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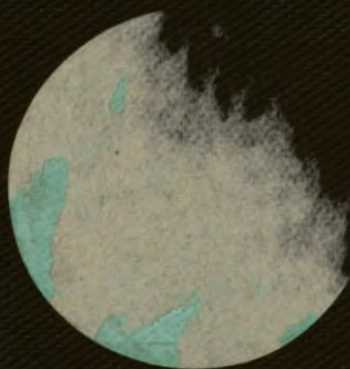
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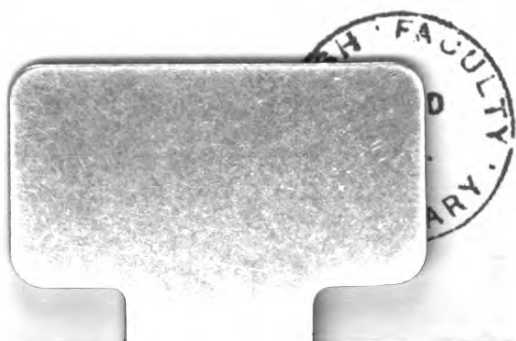
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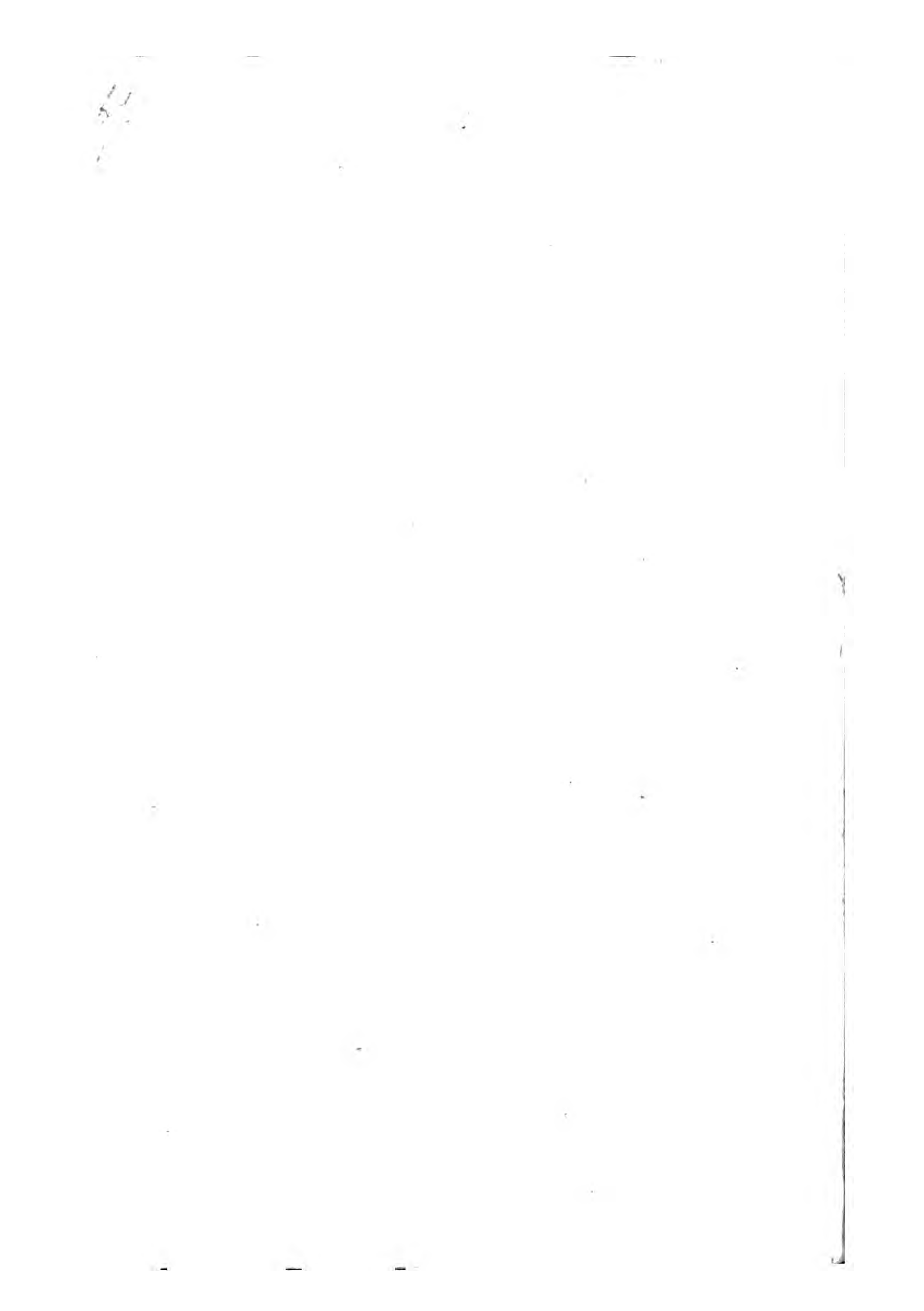
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H Y M N S.

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for the donor

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# H Y M N S.

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

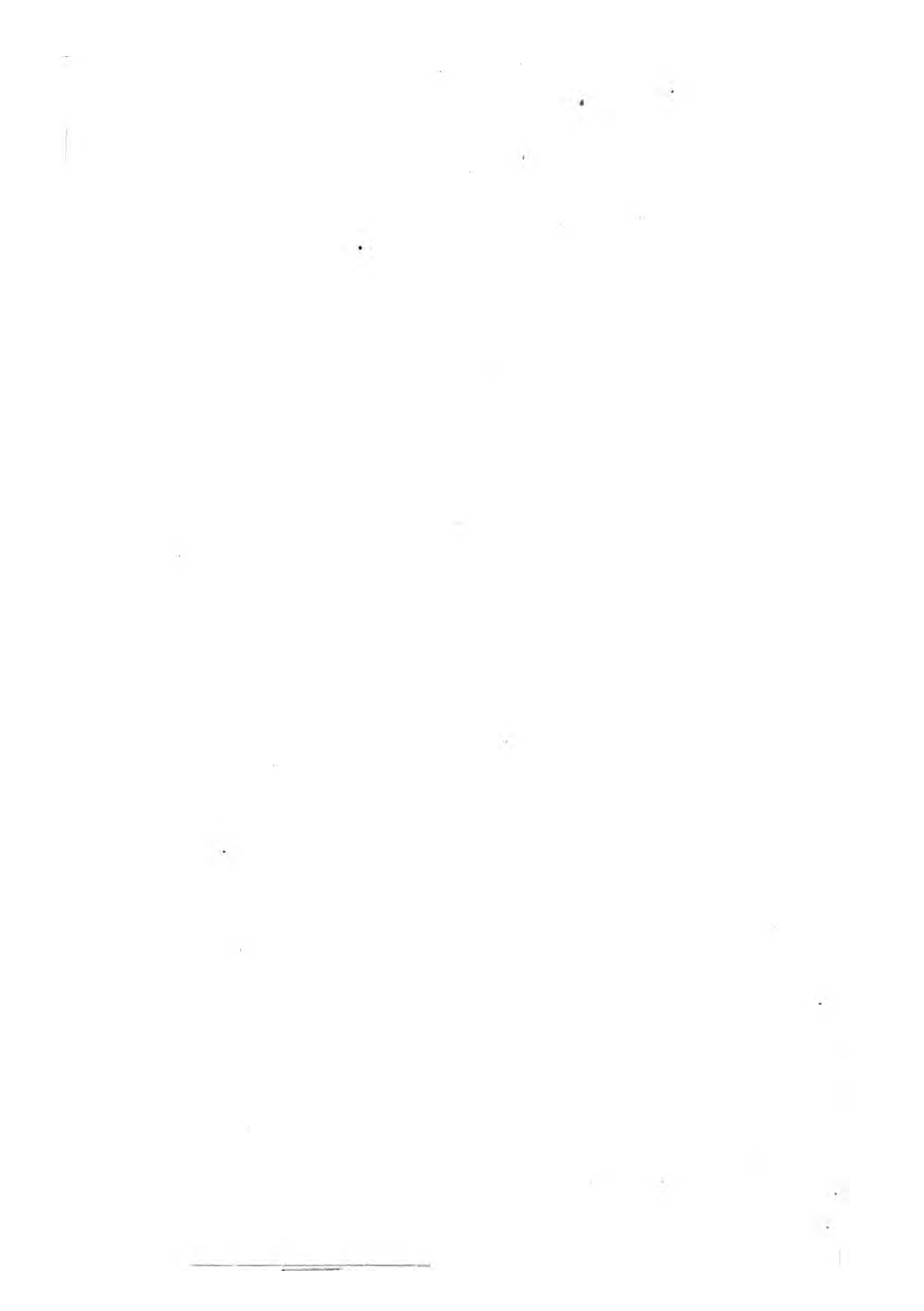
PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

“ Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor,  
Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei.”  
*Gloss. in Cap. Cantantes.*



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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 HONOURED NAME  
WITH  
*OUR DEAR ST. PHILIP.*

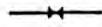
1849.

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*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.*



## P R E F A C E.



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 accommodate 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 honour 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.





## 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 labour, took in a special way the education of Europe and the evangelisation 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, out-

does 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 want-

ing to us in our labours 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 labour; 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 ... ..	3
2	The Holy Trinity ... ..	4
3	Majesty Divine ... ..	7
4	God ... ..	10
5	The Eternity of God ... ..	12
6	The Greatness of God ... ..	14
7	The Will of God ... ..	16
8	The Eternal Father ... ..	19
9	Our Heavenly Father ... ..	22
10	My Father ... ..	24
11	The God of my Childhood ... ..	26
12	The Eternal Word ... ..	30
13	Jesus is God ... ..	33
14	Jesus my God and my All ... ..	35
15	The Eternal Spirit ... ..	37
16	Veni Creator ... ..	40
17	Veni Sancte Spiritus ... ..	41
18	Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children ... ..	43

## Part Second.

### *THE SACRED HUMANITY OF JESUS.*

19	The Life of our Lord ... ..	49
20	Christmas Night ... ..	65
21	The Infant Jesus ... ..	68



NO.		PAGE
22	The Three Kings ... ..	70
23	The Purification ... ..	74
24	Lent ... ..	76
25	The Agony ... ..	78
26	Jesus Crucified ... ..	81
—	From pain to pain ... ..	83
27	The Precious Blood ... ..	83
28	Blood is the Price of Heaven ... ..	85
29	We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ... ..	87
30	The Descent of Jesus to Limbus ... ..	91
31	Jesus Risen ... ..	92
32	The Apparition of Jesus to our Blessed Lady ... ..	94
33	The Ascension ... ..	97
34	Pentecost ... ..	100
35	The Descent of the Holy Ghost ... ..	104
36	Corpus Christi ... ..	107
37	The Sacred Heart ... ..	110

### Part Third.

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

38	To our Blessed Lady ... ..	119
39	The Immaculate Conception ... ..	120
40	Sine labe originali Concepta ... ..	123
41	Immaculate ! Immaculate ! ... ..	125
42	The Nativity of our Lady ... ..	129
43	Our Lady's Presentation ... ..	133
44	Our Lady's Expectation ... ..	135
45	The Happy Gate of Heaven ... ..	137
46	The Dolours of our Lady ... ..	140
47	The Assumption ... ..	141
48	Mary, our Mother, reigns on high ... ..	143
49	The Grandeurs of Mary ... ..	145
50	The Immaculate Heart of Mary ... ..	148
51	Month of May ... ..	151
52	Oh ! Balmy and Bright ... ..	155
53	Mary the Flower of God ... ..	156
54	Sweet Mother-Maid ... ..	160

*CONTENTS.*

xxi

NO.		PAGE
55	Consolatrix Afflictorum ... ..	162
56	The Queen of Purgatory ... ..	164
57	For our Lady's Minor Feasts ... ..	166
58	A Daily Hymn to Mary ... ..	168
59	The Orphan's Consecration to Mary ... ..	171
60	St. Joseph ... ..	173
61	The Patronage of St. Joseph ... ..	174
62	St. Joseph our Father ... ..	176
63	The Holy Family ... ..	178
64	The Banner of the Holy Family ... ..	181

**Part Fourth.**

*ANGELS AND SAINTS.*

65	The Creation of the Angels ... ..	189
66	St. Michael ... ..	191
67	St. Gabriel ... ..	194
68	St. Raphael ... ..	197
69	The Guardian Angel ... ..	201
70	St. Peter and St. Paul ... ..	204
71	St. John the Evangelist ... ..	205
72	St. Anne ... ..	207
73	St. Mary Magdalene ... ..	211
74	St. Martha ... ..	213
75	St. Benedict ... ..	216
76	St. Innocence ... ..	217
77	St. Patrick's Day ... ..	220
78	St. Wilfrid ... ..	222
79	St. Philip Neri ... ..	224
80	St. Philip in England ... ..	228
81	St. Philip's Penitents ... ..	231
82	St. Philip's Picture ... ..	233
83	St. Philip's Charity ... ..	236
84	St. Philip and the Middle Ages ... ..	238
85	St. Philip and St. Martin ... ..	239
86	St. Philip's Death ... ..	242
87	St. Philip's Home ... ..	248
88	Evening Hymn at the Oratory ... ..	251
89	St. Vincent of Paul ... ..	253

## Part Fifth.

*THE SACRAMENTS, THE FAITH, AND THE  
SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

NO.		PAGE
90	Holy Communion ... ..	259
91	Thanksgiving after Communion ... ..	261
92	Flowers for the Altar ... ..	263
93	Faith of our Fathers ... ..	265
—	The same Hymn for Ireland ... ..	266
94	The Thought of God ... ..	267
95	The Fear of God ... ..	270
96	Peevishness ... ..	273
97	Predestination ... ..	275
98	The Right must win ... ..	278
99	Desire of God ... ..	282
100	School Hymn ... ..	285
101	The True Shepherd ... ..	286
102	Come to Jesus ... ..	289
103	Invitation to the Mission ... ..	291
—	The same Hymn for Ireland ... ..	293
104	The Wages of Sin ... ..	295
105	A Good Confession ... ..	296
106	The Act of Contrition ... ..	298
107	Conversion ... ..	301
108	The Work of Grace ... ..	303
109	Forgiveness of Injuries ... ..	306
110	The World ... ..	307
111	The End of Man ... ..	310
112	The Remembrance of Mercy ... ..	311
113	The Christian's Song on his march to Heaven ... ..	313
114	Fight for Sion ... ..	315
115	Perfection ... ..	318
116	The Gifts of God ... ..	321
117	True Love ... ..	324
118	Self-love ... ..	328
119	Harsh Judgments ... ..	330
120	Distractions in Prayer ... ..	334
121	Sweetness in Prayer ... ..	337
122	Dryness in Prayer ... ..	339
123	The Pain of Love ... ..	342

CONTENTS.

xxiii

NO.						PAGE
124	Low Spirits ...	...	...	...	...	344
125	Light in Darkness ...	...	...	...	...	346
126	Divine Favours ...	...	...	...	...	349

Part Sixth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

127	The Unbelieving World ...	...	...	...	...	353
128	The Old Labourer ...	...	...	...	...	356
129	The Emigrant's Song ...	...	...	...	...	359
130	Music ...	...	...	...	...	361
131	The Starry Skies ...	...	...	...	...	365
132	The Sorrowful World ...	...	...	...	...	369
133	Autumn ...	...	...	...	...	373

Part Seventh.

THE LAST THINGS.

134	The Memory of the Dead ...	...	...	...	...	377
135	The Eternal Years ...	...	...	...	...	379
136	After a Death ...	...	...	...	...	382
137	The Pilgrims of the Night ...	...	...	...	...	385
138	Wishes about Death ...	...	...	...	...	388
139	The Paths of Death ...	...	...	...	...	390
140	The Length of Death ...	...	...	...	...	393
141	The House of Mourning ...	...	...	...	...	395
142	The Violence of Grief ...	...	...	...	...	400
143	Deep Grief ...	...	...	...	...	403
144	Grief and Loss ...	...	...	...	...	405
145	The Shadow of the Rock ...	...	...	...	...	410
146	A Child's Death ...	...	...	...	...	414
147	The Land beyond the Sea ...	...	...	...	...	417
148	The Shore of Eternity ...	...	...	...	...	420
149	Paradise ...	...	...	...	...	423
150	Heaven ...	...	...	...	...	425



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.



	HYMN	PAGE
Ah dearest Lord ! I cannot pray ... ..	120	334
Alas ! o'er Erin's lessening shores ... ..	129	359
All hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail ! ... ..	31	92
All praise to Saint Patrick, who brought to our mountains ... ..	77	220
All ye who love the ways of sin ... ..	83	236
Alone ! to land alone upon that shore ! ... ..	148	420
Amid the eternal silences ... ..	12	30
At last Thou art come, little Saviour ! ... ..	20	65
Autumn once more begins to teach ... ..	133	373
Blest is the Faith, divine and strong ... ..	113	313
Blood is the price of heaven ... ..	28	85
By the spring of God's Compassions ... ..	68	197
Christians ! to the war ! ... ..	114	315
Come ! Holy Spirit ! from the height ... ..	17	41
Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers ... ..	43	133
Day set on Rome : its golden morn ... ..	86	242
Days, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord ... ..	143	403
Dear Angel ! ever at my side ... ..	69	201
Dear Father Philip ! holy Sire ! ... ..	79	224
Dear Husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of her Child !	61	174
Dear Little One ! how sweet Thou art ... ..	21	68
Dear little Saint ! sweet Innocence ! ... ..	76	217
Fair are the portals of the day ... ..	45	137
Faith of our Fathers ! living still ... ..	93	265
Father and God ! mine endless doom ... ..	97	275
Father ! Creator ! Lord Most High ! ... ..	19	49
Father of many children ! in the gloom ... ..	75	216
Father ! the sweetest, dearest Name ... ..	8	19
Fever, and fret, and aimless stir ... ..	124	344
Fountain of Love ! Thyself true God ! ... ..	15	37

	HYMN	PAGE
From pain to pain, from woe to woe... ..	26	83
From the highest heights of glory ... ..	73	211
Full of glory, full of wonders... ..	3	7
Gloom gathered round us every hour ... ..	141	395
God of mercy ! let us run ... ..	46	140
Hail, bright Archangel ! Prince of heaven ! ...	66	191
Hail, Gabriel ! hail ! a thousand Hails ... ..	67	194
Hail ! holy Joseph, hail ! ... ..	60	173
Hail ! holy Wilfrid, hail ! ... ..	78	222
Hail, Jesus ! Hail ! who for my sake ... ..	27	83
Hark ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are swelling	137	385
Have mercy on us, God Most High ! ... ..	4	10
Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy children ...	18	43
How gently flow the silent years ... ..	85	239
How pleasant are thy paths, O Death ! ... ..	139	390
How shalt thou bear the Cross that now ... ..	135	379
How the light of heaven is stealing ... ..	108	303
I come to Thee once more, my God ... ..	111	310
I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain ...	132	369
I was wandering and weary ... ..	101	286
I wish to have no wishes left... ..	138	388
I worship thee, sweet Will of God ! ... ..	7	16
In pulses deep of threefold Love ... ..	65	189
Is this returning life that thrills ... ..	126	349
It is no earthly summer's ray ... ..	70	204
Jesus, gentlest Saviour ! ... ..	91	261
Jesus is God ! The solid earth ... ..	13	33
Jesus ! my Lord, my God, my All ! ... ..	36	107
Jesus ! why dost Thou love me so ? ... ..	123	342
Joy ! Joy ! the Mother comes ... ..	23	74
Joy of my heart ! O let me pay ... ..	51	151
Like the dawning of the morning ... ..	44	135
Like the voiceless starlight falling ... ..	55	162
Lord ! art Thou weary of my cry ... ..	144	405
Mary ! dearest Mother ! ... ..	58	168
Mother Mary ! at thine altar ... ..	59	171
Mother of God ! we hail thy Heart ... ..	50	148
Mother of Mercy ! day by day ... ..	38	119
My fear of Thee, O Lord, exults ... ..	95	270
My God ! how wonderful Thou art ... ..	9	22
My God ! who art nothing but mercy and kindness	106	298
My Soul ! what hast thou done for God ? ... ..	116	321

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

xxvii

	HYMN	PAGE
No track is on the sunny sky... ..	34	100
Now are the days of humblest prayer ... ..	24	76
O Anne! thou hadst lived through those long dreary years ... ..	72	207
O blessed Father! sent by God ... ..	89	253
O Blessed Trinity! ... ..	2	4
O come, Creator Spirit! come ... ..	16	40
O dear Saint Martha! busy Saint ... ..	74	213
O Faith! thou workest miracles ... ..	107	301
O Flower of Grace! divinest Flower! ... ..	53	156
O God! that I could be with Thee ... ..	96	273
O God! Thy power is wonderful ... ..	10	24
O God! who wert my childhood's love ... ..	11	26
O God! whose thoughts are brightest light ... ..	119	330
O happy Flowers! O happy Flowers! ... ..	90	259
O Jesus! God and Man! ... ..	100	285
O Jesus! if in days gone by ... ..	110	307
O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord! ... ..	14	35
O Lord! my heart is sick ... ..	5	12
O Lord! when I look o'er the wide-spreading world	127	353
O Majesty unspeakable and dread! ... ..	6	14
O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast	87	248
O merciful Father! the blow that we feared ... ..	142	400
O mighty Mother! why that light ... ..	35	104
O Mother! I could weep for mirth ... ..	41	125
O Mother! will it always be ... ..	57	166
O Paradise! O Paradise! ... ..	149	423
O purest of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!	39	120
O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes ... ..	32	94
O Soul of Jesus, sick to death! ... ..	25	78
O vision bright! ... ..	48	143
Oh! balmy and bright as moonlit night ... ..	52	155
Oh come and mourn with me awhile! ... ..	26	81
Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you ... ..	103	291
Oh do you hear that voice from heaven ... ..	109	306
Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God ... ..	99	282
Oh for the happy days gone by ... ..	122	339
Oh how the thought of God attracts ... ..	115	318
Oh I could go through all life's troubles singing ... ..	118	328
Oh it is hard to work for God ... ..	98	278
Oh it is sweet to think ... ..	134	377
Oh turn to Jesus, Mother! turn ... ..	56	164



	HYMN	PAGE
Oh what are the wages of sin... ..	104	295
Oh what is this splendour that beams on me now ...	150	425
One God ! one Majesty ! ... ..	I	3
Once in the simple thought of God ... ..	125	346
Pining for old poetic times ... ..	84	238
Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary ... ..	63	178
Saint of the Sacred Heart ... ..	71	205
Saint Philip came from the sunny south ... ..	80	228
Saint Philip ! I have never known ... ..	82	233
See ! the Sun beyond the hill ... ..	92	263
Sing, sing, ye Angel bands ... ..	47	141
Souls of men ! why will ye scatter ... ..	102	289
Summer suns for ever shining ... ..	42	129
Sweet Saint Philip ! thou hast won us ... ..	81	231
Sweet Saviour ! bless us ere we go ... ..	88	251
Sweet Saviour ! take me by the hand ... ..	140	393
That music breathes all through my spirit ... ..	130	361
The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind	105	296
The day, the happy day, is dawning... ..	40	123
The grief that was delayed so long ... ..	136	382
The Land beyond the Sea ! ... ..	147	417
The moon is in the heavens above ... ..	54	160
The Shadow of the Rock ... ..	145	410
The starry skies, they rest my soul ... ..	131	365
The thought of God, the thought of Thee ... ..	94	267
There are many saints above ... ..	62	176
Think well how Jesus trusts Himself ... ..	117	324
To arms ! to arms ! for God our King ! ... ..	64	181
Thou touchest us lightly, O God ! in our grief ...	146	414
Thousands of years had come and gone ... ..	30	91
Unchanging and unchangeable before angelic eyes	37	110
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ! ... ..	29	87
What end doth he fulfil ... ..	128	356
What is this grandeur I see up in heaven ... ..	49	145
Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road ... ..	22	70
Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God ? ... ..	112	311
Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart ? ... ..	121	337
Why is thy face so lit with smiles ... ..	33	97

**Part First.**



HYMNS 19-37.

*GOD AND THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.*



# H Y M N S.



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 honour 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 !



*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

Splendours upon splendours 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.*

## I

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 overshadow 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 harbour 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.

I

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,  
O 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.

*THE ETERNAL FATHER.*

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,—  
 Procession 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 joy'st 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 speak'st  
 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.*

I

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.



*MY FATHER.*

8

Only to sit and think of God,  
 Oh 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.*

I

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

Oh 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 hest 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.*

## I

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 tranquillity,  
 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 splendour!  
 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  
 Delightedly 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 self-sufficient 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.*

I

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 controul;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.

3

Oh 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 honour 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

Oh 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 harbour 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 illumines !

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.



*VENI CREATOR.*

16

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

17

Thy 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

Oh come, Creator Spirit ! come,  
 Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home ;  
 And with Thy heavenly grace fulfil  
 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.*

I

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 labour 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 fervour glow.

## 3

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,  
 For evil's self Thy light can kill:  
 Oh 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 fathe  
 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.**

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HYMNS 19-37.

*THE SACRED HUMANITY OF JESUS.*





## 19.

*THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.*

PARAPHRASED FROM THE PARADISUS ANIMÆ.

## I

Father! Creator! Lord Most High!  
 Sweet Jesus! Fount of Clemency!  
 Blest Spirit! who dost sanctify!  
 God ruling over all!  
 The Dolours 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.

I. 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.

## I

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 lea;  
Oh may'st 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 would'st 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 a 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.

I

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 deign'dst 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?  
Oh 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!



. THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS  
CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus! who deem'dst 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.

## I

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 give me 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, like my Lord, at prayer.

4

Jesus! who saw'st 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.

I

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 brightness 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,  
    Oh 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.

## I

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 harbour 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.*

I

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

## 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 sleep'st,  
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 smoothes Thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.

6

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st 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 camels' 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 of-  
ferings:  
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 hands  
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.

Oh 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

Oh happy time of blessed tears,  
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning 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 !

*THE AGONY.*

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.*

I

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 falling 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.]

I

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

Oh 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 ;  
Yet 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 harbour 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.

*JESUS RISEN.*

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.*

I

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 know'st 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 tingling 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.

I

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, art 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!

*PENTECOST.*

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.*

I

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 centred 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 vigour 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.*

I

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.*

## I

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 perfec-  
tion 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,  
 Life-giving 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 trans-  
 ports 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,

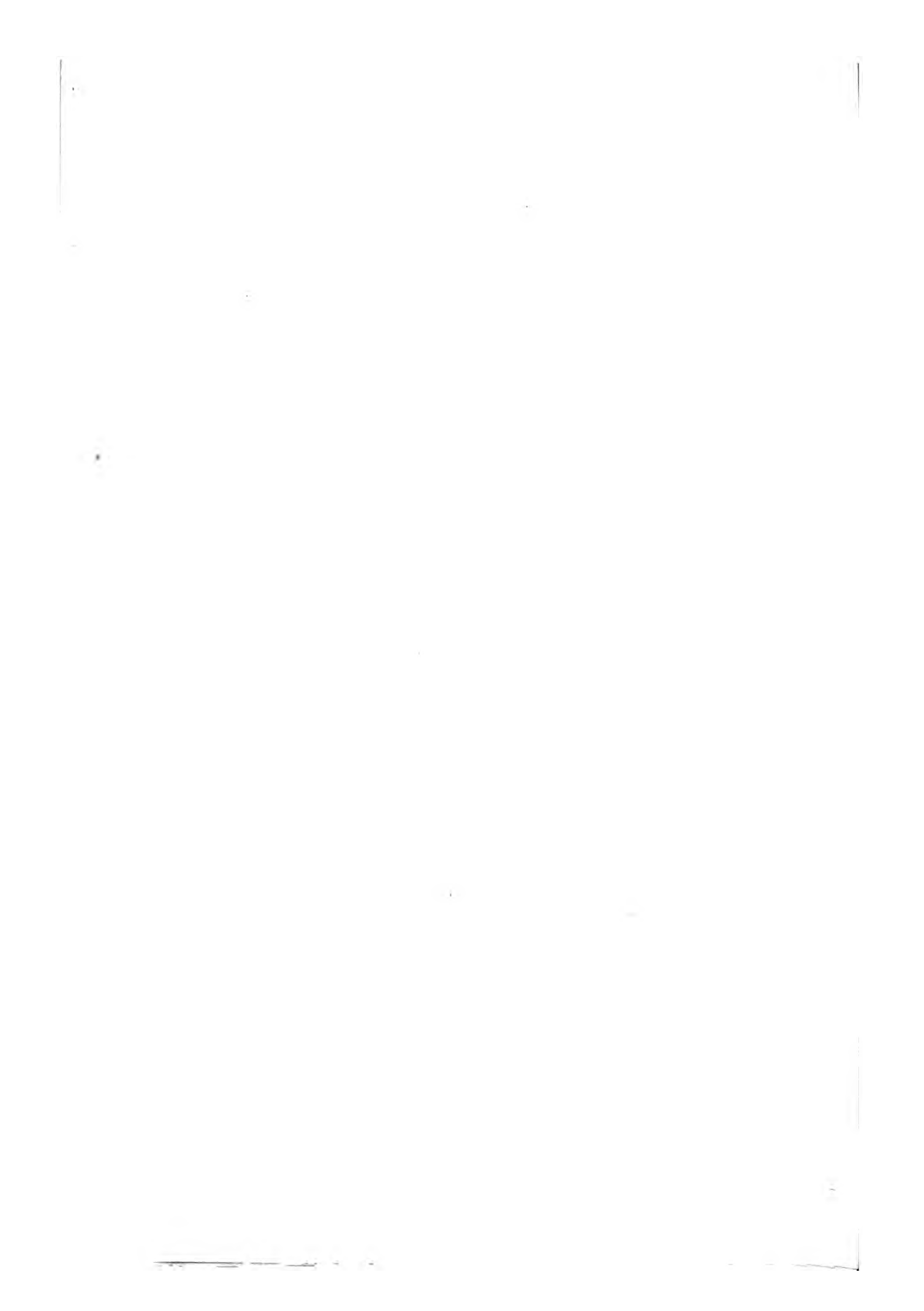
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in  
One ye scan,

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 infi-  
nitely 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.

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HYMNS 38-64.

*OUR BLESSED LADY, ST. 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 honour, new honours 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

Oh shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine!  
For the primest of honours, 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! oh 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,  
 Oh 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.*

## I

Summer suns for ever shining,  
 Flowers and fruits for ever twining,  
 Silvery waters ever flowing,  
 Song-like 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,  
         Light-hearted 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 Ever-living,  
 All the vast angelic nations,  
 Lauding Him with gratulations :  
     Infant Mary ! Joy of earth !  
     We with all this world of mirth,  
         Light-hearted 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,  
        Light-hearted 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,  
        Light-hearted 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,  
        Light-hearted and joy-laden,  
    Greet the morning of thy birth,  
        Little Maiden !

6

Splendour 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,  
        Light-hearted 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,  
        Light-hearted 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,  
    Light-hearted 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,  
    Light-hearted 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,

        Light-hearted and joy-laden,

    Greet the morning of thy birth,

        Little Maiden !

FILEY,  
August 1861.

43.

OUR LADY'S PRESENTATION.

I

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 aught 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.*

I

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 Messiah's 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!  
Oh 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.*

I

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 harbours 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 DOLOURS OF OUR LADY.*

## 1

God of mercy ! let us run  
 Where yon fount of sorrows flows !  
 Pondering sweetly one by one,  
 Jesu's 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

Oh 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 ?

*THE ASSUMPTION.*

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

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



2

Oh 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

Oh 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

Oh 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

Oh 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

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

7

Oh 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

Oh vision bright!  
Oh 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.

I

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

K

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.*

I

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! oh 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 prayer 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 an 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.*

## I

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

Oh 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, oh 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.*

I

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 borne 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 arbour of their rest is neared.

3

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
 Favourites 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 murmurs, 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 knew 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 fervour  
 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 may'st 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 did'st 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 fervour,  
Fill them to the brim.

## 13

Sweeter still and sweeter  
Dost thou grow to us,—  
Will it, dearest Mother,  
Evermore be thus ?

## 14

Oh 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.]

## I

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.

*ST. 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 ST. 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.

*ST. 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.*

## I

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 brodered folds against the sky,  
Sons of the Holy Family!

## I

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 brodered 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 brodered folds against the sky,  
 Sons of the Holy Family !

3

We must stand to our colours 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 brodered 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 !





**Part Fourth.**

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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.

ST. 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 honour fired,  
And of the Word made Man.

4

For God to thee, oh vision glad!  
The Virgin-Mother showed,  
And, in His lower nature clad,  
The Eternal Word of God.

5

Then, worshipping the splendour 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 Jesu's 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!

N



## 67.

*ST. GABRIEL.*

I

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 did'st behold  
 More even than thy words have told,  
     More than thou could'st 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 foreran.

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.

ST. RAPHAEL.

I

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 St. 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 possest.  
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 thine 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 gifts 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.]

I

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, oh 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

Oh 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.

*ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.*

I

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 honour, 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.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

I

Saint of the Sacred Heart,  
Sweet teacher of the Word,  
Partner of Mary's woes,  
And favourite of thy Lord !

2

Thou to whom grace was given  
To stand where 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 opprest ;  
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.

ST. ANNE.

I

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 com-  
plete.

## 3

Oh the vision of thee in thy lone mountain home,  
With thy calm broken heart so heart-breaking to  
see,

In these 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 Naza-  
rene!

## 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?  
Oh 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 crowned 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.

*ST. MARY MAGDALENE.*

I

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 splendours 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 !  
Oh those gentle Eyes of Jesus,  
And those tender Words He said !  
Oh 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 fervour !  
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.

ST. MARTHA.

I

O dear Saint Martha ! busy Saint !  
By love's keen fervour ever pressed !  
Oh get us fervour not to faint  
Until we reach our heavenly rest.

## ST. MARTHA.

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.

*ST. BENEDICT.*

I

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 labour 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.

ST. INNOCENCE.

[FOR THE CHILDREN AT NORWOOD, WHERE HER BODY  
IS PRESERVED.]

I

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,  
Light-hearted 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.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

I

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 dis-  
         play  
     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.

*ST. WILFRID.*

[FOR THE CHILDREN OF ST. 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 shown 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 labour 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 measure have we dealt ;  
One faith would breed one heart  
In Saxon and in Celt.

11

Thou hadst no idle hour ;  
Thy gains with toil were bought ;  
Saint Wilfrid ! make us love  
Our country as we ought.

*ST. PHILIP NERI.*

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 missionaries  
 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.

*ST. PHILIP NERI.*

I

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 St. 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.

## ST. 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

Has earth seemed dull, or your soul been full  
Until you were fain to cry?  
Or have holy Names burnt you like flames,  
And you know 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 be so, oh listen to me!  
Rejoice, for Saint Philip is nigh;  
At Jesu's 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 neighbours, 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.

ST. PHILIP'S PENITENTS.

I

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.

ST. PHILIP'S PICTURE.

I

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 missionary 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.

*ST 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 dews 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 vigour 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.

*ST. 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-sustained 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.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. MARTIN.

I

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

Oh weary ways of earth and men !  
Oh 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 tranquillity.

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.

*ST. PHILIP'S DEATH.*

1

Day set on Rome: its golden morn  
 Had seen the world's Creator borne  
     Around St. 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

St. 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 belovèd 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.

## ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei,  
 ut loquaris pro nobis bona.—*Missale Romanum.*

I

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 kindled  
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 honours 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

Labour 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.

ST. 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 !

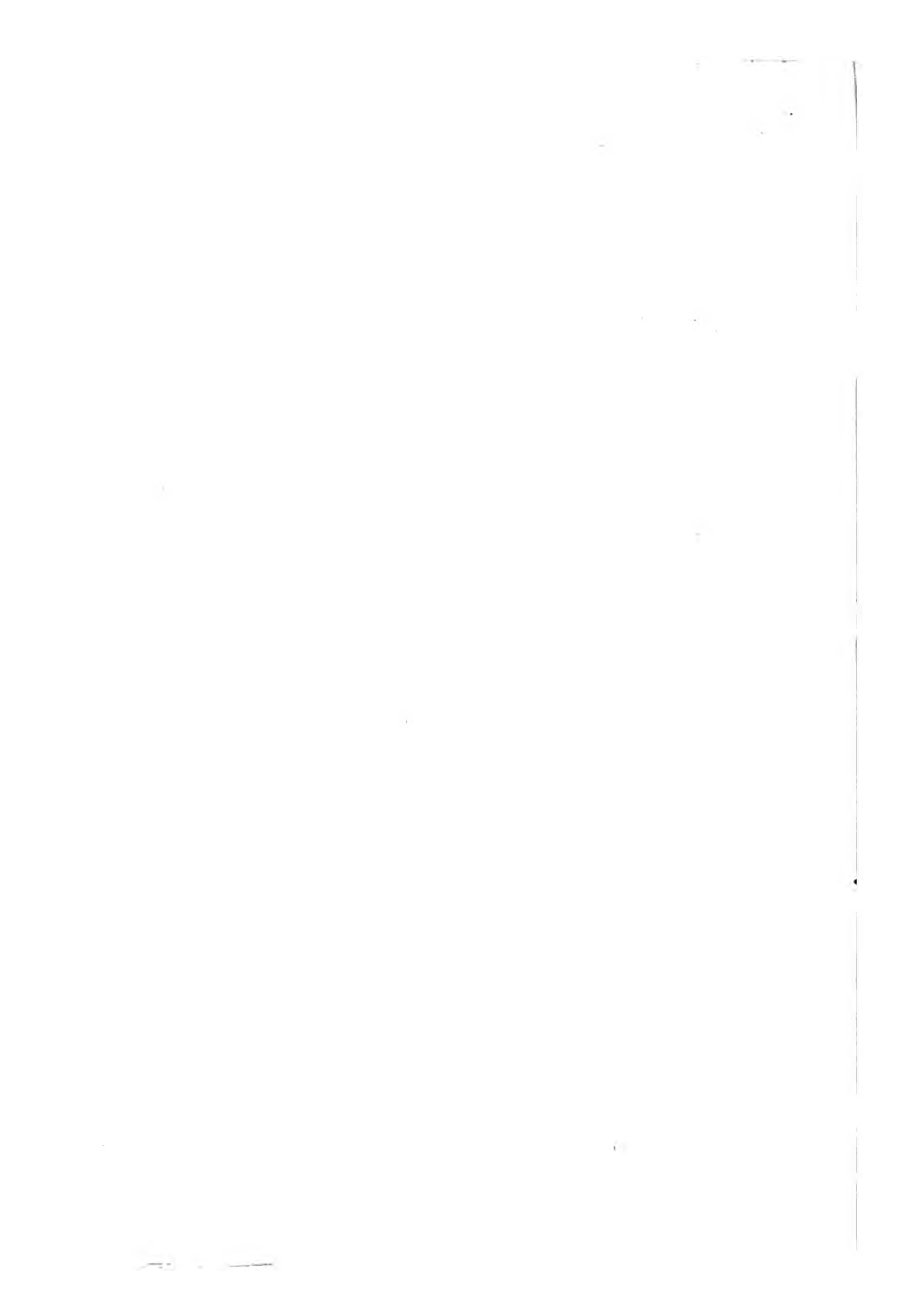
**Part Fifth.**

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HYMNS 90-126.

*THE SACRAMENTS, THE FAITH, AND  
THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*





## 90.

*HOLY COMMUNION.*

[IMITATED FROM ST. 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 the 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 away.

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 St. 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:  
 Oh 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.

I

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.

*THE FEAR OF GOD.*

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, seabirds, and sea,  
Not of Thy worship, but much more,  
And only, Lord ! of Thee.

97.

PREDESTINATION.

I

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 depth  
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 may'st 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.

*THE RIGHT MUST WIN.*

14

Oh 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.*

I

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.*

I

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 honours 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 :

Oh 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

Oh 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;  
 Oh 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 always.

**101.***THE TRUE SHEPHERD.*

I

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.

T



## COME TO JESUS.

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 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.

I

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 befalls  
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

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 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 befalls  
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 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, and drink of His foun-  
tains,

Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love ?  
Believe me, dear children, that Erin's green moun-  
tains

Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.

## 104.

*THE WAGES OF SIN.*

I

Oh 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.*

I

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 labour 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.

I

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 enlight-  
ened ;  
I feel a new purpose burn strong in my heart ;  
I come to Thee now like a child scared and fright-  
ened,  
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 ;  
Oh give me grace to keep Thy grace,  
And grace to merit more.

108.

THE WORK OF GRACE.

I

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 favourite 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.*

I

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:—  
Oh 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.

I

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.

## 111.

*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 honour 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 harbour 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.*

I

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 for 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 honoured 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 for-  
given,  
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.*

I

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!"

## I

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 endeavour ;  
 We'll hang our colours 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.

## I

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 would'st 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.

x



## 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  
O 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 appeared 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 neighbour's faults  
O'erwhelms with burning ray,  
And in excess of splendour 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 fairyland  
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.

*DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.*

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 knowest  
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 humble 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 ruffings 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.

Y



6

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask ;  
But, dear and gentle Dove !  
Oh wherefore hast Thou lit on one  
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 repugance 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.

*THE PAIN OF LOVE.*

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.



*LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

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

Show 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 angels' 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 FAVOURS.*

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 unrolled  
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 have 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

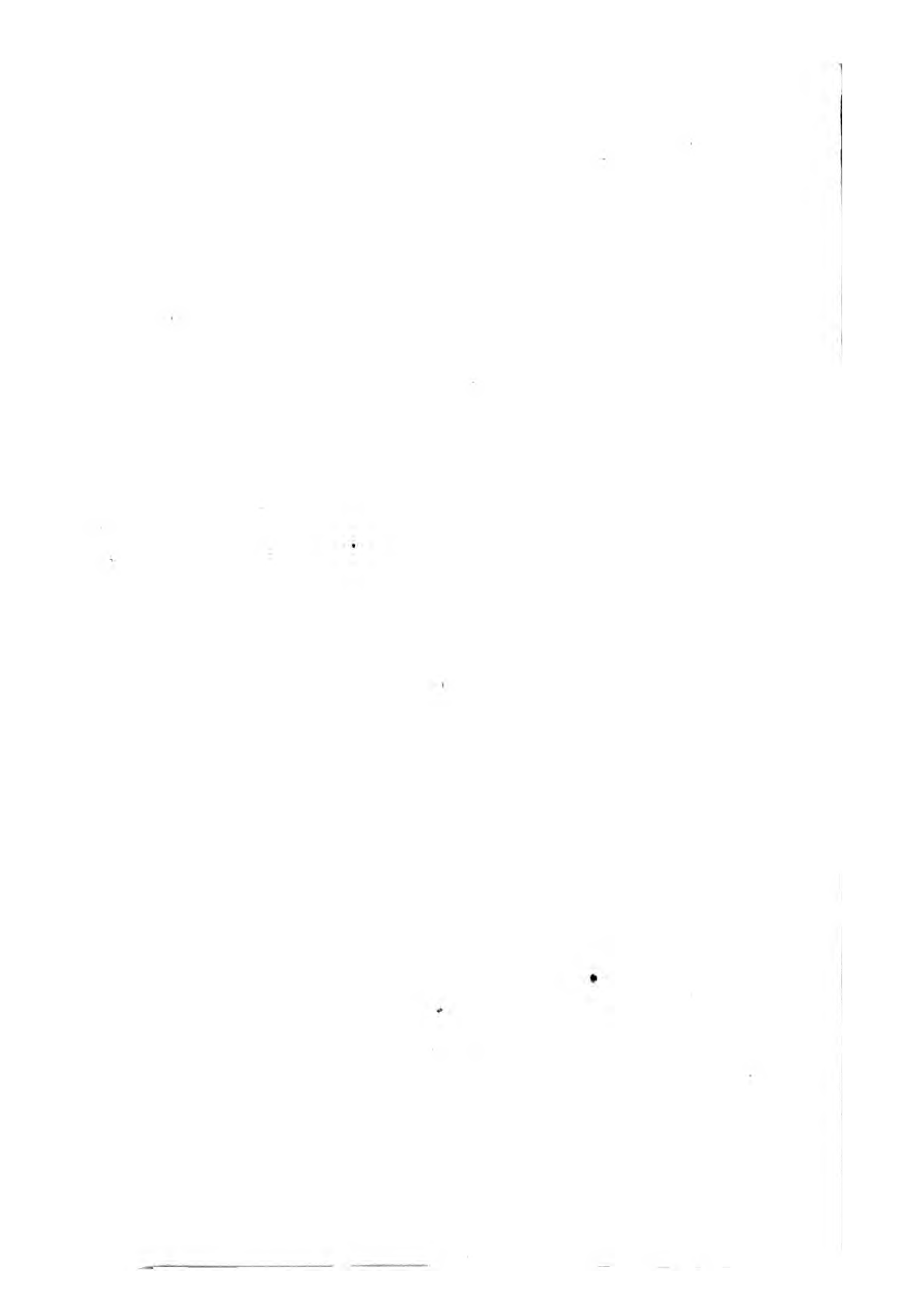
There have been times when sense of sin  
Hath laid my spirits very low ;  
Yet this sharp light went deeper in ;  
I never yet was humbled so.

**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 thankfullest 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.

Z



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 splendours 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 loves makes her long to have more to believe.

## 128.

*THE OLD LABOURER.*

I

What end doth he fulfil?  
 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 labourer 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.*

I

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

Oh exquisite tyranny ! silence,—  
My souls 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.

## 'MUSIC.

18

Dear voices that long have been silenced,  
 Come clear from their peaceable 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 are 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 splendours 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.

I

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.*

## I

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

Labour 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.*

## I

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 farther 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!

**Dart Seventh.**



HYMNS 134-150.

*THE LAST THINGS.*



## 134.

*THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

I

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 loved 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.*

I

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.*

I

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.*

I

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 vain 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 honour 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 ledest 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 splendour runs,  
Where the days bury their golden suns,  
In the dear hopeful west!

## 140.

*THE LENGTH OF DEATH.*

I

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.

I

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.

I

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 would fain 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 clamour 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,  
Thou 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.*

I

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.

I

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 creatures' 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 fill.

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.*

I

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 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 angels' 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.

12

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 was fairest to  
me;  
Thou hast taken the fairest: 'tis always Thy way;  
Thou hast taken the dearest: was he dearest to  
Thee?  
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome:—yet woe is the  
day!

7

Thou hast honoured 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.*

## I

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 unsubmitive 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 possest;  
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

## 148.

*THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.*

## I

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.*

I

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.

I

Oh what is this splendour 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 splendour 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.



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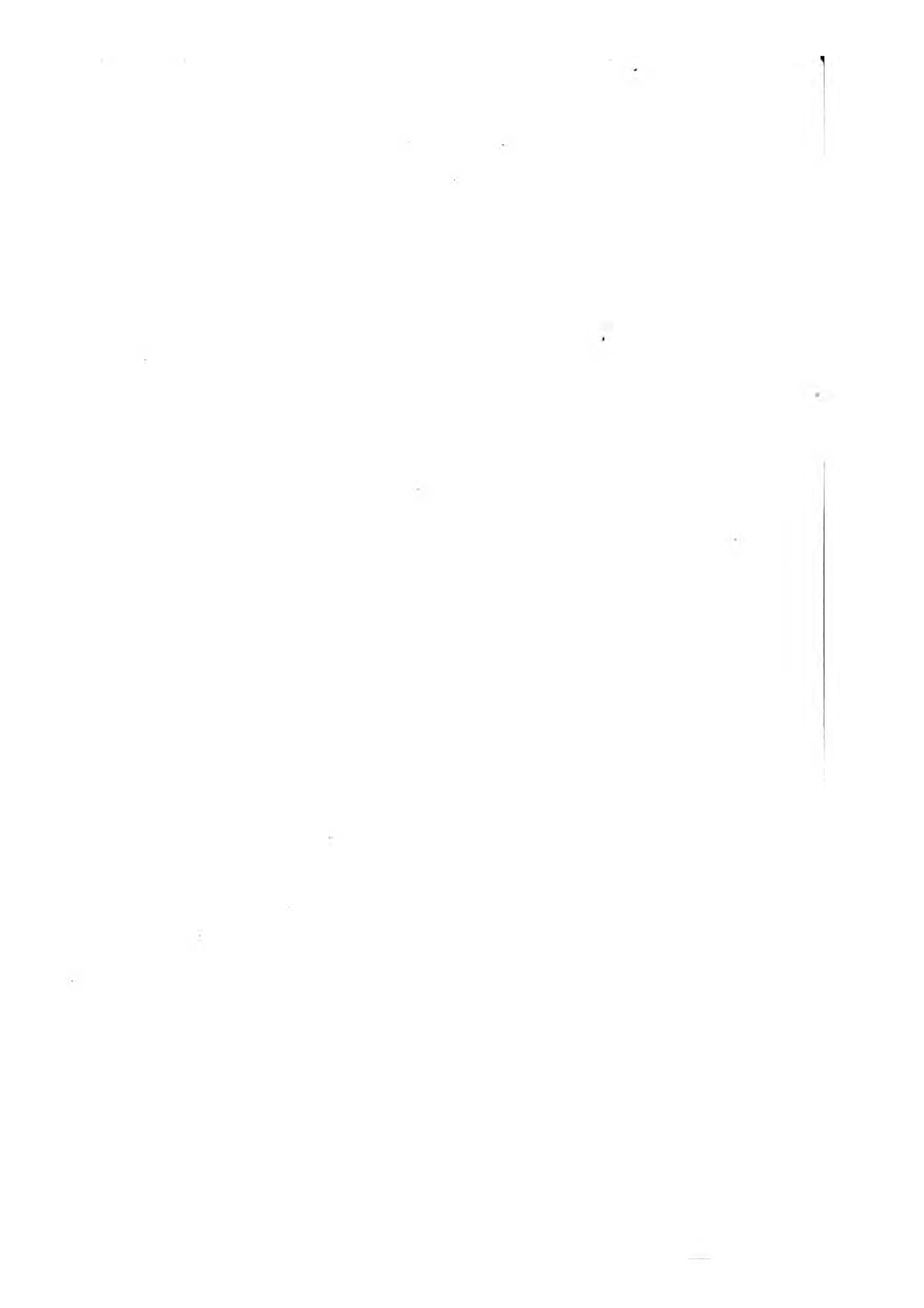
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