# HYMNS

BY

FREDERICK W. FABER D.D.

No. 5414 Date Apr. 6. 1931

LIBRARY OF

Frank J. Metcalf

PITTS
THEOLOGY
LIBRARY

EMORY UNIVERSITY
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30322

FRANK J. METCALF BEQUEST
TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945



Engraved by Illman Brothers.

God bless you & keep you in ʒᶜ ƒ ʒ
of the Holy Spirit

Your most affectionate

F. W. Faber

MURPHY & CO. BALTIMORE.

# HYMNS

## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

First American, from the Fourth London Edition.

BALTIMORE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY KELLY & CO.

182 BALTIMORE STREET.

1849.



God Bless you & keep you in the love
of His Holy Spirit

Your most affectionate

F. W. Faber

MURPHY & CO. BALTIMORE

# HYMNS.

BY

## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

Non vox sed votum, non chordula musi ca sed cor,
Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei.

*Gloss. in Cap.* CANTANTES.

---

First American, from the Author's last Edition of 1861.

---

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MURPHY & CO.
182 BALTIMORE STREET.
1880.

*

Hymn

1880

Fabe

TO

# The Earl of Arundel and Surrey,

THESE HYMNS

*ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,*

WITH THE BELIEF THAT TO HIM

It will be the Truest Token of Gratitude

For so Many Kindnesses,

THUS TO CONNECT HIS HONORED NAME

WITH

## Our Dear St. Philip.

1849.

Henry Granville, fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, died the death of the Just, shortly before midnight on the Feast of St. Catherine, Nov. 25, 1860. *Requiescat in pace.*

*

# FATHER FABER'S HYMNS.

ALL Father Faber's works are struck in the same key. A unity of thought and feeling pervades everything this gifted soul penned. There is an undercurrent of purpose moving along in silence, but with irresistible force, collecting and harmonizing the vast wealth of thought and imagery that floats through his richly-endowed mind, till it asserts itself in a powerful effort to lift man up out of the plane of his fallen human nature into the sphere of the supernatural, and to place him nearer his God by bringing heaven and earth together in a closer bond of union. Faber's merit and the chief excellence of his writings consist in this: that he deals with man in his relations with the Creator and with the channels of grace established by the Creator—not as though God and His sacraments and His redemption were outside of him, or existences far away from his own existence, but rather as an inseparable part and parcel of the vast system of relations in which his being is merged. He has made us feel that grace and redemption are as intimately blended with our spiritual life as is the air we breathe with our physical organism. He has brought home to us the truth that all men are bound up in their influence and their action for time and eternity. He has thus raised up the popular intelligence a degree nearer the theological manner of looking at things. He has placed the material and spiritual world under a new aspect. It is one in which the severer and more sombre views of life are mellowed by a cheerfulness and a contentment and a hope that diffuse themselves through one's soul and make one resolve upon taking a fresh start

towards the goal of saintliness. He does not ignore any of the realities of life. All its miseries enter into his calculations; but he does not, like the older spiritual writers, make them the burden of his thoughts. He sees sin and its consequences; he notes crime, and folly, and wickedness; he looks with unflinching eye down the depths of degradation into which fallen humanity plunges; but he also watches souls struggling nobly and manfully upward and onward, surrounded by an infinite world of mercy; he sees sunshine everywhere, and the music of Nature and the music of love reverberate through his soul; and in the beauties of earth, and the beauties of moral action, and the beauties of truth, he catches glimpses of the Beauty ever ancient and ever new, and reflects It from his glowing page. And the glamour of his own poetic nature occasionally makes more sunshine than there really is. For Father Faber is a poet first and a theologian after.

From the outset of his literary career, Faber's poetical talent was recognized. When he announced to Wordsworth his intention of taking a curacy in the Anglican Church, the poet remarked: "I do not say you are wrong; but England loses a poet."* Be it so. England has lost a poet; the Anglican Church afterwards, in losing him, lost one of its most zealous ministers; but, at the same time, Catholics throughout the English-speaking world, in gaining him, gained one of the sweetest singers of the Church's mysteries, her sacraments, her saints, her ceremonies and her glories. A man of exquisite delicacy of feeling and generous impulse and continuous elevation of thought, the poet embodied in his book of Hymns the flowering of all the

---

* Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber. Bowden, p. 173.

sublime emotions and visions that passed over his heart and mind. These Hymns represent in their heavenward aspiration and spiritualizing tendency, the poet's eminently Christian spirit and deep concern for his soul's salvation. So beautifully does he sing at times that it would seem as though in him heaven and earth came nigh, and he heard the waves of time as they pulsed on the shore of eternity. And he does it all with the purpose of making truth and virtue sink more deeply into the hearts of those who listen to his sweet words. He was not unmindful of the power of song. He had read and noted what a large factor it was in sowing Arianism broadcast. He had witnessed the effects of Wesley's Hymns upon the people of Wales and Cornwall. He therefore started the practice of the singing of hymns in the Oratory. Time has proved the wisdom of this step. Several of the hymns contained in the present volume are echoed Sunday after Sunday, and feast-day after feast-day, in churches throughout all parts of the world in which the English language is spoken. And very often the thousands into whose hearts they have sunk, are ignorant of the source from which they welled forth!

These Hymns are well calculated to give food for reflection on all the phases of the spiritual life. They open a new world of thought, and they assert truth in a manner so striking and so beautiful that they leave a lasting impression on the reader. For the soul rising above the material, and making a study of the spiritual life, and anxiously striving to ascend the rugged path of religious perfection these Hymns are invaluable. Their subjectiveness makes them all the more attractive. They are the expression of a pure heart and an enlightened mind. They are the inner thoughts of a man of God.

They are the music of a soul highly and delicately strung, over whom every wave of grace sweeps in harmony and awakens love, and in whom love seeks fitting words for the yearnings of the heart.

"New passions are waking within me,
New passions that have not a name;
Divine truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame."

So sang the poet, in one of his most admired pieces, upon the effect of music on his soul. It describes the inner workings of that same soul beneath the more mysterious music of poetry as stirred up by the movements of grace and the visions of religious life in all its phases.

There is one work especially with which the *Hymns* will bear comparison. It is the *Christian Year*. Both frequently deal with the same subjects. Both are intended to promote piety and devotion. Both are based on the principle that "next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion."* The authors of both were intimate friends and mutual admirers. They were devoted students of Wordsworth's poetry and imbibed some of what was best in that great poet's genius and spirit. But, both Keble and Faber soared into higher regions than were within the range of Wordsworth's muse. Whilst recognizing with the latter the power and influence, the loveliness and grandeur of Nature and its intimate blending with man throughout the whole sphere of his life; whilst distinguishing back of the mere material form the more spiritual ideal under-

* Christian Year. Pref. p. iii.

lying that form; whilst acknowledging each with the patriarch of Nature-seers that—

"Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor ——"

above and beyond all this—and not dissevered from it but intimately connected with it, they saw the world of grace which is the complement and perfection of the world of Nature. And beautifully, indeed, is Nature, in the hymns of both poets, made the framework of some grand spiritual truth. Not Nature, cold and abstract as read in books or drawn in fancy, but the living, palpitating Nature that they met face to face, and that, poet-like, they conversed with, till its form, its beauty and its expression sank into their minds and inflamed their imaginations. Keble, for instance, is reading Spenser under shelter of a rock; the winds are sighing around him; but their voice has entered his heart and their music echoes through his fancy, and the whole scene he sets, in one of his hymns, in these delightful verses:

"Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones; the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through withered bents—romantic note and clear
Meet for a hermit's ear."*

Faber takes up his abode at Cotton Hall. "Standing at a considerable elevation on the north-east side of a

---

*Christian Year, the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. The late Robertson of Brighton, considered these lines the best in the Christian Year. See Keble's Life, by Sir J. Coleridge.

deep valley, the lower part of which was filled with thick wood, it looked across to the opposite bank, crowned by a clump of Scotch firs."* The scenery of the place grew into Faber's fancy. And so we find the lawn, the spring, the garden-plots, the thyme and the lilacs have all been transferred into one of those sweet and simple rhymes which the poet so well knew how to weave for children:

"See! the sun beyond the hill
Is dipping, dipping down
Right above that old Scotch fir,
Just like a golden crown.

Children! quick, and come with me,
Handfuls of cowslips bring,
Hawthorn bright with boughs of white,
And mayflowers from the spring.

Lucy has fresh shoots of thyme
From her own garden plot:
Jacob's lilac has been stripped—
A gay and goodly lot!" †

In thus making the Nature of sense a vestibule to the world of spirit both poets not only learned, but improved upon, the lessons of their master in the poetic art. But their points of divergence are no less striking than those of resemblance. Not always is Faber as polished as Keble. He throws off lines and stanzas that seem weak and prosy by side of his better efforts. The poem is made heavy by their presence. True also is it that in reading Keble one is sometimes struck by the effort, almost painful, to give unity to the poem; but still, the whole presents a finish as smooth as an exquisite mosaic.

There pervade the *Christian Year* a uniformity of tone and a unity of design that are lacking in the *Hymns*.

---

* Life and Letters, p. 300.

† Hymns, No. 92. Flowers for the Altar, p. 311.

And while both works show art-power, Keble's is the more sustained, inasmuch as he makes the whole series of his compositions subordinate to the spirit of the Anglican Prayer Book. Faber writes with more freedom and desultoriness. His verses possess more warmth, fire and energy. He sings of holy things in a spirit of familiarity that is born of an intimate union with God. He is impatient of those who fear to love God too much. "It is so grand," he says writing to a nun, "to be allowed to say daring words to our dearest, dearest Lord."* And in one of his sweetest and simplest hymns he thus alludes to the puritanical coldness of the forms of worship outside the Church:

> The solemn face, the downcast eye,
> The words constrained and cold,—
> These are the homage, poor at best
> Of those outside the fold.
>
> They know not how our God can play
> The Babe's, the Brother's part;
> They dream not of the ways He has
> Of getting at the heart." †

Now though there was no coldness in Keble's own religion, still he wrote with a deference that is sometimes painful. One feels that he has the whole truth in his grasp, but he trembles to say it. He is writing for readers whom he knows to be disposed rather to sit in judgment on him than to receive his beautiful Christian lessons with the docility of learners and disciples. His genius, his heart, his poetic inspiration, all impel him to give full and free utterance to that which is in him; but there is the cold and stern face of Anglicanism constantly before his eyes, holding up to his view her

---

* Life and Letters, p. 432. † True Love, No. 117, p. 381.

standard of respectable devotion and negative teaching—and forcing him to strain the sense of a Scripture text, and to put footnotes of explanation, even of apology.* No such hampering thought weighs down the genius of Faber. He not only sings with a freedom and a familiarity that are the outcome of prayer and piety, but he sings for Catholics who know not the stranger's reserve in their Father's House. What, for instance, can be more touching than the verses giving the poet's childhood impressions of God?—

"They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

* * * * *

I could not sleep unless Thy Hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it, if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed." †

In his hymns commemorating the saints, the poet makes them our companions; he strikes the bonds of harmony and unison between them and us; his words inspire confidence in them. And we feel the intimate union there is between heaven and earth. But it is in speaking of the Queen of Saints that the glow in his heart especially shines in his verses. Some of his best and strongest flights are in praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary. His devotion to her is unbounded. He knows that such great love is displeasing to those of his fellow-

---

* See, for instance, Hymn for Christmas Day, in which the author apologizes for using the Catholic Vulgate version of the *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

† No. 11. The God of my Childhood, p. 55.

men outside the Church. But hear how beautifully he pleads his case:

"But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very paths my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?"*

---

*Hymns. No 38, p. 155. There has been published in New York (E. P. Dutton & Co.) an edition of Faber's Hymns, mutilated, marred and distorted for the benefit of those hating the sweet name of Mary. Poems are given as Faber's, with stanzas omitted and lines changed, without the least indication. Now, a poem can no more be cut up without destroying its beauty and its effect than can a picture or a statue. Let us take an instance to show how far the iconoclastic tendency of the non-Catholic editor has carried him. We turn to the poem on the Descent of the Holy Ghost. In the first stanzas the poet represents the Blessed Virgin Mary as the central figure in the Upper Room:

"She sat: beneath her shadow were
The Chosen of her son;
Within each heart and on each face
Her power and spirit shone."

The mutilated version omits nine such stanzas at the beginning, and all in order to eliminate the name of her most blessed among women. But in the tenth, with which this version opens, the allusion to her becomes unintelligible, and makes one think that the poet scarcely knew his own mind:

His uncreated freshness fills
His bride as she adores.

Now, the omitted stanzas make it plain that Mary is the bride here meant. But prejudice can go to a depth still deeper. It can place in the mouth of the elegant Faber such English as this:

"One moment—and the spirit hung
O'er *them* with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads *of all*
In cloven tongues of fire."

But the class of poems in this volume that, perhaps, will give most universal satisfaction is that dealing with the spiritual life in all its moods and phases. Faber had intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Its inmost folds were all familiar to him. There was

---

When the poet said *them,* he said *all.* That is a piece of tautology of which Faber could never have been guilty. Nor did he ever write it. Mary being the central figure, the poet pictured the Holy Spirit first hanging over her "with dread desire," and then breaking upon the heads of all:

> One moment—and the Spirit hung
> O'er her with dread desire;
> Then broke upon the heads of all
> In cloven tongues of fire.

This stanza says quite another thing from the version given. Nor is this all. Still another specimen of prejudice's patch-work. Here is the distorted stanza:

> Those tongues still speak within the Church,
> That Fire is undecayed;
> Its well-spring was the Upper Room,
> *Where the disciples met and prayed.*

Note the discord in the last line. It spoils the whole stanza. Nothing could be weaker. It is so different from Faber's usual clear-cut style. What he did write was this:

> Its well-spring was the Upper Room,
> *Where Mary sat and prayed.*

This last line gives unity and beauty to the whole poem; for it brings the imagination back to the point from which the reader started.

Here, then, is a single poem, mutilated beyond recognition, nearly half of it omitted, stanzas altered in such a manner as to mar the beauty of the whole; and the poem still given as the author's own. And this is only one among many such in the book under notice. We are sure that taking such unwarranted liberties with the poet, is as offensive to the sense of literary propriety of Protestants, as it is insulting to the religious feelings of Catholics. To impose such pinchbeck alloy as the author's pure gold, is a piece of charlatanism unworthy of a publishing firm of respectable standing.

not a pulse of its beating that he did not know how to interpret. His pathos could strike its most tender chords.* His insight could reach its most hidden recesses.† And he not only knew its weaknesses, but, skilful physician of souls that he was, he knew also how to apply the remedy to all its ailments and diseases. Then, his treatment is always soothing and encouraging. He invariably presents the bright side of things. He loves to bask in the sunshine of God's mercies; even God's justice has in his eyes a kindness of its own:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given." ‡

These Hymns have a place in the study of our spiritual progress. They give shape to our religious sentiments and make palpable the vague yearnings of our soul; they elevate our views of heavenly subjects; they refine our grosser conceptions of the truths and mysteries of our Faith; they instil into our hearts an undertone of Christian music. They are a sweet perfume exhaled from the saintly life of a favored soul.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

ROCK HILL COLLEGE,
*May 1, 1880.*

---

* See, for instance, that pathetic poem on the death of a child. No. 146, p. 488.

† See No. 143, p. 474.

‡ No. 102. Come to Jesus. With this poem contrast the rigid doctrine of Keble in the Hymn for the second Sunday in Lent.

# AUTHOR'S PREFACE

## To the London Edition of 1861.

The present collection of Hymns was first published in 1848, at Derby, and sold largely both in England and Ireland. It consisted then of a very few Hymns. It appeared again in London in 1849, very much enlarged, and under the title of "Jesus and Mary." The thousand copies were sold; and in 1852 a fresh edition still further enlarged, containing sixty-six hymns, was published. The edition consisted of ten thousand copies. This was followed in 1854 by another edition, called "The Oratory Hymn Book," and containing seventy-seven Hymns. This omitted some of the previous Hymns, and gave only select verses of others; but it also contained many which were altogether new. Moreover, at the request of a publisher, a penny Hymn Book, a selection from the others, was published, and sold largely, under the title of "Hymns for the People." Since then leave has been given to the compilers of about a score of Hymn Books to reprint several of these Hymns in their collections.

Thus at the present time there is no single book which contains all the Hymns. Moreover, the different compilers of other Hymn Books have themselves, often with permission, sometimes without, altered the language or metre or choruses of the Hymns, either to suit their own taste, or to accomodate them to particular tunes. In one instance the doctrine has been changed, and the Author is made to express an opinion with which he is quite out of sympathy. In many cases the literary or metrical changes have not been such as met the Author's own judgment and taste. Nevertheless Hymns are purely practical things, and he was only too glad that his compositions should be of any service, and he has in no one instance refused either to Catholics or Protestants the free use of them: only in the case of Protestants he has made it a rule to stipulate, wherever an opportunity has been given him, that, while omissions might be made, no direct alterations should be attempted. Hence he wishes to say that he is not responsible for any of the Hymns in any other form, literary or doctrinal, than that in which they appear in this Edition.

This is a perfect collection of the Hymns, the only one; but it contains also an addition of fifty-six new Hymns, fulfilling with tolerable accuracy his original conception of what the Hymn Book should be and should contain. It is published in its present shape, not only as the Author's text and as a library edition, matching the 1857 edition of his Poems, *but chiefly as*

*a book of spiritual reading.* It has been asked for very urgently and for some years by several persons, who have to do with ministering to those, with whom, from their being in sickness or in sorrow, the effort of following a connected prose book is hardly to be expected.

A few words should be said on the arrangement of the Hymns. The original idea was that they should follow the order of Catholic systems of dogmatic theology, with such portions of ascetical and mystical theology as should be practical. This idea has been carried out as faithfully as the nature of the work permitted; and it has engrossed much of the Author's time and attention for now more than thirteen years. The Collection is therefore divided into seven parts. The first contains Hymns on God, His Attributes, and the Three Persons of the Adorable Trinity. The second treats of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, and the mysteries of the Thirty-Three Years. The third furnishes Hymns for the festivals of our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and the Holy Family, and for the Devotions in honor of them. The fourth part contains the Hymns addressed to the Angels and Saints, while the fifth is concerned with the Sacraments, the Faith, and the Spiritual Life. This last is treated of from the conversion of a sinner and his first ordinary piety to some of the trials, consolations, and experiences of the soul aiming at perfection. The sixth part consists only of seven Hymns, which are entitled Miscellaneous. They are meant to express the Christian's devout view of external things, such as the World, the Poor, and the Phenomena of Nature; and to some of them the title of Hymns can only be given in a large sense. The seventh part is occupied with what theology calls the Novissima, or Last Things; and the Hymns, which deal with devotion to the dead, with sorrow, and with the consolation of the sorrowful, are naturally classed with those on death, the future state, eternity, and the joys of heaven. All readers will probably in each part miss some subject which their particular devotion would have desired to find there. But obviously the task might be an endless one; and it is not unlikely, that, as it is, the collection will be considered rather too copious than too scanty.

It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him. Each man feels for himself the peculiar wonder of that mercy in his own case. That our Blessed Lord has permitted these Hymns to be of some trifling good to souls, and so in a very humble way to contribute to His glory, is to the Author a source of profitable confusion as well as of unmerited consolation.

FILEY,
*The Feast of the Transfiguration.*
1861.

# AUTHOR'S PREFACE

## To the Edition of 1849.

The following Hymns do not, as will be seen, form anything like a perfect collection, but are given as a specimen of a much larger and more complete work. The Author has had a double end in view in the composition of them; first, to furnish some simple and original hymns for singing; secondly, to provide English Catholics with a hymn-book for reading, in the simplest and least involved metres; and both these objects have not unfrequently required considerable sacrifice in a literary point of view.

When God raised up our dear and blessed Father St. Philip, St. Ignatius, and St. Teresa, and gave them to His Church, just as the heresy of Protestantism was beginning to devastate the world, those three Saints seem to have had distinct departments assigned to them. All of them, each in a different way, met the subjectivity, the self-introverted habit of mind, which was then coming uppermost, and thus rendered modern Catholicism the great object of our study and the model for our imitation, as being peculiarly fashioned, and that by the hands of Saints, for the warfare of these latter ages. St. Teresa represents the common sense, the discreet enthusiasm, of devotion and the interior life, which distinguishes Catholic asceticism and the mysticism of the Saints from the fanatical vagaries of the heretics. St. Ignatius, without debarring his children from any field of labor, took in a special way the education of Europe and the evangelization of distant lands for his department, and represented in the Church the principle of faith. St. Philip devised a changeful variety of spiritual exercises and recreations, which gathered round him the art and literature, as well as the piety of Rome, and was eminently qualified to meet the increased appetite for the Word of God, for services in the vernacular, for hymn-singing and prayer-meetings. Sanctity in the world, perfection at home, high attainments in common earthly callings—such was the principal end of his apostolate. He met the gloom and sourness and ungainly stiffness of the puritan element of Protestantism by cheerfulness and playful manners, which he ensured, not in any human way, but by leaving to his children the frequentation of the Sacraments as the chief object of their preaching, and their chief counsel in the spiritual direction of others; and he represented in the Church the principle of love. St. Ignatius was the St. Dominic, St. Philip the St. Francis of his age. What was mediæval

and suited to the mediæval state of things passed away, and there appeared at the Chiesa Nuova and the Gesù the less poetical, but thoroughly practical element of modern times, the common sense which works and wears so well in this prosaic world of ours.

It was natural then that an English son of St Philip, should feel the want of a collection of English Catholic hymns fitted for singing. The few in the Garden of the Soul were all that were at hand, and of course they were not numerous enough to furnish the requisite variety. As to translations, they do not express Saxon thoughts and feelings, and consequently the poor do not seem to take to them. The domestic wants of the Oratory, too. kept alive the feeling that something of the sort was needed; though at the same time, the Author's ignorance of music appeared in some measure to disqualify him for the work of supplying the defect. Eleven, however, of the hymns were written, most of them for particular tunes and on particular occasions. and became very popular with a country congregation. They were afterwards printed for the schools at St. Wilfrid's, and the very numerous applications to the printer for them seemed to show that people were anxious to have Catholic hymns of any sort. The MS. of the present volume was submitted to a musical friend, who replied that certain verses of all or nearly all the hymns would do for singing: and this encouragement has led to its publication.

This, however, as the length and character of many of the hymns will show, was not the only object of the volume. There is scarcely anything which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one, who has had experience among the English poor, knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient: the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are said to be sometimes found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the Author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh Hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German Hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible, as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism in the land of its birth. The Cantiques of the French Missions and the Laudi Spirituali of Italy are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary; and it would seem that the Oratory, with its "perpetual domestic mission," first led

the way in this matter. St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, and himself once under a vow to join them, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon. It seemed then in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book *for reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted, with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the "O for a closer walk with God" of the Olney Hymns; and that the metres should be of the simplest and least intricate sort, so as not to stand in the way of the understanding or enjoyment of the poor; and this has always been found to be the case with anything like elaborate metre, however simple the diction and touching the thoughts might be. The means of influence which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's, and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and which foreign Catholics also enjoy in the Cantiques and Laudi, are, at present at least, unfortunately wanting to us in our labors among the hymn-loving English.

The kind reader is requested then to consider these Hymns as a sample, upon which the Author wishes to invite criticism, with a view to future composition, if sufficient leisure should ever be allowed him for such labor; and they may perhaps be permitted, provisionally at least, to stand in the gap, which they may not be fitted permanently to fill, in our popular Catholic literature.

F. W. FABER,
*Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*

THE ORATORY, *London*,
Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
*1849*.

# CONTENTS.

## PART FIRST.—God and the Most Holy Trinity.


| NO. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | The Unity of God, | 27 |
| 2. | The Holy Trinity, | 28 |
| 3. | Majesty Divine, | 32 |
| 4. | God, | 34 |
| 5. | The Eternity of God, | 37 |
| 6. | The Greatness of God, | 40 |
| 7. | The Will of God, | 42 |
| 8. | The Eternal Father, | 45 |
| 9. | Our Heavenly Father, | 50 |
| 10. | My Father, | 52 |
| 11. | The God of my Childhood, | 55 |
| 12. | The Eternal Word, | 59 |
| 13. | Jesus is God, | 62 |
| 14. | Jesus my God and my All, | 65 |
| 15. | The Eternal Spirit, | 67 |
| 16 | Veni Creator. | 71 |
| 17. | Veni Sancte Spiritus, | 72 |
| 18. | Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children, | 74 |


## PART SECOND.—The Sacred Humanity of Jesus.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 19. | The Life of our Lord, | 79 |
| 20. | Christmas Night, | 95 |
| 21. | The Infant Jesus, | 98 |
| 22. | The Three Kings, | 101 |
| 23. | The Purification, | 105 |
| 24. | Lent, | 107 |
| 25. | The Agony, | 109 |
| 26. | Jesus Crucified, | 113 |
| — | From pain to pain, | 115 |
| 27. | The Precious Blood, | 116 |
| 28. | Blood is the Price of Heaven, | 117 |
| 29. | We come to Thee, sweet Saviour, | 120 |
| 30. | The Descent of Jesus to Limbus, | 123 |
| 31. | Jesus Risen, | 125 |
| 32. | The Apparition of Jesus to our Blessed Lady, | 128 |
| 33. | The Ascension, | 131 |
| 34. | Pentecost, | 135 |
| 35. | The Descent of the Holy Ghost, | 139 |
| 36. | Corpus Christi, | 143 |
| 37. | The Sacred Heart, | 146 |


## PART THIRD.—Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and the Holy Family.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 38. | To our Blessed Lady, | 155 |
| 39. | The Immaculate Conception, | 156 |
| 40. | Sine labe originali Concepta, | 159 |
| 41. | Immaculate! Immaculate! | 161 |
| 42. | The Nativity of our Lady, | 165 |
| 43. | Our Lady's Presentation, | 170 |
| 44. | Our Lady's Expectation, | 172 |
| 45. | The Happy Gate of Heaven, | 175 |
| 46. | The Dolors of our Lady, | 177 |
| 47. | The Assumption, | 178 |
| 48. | Mary, our Mother, reigns on high, | 181 |
| 49. | The Grandeurs of Mary, | 183 |
| 50. | The Immaculate Heart of Mary, | 187 |
| 51. | Month of May, | 190 |
| 52. | Oh! Balmy and Bright, | 194 |
| 53. | Mary the Flower of Heaven, | 196 |
| 54. | Sweet Mother-Maid, | 200 |
| 55. | Consolatrix Afflictorum, | 202 |
| 56. | The Queen of Purgatory, | 204 |
| 57. | For our Lady's Minor Feasts, | 206 |
| 58. | A Daily Hymn to Mary, | 209 |
| 59. | The Orphan's Consecration to Mary, | 212 |
| 60. | St. Joseph, | 214 |
| 61. | The Patronage of St. Joseph, | 215 |
| 62. | St. Joseph our Father, | 217 |
| 63. | The Holy Family. | 219 |
| 64. | The Banner of the Holy Family, | 222 |


## PART FOURTH.—Angels and Saints.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 65. | The Creation of the Angels, | 229 |
| 66. | St. Michael, | 231 |
| 67. | St. Gabriel, | 235 |
| 68. | St. Raphael, | 239 |
| 69. | The Guardian Angel, | 243 |
| 70. | St. Peter and St. Paul. | 246 |
| 71. | St. John the Evangelist, | 247 |
| 72. | St. Anne, | 250 |
| 73. | St. Mary Magdalene, | 253 |
| 74. | St. Martha, | 256 |
| 75. | St. Benedict, | 259 |
| 76. | St. Innocence, | 261 |
| 77. | St. Patrick's Day, | 264 |
| 78. | St. Wilfrid, | 266 |
| 79. | St. Philip Neri, | 269 |
| 80. | St. Philip in England, | 273 |
| 81. | St. Philip's Penitents, | 277 |
| 82. | St. Philip's Picture, | 279 |
| 83. | St. Philip's Charity, | 282 |
| 84. | St. Philip and the Middle Ages. | 284 |
| 85. | St. Philip and St. Martin, | 286 |
| 86. | St. Philip's Death, | 289 |
| 87. | St. Philip's Home, | 295 |
| 88. | Evening Hymn at the Oratory, | 298 |
| 89. | St. Vincent of Paul, | 300 |

PART FIFTH.—THE SACRAMENTS, THE FAITH, AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.


| NO | | PAGE. | NO. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 90. | Holy Communion, | 307 | 108. | The Work of Grace, | 359 |
| 91. | Thanksgiving after Communion, | 309 | 109. | Forgiveness of Injuries, | 361 |
| 92. | Flowers for the Altar, | 311 | 110. | The World, | 363 |
| 93. | Faith of our Fathers, | 313 | 111. | The End of Man, | 366 |
| — | The same Hymn for Ireland, | 315 | 112. | The Remembrance of Mercy, | 368 |
| 94. | The Thought of God, | 317 | 113. | The Christian's Song on his march to Heaven, | 370 |
| 95. | The Fear of God, | 320 | 114. | Fight for Sion, | 372 |
| 96. | Peevishness, | 323 | 115. | Perfection, | 375 |
| 97. | Predestination, | 327 | 116. | The Gifts of God, | 378 |
| 98. | The Right must win, | 330 | 117. | True Love, | 381 |
| 99. | Desire of God, | 334 | 118. | Self-love, | 386 |
| 100. | School Hymn, | 338 | 119. | Harsh Judgments, | 389 |
| 101. | The True Shepherd, | 340 | 120. | Distractions in Prayer, | 394 |
| 102. | Come to Jesus, | 342 | 121. | Sweetness in Prayer, | 397 |
| 103. | Invitation to the Mission, | 345 | 122. | Dryness in Prayer, | 400 |
| — | The same Hymn for Ireland, | 347 | 123. | The Pain of Love, | 404 |
| 104. | The Wages of Sin, | 349 | 124. | Low Spirits, | 406 |
| 105. | A Good Confession, | 351 | 125. | Light in Darkness, | 409 |
| 106. | The Act of Contrition, | 353 | 126. | Divine Favors, | 412 |
| 107. | Conversion, | 356 | | | |


PART SIXTH.—MISCELLANEOUS.


| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 127. | The Unbelieving World, | 417 | 131. | The Starry Skies, | 430 |
| 128. | The Old Laborer, | 420 | 132. | The Sorrowful World, | 435 |
| 129. | The Emigrant's Song, | 423 | 133. | Autumn, | 440 |
| 130. | Music, | 425 | | | |


PART SEVENTH.—THE LAST THINGS.


| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 134. | The Memory of the Dead, | 445 | 143. | Deep Grief, | 474 |
| 135. | The Eternal Years, | 447 | 144. | Grief and Loss, | 478 |
| 136. | After a Death, | 450 | 145. | The Shadow of the Rock, | 484 |
| 137. | The Pilgrims of the Night, | 455 | 146. | A Child's Death, | 488 |
| 138. | Wishes about Death, | 457 | 147. | The Land beyond the Sea, | 491 |
| 139. | The Paths of Death, | 460 | 148. | The Shore of Eternity, | 494 |
| 140 | The Length of Death, | 463 | 149. | Paradise, | 497 |
| 141. | The House of Mourning, | 466 | 150. | Heaven, | 499 |
| 142. | The Violence of Grief, | 471 | | | |


---

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.


| | HYMN | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray, | 120 | 394 |
| Alas! o'er Erin's lessening shores, | 129 | 423 |
| All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail! | 31 | 125 |
| All praise to Saint Patrick, who brought to our mountains, | 77 | 264 |
| All ye who love the ways of sin, | 83 | 282 |
| Alone! to land alone upon that shore! | 148 | 494 |
| Amid the eternal silences, | 12 | 59 |
| At last Thou art come, little Saviour, | 20 | 95 |
| Autumn once more begins to teach, | 133 | 440 |
| Blest is the Faith, divine and strong, | 113 | 370 |
| Blood is the price of heaven, | 28 | 117 |
| By the spring of God's Compassions, | 68 | 239 |
| Christians! to the war! | 114 | 372 |
| Come! Holy Spirit! from the height, | 17 | 72 |
| Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers, | 43 | 170 |
| Day set on Rome: its golden morn, | 86 | 289 |
| Days, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord, | 143 | 474 |
| Dear Angel! ever at my side, | 69 | 243 |
| Dear Father Philip! holy Sire! | 79 | 269 |

| | HYMN | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Dear Husband of Mary! dear Nurse of her Child! | 61 | 215 |
| Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art, | 21 | 98 |
| Dear Little Saint! sweet Innocence! | 76 | 261 |
| Fair are the portals of the day, | 45 | 175 |
| Faith of our Fathers! living still, | 93 | 313 |
| Father and God! mine endless doom, | 97 | 327 |
| Father! Creator! Lord Most High! | 19 | 79 |
| Father of many children! in the gloom, | 75 | 259 |
| Father! the sweetest, dearest Name, | 8 | 45 |
| Fever, and fret, and aimless stir, | 124 | 406 |
| Fountain of Love! Thyself true God! | 15 | 67 |
| From pain to pain, from woe to woe, | 26 | 113 |
| From the highest heights of glory, | 73 | 253 |
| Full of glory, full of wonders, | 3 | 32 |
| Gloom gathered round us every hour, | 141 | 466 |
| God of mercy! let us run, | 46 | 177 |
| Hail, bright Archangel! Prince of heaven, | 66 | 231 |
| Hail, Gabriel! hail! a thousand Hails, | 67 | 235 |
| Hail! holy Joseph, hail! | 60 | 214 |
| Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail! | 78 | 266 |
| Hail, Jesus! Hail! who for my sake, | 27 | 116 |
| Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling, | 137 | 455 |
| Have mercy on us, God Most High, | 4 | 34 |
| Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children, | 18 | 74 |
| How gently flow the silent years, | 85 | 286 |
| How pleasant are thy paths, O Death! | 139 | 460 |
| How shalt thou bear the Cross that now, | 135 | 447 |
| How the light of heaven is stealing, | 108 | 359 |
| I come to Thee once more, my God, | 111 | 366 |
| I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain, | 132 | 435 |
| I was wandering and weary, | 101 | 340 |
| I wish to have no wishes left, | 138 | 457 |
| I worship Thee, sweet Will of God, | 7 | 42 |
| In pulses deep of threefold Love, | 65 | 229 |
| Is this returning life that thrills, | 126 | 412 |
| It is no earthly summer's ray, | 70 | 246 |
| Jesus, gentlest Saviour! | 91 | 309 |
| Jesus is God! The solid earth, | 13 | 62 |
| Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All! | 36 | 143 |
| Jesus! why dost Thou love me so? | 123 | 404 |
| Joy! Joy! the Mother comes, | 23 | 105 |
| Joy of my heart! O let me pay, | 51 | 190 |
| Like the dawning of the morning, | 44 | 172 |
| Like the voiceless starlight falling, | 55 | 202 |
| Lord! art Thou weary of my cry, | 144 | 478 |
| Mary! dearest Mother! | 58 | 209 |
| Mother Mary! at thine altar, | 59 | 212 |
| Mother of God! we hail thy Heart, | 50 | 187 |
| Mother of Mercy! day by day, | 38 | 155 |
| My fear of Thee, O Lord, exults, | 95 | 320 |
| My God! how wonderful Thou art, | 9 | 50 |
| My God! who art nothing but mercy and kindness, | 106 | 353 |
| My Soul! what hast Thou done for God? | 116 | 378 |
| No track is on the sunny sky, | 34 | 135 |
| Now are the days of humblest prayer, | 24 | 107 |
| O Anne! thou hadst lived through those long dreary years, | 72 | 250 |
| O blessed Father! sent by God, | 89 | 300 |
| O Blessed Trinity! | 2 | 28 |
| O come, Creator Spirit! come, | 16 | 71 |
| O dear Saint Martha! busy Saint, | 74 | 256 |
| O Faith! thou workest miracles, | 107 | 356 |
| O Flower of Grace! divinest Flower! | 53 | 196 |
| O God! that I could be with Thee, | 96 | 323 |
| O God! Thy power is wonderful, | 10 | 52 |
| O God! who wert my childhood's love, | 11 | 55 |
| O God! whose thoughts are brightest light, | 119 | 389 |

| | HYMN | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| O happy Flowers! O happy Flowers! | 90 | 307 |
| O Jesus! God and Man! | 100 | 338 |
| O Jesus! if in days gone by, | 110 | 363 |
| O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord! | 14 | 65 |
| O Lord! my heart is sick, | 5 | 37 |
| O Lord! when I look o'er the wide-spreading world, | 127 | 417 |
| O Majesty unspeakable and dread! | 6 | 40 |
| O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast, | 87 | 295 |
| O merciful Father! the blow that we feared, | 142 | 471 |
| O mighty Mother! why that light, | 35 | 139 |
| O Mother! I could weep for mirth, | 41 | 161 |
| O Mother! will it always be, | 57 | 206 |
| O Paradise! O Paradise! | 149 | 497 |
| O purest of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid! | 39 | 156 |
| O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes, | 32 | 128 |
| O Soul of Jesus, sick to death! | 25 | 109 |
| O vision bright! | 48 | 181 |
| Oh! balmy and bright as moonlit night, | 52 | 194 |
| Oh come and mourn with me awhile! | 26 | 113 |
| Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you, | 103 | 345 |
| O do you hear that voice from heaven, | 109 | 361 |
| Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God, | 99 | 334 |
| Oh for the happy days gone by, | 122 | 400 |
| Oh how the thought of God attracts, | 115 | 375 |
| Oh I could go through all life's troubles singing, | 118 | 386 |
| Oh it is hard to work for God, | 98 | 330 |
| Oh it is sweet to think, | 134 | 445 |
| Oh turn to Jesus, Mother! turn, | 56 | 204 |
| Oh what are the wages of sin, | 104 | 349 |
| Oh what is this splendor that beams on me now, | 150 | 499 |
| One God! one Majesty! | 1 | 27 |
| Once in the simple thought of God, | 125 | 409 |
| Pining for old poetic times, | 84 | 284 |
| Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary, | 63 | 219 |
| Saint of the Sacred Heart, | 71 | 247 |
| Saint Philip came from the sunny South, | 80 | 273 |
| Saint Philip! I have never known, | 82 | 279 |
| See! the sun beyond the hill, | 92 | 311 |
| Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands, | 47 | 178 |
| Souls of men! why will ye scatter, | 102 | 342 |
| Summer suns for ever shining, | 42 | 165 |
| Sweet Saint Philip! thou hast won us, | 81 | 277 |
| Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go, | 88 | 298 |
| Sweet Saviour! take me by the hand, | 140 | 463 |
| That music breathes all through my spirit, | 130 | 425 |
| The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind, | 105 | 351 |
| The day, the happy day, is dawning, | 40 | 159 |
| The grief that was delayed so long, | 136 | 450 |
| The Land beyond the Sea! | 147 | 491 |
| The moon is in the heavens above, | 54 | 200 |
| The Shadow of the Rock, | 145 | 484 |
| The starry skies, they rest my soul, | 131 | 430 |
| The thought of God, the thought of Thee, | 94 | 317 |
| There are many saints above, | 62 | 217 |
| Think well how Jesus trusts Himself, | 117 | 381 |
| To arms! to arms! for God our King! | 64 | 222 |
| Thou touchest us lightly, O God! in our grief, | 146 | 488 |
| Thousands of years had come and gone, | 30 | 123 |
| Unchanging and unchangeable before angelic eyes, | 37 | 146 |
| We come to Thee, sweet Saviour! | 29 | 120 |
| What end doth he fulfil, | 128 | 420 |
| What is this grandeur I see up in heaven, | 49 | 183 |
| Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road, | 22 | 101 |
| Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God? | 112 | 368 |
| Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart? | 121 | 397 |
| Why is thy face so lit with smiles, | 33 | 131 |

# Part First.

## HYMNS 1—18.

### GOD AND THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

# HYMNS.

---

## 1.

## THE UNITY OF GOD.

1.

One God! one Majesty!
There is no God but Thee!
Unbounded, unextended Unity!

2.

Awful in unity,
O God! we worship Thee,
More simply one, because supremely Three!

3.

Dread, unbeginning One!
Single, yet not alone,
Creation hath not set Thee on a higher throne.

4.

Unfathomable Sea!
All life is out of Thee,
And Thy life is Thy blissful Unity.

5.

All things that from Thee run,
All works that Thou hast done,
Thou didst in honor of Thy being One.

6.

And by Thy being One,
Ever by that alone,
Couldst Thou do, and doest, what Thou hast done.

7.

We from Thy oneness come,
Beyond it cannot roam,
And in Thy oneness find our one eternal home.

8.

Blest be Thy Unity!
All joys are one to me,—
The joy that there can be no other God than Thee!

---

## 2.

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

1.

O Blessed Trinity!
Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

2.

O Blessed Trinity!
Holy, unfathomable, infinite,
Thou art all Life and Love and Light.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

3.

O Blessed Trinity!
God of a thousand attributes! we see
That there is no one good but Thee.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

4.

O Blessed Trinity!
In our astonished reverence we confess
Thine uncreated loveliness.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

5.

O Blessed Trinity!
O simplest Majesty! O Three in One!
Thou art for ever God alone.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

6.

O Blessed Trinity!
The Fountain of the Godhead, in repose,
For ever rests, for ever flows.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

7.

O Blessed Trinity!
O Unbegotten Father! give us tears
To quench our love, to calm our fears.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

8.

O Blessed Trinity!
Bright Son! who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten and not made.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

9.

O Blessed Trinity!
Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!
By Thee the Godhead is complete.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

10.

O Blessed Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single Throne.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

11.

O Blessed Trinity!
In the deep darkness of prayer's stillest night.
We worship Thee blinded with light.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

12.

O Blessed Trinity!
Oh would that we could die of love for Thee,
Incomparable Trinity!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.



## 3.

# MAJESTY DIVINE.

1.

Full of glory, full of wonders,
  Majesty Divine!
'Mid Thine everlasting thunders
  How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean! who shall sound Thee?
Thine own eternity is round Thee,
  Majesty Divine!

2.

Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
  Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only
  God in Unity!
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story,
  Awful Trinity?

3.

Speechlessly, without beginning,
  Sun that never rose!
Vast, adorable, and winning,
  Day that hath no close!
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Everliving, everlasting,
  Life that never grows!

4.

Thine own Self for ever filling
With self-kindled flame,
In Thyself Thou art distilling
Unctions without name!
Without worshipping of creatures,
Without veiling of Thy features,
God always the same!

5.

In Thy praise of Self untiring
Thy perfections shine;
Self-sufficient, self-admiring,—
Such life must be Thine;—
Glorifying Self, yet blameless
With a sanctity all shameless
It is so Divine!

6.

'Mid Thine uncreated morning,
Like a trembling star
I behold creation's dawning
Glimmering from far;
Nothing giving, nothing taking,
Nothing changing, nothing breaking,
Waiting at time's bar!

7.

I with life and love diurnal
  See myself in Thee,
All embalmed in love eternal,
  Floating in Thy sea:
'Mid Thine uncreated whiteness
I behold Thy glory's brightness
  Feed itself on me.

8.

Splendors upon splendors beaming
  Change and intertwine!
Glories over glories streaming
  All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations!
  Majesty Divine!

---

## 4.

## GOD.

1.

Have mercy on us, God Most High!
  Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
  Most holy Trinity!

2.

Most ancient of all mysteries!
  Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most holy Trinity!

3.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
  When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
  Didst live and love alone!

4.

Thou wert not born; there was no fount
  From which Thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst reach:
  But Thou art simply God.

5.

How wonderful creation is,
  The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
  Eternal Loveliness?

6.

How beautiful the Angels are,
  The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with Thy beauty, Lord! compared,
  How dull, how poor is this!

7.

In wonder lost, the highest heavens
Mary, their queen, may see;
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be?

8.

No wonder Saints have died of love,
No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
God for His own dear sake.

9.

O Majesty most beautiful!
Most holy Trinity!
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.

10.

O listen, then, Most Pitiful!
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art!

11.

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

5.

## THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

1.

O Lord! my heart is sick,
Sick of this everlasting change;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range:
Change finds no likeness to itself in Thee,
And wakes no echo in Thy mute eternity.

2.

Dear Lord! my heart is sick
Of this perpetual lapsing time,
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime:
Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,
And yet it is our share of Thine eternity.

3.

Oh change and time are storms
For lives so thin and frail as ours;
For change the work of grace deforms
With love that soils, and help that overpowers;
And time is strong, and, like some chafing sea,
It seems to fret the shores of Thine eternity.

4.

Weak, weak, for ever weak!
We cannot hold what we possess;
Youth cannot find, age will not seek,—
Oh weakness is the heart's worst weariness:
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee;
It makes us strong to think of Thine eternity.

5.

Thou hadst no youth, great God!
An Unbeginning End Thou art;
Thy glory in itself abode,
And still abides in its own tranquil heart:
No age can heap its outward years on Thee:
Dear God! Thou art Thyself Thine own eternity!

6.

Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel Thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright;
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

7.

Oh Thou art very great
To set Thyself so far above!
But we partake of Thine estate,
Established in Thy strength and in Thy love:
That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

8.

Oh Thou art very meek
To overshade Thy creatures thus!
Thy grandeur is the shade we seek;
To be eternal is Thy use to us:
Ah Blessed God! what joy it is to me
To lose all thought of self in Thine eternity.

9.

Self-wearied, Lord! I come;
For I have lived my life too fast:
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last;
When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.

10.

Farewell, vain joys of earth!
Farewell, all love that is not His!
Dear God! be Thou my only mirth,
Thy Majesty my single timid bliss!
Oh in the bosom of eternity
Thou dost not weary of Thyself, nor we of Thee!

## 6.

## THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

1.

O Majesty unspeakable and dread!
  Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief,
  Too little for our heart.

2.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the side
  Of creatures frail and undivine;
Yet they would have a greatness of their own
  Free and apart from Thine.

3.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,
  A spectre, terror, and a grief,
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,
  Oppressing our belief.

4.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room
  For all things in its lap to lie;
We should be crushed by a magnificence
  Short of infinity.

5.

It would outgrow us from the face of things,
  Still prospering as we decayed,
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed
  Upon the wrecks it made.

6.

But what is infinite must be a home,
  A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth
  Far from the touch of strife.

7.

We share in what is infinite: 'tis ours,
  For we and it alike are Thine;
What I enjoy, great God! by right of Thee
  Is more than doubly mine.

8.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
  Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
  Nor drift away from Thee.

9.

Out on that sea we are in harbor still,
  And scarce advert to winds and tides,
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves
  Flapping against their sides.

10.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'Tis goodness bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,
When those they love are near.

11.

Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that Thou art so great.

12.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me:
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, Eternity!

---

## 7.

## THE WILL OF GOD.

1.

I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore.
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

2.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years.

3.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

4.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh thou art loveliest then!

5.

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turnst
The hard ways into soft.

6.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

7.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

8.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast thy way.

9.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

10.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

11.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

12.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

13.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

14.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

---

## 8.

## THE ETERNAL FATHER.

1.

Father! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

2.

Thy life is one unwearing day;
Before its Now Thou hast
No varied future yet unlived,
No lapse of changeless past.

3.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not;
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

4.

No epochs lie behind Thy life;
Thou holdst Thy life of none:
No other life is by Thy side;
Thine is supremely lone.

5.

Far upward in the timeless past,
Ere form or space had come,
We see Thee by Thine own dread light,
Thyself Thine only home.

6.

Thy vastness is not young or old;
Thy life hath never grown;
No time can measure out Thy days,
No space can make Thy throne.

7.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,
Sole Unbegotten Sire!
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee
In coeternal fire.

8.

They flow from Thee, They rest in Thee,
As in a Father's Breast,—
Processions of eternal love,
Pulses of endless rest!

9.

That They in majesty should reign
Coequal, Sire! with Thee,
But magnifies the singleness
Of Thy paternity.

10.

Their uncreated glories, Lord!
With Thine own glory shine;
Thy glory as the Father needs
That Theirs should equal Thine.

11.

All things are equal in Thy life:
Thou joyst not to be alone,
To have no sire, and yet to have
A coeternal Son.

12.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee;
  Thy Word is Thy delight;
Thou givest Them to equal Thee
  In glory and in might.

13.

Thou art too great to keep unshared
  Thy grand eternity;
They have it as Thy gift to Them,
  Which is no gift to Thee.

14.

We too, like Thy coequal Word,
  Within Thy lap may rest:
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
  May nestle in Thy Breast.

15.

Lone Fountain of the Godhead, hail!
  Person most dread and dear!
I thrill with frightened joy to feel
  Thy fatherhood so near.

16.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
  As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbegotten light
  Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

17.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

18.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speakst
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

19.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light,
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

20.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful eternal hills
Of Thine unbeginning past.

## 9.

## OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

1.

My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light!

2.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3.

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4.

Oh how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

7.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

8.

Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!

9.

Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

## 10.

## MY FATHER.

1.

O God! Thy power is wonderful,
  Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
  A rapture to the sight.

2.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
  Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
  The guilty to be bold.

3.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
  Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
  Thine awful holiness.

4.

There's not a craving in the mind
  Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
  Which Thou dost not fulfil.

5.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

6.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

7.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God! yet not alone.

8.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

9.

Mary, herself a sea of grace,
Hath all been drawn from Thine;
And Thou couldst fill a thousand more
From out those depths divine.

10.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's Heart and Soul;
And undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

11.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

12.

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

13.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

## 11.

## THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

1.

O God, who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,—

2.

O let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

3.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

4.

At school Thou wert a kindly Face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holyday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

5.

I could not sleep unless Thy Hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it, if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

6.

And quite alone I never felt,—
I knew that Thou wert near,
A silence tingling in the room,
A strangely pleasant fear.

7.

And to home-Sundays long since past
How fondly memory clings;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

8.

I know not what I thought of Thee,
What picture I had made
Of that eternal Majesty
To whom my childhood prayed.

9.

I know I used to lie awake,
And tremble at the shape
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
Thy terrors to escape.

10.

I had no secrets as a child,
Yet never spoke of Thee;
The nights we spent together, Lord!
Were only known to me.

11.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine:
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord! was Thine.

12.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord!
But sinned before Thy Face;
Yet now, on looking back, my sins
Seem all beset with grace.

13.

With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

14.

Thou broadenest out with every year,
Each breadth of life to meet:
I scarce can think Thou art the same,
Thou art so much more sweet.

15.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms
Thy past ones only prove;
Oh make my heart more strong to bear
This newness of Thy love!

16.

These novelties of love!—when will
Thy goodness find an end?
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord!
Incredibly extend?

17.

Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

18.

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy Face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space!

## 12.

## THE ETERNAL WORD.

### 1.

Amid the eternal silences
God's endless Word was spoken;
None heard but He who always spake,
And the silence was unbroken.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

### 2.

For ever in the eternal land
The glorious day is dawning;
For ever is the Father's Light
Like an endless outspread morning.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

3.

From the Father's vast tranquility,
In light coequal glowing,
The kingly consubstantial Word
Is unutterably flowing.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

4.

For ever climbs that Morning Star
Without ascent or motion;
For ever is its daybreak shed
On the Spirit's boundless ocean.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

5.

O Word! who fitly can adore
Thy Birth and Thy Relation,
Lost in the impenetrable light
Of Thine awful Generation?
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

6.

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore
In unspeakable embraces,
While the angels tremble as they praise,
And shroud their dazzled faces.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

7.

And oh! in what abyss of love,
So fiery yet so tender,
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee
With His uncreated splendor!
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

8.

O Word! O dear and gentle Word!
Thy creatures kneel before Thee,
And in ecstasies of timid love
Delightfully adore Thee.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

9.

Hail choicest mystery of God!
Hail wondrous Generation!
The Father's selfsufficient rest!
The Spirit's jubilation!
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

10.

Dear Person! dear beyond all words,
Glorious beyond all telling!
Oh with what songs of silent love
Our ravished hearts are swelling!
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

---

## 13.

## JESUS IS GOD.

1.

Jesus is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,

The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
  The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
  His own creations were.

2.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
  Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
  Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
  On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
  In time on earth abode.

3.

Jesus is God! There never was
  A time when He was not:
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
  The Word the Sire begot!
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
  Onward through endless bliss,—
For there are two eternities,
  And both alike are His!

4.

Jesus is God! Alas! they say
  On earth the numbers grow,
Who His Divinity blaspheme
  To their unfailing woe.
And yet what is the single end
  Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
  Who for our sakes was man?

5.

Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

6.

Jesus is God! Oh could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

7.

Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

## 14.

## JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

1.

O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy Sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

2.

I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3.

O wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

4.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!

5.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

6.

Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

7.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my Treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

8.

O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty!

9.

What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

10.

O love of Jesus! Blessed love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity!

---

## 15.

## THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

1.

Fountain of Love! Thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways.

2.

O Majesty unspeakable!
O Person all Divine!
How in the Threefold Majesty
Doth Thy Procession shine!

3.

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move!
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love!

4.

Proceeding, yet of equal age
With those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part:

5.

An undivided Nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself; with Them
Thy simple essence One;

6.

Bond art Thou of the other Twain!
Omnipotent and free!
The consummating Love of God!
The limit of the Three!

7.

Thou limitest infinity,
Thyself all infinite;
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,
In Thine eternal light.

8.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love!
True God! sole Fount of Grace!
And now before Thy Blessed throne
My sinful self abase.

9.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

10.

Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

11.

And yet Thou art a haven too
Out on the shoreless sea,
A harbor that can hold full well
Shipwrecked Humanity.

12.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed
On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
We know not how or when.

13.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumes!

14.

All things, dread Spirit! to Thy praise
  Thy Presence doth transmute;
Evil itself Thy glory bears,
  Its one abiding fruit!

15.

O Light! O Love! O very God!
  I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous attributes
  And their mysterious ways.

16.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
  My heart is fit to break
With Love of all Thy tenderness
  For us poor sinners' sake.

17.

The love of Jesus I adore;
  My comfort this shall be,
That, when I serve my dearest Lord,
  That service worships Thee!

## 16.

### VENI CREATOR.

1.

O come, Creator Spirit! come,
Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home;
And with Thy heavenly grace fulfill
The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

2.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,
The gift of God, His Spirit sweet;
The Living Fountain, Fire and Love,
And gracious Unction from above.

3.

Thy sevenfold grace Thou dost expand,
O Finger of the Father's Hand;
True Promise of the Father, rich
In gifts of tongues and various speech.

4.

Kindle our senses with Thy light;
And lead our hearts to love aright:
Stablish our weakness, and refresh
With fortitude our fainting flesh.

5.

Repel far off our deadly foe,
And peace on us forthwith bestow;
With Thee for guide we need not fear,
Where Thou art, evil comes not near.

6.

By Thee the Father let us bless,
By Thee the Eternal Son confess,
And Thee Thyself we evermore,
The Spirit of Them Both, adore.

7.

To God the Father let us raise,
And to His only Son, our praise:
Praise to the Holy Spirit be
Now and for all eternity.

---

## 17.

## VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

1.

Come, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light!
Come, Father of the friendless poor!
Giver of gifts, and Light of Hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

2.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor Rest,
  The sweetest Solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light! oh come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
  And make our inward fervor glow.

3.

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill:
  O let that light upon us rise!
Lord! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
  Our barren spirits fertilize.

4.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
  And homeward call the feet that stray:
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The Eternal Vision face to face,
  Spirit of Love! for these we pray.

5.

Come, Holy Spirit! bid us live;
To those who trust Thy mercy give
  Joys that through endless ages flow:
Thy various gifts, foretastes of Heaven,
Those that are named Thy sacred Seven,
  On us, O God of love, bestow.

## 18.

### HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON THY CHILDREN.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

1.

For all within us good and holy
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

2.

For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

3.

Oh we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

4.

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited,
While our hearts were slowly turned!
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

5.

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord!
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

6.

Ah! sweet Consoler! though we cannot
  Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
  They will not be always thus.
    Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
      Give us grace, and make us Thine;
    Thy tender fires within us kindle,
      Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

7.

With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
  Holy Ghost! to love Thee so?
And how canst Thou, with such compassion,
  Bear so long with things so low?
    Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
      Give us grace, and make us Thine;
    Thy tender fires within us kindle,
      Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

# Part Second.

## HYMNS 19—37.

### THE SACRED HUMANITY OF JESUS.

*

## 19.

# THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE PARADISUS ANIMÆ.

1.

Father! Creator! Lord Most High!
Sweet Jesus! Fount of Clemency!
Blest Spirit! who dost sanctify!
God ruling over all!
The Dolors Christ did once endure,
Oh grant that I, with spirit pure,
Devoutly may recall.

2.

Jesus! Thou didst a Mother choose,
Whose Seed the serpent's head should bruise,
Seed of a Virgin Womb;
Oh bruise that serpent now in me,
Bruise him, good Lord! that I may be
Thine at the Day of Doom.

3.

Jesus! the saints in spirit soar,
Where angels hymn for evermore
The Judge who shall appear;
Receive a suppliant that would raise
His voice unto that choir of praise,
But is half mute through fear.

## 1. THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS BAPTISM.

Jesus! who from Thy throne didst come,
And man's most vile estate assume,
  Our fallen race to lift,
Oh grant that such transcending love
To me through Thine own grace may prove
  No ineffectual gift.

1.

Jesus! whom Mary once conceived
Through grace, her backward fears relieved
    By angel's salutation,
May I, within a chastened heart,
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art
  My God and my Salvation.

2.

Jesus! whom Thy sweet Mother bore
To Saint Elizabeth of yore,
  On Jewry's mountain lee;
Oh mayst Thou oft, in ways concealed,
To heart but not to eye revealed,
  Vouchsafe to visit me.

3.

Jesus! kind visitant of earth,
Of sinless and of painless birth,
  Thy Mother's only-born,
May love with undiverted flame
Ascend, and for Thy glorious Name
  All other nuptials scorn.

4.

Jesus! the spacious world was Thine,
Yet, when Thou wouldst Thy Head recline,
It scarce found room for Thee;
And Oh! shall sinful man be bent
On self-sought greatness, not content
With Christ-like poverty?

5.

Jesus! for whom the Shepherds sought
As Infant, by the angels taught
From out the midnight sky,
Oh may I love Thy praise on earth,
That I may one day share the mirth
Of angel hosts on high.

6.

Jesus! my God and Saviour, Thou,
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow
To ordinance divine;
Oh curb my loose and wandering eyes,
Prune my self-will, and circumcise
This carnal heart of mine.

7.

Jesus! before Thy manger, kings
Lay prostrate with their offerings,
A most unworldly throne;
Thou to my cradle camest, Lord,
With gifts invisibly outpoured
From waters of Thine own.

8.

Jesus! whom Thy meek Mother vowed
To God, whose law would have allowed
Her first-born to go free,
Oh give me such an humble mind,
That in obedience I may find
The choicest liberty.

9.

Jesus! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
For Thy dear Infancy,
Give me, O Lord, like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away.

10.

Jesus! whom Thy sad Mother sought,
And in the temple found, who taught
The aged in Thy youth:
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth!

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

## 2. THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS PASSION.

Jesus! the Father's words approve
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,
  Bright Witness, hovers down;
So wash me, Lord, that I may be,
At the great day approved of Thee,
  Before Thy Father's throne.

1.

Jesus! who in the strength of fast,
Through Adam's three temptations passed,
  On Adam's trial ground,
In me let hallowed abstinence
The issues seal of carnal sense,
  And Satan's wiles confound.

2.

Jesus! Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
  To teach the world of Thee;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
  Of Thy simplicity.

3.

Jesus! who deigndst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently-urged behest
  With Thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways, that I may prove
  My greater love for Thee.

4.

Jesus! how toiled Thy blessed Feet
O'er hill and dale and stony street,
Through weary want and pain!
Oh may I rather for Thy sake
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take
Than joys Thou didst disdain.

5.

Jesus! in all the zeal of love
How amiably didst Thou reprove
Poor wretches lost in sin!
Ah! may I first in penance live,
Rebuking self, then humbly strive
My brother's soul to win.

6.

Jesus! who didst the multitude
Twice nourish with miraculous food
Of soul and body both,
Give me my daily bread, O Lord,
Thy Flesh, Thyself, Incarnate Word!
Which feeds our heavenly growth.

7.

Jesus! Thy gracious truth revealing,
All sorrow soothing, sickness healing,
And so requiting hate,
Oh grant that I may ever be
Like-minded, blessed Lord! with Thee,
And envy no man's state.

8.

Jesus! transfigured on the height
Of Tabor in mysterious light
From heaven's eternal fountain,
If such the earthly type, oh lead,
Lead me where Thou Thy flock dost feed
Upon the holy mountain.

9.

Jesus! who wept o'er Salem's towers,
Wept for her long and baleful hours
Of misery and sin!
O Love Divine, could I but borrow
From Thy sweet strength such strength of sorrow
As might her pardon win!

10.

Jesus! and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
O grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,
For all that earth can prize.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us, when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

## 3. THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus! who deemdst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
  Though Thou wert Lord of all;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
  Alone shall fear no fall.

1.

Jesus! who Thy true Flesh didst take
Upon the Paschal night, and break
  For our most precious Food,
O Living Bread, be Thou my strength
Through which the world and flesh, at length,
  In me may be subdued.

2.

Jesus! who in the garden felt
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
  To do Thy Father's will,
To me give such a zealous mind
To suffer, such a heart resigned
  Thy statutes to fulfil.

3.

Jesus! Thy friends are fain to sleep,
While to the unresisting Sheep
  The cruel wolves repair;
May I be found as meek and still
By those who wish or work me ill,
  And, ilke my Lord, at prayer.

4.

Jesus! who sawst on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth;
Oh may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

5.

Jesus! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control,
Set on my busy lips Thy seal;
Ascetic silence oft can heal
The sickness of the soul.

6.

Jesus! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears;
If ever I deny Thy Name,
Thy Cross, oh send me speedy shame,
Oh give me Peter's tears.

7.

Jesus! the Judge of quick and dead,
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
In mock regalia clad;
May I my solemn office fill,
Judge of myself, and think no ill,
Not even of the bad.

8.

Jesus! when scourged and buffeted
And spit upon, Thy sacred Head
  Was bow'd to earth for me;
Oh may I pardon find, and bliss,
And expiating love in this
  My Lord's indignity.

9.

Jesus! with crown of ruddy thorn
The Jews Thy tortured brow adorn,
  And, jeering, hail Thee king;
May I, O Lord, with heart sincere
My humble zeal, my love, and fear,
  And real homage bring.

10.

Jesus! for whom the wicked Jews
A vile and blood-stained robber choose,
  Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And keep me from a choice so base
As taking wealth or ease or place,
  Barabbas, Lord! for Thee.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
  Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
  DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

## 4. THE CRUCIFIXION, AND WHAT WAS DONE UPON THE CROSS.

Jesus! along Thy proper road
Of sorrows, with Thy weary Load
How didst Thou toil and strain!
Oh may I bear the Cross like Thee,
Or rather, Lord, do Thou in me
The blessed weight sustain.

1.

Jesus! on that most doleful day
How were Thy garments stripped away,
Thy holy Limbs laid bare!
Oh may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien
Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

2.

Jesus! what direst agony
Was Thine, upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife!
Oh may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

3.

Jesus! around Thy sacred Head
There is an ominous silence shed,
The Name which Pilate wrote;
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene!
For in that Threefold Name are seen
The gifts Thy Passion brought.

4.

Jesus! who to the Father prayed
For those who all Thy love repaid
With this dread cup of woes,
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
The thwarting of my foes.

5.

Jesus! who, come to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
Of peace among the blest,
Ah! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I, when summoned hence,
In paradise may rest.

6.

Jesus! who bade the virgin John
Thy mother take, when Thou wert gone,
And in Thy stead to be,
Oh when I yield my parting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

7.

Jesus! true Man, who cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, My God, my God,
O why am I forsaken?
Lord! may I never fall from Thee,
Nor e'en in life's extremity
My humble trust be shaken.

8.

Jesus! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink
What might inflame Thy pain;
Ah! mindful of the loathsome draught
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
May I my flesh restrain.

9.

Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice
Did more than fully pay;
May I my stewardship fulfil
With equal strictness, and Thy will
With scrupulous love obey.

10.

Jesus! Thy passion at an end,
Thou didst Thy blameless Soul commend
Unto the Father's care;
When my last hour is come, may I
Hasten with meek alacrity
To do Thy will elsewhere.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

## 5. WHAT WAS DONE AFTER HIS DEATH; BURIAL RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, SESSION, AND SECOND ADVENT.

Jesus! all hail, who for my sin
Didst die, and by that death didst win
  Eternal life for me;
Send me Thy grace, good Lord, that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
  And hide my life with Thee.

1.

Jesus! from out Thine open Side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
  With endless streams of love;
Come ye who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from that sacred well,
  Its heavenly virtues prove.

2.

Jesus! Thy Passion's bitter smart
Pierced like a sword Thy Mother's heart,
  As Simeon prophesied;
So fix my heart unto Thy Cross,
That I may count all gain but loss
  For Jesus Crucified!

3.

Jesus! in spices wrapped and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
  By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide
Thy servant in Thy wounded Side,
  A heavenly sepulture!

4.

Jesus! who to the spirits went,
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won,
Absolve me, Lord! and set me free
From self and sin, that I may be
Bondsman to Thee alone.

5.

Jesus! who from the dead arose,
And straightway sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,
Oh may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

6.

Jesus! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,
Oh may my heart within me burn,
When at the Altar I discern
Thy Body, Lord! and bow.

7.

Jesus! amid yon olives hoar,
Thy forty days of sojourn o'er,
Thou didst ascend on high;
Oh thither may my heart and mind
Ascend, their home and harbor find
With Jesus in the sky.

8.

Jesus! ten silent days expired,
The Eternal Spirit came, and fired
With His celestial heat
Thine infant Church; Oh may that light
Within one pasture now unite
Men's widely wandering feet.

9.

Jesus! who at this very hour
At God's Right Hand in pomp and power
Our nature still dost wear,
Oh let Thy Wounds still intercede,
And by their simple silence plead
Thy countless merits there.

10.

Jesus! who shalt in glory come
With angels to the final doom,
Men's works and wills to weigh,
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
Be pitiful, great Lord! to me
In that tremendous day.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

## 20.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

1.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,*
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

2.

Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous Face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was Thy channel of grace.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

* When used at other times than Christmas, these two lines run thus:

Dear Mary's little Flower,
Blooming in earthly bower.

Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

3.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

4.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour!
Art Thou come to us, dearest! at last?
Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

5.

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;—
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

6.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On Eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

## 21.

## THE INFANT JESUS.

1.

Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine!

2.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

3.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleepst,
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

4.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

5.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

6.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seemst to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

7.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

8.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
Before Thine infant Face.

9.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

10.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
Oh I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

11.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted Child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep;
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

12.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
Have I in store for Thee;
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord!
Ransom enough would be.

13.

But no! death is Thine own sweet will,
The price decreed above;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
For Thou wilt die for love.

## 22.

## THE THREE KINGS.

1.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camel's bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

2.

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

3.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the Star;

They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who
called them mad;
Messias' Star was shining, and their royal hearts
were glad.

4.

No Bibles and no books of God were in that eastern
land,
No Pope, no blessed Pope had they, to guide them
with his hand;
No Holy Roman Church was there, with its clear
and strong sunshine,
With its voice of truth, its arm of power, its sacra-
ments divine.

5.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain,
dim, and far,
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice pro-
claim Messias' Star:
And in its golden twinkling they saw more than
common light,
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem
by night!

6.

And what were crowns, and what were thrones, to
such a sight as that?
So straight away they left their tents, and bade not
grace to wait;

They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the desert's
limpid springs,
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet the
skylark sings!

7.

Whole cities have turned out to meet their royal
cavalcade,
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom have
displayed;
And when the star was dim, they knocked at
Herod's palace gate,
And troubled with the news of faith his politic
estate.

8.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The Ever-
lasting Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's monarch
meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with
loving kiss,—
Oh what were thrones, oh what were crowns, to
such a joy as this?

9.

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many
years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in the dismal
vale of tears:

Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly
withstood,
They taught His faith, they preached His word,
and for Him shed their blood.

10.

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe:
'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that setteth never:
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is for ever!

11.

Oh glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings:
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star!

12.

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast,

To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's
bright home,
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious
Faith of Rome!

---

## 23.

## THE PURIFICATION.

### 1.

Joy! Joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of Kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

### 2.

Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The Everlasting Dove.

### 3.

There in the temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy;
But, see! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.

4.

O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most beautiful!
Thou comest, Joy of Joys!
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull.

5.

O Mary! bear Him quick
Into His temple gate,
For poor impatient souls
His healing sunrise wait;
And pay His price that He
May be emancipate.

6.

Yes! thou wilt set Him free;
He will be wholly ours,
To lighten every soul
In earth's benighted bowers,
Undoing Adam's curse,
And turning thorns to flowers.

7.

Ah with what thrills of awe
The Mother's heart is teeming,
To think the newborn light
That o'er the world is streaming
At His own Mother's hand
Should stoop to need redeeming,

8.

Then to that Mother now
All rightful worship be!
For thou hast ransomed Him
Who first did ransom thee;
Oh, with thy Mother's tongue,
Pray Him to ransom me!

---

## 24.

## LENT.

1.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
O hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

2.

Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear!
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

3.

The feast of penance! Oh so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

4.

O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

5.

We, who have loved the world, must learn,
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

6.

Vile creatures of such little worth!—
Than we, there can be none on earth
More fallen from their Christian birth.

Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

7.

Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear:
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

8.

All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face!
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

---

## 25.

## THE AGONY.

1.

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

2.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured Heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

3.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on Thy Human Soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

4.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

5.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy Heart,
And the pores open,—Blood is spilt.

6.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord;
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

7.

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

8.

Sin and the Father's Anger! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint;
All save the love within Thy Heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

9.

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

10.

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

11.

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

12.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
  Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy Passion merited.
  Hatred of self and love of Thee?

13.

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,
  Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
  To wash my guilty conscience clear!

14.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
  Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
  And bleeding, on the earth He made.

15.

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

## 26.

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

1.

Oh come and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
Oh come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2.

Have we no tears to shed for Him;
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

3.

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing Eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4.

His Mother cannot reach His Face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

5.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

6.

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

7.

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

8.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;
His failing eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

9.

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

10.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

11.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart, love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

12.

O Love of God! O Sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For He, our Love is crucified!

## FROM PAIN TO PAIN.

[Verse sung at the Way of the Cross at the Oratory.]

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with Christ we go.
See how His Precious Blood
At every Station pours!
Was ever grief like His?
Was ever sin like ours?

## 27.

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

[FROM THE ITALIAN.]

1.

Hail Jesus! Hail! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me;
Oh blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

2.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

3.

O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

4.

Oh to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
  Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
  With those red drops of His!

5.

Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
  When this sweet song we raise:
Oh louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
  The Precious Blood to praise!

To all the faithful who say or sing the above Hymn, Pius VII grants an indulgence of 100 days: applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

---

## 28.

## BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN.

1.

Blood is the price of heaven;
  All sin that price exceeds;
Oh come to be forgiven,—
  He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
  Bleeds!

2.

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

3.

While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

4.

Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down,—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

5.

Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with Blood;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

6.

On Calvary His shame
With Blood still intercedes;
His open Wounds proclaim—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

7.

He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His Blood for me;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

8.

Ah me! His soul is fled;
Yes still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

9.

His Blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

10.

O Sweet! O Precious Blood!
What love, what love it breeds
Ransom, Reward, and Food,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

---

## 29.

## WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR.

1.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
Just because we need Thee so:
None need Thee more than we do;
Nor are half so vile or low.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

2.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
None will have us, Lord! but Thee;
And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

3.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For our sins are worse than ever;
Dear Shepherd of the outcast;
But Thy patience wearies never.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

4.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
With our broken faith again!
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

5.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come:
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

6.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
Fear brings us in our need;
For Thy hand never breaketh,
Not the frailest bruised reed.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

7.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For to whom, Lord! can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

8.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
We have tried Thee oft before;
But now we come more wholly,
With the heart to love Thee more.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

9.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
'Tis in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy!
Dearest Merit of us all!
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

10.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

---

## 30.

## THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

1.

Thousands of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

2.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

3.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbor fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

4.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took;
The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of His Three-and-Thirty Years
But three alone were left to run.

5.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
About him wheresoe'er he went;
She lived on thoughts of Mary's child,
Trembled with hope, and was content.

6.

But see! how hushed the crowd of souls!
Whence comes the light of upper day?
What glorious Form is this that finds,
Through central earth its ready way?

7.

'Tis God! 'tis Man! the living Soul
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

8.

'Twas Mary's child! Eve saw him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The Soul of Jesus Crucified.

9.

So after four long thousand years,
Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them, as they passed away,
Love lit her everlasting flame!

---

## 31.

## JESUS RISEN.

1.

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
Oh what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

2.

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3.

The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred Human Heart of Thine.

4.

They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free;
They worshipped joyously, and thought
Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

5.

And Thou, too, Soul of Jesus! Thou
Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
How ardently Thy love did burn.

6.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
Bright flashed the cave,—before them stood
The Living Jesus Glorified.

7.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin! thou art outdone by love!
O Death! thou art discomfited!

8.

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?

9.

Oh I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me be silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

10.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—
What shall I say? Thou knowst my heart;
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

## 32.

## THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

1.

O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;
  See! the first light of dawn is there;
The hour is come, and thou must end
  Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

2.

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill:
  New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
  The heart that sorrow could not break.

3.

Oh never yet had Acts of Hope
  Been offered to the throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
  And beamed from out her glistening eye.

4.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,
  Deeper than when Saint Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tinkling ear
  The blessed Ave sweetly broke.

5.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!
What trembling floods of noiseless light!
Jesus before His Mother stands,
Jesus, all beautiful and bright!

6.

He comes! He comes! and will she run
With freest love her Child to greet?
He came! and she, His creature, fell
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

7.

He raised her up; He pressed her head
Gently against His wounded Side;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
The sight of Jesus Glorified.

8.

From out His Eyes, from out His Wounds
A power of awful beauty shone;
Oh how the speechless Mother gazed
Upon the glory of her Son!

9.

She could not doubt; 'twas truly He
Who had been with her from the first,—
The very Eyes, the Mouth, the Hair,
The very Babe whom she had nursed,—

10.

Her burden o'er the desert sand,
The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose deathbed she had stood
Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

11.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
His beaming Hand was raised to bless;
The sweetness of His voice had hushed
The angels into silentness.

12.

His sacred Flesh like spirit glowed,
Glowed with immortal beauty's might:
His smiles were like the virgin rays
That sprang from new-created light.

13.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?
Mother! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
The thirst of thine ecstatic eye?

14.

Not yet, not yet, thy wondrous joy
Is filled to its mysterious brim;
Thou hast another sight to see
To which this vision is but dim!

15.

Jesus into His Mother's heart
A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
Amid the sons of earth before.

16.

Oh let not words be bold to tell
What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

17.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
To her such wondrous gifts and powers;
It is a joy the joys were hers,
For Mary's joys are doubly ours!

---

## 33.

## THE ASCENSION.

1.

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?

2.

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

3.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight?

4.

His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

5.

And, as He rose with all His train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew upon the ground.

6.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star.

7.

The silver cloud hath sailed away,
The skies are blue and free;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

8.

The Feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living Feet, are gone;
Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

9.

He loved the flesh thou gavest Him,
Because it was from thee;
He loved it, for it gave Him power
To bleed and die for me.

10.

That Flesh with its five witness Wounds
Unto His throne He bore,
For God to love, and spirits blest
To worship evermore.

11.

Yes! He hath left thee, Mother dear!
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy,
When thou hast lost thy love?

12.

For surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When He is gone who was its light
For Three-and-Thirty Years!

13.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His Feet upon their way?
Oh why doth not the Mother speak,
And bid her Son to stay?

14.

Ah no! thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee!

15.

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel His Presence near;
Yet loyal love His glory holds
A thousand times more dear.

16.

Who would have known the way to love
Our Jesus as we ought,
If thou in varied joy or woe
Hadst not that lesson taught?

17.

Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain!

18.

True love is worship: Mother dear!
Oh gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right!

---

## 34.

## PENTECOST.

1.

No track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air;
Jesus hath gone: the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

2.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
They tread the streets no more;
His soul-converting voice gives not
Its music as before.

3.

His Mother sits all worshipful
With her majestic mien;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gathered round their Queen.

4.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,
Her features are like His;
Her presence is their ample strength,
Her face reflects their bliss.

5.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

6.

The Eye of God looks down on them,
His love is centered there,
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
By their sweet strife of prayer.

7.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer
In accents meek and faint,
And highest heaven is quick to own
The beautiful constraint.

8.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer
Upon His royal throne;
The Son His human Mother hears,
The Sire His equal Son.

9.

The Spirit hears, and He consents
His mission to fulfil;
For what is asked hath ever been
His own eternal will.

10.

Ten days and nights in Acts Divine
Of awful love were spent,
While Mary and her children prayed
The Spirit might be sent.

11.

The joy of angels grew and grew
On Mary's wondrous prayer,
And the Divine Complacence stooped
To feed His glory there.

12.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,
While for her Spouse she prayed;
Methought the sweetness of her prayer
His blissful coming stayed.

13.

For ever coming did He seem,
For ever on the wing;
His chosen angels round His Throne
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

14.

How beautiful, how passing speech,
The Dove did then appear,
As the hour of His humility
At Mary's word drew near!

15.

The hour was come; the wings of Love
By His own will were freed:
The hour was come; the Eternal Three
His Mission had decreed.

16.

Then for His love of worthless men,
His love of Mary's worth,
His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,
And winged His flight to earth.

17.

O wondrous Flight! He left not heaven,
Though earth's low fields He won,
But in the Bosom still reposed
Of Father and of Son.

18.

O Flight! O blessed Flight of Love!
Let me Thy mercies share;
Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul
Was part of Mary's prayer!

---

35.

## THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1.

O mighty Mother! why that light
In thine uplifted eye?
Why that resplendent look of more
Than queenlike majesty?

2.

Oh waitest Thou in this thy joy
For Gabriel once again?
Is heaven about to part and make
The Blessed Vision plain?

3.

She sat: beneath her shadow were
The Chosen of her Son;
Within each heart and on each face
Her power and spirit shone.

4.

Hers was the courage they had won
From her prevailing prayers;
They gazed on her, until her heart
Began to beat in theirs.

5.

Her Son had left that heart to them:
For ten long nights and days,
The Saviour gone, no Spirit come,
She ruled their infant ways.

6.

Queen of the Church! around thee shines
The purest light of heaven,
And all created things to thee
For thy domain are given!

7.

Why waitest thou then so abashed,
Wrapt in ecstatic fear,
Speechless with adoration, hushed,
Hushed as though God were near?

8.

She is a creature! See! she bows,
She trembles though so great;
Created majesty o'erwhelmed
Before the Increate!

9.

He comes! He comes! that mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His bride as she adores.

10.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That Upper Room around.

11.

One moment—and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.

12.

One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er her with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

13.

Who knows in what a sea of love
Our Lady's heart He drowned?
Or what new gifts He gave her then,
What ancient gifts He crowned?

14.

Grace was so multiplied on her,
So grew within her heart,
She stands alone, earth's miracle,
A being all apart.

15.

What gifts He gave those chosen men,
Past ages can display;
Nay more, their vigor still inspires
The weakness of to-day.

16.

Those tongues still speak within the Church,
That Fire is undecayed;
Its well-spring was that Upper Room,
Where Mary sat and prayed.

17.

The Spirit came into the Church
With His unfailing power;
He is the Living Heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

18.

Speak gently then of Church and Saints,
Lest you His ways reprove;
The Heat, the Pulses of the Church
Are God's Eternal Love.

19.

Oh let us fall and worship Him,
The Love of Sire and Son,
The Consubstantial Breath of God,
The Coeternal One!

20.

Ah! see, how like the Incarnate Word,
His Blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make His riches ours.

21.

Most tender Spirit! Mighty God!
Sweet must Thy Presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee!

---

**36.**

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

1.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

2.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King!
Oh with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus! would I sing!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more

3.

Ah! see within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

4.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

5.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid,
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God
Whose power both men and angels made!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

6.

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, oh wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

7.

O earth! grow flowers beneath His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

8.

He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

9.

Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Great Sacrament of love divine!
All, all we have or are be Thine!

## 37.

## THE SACRED HEART.

1.

Unchanging and Unchangeable, before angelic eyes,
The Vision of the Godhead in its tranquil beauty lies;
And, like a city lighted up all gloriously within,
Its countless lustres glance and gleam, and sweetest worship win.
On the Unbegotten Father, awful well-spring of the Three,
On the Sole Begotten Son's coequal Majesty,
On Him eternally breathed forth from Father and from Son,
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreckoned ages run.
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

2.

Still the Fountain of the Godhead giveth forth eternal being:
Still begetting, unbegotten, still His own perfection seeing,

Still limiting His own loved Self with His dear
coequal Spirit,
No change comes o'er that blissful Life, no shadow
passeth near it.
And beautiful dread Attributes, all manifold and
bright,
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves in one
self-living light;
And far in that deep Life of God, in harmony com-
plete,
Like crownèd kings, all opposite perfections take
their seat.
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

3.

And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens,
nothing brightens,
But the living Life of God perpetually lightens;
And created life is nothing but a radiant shadow
fleeing
From the unapproachèd lustres of that Unbegin-
ning Being;
Spirits wise and deep have watched that everlast-
ing Ocean,
And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled faintest
motion;

In glory undistinguished never have the Three
seemed One,
Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence
run.
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

4.

There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone pre-
rogatives,
And, in the Father's Mind, the Son, all self-exist-
ing, lives,
With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest
depth of love,
Lifegiving Life of two-fold source, the many-gifted
Dove!
O Bountiful! O Beautiful! can Power or Wisdom
add
Fresh features to a life, so munificent and glad?
Can even uncreated Love, ye angels! give a hue
Which can ever make the Unchanging and Un-
changeable look new?
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

5.

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their Might,
As wondrous as Their Love, and as Their Wisdom bright!
As They, who out of nothing called creation at the first,
In everlasting purposes Their own design had nursed,—
As They, who in Their solitude, Three Persons, once abode,
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become creation's God,—
What They owed not to Themselves They stooped to owe to man,
And pledged Their glory to Him, in an unimaginable plan.
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

6.

See! deep within the glowing depth of that Eternal Light,
What change hath come, what vision new transports angelic sight?
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss?
A novelty in God? Oh what nameless thing is this?

The beauty of the Father's power is o'er it brightly
shed,
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction on
its head;
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous
part,
While it lives the loving life of a real Human
Heart!
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

7.

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red
blood,
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for
food!
In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvellous
abode,
A change in the Unchanging, creation touching
God!
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision
gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful
amaze,
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in
One ye scan,
The Mercy that hath planted there that blessed
Heart of Man!

Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

8.

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blissful Vision last,
And Its brightness o'er immortalized creation will it cast;
Ungrowing and unfading, Its pure Essence doth it keep,
In the deepest of those depths where all are infinitely deep;
Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever been,
As It was before that Human Heart was there by angels seen,
So is it at this very hour, so will it ever be,
With that Human Heart within It, beating hot with love of me!
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

# Part Third.

## HYMNS 38—64.

### OUR BLESSED LADY, SAINT JOSEPH AND THE HOLY FAMILY.

*

## 38.

## TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

1.

Mother of Mercy! day by day
  My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
  Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

2.

Though poverty and work and woe
  The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
  Darkness is light, with love of thee?

3.

But scornful men have coldly said
  Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
  The very path my Saviour trod.

4.

They know but little of thy worth
  Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
  One half so tenderly as thee?

5.

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother! when life's cares are o'er,
Oh I shall love thee then indeed!

6.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

SCARBOROUGH, *May, 1848.*

---

## 39.

## THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

1.

O purest of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

2.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled:
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

3.

The Church doth what God had first taught her to
do;
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were
true;
Through the ages He looked, and He found none
but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the
Sea!

4.

He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair;
For the empire of sin—it had never been there;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea!

5.

Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee;
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

6.

Oh blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;
For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

7.

To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

8.

So age after age in the Church has gone round,
And the saints new inventions of homage have found,
New titles of honor, new honors for thee,
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

9.

And now from the Church of all lands thy dear name
Comes borne on the breath of one mighty acclaim;
Men call on their Father, that He should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

10.

O shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine!
For the primest of honors, dear Mother! is thine;
"Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of the Sea!

11.

So worship we God in these rude latter days;
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

12.

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother, deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

---

## 40.

## SINE LABE ORIGINALI CONCEPTA.

1.

The day, the happy day is dawning,
The glorious feast of Mary's chiefest praise,
That brightens, like a second morning,
The clouded evening of these latter days.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

2.

High up, the realm of angels ringeth
With hymns of triumph to its mortal Queen,
While earth its song of welcome singeth
In every shady grove and valley green.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

3.

Hail Queen, whose life is just beginning,
Thrice welcome, Mother of a fallen race!
The sinless come to save the sinning,
Thyself the chosen aqueduct of grace!
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

4.

Immaculate! O dear exemption!
A spotless soul for God, entire and free,
Redeemed with such a choice redemption,
Angel nor saint can share the praise with thee.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

5.

O Virgin brighter than the brightest
'Mid all the beauteous throngs that shine above
O maiden whiter than the whitest
Of lily flowers in Eden's sacred grove!
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

6.

Chief miracle of God's compassion,
Choice mirror of His burning holiness,
Whose heart His mercy deigned to fashion
Far more than Eve's sad ruin to redress.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

7.

Earth's cities! let your bells be reeling,
And all your temple-gates wide open fling,
With banners flying, cannon pealing,
The blessed Queen of our Redemption sing.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

8.

See! Mary comes! O jubilation!
She comes with love to cheer a guilty race;
O triumph, triumph, all creation!
O Christians! triumph in redeeming grace.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

---

## 41.

## IMMACULATE! IMMACULATE!

1.

O Mother! I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast;
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
O could the transport last!
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

2.

When Jesus looks upon thy face,
His Heart with rapture glows,
And in the Church, by His sweet grace,
Thy blessed worship grows.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

3.

The angels answer with their songs,
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

4.

And I would rather, Mother dear!
Thou shouldst be what thou art,
Than sit where thou dost, oh so near
Unto the Sacred Heart.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

5.

Yes, I would forfeit all for thee,
Rather than thou shouldst miss
One jewel from thy majesty,
One glory from thy bliss.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart.—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

6.

Nay, I could die, and with the sense
That 'twere but loss to live,
Could I but die in dear defence
Of this prerogative.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

7.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
Oh what a joy for thee!
Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
Oh greater joy for me!
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

8.

It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen! were given.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

9.

The glory that belongs to thee
Seems rather mine than thine,
While all the cares that harass me
Are rather thine than mine.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

10.

Then blessed be the Eternal Son,
Who joys to call thee mother,
And lets poor men by sin undone
For thy sake call Him brother.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

11.

Immaculate Conception! far
Above all graces blest!
Thou shinest like a royal star
On God's Eternal Breast.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

12.

God prosper thee, my Mother dear!
God prosper thee, my Queen!
God prosper His own glory here,
As it hath ever been!
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

---

## 42.

## THE NATIVITY OF OUR LADY.

1.

Summer suns for ever shining,
Flowers and fruits for ever twining,
Silvery waters ever flowing,
Songlike breezes ever blowing,
Shady groves for ever ringing
With a low melodious singing:

Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

2.

Angels round the Throne adoring,
Newest songs of praise outpouring,
Bursts of wonderful thanksgiving,
Worshipping the Everliving,
All the vast angelic nations,
Lauding Him with gratulations:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

3.

God with each untold perfection
Brooding o'er thy sweet election,
Glorified by wondrous blisses
Stirring in His calm abysses,
As if some new-born emotion
Rippled His unchanging ocean:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

4.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blazoning thee with matchless merit,
Wondrous graces on thee raining,
And Their dread complacence deigning
To rest in thee as in no other,
Daughter, Bride, and Sinless Mother:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

5.

Thou thyself a world of brightness,
Flower of more than angel's whiteness,
Ravished now with gladder heaven
Than to angels hath been given,
Grandest worship in creation
Is thine infant jubilation:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

6.

Splendor as of pearliest morning
O'er the souls in limbus dawning,
Golden visions hovering o'er them,
Nearer heavens unveiled before them,

Sudden transports newly given
Sweeter than the looked-for heaven:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

7.

Joachim and Anna kneeling,
Looks of furtive wonder stealing,
High in ecstasy uplifted,
Father, mother, grandly gifted,
Weeping through excess of gladness
Tears of rapture, not of sadness:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

8.

Ah! the first sight of thee sleeping,
And the first sound of thee weeping,
How the breathless Anna listened,
While her rapturous teardrops glistened,
How she almost died of pleasure,
Feeding, fondling thee, her treasure:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

9.

All the joys upon God's mountain
Gushing out from thee, their fountain,
All the gladness of the golden
Hosts to thee alone beholden,
All the songs that men are singing,
Songs which all were of thy bringing:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

10.

Babe of Anna! Little Maiden!
We with transports overladen,
Spirits full, hearts almost broken,
Joy which cannot be outspoken,
We thy birthday greet, the dawning
Of salvation's happy morning:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Lighthearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

FILEY, *August, 1861.*

## 43.

## OUR LADY'S PRESENTATION.

1.

Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers:
  The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
  Mounts Sion's sacred hill.

2.

O wondrous Babe! O child of grace!
  The Holy Trinity's delight!
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
  How fair thou art, how bright!

3.

Not all the vast angelic choirs,
  That worship round the eternal throne,
With all their love can match the fires
  Of thy one heart alone.

4.

Since God created land and sea,
  No love had been so like divine;
For none was ever like to thee,
  Nor worship like to thine.

5.

Angels in heaven, and souls on earth,
  Thousands of years their songs may raise,
Nor equal thee, for thine was worth
  All their united praise.

6.

Not only was thy heart above
  All heaven and earth could e'er attain,—
Thou gavest it with so much love,
  'Twas worth as much again.

7.

O Maiden most immaculate!
  Make me to choose thy better part,
And give my Lord, with love as great,
  An undivided heart.

8.

Would that my heart, dear Lord! were true,
  Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
  The Blood to save my soul.

9.

If here our hearts grudge ought to Thee,—
  In that bright land beyond the grave,
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
  And give as Mary gave.

## 44.

## OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.

1.

Like the dawning of the morning,
  On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
  On the gloom of cloudy nights.
Like a secret told by angels,
  Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
  Of Messias' speedy birth!

2.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother!
  With the very bliss of heaven,
Since the angel's salutation
  In thy raptured ear was given;
Since the Ave of that midnight,
  When thou wert anointed Queen,
Like a river overflowing
  Hath the grace within thee been.

3.

On the mountains of Judea,
  Like the chariot of the Lord,
Thou wert lifted in thy spirit
  By the uncreated Word;

Gifts and graces flowed upon thee
In a sweet celestial strife,
And the growing of thy Burden
Was the lightening of thy life.

4.

And what wonders have been in thee
All the day and all the night,
While the angels fell before thee,
To adore the Light of Light.
While the glory of the Father
Hath been in thee as a home,
And the sceptre of creation
Hath been wielded in thy womb.

5.

And the sweet strains of the psalmist
Were a joy beyond control,
And the visions of the prophets
Burnt like transports in thy soul;
But the Burden that was growing,
And was felt so tenderly,
It was heaven, it was heaven,
Come before its time to thee.

6.

Oh the feeling of thy Burden,
It was touch and taste and sight;
It was newer still and newer,
All those nine months, day and night.

Like a treasure unexhausted,
  Like a vision unconfess'd,
Like a rapture unforgotten,
  It lay ever at thy breast.

7.

Every moment did that Burden
  Press upon thee with new grace;
Happy Mother! thou art longing
  To behold the Saviour's Face!
Oh, His Human Face and Features
  Must be passing sweet to see;
Thou hast seen them, happy Mother!
  Ah then, show them now to me.

8.

Thou hast waited, child of David!
  And thy waiting now is o'er!
Thou hast seen Him, blessed Mother!
  And wilt see Him evermore!
O His Human Face and Features!
  They were passing sweet to see;
Thou beholdest them this moment;
  Mother, show them now to me.

## 45.

# THE HAPPY GATE OF HEAVEN.

1.

Fair are the portals of the day,
  The gateways of the morning,
Whose pillared clouds the rising sun,
  Is rosily adorning:
Fair are the portals of the day,
  The gateways of the even,
When through long halls of burning light
  Earth gazes into heaven.
    Of matchless light, of grace untold,
    All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
      All praise to thee be given,
    Sweet Balm of all our Sadness,
    Dear Cause of all our Gladness,
      Thou Happy Gate of Heaven!

2.

Fair are the passes in the hills,
  The gateways of the mountains,
Along whose sounding channels leap
  The many-gifted fountains:
Fair are the thresholds of blue sea,
  The gateways of the ocean,
That guard the harbors of the earth,
  Swinging with placid motion.

Of matchless light, of grace untold,
All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
All praise to thee be given,
Sweet Balm of all our Sadness,
Dear Cause of all our Gladness,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven!

3.

But fairest of all gateways far,
Art thou, the sinless Mary!
The Gate that opens, yet secures
God's inmost sanctuary!
Gate of the one true Dawn art thou,
Gate of the one sweet Even,
Gate of the angels into earth,
The gate of souls to heaven.
Of matchless light, of grace untold,
All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
All praise to thee be given,
Sweet Balm of all our Sadness,
Dear Cause of all our Gladness,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven.

4.

Thou art the Gate God entered by
To visit His creation,
The mountain-pass where leap and flow
The wells of our salvation:
Thou art the Gate of azure sea
With the lighthouse ever burning,
The exile's happy Landing-Place,
To his Father's House returning.

Of matchless light, of grace untold,
All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
All praise to thee be given,
Sweet Balm of all our Sadness,
Dear Cause of all our Gladness,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven!

5.

Bright Gateway! through whose golden arch
The Father's grace is flowing,
Whose steps the Son and Spirit wear
With their incessant going!
Porch of the Throne! what beauteous hosts
Of angels cluster round thee!
Oh happy are the sleeping souls
Whose faith and love have found thee!
Of matchless light, of grace untold,
All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
All praise to thee be given,
Sweet Balm of all our Sadness,
Dear Cause of all our Gladness,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven!

---

## 46.

## THE DOLORS OF OUR LADY.

1.

God of mercy! let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows flows:
Pondering sweetly one by one,
Jesus' Wounds and Mary's Woes.

2.

Ah! those tears Our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin;
Tears our Saviour's sorrows fed
Peace and pardon well may win!

3.

His Five Wounds a very home
For our prayers and praises prove;
And our Lady's Woes become
Endless joys in heaven above.

4.

Jesus, who for us didst die,
All on Thee our love we pour;
And in the Holy Trinity
Worship Thee for evermore.

From the Breviary, "Summæ Deus clementiæ."

---

## 47.

## THE ASSUMPTION.

1.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still and higher,
Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

2.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been;
And, save the Throne of God,
Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen!

3.

O happy angels! look,
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up,
Her hand is locked in His;
Oh who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

4.

And shall I lose thee then,
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah! no—the angels' Queen
Man's Mother still will be,
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

5.

On then, dear Pageant, on!
Sweet music breathes around;
And love like dew distils
On hearts in rapture bound;
The Queen of heaven goes up
To be proclaimed and crowned!

6.

On—through the countless stars
Proceeds the bright array;
And Love Divine comes forth
To light her on her way,
Through the short gloom of night,
Into celestial day.

7.

The Eternal Father calls
His Daughter to be blest;
The Son His Maiden-Mother
Woos unto His Breast;
The Holy Ghost His Spouse
Beckons into her rest.

8.

Swifter and swifter grows
That marvellous flight of love,
As though her heart were drawn
More vehemently above;
While jubilant angels part
A pathway for the Dove!

9.

Hark! hark! through highest heaven
What sounds of mystic mirth!
Mary by God proclaimed
Queen of Immaculate Birth,
And diademed with stars,
The lowliest of the earth!

10.

See! see! the Eternal Hands
  Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
  Of Mercy sitteth down,
For ever and for ever,
  On her predestined throne.

---

48.

## MARY, OUR MOTHER, REIGNS ON HIGH.

1.

O vision bright!
The land of light
Beams goldenly beyond the sky!
'Mid heavenly fires,
'Bove angel-choirs,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

2.

O vision bright!
The Father's might
All round His daughter's throne doth lie;
Where, in the balm
Of endless calm,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

3.

O vision bright!
The eternal light
Of the dear Son may we descry;
Where, brighter far
Than moon or star,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

4.

O vision bright!
In softest flight
The Dove around His Spouse doth fly;
Where, in that height
Of matchless light,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

5.

O vision bright!
Angels' delight!
The Mother sits with Jesus nigh:
Her form He bears,
Her look he wears;
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

6.

O vision bright!
O dearest sight!
God, with His Mother's face and eye!
Where by His side,
All glorified,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

7.

O vision bright!
Life's darkest night
Is fair as dawn when thou art nigh;
Where, 'mid the throng
Of psalm and song,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

8.

O vision bright!
O land of light!
Thou art our home beyond the sky:
'Tis grand to see
How gloriously
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

---

## 49.

## THE GRANDEURS OF MARY.

1.

What is this grandeur I see up in heaven,
A splendor that looks like a splendor divine?
What creature so near the Creator is throned?
O Mary! those marvellous glories are thine!

2.

But who would have thought that a creature could
live
With the fires of the Godhead so awfully nigh?
Oh who could have dreamed, mighty Mother of
God!
That even God's power could have raised thee
so high?

3.

What name can we give to a queenship so grand?
What thought can we think of a glory like this?
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote
From the golden excess of thine unmated bliss.

4.

Thy Person, thy Soul, thy most beautiful Form,
Thine Office, thy Name, thy most singular
Grace,—
God hath made for them, Mother! a world by itself,
A shrine all alone, a most worshipful place.

5.

Mid the blaze of those fires, eternal, unmade,
Thy Maker unspeakably makes thee His own;
The arms of the Three Uncreated, outstretched,
Round the Word's mortal Mother in rapture are
thrown.

6.

Thy sinless Conception, thy jubilant Birth,
Thy Crib and thy Cross, thine Assumption and Crown,
They have raised thee on high to the right hand of Him
Whom the spells of thy love to thy bosom drew down.

7.

I am blind with thy glory; in all God's wide world
I find nothing like thee for glory and power:
I can hardly believe that thou grewest on earth,
In the green fields of Judah, a scarce-noticed flower.

8.

And is it not really eternal, divine?
Is it human, created, a glorified heart,
So like God and not God? Ah! Maker of men!
We bless Thee for being the God that Thou art!

9.

O Mary, what ravishing pageants I see,
What wonders and works centre round thee in heaven,
What creations of grace fall like light from thy hands,
What Creator-like powers to thy prudence are given!

10.

What vast jurisdiction, what numberless realms,
What profusion of dread and unlimited power,
What holy supremacies, awful domains,
The Word's mighty Mother enjoys for her dower.

11.

What grand ministrations of pity and strength,
What endless processions of beautiful light,
What incredible marvels of motherly love,
What queenly resplendence of empire and right!

12.

What sounds as of seas flowing all round thy throne,
What flashings of fire from thy burning abode,
What thunders of glory, what tempests of power,
What calms, like the calms in the Bosom of God!

13.

Inexhaustible Wonder! the treasures of God
Seem to multiply under thy marvellous hand,
And the power of thy Son seems to gain and to grow,
When He deigns to obey thy maternal command.

14.

Ten thousand magnificent greatnesses blend
Their vast oceans of light at the foot of thy throne;
Ten thousand unspeakable majesties grace
The royalty vested in Mary alone.

15.

But look what a wonder there is up in God!
One love, like a special Perfection, we see;
And the chief of thy grandeurs, great Mother, is there,—
In the love the Eternal Himself has for thee!

---

## 50.

## THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

1.

Mother of God! we hail thy Heart,
Throned in the azure skies,
While far and wide within its charm
The whole creation lies.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

2.

Mother of God! from out thy Heart
Our Saviour fashioned His;
The fountains of the Precious Blood
Rose in thy depths of bliss.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

3.

Mother of God! when near thy Heart
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love
For sinners gone astray.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

4.

Mother of God! He broke thy Heart
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

5.

Mother of God! thy Heart hath heights
On which God loves to dwell;
And yet the lowliest child of earth
Is welcome there as well.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

6.

Mother of God! thy Heart, methinks,
Deepens the bliss of God;
For He was homeless till thy Heart
Gave Him a sweet abode.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

7.

Mother of God! thy Heart and His
Inseparably shine;
The Sacred Heart thou worshippest
Is dutiful to thine.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

8.

Mother of God! who owns thy Heart?
Who owns that love of thine?
If Jesus takes not back His gifts,
Mother! thy Heart is mine.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

51.

# MONTH OF MAY.

## PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

1.

Joy of my heart! O let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month of May.

2.

Mary! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

3.

Direct my wandering feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.

4.

Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

5.

Mother! be love of thee a ray
From heaven, to show the heavenward way.

6.

Mary! make haste thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.

7.

Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8.

O Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

9.

When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

10.

O Mary! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

11.

If time for penance still be mine
Mother, the precious gift is thine.

12.

Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.

13.

Oh, for my own and others' sin
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.

14.

To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief.

15.

To thee our love and troth are given;
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.

16.

Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.

17.

We love thee, light of sinners' eyes!
Oh let thy prayers for sinners rise.

18.

Look at us, Mother Mary! see
How piteously we look to thee.

19.

I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.

20.

O Jesus, Joseph, Mary deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

21.

Sweet Stewardess of God, thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransomed heirs.

22.

O Virgin-born! O Flesh Divine!
Cleanse us, and make us wholly Thine.

23.

Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do impart.

24.

Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below.

25.

O Queen of Heaven! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

26.

Oh then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.

27.

Mother of God! to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28.

Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.

29.

Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.

30.

Oh give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

31.

One more request, and I have done;
With love of thee and thy dear Son
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

---

## 52.

## OH! BALMY AND BRIGHT.

1.

Oh! balmy and bright as moonlit night,
Is the love of our Blessed Mother;
It lies like a beam
Over life's cold stream,
And life knows not such another,
Oh life knows not such another!

2.

The month of May with a grace a day
Shines bright with our Blessed Mother;
The angels on high
In the glorious sky,
Oh they know not such another,
Nay they know not such another!

3.

The angels' Queen, the beautiful Queen,
Is the sinner's patient mother;
With pardon and peace
And the soul's release,
Where shall we find such another,
Where shall we find such another?

4.

O Mary's Heart, the Immaculate Heart,
The Heart of the Saviour's Mother;
All heaven shows bright
In its clear sweet light,
God hath not made such another,
God hath not made such another!

5.

But Mary's love, her plentiful love,
Lives not in earthly mother;
'Twill show us at last,
When the strife is past,
Our merciful God as our Brother,
Our merciful God as our Brother!

## 53.

## MARY, THE FLOWER OF HEAVEN.

### 1.

O Flower of Grace! divinest Flower!
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower!
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in heaven eternal May,
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee!
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

### 2.

Choice Flower! that bloomest on the breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head;
O Mary! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee!
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

3.

O queenly Flower! enthroned above,
The trophy of almighty love!
Ah me! how He hath hung thee round
With all love-tokens that abound
With God's own light, beyond the reach
Of angel song or mortal speech!
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

4.

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!
Elected for His inmost bower!
Where angels come not, there art thou;
A crown of glory on thy brow,
While far below, all bright and brave,
Their gleamy palms the Ransomed wave.
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

5.

O bless thee for thy beauty, then,
Delight of angels, trust of men!
A sceptre unto thee is given,
Queen of the Sacred Heart! in heaven,

Like His who made, O blest decree!
Thee for Himself, all else for thee!
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

6.

O godlike Creature! nigh to God!
In whom the Eternal Word abode!
The mirror of God's beauty thou,
On thee His dread perfections show
So palpably, men's hearts might faint
With an exceeding ravishment.
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

7.

Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first,
In meekness proved, in sorrow nursed;
And heaven must own its debt to earth,
Sweet flower! for thy surpassing worth;
And angels, for their Queen's dear sake,
Our road to thee more smooth shall make.
Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

8.

O Help of Christians! mercy-laden!
O blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!
O Sinless! were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love His sinful creatures so.
  Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
  Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
  Help of earth and joy of heaven!
  Love and praise to thee be given,
    Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

9.

O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is,—that utterly,
Mother of God! we trust in thee!
  Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
  Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
  Help of earth and joy of heaven!
  Love and praise to thee be given,
    Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

## 54.

## SWEET MOTHER-MAID.

1.

The moon is in the heavens above,
And its light lies on the foamy sea;
So shines the star of Mary's love
O'er this stormy scene of misery.
Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
But our hearts are thine,
Sweet Mother-Maid!

2.

Oh thou art bright as bright can be,
And as bountiful as thou art bright;
And welcome is the thought of thee,
As the fragrance of an eastern night!
Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
But our hearts are thine,
Sweet Mother-Maid!

3.

Wide earth can give no place of rest,
And for sorrow's tale it hath no ear;
But all woes plead within thy breast,
For it echoes e'en the silent tear.
Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
But our hearts are thine,
Sweet Mother-Maid!

4.

We are no longer desolate,
  Though our sins have stricken us at heart;
Whom thou didst bear hath born their weight,
  And thou wert His partner in the smart.
    Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
    But our hearts are thine,
      Sweet Mother-Maid!

5.

Calm as the blessed eye of God
  When it looks o'er all this world below,
He bids thee shed His peace abroad
  With a secret balm for every woe.
    Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
    But our hearts are thine,
      Sweet Mother-Maid!

6.

By thee we learn, dear spotless Queen!
  What a glorious God our God must be;
And in thy glory His is seen,
  For He shows Himself when He shows thee.
    Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
    But our hearts are thine,
      Sweet Mother-Maid!

## 55.

## CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

1.

Like the voiceless starlight falling
Through the darkness of the night,
Like the silent dewdrops forming
In the cold moon's cloudless light,
So there come to hearts in sorrow
Mary's angels dear and bright.

2.

Like the scents of countless blossoms
That are trembling in the air,
Like the breaths of gums that perfume
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
To affliction's lowly prayer.

3.

They are endless, they are countless,
Like the leaves upon the trees;
They are healings sweetly hidden
Like the fragrance in the breeze;
They are spirits to the drooping,
Like the freshness from the seas.

4.

They are not like earthly comforts,
Nor like anything on earth;
They are peacefuller than slumber,
They are cheerfuller than mirth;
They are light to all life's darkness,
They are plenty to its dearth.

5.

They are presences and foretastes
Of some nameless heavenly things,
From the golden throne of Mary
Wafted down to us on wings;
Yet they come to none but mourners,
To the hearts that sorrow wrings.

6.

They are wondrous thoughts of Jesus,
They are presences of God,
Giving zest to weary sadness,
Or strange sweetness to the rod,
Filling full of heavenly sunbeams
Sorrow's dark and lone abode.

7.

For they come into our spirits
With a soft and winning might,
And they make our Dead look brighter
In the waking hours of night,
And they gently turn our darkness
Into depths of tenderest light.

8.

Oh! it is as if some fragments
  Of the golden calms of heaven,
By the mercy of our Father,
  Into Mary's hands were given;
But to earth were only falling
  Upon hearts with sorrow riven.

9.

For in Mary's ear all sorrow
  Singeth ever like a psalm:
Welcome, Mother! are the tempests
  Which thou layest with thy calm;
Sweet the broken hearts thou healest
  With thine own heart's nameless balm!

---

## 56.

## THE QUEEN OF PURGATORY.

1.

O turn to Jesus, Mother! turn,
  And call Him by His tenderest names;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
  This hour amid the cleansing flames.

2.

Ah! they have fought a gallant fight;
  In death's cold arms they persevered;
And, after life's uncheery night,
  The arbor of their rest is neared.

3.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favorites of Jesus! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshipping God's purity.

4.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His Blood;
And angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.

5.

They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

6.

See, how they bound amid their fires,
While pain and love their spirits fill;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmers, and lie still.

7.

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And, as He looks, His bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

8.

O Mary! let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.

9.

Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed;
Angels and Souls all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

---

## 57.

## FOR OUR LADY'S MINOR FEASTS.

1.

O Mother! will it always be,
That every passing year
Shall make Thee seem more beautiful,
Shall make thee grow more dear!

2.

And art thou really infinite,
That thou shouldst thus unfold
Fresh glories every feast that comes,
New grandeurs yet untold?

3.

We knew thee to be free from stain
As is the sun's white beam;
We knew God's Mother must be great
Above what we could dream.

4.

We knew thy sorrows and thy joys;
We knew thee full of grace;
We seemed to know thy very heart,
And the look upon thy face.

5.

Thy crown of apostolic stars,
We knew that it shines bright,
Where angels see thee throned as Queen
Almost beyond their sight.

6.

Yet now it seems we know thee not;
Each feast-day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
And truer love to win.

7.

For hearts so small as ours we thought
Our love was great and true;
Yet our past love now seems hardly love,
While thy love is so new.

8.

O Mother thou art like the life
The blessed lead above,
Unchangeable, yet growing still
In glory and in love.

9.

Thou art, and yet art not, the same;
Old things pass not away;
Yet thou to-morrow wilt be more
Than the Mary of to-day.

10.

Like waxing moons, each holy feast
Thou dost more light disclose;
And our love, as it watches thine,
Still up to thy love grows.

11.

How close to God, how full of God,
Dear Mother, must thou be!
For still the more we know of God,
The more we think of thee.

12.

This is thy gift—oh give it us!—
To make God better known:
Ah Mother! make Him in our hearts
More grand and more alone.

## 58.

# A DAILY HYMN TO MARY.

### FOR THE CHILDREN OF ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

1.

Mary! dearest Mother!
From thy heavenly height
Look on us thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

2.

Mary! purest creature!
Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring mortals
Peace in heaven to win.

3.

Mary! Queen and Mother!
Get us still more grace,
With still greater fervor
Now to run our race.

4.

Daughter of the Father!
Lady kind and sweet!
Lead us to our Father,
Leave us at His Feet.

5.

Mother of our Saviour,
Joy of God above!
Jesus bade thee keep us
In His fear and love.

6.

Mary! Spouse and servant
Of the Holy Ghost!
Keep for Him His creatures
Who would else be lost.

7.

Holy Queen of angels!
Bid thine angels come
To escort us safely
To our heavenly home.

8.

Bid the saints in heaven
Pray for us their prayers;
They are thine, dear Mother!
That thou mayst be theirs.

9.

Oh we love thee, Mary!
Trusting all to thee,
What is past, or present,
What is yet to be.

10.

Get us what thou pleasest,
What we cannot know,
What we most are needing
Every day below.

11.

Thou didst make for Jesus
To this earth a road;
Make us love our Saviour,
Make us love our God.

12.

Cause of all our gladness!
Make us glad in Him;
Fill our hearts with fervor,
Fill them to the brim.

13.

Sweeter still and sweeter
Dost thou grow to us,—
Will it, dearest Mother,
Evermore be thus?

14.

O not yet, sweet Mother!
Is our love of thee
What it will be one day
In eternity.

15.

Jesus! hear Thy children
From Thy throne above;
Give us love of Mary,
As Thou wouldst have us love.

---

## 59.

## THE ORPHAN'S CONSECRATION TO MARY.

FOR NORWOOD.

1.

Mother Mary! at thine altar
We thy little daughters kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter,
To thy goodness we appeal.
We are seeking for a mother
O'er the earth so waste and wide,
And from off His Cross our Brother
Points to Mary by His side.

2.

We have seen thy picture often
With thy little Babe in arms,
And it ever seemed to soften
All our sorrows with its charms;
So we want thee for our Mother,
In thy gentle arms to rest,
And to share with Him our Brother
That sweet pillow on thy breast.

3.

We have none but thee to love us
With a Mother's fondling care;
And our Father, God above us,
Bids us fly for refuge there.
All the world is dark before us,
We must out into its strife;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
Oh how sad will be our life!

4.

So we take thee for our Mother,
And we claim our right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
Babes and daughters unto thee;
And the orphan's consecration
Thou wilt surely not despise,
From thy bright and lofty station
Close to Jesus in the skies.

5.

Mother Mary! to thy keeping
Soul and body we confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side;
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
Life and death we trust to thee;
Thou must make them all for Jesus,
And for all eternity!

## 60.

## SAINT JOSEPH.

1.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Husband of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

2.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed,
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

3.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the House of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

4.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.

5.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

6.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name.

7.

Mother of Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

---

## 61.

## THE PATRONAGE OF SAINT JOSEPH.

1.

Dear Husband of Mary! dear Nurse of her Child!
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

2.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

3.

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus—ah then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me!

4.

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God;
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Oh canst thou bear me?

5.

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease,
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling than these?
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Oh canst thou love me?

6.

Ah! give me thy burden to bear for a while;
Let me kiss His warm lips, and adore His sweet smile;
With her Babe in her arms, surely Mary will be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader with thee.

7.

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on
earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth,
O Father of Jesus, be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.

8.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There is no saint in heaven I worship like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! oh deign to love me!

---

## 62.

## SAINT JOSEPH OUR FATHER.

1.

There are many saints above
Who love us with true love,
Many angels ever nigh;
But Joseph! none there be,
Oh none, who love like thee,—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

2.

Thou wert guardian of our Lord,
Foster father of the word,
Who in thine arms did lie:
If we His brothers be,
We are foster-sons to thee,—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

3.

Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,
For ever at her side,
Oh for her sake hear our cry;
For we follow in thy way,
Loving Mary as we may;—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

4.

Thou to Mary's virgin love
Wert the image of the Dove,
Who was her Spouse on high;
Bring us gifts from Him, dear Saint!
Bring us comfort when we faint;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

5.

Thou wert a shadow thrown,
From the Father's summit lone,
Over Mary's life to lie;
Oh be thy shadow cast
O'er our present and our past;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

6.

Sadly o'er the desert sand,
Into Egypt's darksome land,
As an exile didst thou fly;
And we are exiles too,
With a world to travel through;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

7.

When thy gentle years were run,
On the bosom of thy Son,
Like an infant didst thou lie:
Oh by thy happy death,
In that tranquil Nazareth,
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

---

## 63.

## THE HOLY FAMILY.

1.

Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary,
The Three on earth most like the Three in heaven!
Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary,
To whom these Heavenly Likenesses were given!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

2.

Mid Nazareth's sequestered mountains
How lovely was the Household of the Three,
And by the desert's crystal fountains
What secret wonders did not angels see!

Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

3.

Then by the dark Egyptian river
Joseph, the Mother, and the marvellous Child,
Heard the chill night-wind softly quiver
In the tall palms or o'er the sandfields wild.
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

4.

Sweet Family! swift years are speeding;
Thrice ten have passed o'er Nazareth's secret home:
Poor weary world! it lies all bleeding:
Why should it wait? Why should not Jesus come?
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

5.

Sweet Family! thy charms detain Him;
Thou savest Him from an untimely woe:
From men that would too soon have slain Him
He hides in thee, God's Paradise below!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

6.

O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven!
Our households now are hallowed all by thee;
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear Earthly Trinity;
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

7.

Sing to the Three with jubilation!
Husbands and wives, parents and children, sing!
Sing to the House, from which salvation
Flows o'er your homes as from a hidden spring!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

8.

Now praise, oh praise the sinless Mother,
Praise to that Household's gentle Master be;
And, with the Child whom we call Brother,
Weep, weep for joy of that dear Family!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come, gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

---

## 64.

## THE BANNER OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

FOR THE CONFRATERNITY AT ST. ANNE'S, SPITALFIELDS.

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

1.

Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth,
And we must not tarry at home;
For our Lord from the south and the north
Hath commanded His soldiers to come.

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

2.

We must on, with our Banner unfurled:
We must on, it is Jesus who leads:
We must hasten to conquer the world
With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds!

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!

We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

3.

We must stand to our colors like men;
Our Lord is a leader to love;
For the wounded He heals: and the slain
He crowns in His city above.

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

4.

We must march to the battle with speed:
Upon earth our one duty is strife:
Oh blest are the soldiers who bleed
For the Saviour who died to give life!

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

5.

There are Three up in heaven above;
There are Three upon earth below;
And Theirs is the standard we love,
And Theirs the sole watchword we know.

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!

We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

6.

Let us sing the new song of the Lamb;
Let us sing round our Banner so brave;
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood,
That was shed to redeem and to save!

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, and Sion's songs we sing;
We come, our hands and hearts we bring
Unto the Holy Family!
O Banner bright! how brave the light
Thy three fair blazoned Hearts are showing,
Where Jesus lovingly imparts
To Mary's and to Joseph's hearts
The light with which His Own is glowing!
Raise, raise the Banner! wave on high
Its broidered folds against the sky,
Sons of the Holy Family!

# Part Fourth.

## HYMNS 65—89.

### ANGELS AND SAINTS.

*

## 65.

## THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

### 1.

In pulses deep of threefold Love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

### 2.

With His own greatness all alone
The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,
Before His eye serene.

### 3.

He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

### 4.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause;
For His own glory 'twas enough
That He was what He was.

5.

His glory was full grown; His light
Had owned no dawning dim;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For nought could grow in Him.

6.

He stirred—and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore He should move;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

7.

It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

8.

He stirred; and beauty all at once
Forth from His Being broke;
Spirit and Strength, and living life,
Created things, awoke.

9.

Order and multitude and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

10.

How wonderful is life in heaven
Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
His first created fires!

11.

But, see! new marvels gather there!
The wisdom of the Son
With heaven's completest wonder ends
The work so well begun.

12.

The Throne is set: the blessed Three
Crowning Their work are seen—
The Mother of the First-Born Son,
The first-born creatures' Queen!

---

## 66.

## SAINT MICHAEL.

1.

Hail, bright Archangel! Prince of heaven!
Spirit divinely strong!
To whose rare merit hath been given
To head the angelic throng!

2.

Thine the first worship was, when gloom
  Through heaven's thinned ranks did move,
Thus giving unto God the bloom
  Of young creation's love.

3.

Thy zeal, with holiest awe inspired,
  All other zeals outran,
With love of Mary's honor fired,
  And of the Word made Man.

4.

For God to thee, O vision glad!
  The Virgin-Mother showed,
And, in His lower nature clad,
  The Eternal Word of God.

5.

Then, worshipping the splendor sent,
  From out those counsels dim,
In meekest adoration bent,
  Thou sangst thy voiceless hymn:

6.

And the stars answered to thy song,
  The Morning Stars of Heaven;
And His first praise the angelic throng
  To their Queen's Son had given.

7.

Zealot of Jesus! from thy sword
Fling drops of gleamy fire,
To make our worship of the Word
More keenly burn and higher.

8.

Our vile world-frozen hearts bedew
With thy celestial flame,
And burn our spirits through and through
With zeal for Jesus' Name.

9.

O Trumpet-tongued! O Beautiful!
O Force of the Most High!
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy majesty.

10.

First servant of the Ineffable,
The first created eye,
That ever, proved and perfect, fell
On the dread Trinity!

11.

The strength, wherewith thy spirit dared
To love that Blissful Sight,
That mystery to thee first bared
After eternal night—

12.

That strength, O Prince! is strength to us,
Comfort and deepest joy,
That our dear God is worshipped thus
Without our base alloy.

13.

O Michael! worship Him this night,
The Father, Word, and Dove,
Renewing with strong act the might
Of thy first marvellous love.

14.

Glory to Him, the Eternal Dove,
Whose boundless mercy fed
His glory from thine acts of love
With condescension dread.

15.

Praise to the Three, whose love designed
Thee champion of the Lord,
Who first conceived thee in His mind,
And made thee with His Word.

16.

Who stooped from nothingness to raise
A life like thine so high,
Beauty and being that should praise
His love eternally!

## 67.

## SAINT GABRIEL.

1.

Hail, Gabriel! hail! a thousand Hails
For thine whose music still prevails
  In the world's listening ear!
Angelic Word! sent forth to tell
How the Eternal Word should dwell
  Amid His creatures here!

2.

Familiar of the Eternal Word!
To thee the Wisdom of thy Lord
  By special grace was shown;
And in the secrets of His will,
Thy love for sinners drank its fill,
  And made our lot thine own.

3.

In the dear Word thou didst behold
More even than thy words have told,
  More than thou couldst impart;
Decrees of God before thine eye
Passed in procession silently,
  And made thee what thou art,—

4.

Counsels of mercy, oceans bright
Of grace to overflow the night
  Of man's most hapless fall;
Predestination's secret might,
The Passion's depth, our Lady's height,
  The Vision crowning all!

5.

God's Confidant! fair task was thine,
Depths within depths of Love Divine,
  To fathom and adore,
Till e'en thy marvellous mind was lost,
In worship blind upon that coast
  Of endless More and More!

6.

Angel of Jesus! days gone by
Bore burdens of kind prophecy
  To quicken hope delayed;
Then, preluding with John's sweet name,
At length thy choicest music came
  Unto the Mother-Maid.

7.

Voice of heaven's sweetness, uttered low,
Thy words like strains of music grow
  Upon the stilly night,
Clear echoes from the Mind of God,
Stealing through Mary's blest abode
  In pulses of delight.

8.

O Voice! dear Voice! the ages hear
That Hail of thine still lingering near,
  An unexhausted song;
And still thou com'st with balmy wing,
Yea, and thou seemest still to sing,
  Thine Ave to prolong.

9.

O meditative Spirit! bright
With beauty and abounding light,
  Life of surpassing bliss,
Brooding, profound, most calm in power,
What joy for thee to feel each hour
  How deep thy being is!

10.

Pure as the sunrise, fair as light,
Lovely as visions of the night
  Where saintly souls find food;
Angel of worship! skilled and wise,
Thou hauntest prayer and sacrifice,
  Because they fit thy mood.

11.

Zeal burns thee like a quiet fire,
All self-possessed in chaste desire,
  As Daniel's was of old;
And thou hast caught from God's near Throne
His love of creatures, and His tone
  Of charity untold.

12.

O blessed Gabriel! Tongue of God!
Sweet-spoken Spirit! thou hast showed
To us the Word made Man;
He bade thee break His silence here;
The tale thou told'st in Mary's ear
His coming scarce fore-ran,

13.

Jesus is nigh where Gabriel is;
His presence too was Mary's bliss,
And Daniel loved him near;
Angel of grace! oh prophecy
To us of God's forgiving Eye,
Which thou canst see all clear.

14.

Joseph and John were like to thee,
Chosen for Mary's custody
In her retired abode;
Ah Gabriel! get us love like theirs,
For her whose unremitting prayers
Have gained us love of God!

15.

Take up in heaven for us thy part,
And, singing to the Sacred Heart,
Thy strains of rapture raise;
And tune with endless Ave still
The voices of the Blest, and fill
The ear of God with praise!

## 68.

## SAINT RAPHAEL.

1.

By the spring of God's Compassions,
  Where the light is hard to bear,
Oh who is that golden Spirit
  So intently gazing there?
By the sealed and secret fountain
  In the midst of the Abyss,
Where God's love of human nature
  Springs in life and light and bliss:—

2.

That mysterious choice and liking
  For our race above the rest,
Which is something more than mercy
  In the Eternal Father's breast:—
O'er that fountain ever leaning,
  As if listening to the sound,
A majestic Spirit watches,
  In adoring rapture bound.

3.

He hath watched there countless ages;
  It hath been his special grace;
He hath learned a thousand secrets
  From the spirit of the place.

He beholds all God's perfections;
Yet he chiefly loves to scan
That nameless leaning in the Godhead,
Which is special love of man.

4.

He is glorious midst the angels,
Midst the highest there in heaven,
Standing almost in the furnace,
One of God's selected Seven!
He is special in his beauty;
Like unto him there is none;
Tender, patient, and pathetic,
Dear Saint Raphael stands alone.

5.

He hath drunk of that one fountain
In the Godhead's placid breast,
Till his beautiful broad spirit
Is with love of man possessed.
Oh look, look upon his beauty,
E'en in heaven how passing fair!
God Himself, O grand Archangel!
Deems thee bright beyond compare.

6.

Thou art special in thy longings,
Thou art special in thy crown;
Heaven wonders at thy beauty,—
'Tis a beauty of thy own.

Thou art Raphael the Healer,
Thou art Raphael the Guide,
Thou art Raphael the Comrade
Aye at human sorrow's side.

7.

Thou hast loved us like the Father,
With an unbought love and free;
Like the Father's pensive sweetness
Is the love of man in thee.
Thou hast loved us with that longing
Which so wrought upon the Word,
That He took our flesh upon Him,
And our race to thine preferred.

8.

Yet the Person of the Spirit
Is reflected most in thee,
With thy fires, and consolations,
And man-loving jubilee:
For thy proper gift is gladness;
And thy nature is so sweet
Thou art made to be the shadow
Of the Unmade Paraclete.

9.

It is God's exceeding pathos,
Which has tuned thy spirit thus;
It is God's exceeding sweetness,
Which inclines thee so to us.

Like the Human Heart of Jesus.
  Thou art loving man all day:
Like the character of Mary
  Is thy fashion and thy way.

10.

There's scarce a joy thou wouldst not forfeit
  The sweet joy of priests to win,
Scarce a gift thou wouldst not barter
  For the power to pardon sin.
O Archangel of Compassion!
  Unto thee God's Heart is given;
For thou lov'st the gift of healing
  Most of all the gifts of heaven.

11.

Art thou angel, blessed Raphael!
  Or a man in angel's guise?
Or His likeness, who took on Him
  Fallen man's infirmities?
Thou wouldst long to be incarnate
  So to share the Saviour's part;
For the angels' spirit in thee
  Beateth strangely like a heart!

12.

O thou human-hearted Seraph!
  How I long to see thy face,
Where in silver showers of beauty
  God bedews thee with His grace!

But I see thee now in spirit
  Mid the Godhead's silent springs,
With a soft eternal sunset
  Sleeping ever on thy wings.

---

## 69.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

### FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

### 1.

Dear Angel! ever at my side,
  How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
  A guilty wretch like me.

### 2.

Thy beautiful and shining face
  I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
  I am too deaf to hear.

### 3.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
  With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
  When I was but a child.

4.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

6.

Yes! when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

7.

But most of all I feel thee near,
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

8.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

9.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

10.

Then, for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh weary not of me:

11.

O weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

12.

She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

13.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

## 70.

## SAINT PETER AND SAINT PAUL.

1.

It is no earthly summer's ray
  That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
  The Princes of the Church were crowned.

2.

The blessed seer to whom was given
  The hearts of men to teach and school,
And he who keeps the keys of heaven
  For those on earth that own his rule,—

3.

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word
  Shall pass the doom of life or death,
By humble cross and bleeding sword
  Well have they won their laurel wreath.

4.

O happy Rome, made holy now
  By these two martyrs' glorious blood,
Earth's best and fairest cities bow,
  By thy superior claims subdued.

5.

For thou alone art worth them all,
City of martyrs! thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

6.

All honor, power, and praise be given
To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
For endless, endless years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity!
Amen.

From the Breviary, "Decora lux æternitatis auream."

---

## 71.

## SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

1.

Saint of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favorite of thy Lord!

2.

Thou to whom grace was given
To stand when Peter fell;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of Him it loved so well!

3.

We know not all thy gifts;
But this Christ bids us see,
That He who so loved all
Found more to love in thee.

4.

When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His breast,
Pillowed on earth, where now
In heaven the saints find rest.

5.

Thy long fair hair hung down,
His glance spoke love to thine,
While love's meek freedom owned
The human and divine.

6.

His Heart, with quickened love,
Because His hour drew near,
Now throbbed against thy head,
Now beat into thine ear.

7.

He nursed thee in His lap,
He loved thee to make free;
What Mary was to Him,
He made Himself to thee.

8.

God and His friend, so free
To touch, to rest, to move!
The angels wondering gazed,
And envied human love.

9.

Dear Saint! I stand far off,
With vilest sins oppressed;
Oh may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His breast?

10.

His touch could heal the sick,
His voice could raise the dead!
Oh that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head.

11.

The gifts He gave to thee
He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
His Mother and His Heart.

12.

Ah teach me, then, dear Saint!
The secrets Christ taught thee,
The beatings of His Heart,
And how it beat for me.

## 72.

## SAINT ANNE.

1.

O Anne! thou hadst lived through those long dreary years,
When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a blight;
But angels, dear mother! were counting thy tears,
And thy patience, like Job's, had been dear in God's sight.

2.

Thou wert meek when they scorned thee; thy rest was in prayer!
Thy sorrow was sharp, yet its sharpness was sweet;
When those that were round thee gave way to despair,
Thy faith was more certain, thy trust more complete.

3.

Oh the vision of thee in thy lone mountain home,
With thy calm broken heart so heart-breaking to see,
In those dark after-years to thy Daughter might come,
And the great Queen of sorrows learn something from thee.

4.

But joy comes at length to all hearts that believed,
And the sighs of the saints must at last end in song;
The best gifts of God fall to those who have grieved,
And His love is the stronger for waiting so long.

5.

Oh blest be the day when old earth bore its fruit,
The fairest of daughters it ever had seen,
In the village that lies at the white mountain foot,
And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene!

6.

Mid the carols of shepherds, the bleating of sheep,
The joy of that birth, blessed Anne! came to thee,
When the fruits were grown golden, the grapes blushing deep,
In the fields and the orchards of green Galilee.

7.

Since creation, was ever such gladness as thine,
To whom God's chosen Mother as Daughter was given?
O her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne, how they shine,
And the sound of her voice is like music from heaven!

8.

Why was it thy heart did not break with excess
Of a joy that was harder than sorrow to bear?
Perchance had thine earlier sorrows been less,
Thou couldst not have lived with a vision so fair.

9.

Like a presence of God in thy home's hallowed bound,
Like a pageant of heaven all day was she seen;
And didst thou not see how the angels thronged round,
All amazed at the sight of their infantine Queen?

10.

She was crown'd even then, like a creature apart,
The child God had called to be Mother and Maid;
Didst thou watch how the fountains of blood in her heart,
Like the fountains in Sion, incessantly played?

11.

O Anne! from that blood the Creator will take
The Flesh that shall save the lost tribes of our race;
And His wonderful love the Eternal will slake
At thy child's sinless heart, at those fountains of grace.

12.

O Anne! joyous Saint! what a life didst thou live,
What an unbroken brightness of innocent bliss!
Every touch of thy child a fresh rapture could give,
And yet didst thou not kneel ere thou daredst to kiss?

13.

And we too, glad mother! are gay with thy mirth,
For he who loves Mary in mirth ever lives;
There is brightness and goodness all over the earth,
For the souls Mary welcomes and Jesus forgives.

14.

Yes! gladness makes holy the poor heart of man;
It lightens life's sorrows, it softens its smarts;
Oh be with thy children, then, dearest Saint Anne,
For Mary thy child is the joy of our hearts.

---

## 73.

## SAINT MARY MAGDALENE.

1.

From the highest heights of glory,
Mid the sweets of endless calm,
Mary's spirit in its rapture,
On the earth is dropping balm.
On the bosom of the Saviour,
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy,
In a blaze of heavenly light.

2.

Pardoned Sinner! wondrous Convert!
Was there ever home like thine?
Midst the splendors of the angels
How thy fervent graces shine!

Ever leaning, ever resting
  Upon Him thou lov'dst so much,
What ecstatic joys burn in thee,
  From the sweetness of His touch!

3.

And yet thou too once wert wandering,
  Once wert soiled with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
  In the land where Jesus reigns.
Thou wert wretched, thou wert drooping,
  Thou wert crushed upon the earth,
Who art greater now and grander
  Than an angel in his mirth.

4.

Thou didst fly unto thy Saviour,
  And thine eyes were fixed on His,
While thy guilty lips were printing
  On His feet full many a kiss:
And then, wonder of compassion!
  In one moment thou wert free,
And a gift of love unequalled
  From His Heart came into thee.

5.

Like the rising of the ocean
  Was the tide of glorious grace;
Like the beauty of the morning
  Grew the beauty of thy face;

Like the glory of an angel
  Was the purity within,
Like the whiteness of thy namesake,
  Of the Mary without Sin!

6.

Blessed swiftness of a pardon
  Which thy guilt could not delay!
Happy penance of a moment
  Burning life-long sins away!
O those gentle Eyes of Jesus,
  And those tender Words He said!
O the value that he places
  On the tears that sinners shed!

7.

The sweet fragrance of thine ointment
  All the earth is filling now;
And thy tears are turned to jewels
  For a crown upon thy brow:
There are thousands in all ages
  Come to Christ because of thee,
Oh then, Mary, with thy converts
  In thy kindness number me!

8.

Queen of Penance! Queen of fervor!
  Thou art martyr too of love,
And thy likeness to thy Saviour
  Makes the angels glad above.

Oh how wisely hast thou chosen
For thyself the better part,
To be braided like a jewel
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart!

---

## 74.

## SAINT MARTHA.

### 1.

O dear Saint Martha! busy Saint!
By love's keen fervor ever pressed!
Oh get us fervor not to faint
Until we reach our heavenly rest.

### 2.

We too, like thee, since we have known
How sweet our blessed Lord could be,
Mourn o'er the years too quickly flown,
And fain would hurry on like thee.

### 3.

Alas! how much there is to do,
And how much more to be undone,
What obstacles to struggle through,
Yet what a glory to be won!

4.

So, Martha! we have chosen thee
To be our own peculiar saint;
We want thy secret grace,—to be
Always at work, yet not to faint.

5.

Saint of the Busy Hand and Heart!
We for thy spirit humbly cry;
O Martha! get us Martha's part,—
Not feet to walk but wings to fly.

6.

Yet even love can hinder love,
As thou wert hindered on thy way;
Get our love prudence from above,
While at its work to watch and pray.

7.

The will to work, the heart to pray—
Let it by these to us be given,
Swiftly, yet peaceably, all day
To wing our happy flight to heaven.

8.

Christ looked with love into thy face,
His looks were spurs to spur thee on;
How swiftly didst thou run thy race,
How gloriously thy race was won!

9.

Saint of our choice! our Saviour's eyes
With tenderness beam on us now;
For thy sake He will stoop to prize
The love our lowness can bestow.

10.

Peace, patience, courage, mother dear!
And uttermost humility,
That safest grace of holy fear,—
These are the gifts we beg of thee.

11.

O Martha! make our hearts like thine,—
Always on fire, always in haste,
And yet like peaceful stars to shine
Untroubled o'er life's weary waste.

12.

O dearest Jesus! in our need
Give to us Martha's burning heart;
They, who on earth have Martha's speed,
In heaven shall meet with Mary's part.

## 75.

## SAINT BENEDICT.

1.

Father of many children! in the gloom
  Of the long past how beautiful thou art!
And still, dear Saint! the weary nations come
  To drink from out thine unexhausted heart.

2.

There are sweet waters in thy fountains still;
  In every changeful age they have been flowing;
While faithful sons thy destinies fulfil
  Through the wide world, like rivers in their going.

3.

Kings, with thy wisdom in their hearts, dear Saint!
  Have grown more royal 'neath thy Christlike rule;
And, when the earth with ignorance was faint,
  Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.

4.

Deserts have blossomed, where thy feet have trod;
  Thy homes have been safe shelters for the weary;
And in dark times the glory of our God
  Fled to thy houses to find sanctuary.

5.

O Benedict! thy special gifts are peace,
Freedom of heart, and sweet simplicity;
They fail not with the ages, but increase,
As thine own graces grew of old in thee.

6.

Give us great hearts, dear Father! hearts as wide
As thine that was far wider than the world,
Hearts by incessant labor sanctified,
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.

7.

Thou art the Christian Abraham; to thee,
Saint of insatiate love! thy God hath given
For thy grand faith a saintly family,
Countless as are the crowded stars in heaven.

8.

Kind Shepherd! tend us with thy pastoral love
Across the mountains to our heavenly rest:
Father! we see thee beckoning from above;
We come! We come! to bless thee, and be blest!

## 76.

## SAINT INNOCENCE.

**FOR THE CHILDREN AT NORWOOD, WHERE HER BODY IS PRESERVED.**

1.

Dear little Saint! sweet Innocence!
Thy throne in heaven we see:
Jesus, thy love, the Eternal King,
Hath done great things for thee.

2.

In days of darkness when the world
Despised our Saviour's Name,
Thy childish heart, by grace grown old,
Gloried in such dear shame.

3.

The Roman children knew thee well,
Lighthearted in thy play,
Filling the vineyards with thy songs,
The gayest of the gay.

4.

They saw thee at thy daily tasks,
Obedient, gentle, still:
They learned from thee how softly love
Its duties can fulfil.

5.

They wondered at thy modesty,
Thy soul's most sweet defence;
It made thee like a queen to them,
Dear little Innocence!

6.

And now thou art a real queen
Up in the land of heaven:
Jesus to thee a jewelled crown
And fadeless palm hath given.

7.

In grand old Rome thy love was set
On our dear Lord alone:
He saw the secret of thy heart,
And took thee for His own.

8.

He loved thee midst the orange trees
And flower-beds of thy home,
And amongst the Sunday worshippers
In the close catacomb.

9.

He loved to hear thee sing the songs,
The Christian songs that tell
Of the Good Shepherd, and the sheep
That Shepherd loved so well.

10.

He made thee grave, and all the while
He made thee grow more gay;
Thy heart grew lighter through the weight
Of love that on it lay.

11.

He gave thee faith that made thy heart
Strong as the walls of Rome;
He gave thee love and purity,
And then He called thee home.

12.

Dear Martyr-Child! they tore thy flesh;
With fire they scorched each limb;
But games midst orange gardens seemed
Less sweet than death for Him.

13.

And now thou art with Him, fair Child!
Nestling at His dear feet:
Thou knew'st that heaven was bright, but not
That it was half so sweet.

14.

Our own dear Saint! make us like thee;
Be thou our kind defence;
Give us thy gift of modesty,
Sweet Sister Innocence!

## 77.

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

1.

All praise to Saint Patrick who brought to our mountains
The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love!
All praise to the Shepherd who showed us the fountains
That rise in the Heart of the Saviour above!
For hundreds of years,
In smiles and in tears,
Our saint hath been with us, our shield and our stay;
All else may have gone,
Saint Patrick alone,
He hath been to us light when earth's lights were all set,
For the glories of faith they can never decay;
And the best of our glories is bright with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of Saint Patrick's Day.

2.

There is not a saint in the bright courts of heaven
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;
Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,
In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice!

In glory above,
True to his love,
He keeps the false faith from his children away;
The dark false faith,
That is worse than death,
Oh he drives it far off from the green sunny shore,
Like the reptiles which fled from his curse in dismay;
And Erin, when error's proud triumph is o'er,
Will still be found keeping Saint Patrick's Day.

3.

Then what shall we do for thee, heaven-sent Father?
What shall the proof of our loyalty be?
By all that is dear to our hearts, we would rather
Be martyred, sweet Saint! than bring shame upon thee!
But oh! he will take
The promise we make,
So to live that our lives by God's help may display
The light that he bore
To Erin's shore:
Yes! Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own,
Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;
For they are true Irish, Oh yes! they alone,
Whose hearts are all true on Saint Patrick's Day.

## 78.

## SAINT WILFRID.

FOR THE CHILDREN OF SAINT WILFRID'S AT MANCHESTER.

1.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail!
Kindest of patrons, hail!
Whose loving help doth ne'er
Thy trusting children fail!

2.

Saint of the cheerful heart,
Quick step and beaming eye!
Give light unto our lives,
And at our death be nigh.

3.

To Mary's lovers thou,
Sweet Saint! hast shewn the road
Oh teach us how to love
The Mother of our God.

4.

Give us thy love of work,
Thy spirit's manly powers,
And teach us how to save
This Saxon land of ours.

5.

Teach us, dear Saint! to make
The Church our only home,
To love the faith, the rites,
And all the ways of Rome.

6.

Thy life was one long voyage
Of unabated hope,
Winning the truant hearts
Of England to the Pope.

7.

We have the same to do,
A labor hard but sweet;
And we have but to trace
The pathway of thy feet.

8.

For England's sake make us
Humble and gay and pure;
For so the heart works best,
And makes the blessing sure.

9.

Ah! we have need of thee,
To knit us all in one,
The mischief to undo
Which our cold hearts have done.

10.

To Ireland's sons of faith
Hard measures have we dealt;
One faith would breed one heart
In Saxon and in Celt.

11.

Thou had'st no idle hour;
Thy gains with toil were bought;
Saint Wilfrid! make us love
Our country as we ought.

12.

Wilfrid! by thy sweet name
Our little ones we call;
Oh then on them and us
Let thy rich blessing fall.

13.

Lover of youth! do thou
Our English children bless;
Their joyous hearts' first love
For Mary's service press.

14.

Into our souls, dear Saint!
With thy blithe courage come,
And make us missioners
Of Mary and of Rome!

15.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail!
Saint of the free and gay!
Look how we follow thee,
And bless us in our way!

---

## 79.

## SAINT PHILIP NERI.

1.

Dear Father Philip! holy Sire!
We are poor sons of thine,
Thy last and least,—then to our prayers
A father's ear incline.

2.

We wandered weeping heretofore
For many a long, long day;
But thou hast taught us how to mourn
In thy more tender way;

3.

To mourn that God of all His sons
So little loved should be;
To mourn that mid the world's cold hearts
None were more cold than we;

4.

To mourn, and yet to joy and love,
With overflowing heart,
And in thy school of Christian mirth
To bear our humble part.

5.

Gay as the lark at morning's door,
Singing its fearless song;
Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns
In secret all day long;

6.

Busy and blithe in hidden cell,
Or crowded street no less,
We use thy modest wiles to save
The world by cheerfulness.

7.

Mid strife and change, cold hearts and tongues,
How much we owe to thee!
This sunny service! who could dream
Earth had such liberty.

8.

Look at the crowds of this sweet land,
Dear Father Philip! see
How shepherdless they wander on,
How lone, how hopelessly!

9.

Then make us sons of thine indeed,
Fill us with thy true mirth,
Thy strength of prayer, thy might of love,
To change these hearts of earth.

10.

By thee for Mary's household hired,
May burning heart and word
So preach her, that her name may be
In England like a sword.

11.

And oft above our shrines be seen,
In humblest garments swathed,
Our God and King, while every eye
In speechless tears is bathed.

12.

May crowds, like reeds before the wind,
In utter love bow down,
In utter love and faith before
His sacramental throne;

13.

While from His known and kingly eye
Bright streams of blessing part,
And rain like sunbeams far within
The rapt and trembling heart.

14.

In Philip's name, in Philip's way,
To God and Mary true,
In this our own dear native land
Good work we fain would do.

15.

To this our own dear native land
We welcome thee to-day;
Dread Father! come and toil with us
In thine own trustful way.

16.

Jesus and Mary be the stars
That shine for us on high:
God and Saint Philip! brothers! be
Our gentle battle cry.

17.

By haughty word, cold force of mind,
We seek not hearts to rule;
Hearts win the hearts they seek! Behold
The secret of our school!

18.

By winning way, by playful love,
Our wonders will we do,
The playfulness of such as know
Their faith alone is true.

19.

By touch and tone, by voice and eye,
By many a little wile,
May cold and sin-bound spirits own
In us our Father's guile!

20.

Dear Father Philip! give to us
Thy manners gay and free,
Thy patient trust, thy plaint of prayer,
Thy deep simplicity.

---

## 80.

## SAINT PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

1.

Saint Philip came from the sunny South,
From the streets of holy Rome;
His heart was hot with the love of souls,
And England gave him a home.

2.

He had never slept outside the town
More than half his quiet life;
But his heart so burned, in heaven he turned
A pilgrim, and man of strife.

3.

Through many a land and o'er many a sea
With his staff and beads he came;
Men saw him not, but their hearts grew hot,
As though they were near a flame.

4.

In France and Spain, and in Polish towns,
He planted his School of Mirth,
In Mexico, and in rich Peru,
Nay, in every nook of earth.

5.

He came himself, that travelling Saint!
Felt, if not heard or seen;
It was not enough his sons should be
Like what Philip himself had been.

6.

Dear England he saw, its cold, cold hearts;
Quoth he, What a burning shame
That hearts so bold should be still so cold;
Good truth! they have need of my flame!

7.

He came with his staff, he came with his beads,
You would know the old man by sight,
If he were not a saint who hides his face
And his virgin eyes so bright.

8.

Tell me if ever your heart of late
  Hath been strangely set on fire;
Have you been hardly patient with life,
  And looked on death with desire?

9.

Hath earth seemed dull, or your soul been full
  Until you were fain to cry?
Or have holy Names burnt you like flames,
  And you knew not how or why?

10.

Hath sin seemed the easiest thing in the world
  To put at arm's length from yourself?
Hath Mary, sweet Mary, grown precious to you,
  Like a miser's hidden pelf?

11.

If it so be, oh listen to me!
  Rejoice, for Saint Philip is nigh;
At Jesus Name he hath lit his flame,
  And you felt him passing by.

12.

He is out on earth to spread Mary's mirth,
  And that is—saving poor souls;
And happy are those on whom he throws
  But one of his burning coals.

13.

This is the way that Saint Philip works!
He comes in the midst of your cares,
He passes by, turns back on the sly,
And catches you unawares.

14.

Light to your eyes, and song to your ears,
A touch that pricks like a dart,
'Tis Philip alone works in hearts of stone,
And Mary taught him his art.

15.

Now down on your knees, good neighbors, please;
Thank our dear Lady for this,—
That Philip hath come to an English home
With those winning ways of his.

16.

Ask him to stay full many a day,
A hard-working saint is he!
And is it not true there is much to do
In this land of liberty?

17.

Now read me aright, good people, pray!
'Tis Philip himself is here;
'Tis Philip's flame, more than Philip's name
That you all should prize so dear.

18.

For Philip's sons are but Philip's staff,
A staff that he wieldeth still;
Good father he is to those sons of his,
But a sire with a right strong will.

19.

He is not content his sons should be
Like what their father had been;
He works himself; he trusts no one else;
He is here to-day I ween.

20.

Bid him God speed, since the Roman saint
An Englishman fain would be;
Long may he bide by his new fireside,
For a right merry saint is he!

---

## 81.

## SAINT PHILIP'S PENITENTS.

1.

Sweet Saint Philip! thou hast won us,
Though our hearts were hard as stone;
Sin had once well-nigh undone us,
Now we live for God alone.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

2.

Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping
Not for sorrow, but for glee;
Bless thy converts bravely keeping
To the bargain made with thee.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

3.

Sweet Saint Philip! old friends want us
To be with them as before;
And old times, old habits haunt us,
Old temptations press us sore.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

4.

Sweet Saint Philip! do not fear us;
Get us firmness, get us grace;
Only thou, dear Saint! be near us,
We shall safely run the race!
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

5.

Sweet Saint Philip! make us wary;
Sin and death are all around;
Bring us Jesus! Bring us Mary!
We shall conquer and be crowned.

Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

6.

Sweet Saint Philip! keep us humble,
Make us pure as thou wert pure;
Strongest purposes will crumble,
If we boast and make too sure.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

7.

Sweet Saint Philip! come and ease us
Of the weary load we bear;
Put us in the Heart of Jesus,
Dearest Saint, and leave us there.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and Self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God.

---

## 82.

## SAINT PHILIP'S PICTURE.

1.

Saint Philip! I have never known
A saint as I know thee;
For none have made their wills and ways
So plain for men to see!

I live with thee; and in my toil
All day thou hast thy part,
And then I come at night to learn
Thy picture off by heart.

2.

Oh what a prayer thy picture is!
Was Jesus like to thee?
Whence hast thou caught that lovely look
That preaches so to me?
Sermon and prayer thy picture is,
And music to the eye,
Song to the soul, a song that sings
Of whitest purity!

3.

A blessing on thy name, dear Saint!
Blessing from young and old,
Whom thou in Mary's gallant band
Hast winningly enrolled!
If ever there were poor man's saint,
That very saint art thou;
If ever time were fit for thee,
Dear Saint! that time is now.

4.

Philip! strange missioner thou art,
Biding so still at home,
Content if with the evening star
Souls to thy nets will come.

If ever spell could make hard word
Profit and pastime be,
That spell is in thy coaxing ways,
That magic is in thee.

5.

Sweet faced old Man! for so I dare,
Saint though thou be on high,
To name thee, for thou temptest love
By thy humility,—
Sweet-faced old Man! what are thy wiles
With which thou winnest men?
Art thou all saints within thyself?
If not, what art thou then?

6.

John's love of Mary thou hast got;
Thy house is Mary's home;
And then thou hast Paul's love of souls,
With Peter's love of Rome.
Thy heart that was so large and strong
It could not quiet bide,
Oh was it not like His that beats
Within a Wounded Side!

7.

Saint of the over-worked and poor!
Saint of the sad and gay!
Jesus and Mary be with those
Who keep to thy true way!

Oh bless us, Philip! Saint most dear!
Thine Oratory bless,
And gain for those who seek thee there
The gift of holiness!

---

## 83.

## SAINT PHILIP'S CHARITY.

### 1.

All ye who love the ways of sin,
Come to Saint Philip's feet and learn
The baits that Jesus hath to win
His truant children to return.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

### 2.

That saint could do such things for you
As your poor hearts would never dream;
For he can make the false world true,
And penance life's best pleasure seem.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

### 3.

His words like gentlest dew distil,
His face is calm as summer eve;
His look can tame the wildest will,
And make the stoutest heart to grieve.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

4.

He smiles; and evil habit fails
To bind its victim as before;
Old sins drop off the soul like scales,
Old wounds are healed and leave no sore.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

5.

His hand, with virgin fragrance fraught,
The heart with painless pressure strains,
And with one touch all evil thought,
All worldly longing from it drains.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

6.

He breathes on us; the spicy gale
Of Araby is not more sweet;
He breathes new life in hearts that fail,
New vigor into weary feet.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

7.

His voice can raise the dead to life,
So wonderful its accents are;
He speaks,—there is an end of strife,
And of the soul's internal war.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

8.

Come, sinners! ye need not forego
  Your portion of light-hearted mirth;
He came unthought-of roads to show,
  And plant a paradise on earth.
    All praise and thanks to Jesus be
    For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

9.

Come, try the saint: his words are true,
  Give him your hearts, he gives you heaven;
He sets light penance, and will do
  The penance he himself hath given.
    All praise and thanks to Jesus be
    For sweet Saint Philip's charity!

---

## 84.

## SAINT PHILIP AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

1.

Pining for old poetic times,
  Young hearts have oft unwisely grieved,
As though there were no days like those
  When men loved less than they believed.

2.

Yet are they sure, if on those days
  Their span of trial had been cast,
They would have well, in penance drear,
  The long-sustainèd ordeal passed?

3.

Teasing hair-shirt and prickly chain,
  Rude discipline and bed of earth,—
Would they have tamed by these rough ways
  Their love of ease and pride of birth?

4.

God's poor, God's Church,—are these to-day
  Welcomed and nourished at their cost,
Yea, to the brink of poverty?
  If not, how sounds their idle boast?

5.

Ah no! it is not jewelled cope,
  Brave pomps nor incense-laden air,
Can lull the pains of aching hearts,
  Or bring the Saviour's pardon there.

6.

No! to be safe, these outward things
  Interior strictness must control;
To play with beauty and with art
  Saves not, nor heals, the wounded soul.

7.

No! dear Saint Philip! we must learn
  Our wisdom in thy heavenly school,
Love thy restraints, and wear thy yoke,
  And persevere beneath thy rule.

8.

Love is to us, in these late days,
  What faith in those old times might be;
He that hath love lacks not of faith,
  And hath beside love's liberty.

---

## 85.

## SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT MARTIN.

1.

How gently flow the silent years,
  The seasons one by one;
How sweet to feel, each month that goes,
  That life must soon be done!

2.

O weary ways of earth and men!
  O self more weary still!
How vainly do you vex the heart
  That none but God can fill!

3.

It is not weariness of life
  That makes us wish to die;
But we are drawn by cords which come
  From out eternity.

4.

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,
No heart of man can tell,
The store of joys God has prepared
For those who love Him well.

5.

Oh may those joys one day be ours,
Upon that happy shore!
And yet those joys are not enough—
We crave for something more.

6.

The world's unkindness grows with life,
And troubles never cease;
'Twere lawful then to wish to die,
Simply to be at peace.

7.

Yes! peace is something more than joy,
Even the joys above;
For peace, of all created things,
Is likest Him we love.

8.

But not for joy, nor yet for peace,
Dare we desire to die;
God's will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquility.

9.

To die, that we might sin no more,
Were scarce a hero's prayer;
And glory grows as grace matures,
And patience loves to bear.

10.

And yet we long and long to die,
We covet to be free,
Not for Thy great rewards, O God!
Not for Thy peace—but Thee!

11.

But call not this a selfish love,
A turning from the fight;
And tell us not, for others' sakes,
To doubt if this be right.

12.

If he were wanted for his Lord,
Saint Martin prayed to stay:
'Twas well; and yet it was a prayer
Saint Philip would not pray.

13.

Ah, leave us, then, at peace, to greet
Each waxing, waning moon,
Whose silver light seems aye to say—
Soon, exile spirit! soon!

## 86.

## SAINT PHILIP'S DEATH.

1.

Day set on Rome: its golden morn
Had seen the world's Creator borne
  Around Saint Peter's square;
Trembling and weeping all the way,
God's Vicar with his God that day
  Made pageant brave and rare.

2.

Night came; through Rome, in place and street
Was hushed the tread of pilgrim's feet;
  The dew fell soft as balm;
The summer moon's unsteady beam
Quivered on Tyber's hurrying stream;
  All but his wave was calm.

3.

The city slept as though 'twere spent
With love of that dear Sacrament,
  As hearts o'erjoyed will sleep;
The night was lovely as a spell;
Its beautiful repose so well
  Rome's Festa seemed to keep.

4.

Saint Mary's glistening roofs were seen
Clear marked in moonlight soft and keen
  Against the cloudless sky;
And round the Vallicella flew
Angels as thick as stars that strew
  The azure fields on high.

5.

Oh come to Father Philip's cell;
Rome's rank and youth, they know it well;
  Come ere the moment flies!
The feast hath been too much for him;
His heart is full, his eye is dim,
  And Rome's Apostle dies.

6.

One of God's mightiest saints is he;
Mark well his acts, none light can be;
  All are on God intent;
'Twas Philip's craft; and we may dare
Our father with his Lord compare
  In wile and blandishment.

7.

The smile, the jest, the sportive blow
Served but to hide the depths below
  Of supernatural power;
And never strove he to control
The hidden beauty of his soul
  More than in that last hour.

8.

An old man's carefulness that day,
With fond caress and childlike play,
  Beyond his wont was blent;
Thoughtful of little things, he gave
Counsel perhaps a shade more grave
  Than common to the saint.

9.

None deemed those hours of talk and mirth
Were his foreseen farewell to earth;
  'Twas only Philip's way;
Yet when he went, his children yearned
For the strange fire unmarked that burned
  Within their hearts that day.

10.

He gazed on Peter's martyr hill;
Some glowing vision seemed to fill
  His calmly raptured eye;
His Mass, half said, half sung, was o'er;
None had e'er heard such strains before,
  Nor dared to ask him why.

11.

Thou art not yet mid angel choirs;
Wherefore this burst of song, these fires
  From harps of seraphs riven?
Thou canst not wait; but wilt with them
Sing as they sang at Bethlehem,
  Glory in Highest Heaven.

12.

Hours passed, and Philip's cheerful cell
Heard the light laugh, the gay farewell;
'Twas Philip still to all:
Confessions heard, his Office said,
The old man sat upon his bed,
Waiting the Bridegroom's call.

13.

"How wanes the night, my sons?" he said:
He heard, and straight his reckoning made;
Time's lagging foot went slow:
"Aye, three and two, and three and three,
"And then the captive will be free,
"At the sixth hour I go!"

14.

Come, O Creator Spirit! come,
Take Thine elect unto his home,
Thy chosen one, sweet Dove!
"Come to thy rest," he hears Thee say;
He waits not—he hath passed away
In mortal trance of love.

15.

When Rome in deepest slumber slept,
Our father's children knelt and wept
Around his little bed;
He raised his eyes, then let them fall
With marked expression upon all;
He blessed them and was dead.

16.

One half from earth, one half from heaven,
Was that mysterious blessing given,
  Just as his life had been
One half in heaven, one half on earth,
Of earthly toil and heavenly mirth
  A wondrous woven scene.

17.

The Son of Man, the Eternal God,
Toiling a pilgrim on earth's road,
  Ceased not in heaven to be;
That gift He gave to thee in part,
Apostle of the Fiery Heart!
  For His great love of thee.

18.

O Jesus! wondrous holyday
Rome's children kept; and little they
  Its end and fruit foresaw,
When bells rang out and cannon roared,
And Rome fell prostrate and adored,
  Speechless with love and awe.

19.

Those joyous bells, those cannon near,
They smote this morn on Philip's ear,
  And thrilled him through and through:
Love fell on him as on its prey,
And stirred and shook his heart all day,
  As love alone can do.

20.

It was enough; the inward strife
No more could last 'twixt love and life;
His heart, it broke with bliss.
Since Joseph died on Jesu's knee,
Since Mary's spirit was set free,
Was never death like this.

21.

Rome's joy admonished him, that earth
Caught but poor shadows of the mirth
Around the Eternal Throne.
Sweet Sacrament! the love of Thee
Snapped the last chain, and he was free;
Faith was by love undone.

22.

That joyous peal was Philip's knell,
That triumph was the saint's farewell
To his beloved Rome;
Worn out with love, he could not stay
From his dear Lord one other day,
So pined he for his home.

23.

Master of self, with placid eye,
As though 'twere easy work to die,
Nor need to fear his doom,
With calmest dignity, and slow,
As one who at his will can go
Gently from room to room,—

24.

Saint Philip passed into the blaze
Of that dread throne whose light can daze
  The seraph's glorious ken;
As Mary died, so died her son;
Love got its prey, and Jesus won
  His chosen among men.

25.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph, bide,
With kind Saint Raphael, by my side,
  When death shall come for me;
And, Philip! leave me not that day,
But let my spirit pass away,
  Leaning, dear Sire, on thee.

---

## 87.

## SAINT PHILIP'S HOME.

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei, ut loquaris pro nobis bona.
—*Missale Romanum.*

1.

O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast,
For mighty Rome, Saint Philip's home, is desolate
  and waste;
There are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer and
  more bold
Than those that licked the martyrs' feet in heathen
  days of old.

2.

O Mary! Mother Mary! that dear City was thine
own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine
altars shone;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet Face
and thine
Charmed evil out of many hearts, and darkness
out of mine.

3.

By Peter's Cross and Paul's sharp sword, dear
Mother Mary! pray;
By the dungeon deep where thy Saint Luke in
weary durance lay,
And by the Church thou know'st so well beside
the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother! stay the hap-
less City's fate.

4.

For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and our
Lord,
O Mother! bid the angel sheathe his keen aveng-
ing sword;
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he be,
Is busied with thine honour now by that sweet
southern sea.

5.

Oh by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every
street and square
Burned with the fire of holy love that Philip kin-
dled there,

And by that throbbing heart of his which thou
didst keep at Rome,
Let not the lawless spoiler waste dear Father
Philip's home!

6.

Oh by the dread basilicas, the pilgrim's gates to
heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian
Rome hath given,
By the countless Ave-Maries that have rung from
out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother! save this pilgrim-
place of ours!

7.

By all the words of peace and power, that from
Saint Peter's Chair
Have stilled the angry world so oft, this glorious
City spare:
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted sway
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother
Mary! pray.

8.

By the pageants bright whose golden light hath
flashed through street and square,
And by the long processions, that have borne thy
Jesus there,
By the glories of the saints, by the honors that
were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a
blazing shrine,—

9.

By all heroic deeds of saints that Rome hath ever seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crowned thee for their queen,
By all the glory God hath gained from out that wondrous place,
O Mary! Mother Mary! pray thy strongest prayer for grace!

10.

O Mary! Mother Mary! thou wilt plead for Philip's home;
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turned Saint Peter back to Rome;
Yes! thou wilt pray thy prayer; and the battle will be won,
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City of her Son.

---

## 88.

## EVENING HYMN AT THE ORATORY.

1.

Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

2.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

3.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

4.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

5.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared,
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

6.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,—unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

7.

Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come;
Mary and Philip near us be!
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

---

## 89.

## SAINT VINCENT OF PAUL.

1.

O blessed Father! sent by God,
His mercy to dispense,
Thy hand is out o'er all the earth,
Like God's own providence.

2.

There is no grief nor care of men,
Thou dost not own for thine,
No broken heart thou dost not fill
With mercy's oil and wine.

3.

Thy miracles are works of love;
  Thy greatest is to make
Room in a day for toils that weeks
  In other men would take.

4.

All cries of suffering through the earth
  Upon thy mercy call,
As though thou wert, like God Himself,
  A Father unto all.

5.

Dear Saint! not in the wilderness
  Thy fragrant virtues bloom,
But in the city's crowded haunts,
  The alley's cheerless gloom.

6.

Where hunger hid itself to die,
  Where guilt in darkness dwelt,
Thy pleasant sunshine came by stealth,
  Thy hand and heart were felt.

7.

All industries of love wert thou,
  So thoughtful yet so quick,—
The angel of the shame-faced poor,
  God's shadow on the sick.

8.

Son wert thou to the childless old,
The lonesome widow's stay,
The gladness of the orphan groups
Out in the streets at play.

9.

Yet not to towns didst thou confine
The gifts thy mercy gave,—
The Gospel to the villager,
His freedom to the slave.

10.

So for the sake of timid souls,
And love of winning ways,
Thou didst against hard-hearted schools
Thy gentle protest raise.

11.

For charity anointed thee
O'er want, and woe, and pain;
And she hath crowned thee emperor
Of all her wide domain.

12.

Vincent! like Mother Mary, thou
Art no one's patron saint;
Eyes to the blind, health to the sick,
And life to those who faint.

13.

Of body and of soul alike
  Thou art physician wise,
And full of joy as if thou wert
  Raphael in mortal guise.

14.

The poor thou savest by such charms
  As hardest hearts can move,
The rich by teaching them to do
  The saving works of love.

15.

Saint of wide-open arms, and heart
  Capacious as a sea,
In dead of night a thousand lips
  Are sweetly blessing thee,—

16.

In orphanage, in hospital,
  The sick on garret bed,
The dying, and the desolate
  Who weep beside the dead.

17.

Thou seem'st to have a thousand hands,
  And in each hand a heart;
And all the hearts a precious balm
  Like dew from God impart.

18.

While love so overwhelmed thy days
With toils beyond compare,
Thy life mid all thy countless works
Was one unbroken prayer.

19.

'Twas prayer that multiplied thy hands,
Prayer was thy power to bless;
'Twas prayer that made thy time for thee,
'Twas prayer was thy success.

20.

So thou belongest unto all,
And all belong to thee;
And we in him Thy pity praise,
Most Holy Trinity!

# Part Fifth.

## HYMNS 90—126.

### THE SACRAMENTS, THE FAITH, AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

*

*

## 90.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

### IMITATED FROM SAINT ALPHONSO.

1.

O happy Flowers! O happy Flowers!
How quietly for hours and hours,
In dead of night, in cheerful day,
Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
Until you gently fade away.
O happy Flowers! what would I give
In your sweet place all day to live,
And then to die, my service o'er,
Softly as you do, at His door.

2.

O happy Lights! O happy Lights!
Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
How close you cluster round His throne,
Dying so meekly one by one,
As each its faithful watch has done.
Could I with you but take my turn,
And burn with love of Him, and burn
Till love had wasted me, like you,
Sweet Lights! what better could I do?

3.

O happy Pyx! O happy Pyx!
Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix.
O little palace! dear and bright,
Where He, who is the world's true light,
Spends all the day, and stays all night
Ah! if my heart could only be
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love!

4.

O Pyx, and Lights, and Flowers! but I
Through envy of you will not die;
Nay, happy things! what will you do,
Since I am better off than you,
The whole day long, the whole night through?
For Jesus gives Himself to me,
So sweetly and so utterly,
By rights long since I should have died
For love of Jesus Crucified.

5.

My happy Soul! my happy Soul!
How shall I then my love control?
O sweet Communion! Feast of bliss!
When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss,
What happiness is like to this?
Oh heaven, I think, must be alway
Quite like a First Communion Day,
With love so sweet and joy so strange,—
Only that heaven will never change!

## 91.

## THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

1.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

2.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

3.

Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4.

Yet hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5.

As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

6.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

7.

Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

8.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

9.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

10.

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for heaven,—
Then the day will come.

11.

Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

12.

When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.

---

## 92.

## FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

### FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

1.

See! the sun beyond the hill
Is dipping, dipping down
Right above that old Scotch fir,
Just like a golden crown.

2.

Children! quick, and come with me,
Handfuls of cowslips bring,
Hawthorn bright with boughs of white,
And mayflowers from the spring.

3.

Lucy has fresh shoots of thyme
From her own garden plot:
Jacob's lilac has been stripped—
A gay and goodly lot!

4.

To Saint Wilfrid's we will go,
And give them to the priest;
He must deck our Lady's shrine
To-morrow for the feast.

5.

Poor indeed the flowers we give,
But we ourselves are poor;
Payment for each gift to her
Is plentiful and sure.

6.

By the picture Lucy loves
Hail-Maries will we say,
And for him who's far at sea
Most fervently we'll pray.

7.

When I kneel in that sweet place
I cannot help but cry;
Then she seems to smile on me
Doubly through her bright eye.

8.

Quick! the cock upon the spire
Shines with his gleamy tail;
He's the last who sees the sun
In all this happy vale.

9.

God be praised, who sent the faith
To these lone fields of ours,
And God's Mother, too, who takes
Our little tithe of flowers.

---

**93.**

## FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

1.

Faith of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

4.

Faith of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

# THE SAME HYMN FOR IRELAND.

1.

Faith of our Fathers! living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
Oh! Ireland's hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er they hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
  Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
  If they, like them, could die for thee.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
  Shall keep our country fast to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
  Oh we shall prosper and be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

4.

Faith of our Fathers! we must love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

5.

Faith of our Fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But Erin's saints shall fight for us,
And keep undimmed thy blessed light.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

6.

Faith of our Fathers! distant shores
Their happy faith to Ireland owe;
Then in our home Oh shall we not
Break the dark plots against thee now?
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

7.

Faith of our Fathers! days of old
Within our hearts speak gallantly;
For ages thou hast stood by us,
Dear Faith! and we will stand by thee.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

## 94.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

1.

The thought of God, the thought of Thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art,—

2.

The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

3.

The thought of God is like the tree
Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds
Sail o'er the silent sky.

4.

'Tis like that soft invading light,
Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's sombre web
In golden pattern twines.

5.

It is a thought which ever makes
  Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
  A sunset to our fears.

6.

One while it bids the tears to flow,
  Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
  And always sanctifies.

7.

Within a thought so great, our souls
  Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
  The art of walking slow.

8.

The wild flower on the mossy ground
  Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
  Is thundering like a storm.

9.

So is it with our humbled souls
  Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
  Of the wild storms abroad.

10.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

11.

O Lord! I live always in pain,
My life's sad undersong,
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

12.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief;
A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

13.

And yet, O Lord! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

14.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will
Which are to Thee addressed;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest.

## 95.

## THE FEAR OF GOD.

1.

My fear of Thee, O Lord, exults
  Like life within my veins,
A fear which rightly claims to be
  One of love's sacred pains.

2.

Thy goodness to Thy saints of old
  An awful thing appeared;
For were Thy majesty less good
  Much less would it be feared.

3.

There is no joy the soul can meet
  Upon life's various road
Like the sweet fear that sits and shrinks
  Under the eye of God.

4.

A special joy is in all love
  For objects we revere;
Thus joy in God will always be
  Proportioned to our fear.

5.

Oh Thou art greatly to be feared,
  Thou art so prompt to bless!
The dread to miss such love as Thine
  Makes fear but love's excess.

6.

The fulness of Thy mercy seems
  To fill both land and sea;
If we can break through bounds so vast,
  How exiled shall we be!

7.

For grace is fearful, which each hour
  Our path in life has crossed;
If it were rarer, it might be
  Less easy to be lost.

8.

But fear is love, and love is fear,
  And in and out they move;
But fear is an intenser joy
  Than mere unfrightened love.

9.

When most I fear Thee, Lord! then most
  Familiar I appear;
And I am in my soul most free,
  When I am most in fear.

10.

I should not love Thee as I do,
If love might make more free;
Its very sweetness would be lost
In greater liberty.

11.

I feel Thee most a father, when
I fancy Thee most near:
And Thou comest not so nigh in love
As Thou comest, Lord! in fear.

12.

They love Thee little, if at all,
Who do not fear Thee much;
If love is Thine attraction, Lord!
Fear is Thy very touch.

13.

Love could not love Thee half so much
If it found Thee not so near;
It is Thy nearness, which makes love
The perfectness of fear.

14.

We fear because Thou art so good,
And because we can sin;
And when we make most show of love.
We are trembling most within.

15.

And, Father! when to us in heaven
Thou shalt Thy Face unveil,
Then more than ever will our souls
Before Thy goodness quail.

16.

Our blessedness will be to bear
The sight of Thee so near,
And thus eternal love will be
But the ecstasy of fear.

---

## 96.

## PEEVISHNESS.

1.

O God! that I could be with Thee,
Alone by some sea shore,
And hear Thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar.

2.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash,
The world from off my brow:
And I should feel amidst the storm
That none were near but Thou.

3.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks
Would seem to break on me:
And he who stands an outward shock
Gains inward liberty.

4.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea,
In the tempest far away.

5.

For life has grown a simple weight;
Each effort seems a fall;
And all things weary me on earth,
But good things most of all.

6.

And I am deadly sick of men,
From shame and not from pride;
My love of souls, my joy in saints,
Are blossoms that have died.

7.

It seems as if I loathed the earth,
And yet craved not for heaven,
But for another nature longed,
Not that which Thou hast given.

8.

For goodness all ignoble seems,
Ungenerous and small,
And the holy are so wearisome,
Their very virtues pall,

9.

Alas! this peevishness with good
Is want of love of God;
Unloving thoughts within distort
The look of things abroad.

10.

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song:
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,
When others seem so wrong.

11.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight:
To those, who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

12.

My God! with what surpassing love
Thou lovest all on earth,
How good the least good is to Thee,
How much each soul is worth!

13.

I seem to think if I could spend
One hour alone with Thee,
My human heart would come again
From Thy Divinity.

14.

And yet I cannot build a cell
For Thee within my heart,
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,
Where Thou most truly art.

15.

The bright examples round me seem
My dazzled eyes to hurt;
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,
They dwindle and invert.

16.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might
My fettered thoughts unbind,
And where the elements might be
Like scapegoats to my mind.

17.

Where all things round should loudly tell,
Storm, rocks, sea-birds, and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord! of Thee.

## 97.

## PREDESTINATION.

1.

Father and God! my endless doom
  Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is
  Till at Thy bar I stand.

2.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
  For me in Thy dread Will;
I in my helpless ignorance
  Must tremble and lie still.

3.

All light is darkness, when I think
  Of what may be my fate;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
  Both faith and love to wait.

4.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
  A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
  A fixed eternity:—

5.

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power:

6.

As though into some awful depths
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

7.

My fears adore Thee, O my God!
My heart is chilled with awe;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.

8.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord!
Thy Being hath no ties;
The world lies open to Thy Will,
Its victim and its prize.

9.

Father! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

10.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in Thy decrees;
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

11.

Thou mayst have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord! with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on eternity.

12.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord!
For thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father! than in my own.

13.

I worship Thee with breathless fears;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt;
The worst Thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

14.

O fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

15.

For me to do such act I know
How slight a change I need,
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.

16.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.

17.

That Thou art God is my one joy;
Whate'er Thy Will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me.

---

## 98.

## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

1.

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

4.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

5.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

6.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

7.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

8.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

9.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

10.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

11.

Workmen of God! Oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

12.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

13.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

14.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

15.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

16.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

17.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
  Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
  And bravely do thy part.

18.

God's justice is a bed, where we
  Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
  Our discontent away.

19.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin.

---

## 99.

## DESIRE OF GOD.

1.

Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God,
  For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and broad,
  Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls!

2.

Most good is the brisk wholesome service of fear,
And the calm wise obedience of conscience is sweet;
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

3.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him;
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the brim.

4.

Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest yearning,
For the beautiful pining of holy desire;
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice happy fire.

5.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with its treasure,
And the languor of love captive hearts can unfetter;
And they who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.

6.

Who can understand Jesus except by desire?
Who that pines not with love knows what Mary
loves best?
Who can come near to God with a heart not on fire?
Souls must tire upon earth who in heaven would
rest.

7.

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou
found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on
thy way?
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles un-
wound,
Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

8.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway
have trod,
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

9.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass
over;
'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to love;
'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover;
'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of the
Dove.

10.

I have seen living men—and their good angels know
How they failed and fell short through the want of desire:
Souls once almost saints have descended so low,
'Twill be much if their wings bear them over the fire.

11.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their dying
As our love would have wished,—and through lack of desire:
O that we may die languishing, burning, and sighing:
For God's last grace and best is to die all on fire.

12.

'Tis a great gift of God to live after our Lord;
Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of fire,
When fainting souls fed on each dim figured word,
And God called men He loved most—the Men of Desire.

13.

O then wish more for God, burn more with desire,
Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous Face;
Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift of fire
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of grace.

14.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul! ever pine;
Oh languish mid all that life brings thee of mirth;
Famished, thirsty, and restless,—let such life be thine,—
For what sight is to heaven, desire is to earth.

15.

God loves to be longed for, He longs to be sought,
For He sought us Himself with such longing and love:
He died for desire of us, marvellous thought!
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.

---

## 100.

## SCHOOL HYMN.

1.

O Jesus! God and Man!
For love of children once a child!
O Jesus! God and Man!
We hail Thee Saviour sweet and mild.

2.

O Jesus! God and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.

3.

O Mary! Mother Maid!
God made thee Mother of the poor!
Mary! to thee we look
To make our souls' salvation sure.

4.

O Mary! Mother dear!
Thank God, for us, for all His love;
And pray that in our faith
We all may true and steadfast prove.

5.

O Jesus! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

6.

O Jesus! bless our work,
Our Sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of Jesus live!

7.

O God, most great and good,
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who so rememberest us alway.

## 101.

## THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

1.

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

2.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

3.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:

And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

4.

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

5.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
Whenever I did better,
And He coaxed me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor;
And I always heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true.

6.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;

And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

7.

Let us do then, dearest brothers!
What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

---

## 102.

## COME TO JESUS.

1.

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2.

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

3.

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

5.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

6.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood.

7.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

8.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

9.

But we make His love too narrow
By the false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

10.

There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

11.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus;
It is something more than all;
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.

12.

Pining Souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

13.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

---

## 103.

## INVITATION TO THE MISSION.

1.

Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befals you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

3.

Ye sons of dear England, your Saviour is calling
You back to His Fold and your forefathers' faith;
Ah love Him, then, love Him; for the dark night is falling,
And the light of His love shall be with you in death.

4.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

5.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore
you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood you
have spilt.

6.

O come then to Jesus, and say how you love
Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His
grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

7.

Come, come to His feet and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

8.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me, dear children, that England's fair gardens
Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.

## THE SAME HYMN FOR IRELAND.

1.

Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befals you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

3.

Ye sons of Saint Patrick! dear children of Erin!
'Tis God that hath kept you your wonderful faith!
Ah love Him then, love Him; for the dark night is nearing,
And the light of His love shall be with you in death.

4.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter
The longer you look at the depth of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

5.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore
you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood
you have spilt.

6.

Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love
Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender em-
brace.

7.

Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His
Name.

8.

Come quickly to Jesus, and drink of His fountains,
  Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me, dear children, that Erin's green mountains
  Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.

---

## 104.

## THE WAGES OF SIN.

1.

O what are the wages of sin,
  The end of the race we have run?
We have slaved for the master we chose,
  And what is the prize we have won?

2.

We gave away all things for him,
  And in truth it was much that was given,—
The love of the angels and saints,
  And the chance of our getting to heaven.

3.

We gave away Jesus and God,
  We gave away Mary and grace,
Prayer and Confession and Mass;
  And now we have finished the race.

4.

We are worn out and weary with sin;
  Its pleasures are poor at the best;
For what we remember, not worth
  Half an hour of a conscience at rest.

5.

For sin in the hand is not like
  The bright thing it looked to the eye;
Its taste is still worse than its touch;
  Yet we swallow the poison and die.

6.

Oh fools that we were! can we now
  Break off the bad bargain we made?
And is there a way to get back
  The rash price we already have paid?

7.

Oh yes! we have got but to send
  One word or one sigh up to heaven!
The mischief will all be undone,
  And the past be completely forgiven.

8.

Jesus is just what He was,
  On the Cross, as we left Him before,
All gentleness, mercy, and love,
  Nay, His love and His mercy look more.

9.

We will back with our hearts in our hands,
For the heart is His one only fee:
Forgive us, dear Jesus, forgive,
All we want is forgiveness from Thee.

---

## 105.

## A GOOD CONFESSION.

1.

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.

2.

There was nought in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was nought half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

3.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;
When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

4.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

5.

But the word had gone forth, and said, Let there be light,
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart;
One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

6.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

7.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died!
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding tide,
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

8.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear Precious Blood,
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory, and sinners go free.

---

## 106.

## THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

1.

My God! who art nothing but mercy and kindness,
Ah shut not Thine ear to the penitent's prayer;
'Tis Thy grace that hath cured me, dear Lord, of my blindness,
Thy love that hath lifted me up from despair.

2.

Oh cruel, most cruel! the bondage of evil
That hath kept me so fast, and hath held me so low;
And fearful the hold, the strong hold of the devil,
And the keen bitter fires of the long hopeless woe.

3.

But, O God! by Thy mercy my mind is enlightened;
I feel a new purpose burn strong in my heart;
I come to Thee now like a child scared and frightened,
And I cling to thy love, and will never depart.

4.

There is not one evil that sin hath not brought me,
There is not one good that hath come in its train;
It hath cursed me through life, and its sorrows have sought me,
Each day that went by, in want, sickness, or pain.

5.

And then, when this life of affliction is ended,
What a home for my weary heart did it prepare?
The anger of Him whom my sins had offended,
And the night, the sick night of eternal despair.

6.

Yes! death would have come, and its angel have torn me
By force to the judgment where hope could not be;
And the spirit of darkness from thence would have borne me
To unspeakable woes in his wide burning sea.

7.

Where the worms and the wails and the lashes
cease never,
My poor ruined soul would have sickened of
fire,
And I should be tortured for ever and ever,
But the pains of eternity never would tire.

8.

The corn-field all trampled to mud by the cattle,
The house whose scorched walls have been
blackened by fire,—
Ah! such was my soul when the desolate battle
Of sin raged within it, and sinful desire.

9.

But away, mortal sin! by the help of my God,
From thy false poisoned fruits I will firmly re-
frain;
I have vowed, mortal sin! I have manfully vowed,
I will touch thee not, taste thee not ever again.

10.

I abjure the dark spirit who fondles yet hates
me,
I abjure mortal sin, the black gift he hath
given;
I hate it for fear of the fire that awaits me,
I hate it for hope of God's beautiful heaven.

11.

I hate it because the dear Lord that would ease us
Sweated blood when He thought of the horror
of sin;
I hate it because it hath crucified Jesus,
Who hath done all He can the worst sinners to
win.

12.

And I swear to Thee—yes, dearest Jesus! Oh let me,
In the strength of Thy grace, swear an oath unto
Thee,
No sin! never more! if Thou wilt not forget me,
But in Thy sweet mercy have mercy on me.

---

## 107.

## CONVERSION.

1.

O Faith! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.

2.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

3.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

4.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

5.

O gift of gifts! O grace of Faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

6.

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

7.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

8.

Ah grace! into unlikeliest hearts
  It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
  In darkest spots a home.

9.

How can they live, how will they die,
  How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
  The courage of belief?

10.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
  Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
  When faith shines full and bright.

11.

Oh happy, happy that I am!
  If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
  What wilt thou be in death?

12.

Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
  I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
  And grace to merit more.

## 108.

### THE WORK OF GRACE.

1.

How the light of heaven is stealing,
Gently o'er the trembling soul;
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

2.

Fairer than the pearly morning
Comes the softly struggling ray:
Ah, it is the very dawning
That precedes eternal day.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

3.

See the tears, the blessed trouble,
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles!
How the guilt of sin seems double,
And how plain are Satan's wiles!
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

4.

Now the light is growing brighter,
Fear of hell, and hate of sin;
Another flash! the heart is lighter;
Love of God hath entered in.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

5.

Now upon the favorite passion
Falls a steady ray of grace;
And the lights of world and fashion
In the new light fade apace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

6.

What was sweet hath now grown bitter,
What was bitter passing sweet;
Even penance now seems fitter
Than the poor world's idle treat
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

7.

See! more light! the spirit tingles
With contrition's piercing dart;—
More,—and love divinely mingles
Ease and gladness with the smart.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

8.

Free! free! the joyous light of heaven
Comes with full and fair release;—
O God, what light! all sin forgiven,
Jesus, Mary, love, and peace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

---

## 109.

## FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

1.

Oh do you hear that voice from heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven?
No angel hath a voice like this;
Not even Mary's song of bliss
From off her throne can waft to earth
A promise of such priceless worth.

2.

Again the music comes from heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.
Softly on every wind that blows
Through the wide earth the promise goes,
Absolving sin and opening heaven,
For we forgive and are forgiven.

3.

Yes, we, dear Lord! Thy voice can tell;
That gentle voice, we know it well;
Yet never was it sweet and clear
As now when we this promise hear,—
Poor souls! who sadly doubt of heaven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

4.

Sweet Faith! and can this pledge be true?
And is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee.
Why should not all men go to heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven.

5.

Thine offers, earth! to this are dull,—
Full mercy to the merciful:—
O joy to every soul that lives!
Such beautiful bright words He gives,
Whose royal promise cheapens heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

6.

Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord!
See how we take Thee at Thy word:
Oh as we hope with Thee to live,
So from our hearts do we forgive;
And from this hour we do not know
The thought, the thing men mean by foe.

7.

Yes! saved and saints we all will be;
All of us, Lord! will come to Thee;
Dear heaven! the work for thee is done,—
How easily, how sweetly won!
Yes! thou art ours, eternal heaven!
For we forgave, and are forgiven.

---

## 110.

## THE WORLD.

1.

O Jesus! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

2.

And yet I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

3.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more To-day can sacrifice.

4.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful,
And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet,
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

5.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties?

6.

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose;
Known voices are as David's harp
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

7.

And yet, bright World! thou art not wise;
Oh no! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

8.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
I might have been thy servant still;
But slighted love and broken faith,
Poor world! these are beyond thy skill.

9.

Oh bless thee, bless thee, treacherous world!
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into the fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

10.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord!
This world hath had Thy rightful place;
But come, dear jealous King of love!
Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

11.

Banish far from me all I love,
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

12.

Take all the light away from earth,
Take all that men can love from me;
Let all I lean upon give way,
That I may lean on nought but Thee.

## III.

## THE END OF MAN.

1.

I come to Thee, once more, my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.

2.

Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

3.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

4.

Then honor and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath?

5.

The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile;
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile.

6.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.

7.

And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,
No harbor short of Thee.

8.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for Thyself alone;
Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more Thine own.

## 112.

## THE REMEMBRANCE OF MERCY.

1.

Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God?
And what is this dulness that hangs o'er thee now?
Sing the praises of Jesus, and sing them aloud,
And the song shall dispel the dark cloud from thy brow.

2.

For is there a thought in the wide world so sweet,
As that God has so cared for us, bad as we are,
That He thinks of us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?

3.

Then how can the heart e'er be drooping or sad,
Which God hath once touched with the light of His grace?
Can the child have a doubt who but lately hath laid
Himself to repose in his father's embrace?

4.

And is it not wonderful, servant of God!
That He should have honored us so with His love,
That the sorrows of life should but shorten the road
Which leads to Himself and the mansion above?

5.

Oh then when the spirit of darkness comes down
With clouds and uncertainties into thy heart,
One look to thy Saviour, one thought of thy crown,
And the tempest is over, the shadows depart.

6.

That God hath once whispered a word in thine ear,
Or sent thee from heaven one sorrow for sin,
Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,
And to turn into peace all the troubles within.

7.

The schoolmen can teach thee far less about heaven,
Of the height of God's power, or the depth of His love,
Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was forgiven,
Or the light that one mercy brings down from above.

8.

Then why dost thou weep so? For see how time flies,
The time that for loving and praising was given!
Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red eyes
In the lap, the kind lap, of thy Father in heaven.

## 113.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH TO HEAVEN.

1.

Blest is the Faith, divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song,
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.
Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden!

2.

Blest is the Hope that holds to God
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road,
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.
Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden!

3.

Blest is the Love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest;
Whose raptures thrill like saints' above,
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden!

4.

Blest is the Penance that believes
That charity turns hell to heaven,
Counts its dark sins, and, while it grieves,
Hopes with meek hope to be forgiven.
Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden!

5.

Blest is the Time that in the eye
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,
And grows into eternity,
Like noiseless trees, when men are sleeping.
Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden!

6.

Blest is the Death that good men die,
Solemn, self-doubting, firm, and wary,
Trusting to God its destiny,
And leaning for its hour on Mary.

Oh Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother Maiden!

---

## 114.

## FIGHT FOR SION.

Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

### 1.

Now first for thee, thou wicked world,
Puffed up with godless pomp and pageant;
Avenging grace to humble thee
Can make the weakest arm its agent.
Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

2.

And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years
The Bride of Christ in vain tormenting,
Shalt find our hate and scorn of thee
Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.
Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

3.

Ah self! so oft forgiven, thou
Canst play no part but that of traitor;
We spare thy life; but thou must bear
The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.
Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

4.

But worse than devil, flesh, or world,
Human respect, like poison creeping,
Chills and unnerves the hosts of Christ,
When weary war-worn hearts are sleeping.

Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

5.

Like lions roaring for their prey,
Armies of foes are round us trooping:
What then? see! countless angels come
To heal the hurt, to raise the drooping.
Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

6.

Then bravely, comrades, to the fight,
With shout and song each other cheering;
Strength not our own from heaven descends,
The sun breaks out, the clouds are clearing.
Christians! to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the Right,
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

7.

On to the gates of Sion, on!
  Break through the foe with fresh endeavor;
We'll hang our colors up in heaven,
  When peace shall be proclaimed for ever.
    Christians! to the war!
    Gather from afar!
      Hark! hark! the word is given;
    Jesus bids us fight
    "For God and the Right,
    And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

---

**115.**

## PERFECTION.

1.

Oh how the thought of God attracts
  And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
  And dissipating mirth!

2.

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
  To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
  To more sublime desires.

3.

God only is the creature's home,
  Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
  The love that longs for God.

4.

Oh utter but the Name of God
  Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
  All tempting light departs.

5.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
  Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
  Is there less power in love?

6.

How little of that road, my soul!
  How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
  Allure thee further on.

7.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
  The Christian's daily task,—
Oh these are graces far below
  What longing love would ask!

8.

Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus; His sweet Blood,
How was it dealt to thee?

9.

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

10.

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

11.

Yet none of these perfection needs:—
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

12.

Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss:
And go where grace entices thee;—
Perfection lies in this.

13.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

---

116.

## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

1.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

2.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

3.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

4.

Had God in heaven no work to do
  But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self,
  And in His own infinity?

5.

So must it seem to our blind eyes:
  He gave His love no sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
  And new designs to make them blest.

6.

From out His glorious Bosom came
  His only, His Eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
  And with His Blood sin's captives won.

7.

The world rose up against His love:
  New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
  Its guilt to pardon and forget.

8.

For His Eternal Spirit came
  To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
  To crown His own elected ones.

9.

Men spurned His grace; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave;
They grieved that blessed Comforter
And turned against Him what He gave.

10.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

11.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

12.

The Son hath come; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

13.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

14.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee,
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity!

15.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

16.

What hast thou done for God my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

---

## 117.

## TRUE LOVE.

1.

Think well how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

3.

His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

4.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
Helpless as babe can be;
His love seems very foolishness
For its simplicity.

5.

The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

6.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

7.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

8.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

9.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part;
They dream not of the ways he has
Of getting at the heart.

10.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near;
They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts out fear.

11.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

12.

Would that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss!

13.

Would that they knew what faith can work,
What Sacraments can do,
What simple love is like, on fire
In hearts absolved and true!

14.

They cannot tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take.

15.

Poor souls! they know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

16.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace?

17.

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No written vent in books.

18.

They would not speak in measured tones,
If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.

19.

They would have smiled in harmless ways
To ease their fevered heart,
And learned with other simple souls
To play love's crafty part,

20.

They would have run away from God
For their own vileness' sake,
And feared lest some interior light
From tell-tale eyes should break.

21.

They know not how the outward smile
The inward awe can prove;
They fathom not the creature's fear
Of Uncreated Love.

22.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.

23.

They love not; for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem:
They fear not; for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them.

---

## 118.

## SELF-LOVE.

"Christ did not please Himself."—*Romans*, xv, 3.

1.

Oh I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

2.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

3.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

4.

In youth or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
And its waters flow for ever.

5.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of self's hateful sight;
And it keeps step, whene'er we travel slowly,
And sleeps with us at night.

6.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing
Self and the soul can sever:
The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,
Soon freezes worse than ever.

7.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched swathing
Not letting virtue swell;
Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever bathing
Within this frozen well.

8.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
  Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
  The goal in every race.

9.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
  Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
  Of God's exclusive right!

10.

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
  Deep in my nature lying;
For I may hardly hope, alas! to kill thee,
  Save by the act of dying.

11.

O Lord! that I could waste my life for others,
  With no ends of my own,
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
  And live for them alone!

12.

Such was the life Thou livedst; self-abjuring,
  Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
  A life without self-pleasing!

## 119.

## HARSH JUDGMENTS.

1.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

2.

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

3.

Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4.

I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest Thee,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me.

5.

And of all truths no other truth
So true as this one seems;
While others' faults, that plainest were,
Grow indistinct as dreams.

6.

All men look good except ourselves,
All but ourselves are great:
The rays, that make our sins so clear,
Their faults obliterate.

7.

Things, that appear undoubted sins,
Wear little crowns of light;
Their dark, remaining darkness still,
Shames and outshines our bright.

8.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

9.

Now better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

10.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height
  Enables Thee to stoop,
Whose holiness bends undefiled
  To handle hearts that droop.

11.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye
  Men's least attempts approving;
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
  Omniscience makes all-loving.

12.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
  Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
  But sunshine to my heart.

13.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
  More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving Heart,
  More sunshine from Thy Face!

14.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
  We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
  Only the poison find.

15.

We paint from self the evil things
We think that others are;
While to the self-despising soul
All things but self are fair.

16.

Yes, they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

17.

A bright horizon out at sea
Obscures the distant ships;
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
In charity's eclipse.

18.

Love's changeful mood our neighbor's faults
O'erwhelms with burning ray,
And in excess of splendor hides
What is not burned away.

19.

Again, with truth like God's, it shades
Harsh things with untrue light,
Like moons that make a fairy-land
Of fallow fields at night.

20.

Then mercy, Lord! more mercy still!
  Make me all light within,
Self-hating and compassionate,
  And blind to others' sin.

21.

I need Thy mercy for my sin;
  But more than this I need,—
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
  For others' sin to bleed.

22.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
  'Tis but one step to heaven:
When I am kind to others, then
  I know myself forgiven.

23.

Would that my soul might be a world
  Of golden ether bright,
A heaven where other souls might float,
  Like all Thy worlds, in light.

24.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
  All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
  Fountain and fire in me!

## 120.

## DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

1.

Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

2.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

3.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

4.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
In one bewitching strife.

5.

My very flesh has restless fits;
  My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
  My inner self to tire.

6.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou knowst
  The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
  Thus torn away from Thee.

7.

Sweet Jesus! teach me how to prize
  These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before Thy Face,
  In helpless worship lie.

8.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
  Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
  At his Creator's Feet.

9.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
  O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
  Each joy as it came near.

10.

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
  But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
  A truer liberty.

11.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
  In weak distracted prayer:
A sinner out of heart with self
  Most often finds Thee there.

12.

For prayer that humbles sets the soul
  From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
  Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

13.

The heart, that on self-sacrifice
  Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
  Its prayer its punishment.

14.

My Saviour! why should I complain,
  And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
  Thy peace dwells far within.

15.

These surface-troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.

---

## 121.

## SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

1.

Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart!
Thy throbbing heat to swage?

2.

What spell is this come over thee,
My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
That start into mine eyes?

3.

How are my passions laid to sleep,
How easy penance seems,
And how the bright world fades away—
Oh are they all but dreams?

4.

How great, how good does God appear,
How dear our holy faith,
How tasteless life's best joys have grown,
How I could welcome death!

5.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee nestling now.

6.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;
But, dear and gentle Dove!
O wherefore hast Thou lit on me
That so repays Thy love?

7.

Would that Thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
With Thy sweet mastery.

8.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

9.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.

10.

My heart, sweet Dove! I'll lend to Thee
To mourn with at Thy will;
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try
On sinners' souls Thy skill.

11.

How silver-like Thy plumage is,
Thy voice how grave, how gay!
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!
Then promise me to stay.

12.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
And let it be Thy nest.

## 122.

## DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

1.

Oh for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

2.

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

3.

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

4.

What can have locked those fountains up?
Those visions what hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

5.

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
  Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
  That come without command,—

6.

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
  That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
  At Thy most blessed Name,—

7.

The weariness of prayer, the mist
  O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
  The feast of angels' Bread,—

8.

The torment of unsettled thoughts
  That cannot fix on Thee,
And in the dread confessional
  Hard, cold fidelity:—

9.

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord!
  If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
  The bitter chalice fill.

10.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

11.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

12.

For when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

13.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

14.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

15.

So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

16.

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

17.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Can I not serve Thee now for nought,
And only as my God?

18.

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dear Supremacy!

## 123.

## THE PAIN OF LOVE.

1.

Jesus! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

2.

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

3.

But Thou art God, and knowest all;
Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

4.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles!
Now give me tears to weep; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

5.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
  Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
  And lays them at my door.

6.

The more I love Thee, Lord! the more
  I hate my own cold heart;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
  The more I feel the smart.

7.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord!
  Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
  Where Thou canst never see?

8.

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
  To me might not be given?
Ah no! love must be pain on earth,
  If it be bliss in heaven.

## 124.

## LOW SPIRITS.

1.

Fever, and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

2.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

3.

The light and air are dulled with smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

4.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

5.

A weary actor, I would fain
  Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
  Lies heavy on my heart.

6.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work,
  As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
  And the dull mood be o'er.

7.

The very thinking of the thought,
  Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
  And marvellous strength to bear.

8.

Oh there is music in that thought
  Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening-time
  Most musically rung.

9.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
  Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
  Of the Eternal God.

10.

It is not of His wondrous works,
Nor even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

11.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

12.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

13.

I bless Thee, Lord! for this kind check
To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee.

## 125.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

1.

Once in the simple thought of God
My old repose I sought,
But lo! the well-known peace was now
No longer in that thought.

2.

My spirit fluttered here and there,
Beset with nameless fears;
My eyes with very dryness burned,
While my heart shed inward tears.

3.

I was as one who cannot sleep
Upon a bed of pain,
Too restless to be still and bear,
Too peevish to complain.

4.

Then suddenly a silent gloom
Like a web was round me spun,
As grateful as a sudden shade
After a scorching sun.

5.

The darkness grew, and, as it grew
More dark, it grew more still;
And something dawned, less in my mind
Than deep within my will.

6.

In that dark dawn, confused yet plain,
I thought that I could see,
In radiant indistinctness clad,
The Holy Trinity.

7.

My soul lay at the door of death,
Anguish and dread within;
For all I had and all I was
Seemed nothing then but sin.

8.

How I could speak I cannot tell,
How I could dare to pray
Seemed wonderful; and yet my heart
To Jesus dared to say:—

9.

Shew me the Father's Face, O Lord,
This was my venturous cry,
And close before me, as I prayed,
Methought Some One passed by.

10.

And yet He was not One but Three,
Oh how fatherly He seemed!
A mercy half so merciful
I never could have dreamed.

11.

The space of one swift lightning's flash
Was the Majesty outspread;
Then the angel's songs the silence broke,
And the glorious darkness fled.

12.

Deep in Thine own immensity
Thyself Thou hidest, Lord!
There always speaking to Thyself
Thine Uncreated Word.

13.

Thy Wisdom, like a sea on fire,
Is one with Thee in bliss;
His unborn loveliness is Thine,
Thine unborn glory His.

14.

Thou and Thy Word perforce must breathe
One equal Breath of love,
A Breath that is being ever breathed,
One coeternal Dove.

15.

Yet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Into one Father run,
A Father in Their Unity,
A Trinity in One.

16.

Father! all we that toil on earth
One day at rest shall be;—
Thou art our haven and our home,
O dearest Trinity!

---

## 126.

## DIVINE FAVORS.

1.

Is this returning life that thrills
So sensibly in all my veins?
Can this be heavenly joy that fills
My soul with such mysterious pains?

2.

I see but indistinctly yet
Forms growing like to what I knew;
One sun is rising, one is set,
But which of those two suns is true?

3.

Within my soul there hath been strife;
I hear retreating voices rave;
This stirring in me must be life,
But life on which side of the grave?

4.

Blue sky, green earth, my well-known room!
I waken up to all the past;
But what a look of cheerless gloom
That inward light o'er all hath cast!

5.

O Lord! what hast Thou done to me?
What marks are these my spirit bears?
Why didst Thou come so frighteningly,
Why take me, Lord! so unawares?

6.

I felt Thy touch; self died,—alas!
Only a momentary death;
Ah me! how quickly Thou didst pass—
Within the breathing of a breath!

7.

No revelation did unfold
New secrets to my quickened eye;
No vision on my sight enrolled
Its hieroglyphic pageantry.

8.

I feel no wish to do great things,
  Nor is my weakness fortified;
Only, within are murmurings,
  Beginning softly to subside.

9.

But in that momentary sleep
  One work within me hath been done;
For somehow I have sunk more deep,
  Farther into my soul hath gone.

10.

Thy touch hath made me sensitive;
  I long to burrow out of sight;
My shame, selfseen, abhors to live,
  Humbled by such excess of light.

11.

There have been times when sense of sin
  Hath laid my spirits very low;
Yet this sharp light went deeper in;
  I never yet was humbled so.

*

# Part Sixth.

---

## HYMNS 127—133.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*

## 127.

## THE UNBELIEVING WORLD.

1.

O Lord! when I look o'er the wide-spreading world,
How lovely and yet how unhappy it seems,
How full of realities, pure and divine,
Yet how bent on unworshipful dreams!

2.

My heart swells within me with thankfulest joy
For the faith which to me Thou hast given;
For in all Thine amazing abundance of gifts,
Thou hast no better gift short of heaven.

3.

There was darkness in Egypt while Israel had sun,
And the songs in the corn fields of Gessen were gay,
And the chosen that dwelt mid the heathen moved on,
Each threading the gloom with his own private day.

4.

Ah! so is it now with the Church of Thy choice;
Her lands lie in light which to worldlings seems dim;
And each child of that Church, who must live in dark realms,
Has a sun o'er his head which is only for him.

5.

Yet it grieves me too, Lord! that so many should
wander,
Should see nought before them but desolate night,
That men should be walled in with darkness around
them,
When within and without there is nothing but
light.

6.

But still more I grieve for Thy glory, O Lord!
That the world should be only an Egypt for Thee,
That the bondsmen of error should boast of their
chains,
And scoff at the love that would fain set them
free.

7.

Ah Lord! they must learn that their light is but
darkness;
They must come to believe that our darkness is
light;
They, who think they see far, must acknowledge
their blindness,
And come to Thy Church to recover their sight.

8.

But we who have light, we must make our light
brighter,
And thus show our love to Thee, Lord! for Thy
gift;
The faith Thou hast sent us our love can make
greater,
And almost to sight our believing can lift.

9.

Faith is sweetest of worships to Him who so loves
His unbearable splendors in darkness to hide;
And to trust to Thy word, dearest Lord! is true love,
For those prayers are most granted which seem most denied.

10.

Oh why hast Thou made then faith's field all so narrow,
Nor multiplied objects for childlike belief;
For faith, though it is such a beautiful worship,
Is but earth's span of heaven, too fleeting and brief.

11.

Thou hast dealt better measure to hope than to faith;
Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes, Lord! for Thee;
Nought is lacking to love which has fastened on God;
It is love lost in love like a drop in the sea.

12.

But faith throws her arms around all Thou hast told her,
And, able to hold as much more, can but grieve;
She could hold Thy grand Self, Lord! if Thou wouldst reveal it,
And love makes her long to have more to believe.

## 128.

## THE OLD LABORER.

1.

What end doth he fulfill?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!
He hath let the years pass;
He hath toiled, and heard Mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

2.

And this forsooth is all!
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he:
Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

3.

What doth God get from him?
His very mind is dim,
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing like person dear?

4.

Peace! he is dying now;
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so,—
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

5.

Born only to endure,
The patient passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep;
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

6.

This laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him;
He told in no man's ear
His longing, love or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

7.

He had so long been old.
His heart was close and cold;
He had no love to take, no love to give:
Men almost wished him dead;
'Twas best for him, they said;
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

8.

He walked with painful stoop,
As if life made him droop,
And care had fastened fetters round his feet;
He saw no bright blue sky,
Except what met his eye
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

9.

To whom was he of good?
He slept and he took food,
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire:
He bore to take relief,
Less as a right than grief;—
To what might such a soul as his aspire?

10.

His inexpressive eye
Peered round him vacantly,
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden;
He seemed a mere growth of earth;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

11.

Alway his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking;
For his one thought was God,
In that one thought he abode,
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.

12.

Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

13.

God judges by a light,
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won:
In His vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.

---

## 129.

## THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

1.

Alas! o'er Erin's lessening shores
The flush of day is fading,
And coldly round us ocean roars,
The exiled heart upbraiding.
It tells of those whose pining love
Must cross the seas to find us,
And of the dead at peace above,
Whose graves we leave behind us,

2.

Ah! we shall meet no green like thine,
Erin! where we are going:
No waters to our eyes can shine
Like Shannon proudly flowing;
No sea-bays we can love so well
As that round Cove extending,
No fragrance like the peat-fire's smell
In evening's calm ascending.

3.

Poor heart! God knows how sore and long
The fight hath been within it;
The battle lies not with the strong,
Or our love of home might win it:
We could not bear from wife's dear eyes
Each day to miss the shining,
As oft she strove to hush the cries
Of babes in famine pining.

4.

The very joy of all this earth,
The blessed name of Jesus,
They turned what was our holiest mirth
To Satan's snare to tease us.
He sent his troops, with food in hand,
To their false faith to woo us;
To take the blessing from our land,
And eternally undo us.

5.

'Twas hard to watch the wasting child,
Nor take the bribe thus given;
Ah, me! a father's heart gone wild,
For earth might barter heaven:
The men of stone, they watched their hour,
Darkness and light were striving;
But Jesus tempered hunger's power,
We conquered and are living.

6.

And now into that sunset far
Across the western waters,
Freedom of faith and plenty's star
Lead Erin's sons and daughters.
Dear friends at home! whene'er ye grieve,
Prayer o'er the sea can find us,
And to our native land we leave
Blessing and love behind us.

---

## 130.

## MUSIC.

1.

That music breathes all through my spirit,
As the breezes blow through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

2.

New passions are wakened within me,
  New passions that have not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
  Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

3.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
  Which make my life broaden and swell;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
  And I see the invisible.

4.

Oh silence that clarion in mercy,—
  For it carries my soul away;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
  Like the leaves on an autumn day.

5.

O exquisite tyranny! silence,—
  My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
  To a dread unvisited land.

6.

Is it sound, or fragrance, or vision?
  Vocal light wavering down from above?
Past prayer and past praise I am floating
  Down the rapids of speechless love.

7.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered:
Within me the Past is awake;
The Present is grandly transfigured;
The Future is clear as day-break.

8.

Now Past, Present, Future have mingled
A new sort of Present to make;
And my life is all disembodied,
Without time, without space, without break.

9.

But my soul seems floating for ever
In an orb of ravishing sounds,
Through faint-falling echoes of heavens
Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

10.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,
The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

11.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,
My soul has a storm in its bowers,
Like the thunder among the mountains,
Like the wind in the abbey towers.

12.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
  In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble,—they touch us so lightly,
  Like the feathers from angels' wings.

13.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
  That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
  Under water or under ground.

14.

That clarion again! through what valleys
  Of deep inward life did it roll,
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet
  Right down in the caves of my soul?

15.

My mind is bewildered with echoes,—
  Not all from the sweet sounds without;
But spirits are answering spirits
  In a beautiful muffled shout.

16.

Oh cease then, wild Horns! I am fainting;
  If ye wail so, my heart will break;
Some one speaks to me in your speaking
  In a language I cannot speak.

17.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,
How native, how household they are;
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
The dead and the angels, speak there.

18.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceful land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.

19.

Or is music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the Undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

20.

O music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are.

21.

There is in thee another worship,
An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
If it could be a voice, were thine.

22.

Thou art fugitive splendors made vocal,
As they glanced from that shining sea,
Where the Vision is visible music,
Making music of spirits who see.

23.

Thou, Lord! art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them silently.

24.

But I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in heaven can be,
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee.

---

## 131.

### THE STARRY SKIES.

1.

The starry skies, they rest my soul,
Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
Refresh my sultry mind.

2.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright dissevered worlds,
As safe as in a nest.

3.

And oft I think the starry sprays
Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o'er
New gulfs of purple night.

4.

Yes, something draws me upward there
As morning draws the lark;
Only my spell, whate'er it is,
Works better in the dark.

5.

It is as if a home was there,
To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
By a mysterious yearning.

6.

It seems as if no actual space
Could hold it in its bond;
Thought climbs its highest, still it is
Always beyond, beyond.

7.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh
And full its tide of mirth;
No glorious change we can conceive
Would make a home of earth.

8.

But God alone can be a home;
And His sweet Vision lies
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,
Beyond the starry skies.

9.

So, as if waiting for a voice,
Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
Out of their silent sky.

10.

How have I erred! God is my home,
And God Himself is here;
Why have I looked so far for Him
Who is nowhere but near?

11.

Oh not in distant starry skies,
In vastness not abroad,
But everywhere in His whole Self
Abides the whole of God.

12.

In golden presence not diffused,
Not in vague fields of bliss,
But whole in every present point
The Godhead simply is.

13.

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er
My pilgrimage may be,
Thou, Lord! wilt be a ready home
Always at hand for me.

14.

I spake: but God was nowhere seen;
Was His love too tired to wait?
Ah no! my own unsimple love
Hath often made me late.

15.

How often things already won
It urges me to win,
How often makes me look outside
For that which is within!

16.

Our souls go too much out of self
Into ways dark and dim:
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,
Than we who seek for Him.

17.

Yet surely through my tears I saw
God softly drawing near;
How came He without sight or sound
So soon to disappear?

18.

God was not gone: but He so longed
His sweetness to impart,
He too was seeking for a home,
And found it in my heart.

19.

Twice had I erred: a distant God
Was what I could not bear;
Sorrows and cares were at my side;
I longed to have Him there.

20.

But God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within: our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

21.

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

22.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary.

---

## 132.

## THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

1.

I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain;
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

2.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

3.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

4.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

5.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

6.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

7.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

8.

The winds can never sing but they must wail;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

9.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

10.

Inanimate things can rise into despair;
And, when the thunders bellow in the air,
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,
Like dying monsters in their agony.

11.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan:
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

12.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land, like an oppression lies.

13.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

14.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

15.

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it yields.

16.

O God! the fountain of perennial gladness!
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

17.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but moans?
Father! canst Thou find melody in groans?
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this?

18.

Ah me! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant Mind!

19.

Alas! of all this sorrow there is need;
For us earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed:
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

20.

Yes! it is well for us: from these alarms,
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

21.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude;
We dare not live in nature's solitude;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold?

22.

Oh it is well for us: with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance:
Seek where we will,—Father! we see it now,—
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou!

## 133.

## AUTUMN.

1.

Autumn once more begins to teach;
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach
And with the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.
The day is of a paler hue,
The night is of a darker blue,
Just as it was a year ago;
For time runs fast, but grace is slow!

2.

Life glides away in many a bend,
In chapters which begin and end;
Each has its trial, each its grace,
Each in life's whole its proper place.
Life has its joinings and its breaks,
But each transition swiftly takes
Us nearer to or further from
The threshold of our heavenly home.

3.

Years pass away; new crosses come;
Past sorrow is a sort of home,
An exile's home, and only lent
For needful rest in banishment.
It narrows life, and walls it in,
And shuts the door on many a sin;
'Tis almost like a calm fireside,
Where humbled hearts are fain to bide.

4.

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loth
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

5.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I know not, yet one change hath come,—
The world feels less and less a home.

6.

My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord! to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

*

# Part Seventh.

## HYMNS 134—150.

### THE LAST THINGS.

*

## 134.

# THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

1.

Oh it is sweet to think,
  Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
  To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
  Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
  In hearts that love is filling.

2.

Yet not as in the days
  Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
  From light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines
  Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
  His dearly ransomed creatures.

3.

Yes, they are more our own,
  Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
  Has left our heart less lonely.

He mourns not seasons fled,
  Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
  In their dear Lord's caresses.

4.

Dear dead! they have become
  Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
  Through them begins to woo us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
  Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
  That multiply our graces.

5.

They whom we love on earth
  Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
  Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
  Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
  Full many a chain that bound us.

6.

O dearest dead! to heaven
  With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him—be doubts forgiven!
  Who took you there to save you:—

Now get us grace to love
  Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
  And trust to God more blindly.

---

## 135.

## THE ETERNAL YEARS.

### 1.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
  So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
  Upon the Eternal years.

### 2.

Austerity is little help,
  Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
  Of the Eternal Years.

### 3.

Set hours and written rule are good,
  Long prayer can lay our fears:
But it is better calm for thee,
  To count the Eternal Years.

4.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears:
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

5.

Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

6.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee,
To face the Eternal Years.

7.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

8.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

9.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

10.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

11.

One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

12.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
Time flies, and judgment nears;
Go! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

13.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

14.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,
  Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears;
Such prison-house thine heart will make
  Free of the Eternal Years.

15.

A single practice long sustained
  A soul to God endears:
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
  Of the Eternal Years.

16.

He practises all virtue well,
  Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
  Of the Eternal Years.

---

## 136.

## AFTER A DEATH.

1.

The grief that was delayed so long,
  O Lord! hath come at last;
Blest be Thy Name for present pain,
  And for the weary past!

2.

Yet, Father! I have looked so long
Upon the coming grief,
That what should grieve my heart the most
Seems almost like relief.

3.

Alas! then, did I love the dead
As well as he loved me?
Or have I sought myself alone
Rather than him, or Thee?

4.

To fear is harder than to weep,
To watch than to endure;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is a grief that is not sure.

5.

As on a watchtower did I stand,
Like one that looks in fear,
And sees an overwhelming host
O'er hill and dale draw near.

6.

The bitterness each day brought forth
Was more than I could bear,
And hope's uncertainty was worse
Than positive despair.

7.

I grew more unprepared for grief
  Which had so long been stayed;
The blow seemed more impossible
  The more it was delayed.

8.

Yes! the most sudden of our griefs
  Are those which travel slow;
The longer warning that it gives
  The deeper is the woe.

9.

To look a sorrow in the face
  False magnitude imparts;
All sorrows look immensely large
  Unto our little hearts.

10.

But to look long upon a grief,
  Which is so long in sight,
Unmans the heart more terribly
  Than a sudden death at night.

11.

A swift and unexpected blow,
  If hard to bear, is brief;
But oh! it is less sudden far
  Than a quiet creeping grief.

12.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,
Each worse than those before;
Our own griefs always greater griefs
Than those our fathers bore.

13.

The griefs we have to bear alone,
The griefs that we can share,
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,—
Which are the worst to bear?

14.

Yet all are less than our deserts;
Within our grace they lie;
The sorrows we exaggerate
We cannot sanctify.

15.

Dear Lord! in all our loneliest pains
Thou hast the largest share,
And that which is unbearable
'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.

16.

How merciful Thine anger is,
How tender it can be,
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come direct from Thee!

17.

Years fly, O Lord! and every year
  More desolate I grow;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
  Love after love lies low.

18.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,
  Old places left unfilled,
And young lives quenched before the old,
  And the love of old hearts chilled:

19.

Dear voices and dear faces missed,
  Sweet households overthrown,
And what is left more sad to see
  Than the sight of what has gone.

20.

All this is to be sanctified,
  This rupture with the past;
For thus we die before our deaths,
  And so die well at last.

## 137.

## THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

1.

Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

2.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

3.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

4.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

5.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

6.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

7.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

---

## 138.

## WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

1.

I wish to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.

2.

And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse:
But, Lord! I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose.

3.

Why should I choose? for in Thy love
Most surely I descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

4.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy love,
And to Thy wiser care.

5.

Triumphant death I would not ask,
Rather would deprecate;
For dying souls deceive themselves
Soonest when most elate.

6.

All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorbed in one,—
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.

7.

All Sacraments and church-blest things
I fain would have around,
A priest beside me, and the hope
Of consecrated ground.

8.

But, most of all, Thy Mother, Lord!
I long to have with me,
With all her nameless offices
Around my bed to be.

9.

I would the light of reason, Lord!
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul
Until it passed to Thine.

10.

And I would pass in silence, Lord!
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.

11.

But when, and where, and by what pain,—
All this is one to me:
I only long for such a death
As most shall honor Thee.

12.

Long life dismays me, by the sense
  Of my own weakness scared:
And by Thy grace a sudden death
  Need not be unprepared.

13.

One wish is hard to be unwished,—
  That I at last might die
Of grief for having wronged with sin
  Thy spotless Majesty.

---

## 139.

## THE PATHS OF DEATH.

1.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
  Ever from toil to rest.

2.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  Back to our own dear dead,
Into that land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes;
  'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

3.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
  Into a land of peace.

4.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  Thy new restores our lost;
There are voices of the new times
With the ringing of the old chimes
  Blent sweetly on thy coast.

5.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  One faint for want of breath,—
And above thy promise thou hast given:
All, we find more than all in heaven,
  O thou truth-speaking Death!

6.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
  Their little life away.

7.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
  E'en grown-up men secure
Better manhood, by a brave leap
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep,—
  Manhood that will endure.

8.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old,
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb,
Their age was not less cold.

9.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from pain to ease;
Patience, that hath held on for years,
Never unlearns her humble fears
Of terrible disease.

10.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
From sin to pleasing God;
For the pardoned in thy land are bright
As innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the same road.

11.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's Home;
All loss were gain that gained us this,
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

12.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from toil to rest,—
Where a rim of sea-like splendor runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west!

## 140.

## THE LENGTH OF DEATH.

1.

Sweet Saviour! take me by the hand,
And lead me through the gloom;
Oh it seems far to the Other Land,
And dark in the silent tomb!

2.

I thought it was less hard to die,
A straighter road to Thee,
With at least a twilight in the sky,
And one narrow arm of sea.

3.

Saviour! what means this breadth of death,
This space before me lying,
These deeps where life so lingereth,
This difficulty of dying?

4.

So many turns, abrupt and rude,
Such ever-shifting grounds,
Such a strangely peopled solitude,
Such strangely silent sounds?

5.

Another hour! What change of pain
In this last act doth lie!
Surely to live life o'er again
Were less prolix than to die.

6.

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord!
Canst Thou have cause to fear?
Who is that spirit with the sword?
Art Thou not Master here?

7.

Whom are we trying to avoid?
From whom, Lord! must we hide?
Oh can the dying be decoyed,
With his Saviour by his side?

8.

Deeper!—Dark! Dark! But yet I follow;
Tighten, dear Lord! Thy clasp!
How suddenly earth seems to hollow,
There is nothing left to grasp!

9.

I cannot feel Thee; art Thou near?
It is all too dark to see;
But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear!
I can go on with Thee.

10.

What speed! How icy-smooth these stones!
Oh might we make less haste?
How the caves echo back my moans
From some invisible waste!

11.

May we not rest, dear Help? Oh no,
Not on a road so steep!
Sweet Saviour! Have we far to go?
Ah how I long for sleep!

12.

Loose sand—and all things sinking! Hark
The murmur of a sea!
Saviour! it is intensely dark;
Is it near eternity?

13.

Can I fall from Thee even now?
Both hands, dear Lord! both hands!
Why dost thou lie so deep, so low,
Thou shore of the Happy Lands?

14.

Ah! death is very, very wide,
A land terrible and dry:
If Thou, sweet Saviour! hadst not died,
Who would have dared to die?

15.

Another fall!—Surely we steal
On towards eternity:—
Lord! Is this death?—I only feel
Down in some sea with Thee.

---

## 141.

## THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

1.

Gloom gathered round us every hour
In that house of awful sorrow;
Each day lay darker and more dark
In the shadow of its morrow.

2.

And yet no cloud that came passed on,
No yesterdays went by;
'Twas a storm that gathers without wind,
Until it chokes the sky.

3.

Time hungered for some dreadful change,
And yet grew sick with fear,
Impatient at the slow approach
Of that which was too near.

4.

But we never named what we most feared;
It was only understood;
And we lived on an unspoken faith
That somehow God was good.

5.

Yes! God was good: on that one thought
The whole day we were leaning:
Yet we dared not put it into words,
Lest it should lose its meaning.

6.

Of many things, of many wants
We had to be reminded:
We felt our way about the house
Like men that had been blinded.

7.

We scarce breathed anything but grief:
We almost held our breath:
We were inwardly unmanned and numbed
With the looking out for death.

8.

Each told to each what each well knew,
Each told it o'er and o'er:
Questions we asked which we ourselves
Had answered just before.

9.

From its intensity of aim
Our own life aimless seemed:
The very stern reality
Made us almost think we dreamed.

10.

The days could somehow drag themselves,
Like wounded worms along:
But I know not how we lived those nights,
Save that God made us strong.

11.

And somehow all things turned to fears;
And foolish things became
Fountains of unrefreshing tears
Which burned the eyes like flame.

12.

Oh what a life it was, a life
Of such entangled woe,
Like the panic of a shipwrecked crew,—
Only this was so slow:—

13.

Entangled with minute details,
Needful, but out of season;
Yet a woe of such simplicity
As almost troubled reason.

14.

God shut us up there seven long weeks,
As in some unworldly ark,—
And we learned what He had meant us learn,—
To live and to see in the dark.

15.

Darkness is easier far to bear
Than that unrestful gloom,
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts
The shapes and the things in the room.

16.

One of those darknesses was this,
In which God loves to dwell,
One of those restful silences
In which He is audible.

17.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn,
Not sunshine to our night,
A new, more spiritual thing,
An advent of pure light:

18.

Perhaps not light; rather the soul
Which just then came to see,
And saw through its world-darkened life,
And saw eternity.

19.

O God! it was a time divine,
Rich epoch of calm grace,
A pressing of our hearts to Thine
In mystical embrace.

20.

The work of years was done in days,
Fights won, and trophies given:
For sorrow is the atmosphere
Which ripens hearts for heaven.

21.

I saw dear souls with seemliest haste
Array themselves in light,
And weave themselves angelic robes
Out of the utter night.

22.

Eternal thoughts in simplest words
Fell meekly from their tongue,
While the fragrance of eternity
To their silent presence clung.

23.

For monthlike days, for yearlike nights,
I saw all this about me:
It should have been my work; but God
Had to do the work without me.

24.

I only saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness,
How all that I had done appeared
Scarce better than unkindness.

25.

How that to comfort those that mourn
Is a thing for saints to try;
Yet haply God might have done less,
Had a saint been there, not I.

26.

Alas! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.

---

## 142.

## THE VIOLENCE OF GRIEF.

1.

O Merciful Father the blow that we feared,
Though for long it hath threatened and slowly hath neared,
Hath come all at once, hath too suddenly come,
And laid waste the fair garden that once was our home.

2.

We had thought to have borne it far better than
this,
Nor have grudged to Thy will our poor tribute of
bliss;
In our minds we had looked in the face of this woe,
And had fixed how to kneel to encounter the blow.

3.

But it seems as if sorrow did more than make haste,
And had leaped from the clouds down upon us at
last:
And the grief most surprises, looks most like a
wrong,
Because we have looked for its coming so long.

4.

Nay, we fain would believe that the blow had not
come,
That it was but a dream, this dumb, desolate home,
That the eyes were not closed, could not possibly
close,
In the light of whose love was our only repose.

5.

All grief has its limits, all chastenings their pause;
Thy love and our weakness are sorrow's two laws;
No burdens of Thine are too great to be borne,
Didst Thou know how this sorrow would leave us
forlorn?

6.

We had said we were ready, whatever should
chance;
Of our hearts' preparations we made a romance;
And we bade Thee sincerely to strike at Thy
will;
Thou hast struck, but how far are our hearts from
being still!

7.

What a voiceless despair, what a tempest of tears,
What a perfect rebellion and clamor of fears,
What murmurs unchecked, tempers unreconciled!
All within us, but faith, is disordered and wild.

8.

Yet see how we crouch to Thee, Lord! after all;
We wished Thee far off while the blow did not
fall,
And now our sole joy is to feel Thee so near,
And we fling ourselves down on Thy lap without
fear.

9.

We fling ourselves on Thee with passionate trust;
Thou art always most loving when forced to be
just;
And our ravings and tears are no worse in Thine
eyes,
Than the newly-weaned mountain-lamb's pitiful
cries.

10.

Our foolish wild words are some worship to Thee,
Than hast made us so, Lord! and wouldst have it
so be;
And we know, when our hearts the most bitterly
swell,
Not the less was it love for being judgment as well.

11.

Thy knowledge of us makes Thy pity more deep;
Our knowledge of Thee bids us trust while we weep:
For it is when we weep we are often most still;
They who mourn most keep often most close to Thy
will.

12.

Thou wert always our Father! Each sun that arose
Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies
disclose;
But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now.

---

## 143.

## DEEP GRIEF.

1.

Days, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord!
They seemed both long and brief;
Yet darker still the darkness grows,
And deeper lies the grief.

2.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,
  They said what time would do;
Wise-sounding words! yet have they been
  Most bitterly untrue.

3.

O sorrow! 'tis thy law to feed
  On what should be relief;
O time! of all things surely thou
  Art cruelest to grief.

4.

They tell me I am better now
  That tears have passed away:
Alas! those earlier days of tears
  Were sunshine to to-day.

5.

The mind was less afraid of self,
  When sorrow's thoughts grew rank:
The sights and sounds of recent grief
  Were better than this blank.

6.

Old grief is worse than new: its pain
  Is deeper in the heart;
The dull blind ache is worse to bear
  Than blow, or wound, or smart.

7.

Deeper and deeper in my soul
The weight of grief is stealing,
And, strange to say, I feel it more
When it has sunk past feeling.

8.

O grief! when thou wert fresh and sharp,
Part of life felt thy blow;
But, grown the habit of my heart,
Thou art my whole life now.

9.

Most sovereign when least sensible,
Most seen when out of sight,
Thou art the custom of the day,
And the haunting of the night.

10.

Oh that they would not comfort me!
Deep grief cannot be reached;
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,
Must not be wisdom preached.

11.

Deep grief is better let alone;
Voices to it are swords;
A silent look will soothe it more
Than the tenderness of words.

12.

Oh speak not! I will do my work,
  Nay, more work than my share;
For to feel that it is idle grief
  Is what deep grief cannot bear.

13.

Deep grief is not a past event,
  It is a life, a state,
Which habit makes more terrible,
  And age more desolate.

14.

But am I comfortless? Oh no!
  Jesus this pathway trod;
And deeper in my soul than grief
  Art Thou, my dearest God!

15.

Good is that darkening of our lives,
  Which only God can brighten:
But better still that hopeless load,
  Which none but God can lighten.

## 144.

## GRIEF AND LOSS.

1.

Lord! art Thou weary of my cry,
My unrepressed complaint?
The more Thy hand upholdeth me
The more I seem to faint.

2.

Alas! had ever grief of man
Such discontent as mine?
Yet how I crave to have my will
Simply content with Thine!

3.

Bear with me, patient God of Job!
Bear with Thy weakly child;
My thoughts are fevered with my grief,
My heart is going wild.

4.

From some abyss these causeless bursts
Of stormy sorrow flow;
It seems as if nor outward thing,
Nor inward, brought the woe.

5.

All of itself it comes, and sweeps
  The landmarks quite away;
And these sudden tempests mostly come
  On the eve of a quiet day.

6.

There is some change within my grief,
  Some shifting of my cross:
What overweights me is not grief,
  It is the sense of loss.

7.

What was a grief is now a loss,
  A stationary want,
An absence felt in every room,
  In each familiar haunt.

8.

My God! how petulant I am,
  How hard to please in grief,
For ever making fresh complaint
  Of what should be relief!

9.

But, Lord! Thou lovest we should speak,
  Nor silent bear our pain:
The look of Thy forbearing love
  Allures us to complain.

10.

Oh loss is grief's most joyless side,
  Grief's least religious state:
'Tis sorrow most unreconciled,
  Because most like to fate.

11.

Loss is a sense upon whose nerve
  Life's ceaseless weight must press,
A pain too dull and equable
  To vary its distress.

12.

Loss is a thing so multiplied,
  So many-shaped a grief,
So echoing every sound of life,
  That there is no relief.

13.

I seemed to have him while I grieved;
  At least grief was no void;
In some strange way the vehement woe
  My sinking spirits buoyed.

14.

Fresh grief can occupy itself
  With its own recent smart;
It feeds itself on outward things,
  And not on its own heart.

15.

New sorrow never goads: it seems
To fill and occupy;
But I am goaded to despair
By this blind vacancy:

16.

And then it is such calm despair,
Such a mute and passive pain,
That they who love me smile, and say,—
That I am myself again!

17.

I move about, and do my work,
That old routine of yore;
But, if I seem to sorrow less,
It is to miss him more.

18.

When I have missed him most all day,
I have him in my dreams;
And then how worse than the first loss
The dismal waking seems!

19.

This sense of loss,—oh can it last?
Or, if it lasts, be borne?
The extremity that comes at night
Has a worse extreme at morn.

20.

My sorrow could defend itself,
Or at least could live apart;
But the loss intrudes from every side
On my defenceless heart.

21.

The present is so like the past,
Yet so terribly unlike,
That all life's touches do not touch,
But cut and bruise and strike.

22.

If it was more unbearable
So stormily to grieve,
The hopelessness of my great loss
Is harder to believe:—

23.

Worse to believe,—and yet alas!
Worse to be borne as well,
Because it makes life felt to be
So quite impossible.

24.

Is it, O Lord! that I too much
On creature's love have leaned?
Else why this void of all things now,
This pain of being weaned?

25.

Sorrow by its own nature is
  In league with self-deceit;
Its very grace improves its skill
  More grace to counterfeit.

26.

Sorrow indulged must always make
  The grace within us less;
Man's sorrow at its best must be
  A form of selfishness,—

27.

The gracefulest of all self-loves,
  But a self-worship still,
A waste of heart whose deepest depths
  It is Thy right to till.

28.

Faith does not know of empty hearts;
  They should be full of Thee,
And to be full of Thee alone
  Is their eternity.

29.

All life is loss; for it delays
  The vision of Thy Face:
Yet nothing, Lord! is lost to him
  Who hath not lost Thy grace.

## 145.

# THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

1.

The shadow of the Rock!
Stay, Pilgrim! stay!
Night treads upon the heels of day;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

2.

The Shadow of the Rock!
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

3.

The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone,
All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who travelled by this road have come alone,
Be of good cheer,
A home is here,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

4.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Night veils the land;
How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

5.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! Abide!
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide,
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

6.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

7.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

8.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To angel's eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one Shade,
O'er thousands laid,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

9.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
O weary! rest,
Thou art sore pressed,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

10.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Thy bed is made;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
They who rest here
Wake with heaven near,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

11.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Pilgrim! sleep sound;
In night's swift hours with silent bound
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
Gaining more way
By night than day;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

11.

The Shadow of the Rock!
One day of pain
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain;
And only wake
In heaven's day-break,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

## 146.

## A CHILD'S DEATH.

1.

Thou touchest us lightly, O God! in our grief;
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous hours!
All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and brief,
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

2.

My children! My children! they clustered all round me,
Like a rampart which sorrow could never break through;
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

3.

But the eldest! O Father! how glorious he was,
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes:
Thou lovest Thy Sole-born! And had I not cause
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father! to prize?

4.

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,
And the tallest is gone from the place where he grew;
My tallest! my fairest! Oh let me complain;
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat through.

5.

I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee;
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine:
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father!—but see!
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was mine.

6.

Thou hast taken the fairest: he the fairest to me:
Thou hast taken the fairest: 'tis always Thy way;
Thou hast taken the dearest: was he dearest to Thee?
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome:—yet woe is the day!

7.

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice,
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with mirth:
He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

8.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through
heaven,
One moment my ears with its music to slake!
Oh no! not for worlds would I have him re-given,
Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take.

9.

I grudge him, and grudge him not! Father! Thou
knowest
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow;
It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour! Thou sowest
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

10.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my Blossom, my
Pride!
And thy beauty makes Jesus and Mary more
glad:
Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born
died,
Oh why, my own saint! is thy mother so sad?

11.

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child!
Thou art His; I am His; and thy sisters are
His:
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild,—
To think that her son is an angel in bliss!

12.

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour! on heaven's bright
shore
Should I still in my child find a separate joy:
While I lie in the light of Thy Face evermore,
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy?

---

## 147.

## THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

1.

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

2.

The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and
dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

3.

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

4.

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

5.

The Land beyond the Sea!
Oh how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

6.

The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

7.

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

8.

The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

9.

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possessed;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

## 148.

## THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

1.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore;
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

2.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

3.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more:
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

4.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore:
To begin alone to live for evermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease:—
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

5.

Alone! No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

6.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,
As if there were none else for whom to wait,
Waiting for us, for us
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

7.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here:
Oh is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

8.

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

9.

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him more:—
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

10.

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

## 149.

# PARADISE.

1.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;

Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

4.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

6.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;

Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

7.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

---

**150.**

## HEAVEN.

1.

Oh what is this splendor that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

2.

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gardens of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

3.

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

4.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
The nine rings of Angels encircle the throne.

5.

And far in the heart of that glorious light
The mighty Apostles are seated in state,
With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal night
Were appointed on Jesus and Mary to wait.

6.

And, still deeper in, Mary's splendor is seen,
Her beautiful self and her choice starry crown;
And all heaven grows bright in the smile of its Queen,
For the glory of Jesus illumines her throne.

7.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be heaven; for heaven is love.

8.

But words may not tell of the Vision of Peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease,
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

9.

No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil;
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

10.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

11.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all
lost?
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won heaven
for me?
Oh no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that, dearest Lord! was my service of Thee.

12.

I had hardly to give; 'twas enough to receive,
Only not to impede the sweet grace from above
And, this first hour in heaven, I can hardly believe
In so great a reward for so little a love.

# Murphy & Co's New and Recent Publications.

JUST PUBLISHED, *in 1 vol. 12o.. tinted paper, cloth beveled, black and gold, gilt top, with a fine Steel Portrait,* **$2.00.**

*Another Edition, uniform with* FABER'S WORKS, *white paper, 12o. cloth beveled,* **$1.50;** *cloth gilt,* **$2;** *half calf,* **$3.**

## HYMNS, by F. W. FABER, D. D.

☞The ONLY COMPLETE Edition of the Hymns, prepared by the Author shortly before his death in 1863. We submit an Extract from his Preface to the Edition of 1861, of which the present Edition is a reprint.

"This is a perfect collection of the Hymns, the only one; but it contains also an addition of fifty-six new Hymns, fulfilling with tolerable accuracy his original conception of what the Hymn Book should be and should contain. It is published in its present shape, not only as the Author's text and as a library edition, matching the 1857 edition of his Poems, *but chiefly as a book of spiritual reading.* It has been asked for very urgently and for some years by several persons, who have to do with ministering to those, with whom, from their being in sickness or in sorrow, the effort of following a connected prose book is hardly to be expected."

*From the Catholic Quarterly Review, July, 1878:*

"Frederick William Faber is the first true Catholic poet since the Reformation. Other poets were Catholic on occasion, he was never aught else. Other poets were Catholic when fortune made them such; he became a Catholic when to do so was to surrender everything that is humanly dearest to the heart. Others gave to the Church the weak verse of youth, or the senile offering of remorseful age: he devoted his manhood to her service, and found his highest happiness in wreathing upon her brow the laurels which the world would have been so glad to bind upon his own. Nor was he more Catholic than poet. The latter he was born; had he been less a poet he might not have had the grace to become the former."

☞*Early orders, specifying style of Binding and Price, are respectfully solicited.*

☞*Should this Work meet with a liberal encouragement, it will be followed at an early day by* FABER'S POEMS, *uniform in style and price with the Hymns.*

## Father FABER'S Life and Popular Devotional Works.

☞Per volume, cloth beveled, **$1.50.** The complete Set in Boxes, **10** volumes, cloth, **$15;** cloth bev. gilt, **$20;** half calf, **$30.**

1. LIFE AND LETTERS OF F. W. FABER, D. D. By J. E. BOWDEN. With an *Introduction* and *Portrait.*
2. ALL FOR JESUS; or, the Easy Ways of Divine Love.
3. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; or, Works and Ways of God.
4. GROWTH IN HOLINESS; or, Progress of the Spiritual Life.
5. THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE; or, Wonders of Divine Love.
6. THE FOOT OF THE CROSS; or, Sorrows of Mary.
7. BETHLEHEM.
8. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES.
9. PRECIOUS BLOOD; or, Price of our Salvation.
10. FABER'S HYMNS. *Fine Steel Portrait.*

---

DEVOTION TO THE POPE. By F. W. FABER.....flexible cloth, 25

TALES OF THE ANGELS; or, Ethel's Book. By F. W. FABER. Square 16o, cloth, 60.....cloth, gilt edges, 80

No writer of modern times has done more to edify and instruct in holiness than Father Faber.

(*For Notices of Faber's Works, see next page.*)

MURPHY & CO., *Publishers and Booksellers, Baltimore.*

# *Murphy & Co's New and Recent Publications.*

☞ *One of the most eloquent and distinguished clergymen in the United States, in writing an Introduction to one of* FATHER FABER'S WORKS, *says:*

"We turn to this last work of the Rev. Dr. Faber, with sentiments of gratitude to heaven, and hope for its abundant blessing on the teachings of such a guide, which our most earnest language would but faintly express. If the power to conceive and convey to others the sublime, and at the same time, the most practical truths that can interest the human mind, be a title to the homage of men, then has Father Faber established for himself a claim which no length of years nor change of circumstances can efface. Few writers, since the days of St. Francis de Sales, have made more Christian hearts bow in loving adoration before our tabernacles than the author of 'All for Jesus,' 'The Blessed Sacrament,' 'Growth in Holiness,' &c., &c., &c., &c."

*From the Dublin Review.* "We know of no one man who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of interior life; and we know of no man who so nearly represents to us the mind and the preaching of St. Bernard and St. Bernadine, of Sienna, in the tenderness and beauty with which he has surrounded the names of Jesus and Mary. In England and America the sale of Father FABER'S Works has exceeded 100,000; and of the translations, in France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, upwards of 200,000 copies have been sold. Making a total of upwards of 300,000 copies.

---

## 75,000 Copies Already Sold!

### A NEW BOOK FOR THE MISSIONS!

The Most Popular Catholic Book Ever Published in the U. S.

## Archbishop Gibbons' FAITH OF OUR FATHERS,

### Being a Plain and Practical Exposition and Vindication of the Principal Tenets of the Catholic Church.

☞ The unprecedented sale and constantly increasing demand for this Book are gratifying evidences of its real merits, as the very best and most popular exponent of Catholic doctrine ever issued in this country. It is universally conceded to be one of the very best books to be placed in the hands of a dissenting friend.

**Now Ready, the 16th Enlarged and Revised Edition, 80th** *Thousand*, price **$1.00;** cloth gilt, **$1.50.**

☞ This Edition has been carefully *revised, corrected* and *enlarged*, by an entirely NEW CHAPTER on the *Prerogatives* and *Sanctity* of the *Blessed Virgin.*

☞ *Every Catholic* should procure **Two Copies,** one to *Read*, and one to *Lend* to his dissenting Neighbor.

☞ FAITH OF OUR FATHERS *is for Sale by Booksellers generally.*

☞ *Experienced Canvassers wanted in all parts of the U. S. and Canada, to sell the Faith of Our Fathers and other Popular Works.*

***Jesuits!*** *Paul Féval's Celebrated Work.* A complete translation of the entire Work, from the *Tenth French Edition.* By T. F. GALWEY.....12o, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1 00

This is undoubtedly the best popular historical sketch of the Jesuits ever published, and contains not one dull page.

"Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have done a notable service to the Catholics of this country by publishing an English translation of Paul Féval's famous 'Jesuits!' It is decidedly the grandest effort of this noted French writer."—*Boston Pilot.*

"We trust that the work will have a large sale, and warmly recommend it to our readers. It is not a history, but the honest conviction of an honest man, who, starting out to write against the Jesuits, found on investigation how much these champions of the right have been always maligned."—*N. Y. Irish American.*

***Jenkins' English Literature.*** A New Revised and Improved Edition of this Popular Work, is preparing for immediate Publication.

MURPHY & CO., *Publishers and Booksellers, Baltimore.*