HYMNS AND POETRY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH

BERNHARD PICK

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Hymns and Poetry of the Eastern Church

Collected and Chronologically Arranged

By

BERNHARD PICK

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Preface

THERE are collections of the sacred poetry of the Western Church, but very few, if any, of the Eastern Church. When Neale published in 1862 his "Hymns of the Eastern Church," he stated in the preface of his translations: "These are literally, I believe, the only English versions of any part of the treasures of Oriental hymnology. There is scarcely a first or second-rate hymn of the Roman Breviary which has not been translated: of many we have six or eight versions. The eighteen quarto volumes of Greek Church poetry can only at present be known to the English reader by my little book." Since that time other efforts have been made in that direction; and in presenting this volume to the lover of sacred poetry we fill a gap in the literature of hymnology.

The present collection contains such hymns as were accessible in the English language to the compiler, including also fragments from the earliest Greek Christian poets and from Ephraem the Syrian; and in this respect it goes beyond the collection of Neale, which only contains specimens from Byzantine poets.

The sources which have been perused for the present collection are:

Bonar: Hymns of the Early Church (in "Sunday at Home," London, 1878).

Browning: Essays on the Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets. New York, 1864.

Burgess: Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus. London, 1853.

[*Charles, Mrs.*]: The Voice of Christian Life in Song. New York, 1865.

Chatfield: Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Christian Poets. London, 1876.

Julian: Dictionary of Hymnology. New York, 1892.

Neale: Hymns of the Eastern Church. London, 1862.

People's (The) Hymnal. London, 1871.

Schaff: History of the Christian Church, vols. ii-iv.

Shipley: Lyra Eucharistica. London, 1869.

Shipley: Lyra Messianica. London, 1869.

Shipley: Lyra Mystica. London, 1869.

Greek hymns in the original are contained in

Bässler: Auswahl altchristlicher Lieder (1858), pp. 153-166.

Christ and *Paranikas:* Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum. Lipsiæ, 1871.

Daniel: Thesaurus Hymnologicus, iii (1855), which also contains (pp. 139-268) Syriac hymns. The hymns of Ephraem were edited

by Bickell (Leipzig, 1866), and in a German translation by C. Macke (Mayence, 1882).

Our collection contains two kinds of anonymous hymns: those belonging to the earlier period are given at the beginning; those of a later period, at the end. Between these the reader will find selections from eighteen poets. But these poets do not by far exhaust the list of hymn writers of sacred poetry. Mention is made of—

Eudocia, the empress, wife of Theodosius II. She lived in the fifth century, rendered into Greek hexameters the Pentateuch and the Books of Joshua and Judges; made a version of the prophet Zechariah and of the Book of Daniel, and wrote a poem in three books on Saint Cyprian and Saint Justina. "She wrote," says Mrs. Browning, "only such Christian Greek poems as Christians and poets might rejoice to read, but which perished with her beauty, as being of one seed with it."

Paulus Silentiarius, of the sixth century, the court poet, chiefly esteemed for his descriptive poem on the Byzantine Church of Saint Sophia.

John Geometra, of the seventh century, author of certain hymns to the Virgin Mary, "as accumulative of epithets and admirations as ten of her litanies, inclusive of a pious compliment, which, however geometrically exact in its proportions, sounds strangely" (Mrs. Browning).

Sergius, patriarch of Constantinople in the reign of Heraclius (610-641), is supposed to be the

author of a famous and favorite hymn *akathistos* (that is, a poem chanted while priest and people were *standing*), in praise of Mary as the deliverer of Constantinople from the siege of the Persians (630). Considered as a poem—the original is given by Christ (p. 140, seq.)—the chief part of it is full of splendor; "but the worship of the Virgin, which is its *raison d'être*, scarcely admits of its adaptation even partially in England."

George Pisida, author of "Hexaëmeron," which is "rather a meditation or rhythmical speech upon the finished creation than a retrospection of the six days; and also there is more of Plato in it than of Moses." He also wrote on the "Vanity of Life," which has much beauty and force, and from which Mrs. Browning quotes the following lines:

"Some yearn to rule the state, to sit above,
And touch the cares of hate as near as love;
Some their own reason for tribunal take,
And for all thrones the humblest prayers they make;
Some love the orator's vainglorious art,—
The wise love silence and the hush of heart,—
Some to ambition's spirit-curse are fain,
That golden apple with a bloody stain;
While some do battle in her face (more rife
Of noble ends) and conquer strife with strife:
And while your groaning tables gladden these,
Satiety's quick chariot to disease,
Hunger the wise man helps, to water, bread,
And light wings to the dreams about his head.

The truth becomes presently obvious, that—

The sage o'er all the world his scepter waves,
'And earth is common ground to thrones and graves."

Sophronius, patriarch of Jerusalem (629), celebrated in Anacreontic meters the praises of Jesus, the apostles and martyrs. Some of his pieces stand first in the second part of Christ's work, which treats of the Byzantine poems (pp. 43-46, 96-97).

Maximus the Confessor (580-662), author of some hymns, three of which are given by Daniel (iii, pp. 97-103). Christ omits Maximus.

Germanus (634-734), patriarch of Constantinople. He was one of the grandest among the defenders of the icons. He was present at the Synod of Constantinople in 712, which restored the Monothelite heresy; but in after years he condemned it. He was made patriarch of Constantinople in 715. In 730 he was driven from the see, not without blows, for refusing to yield to the iconoclastic emperor Leo the Isaurian. He died shortly afterward, at the age of one hundred years. His hymns are few. He wrote stanzas on Simeon the Stylite, on the prophet Elijah, on the decollation of John the Baptist, and a canon on the wonder-working image in Edessa. A few pieces of Germanus are given in Daniel, iii, p. 79; Christ, p. 98.

Andrew Pyros wrote the praise of Peter and Paul (see Christ, p. 83).

In addition to these we mention *Elias of Jerusalem* (about 761); *Tarasus*, patriarch of Constantinople (died 806); *Euthymius*, known as Syncellus (died about 910), author of a penitential canon on the Virgin Mary; *Leo VI*, or "the Philosopher" (886-917), author of detached stanzas on the Resurrection, which "are better than might have been expected from an imperial author, and the troubler of the Eastern Church by a *fourth* marriage" (Neale); *Orestes*, bishop of Jerusalem (996-1012); *Kasias; Nilus Xanthopulus; John Mauropus*, metropolitan of Euchaïta (died 1060); *Theodore Prodromus*, the reputed author of "Christus Patiens," usually attributed to Gregory of Nazianzen; *John Tzetza*, to whom Doering in his "De tragœdia Christiana, quæ inscribitur Χριστός Πάσχων" (Barmen, 1864), ascribes the authorship of that tragedy; *Manuel Phile*, of the fourteenth century.

With Mauropus, who belongs to the period of the decline and decay of Greek Church poetry, Greek hymnody well-nigh ceased.

Newark, N. J. B. P.

Hymns and Poetry of the Eastern Church

From the synagogue the Church received her hymn book, the Psalter, and how deeply rooted it was in the consciousness of the Christians we learn, for example, from Theodoret in the fifth century, who says: "Of the other Scriptures, the generality of men know next to nothing; but the Psalms you will find again and again repeated in private houses, in market places, in the streets, by those who have learned by heart, and who soothe themselves by their divine melody." And Saint Ambrose remarks: "When other parts of Scripture are used, there is such a noise of talking in the church that you cannot hear what is said; but when the Psalter is read, all are silent." There can be no doubt that at an early period other songs were added to the Psalter. Saint Paul speaks of "hymns and spiritual songs" in addition to "psalms," and the heathen governor of Asia Minor, the younger Pliny, writes to the Emperor Trajan in the year 107 that the persecuted Christians in that country were in the habit of meeting at daybreak and singing hymns to the praise of Christ as their God (*carmen Christo quasi Deo dicere invicem secum*). A disposition has

shown itself to find in rhythmical quotations which are not demonstrably taken from the Old Testament traces of primitive Christian songs; thus, for example, Eph. 5. 14:

Ἔγειρε, ὁ καθεύδων,
καὶ ἀνάστα ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν,
καὶ ἐπιφαύσει σοι ὁ Χριστός.

But whatever these hymns and songs may have been, certain it is that the Greek Church long adhered almost exclusively to the Psalms of David, and it had, in opposition to heretical predilections, even a decided aversion to the public use of uninspired songs. The fifty-ninth canon of the Council of Laodicea, about A. D. 360, prohibited the use of "private hymns," or, *ἰδιωτικοὶ ψαλμοὶ*, and the Council of Chalcedon in 451 continued this decree. On this account the Greek Church of the first six centuries produced nothing in the field of sacred poetry which has had permanent value or general use. If such hymns ever existed, the earliest are unfortunately lost. What is left are a few anonymous hymns (*ὕμνοι ἀδέσποτοι*), which are probably very old, because mentioned in the "Apostolic Constitutions." But whatever their antiquity, these anonymous hymns "bear witness to a living communion of some human hearts with God, and are as such most precious, whether we regard them as carrying up the links of our faith to the first century, or as bringing down the faith and worship of the apostolic age to the fourth

century" (Mrs. Charles, in "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," p. 23).

Early Anonymous Hymns

I

Morning Hymn

This (*ὕμνος ἑωθινός*) is found at the end of the Alexandrian Codex of the Bible, and in the Zurich Psalter, reprinted by Tischendorf in his "Monumenta Sacra inedita," 1869. It is also found at the end of vol. iii of Swete, "The Old Testament in Greek" (Cambridge, 1894).

This hymn, commencing, *Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις θεῷ*, an expansion of the doxology of the heavenly hosts, is mentioned in the "Apostolic Constitutions" (lib. vii, c. 47). Bonar renders it thus:

Glory in the highest of God,
And on earth peace,
Among men well-pleasedness!
We praise thee,
We bless thee,
We worship thee,
We glorify thee,
We thank thee,
Because of thy almighty glory.
O Lord, heavenly King,
O God, Father Almighty,
O Lord, only begotten Son,
Jesus Christ,
And Holy Spirit!
O Lord God,

O Lamb of God,
O Son of the Father,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
Pity us!
Who takest away the sins of the world,
Receive this prayer of ours!
Who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
Pity us!
For thou only art holy,
Thou only art Lord,
Jesus Christ,
To the glory of the Father! Amen.
Each day I will bless thee,
And I will praise thy name forever;
Yea, forever and forever!
  Vouchsafe, O Lord, even this day,
  That we may be kept sinless.
Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers;
Yea, blessed and glorified
Be thy name forever. Amen!
Blessed art thou, O Lord,
Teach me thy judgments!
Blessed art thou, O Lord,
Teach me thy judgments!
  O Lord, thou hast been a refuge to us
  From generation to generation!
I have spoken, O Lord, pity me!
Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.
O Lord, in thee have I taken refuge,
Teach me to do thy will,
O thou—for thou art my God.
  For with thee is the fountain of life,
  In thy light shall we see light.
  Extend thou thy mercy
  To those that know thee!

II

Evening Hymn

In the "Apostolic Constitutions" (lib. vii, c. 48) an evening hymn is mentioned, which commences, *Αἰνεῖτε, παῖδες*, and is rendered by Chatfield as follows:

Praise the Lord, O ye his servants,
Praise the name of the Lord;
We praise thee, we hymn thee, we bless thee
For thy great glory.
O Lord the King, the Father of Christ, the Lamb without blemish,
Who taketh away the sin of the world,
To thee belongeth praise, to thee belongeth the hymn, to thee belongeth glory,
The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
Throughout all ages. Amen.
Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,
According to thy word, in peace:
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people,
A light to lighten the Gentiles, and (to be) the glory of thy people Israel.

III

A Hymn at Lamplight

Concerning this evening hymn, the *ὕμνος ἑσπερινός*, or *ὕμνος τοῦ λυχνικοῦ*, commencing, *Φῶς ἱλαρὸν*, Bonar states that Saint Basil thus writes in his work on the Holy Spirit to Amphilochius (c. 29): "It seemed good to our fathers to receive the

light of evening not in silence, but with thanksgiving, as soon as it appeared. But who was the father (author) of these words of thanksgiving at the lighting of the lamps, we cannot say." The following is a free translation by Schaff ("History of the Christian Church," ii, p. 227):

Hail! cheerful Light, of his pure glory poured,
Who is th' Immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our Lord!
Now are we come to the Sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We sing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost divine!
Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life alone!
Therefore, in all the world, thy glories, Lord, we own.

IV

A Prayer at Dinner Table

This is also found in the "Apostolic Constitutions" (lib. vii, c. 49), and commences, Εὐλογητὸς εἶ. We give Chatfield's rendering:

Thou art blessed, O Lord, who nourishest me from my youth,
Who givest food to all flesh.
Fill our hearts with joy and gladness,
That at all times, having all sufficiency,
We may abound to every good work
In Christ Jesus our Lord:
With whom to thee (be) glory, honor, and might,
Forever and ever. Amen.

These were probably not the only hymns which were known at a very early period, for, as Schaff observes, an author toward the close of the second century could appeal against the Artemonites to a multitude of hymns in proof of the faith of the Church in the divinity of Christ: "How many psalms and odes of the Christians are there not, which have been written from the beginning by believers, and which, in their theology, praise Christ as the Logos of God?"

V

The Psalm of the Naassenes

Νόμος ἦν γενικὸς

This psalm, preserved by Origen ("Philosophumena," lib. v, c. 1), occupies the third place in the "Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum," ed. Christ and Paranikas. The translation which we subjoin is by J. H. Macmahon in the "Ante-Nicene Library":

The world's producing law was Primal Mind;
The next was Firstborn's outpoured Chaos;
And third, the soul received its law of toil
Enriched therefore, with an aqueous form,
With care o'erpowered it succumbs to death;
Nay, holding away, it eyes the light,
And now it weeps on misery flung;
Now it mourns, now it thrills with joy;
Now it waits, now it hears its doom;
Now it hears its doom, now it dies,
And now it leaves us, never to return.

It, hapless straying, threads the maze of ills.
But Jesus said, "Father, behold,
A strife of ills across the earth
Wanders from thy breath (of wrath),
But bitter Chaos (man) seeks to shun,
And knows not how to pass it through.
On this account, O Father, send me;
Bearing seals, I shall descend;
Through ages whole I'll sweep,
And mysteries I'll unravel,
And forms of God I'll show;
And secrets of the saintly path,
Styled 'Gnosis,' I'll impart."

The oldest Christian poem preserved to us, the authorship of which can be authoritatively traced, is from the pen of the profound Christian philosopher

Clement of Alexandria

(Died about A. D. 217)

This poem, which is found at the close of Clement's "Pædagogue," is a sublime but somewhat turgid song of praise to the Logos, as the divine educator and leader of the "human race." The title of the hymn is *Ὕμνος τοῦ σωτῆρος Χριστοῦ*, that is, "Hymn of the Saviour Christ," and it addresses Christ as the leader of the youth, that he himself may gather them to praise him (verses 1-8); then as the Shepherd and King of the saints, that he may guide his sheep and rule over them (verses 9-22); and, finally, as the Eternal

Word, whose footsteps lead to heaven (verses 23-53). It was not intended for public worship, nor is it adapted for it—being written in dimeter anapestics; but it is remarkable for its spirit and antiquity.

We subjoin from Schaff ("History of the Christian Church," ii, p. 230) the following literal translation of this poem, commencing, *Στόμιον πώλων:*

Bridle of untamed colts,
Wing of unwandering birds,
Sure Helm of babes,
Shepherd of royal lambs!
Assemble thy simple children,
To praise holily,
To hymn guilelessly
With innocent mouths
Christ, the guide of children.

O King of saints,
All-subduing Word
Of the most high Father,
Prince of wisdom,
Support of sorrows,
That rejoicest in the ages,
Jesus, Saviour
Of the human race,
Shepherd, husbandman,
Helm, Bridle,
Heavenly wing
Of the all holy flock,
Fisher of men
Who are saved,

Catching the chaste fishes
With sweet life
From the hateful wave
Of a sea of vices.

Guide [us], Shepherd
Of rational sheep;
Guide harmless children,
O holy King.
O footsteps of Christ,
O heavenly way,
Perennial Word,
Endless age,
Eternal Light,
Fount of mercy,
Performer of virtue,
Noble [is the] life of those
Who praise God,
O Christ Jesus,
Heavenly milk
Of the sweet breasts
Of the graces of the Bride,
Pressed out of thy wisdom.

Babes, nourished
With tender mouths,
Filled with the dewy spirit
Of the spiritual breast,
Let us sing together
Simple praises,
True hymns
To Christ [the] King,
Holy reward
For the doctrine of life.
Let us sing together,
Sing in simplicity

To the mighty Child,
O choir of peace,
The Christ begotten,
O chaste people
Let us praise together
The God of peace.

"This poem," says Schaff (l. c.), "was for sixteen centuries merely a hymnological curiosity, until an American Congregational minister, Dr. Henry Dexter, of Boston, by a happy reproduction, in 1846, secured it a place in modern hymn books. While preparing a sermon (as he informs me) on 'some prominent characteristics of the early Christians' (text, Deut. 32. 7, 'Remember the days of old'), he first wrote down an exact translation of the Greek hymn of Clement, and then reproduced and modernized it for the use of his congregation in connection with the sermon. It is well known that many psalms of Israel have inspired some of the noblest Christian hymns. The forty-sixth psalm gave the keynote of Luther's triumphant war-hymn of the Reformation, 'Ein' feste Burg.' John Mason Neale dug from the dust of ages many a Greek and Latin hymn, to the edification of English churches, notably some portions of Bernard of Cluny's 'De Contemptu Mundi,' which runs through nearly three thousand dactylic hexameters, and furnished the material for 'Brief life is here our

portion,' 'For thee, O dear, dear country,' and 'Jerusalem the golden.'

"We add Dexter's hymn as a fair specimen of a useful transfusion and rejuvenation of an old poem:

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

"Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou did'st 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;
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King!"

Methodius

(Died about A. D. 312)

Methodius, the martyr, who is also called Eubulius, the antagonist of Origen, is the author of "Symposium (or Banquet) of Ten Virgins" (*Συμπόσιον τῶν δέκα παρθένων*), an eloquent but verbose and extravagant eulogy on the blessings and advantages of voluntary virginity, which he describes as "something supernaturally great, wonderful, and glorious," and as "the best and noblest manner of life."

"The conception of the Symposium," says Schaff, "and the dialogue are borrowed from Plato, who celebrated the praises of Eros, as Methodius the praises of virginity. Methodius begins with a brief dialogue between Eubulios or Eubulion (that is, himself) and the virgin Gregorion, who was present at a banquet of the ten virgins in the gardens of Arete (that is, personified virtue) and reports to him ten discourses which these virgins successively delivered in praise of chastity. At the end of the banquet the victo-

rious Thecla, chief of the virgins (Saint Paul's apocryphal companion), standing on the right hand of Arete, begins to sing a hymn of chastity to which the virgins respond with the oft-repeated refrain:

"'I keep myself pure for thee, O Bridegroom,
And holding a lighted torch I go to meet thee.'

"Then follows a concluding dialogue between Eubulios and Gregorion on the question whether chastity ignorant of lust is preferable to chastity which feels the power of passion and overcomes it; in other words, whether a wrestler who has no opponents is better than a wrestler who has many and strong antagonists and continually contends against them without being worsted. Both agree in giving the palm to the latter, and then they betake themselves to 'the care of the outward man,' expecting to resume the delicate discussion on the next day.

"The taste and morality of virgins discussing at great length the merits of sexual purity are very questionable, at least from the standpoint of modern civilization; but the enthusiastic praise of chastity to the extent of total abstinence was in full accord with the prevailing asceticism of the fathers, including Origen, who freed himself from carnal temptation by an act of violence against nature."

The "Parthenion" of Methodius, which com-

mences, Ἄνωθεν, *παρθένοι*, is, like Psalm 119, acrostic; the initial letters of the strophes are the letters of the alphabet in their order. Each strophe is followed by the same refrain (ὑπακοή). The hymn has been translated into English for the "Ante-Nicene Library," vol. xiv; we subjoin, however, Chatfield's translation, adding to each strophe the letter of the Greek alphabet:

A The Bridegroom cometh! overhead
The shout descending wakes the dead!
Go forth to meet the King,
The gates just entering!
Virgins, white-robed, with lamps haste eastward forth to meet him,
Haste ye, O haste to greet him!

Refrain: With holy feet, and lamps bright burning,
I go to meet my Lord returning.

B Earth's mournful bliss I left, and toys
Of wanton life, and foolish joys:
To thee alone I cling;
Thou art my Life, and King:
Grant that I may, O Blessèd, ever close to thee,
Thy royal beauty see!

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Γ Thou art my wealth: for thee I fled
All worldly lure, and upward sped;
And come in spotless dress
Of thine own righteousness,
With thee to enter in the bridal chamber gates
Where perfect bliss awaits.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Δ Saved from the dragon's myriad wiles,
By which the simple he beguiles,
I bore the dreadful fire,
And wild beast's savage ire,
Waiting till thou from heaven, O Hope of all creation,
Shouldst come to my salvation!

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

E My home and country for thy sake,
And maiden dance, I did forsake,
And mother's pride and race,
And thoughts of rank and place:
For thou, O Christ the Word, art all in all to me;
I long for naught save thee!

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Z Hail! Christ the Life, unchanging Day,
Accept this humble virgin lay:
To thee our song of praise
With heart and voice we raise!
In thee, O thou perfection's flower, O Word Divine,
Love, joy, mind, wisdom, shine.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

H O Bride, triumphant now in light,
And clad in robes of purest white,
Sweet-breathing, sinless, free,
Ope wide the gates to me:
Sit we in selfsame company near Christ above
And sing thy marriage, Love!

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Θ Ah me! some virgins vainly pour
Their sobs and cries outside the door;

Their lamps are quenched, and they
No burning light display;
Their error they would mend; but, ah! they come too late,
And closèd is the gate.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

I For they a foolish part had played,
And from the sacred pathway strayed;
Oil, they had purchased none;
Ah! wretched and undone!
Forbidden with dead lamps the home of bliss to see,
They wail their misery.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

K Lo! goblet filled with sweetest wine:
Drink we, O virgins, 'tis divine;
And forth-set for our need:
Lo! this is drink indeed;
This for the guests, who to the marriage bidden are,
The Bridegroom doth prepare.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Λ First type, O Blessèd One, of thee,
In Abel shining bright we see:
To heaven he lifts his eyes,
Blood-dripping, and thus cries:
"Me, by my cruel brother slain, receive, O Lord,
O thou the Eternal Word."

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

M Joseph, another type of thee,
Won highest prize of purity;

Whom thou wouldst own thy child:
He scorned to be beguiled
By shameless woman; stripped, he yet her wrath defied,
And straight to thee he cried:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

N A lamb for sacrifice is sought:
A lamblike victim Jephthah brought:
For rash-made vow he cared,
Nor virgin daughter spared:
A type, O Blessèd One, of thy humanity,
She poured her soul to thee:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Ξ In valor Judith holds high post:
The leader of the oppressing host
She smote by beauty's lure,
Herself a type all pure:
He headless lay; and unto thee the conquering maid
Her love in song displayed:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

O The judges twain, by passion's flame
Enkindled, and all dead to shame,
Would chaste Susannah bind
To their unhallowed mind:
To their proposals base she gave a just reply:
And raised her voice on high:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Π 'Twere better far that I should die,
Than traitress be to marriage tie,

And yielding to your will
Both soul and body kill:
Base men! God's fire of wrath eternal would me seize:
Save me, O Christ, from these!

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

P And he who thousands washed from sin,
Of thy true light the bringer-in,
For virtue's cause alone
Is into prison thrown
By wicked king; and staining now the ground with gore
He cried to thee the more:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Σ And thy blest Mother, spotless maid,
Was thought her vows to have betrayed,
When travailing with thee,
O Lord of purity:
And found with child of transcendental heavenly birth,
She raised her voice from earth:

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

T Thy saints, all eager that they may
Behold the glories of the day
Of thine espousals high,
With holy gifts draw nigh.
For thou, O Lord, hast called them, thou the angels' King:
White-robed to thee they sing.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

ϒ O holy Church, O heavenly Bride,
With hymns, attending at thy side,

We yet on earth below
Thine honor thus forth-show:
All snow-white thou, all-beauteous spouse of Christ above,
All purity, all love.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Φ Past are corruption, sickness, pain;
Nor tears shall ever flow again:
For troubles all have fled,
And Death himself is dead;
And sin and folly with dark dismal train are gone,
Since grace in glory shone.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

X No longer Paradise of men
Is void; for there God wills again
That man should safely dwell;
Yea, man the same who fell
Beneath the serpent's wiles: now in the promised rest,
Immortal, fearless, blest.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Ψ Thou now to heavenly places raised,
By all the virgin choir art praised,
O Bride of heavenly King:
And song all new we sing.
Withlighted torch in hand, with snow-white lilies crowned,
Thy praise in Christ we sound.

Refrain: With holy feet, etc.

Ω Father of heaven, supreme in might,
Dwelling in pure eternal light
With thine own Son most dear,
Admit—for we are here—

E'en us within the gates of life, to sing thy love
In thy blest courts above.

Refrain: With holy feet, and lamps bright burning,
I go to meet my Lord returning.

Gregory of Nazianzen

(About A. D. 330-391)

Gregory of Nazianzen was born about 330, either at Nazianzen, a small village in Cappadocia, where his father was bishop, or in the neighboring village of Arianzus. He received an excellent education, which he improved at Athens, where he formed an acquaintance and friendship with Basil. On his return home he was ordained; hesitated long between the contemplative and the active life; adhered to the Nicene doctrine, and endeavored to keep together its persecuted adherents; assisted his father in his pastoral duties, and at length became minister of a small congregation of the Nicene Christians at Constantinople. Distinguishing himself greatly by his fervent eloquence, and no less by his wisdom and moderation, he was made bishop of Constantinople by Theodosius in 381. After filling this high and difficult post for one year he resigned it and returned to his native place, where he died in 391.

"Influenced, perhaps, by the example of the Syrian poems of Ephraem, and aiming, as he himself tells us, both at consolation for himself in his

trials, and also to entice those who cared for poetical form, and not to leave the graces of style in the possession of paganism, he uses poetry for almost every possible purpose." "As a poet," says Schaff, "he holds a subordinate though respectable place. He wrote poetry only in his later life, and wrote it not from native impulse, as the bird sings among the branches, but in the strain of moral reflection upon his own life, or upon doctrinal and moral themes. Many of his orations are poetical; many of his poems are prosaic. Not one of his odes or hymns passed into use in the Church" (l. c., iii, p. 921).

In subjoining the following specimens we follow the order as given by Christ and Paranikas.

I

Hymn to Christ

The translation of this hymn, commencing, *Σὲ τὸν ἄφθιτον*, we quote from "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," p. 62:

Hear us now, Eternal Monarch,
Grant us now to hymn and praise thee—
Thee the King, and thee the Master!
By whom are our hymns and praises,
By whom are the choirs of angels,
By whom flow the ceaseless ages,
By whom only shines the sun,
By whom walks the moon in brightness,
By whom smile the stars in beauty,

By whom all the race of mortals
Have received their godlike reason,
And thine other works outshone.
Thou the universe createdst,
Hast to each his place decreed,
Constituting all in wisdom;
And thy word, Lord, was a deed.
For thy word, Son of the Highest,
In essential might and glory,
Equals that of God the Father,
Who creates and reigns o'er all;
Whilst the Spirit all embraceth,
All preserving, all providing:
Triune God, on thee we call.

Thou, the one and only Monarch,
In thy nature changeless, endless,
Of unutterable glory,
Inaccessible in wisdom,
Never-wearied strength of heaven,
Infinite, without beginning,
High in unapproachèd light;
All with sleepless eye observing,
Not a depth thy glance escapeth,
From the earth to the abysses,
Deepest deep or highest height:
Wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Grant me thus to worship thee.
Cleanse me, Lord, from my transgression,
Purge me from an evil conscience,
That thy godhead I may honor;
Holy hands in praise uplifting,
Blessing Christ on bended knee.
Own me, then, at last thy servant,
When thou com'st in majesty.

Be to me a pitying Father,
Let me find thy grace and mercy;
And to thee all praise and glory
Through the endless ages be.

II

Hymn to God

This hymn, commencing, *Ὦ πάντων ἐπέκεινα*, says Chatfield—whose version we subjoin—is an undying record, and may bear comparison with any similar composition in any age:

O thou, the One supreme o'er all!
For by what other name
May we upon thy greatness call,
Or celebrate thy fame?

Ineffable! to thee what speech
Can hymns of honor raise?
Ineffable! what tongue can reach
The measure of thy praise?

How, unapproached, shall mind of man
Descry thy dazzling throne,
And pierce, and find thee out, and scan
Where thou dost dwell alone?

Unuttered thou! all uttered things
Have had their birth from thee:
The One unknown! from thee the springs
Of all we know and see!

Mindful, and mindless, all things yield
To thy parental sway,
For thou to all art life and shield:
They honor and obey.

For round thee center all the woes
  Of night and darkling day,
The common wants and common throes;
  And all to thee do pray.

And all things, as they move along
  In order fixed by thee,
Thy watchword heed, in silent song
  Hymning thy majesty.

And lo! all things abide in thee,
  And through the complex whole
Thou spread'st thine own divinity,
  Thyself of all the goal.

One Being thou, all things, yet none,
  Nor one nor yet all things;
How call thee, O mysterious One?
  A worthy name, who brings?

All-named from attributes thine own,
  How call thee as we ought?
Thou art unlimited, alone,
  Beyond the range of thought.

What heaven-born intellect shall rend
  The veiling clouds above?
Be thou propitious! ever send
  Bright tokens of thy love!

O thou, the One supreme o'er all!
  For by what other name
May we upon thy greatness call,
  Or celebrate thy fame?

III

Hymn to Christ on Easter Day

(After long silence)

The translation of this hymn, commencing, *Χριστὲ ἄναξ*, is by Chatfield:

O Christ the King! since breath pent up so long
I have outpoured, thou first shalt be my song;
May this my word, the current of my mind,
If lawful thus to speak, acceptance find,
And unto thee as holy incense rise
Of holiest priest, a grateful sacrifice!
The Father's Brightness, Word of the Great Mind,
Who cannot be by power of speech defined,
High Light of highest Light, the Only Son,
Image and Seal of the Immortal One,
Without beginning; from same Fount of Light
With the Great Spirit; infinite in might:
All-glorious thou, and Author of all good:
From age to age thy truth hath firmly stood.
Enthroned thou reignest high in heaven above,
Almighty Breath of Mind and Lord of Love.
Throughout this framèd universe divine
Whatever is, or shall be, all is thine:
Thou madest all, to all thou givest life,
And all thou guidest: nowhere fault or strife
Nor error in thy workmanship is found:
The whole in willing chain to thee is bound.
Thou laid'st the world's foundation; and thy nod
All things obey, and own their Sovereign God.
For thee the lofty sun, the king of day,
Quenching the stars, holds on his fiery way.
For thee, for so thou bidst, the eye of night,
The moon, waxes and wanes, full orb of light.

For thee the belt of heaven, all-dancing ring,
And seasons kindly mingling, laugh and sing.
For thee the fixèd stars and planets shine
In course, and speak thy wisdom all divine.
Thy light they are, the heavenly minds that be,
All sing on high the glorious Trinity.
Man is thy glory too, angel below,
Here placed to sing, O Light, thy beauteous glow.
Immortal, fleshless, glory's highest ray,
Who mortal flesh yet took'st, man's woes to stay,
For thee I live, for thee my songs arise,
For thee I am a breathing sacrifice;
For this, of all things once possessed by me,
Alone remains, and this I give to thee.

I tie my tongue, and loose it at thy will;
In either, what thou wouldst may I fulfill,
Speak what is right, nor think aught else beside:
From mire select the pearl, with thee my Guide;
Gold from the sand, the rose from thorny brake,
From straw-encumbered ears the pure grain take.

To thee, O Christ, this wreath of uttered praise,
As firstfruits of my loving toil, I raise.

For from the dead, with whom he mingled lay,
Great Christ arose, upon this gladsome day;
Gates of grim Hades he did open fling;
And broke death's power, and robbed him of his sting;
Rushed from the tomb, appeared to speaking men,
For whom, once born, he died and rose again;
That we newborn might rise, from death set free,
And ever live, ascending Lord, with thee.
This day glad heaven with acclamation rings,
And choir angelic crowning anthem sings.

This day my closèd lips I loose in song
To thee, to whom my lute and breath belong.

Of mind to Mind, of word to the true Word,
I here have offered what I could afford:
Hereafter, if he will, I hope to bring
To the Great Spirit worthier offering.

IV

To His Own Soul

The translation of this poem, commencing, Τί σοι θέλεις, is that by Mrs. Browning, who has the heading "Soul and Body." Another translation is given by Chatfield, who remarks that the original is one of the most spirited pieces anywhere to be found, truly forcible and racy.

What wilt thou possess or be?
O my soul, I ask of thee.
What of great, or what of small,
Counted precious therewithal?
Be it only rare, and want it,
I am ready, soul, to grant it.
Wilt thou choose to have and hold
Lydian Gyges' charm of old,
So to rule us with a ring,
Turning round the jeweled thing,
Hidden by its face concealed,
And revealed by its revealed?
Or preferrest Midas' fate—
He who died in golden state,
All things being changed to gold?
Of a golden hunger dying,
Through a surfeit of "would I"-ing!

Wilt have jewels brightly cold,
Or may fertile acres please?
Or the sheep of many a fold,
Camels, oxen, for the wold?
Nay! I will not give thee these!
These to take thou hast not will,
These to give I have not skill;
Since I cast earth's cares abroad,
That day when I turned to God.

Wouldst a throne, a crown sublime,
Bubble blown upon the time?
So thou mayest sit to-morrow
Looking downward in meek sorrow,
Some one walking by thee scorning,
Who adored thee yester morning,
Some malign one? Wilt be bound
Fast in marriage (joy unsound!)
And be turnèd round and round
As the time turns? Wilt thou catch it,
That sweet sickness? and to match it
Have babies by the hearth, bewildering?
And if I tell thee the best children
Are none—what answer?
Wilt thou thunder
Thy rhetorics, move the people under?
Covetest to sell the laws
With no justice in thy cause,
And bear on, or else be borne,
Before tribunals worthy scorn?
Wilt thou shake a javelin rather
Breathing war? or wilt thou gather
Garlands from the wrestler's ring?
Or kill beasts for glorying?

Covetest the city's shout,
And to be in brass struck out?
Cravest thou that shade of dreaming,
Passing air of shifting seeming,
Rushing of a printless arrow,
Clapping echo of a hand?
What to those who understand
Are to-day's enjoyments narrow,
Which to-morrow go again,
Which are shared with evil men,
And of which no man in his dying
Taketh aught for softer lying?
What then wouldst thou, if thy mood
Choose not these? What wilt thou be,
O my soul? a deity?
A god before the face of God,
Standing glorious in his glories,
Choral in his angels' chorus?

Go! upon thy wing arise,
Plumèd by quick energies,
Mount in circles up the skies:
And I will bless thy wingèd passion,
Help with words thine exaltation,
And, like a bird of rapid feather,
Outlaunch thee, Soul, upon the æther.

But thou, O fleshly nature, say,
Thou with odors from the clay,
Since thy presence I must have
As a lady with a slave,
What wouldst thou possess or be,
That thy breath may stay with thee?
Nay! I owe thee naught beside,
Though thine hands be open wide.
Would a table suit thy wishes,

Fragrant with sweet oils and dishes
Wrought to subtle niceness? where
Stringèd music strokes the air,
And blithe hand-clappings, and the smooth
Fine postures of the tender youth
And virgins wheeling through the dance
With an unveiled countenance,—
Joys for drinkers, who love shame,
And the maddening wine-cup's flame.
Wilt thou such, howe'er decried?
Take them,—and a rope beside!

Nay! this boon I give instead
Unto friend insatiated,—
May some rocky house receive thee
Self-roofed, to conceal thee chiefly;
Or if labor there must lurk,
Be it by a short day's work!
And for garment, camel's hair,
As the righteous clothèd were,
Clothe thee! or the bestial skin,
Adam's bareness hid within,—
Or some green thing from the way,
Leaf of herb, or branch of vine,
Swelling, purpling as it may,
Fearless to be drunk for wine!
Spread a table there beneath thee,
Which a sweetness shall upbreathe thee,
And which the dearest earth is giving,
Simple present to all living!
When that we have placed thee near it,
We will feed thee with glad spirit.
Wilt thou eat? soft, take the bread,
Oaten cake, if that bested;
Salt will season all aright,
And thine own good appetite,

Which we measure not, nor fetter:
'Tis an uncooked condiment,
Famine's self the only better.
Wilt thou drink? why, here doth bubble
Water from a cup unspent,
Followed by no tipsy trouble,
Pleasure sacred from the grape!
Wilt thou have it in some shape
More like luxury? we are
No grudgers of wine-vinegar!
But if all will not suffice thee,
And thou covetest to draw
In that pitcher with a flaw,
Brimful pleasures heaven denies thee—
Go, and seek out, by that sign,
Other help than this of mine!
For me, I have not leisure so
To warm thee, Sweet, my household foe,
Until, like a serpent frozen,
New maddened with the heat, thou loosen
Thy rescued fang within mine heart!
Wilt have measureless delights
Of gold-roofed palaces, and sights
From pictured or from sculptured art,
With motion near their life; and splendor
Of bas-relief, with tracery tender,
And varied and contrasted hues?
Wilt thou have, as nobles use,
Broidered robes to flow about thee?
Jeweled fingers? Need we doubt thee?
Gauds for which the wise will flout thee?
I most, who, of all beauty, know
It must be inward, to be so!
And thus I speak to mortals low,
Living for the hour, and o'er

Its shadow, seeing nothing more:
But for those of nobler bearing,
Who live more worthily of wearing
A portion of the heavenly nature—
To low estate of clayey creature,
See, I bring the beggar's meed,
Nutriment beyond the need!
O, beholder of the Lord,
Prove on me the flaming sword!
Be mine husbandman, to nourish
Holy plants, that words may flourish
Of which mine enemy would spoil me,
Using pleasurehood to foil me!
Lead me closer to the tree
Of all life's eternity;
Which, as I have pondered, is
The knowledge of God's greatnesses:
Light of One, and shine of Three,
Unto whom all things that be
Flow and tend!
In such a guise,
Whoever on the earth is wise
Wilt speak unto himself: and who
Such inner converse would eschew,—
We say perforce of that poor wight,
"He lived in vain!" and if *aright,*
It is not the worst word we might.

This is one of the several long poems, "severally defective in a defect common but not necessary to short occasional poems, and lamentable anywhere, a want of unity and completeness. . . . Monotony of construction without unity of intention is the most wearisome of monotonies, and,

except in the case of a few short poems, we find it everywhere in Gregory" (Mrs. Browning).

The following two are in Chatfield's rendering:

V

A Morning Prayer

Ὄρθριος δίδωμι

'Tis dawn: to God I lift my hand,
To regulate my way;
My passions rule, and unmoved stand,
And give to Thee the day.

Not one dark word or deed of sin,
Not one base thought allow;
But watch all avenues within,
And wholly keep my vow.

Shamed were my age, should I decline;
Shamed were thy table too
At which I stand; thy will is mine;
Give grace, my Christ, to do.

VI

A Hymn at Night

(After failure to keep vow)

Ἐψευσάμην σε

O Thou the Word of truth divine!
All light I have not been;
Nor kept the day as wholly thine,
For thou dark spots hast seen.

The day is down; night hath prevailed;
My Lord I have belied.
I vowed and thought to do, but failed;
My steps did somewhere slide.

There came a darkness from below,
Obscuring safety's way;
Thy light, O Christ, again bestow;
Turn darkness into day.

VII

An Evening Hymn

Σὲ καὶ νῦν

The rendering here given is that of Mrs. Charles; another translation is given by Chatfield.

Christ, my Lord, I come to bless thee,
Now when day is veiled in night;
Thou who knowest no beginning,
Light of the Eternal Light.

Thou the darkness hast dissolvèd,
And the outward light created,
That all things in light might be;
Fixing the unfixèd chaos,
Molding it to wondrous beauty,
Into the fair world we see.

Thou enlightenest man with reason,
Far beyond the creatures dumb,
That light in thy light beholding,
Wholly light he might become.

Thou hast set the radiant heavens
With thy many lamps of brightness,
Filling all the vaults above,
Day and night in turn subjecting
To a brotherhood of service
And a mutual law of love.

By the night our wearied nature
Resting from its toil and tears;
To the works, Lord, that thou lovest,
Waking us when day appears.

VIII

Admonitory Address to a Virgin

Of this poem on celibacy, commencing, *Παρθένε νύμφη*, Mrs. Browning says it "has occasionally graphic touches, but is dull enough generally to suit the fairest spinster's view of that melancholy subject. If Hercules could have read it, he must have rested in the middle—from which the reader is entreated to forbear the inference that the poem has not been read through by the writer of the present remarks." The translation which we subjoin is that of Mr. Chatfield:

O Bride of Christ on high,
Thy Bridegroom glorify!
Always thyself keep pure,
In word and wisdom sure,
That bright with Him all-bright
Thou e'er mayst dwell in light.
Far better spouse is he
Than earthly spouse could be:
Thy union happier far
Than mortal unions are.
In bodily estate
Thou yet didst imitate
The intellectual powers,
Giving to him thy hours:

And didst acquire on earth
The angels' right of birth.
'Tis "bind and loose" below,
Bodies from bodies grow:
Above each stand alone,
Nor loosing *there* is known.
Of pure existence, they
First bear the ethereal ray,
Spirit and fire: none rests,
Doing great God's behests.
But now wild matter found—
All nature flowing round
With unresisted force—
A mingled intercourse;
But God the flood restrained,
And marriage laws ordained.
But thou hast hence escaped,
And upward thy course shaped;
From matter's base alloy
To spirit's holy joy.
Mind harmonized with mind,
Doth truest pleasure find:
Such harmony is thine,
A harmony divine.
With flesh thou war dost wage,
And helpest God's image:
For thou art God's own breath,
With body yoked till death:
That out of wrestling sore,
At length the battle o'er,
And earth well beaten down,
Thou mayst receive the crown.
To marriage also raise,
But only second praise.
That is for passion given,

This is bright light of heaven:
That founds a pure offspring,
This is self-offering.
This honored was, we hold,
At seasons marked of old.
To this in Paradise,
Lo! Adam testifies:
For this on Sinai's peak
Doth Moses also speak;
And Zachary the priest
Of God's true saints not least,
And whom we hail the rather
As the Forerunner's father.
But marriage hath its need:
Hence springs a holy seed:
And hence the virgin bride
Honored at God's own side.
Yet of the flesh it is, and earth,
All earthly from its birth.
When law and shadows ruled,
And we were sometime schooled,
Marriage held scepter mild,
Yet like a little child.
But when the letter died,
The Spirit was supplied:
For Christ had come and borne
In flesh our woes and scorn:
Had brought redemption nigh,
And then ascended high:
Christ, sprung from Virgin's womb,
Christ, Conqueror o'er the tomb.
Then continence did rise,
And this base world despise,
Which should its course have mended,
And high with Christ ascended.

Thou journey'st well! but haste!
Behind is fiery waste:
Take to thy steps good heed,
And to the mountain speed.
Cast not one backward glance
On Sodom, lest perchance
Thou, fixed upon the ground,
A pile of salt be found.
In battling with the flesh
Take ever courage fresh,
Neither by terror bent,
Nor overconfident.
Faint not, for He is nigh
Who will all strength supply.

A spark may kindle hell:
Water the flame doth quell.
Full means to thee are lent
For good self-government.
Let thou the fear of God
Freeze the rebellious blood:
Fasting the flesh control:
Keep watches o'er thy soul,
And pour it forth in prayer:
Such thy true weapons are.
Add tears: and lowly bed,
With reeds or rushes spread:
One constant flame of love
Rising to God above,
And lulling all desire
Which doth not up aspire.
The fallen rise by thee!
The shipwrecked pitied be!
Thyself live out the gale,
Expanding Hope's bright sail.

They fall not who ne'er rise,
But they who try the skies.
Few mount on pinion wings:
Straight course to humbler things.
Fell Lucifer through pride:
Angels in heaven reside.
One, traitor, sunk in night:
The eleven are stars of light.

Be pure, be wholly pure,
Of this make ever sure,
Lest thou, by heeding not,
Christ's spotless robe shouldst spot.
Let modest be thine eye:
Thy tongue speak maidenly:
Thy mind not pandering,
Thy foot not wandering:
Nor loud laugh marking thee,
As one we blush to see.

Thy poor and tarnished wear,
Thy unadornèd hair,
I honor more than pearls,
Or silken dress, or curls.

Fair flower is modest face,
And paleness is true grace:
And virtues plentiful
Are braid most beautiful.
With paints let others dress
The living God's likeness;
Live tablet they of sin,
And all that's base within.
Whate'er thou hast of beauty,
Die let it all to duty:

But beauty of the soul—
'Tis God's—*it* keep thou whole.

Of men, though good they be,
The sight 'twere best thou flee.
Some cheat might thee entrance,
Or be entranced perchance:
Eye now with eye bespangling,
And word with word entangling,
Then cheek with cheek o'erglowing,
And mutual passion flowing.
'Tis well: but not for thee:
Not thine the accursèd tree:
The tree of life thy care:
The serpent's guile beware!

O maiden, hear my word,
Have thou no other lord;
Thy Bridegroom reigns above,
And bids thee faithful prove.
Thou from the flesh hast fled,
And it to thee is dead.
Why turn to it again,
And make thy work all vain?
That singleness of thine
Is a rare gift divine:
Few they whom it adorns,
As rose among the thorns.
Such grace 'tis thine to know:
High o'er the snares below,
By which the wicked fall,
Thou safely passest all.

Lo! one no sooner builds,
And bridal chamber gilds,

Than *she* with mournful gloom
Forth bears him to the tomb.
Felt one a father's pride?
At once the loved child died.
And oh! the mother's pain
Of travailing in vain!

And jealousy, ah me!
How frightful 'tis to see,
When each the other taunts,
Where stolen friendship haunts!

What wormwood and what gall,
Worst recompense of all,
To rear up family,
And then dishonored be!

One care is thine, one call,
To look to God in all!
But little thou dost need:
That little God will speed.

Shelter and barley cake
Sufficient wealth will make:
Nor shall dire need impart
Keen edge to tempter's dart,
As when Christ, hard bestead,
He bade turn stones to bread.

By thee, however tried,
Be all base gain denied:
Fowls of the air God feeds,
Sure then his saints he heeds.
Of oil, if faith prevail,
Thy cruse shall never fail.

By Cherith's desert brook
At the great prophet look!
To feed him ravens sped:
So too shalt thou be fed!

How Thecla from the flame,[1]
And lions, unscathed came,
Thou know'st: and how great Paul,
Preacher of truth to all,
Bore hunger, thirst, and cold,
Through death's worst forms still bold;
That thou might'st look, O maid,
To God alone for aid,
Who in the wilderness
With food can myriads bless.

Lo! beauty fadeth fast,
Nor will earth's glories last:
Wealth is a failing stream,
And power an empty dream.
But thou, faith's sail unfurled,
Hast fled this erring world,
Steering thy course on high
To realms beyond the sky.
There in the holy shrine
Thou shalt forever shine:
And there with angels raise
The song of endless praise!

A better portion far
Than sons and daughters are!

But maidens, be ye wise,
And watch with longing eyes,

[1] Thecla, see the "virgin's song" of Methodius, p. 26.

That when Christ shall return
Your lamps may brightly burn:
That with the Bridegroom ye
May enter in, and see
The beauty and the grace
Of his own dwelling place,
And share in truth and love
The mysteries above.

These are all the pieces of Gregory which are contained in the Greek anthology published by Christ and Paranikas. In some manuscripts of Gregory we also find a quasi-Euripidean tragedy entitled Χριστὸς πάσχων, which has therefore been attributed to Gregory. Mrs. Browning, who ascribes the authorship of this tragedy to Apollinaris, says: "Let no voice evermore attribute it to Gregory Nazianzen," and, "One only tragedy remains with which the memory of Gregory Nazianzen has been right tragically affronted, and which Gregory would cast off with the scorn and anger befitting an Apollinarian heresy." The Gregorian authorship was defended in modern times by A. Ellisen in "Analekten der mittel-und neugriechischen Literatur," part i, containing the original Greek with a German translation (Leipzig, 1855). Parts of the tragedy with the translation of Ellisen were published by Bässler in his "Auswahl altchristlicher Lieder" (Berlin, 1858), who adopts Ellisen's view. But J. G. Brambs in his "De auctoritate tragœdiæ Christianæ quæ in-

scribi solet Χριστὸς πάσχων, Gregorio Nazianzeno, falso attributæ" (Eichstadt, 1883), and especially in his edition of the "Christus Patiens" (Leipzig, 1885), has shown that Theodore Prodromus, of the twelfth century, is the author of the tragedy. (See also Hilberg, "Wiener Studien," 1886, p. 282, seq.)

Bässler also gives a poem, or rather a part of a poem, entitled "To Himself" (Πρὸς ἑαυτὸν), which commences, Ποῦ δὲ λόγοι, which has been rendered into English in "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," p. 65, where Mrs. Charles says: "When his work was done, the Church of the Anastasia had arisen, and father, mother, brother, and sister, all were dead. In the depths of its natural fears, and the firmness of the hope to which at last it rises, it tells the history of those solitary years, and echoes well the music of those ancient psalms which soar so often 'out of the depths' into the light of God." The following translation is by Mrs. Browning:

To Himself

Where are my wingèd words? Dissolved in air.
Where is my flower of youth? All withered. Where
My glory? Vanished. Where the strength I knew
From comely limbs? Disease hath changed it too,
And bent them. Where the riches and the lands?
God hath them! Yea, and sinners' snatching hands
Have grudged the rest. Where is my father, mother,
And where my blessed sister, my sweet brother?

Gone to the grave!—There did remain for me
Alone my fatherland, till destiny,
Malignly stirring a black tempest, drove
My foot from that last rest. And now I rove
Estranged and desolate a foreign shore,
And drag my mournful life and age all hoar
Throneless and cityless, and childless save
This father-care for children, which I have,
Living from day to day on wandering feet.
Where shall I cast this body? What will greet
My sorrows with an end? What gentle ground
And hospitable grave will wrap me round?
Who last my dying eyelids stoop to close—
Some saint, the Saviour's friend? or one of those
Who do not know him? The air interpose,
And scatter these words too!

Synesius

(A. D. 375-430)

Synesius was born at Cyrene, about the year A. D. 375. He was an enthusiastic pupil of Hypatia, the female philosopher, at Alexandria, and in 410 was called to the bishopric of Ptolemais, the capital of Pentapolis. "Before taking orders he frankly declared that he could not forsake his philosophical opinions, although he would in public accommodate himself to the popular belief. Synesius was made bishop, but oft regretted that he exchanged his favorite studies for the responsible and onerous duties of the bishopric. In his hymns he fuses the Christian doctrine of the

Trinity with the Platonic idea of God, and the Saviour with the divine Helios, whose daily setting and rising was to him a type of Christ's descent into Hades and ascension to heaven. The desire of the soul to be freed from the chains of matter takes the place of the sorrow for sin and the longing after salvation" (Schaff, l. c., iii, p. 604, seq.).

As a poet Synesius stands quite independent of Gregory, and probably did not know of his writings, as he calls himself the first Christian poet. "He was a poet," says Mrs. Browning; "the chief poet, we do not hesitate to record our opinion—the chief, for true and natural gifts, of all our Greek Christian poets; and it was his choice to pray lyrically between the dew and the cloud rather than preach dogmatically between the doxies. . . . This poet has a higher place among poets than this bishop among bishops. . . . Little, indeed, of his poetry has reached us, but this little is great in a nobler sense than of quantity; and when of his odes, Anacreontic for the most part, we cannot say praisefully that 'they smell of Anacreon,' it is because their fragrance is holier and more abiding; it is because the human soul burning in the censer effaces from our spiritual perceptions the attar of a thousand rose-trees whose roots are in Teos."

In the anthology published by Christ, Synesius's odes occupy the first place. A convenient edition

of "Synesii Episcopi Hymni metrici" was published by J. Flach, Tübingen, 1875.

The first hymn in the order as given by Christ, commencing, Ἄγε μοι, λίγεια, we give in Chatfield's version:

Hymn to the Deity

Wake, wake, I pray thee, shrill-toned lyre!
No more to fan the Teïan fire,
No more the Lesbian strain to raise,
Wake, wake to hymn of nobler praise!
Sound Dorian ode, in other guise,
Than once to maid with laughing eyes,
Or youth whose form and golden tresses
Might woo the wanton air's caresses!
A better theme inspires my song,
And bears my soul far hence along.
A Virgin's God—conceiving throes,
Wisdom's own cure for mortal woes—
This bids me now my harp-strings ply,
And earth's black loves and miseries fly.
For what is strength, or beauty's sway,
Or gold, or fame—what doth it weigh—
Or royal honors—in the scale?
What these 'gainst search for God avail?
Let this man urge the well-horsed car,
That shoot the true-aimed arrow far;
Another watch o'er golden heap,
And safe his hoarded treasure keep;
To one be pride of glossy hair
Flowing o'er neck in wavelets fair;
Another court the favoring glances
Of boys and girls in hymns and dances.
Not such for me! But this I pray,
Unknown to spend life's quiet day;

To this vain world unmarked, unknown,
But God's truth knowing as my own.
Wisdom present herself to me!
Good guide of youth and age is she,
Of wealth good stewardess and queen,
Alike in poverty serene;
Beyond earth's sorrows smiling gay,
To calm content she points the way.
That priceless wisdom first I ask,
To guide and sweeten all life's task,
And then sufficient humble store
To keep me from my neighbor's door;
That I may ne'er, oppressed with need,
Harbor dark thoughts of selfish greed.

Hark! 'tis the sweet cicada's song:
He drinks the dew, and chirps along.
And, lo! my strings unbidden sound,
And here and there a voice around!
What in the world—what melody
Will pang divine bring forth to me?

'Tis so! Self-sprung Beginning He,
Father and Lord of all that be:
Not made, not born, on high alone
He hath o'er lofty heaven his throne.
There glory changeless he displays,
And scepter there eternal sways;
Of unities pure Unity,
And Sole of sole existence he!
High ether pure he did combine,
And quicken into Life Divine.
He then, ere yet the ages ran,
In mode ineffable to man,
The Godhead through the Firstborn poured:
Hence Three, yet One, the Triune Lord.

And now the heavenly fount around
Behold, with children's beauty crowned,
Forth from the center as they spring,
Or round it flow in joyous ring.

But stop, rash lyre, thy lofty flight,
Nor touch things hid from mortal sight!
To men below it is not given
To tell high mystic rites of heaven.
The things beneath do thou reveal;
The things above let silence seal.

But Mind now cares for worlds alone,
In which reflected mind is shown:
A good beginning this we sing,
For thence man's spirit hath its spring:
For now to matter came there down
Mind incorruptible, high crown,
Severed in each, and fragment small,
Yet true descent from God of all.
This whole, in every part one-centered,
Whole into whole as it hath entered,
Takes station at the eternal poles,
And heaven's resplendent circle rolls.
Divided next, to those again,
In given form who yet retain
Their dowry unimpaired of mind,
There are high offices assigned;
The chariot race of stars one guides,
One o'er the angelic choir presides.
But, ah! another, empty, vain,
Self-dragged by down-inclining chain,
Hath found a form of lower earth,
Deep fallen from his heavenly birth:
From home apostate far he flew,
And cups of Lethe's darkness drew;

Of eyeless soul and murky mind,
To heaven's true joy and glory blind;
Fain he to joyless earth repaired,
A god by mortal things ensnared.
All dark! yet, lo! to mortal eyes
A ray of cheering light doth rise!
A door of hope is opened high,
And helping hand is stretched out nigh,
To lift the fallen here on earth
Back to the honors of their birth,
When they, emerging from the strife
And din and cares of storm-tossed life,
To holy paths have turned indeed,
Which to their Father's palace lead.
Blest he who from the entangling mesh
Of matter and of greedy flesh
Hath fled, and on with springing bound
The upward way to God hath found!
Blest he who, after fates severe,
And toils and many a bitter tear,
And all the crowds of anxious cares
Which earth to all her votaries shares,
To mind's true course at length restored,
Hath God's own shining depth explored!

A task it is, to lift above
Whole outstretched soul in newborn love!
Yet only make determined start,
With wings of mind and honest heart,
And nigh to thee will He appear
With stretched-forth hands, thy Father dear.
Before will run a shining light,
And all thy upward paths make bright:
Fields of sweet thought thou now shalt tread,
Pledge of true beauty, for thee spread!

Come, O my soul, and drink of this,
A fountain flowing with all bliss;
And to thy Father, lifting prayer,
Without delay, up-mount the air.
Leaving to earth the things of earth,
In God assert thy Godlike birth;
And mingling with thy Father, Friend,
Taste joys above that never end.

Bonar, in speaking of the ode just given, remarks: "The piece is a long one, full of tender beauty, but too much reminding us of Anacreon. Not that we greatly object to such imitations. They have, at and since the Reformation, been of great service in the Christianizing of the people. The old immemorial melodies had rooted themselves in the minds as well as the ears of the nation. The words were often poor, sometimes evil; and how are they to be prevented from doing mischief? By having them supplanted with the good and true; the well-known tunes retained, the words cast aside. We find this done in England; but the fullest experiment of the kind was made in Scotland, where the Wedderburns compiled the 'gude and godly ballads,' engrafting holy words upon melodies hitherto associated only with impurity. How touchingly one of these old ballads runs:

"Ah! my love, leave me not,
Leave me not, leave me not,
Thus mine alone!

With ane burden on my back
I cannot bear, I am so weak;
Ah, my love, leave me not,
Thus mine alone!
With sins I am laden sair,
Leave me not, leave me not;
With sins I am laden sair,
Leave me not alone!

"The new words, though sometimes rude, were very exactly fitted to the old tunes, and upon the wings of these old tunes gospel-truth went widely and gloriously over Scotland. We do not know how far some of the early Greek Christian poets attempted this, or whether Synesius had this in view at all in his lyrical effusions. But it is quite possible that Christianity may have found its way into Greek and Roman hearts by means of such adaptations. The classic dress with which Buchanan clothed the Psalms of David has brought these Hebrew hymns, formed upon a Hebrew rhythm, under the notice of many a one who otherwise would have overlooked, perhaps despised, them."

Speaking of the English translation of this ode by Mr. Chatfield, Bonar mentions an English version made in 1844 by Mr. Isaac Williams, the author of the well-known High Church treatise on the doctrine of Reserve, whose rendering he regards as more poetical than that of Chatfield, though even more paraphrastic. His (Williams's)

twenty-four stanzas really make a fine poem. He has completely departed from the measure of the Greek original, but he has well preserved the spirit. The seven stanzas which Bonar quotes read thus:

"Come, sweet harp resounding
Teïan strains of yore,
With soft airs abounding
Round the Lesbian shore:
Doric shall awake thy soft themes no more.

"Talk no more of maiden,
Fair with beauty's wiles,
Youth with blessings laden,
Whom new life beguiles,
Smiling as it flies, flying as it smiles.

"Wisdom, which ne'er wrongeth,
Born of God above,
Toils in birth and longeth
Your sweet strains to prove,
And hath bid me flee woes of earthly love.

"What is strength or glory,
Beauty, gold, or fame?
What renown in story,
Or a kingly name?
To the thoughts of God—thoughts that bring not blame.

"One o'er steeds is bending,
One his bow hath strung;
One his gold is tending,
Only youth is sung,
With bright looks, and locks o'er his shoulders flung.

"Mine be the low portal,
Paths in silence trod,
Knowing not things mortal,
Knowing things of God,
While still at my side wisdom holds her rod.

"Thus the lyrist moves lightly on till he comes to such solemn verses as:

"Happy he who fleeth
Hell devouring wide,
Who his pathway seeth
Through the stormy tide,
And to God returns, casting earth aside."

II

Πάλιν φέγγος

This rendering is by Chatfield:

Again we hail the opening morn,
Again breaks forth the day newborn,
Which, rising in victorious might,
Chases away black-wandering night!
Again, my mind, in early songs
Praise Him to whom all praise belongs;
Who gave to morning dawn the light
Who gave the glittering stars to night,
Which to their Maker and their King
Around the world in chorus sing.
For o'er prolific matter, high,
Moves ether pure in fiery sky;
Where glides the moon in glorious trim,
Cutting the last encircling rim:
For to the eighth revolving stream
The star-borne courses brightly gleam.

But now beyond the starry poles
A counter sea of glory rolls,
Unbosomed; and with dance divine
Doth the Eternal Mind enshrine,
Which covered hath with hoary wings
The palace of the King of kings.
What is beyond none may relate,
Nor mind of man can penetrate:
Eternal severance restrains,
And happy silence ever reigns.
From Root, or Spring, or Fountain one
A threefold lighted Form hath shone:
For where the Father dwells above,
There dwelleth too his own heart's love,
His glorious Son, wisdom perfect,
And of all worlds the Architect:
And in the Unity combined
The Spirit's holy Light hath shined.
One Root of Good, one Fount of Love,
Whence sprung the bliss supreme above:
And the bright holy lamps divine
In equal glory ever shine.
And thence in this fair world of ours
With high-born intellectual powers,
A chorus now of deathless kings
The Triune glory ever sings.
And near the Fount of Love and Truth
Angelic band in changeless youth,
Guided by holy Wisdom's mind,
Immortal wreath of beauty find.
But some with dark averted eyes
Fall mindless from the lofty skies
Downward the gloomy depths among,
And bring the higher world along;
Down, down to Matter's utmost bound,

Where, settling in the depth profound,
Nature assigns them birth and place,
A godlike, though God-fallen, race.

Hence giant heroes took their birth,
The mighty conquerors of earth;
And hence Breath sown o'er all the ground
Each varying type of life hath found.
But all things to thy counsel hold,
Things past, or present, new or old:
Whate'er we have, whate'er we share,
Of all from thee the sources are.
The Father and the Mother thou,
Male, female, unto thee we bow:
Or voice be heard, or all be still,
'Tis just as ordered by thy will.
And thou or Nature thyself art,
Or Nature is thy counterpart:
And thou art King; and ages all
Within thine age unmeasured fall.
May I my song aright renew,
O thou, the Root whence all things grew!
Hail! thou, the world's Original;
Hail! thou, the Spring, First Cause of all.
All numbers blending into one,
The Uncreated, God alone!
All hail, all hail, thou One Divine!
All joy, all happiness be thine!
Bend thou, O bend propitious ear,
And this my hymn of praises hear,
Speed on true Wisdom's opening day,
Pour blessings down in rich array:
Yea, grace-distilling streams pour down,
That I may win contentment's crown
In life's sweet calm; the happy mean

Give me, riches and want between.
Off from my limbs diseases ward,
My soul from stormy passions guard:
Let no dark thoughts my steps attend:
My life from biting cares defend;
Lest mind, borne down by earthly ill,
To soar should find nor time nor will.
But grant me with free wing to rise,
And join the chorus of the skies,
And thee with thine forever sing
The glories of my God and King!

III

Ἄγε μοι, ψυχὰ

Of this ode, which has 734 lines, we subjoin the first lines in Chatfield's version:

Lift up thyself, my soul,
Above this world's control!
Spend and be spent in holy hymns of praise.
Be armed with pure desire,
Burn with celestial fire:
Unto the King of gods our voice we raise:
To him a crown we weave, and bring
A sacrifice of words, a bloodless offering.

IV

Σὲ μὲν ἀρχομένας

This, too, is a lengthy ode (299 lines). We subjoin the first lines in Chatfield's version:

To Thee at evening gray,
To thee at growth of day,
To thee at noon, to thee at vesper hour,

And when now fades the light,
And poured forth is the night
(Both night and day are thine, and show thy power),
I sing, O Healer of the Soul,
And of the body too: thou only mak'st it whole.

V

Ὑμνῶμεν κοῦρον νύμφας

We give this "Hymn to Christ" in full according to Chatfield's rendering:

Awake, our lute, the Child to sing
Of bride unwedded, holy maid;
True Son of the Eternal King,
Ere earth's foundations yet were laid.

Ineffable thy counsels, Lord,
Father of all, by which was born
The Christ! a virgin's throes afford
The Light of Life to world forlorn!

A Man! and yet of ages gone,
And of all ages yet to come,
Throughout eternity, the One
Upholder, Perfecter, and Sun.

Thyself, O Christ, art Fount of Light,
Light of the Father's Light, bright Ray!
Dark matter thou didst burst; and night
To holy souls thou turn'st to day.

Yea! Founder of the world thou art,
And molder of each starry sphere:
To earth her spurs thou dost impart;
While men hail thee their Saviour dear.

For thee his chariot Titan drives,
The quenchless fount of morning light.
From thee the bull-faced moon derives
Her power to loose the gloom of night.

By thee the year with fruit is crowned:
By thee the flocks and herds are fed:
Productive thou dost make the ground;
And to the poor thou givest bread.

For thou from thine o'erflowing store
Of grace ineffable and love,
O'er surface of all worlds dost pour
The fertile sunshine from above.

And from thy bosom forth did spring
To life both light, and mind, and soul:
O pity then thine own offspring
Imprisoned under hard control.

By mortal limbs, by flesh and blood,
Coerced, and measures stern of fate:
O save thine own, thou great and good,
Nor let sick mind sick body hate!

Persuasion to my words nod thou,
And to my deeds such honest fame,
That truth I never disavow,
Nor Sparta, nor Cyrene shame!

But may my soul, unbowed by grief,
Draw all her nourishment from thee,
Stretching both eyes, in calm relief,
Up to thy light, from sorrow free!

That, cleansed from dregs of worldly soil,
I may by straight course upward mount,

And 'scaping from earth's care and toil,
Be mingled with the soul's own fount!

Life such of pure content and praise,
Do thou to thy poor harper grant,
While still to thee the hymn I raise,
And glory to the Father chant.

And Spirit, mid-enthroned compeer,
The Parent Root and Branch between!
Be such on earth my bright career,
Nor sin nor sorrow intervene;

Until within the courts above,
The travail of my soul shall cease,
Still singing hymns of heavenly love
In glory and in perfect peace.

Thee, thee, the Fount of love, we bless,
O Father, rock and strength of thine;
And thee alike, his form express,
And seal, all beauty, Son Divine.

And Holy Breath, of both the crown,
Whose quickening gifts like billows roll:
Thou with the Father, send him down
To cheer and fertilize my soul!

VI

Μετὰ παγᾶς ἁγίας

This ode runs in Chatfield's version:

Thee, with the holy self-sprung Fount, we sing
Who art from all eternity great King,
God and of God, immortal, glorious One,
The only Father's true and only Son!

To thee, with him, our praises all belong;
Thee will we crown with choicest flowers of song.
Son of the Father, thou by birth divine!
In thee all bright the Father's glories shine.
And from the Father and through thee, behold!
The Spirit issues—mystery threefold!
And takes the middle place of light and mind,
In Trinity and Unity combined.
Poured was the sacred Fountain into thee;
Yet One it was, and is eternally.
The Father's Wisdom, Mind, and beauteous Ray,
Eternal Son, thou dost to all display.
Of hidden Deity the outstanding light,
In thee the purposes divine are bright;
For thus the Eternal Father did decree,
That thou Beginning to all worlds shouldst be;
And bring to bodies shape and form combined
With powers, from highest source, of thought and mind.
The orb of heaven in wisdom thou dost guide,
And shepherd o'er the flock of stars preside.
Thou leader art of angels' choir and band;
Thou dost the phalanx of God's hosts command.
And thou too dost the mortal race befriend,
And all their paths and wandering steps attend.
The Spirit undivided thou dost spread
O'er earth, and gather back to fountain-head
Thy gifts unwasted; for thou dost unchain
Death's captives, bringing them to life again.
Accept, my King, this wreath of hymns from me;
And O! propitious to thy servant be!
Grant thou calm life; and stay the wandering tide,
And bid the flood through worldly straits subside;
From soul and limbs diseases dire repel;
And all pernicious rush of passions quell.
Or wealth or poverty extreme foresend;

And to just deeds fame honorable send.
Among the people good report accord;
And with persuasion crown the gentle word;
That waveless thus my mind may reap repose,
And I ne'er groan oppressed with earth's dark woes;
But watered from thy heavenly-flowing rill,
My mind I may with wisdom's produce fill.

VII

Πρῶτος νόμον εὐρόμαν

This ode, which is a "Hymn to Christ," we give in Mrs. Browning's rendering:

O my deathless, O my blessed,
Maid-born, glorious son confessed,
O my Christ of Solyma!
I who earliest learnt to play
This measure for thee, fain would bring
Its new sweet tune to citern-string—
Be propitious, O my King!
Take this music which is mine
Anthemed from the songs divine!

We will sing thee, deathless One,
God himself and God's great Son—
Of sire of endless generations,
Son of manifold creations!
Nature mutually endued,
Wisdom in infinitude!
God, before the angels burning—
Corpse, among the mortals mourning!
What time thou wast pourèd mild
From an earthly vase defiled,
Magi with fair arts besprent,
At thy new star's orient,

Trembled inly, wondered wild,
Questioned with their thoughts abroad—
"What then is the newborn child?
Who the hidden God?
God, or corpse, or king?
Bring your gifts, oh, hither bring
Myrrh for rite—for tribute, gold—
Frankincense for sacrifice!
God! thine incense take and hold!
King! I bring thee gold of price!
Myrrh with tomb will harmonize!"

For thou, entombed, hast purified
Earthly ground and rolling tide,
And the path of demon nations,
And the free air's fluctuations,
And the depth below the deep!
Thou God, helper of the dead,
Low as Hades didst thou tread!
Thou King, gracious aspect keep,
Take this music which is mine,
Anthemed from the songs divine.

VIII

Ὑπὸ δώριον ἁρμογὰν

This ode in Chatfield's translation reads thus:

O! 'tis no theme of common things
That wakes my ivory-fastened strings!
To thee, in solemn Dorian strain,
I lift my heart and voice amain,
O blessèd, O immortal One,
The holy Virgin's glorious Son!
But, O great King, save thou my life
From cares and woes and worldly strife,

That from calamity all free
Both night and day I may praise thee.
And to my mind mayst thou convey
From mind's own fount, a clear bright ray.
Unto my youth mayst thou impart
Soundness of limbs and manly heart:
And may my deeds reflect thy light
In honor, truth, and glory bright.
And on the ripeness of mine age
Mayst thou the wisdom of the sage
Bestow, with health, the blessed mead
Of harvest rich from well-sown seed.
And on that darling son of mine
May thy preserving mercy shine,
Whom when just passing gate of death,
Thou didst restore to vital breath.
O Lord of life, 'twas thou didst wrench
From Death's firm grasp, his prey, and quench
My burning grief in floods of joy;
For thou didst give me back my boy;
And tears, O Father, thou did'st dry,
In answer to thy suppliant's cry!
May son and daughter, much loved pair,
Thy kind protection ever share,
And all my house, in happy calm,
Be sheltered by thine hand from harm!
And, O my Saviour King, bless thou
The partner of my wedded vow;
From sickness and from sorrow free,
Faithful, one-minded, may she be,
Preserved by thee from thought of sin,
All bright without, all pure within!
Untouched by roving passions' tide,
My honored wife, my love, my pride!
Loose thou my soul from baneful chains

Of worldly life, its cares and pains,
And floods of dismal grief and woe,
Which overwhelm this earth below.
O! thus prepared may I be found
With holy worshipers around
To lead the choir, and chants to raise
To thy all-glorious Father's praise;
And to thy majesty, great King,
Loud hymns again I hope to sing;
Again in voice of praise thy name
To bless, thy honors to proclaim;
May be, my harp I shall again
Tune all unhurt to highest strain.

IX

Πολυήρατε, *κύδιμε*

This ode Mrs. Browning thus rendered:

Well-beloved and glory-laden,
Born of Solyma's pure maiden!
I would hymn thee, blessed Warden,
Driving from thy Father's garden
Blinking serpent's crafty lust,
With his bruised head in the dust!
Down thou camest, low as earth,
Bound to those of mortal birth;
Down thou camest, low as hell,
Where shepherd-Death did tend and keep
A thousand nations like to sheep,
While weak with age old Hades fell
Shivering through his dark to view thee,
And the Dog did backward yell
With jaws all gory to let through thee!
So, redeeming from their pain
Choirs of disembodied ones,

Thou didst lead whom thou didst gather,
Upward in ascent again,
With a great hymn to the Father
Upward to the pure white thrones!
King, the demon tribes of air
Shuddered back to feel thee there!
And the holy stars stood breathless,
Trembling in their chorus deathless;
A low laughter fillèd æther—
Harmony's most subtle sire
From the seven strings of his lyre,
Stroked a measured music hither—
Io pæan! victory!
Smiled the star of morning—he
Who smileth to foreshow the day!
Smilèd Hesperus the golden,
Who smileth soft for Venus gay!
While that hornèd glory holden
Brimful from the fount of fire,
The white moon, was leading higher
In a gentle pastoral wise
All the nightly deities!
Yea, and Titan threw abroad
The far shining of his hair
'Neath thy footsteps holy-fair,
Owning thee the Son of God;
The Mind artificer of all,
And his own fire's original!

And thou upon thy wing of will
Mounting,—thy God-foot up till
The neck of the blue firmament,—
Soaring, didst alight content
Where the spirit-spheres were singing,
And the fount of good was springing,

In the silent heaven!
Where Time is not with his tide
Ever running, never weary,
Drawing earthborn things aside
Against the rocks; nor yet are given
The plagues death-bold that ride the dreary
Tost matter-depths. Eternity
Assumes the places which they yield!
Not aged, howsoe'er she held
Her crown from everlastingly—
At once of youth, at once of eld,
While in that mansion which is hers,
To God and gods she ministers!

"How the poet," remarks Mrs. Browning, "rises in his 'singing clothes' embroidered all over with the mythos and the philosophy! Yet his eye is to the Throne: and we must not call him half a heathen by reason of a Platonic idiosyncrasy, seeing that the esoteric of the most suspicious turnings of his phraseology is 'Glory to the true God.'"

X

Μνώεο Χριστέ

This ode to Christ is the last and shortest, and since, as Bonar remarks, Mr. Chatfield has taken great liberty with it, we give it in the version of Williams, who has preserved its simplicity and brevity and is quoted by Bonar:

Christ the Son
Of God Most High,
Look on me, thy suppliant one,
With pitying eye.

Look on me with sorrow smitten,
Look on me who these has written.
Grant me to see thee,
Jesus blest,
In thine own light made manifest.
If in thy glory clear
Even such as I might e'er appear,
Thee will I speak in holy hymn;
Thou healer of the soul and limb;
And I in thee may find my rest,
With Father and with Spirit blest.

"In some things," Bonar remarks, Synesius "has sung well and written truly. Yet it was not altogether without reason that Mosheim called him a semi-Christian, though the expression is a hard one. His Neo-Platonism tinged his Christianity, and called forth from Gibbon the questionably eulogistic title of 'the philosophic bishop.' "

Ephraem the Syrian

(Died A. D. 379)

From a chronological standpoint we should have mentioned Ephraem before; but we preferred to put the Greek poets together who represented, so to speak, the period of formation of the Greek Church poetry, looked upon with prejudice at first because the Arians and Apollinarians employed religious poetry and music as a popular means of commending and propagating their errors, and thereby brought discredit upon these

arts. But while the prejudice was gradually overcome, yet none of the poetical productions mentioned before passed into the use of the Church, owing to their speculative theological and philosophical character and want of popular spirit.

Different, however, was it with the Syrian Church. It was the first of all the Oriental churches to produce and admit into public worship a popular orthodox poetry, and this was successfully done by Ephraem the Syrian, "the guitar of the Holy Ghost." Famous as is Ephraem as a hymn writer, yet he is not the first hymnologist of the Syrian Church. In this respect the palm belongs to the celebrated Gnostic Bardesanes, who flourished in the second half of the second century. In this he is in some degree supported by Ephraem in his "Fifty-third Homily against Heretics" (ii, 553), where, although he does not actually assert that Bardesanes was the inventor of measures, yet he speaks of him in terms which show that he not only wrote hymns, but also implies that at least he revived and brought into fashion a taste for hymnology:

For these things Bardesanes
Uttered in his writings.
He composed odes,
And mingled them with music;
He harmonized psalms
And introduced measures—

By measures and balances
He divided words.
He thus concealed for the simple
The bitter with the sweet;
For the sickly do not prefer
Food which is wholesome.
He sought to imitate David,
To adorn himself with his beauty,
So that he might be praised by the likeness.
He therefore set in order
Psalms one hundred and fifty,
But he deserted the truth of David,
And only imitated his numbers.

It is to be regretted that of the hymns of Bardesanes—which, it appears, in consequence of their high poetic merit, exercised an extensive influence over the religious opinions of the age in which he lived, and yet gave so much strength and popularity to his Gnostic errors—a very few fragments remain.[1] These fragments are to be found scattered through the works of Ephraem. Says Hahn ("Bardesanus Gnosticus Syrorum Primus Hymnologus," Lipsiæ, 1819, p. 28): "Gnosticism itself is poetry; it is not, therefore, wonderful that among its votaries true poets should have been found. Tertullian mentions the psalms of Valentinus; and Marcus, his disciple, a cotemporary of Bardesanes, inculcated his Gnosticism in a song in which he introduced the Æons conversing."

[1] It is possible that the hymns preserved in the apocryphal Acts of Thomas are his.

Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, stands next in the history of this subject, both chronologically and for his successful cultivation of sacred poetry. He was educated in the language and wisdom of Greece, and there can be no question that he would make his knowledge of the exquisite metrical compositions of that literature bear on the improvement of his own. This is said on the presumption that the accounts of the ecclesiastical historian Sozomen and Theodoret are credible. The former states ("Hist. Eccles.," lib. iii, c. 16) that "Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, having been well educated in Grecian literature, was the first who subjected his native language to meters and musical laws (*πρῶτον μέτροις καὶ νόμοις μουσικοῖς τὴν πάτριον φωνὴν ὑπαγαγεῖν*), and adapted it to choirs of singers, as the Syrians now commonly chant—not, indeed, using the writings of Harmonius, but his numbers (*τοῖς μέλεσι*); for, not being altogether free from his father's heresy and the things which the Grecian philosophers boasted of concerning the soul, the body, and regeneration (*παλιγγενεσίας*), having set these to music, he united them with his own writings." The notice of Theodoret ("Hist. Eccles.") is yet more brief. He says (lib. iv, c. 29): "And since Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, had formerly composed certain songs, and, mingling his impiety with the sweetness of music, enticed his hearers and allured them to destruction, having taken from him met-

rical harmony (*τὴν ἁρμονίαν τοῦ μέλους*), Ephraem mixed godliness with it." This statement is not confirmed by Ephraem, who attributes to the father what the Greek historians ascribe to the son. Hahn admits, without any expressed hesitation, the testimony of the Greek historians, their mistake as to the invention of the meters excepted, and ingeniously traces to Harmonius certain features of the Syriac poetry ("Ueber den Gesang in der syrischen Kirche," p. 61).

Before Ephraem, according to the catalogue of Ebedjesu, lived Simeon, bishop of Seleucia, who suffered martyrdom about the year 296. Two of his hymns are, according to Assemani, to be found in the sacred offices of the Chaldæans.

The greatest of all hymn writers whose works are extant, and whose hymns have been translated into German as well as into English, was Ephraem Syrus. His hymns are regarded by critics as among the finest of the Eastern Church, being characterized by deep devotional feeling, and force and beauty of imagery. "They seem remarkable for childlike simplicity and much tenderness of natural feeling. There is a simple joyousness about his thanksgivings. He seems to have loved to dwell on such themes as the infancy of the Saviour, the hosannas of the children, the happiness of those who died in childhood" ("The Voice of Christian Life in Song," p. 46).

On the Nativity of Our Lord

(Translated from the German of Zingerle by S. W. Duffield, in "Latin Hymn Writers," p. 8.)

Into his arms with tender love
  Did Joseph take his holy Son,
And worshiped him as God, and saw
  The babe like any little one.
His heart rejoiced above him there,
  For now the only God had birth;
And pious fear upon him came
  Before this Judge of all the earth.
Ah, what a lofty wonder!

Who gave me then this precious Son
  Of highest God, to be my child?
For I against thy mother here
  Had almost been by zeal beguiled;
And I had thought to cast her off—
  Alas, I saw not truly then
How in her bosom she should bear
  The costliest treasure known to men,
To make my poverty, so soon,
  The richest lot in mortal ken!

David, that king of ancient days,
  My ancestor, had placed the crown
On his own head, and there it lay;
  But I sank deep and further down;
I was no king, but in its stead
  A carpenter, and that alone.
But now may crown my brow again
  That which befits a kingly throne,
For here upon my bosom lies
  The Lord of lords, my very own!

The following specimens, when not otherwise stated, we subjoin from "The Voice of Christian Life in Song":

Epiphany

A Star shines forth in heaven suddenly,
A wondrous orb, less than the sun, yet greater,—
Less in its outward light, but greater in
Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery:
That morning star sent forth its beams afar
Into the land of those who had no light;
Led them as blind men, by a way they knew not,
Until they came and saw the Light of men,
Offered their gifts, received eternal life,
Worshiped, and went their way.
Thus had the Son two heralds, one on high,
And one below. Above, the star rejoiced;
Below, the Baptist bore him record:
Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth;
That witnessing the nature of the Son,
The majesty of God, and this, his human nature.
O mighty wonder! thus were they the heralds,
Both of his Godhead and his manhood.
Who held him only for a son of earth,
To such the star proclaimed his heavenly glory;
Who held him only for a heavenly spirit,
To such the Baptist spoke of him as man.
And in the holy temple Simeon held the Babe
Fast in his aged arms, and sang to him,—

"To me, in thy mercy,
An old man, thou art come;
Thou layest my body
In peace in the tomb.
Thou soon wilt awake me,
And bid me arise;

Wilt lead me transfigured
To paradise."
Then Anna took the Babe upon her arms,
And pressed her mouth upon his infant lips;
Then came the Holy Spirit on her lips,
As erst upon Isaiah's, when the coal
Had touched his silent lips, and opened them:
With glowing heart she sang,—
"O Son of the King!
Though thy birthplace was mean,
All-hearing, yet silent,
All-seeing, unseen,
Unknown, yet all-knowing,
God, and yet Son of man,
Praise to thy name!"

On Palm Sunday

Salem is shouting with her children,
Praise Him who comes, and is to come,
Hosanna, here and in the highest,
Be to the Father's mighty Son.

Praise him who once himself did humble
In love to save our human race;
Praise him who all the world doth gladden
With God his Father's boundless grace.

O Lord, who would not gaze and wonder
To see how low has stooped thy love!
The cherubim on fiery chariots
Thy glory humbly bear above.

And here an ass's foal doth bear thee,
Thee in thy might and holiness,
Because thou camest in thy pity
Our fallen race to serve and bless.

This day of joy to all creation,
My happy soul shall have her psalm,
And bear her branches of thanksgiving,
As those bore branches once of palm.

Before the foal the children strewed them,
Owning thy hidden majesty;
Hosanna to the Son of David,
We with the children cry to thee.

The Children in Paradise

To thee, O God, be praises
From lips of babes and sucklings,
As in the heavenly meadows
Like spotless lambs they feed.

'Mid leafy trees they pasture,
Thus saith the Blessed Spirit;
And Gabriel, prince of angels,
That happy flock doth lead.

The messengers of heaven,
With sons of light united,
In purest regions dwelling,
No curse or woe they see.

And at the resurrection,
With joy arise their bodies;
Their spirits knew no bondage,
Their bodies now are free.

Brief here below their sojourn,
Their dwelling is in Eden,
And one bright day their parents
Hope yet with them to be.

On the Triumphal Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem

He calls us to a day of gladness,
Who came to us, the King's own Son;
Go forth with boughs of palm to meet him,
And him with loud hosannas own.

The angels are with us rejoicing,
Angelic trumpets swell our song,
All nations in one joy uniting,
Hosanna sounds in every tongue.

To thee, O Lord, loud praise ascendeth,
From every creature in its kind;
Thee, with an awed and quiv'ring motion,
Exalteth every waving wind.

The heavens in their quiet beauty
Praise thy essential majesty;
The heights rejoice from which thou camest,
The depths spring up to welcome thee.

The sea exults to feel thy footsteps,
The land thy tread, Lord, knoweth well;
Our human nature brings thanksgivings
Because thy Godhead there doth dwell.

To-day the sun rejoicing shineth,
With happy radiance tenfold bright,
In homage to that Sun of glory
Which brings to all the nations light.

The moon shall shed her fairest luster,
O'er all the heavens her softest glow,
Thee on her radiant heights adoring,
Who for our sakes hast stooped so low.

And all the starry hosts of heaven,
In festive robes of light arrayed,
Shall bring their festal hymns as offerings
To Him who all so fair hath made.

To-day the forests are rejoicing,
Each tree its own sweet anthem sings,
Because we wave their leafy branches
As banners for the King of kings.

To-day let all the brute creation,
Rejoicing, be no longer dumb,
For lowly on the foal he sitteth,
The Heavenly One to us hath come.

Let every village, every city,
In happy tumult sing his name,
Since even infant lips are shouting,
"Blessed is he, the King who came!"

Lament of a Father on the Death of His Little Son

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 deservèd blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in my 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.

Christ the Companion of the Disembodied Soul

(From Burgess, "Hymns and Homilies," p. 41.)

As my provision for my journey, I have taken thee,
O thou Son of God!
And when I am hungry I will eat of thee,
Thou Saviour of the world!
The fire will keep far off from my members,
Perceiving in me the savor of thy body and blood.

Baptism shall become to me
A ship which cannot sink.
And I shall see thee there, O Lord,
In the day of the resurrection.

I was living in my place of sojourn
(Thus speaks the soul),
But the Master of the house sent to me
And I am not permitted to continue.
The messenger thus addressed me:
"Depart from the house, and vacate its chambers!"
O my body, my temporary home,
Remain here in peace!
And in the day of the resurrection
I shall see thee rejoicing.

The lictors came with speed,
But I was ignorant of it;
The messenger stood at the door,
But I did not perceive him;
Deliver me, Lord, from the judgment of the devil,
Who hateth thy renowned children;
And with thy holy ones may I attain
To the house of the kingdom;
That I may utter a song of praise,
And with them glorify thee.

How bitter is this cup
Which death hath mingled!
And how terrible is the time,
And how grievous the hour,
Which calleth for thee!
The soul saith to the body,
"Remain thou here in peace,
O much-loved habitation,
In which I once dwelt
While the Lord was willing."

How saddened is the sinner
In his heart at that hour,
When the King Messiah shall sit
Upon his dreadful judgment-seat;
And all tribes shall stand before him,
And all secrets of the heart shall be revealed.
Terrible is the tribunal!
Terrible is the Judge, and that season!
Blessed is he whom thy favor
Shall protect, O Lord!

Sabbath Hymn

This and the following are from Bonar:

Glory to the glorious One,
Good and great, our God alone,
Who this day hath glorified,
First and best of all beside,
Making it, for every clime,
Of all times the sweetest time.

From the beginning, day of days,
Set apart for holy praise,
When he bade the willing earth
All its hidden stores bring forth,
When he gave the shining heaven,
Then to man this day was given.

On this day the Son of God
Left his three-days' dark abode;
In the greatness of his might
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the Church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.

On this day of days the Lord,
Faithful to his ancient word,
On his burning chariot borne,
Shall in majesty return.
King of kings, he comes in might,
From his heavenly home of light.

To his own Jerusalem,
Old Judea's brightest gem,
To the hill of Jebus, see,
King Messiah, cometh he:
With his cross to bless and save,
With his cross to spoil the grave.

He shall speak and earth shall hear,
Rending rock shall quake with fear,
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb.
Shaken heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth.

To the kingdom promised long,
With its shining angel throng,
Righteous vengeance to fulfill,
Recompense for good and ill,
Adam's race from dust to call,
Lo, he cometh, Judge of all!

Then the glory to his own!
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close!
Then begin his endless woes!
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain—
Who shall break his iron chain?

Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,
And its beauty fades at last;
O belovèd, then, awake,
Bonds of carnal slumber break,
Wake, belovèd, watch and pray,
While remains one hour of day!

Death, it cometh—oh, beware!
Judgment cometh—oh, prepare!
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,
For the Judge is nigh at hand;
Steadfast let us rest each night,
Steadfast wake at morning light.

Glory, glory, glory be,
Gracious God and Lord, to thee!
To the Father and the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One;
Thus we now thy mercy praise,
Thus through everlasting days.

Battle Song Against Satan

Jehovah, judge my cause,
  Avenge me of my foe,
Fight against Satan and his host:
  Oh, lay the strong one low!

I have cast off his yoke,
  Renounced his cursèd sway;
For this he doubly hates, and longs
  To seize me as his prey.

To thee, and to thy cross,
  For help, O Lord, I flee;—

He must prevail, if thou do not,
O Lord, deliver me!

For thou hast vanquished him!
Let him not conquer me;
Put him to shame, O Lord my God;
Give me the victory.

It is not strength that wins:
My weakness is my shield;
In lowly trust we fight the fight,
And meekness wins the field.

Give me the lowly heart,
Cast out each thought of pride,
Let gentleness and love come in,
And as my guests abide.

Thy will, not mine, be done;
I would not choose my own;
But let me ever, ever be
Thy servant, Lord, alone.

Jesus, to thee I flee,
Jesus, thy cross I clasp;
Save me from Satan's hellish power,
Oh, pluck me from his grasp.

So shall I praise thee, Lord,
And thy great name adore,
With Father and with Spirit one,
Forever, evermore.

On the Death of Children

(Translation by Burgess.)

How bitter is the grief
For the death of childhood;
How grievous the separation
Of the infant from its mother:—
  Train it up, Lord, in thy dwelling!

This day afflicts
The fathers through their sons;
And death now breaks
The staff of their old age:—
  Lord, may they lean on thee!

This day removes
The beloved one from its mother,
And cuts off the arm
Which would have been her stay:—
  In thee, Lord, may she trust!

This day separates
The little one from its parent,
And leaves her in the wilderness
Of suffering and grief:—
  Do thou, Lord, comfort her!

This day divides
The suckling child from the breast;
And the mother wails and grieves
Because her intercourse with it hath perished:—
  May she see it in the kingdom!

O happy infancy
Which hath gained paradise!
Alas! for old age
Which still remains in sorrow!—
  Lord, be thou its helper!

Anatolius

(Died A. D. 458)

With Anatolius of Constantinople a new period in Greek poetry commences. He was not only the first to renounce the tyranny of the classic meter and strike out a new path, but also paved the way for the classical period of Greek Church poetry which is contained in the liturgical books, especially in the twelve volumes of the "Menæa," corresponding to the Latin Breviary, and which consists for the most part of poetic or half-poetic odes in rhythmic prose. But before we speak of Anatolius it will be necessary to explain those hymnological terms which were used among Greek hymnists and which will often recur in the following pages.

The main collection of hymns is contained in the so-called "Menæa," which contain in twelve volumes (one for each month) the daily devotions. Besides the "Menæa" we have the "Paracletice," or the "Great Octoechus," in eight parts (for eight weeks and Sundays), and the small "Octoechus," containing the Sunday services of the preceding volume. Another collection is the "Triodion" for the Lent season, and the "Pentecostarion" for the Easter season. According to Neale these volumes together would form at least five thousand closely printed double-column quarto pages, of which four thousand pages would be

poetry. Many are still unpublished and preserved in convent libraries. The hymns celebrate the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, the great festivals, and especially also the Virgin Mary, the saints and martyrs, and sacred icons; but the service books also contain a "deluge of worthless compositions: tautology repeated till it becomes almost sickening; the merest commonplace, again and again decked in the tawdry shreds of tragic language, and twenty or thirty times presenting the same thought in slightly varying terms." The Greek service books are also music books, because some of the older hymnists were also melodists and composed the music; hence they were called *μελωδοί* as well as *ποιηταί*, in distinction from the mere hymnographers, *ὑμνόγραφοι*.

As to the form of the hymns, they consist of stanzas called "troparia"; the first troparion is called "hirmos," because it strikes the tune and draws the others after it. A number of troparia —from three to twenty or more—form an ode; three little odes are a "triodion"; nine odes or three triodia form a "canon." The odes usually end with a doxology (*doxa*) and a stanza in praise of Mary the mother of God (*theotokion*). A hymn with a tune of its own is called an "idiomelon."

Passing over several other designations of various kinds of poems, which are fully discussed by Christ in the "Prolegomena," pp. liv-lxxiii, we will only state that the "canons," which are the highest

effort of Greek hymnody, sung for the most part at Lauds (*εἰς τὸν ὄρθρον*), are founded principally on nine scriptural canticles, namely: 1. Song of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea (Exod. 15); 2. Song of Moses in Deuteronomy (chapter 32); 3. Song of Hannah; 4. That of Habakkuk; 5. That of Isaiah (chapter 26. 9-20); 6. That of Jonah; 7. That of the Three Children; 8. The remainder of the Prayer of the Three Children (Benedicite); 9. The Magnificat and Benedictus.

After this digression we return to Anatolius, who, as Neale says, was "the first poet who emancipated himself from the tyranny of the laws of classic meter, and who boldly struck out the new path of harmonious prose. He had been the legate from the arch heretic Dioscurus to the emperor's court, and at the death of S. Flavian, in consequence of the violence received in the 'Robbers' Meeting' at Ephesus, A. D. 449, was, by the influence of his pontiff, raised to the vacant throne of Constantinople. He soon, however, vindicated his orthodoxy, and in the Council of Chalcedon he procured the enactment of the famous twenty-eighth canon, by which Constantinople was raised to the second place among patriarchal sees. Anatolius died in A. D. 458. His compositions are not numerous, and are almost all short, but they are usually very spirited."

A beautiful "Evening Hymn," commencing, *Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν*, is ascribed to Anatolius by

Neale, though not mentioned by Christ. Says Neale: "This little hymn, which, I believe, is not used in the public service of the Church, is a great favorite in the Greek Isles. Its peculiar style and evident antiquity may well lead to the belief that it is the work of our present author. It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's 'Evening Hymn' is to the villages of our own land, and its melody is singularly plaintive and soothing." Of the subjoined specimens, Christ mentions only the fourth.

Evening Hymn

The day is past and over:
  All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
I pray thee that offenseless
  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:
  I lift my heart to thee,
And call on thee, that sinless
  The hours of sin may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save 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 the 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! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

For Christmas

Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα

A great and mighty wonder!
  A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant,
  With Virgin-honor pure!

The Word becomes Incarnate
  And yet remains on high:
And cherubim sing anthems
  To shepherds from the sky.

And we with them triumphant
  Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
  And peace on earth to men!"

While thus they sing your Monarch,
  Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
  Ye oceans, clap your hands!

Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord!

And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And *Christ* shall wield the scepter,
Our Lord and God for aye.

In Bethlehem

Ἐν Βηθλεέμ

(A translation of this Christmas hymn was published—probably also by Neale—in the "Christian Remembrancer," London, 1859, p. 302.)

In Bethlehem is He born!
Maker of all things, everlasting God!
He opens Eden's gate,
Monarch of ages! Thence the fiery sword
Gives glorious passage; thence,
The severing mid-wall overthrown, the powers
Of earth and heaven are one;
Angels and men renew their ancient league,
The pure rejoin the pure,
In happy union! Now the virgin-womb
Like some cherubic throne
Containeth Him, the Uncontainable:
Bears him, whom while they bear
The seraphs tremble! bears him, as he comes
To shower upon the world
The fullness of his everlasting love!

For Saint Stephen's Day

Τῷ *βασιλεῖ καὶ δεσπότῃ*

(Quoted by Christ, p. 117.)

The Lord and King of all things
But yesterday was born:
And Stephen's glorious offering
His birthtide shall adorn.
No pearls of orient splendor,
No jewels can he show;
But with his own true heart's blood
His shining vestments glow.
Come, ye that love the martyrs,
And pluck the flowers of song,
And weave them in a garland
For this our suppliant throng:
And cry,—O Thou that shinest
In grace's brightest ray,
Christ's valiant Protomartyr,
For peace and favor pray.
[Thou first of all confessors,
Thou of all deacons crown,
Of every following athlete
The glory and renown:
Make supplication, standing
Before Christ's royal throne,
That he would give the kingdom,
And for our sins atone!]

(The words in brackets are not found in Christ.)

On Christ Calming the Storm

Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;

Oars labored heavily;
  Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
  Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
  "Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
  Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
  Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,—
  Darkness must fly,—
Where saith the Light of Light,
  "Peace! It is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
  Come thou to me:
Soothe thou my voyaging
  Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! It is I!"

Andrew of Crete

(A. D. 660-732)

Andrew of Crete was born at Damascus, became monk at Jerusalem, deacon at Constantinople, archbishop of Crete, took part in the Monothelitic Synod of 712, but afterward returned to orthodoxy. (The translation is that of Neale.)

A Eucharistic Hymn

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
On 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.

For Palm Sunday

Ἰησοῦς ὑπὲρ τοῦ κόσμου

Jesus, hastening for the world to suffer,
Enters in, Jerusalem, to thee:
With his Twelve he goeth forth to offer
That free sacrifice he came to be.

They that follow him with true affection
Stand prepared to suffer for his name:
Be we ready then for man's rejection,
For the mockery, the reproach, the shame.

Now, in sorrow, sorrow finds its healing:
In the form wherein our father fell,
Christ appears, those quick'ning wounds revealing,
Which shall save from sin and death and hell.

Now, Judæa, call thy Priesthood nigh thee!
Now for Deicide prepare thy hands!
Lo! thy Monarch, meek and gentle, by thee!
Lo! the Lamb and Shepherd in thee stands!

To thy monarch, Salem, give glad greeting!
Willingly he hastens to be slain

For the multitude his entrance meeting
With their false hosannas' ceaseless strain.
"Blest is He that comes," they cry,
"On the cross for man to die!"

Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταράττοντας

Christian! dost thou *see* them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss:
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross!

Christian! dost thou *feel* them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble!
Never be downcast!
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast!

Christian! dost thou *hear* them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! say but boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;

Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee,
Some day, all mine own,
But the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

Τὸν ἐν προφήταις

(Three idiomela from the Vespers of the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist. The poems are in the form of an address to Saint John, each of them closing with an appeal. The poem, which is found in the "Menæa," appointed for the festival of Saint John the Baptist, is found in Littledale's translation in "The People's Hymnal.")

The first of all apostles,
Of all the prophets last,
A man, yet like the angels,
On whom hath blessing past,

The voice and the forerunner
Of God's Eternal Word,
The true and faithful soldier
Of Jesus Christ the Lord:

Elizabeth in gladness
Hath brought him forth to-day,
And Zacharias marvels,
And dumbness puts away.

As fits the voice's father,
He speaks clear prophecy:
"Thou shalt be called the prophet,
O child, of God Most High.

"And thou shalt go before Him,
And shalt prepare his way,

As herald of repentance,
  The dawn before the Day."

The prophet sprung from prophet,
  Of barren womb the child,
The greatest born of women,
  The dweller in the wild,

The voice of grace celestial,
  The herald of the Sun,
Hath come to-day among us
  His warning course to run,

To tell of Him he greeted,
  Child yet within the womb,
The Lamb of God, whose mercy
  Hath ransomed us from doom.

Then unto Christ be glory,
  Who sent his saint before,
To Father and to Spirit
  Like praise for evermore. Amen.

John of Damascus

(Died about A. D. 780)

John of Damascus stands in the first rank of Greek hymnists. He was the last but one of the fathers of the Greek Church, and the greatest of her poets. As a poet he had a principal share in the "Octoechus," which contains the Sunday services of the Eastern Church. He is the author of a canon for Christmas Day, beginning, Ἔσωσε

λαὸν, θαυματουργῶν Δεσπότης, and the odes are sung in service alternately with those of Cosmas's *Χριστὸς γεννᾶται· δοξάσατε* (which see on page 134). We subjoin the following odes from this canon in the translation of W. C. Dix, as published in the "Lyra Messianica," pp. 75, 93, 112:

I

Ἔσωσε λαὸν, θαυματουργῶν

The wonder-working Master
  Once deigned the tribes to save,
When dry land for his people
  He made the Red Sea wave:
Now born for us, all willing,
  Of Maiden pure and sweet,
The path to heavenly mansions
  He opens to our feet.

The bush unburned most truly
  Portrays the holy womb,
Whence sprung the Word Incarnate
  To loose the ancient doom.
And all the bitter sorrows
  Of Eva's curse to stay,
The Word, who higher wended
  Our sin to do away.

To him, with God the Father
  In substance truly One,
One with mankind, from all men
  Be laud forever done;
God to our human nature,
  To our mortality,
In form conjoined, we worship,
  And him we glorify.

Thee, Word of God Eternal,
Who wast before the sun,
The star showed to the Magi,
A poor and suffering One:
Thee, swaddled in a manger,
They saw with glad accord,
And hailed thee with rejoicing,
True Man, and yet the Lord.

II

Νεῦσον πρὸς ὕμνους

Our hymns receive, Redeemer;
The foe's high brow bring low;
Thou from on high beholdest
Each sin which works our woe,
Yet us, thine own, Most Holy,
Who steadfastly believe,
Thy minstrels truly faithful,
Thyself in love receive.

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

O sight all unaccustomed,
Their Monarch, Christ the Lord,
They see by tuneful cohorts
Of seraphim adored;

In tender loving-kindness
He comes, who rules the sky,
And born of Maid unwedded,
Fulfills his promise high.

Erewhile without a body,
The Essence flesh was made,
The Word took matter to him
From Mary, stainless Maid:
That to himself us sinners,
The guilty sons of men,
Fallen chiefs of his creation,
He might draw back again.

III

Γένους βροτείου

Habakkuk in ancient song
Foretells the new creation;
Fellow of the prophet-throng
And herald of salvation,
Unto him was given to see
Types of wondrous mystery.

Now the Word to mortals' aid
From Virgin-mount hath hasted,
To frame anew the worlds he made,
To heal what sin has wasted,
Coming from the sunless gates,
Leading all where light awaits.

Highest, thou our flesh didst take,
Wast born an Infant lowly,
Didst thyself man's equal make,
The Uncreate, the Holy,

Thus to purge the venom dread,
Flowing from the Serpent's head.

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

From the root of Jesse sprung,
  O Virgin, born of mortal;
Christ, ere worlds with Godhead One,
  Hath passed thy sealèd portal;
When it pleased him coming thus
Meekly to abide with us.

Odes on the Resurrection [1]

I

'Αναστάσεως 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.

[1] Where not otherwise noted the translations are those of Neale.

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.

II

Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν

Come, let us drink of that new river,
  Not from barren rock divinely poured,
But the fount of life that is forever
  From the sepulcher of Christ the Lord.

All the world hath bright illumination,—
  Heaven and earth and things beneath the earth:
'Tis the festival of all creation:
  Christ hath risen, who gave creation birth.

Yesterday with Thee in burial lying,
  Now to-day with thee arisen I rise;
Yesterday the partner of thy dying,
  With thyself upraise me to the skies.

III

'Επὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς

Stand on thy watchtower, Habakkuk the Seer,
And show the Angel, radiant in his light:

"To-day," saith he, "salvation shall appear,
Because the Lord hath risen, as God of Might."

The male that opes the Virgin's womb is he;
The Lamb of whom his faithful people eat;
Our truer Passover from blemish free;
Our very God, whose name is all complete.

This yearling Lamb, our Sacrifice most blest,
Our glorious Crown, for all men freely dies:
Behold our Pascha, beauteous from his rest,
The healing Sun of Righteousness arise.

Before the ark, a type to pass away,
David of old time danced: we, holier race,
Seeing the Antitype come forth to-day,
Hail, with a shout, *Christ's* own almighty grace.

IV

Ὀρθρίσωμεν ὄρθρου

Let us rise in early morning,
And, instead of ointments, bring
Hymns of praises to our Master,
And his resurrection sing:
We shall see the Sun of Justice
Risen with healing on his wing.

Thy unbounded loving-kindness,
They that groaned in Hades' chain,
Prisoners, from afar beholding,
Hasten to the light again;
And to that eternal Pascha
Wove the dance and raised the strain.

Go ye forth, his saints, to meet him!
  Go with lamps in every hand!
From the sepulcher he riseth:
  Ready for the Bridegroom stand:
And the Pascha of salvation
  Hail, with his triumphant band.

V

Κατῆλθες ἐν τοῖς

Into the dim earth's lowest parts descending,
  And bursting by Thy might the infernal chain
That bound the prisoners, Thou, at three days' ending,
  As Jonah from the whale, hast risen again.

Thou brakest not the seal, thy surety's token,
  Arising from the tomb, who left'st in birth
The portals of virginity unbroken,
  Opening the gates of heaven to sons of earth.

Thou, Sacrifice ineffable and living,
  Didst to the Father by thyself atone
'As God eternal: resurrection giving
  To Adam, general parent, by thine own.

VI

Ὁ παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου

Who from the fiery furnace saved the Three,
  Suffers as mortal; that, His Passion o'er,
This mortal, triumphing o'er death, might be
  Vested with immortality once more:
    He whom our fathers still confessed
    God over all, forever blest.

The women with their ointment seek the tomb:
  And whom they mourned as dead, with many a tear,
They worship now, joy dawning on their gloom,
  As living God, as mystic Passover;
    Then to the Lord's disciples gave
    The tidings of the vanquished grave.

We keep the festal of the death of death;
  Of hell o'erthrown: the first fruits, pure and bright,
Of life eternal; and with joyous breath
  Praise Him that won the victory by his might:
    Him whom our fathers still confessed
    God over all, forever blest.

All-hallowed festival, in splendor born!
  Night of salvation and of glory! Night
Fore-heralding the resurrection morn!
  When from the tomb the everlasting Light,
    A glorious frame once more his own,
    Upon the world in splendor shone.

VII

Αὕτη ἡ κλητή

Thou hallowed chosen morn of praise,
  That best and greatest shinest!
Lady and Queen and Day of days,
  Of things divine, divinest!
On thee our praises Christ adore
Forever and for evermore.

Come, let us taste the Vine's new fruit
  For heavenly joy preparing:
To-day the branches with the Root
  In resurrection sharing:
Whom as true God our hymns adore
Forever and for evermore.

Rise, Sion, rise, and looking forth,
  Behold thy children round thee!
From east and west, and south and north,
  Thy scattered sons have found thee!
And in thy bosom Christ adore
Forever and for evermore.

O Father! O co-equal Son!
  O co-eternal Spirit!
In persons Three, in substance One,
  And One in power and merit;
In thee baptized, we thee adore
Forever and for evermore!

VIII

Φωτίζου, φωτίζου

(Translated by W. C. Dix, in "Lyra Messianica," p. 318; another translation by Neale.)

Shine! shine! O new Jerusalem,
With light for beauteous diadem;
Sion, rejoice! exultant be!
God's glory now has risen on thee.

And thou, pure Mother of our God,
The resurrection tell abroad;
Be glad and sing, thou spotless One,
In this arising of thy Son.

O voice most heavenly! voice most dear!
O sweetest voice! by which we hear
The promise thou, O Christ, dost send,
To be with us until the end.

The faithful ones of thy one fold,
This anchor of our hope we hold;

The Bride exults, and we with her,
O great, O sacred Passover!

Grant us, O Christ, more perfectly
Hereafter to partake of thee;
To win, O Wisdom, Word, and Might,
Thy kingdom's day that hath no night.

IX

Εἰ καὶ ἐν τάφῳ

(By W. C. Dix, ut supra, p. 330.)

If the dark and awful tomb
  Thou, immortal One, hast known,
Rising, in thy deathless bloom,
  Hades thou hast overthrown.

Yes, as Victor thou hast burst
  All bands of hell, and said,
Hail! to those who sought thee first,
  Bearing ointment for the dead.

Peace, thy earliest, sweetest gift,
  Unto thine apostles given;
All the fallen thou didst lift
  From the gates of hell to heaven.

X

Προλαβοῦσαι τὸν ὄρθρον

(By W. C. Dix, p. 347.)

They who with Mary came
  Before the dawn of day,
Soon found that from the sepulcher
  The stone was rolled away.

Then to those fearful souls
  The shining angel said,—
Him who in light eternal dwells
  Why seek ye with the dead?

The graveclothes see, and haste
  The joyful news to tell;
The Lord is risen, and he hath been
  The death of death and hell.

He is the Son of God
  Who saves the human race;
No more shall death destroy, no more
  The ancient foe have place.

Pentecostal Odes

(Translated by W. C. Dix, in "Lyra Mystica," pp. 202-204.)

I

Σύμφωνον ἐθρόησεν

The tuneful sound of music
  Burst sweetly forth of old,
In honor of the idol,
  The lifeless form of gold;
We cry, with awe 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.

II

Λύει τὰ δεσμὰ

Into the fiery furnace flung,
The Holy Children sweetly sung,
And singing, turned the fire to dew
Which quenched each flame that leaped anew:
And this the strain their love expressed,
God of our fathers, thou art blessed.

What time the Twelve, inspired of God,
Redemption's story sent abroad,

The working of the breath divine,
The unbelievers deemed new wine:
But we, through this same *Spirit* see
The *Three* in *One*, the *One* in *Three*.

The Nature One we praise and bless,
The glorious *Trinity* confess;
Co-equal, Co-eterne, the Same,
We lift on high the Threefold Name;
And laud the faith of old professed—
God of our fathers, thou art blessed.

Ταχεῖαν καὶ σταθηρὰν δίδον

(This forms a "stanza" in the office for the Sunday of the Pentecost in the Greek Church. The translation of W. C. Dix is subjoined from "The People's Hymnal.")

Jesu, give thy servants
Consolation sure;
Haste thee to us, bringing
Blessings that endure.

Take away our sorrows,
Make us glad in heart;
We are full of trouble,
If from thee we part.

Go not thou far from us
In our time of need;
Jesu, if thou leave us,
Mourners we indeed.

O prevent us alway,
Be thou ever near,
Light when falls the darkness,
Hope in times of fear.

Thou the Omnipresent,
Us with thee unite;
So shall every sorrow
Soon be put to flight.

As to thine apostles
Thou wast ever near,
So within our spirits,
Tarry, Saviour dear.

Joined to thee in meekness,
Merciful, we pray,
Turn our tears to gladness,
Turn our night to day.

Comfort hearts that long so,
With thy Spirit's grace;
Thou to weary pilgrims
Rock and Resting-place. Ame

Δεῦτε τελευταῖον

The following lines, says Neale, "form perhaps one of the most striking portions of the service of the Eastern Church. They are sung toward the conclusion of the Funeral Office, while the friends and relations are, in turn, kissing the corpse; the priest does so last of all. Immediately afterward it is borne to the grave; the priest casts the first earth on the coffin, with the words, 'The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.' "

Take the last kiss,—the last forever!
Yet render thanks amidst your gloom:

He, severed from his home and kindred,
  Is passing onward to the tomb:
For earthly labors, earthly pleasures,
  And carnal joys, he cares no more:
Where are his kinsfolk and acquaintance?
  They stand upon another shore.
    Let us say, around him pressed,
    Grant him, Lord, eternal rest!

The hour of woe and separation,
  The hour of falling tears is this;
Him that so lately was among us
  For the last time of all we kiss:
Up to the grave to be surrendered,
  Sealed with the monumental stone,
A dweller in the house of darkness,
  Amidst the dead to lie alone.
    Let us say, around him pressed,
    Grant him, Lord, eternal rest!

Life, and life's evil conversation,
  And all its dreams, are passed away:
The soul hath left her tabernacle:
  Black and unsightly grows the clay.
The golden vessel here lies broken:
  The tongue no voice of answer knows:
Hushed is sensation, stilled is motion;
  Toward the tomb the dead man goes.
    Let us cry with heart's endeavor,
    Grant him rest that is forever!

What is our life? A fading flower;
  A vapor, passing soon away;
The dewdrops of the early morning:—
  Come, gaze upon the tombs to-day.

Where now is youth? Where now is beauty,
And grace of form, and sparkling eye?
All, like the summer grass, are withered;
All are abolished utterly!
While our eyes with grief grow dim,
Let us weep to Christ for him!

Woe for that bitter, bitter moment,
The fearful start, the parting groan,
The wrench of anguish, from the body
When the poor soul goes forth alone!
Hell and destruction are before her;
Earth in its truest worth she sees;
A flickering shade; a dream of error;
A vanity of vanities.
Sin in this world let us flee,
That in heaven our place may be.

Draw nigh, ye sons of Adam, viewing
A likeness of yourselves in clay:
Its beauty gone; its grace disfigured;
Dissolving in the tomb's decay;
The prey of worms and of corruption,
In silent darkness moldering on;
Earth gathers round the coffin, hiding
The brother, now forever gone.
Yet we cry, around him pressed,
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest!

When, hurried forth by fearful angels,
The soul forsakes her earthly frame,
Then friends and kindred she forgetteth,
And this world's cares have no more claim;
Then passed are vanity and labor;
She hears the Judge's voice alone;

She sees the ineffable tribunal:
  Where we, too, cry with suppliant moan,
    For the sins that soul hath done,
    Grant thy pardon, Holy One!

Now all the organs of the body,
  So full of energy before,
Have lost perception, know no motion,
  Can suffer and can act no more.
The eyes are closed in death's dark shadow;
  The ear can never hear again;
The feet are bound; the hands lie idle;
  The tongue is fast as with a chain.
    Great and mighty though he be,
    Every man is vanity.

Behold and weep me, friends and brethren!
  Voice, sense, and breath, and motion gone;
But yesterday I dwelt among you;
  Then death's most fearful hour came on.
Embrace me with the last embracement;
  Kiss me with this, the latest kiss;
Never again shall I be with you;
  Never with you share woe or bliss.
I go toward the dread tribunal
  Where no man's person is preferred;
Where lord and slave, where chief and soldier,
  Where rich and poor, alike are heard:
One is the manner of their judgment;
  Their plea and their condition one:
And they shall reap in woe or glory
  The earthly deeds that they have done.
I pray you, brethren, I adjure you,
  Pour forth to Christ the ceaseless prayer,
He would not doom me to Gehenna,
  But in his glory give me share!

Ποία τοῦ βίου τρυφὴ

(From the Greek Burial Office of Priests, in the "Euchologion." Stichera idiomela of great beauty, in which some of the strophes are supposed to be spoken by the dead. The translation which we subjoin is Littledale's, and is regarded as one of that translator's best efforts from the Greek. He omits certain strophes of similar meaning and the *theotokia*—that is, addresses to the Virgin Mary. It is found in "The People's Hymnal.")

With pain earth's joys are mingled,
  Earth's glories will not stay,
And, feebler than a shadow,
  Like dreams they fade away.
In one brief sudden moment
  Death comes to take their place,
But thee we pray, Lord Jesu,
  With thine unclouded face,
And with thine own sweet beauty,
  Thou who hast loved us best,
Look on *him* thou hast chosen,
  And grant thy servant rest.

Woe for the bitter struggle
  That racks the parting soul!
Woe for the tears she poureth
  When none can make her whole!
She looketh to the angels
  But supplicates in vain;
Her hands to men she stretcheth,
  But thence no help may gain.
Then mindful, dearest brethren,
  How soon this life must cease,
Pray we to Christ for mercy,
  And for our *brother's* peace.

Vain, vain are all possessions
  That men may gather here;

They last for us no longer
  When death is coming near.
Our wealth hath no abiding,
  Fame may not with us go;
When death is hasting onward,
  They vanish with their show.
And so to Christ Eternal
  Cry we, of his dear grace,
To grant our *brother* quiet
  In his glad dwelling-place.

Where are the world's affections,
  Where dream of earthly gain,
Where are the gold and silver,
  And where the serving train?
All, all are dust and ashes,
  All are but as a shade,
So to the King Eternal
  Be our petition made.
Grant, Lord, thy ceaseless blessings
  To *him* now called away;
And give *him* joys unfading,
  And rest that lasts for aye. Amen.

Εὐφραινέσθωσαν οἱ οὐρανοὶ

(From the Greek Office of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, in the "Menæa." The subjoined translation is also that of Littledale, published in "The People's Hymnal.")

Let heaven rejoice, and earth be glad,
  For He who reigns above,
With all his Father's glory clad,
  Hath shown his perfect love.

Brought low, to save mankind from doom,
  As God the Father bade,

He came into the hallowed womb
Of Mary, stainless Maid.

O wonder of surpassing might!
With men dwells God the Son;
The womb contains the Infinite,
Time holds the timeless One.

O strange conception, pure from spot,
O lowliness untold,
O mystery too deep for thought,
O bounty manifold!

God made himself of glory bare
Our mortal flesh to take,
When to the Virgin pure and fair
The Angel greeting spake.

Hail, Mary, thou art full of grace,
Blest evermore art thou;
The Lord, whose mercies all embrace,
Himself is with thee now.

Romanus

Romanus, deacon in Berytus, afterward priest in Constantinople, was one of the most original and fruitful among the older poets. There is a difference of opinion among scholars concerning the time in which he lived; the seventh century is probably the correct date. We subjoin the following "Nativity Hymn" from the "Lyra Messianica" as translated by Dix:

Τὴν Ἐδὲμ Βηθλεὲμ

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

There the unwatered root appearing
Blooms in pardon free;
Christians enter, nothing fearing,
And the wonder see:
There the undug well behold
David thirsted for of old.

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

Cosmas of Jerusalem

(Died about A. D. 760)

Cosmas of Jerusalem (surnamed "the Hagiopolite," also "the Melodist"), who held the second place among Greek ecclesiastical poets, was born at Jerusalem. Being left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by the father of John of Damascus, and the two foster brothers were bound together by a friendship which lasted through life. They

excited each other to hymnology, and corrected and polished each other's compositions. Cosmas, like his friend, became a monk of Saint Sabas, and against his will was consecrated bishop of Majuma, near Gaza, in A. D. 743, by John, patriarch of Jerusalem, the same who ordained John of Damascus priest. After administering his diocese with great holiness, he died of old age, about 760, and is commemorated by the Eastern Church on October 14.

"Where perfect sweetness dwells, is Cosmas gone;
But his sweet lays to cheer the Church live on,"

says the verse prefixed to his life. His compositions are numerous; the best seem to be his canons on Gregory Nazianzen and the Purification. To him a considerable part of the "Octoechus" is owing. "He is the most learned of the Greek Church poets; and his fondness for types, boldness in their application, and love of aggregating them, make him the Oriental Adam of Saint Victor. It is owing partly to a compressed fullness of meaning, very uncommon in the Greek poets of the Church, partly to the unusual harshness and contraction of his phrases, that he is the hardest of ecclesiastical bards to comprehend" (Neale).

The following odes we give in Neale's translation:

Odes on the Nativity

I

Χριστὸς γεννᾶται· δοξάσατε

Christ is born! Tell forth his fame!
Christ from heaven! His love proclaim!
Christ on earth! Exalt his name!
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation!
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation!
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

Man, in God's own image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

For the Maker, when his foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the heavens, and came below,
And, in the Virgin's womb his dwelling making,
Became true man, man's very nature taking;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might,
God, and Son, and Light of light,
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was, that we might heaven inherit;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

II

Τῷ πρὸ τῶν αἰώνων

Him, of the Father's very Essence,
Begotten, ere the world began,

And, in the latter time, of Mary,
  Without a human sire, made Man:
Unto him, this glorious morn,
  Be the strain outpoured!
Thou that liftest up our horn,
  Holy art thou, Lord!

The earthly Adam, erewhile quickened
  By the blest breath of God on high,
Now made the victim of corruption,
  By woman's guile betrayed to die,
He, deceived by woman's part,
  Supplication poured.
Thou, who in my nature art,
  Holy art thou, Lord!

Thou, Jesus Christ, wast consubstantial
  With this our perishable clay,
And, by assuming earthly nature,
  Exaltedst it to heavenly day.
Thou, that wast as mortal born,
  Being God adored,
Thou that liftest up our horn,
  Holy art thou, Lord!

Rejoice, O Bethlehem, the city
  Whence Judah's monarchs had their birth;
Where He that sittest on the cherubs,
  The King of Israel, came on earth:
Manifested this blest morn,
  As of old time never,
He hath lifted up our horn,
  He shall reign forever!

III

Ῥάβδος ἐκ τῆς ῥίζης

Rod of the Root of Jesse,
  Thou, Flower of Mary born,
From that thick shady mountain
  Cam'st glorious forth this morn:
Of her, the ever Virgin,
  Incarnate wast thou made,
The immaterial Essence,
  The God by all obeyed!
Glory, Lord, thy servants pay
To thy wondrous might to-day!

The Gentiles' expectation,
  Whom Jacob's words foretell,
Who Syria's pride shalt vanquish
  Samaria's pride shalt quell:
Thou from the Root of Judah
  Like some fair plant dost spring,
To turn old Gentile error
  To thee, its God and King!
Glory, Lord, thy servants pay
To thy wondrous might to-day!

In Balaam's ancient vision
  The Eastern seers were skilled;
They marked the constellations,
  And joy their spirits filled:
For thou, bright Star of Jacob,
  Arising in thy might,
Didst call these Gentiles first-fruits
  To worship in thy light.
They, in holy reverence bent,
Gifts acceptable present.

As on a fleece descending
The gentle dews distill,
As drops the earth that water,
The Virgin didst thou fill.
For Media, leagued with Sheba,
Falls down and worships thee:
Tarshish and Ethiopia,
The Isles and Araby.
Glory, Lord, thy servants pay
To thy wondrous might to-day!

IV

Θεὸς ὢν εἰρήνης

Father of Peace, and God of Consolation!
The angel of the counsel dost thou send
To herald peace, to manifest salvation,
Thy light to pour, thy knowledge to extend;
Whence, with the morning's earliest rays,
Lover of men! thy name we praise.

'Midst Cæsar's subjects thou, at his decreeing,
Obey'dst and wast enrolled: our mortal race,
To sin and Satan slave, from bondage freeing,
Our poverty in all points didst embrace:
And by that union didst combine
The earthly with the All-Divine.

Lo! Mary, as the world's long day was waning,
Incarnate Deity conceived and bore;
Virgin in birth, and after birth, remaining;
And man to God is reconciled once more:
Wherefore in faith her name we bless,
And Mother of our God confess.

V

Σπλάγχνων Ἰωνᾶν

As Jonah, issuing from his three days' tomb,
  At length was cast, uninjured, on the earth:
So from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
  The Incarnate Word, that dwelt there, had his birth:
For he, who knew no taint of mortal stain,
Willed that his Mother spotless should remain.

Christ comes, Incarnate God, amongst us now,
  Begotten of the Father ere the day:
And he, to whom the sinless legions bow,
  Lies cradled, 'midst unconscious beasts on hay:
And, by his homely swaddling-bands girt in,
Looses the many fetters of our sin.

Now the new Child of Adam's race draws nigh,
  To us, the faithful, given: this, this is he
That shall the Father of Eternity,
  The Angel of the Mighty Counsel, be:
This the eternal God, by whose strong hands
The fabric of the world supported stands.

VI

Οἱ παῖδες εὐσεβείᾳ

The Holy Children boldly stand
Against the tyrant's fierce command;
The kindled furnace they defy,—
No doom can shake their constancy:
They in the midmost flame confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed!"

The shepherds keep their flocks by night;
The heaven glows out with wondrous light;
The glory of the Lord is there,
The angel-bands their King declare:
The watchers of the night confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed!"

The angel ceased; and suddenly
Seraphic legions filled the sky:
"Glory to God," they cry again.
"Peace upon earth, good will to men:
Christ comes!"—And they that heard confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed!"

What said the shepherds?—"Let us turn
This newborn miracle to learn."
To Bethlehem's gate their footsteps drew:
The Mother with the Child they view:
They knelt, and worshiped, and confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed!"

VII

Θαύματος ὑπερφυοῦς

The dewy freshness that the furnace flings
Works out a wondrous type of future things:
Nor did the flame the Holy Three consume,
Nor did the Godhead's fire thy frame entomb,
Thou, on whose bosom hung the Word:
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavor,
"Let all creation bless the Lord,
And magnify his name forever!"

Babel's proud daughter once led David's race
From Sion, to their exile's woeful place:

Babel now bids her wise men, gifts in hand,
Before King David's Royal Daughter stand,
The Mother of the Incarnate Word:
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavor,
"Let all creation bless the Lord,
And magnify his name forever!"

From music grief held back the exile's hand:
"How sing the Lord's song in an alien land?"
But Babel's exile here is done away,
And Bethlehem's harmony this glorious day
By thee, Incarnate God, restored:
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavor,
"Let all creation bless the Lord,
And magnify his name forever!"

Of old victorious Babel bore away
The spoils of royal Sion and her prey:
But Babel's treasure now, and Babel's kings,
Christ, by the guiding star, to Sion brings.
There have they knelt, and there adored:
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavor,
"Let all creation bless the Lord,
And magnify his name forever!"

VIII

Μυστήριον ξένον

O wondrous mystery, full of passing grace!
The grot becometh heaven: the Virgin's breast
The bright cherubic throne: the stall that place,
Where He, who fills all space, vouchsafes to rest:
Christ our God, to whom we raise
Hymns of thankfulness and praise!

The course propitious of the unknown Star
The Wise-men followed on its heavenly way,—
Until it led them, beckoning from afar,
To where the Christ, the King of all kings, lay:
Him in Bethlehem they find,
Born the Saviour of mankind.

"Where is the Child," they ask, "the newborn King,
Whose herald-light is glittering in the sky,—
To whom our offerings and our praise we bring?"
And Herod's heart is troubled utterly.
Armed for war with God, in vain
Would he see that Infant slain.

Pentecostal Ode

Πόντῳ ἐκάλυψε

(Translated by Dix in "Lyra Mystica," p. 203.)

He who with His mighty hand
Breaks the battle and the brand,
Now hath buried in the tide
Egypt's chariots and her pride.
Songs of victory we sing,
Perished are her host and king.
Tell the triumph far and wide,
God the Lord is glorified.

Thou a Light on earth hath shined,
Christ, the Lover of mankind;
Thou the *Comforter* hast sent,
All hath found accomplishment,
Which the Law and Prophets old
In the ages past foretold;
Every promise, every word
Which thy dear disciples heard.

For the *Holy Spirit's* grace
On the true and faithful race
Freely hath to-day been poured,
From the world's foundation stored:
Gladly then these hymns we lift,
Thankful for the wondrous Gift,
Praising as is right and meet,
God the blessed *Paraclete*.

Stephen the Sabaite

(A. D. 725-794)

Stephen the Sabaite was a nephew of John of Damascus, and spent fifty-nine years in the convent of Mar Saba. He is commemorated on the thirteenth of July. "He struck the keynote," says Schaff, "of Neale's exquisite hymn of comfort, 'Art thou weary,' which is found in some editions of the 'Octoechus.' He is the inspirer rather than the author of that hymn, which is worthy of a place in every book of devotional poetry."

Κόπον τε καὶ

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"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 passed!"

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!"

Theophanes

(A. D. 759-820)

Theophanes, surnamed "the Branded," holds the third place among Greek Church poets, and is one of the most prolific of Eastern hymnographers. He attended the second Council of Nicæa (787). During the reign of Leo the Arminian

(813) he suffered imprisonment, banishment, and mutilation for his devotion to the icons, and died about 820. Neale remarks that in Theophanes's writings "we first see that which has been the bane and ruin of later Greek poetry, the composition of hymns, not from the spontaneous effusion of the heart, but because they were wanted to fill up a gap in the Office-book."

Adam's Complaint

"The reader," says Neale, "can hardly fail to be struck with the beautiful idea in the third stanza, where the foliage of Paradise is asked to make intercession for Adam's recall. The last stanza Milton, as a universal scholar, doubtless had in his eye in Eve's lamentation." Schaff thinks that this is very doubtful.

Ὁ πλάστης μου κύριος

"The Lord my Maker, forming me of clay,
  By his own breath, the breath of life conveyed:
O'er all the bright new world he gave me sway,—
  A little lower than the angels made.
But Satan, using for his guile
The crafty serpent's cruel wile,
  Deceived me by the tree;
And severed me from God and grace,
And wrought me death, and all my race
  As long as time shall be.
O Lover of the sons of men!
Forgive, and call me back again!

"In that same hour I lost the glorious stole
Of innocence, that God's own hands had made;
And now, the tempter poisoning all my soul,
I sit, in fig leaves and in skins arrayed:
I sit condemned, distressed, forsaken;
Must till the ground, whence I was taken,
By labor's daily sweat.
But Thou, that shalt hereafter come,
The offspring of a virgin womb,
Have pity on me yet!
O, turn on me those gracious eyes,
And call me back to Paradise!

"O glorious Paradise! O lovely clime!
O God-built mansion! Joy of every saint!
Happy remembrance to all coming time!
Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,
One prayer to Him who made them all,
One prayer for Adam in his fall!—
That He, who formed thy gates of yore,
Would bid those gates unfold once more
That I had closed by sin:
And let me taste that holy tree
That giveth immortality
To them that dwell therein!
Or have I fallen so far from grace
That mercy hath for me no place?"

Adam sat right against the eastern gate,
By many a storm of sad remembrance tossed:
"O me! so ruined by the serpent's hate!
O me! so glorious once, and now so lost!
So mad that bitter lot to choose!
Beguiled of all I had to lose!
Must I then, gladness of my eyes,—

Must I then leave thee, Paradise,
  And as an exile go?
And must I never cease to grieve
How once my God, at cool of eve,
  Came down to walk below?
O Merciful! on thee I call:
O Pitiful! forgive my fall!"

Theodore of the Studium

(Died A. D. 826)

Theodore of the Studium (a celebrated convent near Constantinople) is distinguished for his sufferings in the iconoclastic controversy, and died in exile, November 11, 826.

Odes on the Advent

I

Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτήν

That fearful day, that day of speechless dread,
When Thou shalt come to judge the quick and dead—
  I shudder to foresee,
  O God, what then shall be!

When thou shalt come, angelic legions round,
With thousand thousands, and with trumpet sound,
  Christ, grant me in the air
  With saints to meet thee there!

Weep, O my soul, ere that great hour and day,
When God shall shine in manifest array,
  Thy sin, that thou mayst be
  In that strict judgment free!

The terror!—hell-fire fierce and unsufficed:
The bitter worm: the gnashing teeth:—O Christ,
Forgive, remit, protect;
And set me with the elect!

That I may hear the blessed voice that calls
The righteous to the joy of heavenly halls:
And, King of heaven, may reach
The realm that passeth speech!

Enter thou not in judgment with each deed,
Nor each intent and thought in strictness read:
Forgive, and save me then,
O thou that lovest men!

Thee, One in Three blest Persons! Lord o'er all!
Essence of essence, Power of power, we call:
Save us, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever One!

II

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!

III

Ἐφέστηκεν ἡ ἡμέρα

The day is near, the judgment is at hand,
Awake, my soul, awake, and ready stand!
Where chiefs shall go with them that filled the throne,
Where rich and poor the same tribunal own;
And every thought and deed
Shall find its righteous meed.

There with the sheep the shepherd of the fold
Shall stand together; there the young and old;

Master and slave one doom shall undergo;
Widow and maiden one tribunal know.
Oh, woe, oh, woe, to them
Whom lawless lives condemn!

That judgment-seat, impartial in decree,
Accepts no bribe, admits no subtlety:
No orator persuasion may exert,
No perjured witness wrong to right convert:
But all things, hid in night,
Shall then be dragged to light.

Let me not enter in the land of woe;
Let me not realms of outer darkness know!
Nor from the wedding feast reject Thou me,
For my soiled vest of immortality;
Bound hand and foot, and cast
In anguish that shall last!

When Thou, the nations ranged on either side,
The righteous from the sinners shall divide,
Then give me to be found amongst thy sheep,
Then from the goats thy trembling servant keep:
That I may hear the voice
That bids thy saints rejoice!

When righteous inquisition shall be made,
And the books opened, and the thrones arrayed,
My soul, what plea to shield thee canst thou know,
Who hast no fruit of righteousness to show,
No holy deeds to bring
To Christ the Lord and King?

I hear the rich man's wail and bitter cry,
Out of the torments of eternity;

I know, beholding that devouring flame,
My guilt and condemnation are the same;
And spare me, Lord, I say,
In the great judgment day!

The Word and Spirit, with the Father One,
One light and emanation of one Sun,
The Word by generation, we adore,
The Spirit by procession, evermore;
And with creation raise
The thankful hymn of praise.

IV

Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται

The Lord draws nigh, the righteous throne's Assessor,
The just to save, to punish the transgressor:
Weep we, and mourn, and pray,
Regardful of that day;
When all the secrets of all hearts shall be
Lit with the blaze of full eternity.

Clouds and thick darkness o'er the Mount assembling,
Moses beheld the Eternal's glory, trembling:
And yet he might but see
God's feebler majesty.
And I—I needs must view his fullest face:—
O, spare me, Lord! O, take me to thy grace!

David of old beheld, in speechless terror,
The session of the Judge—the doom of error:
And what have I to plead
For mercy in my need?
Nothing save this: O, grant me yet to be,
Ere that day come, renewed and true to thee!

Here, fires of deep damnation roar and glitter:
The worm is deathless, and the cup is bitter:
There, day that hath no morrow,
And joy that hath no sorrow:
And who so blest that he shall fly the abyss,
Raised up to God's right hand, and speechless bliss!

My soul with many an act of sin is wounded:
With mortal weakness is my frame surrounded:
My life is well-nigh o'er:
The Judge is at the door:
How wilt thou, miserable spirit, fare,
What time he sends his summons through the air?

Χαριστήριον ᾠδὴν

This canon for "Orthodoxy Sunday," or "The First Sunday in Lent," is kept in memory, primarily, of the first triumph of the Church over the iconoclasts in 842, and incidentally of her victory over all other heresies. Neale in his prefatory note to the canon says: "The following canon is ascribed to Theodore of the Studium, although Baronius has thought that it cannot be his, because it implies that peace was restored to the Church, whereas that hymnographer died while the persecution still continued. Very possibly, however, it was written on the temporary victory of the Church, which did occur in the time of Saint Theodore; and then, in 842, may have been lengthened and adapted to the then state of things, perhaps by Naucratius, the favorite disciple of Saint Theodore" ("Hymns of the Eastern

Church," 2nd ed., 1863, p. 113). The translation which we subjoin is by Neale:

The Lord, the Lord hath triumphed,
  Let all the world rejoice!
Hushed is the turmoil, silent
  His servants' tearful voice:
And the one faith, the true faith,
  Goes forth from east to west,
Enfolding in its beauty,
  The earth as with a vest.

They rise, the sleepless watchmen
  Upon the Church's wall,
With yearning supplication
  On God, the Lord, they call:
And he, though long time silent,
  Bows down a gracious ear
His people's earnest crying
  And long complaint to hear.

Sing, sing of joy, each desert!
  Exult, each realm of earth!
Ye mountains, drop down sweetness,
  Ye hillocks, leap for mirth!
For Christ the Lord, bestowing
  His blessed peace on men,
In faith's most holy union
  Shall knit his Church again.

O Lord of loving-kindness,
  How wondrous are thy ways!
What tongue of man suffices
  Thy gentleness to praise;

Because of thy dear Person
Men dared thy saints to kill,
Yet didst thou not consume them,
Bearing their insults still.

Thou who hast fixed unshaken
Thy Church's mighty frame,
That gates of hell shall never
Prevail against the same,
Bestow upon thy people
Thy peace, that we may bring
One voice, one hymn, one spirit,
To glorify our King. Amen.

Methodius I

(Died A. D. 846)

Methodius I was a native of Syracuse, and embraced the monastic life at Constantinople. Sent as legate from Pope Paschal to Michael the Stammerer, he was imprisoned by that prince in a close cell, and there passed nine years, on account of his resolute defense of icons. Having been scourged for the same cause by the Emperor Theophilus, he made his escape from prison; and when peace was restored to the Church was raised to the throne of Constantinople. He died November 4, 846. Neale gives one of his compositions as follows:

Εἰ καὶ τὰ 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!"

Joseph of the Studium

(Died A. D. 883)

Joseph, called "Hymnographus," is the most prolific, most bombastic, and most tedious of Greek

hymn writers. He was a Sicilian by birth, at last keeper of the sacred vessels (*sceuophylax*) in the Great Church at Constantinople.

Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων

The original from which this cento is taken is the canon for the deacon Saint Timothy and his wife, Saint Maura, whose martyrdom is commemorated by the Church of Constantinople on May 3. Kingsley's "Santa Maura" describes in popular form this martyrdom of Timothy and Maura. The translation which we subjoin is by Neale:

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 selfsame road,
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their passions showed
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
O the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors! up and win it!

For Ascension Day

I

Ἰησοῦς ὁ ζωοδότης

Jesus, Lord of Life eternal,
Taking those he loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
And his own the last time blest.
Then though he had never left it,
Sought again his Father's breast.

Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
Call the world to highest festal:
Floods and oceans, clap your hands:
Angels, raise the song of triumph:
Make response, ye distant lands.

Loosing death with all its terrors,
Thou ascendest up on high;

And to mortals, now immortal,
Gavest immortality,
As thine own disciples saw thee
Mounting Victor to the sky.

II

Φωτεινήσε, φῶς

Wafting Him up on high,
The glorious cloud receives
The Lord of Immortality,
And earth the Victor leaves:
The heavenly people raise the strain,
The apostles pour the hymn again—
God of our fathers, thou art blest!

Ye faithful, tell your joys!
All hearts with gladness bound,
God is gone up with a merry noise,
The Lord with the trumpet's sound!
To him we cry, by woes once tried,
Now glorious at the Father's side—
God of our fathers, thou art blest!

Zealous for God of yore,
With zeal still Moses burns:
Come, heavenly spirits, and adore
The Victor who returns:
Rise, angel legions, rise and sing
The ancient hymn to greet the King—
God of our fathers, thou art blest!

III

Ἐπάρατε πυλάς

Exalt, exalt, the heavenly gates,
  Ye chiefs of mighty name,
The Lord and King of all things waits,
  Enrobed in earthly frame.
So to the higher seats they cry,
The humbler legions of the sky.

For Adam's sake, by serpent guile
  Distressed, deceived, o'erthrown,
Thou left'st thy native home awhile,
  Thou left'st the Father's throne:
Now he is decked afresh with grace,
Thou seek'st once more the heavenly place.

Glad festal keeps the earth to-day,
  Glad festal heaven is keeping:
The ascension-pomp in bright array,
  Goes proudly skyward sweeping:
The Lord the mighty deed hath done,
And joined the severed into one.

IV

Τὸν ἐν δυσὶ ταῖς

Of twofold natures, Christ, the Giver
  Of immortality and love,
Ascendeth to the Father's glory,
  Ascendeth to the throne above:
Wherefore he, this glorious morn,
  Be by all adored:
Thou that liftest up our horn,
  Holy art thou, Lord!

Slaves are set free, and captives ransomed:
The nature that he made at first
He now presenteth to the Father,
The chains of her damnation burst:
This the cause that he was born,
Adam's race restored:
Thou that liftest up our horn,
Holy art thou, Lord!

Emptied awhile of all his brightness,
He entered thus the glorious fight;
O'erthrew the foe, mankind exalted
Far above every power and might:
Therefore bare he pains and scorn,
Calvary's heart-blood poured:
Thou that liftest up our horn,
Holy art thou, Lord!

V

'Ανέστης τριήμερος

'After three days Thou didst rise
Visible to mortal eyes:
First the Eleven worshiped thee,—
Then the rest in Galilee:
Then a cloud in glory bore
Thee to thine own native shore.

Boldly David poured the strain—
God ascends to heaven again:
With the trumpet's pealing note
'Alleluias round him float,
As he now, by hard-won right,
Seeks the fount of purest light.

Crime on crime, and grief on grief,
Left the world without relief:
Now that aged, languid race
God hath quickened by his grace:
As thy going up we see,
Glory to thy glory be.

Theoctistus of the Studium

(Died about A. D. 890)

Theoctistus is the author of a "Suppliant Canon to Jesus," the only thing known of him, but, as Schaff remarks, "the sweetest Jesus-hymn of the Greek Church."

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, purest, Jesu, sweetest;
Jesu, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me thine!

Jesu, open me the gate
  That of old he entered,
Who, in that most lost estate,
  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, to heal my lost condition,
Give—for thou canst give—contrition;
Thou canst pardon all my ill
If thou wilt: O 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 home 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 in 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!"

Metrophanes of Smyrna

(Died about A. D. 910)

Metrophanes of Smyrna was bishop of that see, says Neale, toward the close of the ninth century, and is principally famous for his canons in honor of the Blessed Trinity, sung at matins on Sundays, of which Neale gives the following specimen:

Τριφεγγὴς Μονὰς

O Unity of Threefold Light,
  Send out thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
  And turn it into day;
Make us those temples pure and fair,
  Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacle, where
  Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell!

The glorious hosts of peerless might
  That ever see thy face,
Thou mak'st the mirrors of thy Light,
  The vessels of thy grace:
Thou 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 as we sing!

Simeon Metaphrastes

(A. D. 886-959?)

This writer, who is especially known for his "Lives of the Saints," was secretary and chancellor of the imperial court at Constantinople, and lived at the end of the tenth century. He wrote a "lament" of Mary on embracing the Lord's body, which we subjoin in the translation of Dix in "Lyra Mystica," p. 36; another is made by Mrs. Browning.

O thou uncovered Corse, Word of the Living One,
  Self-doomed to be uplifted on the bitter tree,
Thereon to die, thy patient will, Eternal Son,
  And thence in love draw all men unto thee.

Which of thy holy members is without a wound?
  The thorny wreath thy blessed brow embraces last;
No place whereon to lay thee, weary head, was found—
  But thou shalt rest within a tomb at last.

O lips, which once with sweetest words did overflow,
  Fresh from sharp vinegar and bitterness of gall;
O cheeks, how often turned to many a smiter's blow,
  And spat upon in Pilate's judgment hall.

By hands of men made helpless on the dreadful beam,
  O hands of man creative, how were ye pierced through;
Yet all outstretched, ye reach e'en Hades to redeem,
  And give the first transgressor help anew.

O mouth all sweet, no guile was ever found in thee,
  And yet, alas! by traitorous kiss wast thou betrayed;
O blessed feet, that walking on the stormy sea
  All water hallowed as the waves obeyed.

Where is the chorus of thy sick ones, O my Son,
All those infirm whom thou didst heal, the upraisèd dead?
To draw the nails from hands and feet, there came not one
Of all the crowds whom thou hast comforted.

Only came Nicodemus, he who sought by night,
And Joseph kind, whose rocky tomb thy bed shall be,
Whither to sleep a lion's sleep in awful night,
My Son, how soon will they be bearing thee.

Now thou art borne to me from yon sharp cross of pain,
And heavily upon these Mother-arms art laid;
These arms which bare thee long ago, and once again
A lowly resting place for thee are made.

I, who first swathèd thee, thy graveclothes now will bind,
Giver of Life, thou liest dead before me now:
Tears laved thee at thy birth; far hotter tears I find
To wash the death-drops from thy pallid brow.

High in these arms maternal thou didst leap,
Thou who wast born of me, this weary world to save;
O bitter funerals! that I, who hushed thy sleep,
Must wail this doleful passion o'er thy grave.

Anonymous Hymns of the Later Period

Ἰδοὺ ὁ νύμφιος ἔρχεται

(Midnight hymn, translated by G. Moultrie, "Lyra Messianica," p. 50; "People's Hymnal," No. 10.)

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 his Master shall sur-
prise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his
eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink
down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden
crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eyes, and thus
Cry: "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us!"

That day, the day of fear, shall come: my soul, slack not
thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright
with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet
the Bride.

Beware, my soul; take thou good heed, lest thou in slum-
ber 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.

Ὑμνοῦμέν σου Χριστὲ

(For the "Sunday of Easter," translated by W. C. Dix, "Lyra Messianica," p. 277.)

Christ, we sing thy saving Passion,
Thine arising glorify:
Death forever to abolish,
Thou upon the cross didst die.

Then from Hades thou didst hasten,
As alone Omnipotent:
Grant us peace in life, Redeemer,
Joy when earthly life is spent.

Sing we now thy condescension,
Christ, with God the Father One;
We in lofty hymns will praise thee,
Mary-Mother's blessèd Son.
Thou for us as Man didst suffer,
Willingly the cross didst bear,
That thy resurrection glory
We, the sons of men, may share.

Coming, as from bridal chamber,
Robed with orient morning light,
Bringing to the world salvation,
Spoiling hell of all her might;
Raising, by thy resurrection,
Man to dignity most high:
Christ, may we, with pure thanksgiving,
Thee forever glorify. Amen.

Σήμερον συνέχει τάφος

(From the Office for Easter Eve, translated by Littledale, "People's Hymnal," No. 111.)

The sepulcher is holding
To-day within its band
The Lord, who holds creation
Within his strong right hand.

To-day a stone is hiding
From gaze of mortal eye
The Lord, whose glory hideth
The brightness of the sky.

The Life of all is sleeping,
But hell is quaking sore,
And Adam bursts the fetters
Which prisoned him before.

All praise to thee, Lord Jesu,
Whose providence of love
Hath won for us, thy people,
The Sabbath rest above.

To Christ, the King of Glory,
Who in the tomb was laid,
To Father and to Spirit,
Eternal laud be paid. Amen.

Σιγησάτω πᾶσα σάρξ

(For the Holy Communion. This is the "Prayer of the Cherubic Hymn" found in the Liturgy of Saint James. The translation is by Moultrie, and is found in the "Lyra Eucharistica" and "The People's Hymnal.")

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with blessing in his Hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth, our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture—in the body and the blood—
He will give to all the faithful his own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph-cherubim, with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless voice they cry,
"Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord Most High."

Ὡς θεῖος ποταμός

(In the Greek Office of Prayer Oil. In "The People's Hymnal" it is appointed for a "Time of Pestilence," for which it is most suitable.)

Christ, Mercy's holy River,
Christ, Love's unfathomed Sea,
In pity, Lord, deliver
The faint who turn to thee.

Thy wonders on us pouring,
Our souls from evil lave,
Who come with prayer imploring,
And cry to thee to save.

O Helper and Physician
Of them whom sickness pains,
O Giver of remission
From all disease's chains.

Grant thy weak servants healing,
Thou King and Lord of all,
Bend down to our appealing,
And hear us when we call.

Christ, ransom from transgression
This erring flock of thine,
That we, with glad confession,
May praise thy might divine.

Ὁ *νέος οὐρανός*

(Three *cathismata*—that is, hymns sung *seated*—from the Day-dawn or Lauds for the Conception of Anna, December 9, in the "Menæa." The translation of Littledale, found in "The People's Hymnal," is an expansion of the original, the second stanza being introduced for the sake of clearness. The doxology is also by Littledale.)

Within the womb of Anna,
By God's creating will,
To-day another heaven
Is framed for God to fill.
From which that Sun unsetting
On all the world hath shined,
Supreme in loving Godhead,
The Saviour of mankind.

The choir of ancient prophets
Foretold that Virgin fair,
The spotless one and holy,
Whom barren Anna bare.
To-day with hearts rejoicing
We bless her honored name,
We who receive the Saviour
From Mary, pure from blame.

Be thou renewed, O Adam,
O Eve, in gladness bound,
The fairest bud hath blossomed
From dry and sterile ground:

It blooms with life immortal,
Takes barrenness away,
So we, in jubilation,
Rejoice with them to-day.

Declare aloud, O David,
What sware the Lord to thee?
What God the Lord hath promised
Ye now fulfilled may see:
He giveth us the Virgin
Who from my loins doth spring,
Who bore the world's Creator,
The Adam new, the King:

The Christ, who sits in glory
Upon my throne to-day,
Who governeth the kingdom
Which knoweth no decay.
The barren bears the Virgin,
God's Mother ever blest,
Who gave to Life's own Giver
Sweet nurture from her breast.

From angel ranks in heaven,
From choirs of men below,
Let strains of hymns exulting
In perfect concord flow;
In praise of God the Father,
In praise of God the Son,
In praise of God the Spirit,
The Three who are but One. Amen.

Ὁ θεατὴς τῶν ἀρρήτων

(Three *prosomia*—that is, hymns of a similar structure—from the Vespers of Saint John the Divine, May 8, in the "Menæa." The translation in "The People's Hymnal" is that of Littledale. The fourth stanza is not in the original.)

O Saint, permitted here to see
  Unutterable visions bright,
O mighty son of Zebedee,
  Who didst that holy Gospel write,
Which telleth us of Christ the Son,
With Father and with Spirit One.

O harp, aroused by God's own hand,
  Whose tones on earth for us prolong
The music of the far-off land,
  The echoes of celestial song;
How sweet to us the notes that rung
From thy pure lips and tuneful tongue!

Beloved disciple of the Lord,
  Thou hast proclaimed, with thunder-sound,
The hidden Wisdom, God the Word,
  Unto the world's remotest bound,
And with thy gleaming torch art guide
Of all to the Redeemer's side.

For thou hast lain on Jesu's breast,
  By thine own fervent love made bold,
And now hast found thy perfect rest
  Within thy Saviour's inner fold;
There may thy Master, by his grace,
Admit us too to see his face.

Αἰγύπτου φωστὴρ

(Three *homoia*—hymns of the same structure—from the Office for Saint Mark, April 25, in the "Menæa." The translation in "The People's Hymnal" is by Littledale. The doxology is not in the original.)

Mark, shining light of Egypt,
  True servant of the Lord,
Thou penman of good tidings,
  Thou herald of the Word.

With melody and gladness
  To-day thy praise we sing,
Who askest peace and mercy
  For us from Christ the King.

Thou wrotest in thy record
  The oracles divine,
And madest Jesu's glory
  Upon the world to shine.

And telling how the Man-God
  His glorious Passion bore,
And how he rose in power,
  And took his crown once more.

Thou drawest on the nations
  For that same truth to yearn,
Which thou from Peter's teaching
  Thyself didst gladly learn.

So lightening the people,
  With God the Spirit's grace,
Thou sentest rays of brightness
  O'er Egypt's darkened race.

Then unto Christ the Saviour,
  Whom thou hast preached, be laud
To Father and to Spirit,
  The One Eternal God. Amen.

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