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A GARLAND

OF

SPIRITUAL FLOWERS

WOVEN BY THE REVEREND

G. R. WOODWARD, Mus. Doc.

AND IMPRINTED AT

48 WEST HILL, HIGHGATE VILLAGE,

1931

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A G A R L A N D

O F

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A Garland
of
Spiritual Flowers

THE HOLY TRINITY

Es blühen drei Rosen

THere bloom Three Roses on One spray :
The Three have bloom'd in heaven ay.

The first is God the Sire, who made
The universe without our aid.

The second is the Son of God,
With heav'nly crown and regal rod.

The third is God the Holy Ghost,
Our pilot to the heavenly coast.

ΑΣΤΗΡ ΜΑΓΟΥΣ ΕΠΕΜΨΕ

A Star forth sent the Easterlings
To seek the new-born King of kings :
And Herod sent a godless host,
But all in vain, to search the coast
Of Bethlem, thinking so to slay
The Babe that in the manger lay.

O BENIGNISSIME

Jesu Christ, O most benign
King eternal, Lord divine,
Lo! a sinful slave I be,
Sunken deep in misery.
Of thy tender mercy free
Turn thy face, and look on me,
As on Peter, on his fall
In the hierarchal hall :
As on Mary Magdalene
At the banquet-table seen :
As upon the thief beside thee,
When thy foemen crucified thee :
That so, with Saint Peter, I
May o'er my denials cry :
That, with Mary so with me,
I may love thee heartily :
With the thief that I may see
Paradise along with thee.

SIT IGNIS ATQVE LVX MIHI

(W. Alard)

BLeft Jesu, finner though I be,
May this thy Body prove to me,
And this thy sacred Blood of might,
A kindling fire, a shining light.

Fire, to consume and burn within
My heart whole rubbish-heaps of sin,
And eke reduce to ash and dust
The bramble-thorn of wrongful lust:
Light, to illumine with thy rays
My darksome rooms, my secret ways.
So, bleffèd Jesu, evermore
My soul shall love thee and adore.

FAVETE LINGVIS

SPare, spare your chanting, Seraphim,
When God himself will sing an hymn:
Sweet nightingale, thy carols are,
To Jesu's voice, but noise and jar.

NON CLAMANS, SED AMANS

AFig for voice and viol-string,
But if devotion tune the thing:
Alone the heart inspired with love
Can reach the ear of God above.

BEI STILLER NACHT

(F. von Spee)

ONe stilly night I saw a fight,
Ere cock proclaim'd the morrow :
I lent an ear, a dirge to hear,
Prelude to yet more sorrow.

A godly wight, a perfect knight,
While friend and mate lay sleeping,
Knelt down in thee, Gethsemané,
Alone sad vigil keeping.

Bow'd down, it was none other than
The Lord, in human fashion :
To view the Man, so pale and wan,
E'en flint would strike compassion.

'Ah! Father, dearest Father mine,
This chalice, must I drain it ?
And not decline this drink of wine ?
Help ! aid me to sustain it.'

'Take thou the cup, and drink it up,
Dear Son, without denial :
Advise thee well, nor once rebel,
Go drain the bitter vial.'

'And must it be e'en so with me,
Not otherwise ? Far rather
Than choose my will, I fain fulfil
Thy bidding, O my Father.

Yet, Father dear, I forely fear
If death be thy good pleasure :
For who may tell the sting of hell,
And who the grave dare measure ?

Ah! Mother sheen, and maiden-queen,
Thy gentle heart would sicken,
Could it but hear what shadows drear
Around my path-way thicken.

Mother, mine own, I am no stone ;
This heart will break afunder
With pangs unknown to flesh and bone,
Nay, death itself thereunder.

Ah! Mother blest, farewell to rest !
To-night shall woe betide me
Upon the hill, bedew'd and chill,
With none to watch beside me.

A Cross doth rise afore mine eyes ;
Wo worth the pain and sorrow !
With blood imbued there stands the Rood,
The which I climb to-morrow.'

'The sound, my God, of scourge and rod
Upon mine ear is falling :
The Crown of thorn, bestow'd in scorn,
Methinks a sight appalling.

To thee I groan, and make my moan;
 The pains of death o'ertake me :
 My beauty floun, I stand alone,
 While earthly friends forsake me.
 The silver moon doth wane and swoon,
 As loth and fad spectator :
 The stars of night dout lamp and light,
 To weep with their Creator.
 The nightingale o'er hill and dale
 Is mum, still is the mountain :
 Wild hart and roe in sorrow go
 By water-brook and fountain.'

ASCENSION DAY

(On Schere Thursday he steyd to heven. Sloane Ms. 2593)

SChere Thursday. Bells a-ringing
 Set clerks in quire a-finging.
 With merry noise the Eleven
 See God go up to heaven.
 Through gate-way æviternal
 He mounts to joy supernal.
 At God's right hand he sitteth,
 As best my Lord befitteth.
 Thence fendeth he, to cheer us,
 His Spirit in and near us.

On doomsday he will hither,
To take his chosen thither.
That day, one hope we cherish :
He leave us not to perish.
Meanwhile faith oft will ponder
On Jesu seated yonder.

PENTECOST

TO-day from God the Father came
The Holy Ghost in tongues of flame.
Our Saviour he would upward wend,
An other Comforter to send.
Without the Spirit none can call
Christ Jesus God and Lord of all.
But for the Holy Spirit's light,
The world would sit in shades of night.
By water and the Word new birth
Is given to the sons of earth.
Through Christ the Way, the Spirit's hand
Will lead us to our native land.
Apart from Christ no road there is
To realms of everlasting bliss.
So with the Sire and Son divine,
O Holy Ghost, all praise be thine.

MICHAELMAS

IN Godè's name fing we the praise
Of Godè's Angels, and their ways.
All holy Angels help us earn,
On heavenly feat, a prize etern.
Ye Spirits, we shall walk the King's
High road-way, if beneath your wings.
Each Christian hath an Angel bright,
His guardiän by day, by night.
That there befall us nought of ill,
They keep good watch, and alway will.
Go we by water, or by land,
For ever they are close at hand.
They shield us from the devil's ire,
From mischief, water, and from fire.
'T would oft go hard with many a soul,
But for these Angels' good control.
The fiend ne'er resteth, all the time
Suggesting every form of crime,
Inventing heresy with schism,
War, treason, mob-law despotism.
All we have felt his club and clout:
'Tis he who maketh men fall out.

Oft hurls he mighty thunder-bolts,
With hail, the plague of heaths & holts.
He taints the air in town, on fen :
Whence ailments great to beasts & men.
Man-hater he, our deadly foe
Destroyeth much with frost and snow,
With mildew, rain, or icy fleet
Undoing vine, and blasting wheat.
But for the help of Angels bright,
That plead our cause by day and night,
Of all our goods we had been shorn,
In soul and body else forlorn.
A Watcher rescued Daniel, when
Endanger'd in the lion-den.
God also sent an Angel down,
To save just Lot from Sodom town.
Three holy Children wrapt in flame,
An Angel to their succour came.
Whenas Saint Peter lay asleep,
And doom'd to die, in donjon-keep,
There sped an Angel on that night,
And saved him from his parlous plight.
When Christ was born, then rang the sky
With *Glory be to God on high.*



The Maries iij, an Angel gave
Them word that Christ had left his grave.
And with him at the latter day
Shall Angels come in grand array.
They note our acts, and these they still
Report on high, for good or ill.
St. Paul the Apostle doth define
The Angels all in Orders nine.
These lordly Spirits far and wide
Serve God and us at every tide.
One part is known as Seraphyn :
And next to these the Cherubyn.
And other some are namèd Thrones :
And other Dominatiöns.
Some style we Virtues, and to these
Add Powers and Principalities.
The Archangel Michaël is nigh
All faithful folk, their sure ally.
The Father's envoy, Gabriel
Bare news that God with man would dwell.
St. Raphaël he maketh whole,
As skilful leech, the ailing soul.
St. Uriel serves us well, for lo!
He drives away our ghostly foe.

God calleth all his Stars by name,
And tells the number of the fame.
But we on earth with mortal fight
See not as yet these Spirits bright.
Late, early, near mankind they dwell :
Unseen they rede and wish us well.
Then must we follow Angel-quires,
To quell Satanic ill desires.
So shall we on the heavenly shore
Be as the Angels evermore.

HOME-SICK

(H. von Loufenberg)

Safe home : O God, that I were there,
Well rid of earthly cark and care!
By 'home' I mean that heavenly shore,
Whereon to see God evermore.
Arise, my soul ; soul, busk and go,
Where Angels wait thee, all a-row.
Was all the world too small for thee ?
At home again soon shalt thou be.
There life is, and there death is *nil* :
There freedom from all manner ill.

There heal and weal, apart from woe,
From this time forth for evermo.

There thousand years are as one day :
There pain and grief are past away.

Go to! my foul, my mind, my heart :
Go seek, go choose the better part.

A thing of nought and endless pain,
For loss of home, were little gain.

Here hast thou no abiding stay,
Be it to-morrow, or to-day.

Now sith the matter standeth so,
Avoid all earthly glamour, show,

And rue thy sins, amend thy way,
As bound for Paradise this day.

So, world, Adieu ! Farewell ! for I
Am off to heaven my home on high.

FINIS

¶ But 120 copies of this booklet have been
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