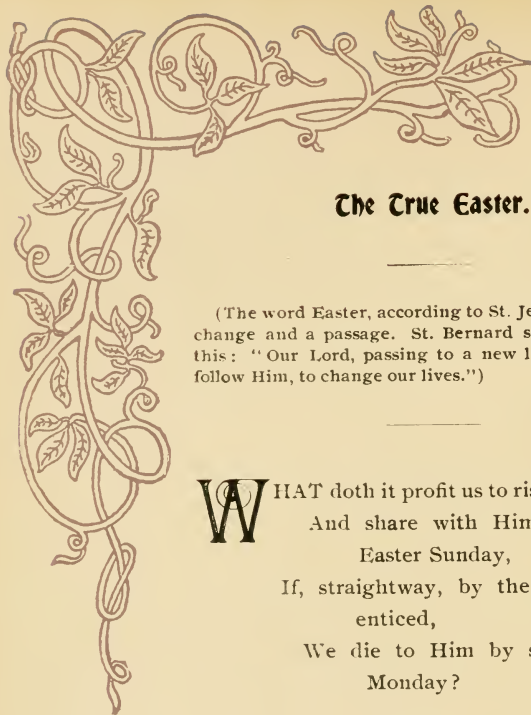


Out of the Easter of the heart,  
Thou risest beauteous to behold,  
Forming a pure and tender part  
Of all things white and gold !



No knight of Arthur's princely court,  
But Christ our King, thy Love shalt be !—  
Moored is thy barque in Heaven's port—  
Elaine, sweet peace to thee !





## The True Easter.

---

(The word Easter, according to St. Jerome, signifies a change and a passage. St. Bernard says, referring to this: "Our Lord, passing to a new life, invites us to follow Him, to change our lives.")

---

**W**HAT doth it profit us to rise with Christ,  
And share with Him new life on  
Easter Sunday,  
If, straightway, by the olden snares  
enticed,  
We die to Him by sin on Easter  
Monday?



To fast, to pray—to watch and meditate  
From *Mardi Gras* till Resurrection morning,  
And then, to keep a Saturnalian *fête*  
For moons to come—all prayer and penance  
scorning :

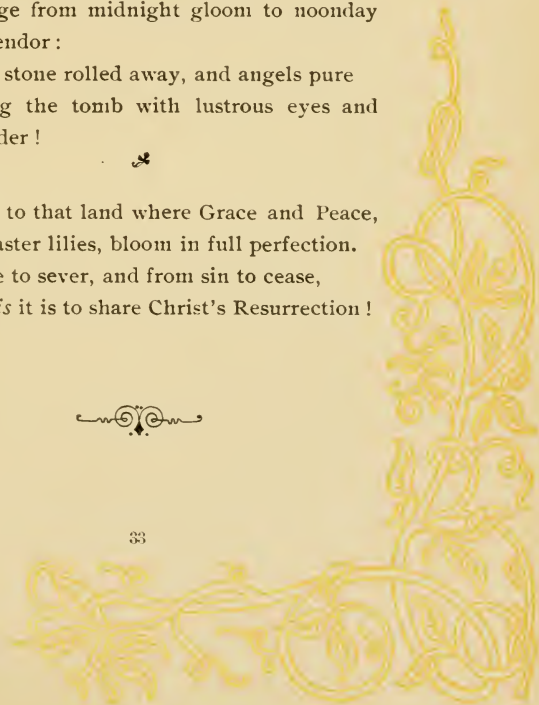
Is this to rise with Christ in fear and love  
The ceremonies of the grave forever quitting?  
Is this to seek the things that are above,  
Where Christ is at His Father's right hand  
sitting?



Ah! no, *our* Easter is a passage sure,  
A change from midnight gloom to noontday  
splendor:  
The great stone rolled away, and angels pure  
Lighting the tomb with lustrous eyes and  
tender!



A passage to that land where Grace and Peace,  
Like Easter lilies, bloom in full perfection.  
From vice to sever, and from sin to cease,  
Ah! *this* it is to share Christ's Resurrection!





### With Easter Flowers.

**H**ERE are Heart's ease for thy sorrows,  
Pleasant pansies for sad thought,  
Passion-flowers, Easter lilies,  
With the season's fragrance fraught.



But the fairest flower among them,  
(Of fond Memory begot,)  
Is this tender, slender blossom, love,  
The dear Forget-me-not!



“I am the Resurrection and the Life!”

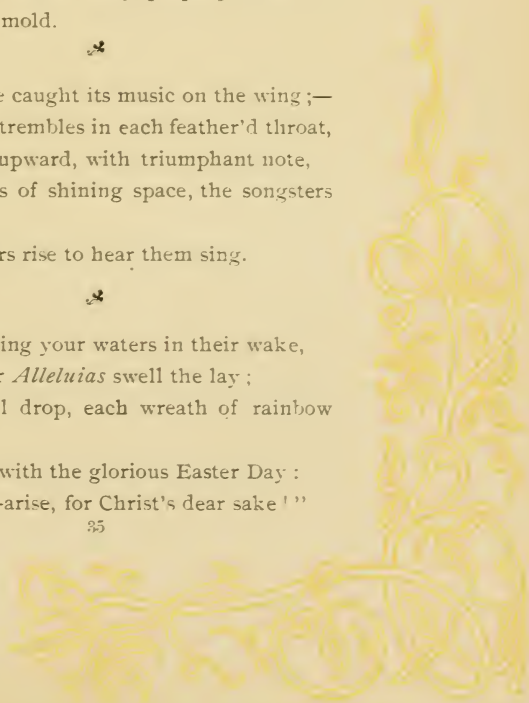
’TIS written on each leaf in lines of gold,  
On sunlit green of bush and budding  
tree ; —  
Enamell’d by young violets on the lea,  
It pearls each lily with its tracery,  
Each silvern daisy peeping from the  
mold.

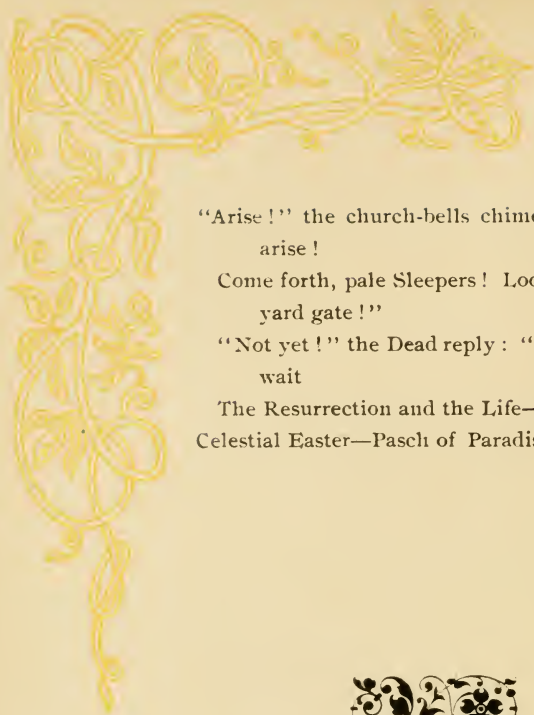


The birds have caught its music on the wing ;—  
It trills and trembles in each feather’d throat,  
As upward, upward, with triumphant note,  
Thro’ sweeps of shining space, the songsters  
float :  
The very vapors rise to hear them sing.



O fountains, fling your waters in their wake,  
And let your *Alleluias* swell the lay ;  
Each crystal drop, each wreath of rainbow  
spray  
Is chanting with the glorious Easter Day :  
“ I will arise—arise, for Christ’s dear sake ! ”





“Arise !” the church-bells chime : “ all flesh,  
arise !

Come forth, pale Sleepers ! Loose the grave-  
yard gate !”

“Not yet !” the Dead reply : “ not yet !—We  
wait

The Resurrection and the Life—the great  
Celestial Easter—Pasch of Paradise !”









## O Queen of Heaven, Rejoice! <sup>5</sup>

THE bells clash wild in the Easter dawn,  
In the rosy, rapturous Easter morning:  
Now high—now low,  
Now fast—now slow,  
The bells ring on, ring on, ring on—  
All touch of sorrow scorning!  
*Regina cæli lætare!*

Dance, happy sun, in the cloudless sky!  
The Tomb is rent and the Dead arisen!  
The bliss of the bells  
To the wide world tells  
Of Mother Mary's joy on high,  
And of souls released from prison!  
*Regina cæli lætare!*



## Easter Hymn of the Sacred Heart.<sup>6</sup>



INFINITE Power, almighty, supreme!

O Heart of our new-risen Saviour  
and God!

We come in our need, in our weakness extreme,  
To share in the blessings Thou sheddest  
abroad.

We tremble—we faint—we are helpless and  
frail—

Ah! let the strong arm of Thy mercy uphold  
Our feeble endeavors. Thro' Life's dreary vale,  
Support with Thy might the weak lambs of  
Thy fold.

O Heart of our God! O God of our  
heart!

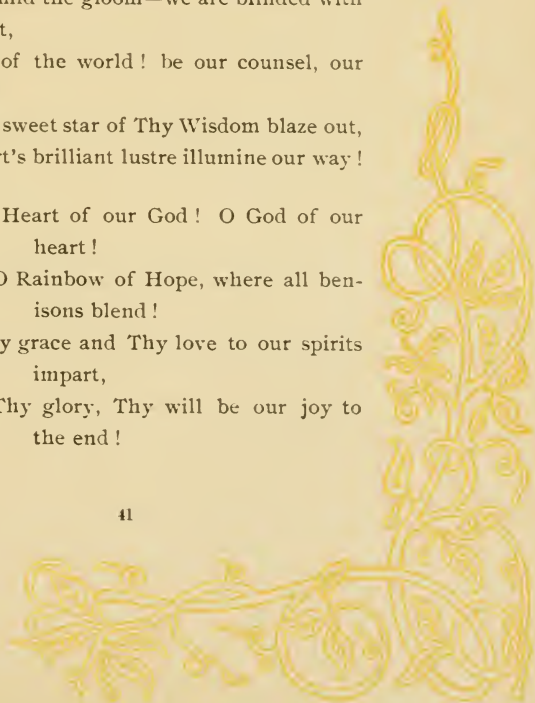
O Beauty and Brightness that naught  
can transcend!

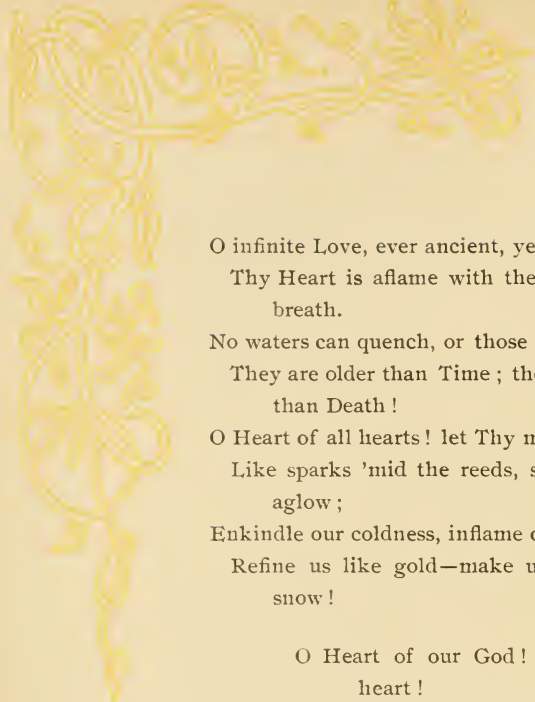
Thy grace and Thy love to our spirits  
impart!

Thy glory, Thy will be our joy to  
the end!

O infinite Wisdom, resplendently bright,  
Forever illuming a Heart all divine ;  
Descend on the shadows which curtain our  
    night,  
And thro' its thick darkness, triumphantly  
    shine !  
We grope 'mid the gloom—we are blinded with  
    doubt,  
O Light of the world ! be our counsel, our  
    stay ;  
Ah ! let the sweet star of Thy Wisdom blaze out,  
    Thy Heart's brilliant lustre illumine our way !

O Heart of our God ! O God of our  
    heart !  
O Rainbow of Hope, where all ben-  
    isons blend !  
Thy grace and Thy love to our spirits  
    impart,  
Thy glory, Thy will be our joy to  
    the end !





O infinite Love, ever ancient, yet new !  
Thy Heart is aflame with the Spirit's warm  
breath.  
No waters can quench, or those fires subdue,—  
They are older than Time ; they are stronger  
than Death !  
O Heart of all hearts ! let Thy mystical fires,  
Like sparks 'mid the reeds, set our bosoms  
aglow ;  
Enkindle our coldness, inflame our desires,  
Refine us like gold—make us pure as the  
snow !

O Heart of our God ! O God of our  
heart !  
O Risen Redeemer ! our Master, our  
Friend !  
Thy grace and Thy love to our spirits  
impart,  
Thy glory, Thy will be our joy to  
the end !





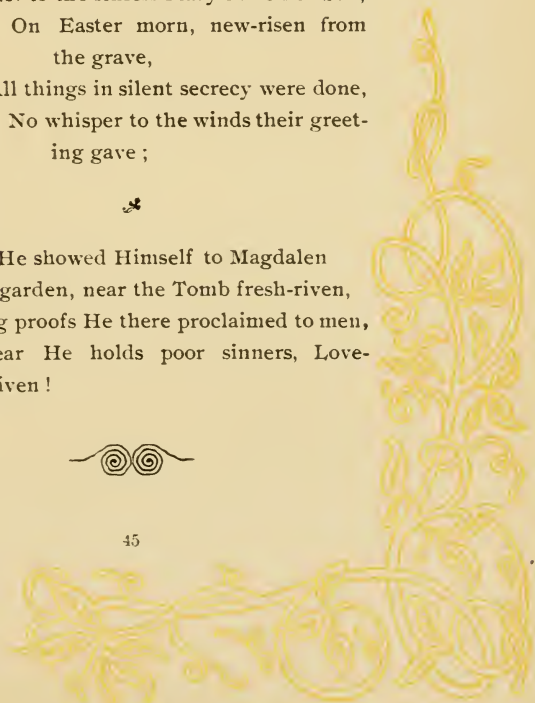


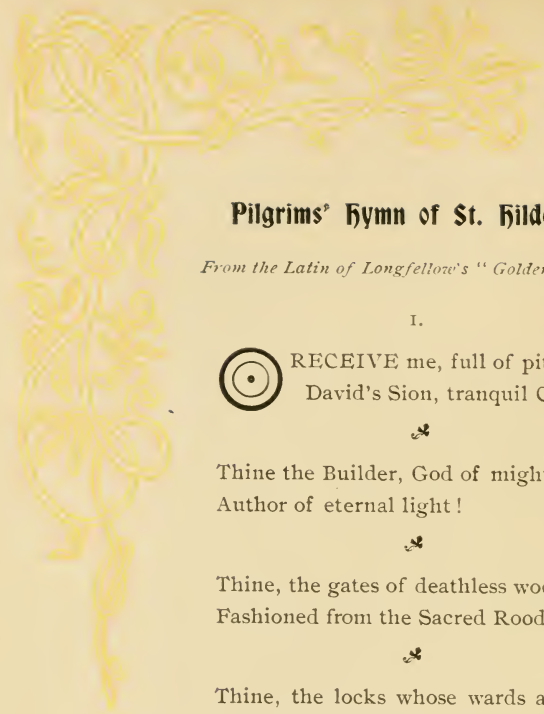
### The Sinner's Pasch.

**W**HEN to the sinless Mary came her Son,  
On Easter morn, new-risen from  
the grave,  
All things in silent secrecy were done,  
No whisper to the winds their greet-  
ing gave ;



But when He showed Himself to Magdalen  
In open garden, near the Tomb fresh-riven,  
Convincing proofs He there proclaimed to men,  
How dear He holds poor sinners, Love-  
forgiven !





## Pilgrims' Hymn of St. Hildebert.

*From the Latin of Longfellow's "Golden Legend."*

I.



RECEIVE me, full of pity,  
David's Sion, tranquil City!



Thine the Builder, God of might,  
Author of eternal light!



Thine, the gates of deathless wood,  
Fashioned from the Sacred Rood;



Thine, the locks whose wards are swung  
By the key of Peter's tongue.



Thy fair citizens are ever  
Joyous in their pure endeavor;



While on walls of living stone  
Guards the festive King, His throne!



II.

In this City of delight,  
Shineth always lustre white.



Spring eternal, lasting peace  
Floods its streets with solemn bliss.



Sweetest odors fill the skies—  
Festal strains forever rise !

III.

Heav'nly City! City blest !  
On the Rock of Ages rest !



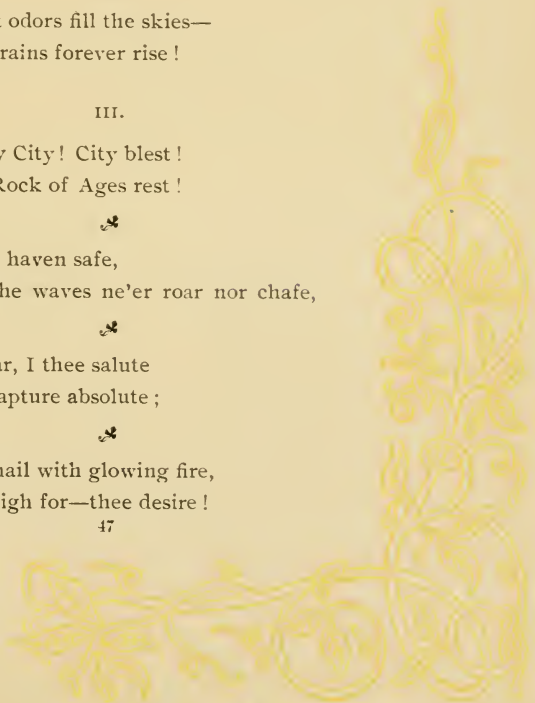
City in a haven safe,  
Where the waves ne'er roar nor chafe,



From afar, I thee salute  
With a rapture absolute ;



Thee, I hail with glowing fire,  
Thee, I sigh for—thee desire !





## When the Lily Bloomed.<sup>7</sup>

I.

**U**P in an attic, high and bare, a lonely  
couple dwelt apart,  
Ragged and old and pinched by care, yet  
strangely gentle and pure of heart.



Leading their life of dreary want, they meekly  
bless'd the dear Lord's name,  
For, now and then, to their doleful haunt,  
gifts from one of His lovers came:



Gifts from a woman, fair, humane—the cher-  
ished child of a noble house,  
Chained to her couch of prayer and pain, the  
suff'ring bride of a suff'ring Spouse.



Lo! while her bounty scaled the stair—fuel  
and raiment, wine and food—  
Under the eaves, the aged pair brooded over  
*a something* crude—

A broken basin filled with clay, whence, from  
its hidden root below,  
A slender plant had push'd its way, almost  
afraid to green or grow.



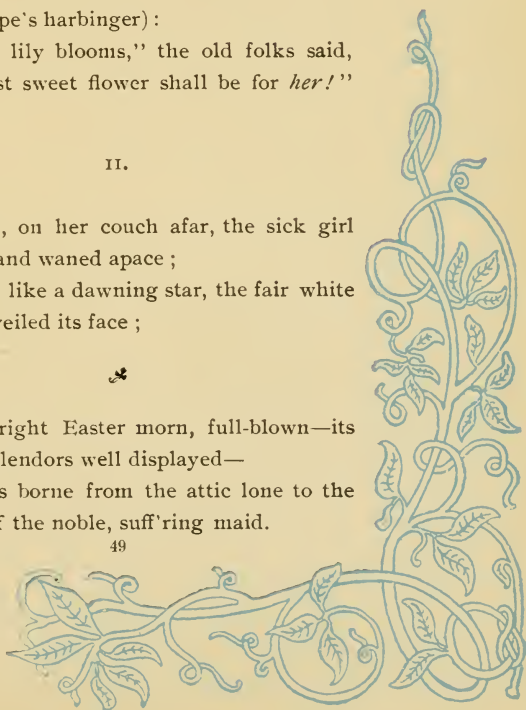
Out of its centre, peeped the head of an unblown  
bud (hope's harbinger):  
"When the lily blooms," the old folks said,  
"its first sweet flower shall be for *her!*"

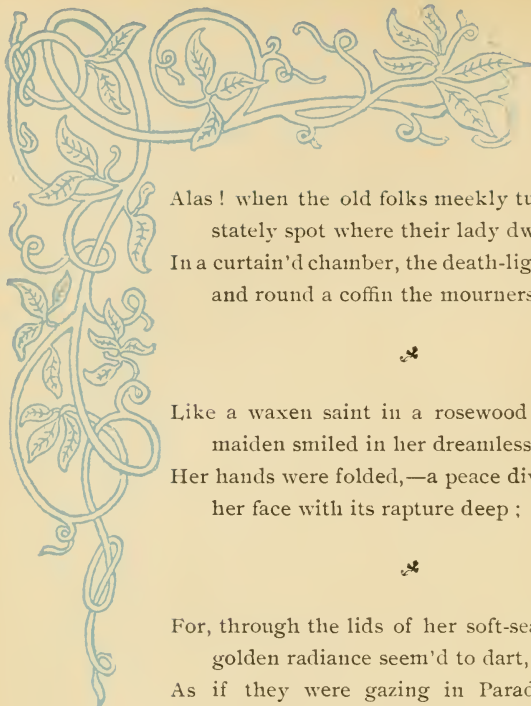
II.

Day by day, on her couch afar, the sick girl  
wasted and waned apace ;  
Day by day, like a dawning star, the fair white  
bud unveiled its face ;



Till, one bright Easter morn, full-blown—its  
regal splendors well displayed—  
The lily was borne from the attic lone to the  
home of the noble, suff'ring maid.





Alas ! when the old folks meekly turned to the  
stately spot where their lady dwelt,  
In a curtain'd chamber, the death-lights burned :  
and round a coffin the mourners kuel.



Like a waxen saint in a rosewood shrine, the  
maiden smiled in her dreamless sleep ;  
Her hands were folded,—a peace divine lighted  
her face with its rapture deep ;



For, through the lids of her soft-sealed eyes, a  
golden radiance seem'd to dart,  
As if they were gazing in Paradise on the  
glorious flames of the Sacred Heart !



Gently the aged fingers laid the fresh-blown  
lily on her clay—  
“Glory to Thee, sweet Lord !”—they prayed :  
“ for *both* Thy lilies have bloom'd to-day ! ”

## Carol of a Late Easter.

THE lovely pink of the blossoming  
peach,  
The apple's snowy bloom  
Are filling the land with loveliness,  
The air with rich perfume.

*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*  
*Alleluia! Alleluia!*



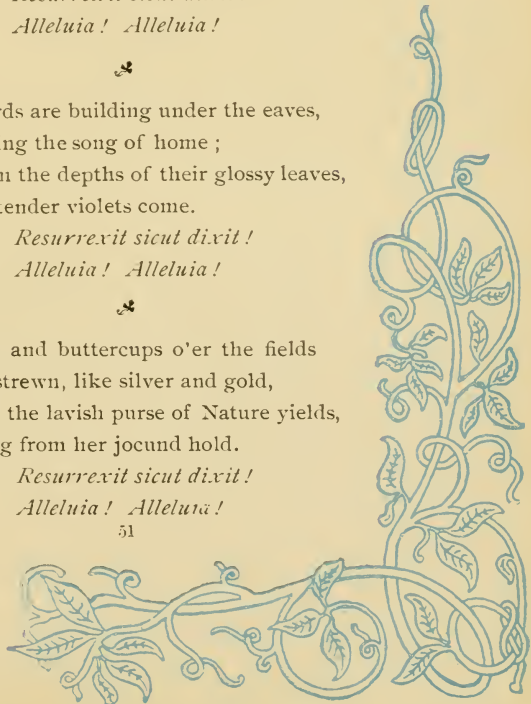
The birds are building under the eaves,  
Singing the song of home ;  
Up from the depths of their glossy leaves,  
The tender violets come.

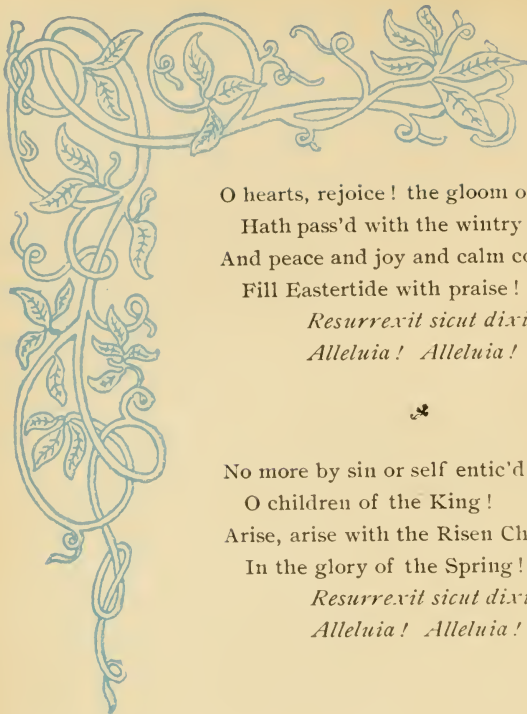
*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*  
*Alleluia! Alleluia!*



Daisies and buttercups o'er the fields  
Are strewn, like silver and gold,  
Which the lavish purse of Nature yields,  
Flung from her jocund hold.

*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*  
*Alleluia! Alleluia!*





O hearts, rejoice! the gloom of Lent  
Hath pass'd with the wintry days ;  
And peace and joy and calm content  
Fill Eastertide with praise !

*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*

*Alleluia! Alleluia!*



No more by sin or self entic'd,  
O children of the King!  
Arise, arise with the Risen Christ,  
In the glory of the Spring!

*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*

*Alleluia! Alleluia!*









## ADDENDA.

<sup>1</sup> The adaptation of this Carol to a martial melody by Donizetti will account for its irregularity of metre.

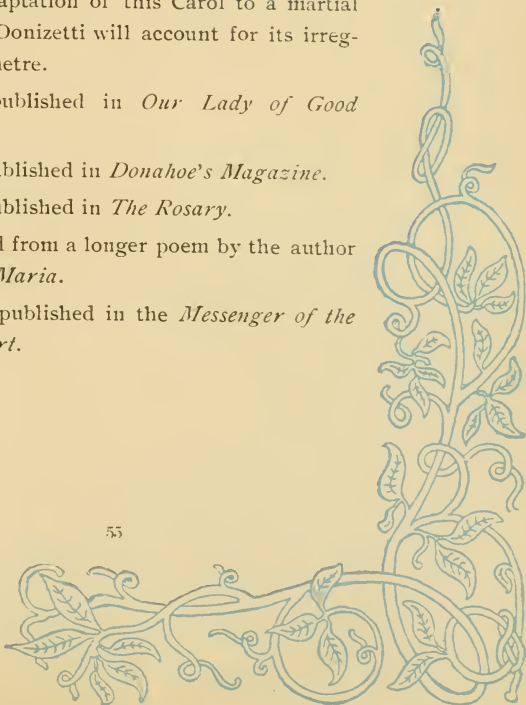
<sup>2</sup> First published in *Our Lady of Good Counsel*.

<sup>3</sup> First published in *Donahoe's Magazine*.

<sup>4</sup> First published in *The Rosary*.

<sup>5</sup> Adapted from a longer poem by the author in the *Ave Maria*.

<sup>6-7</sup> First published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.















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