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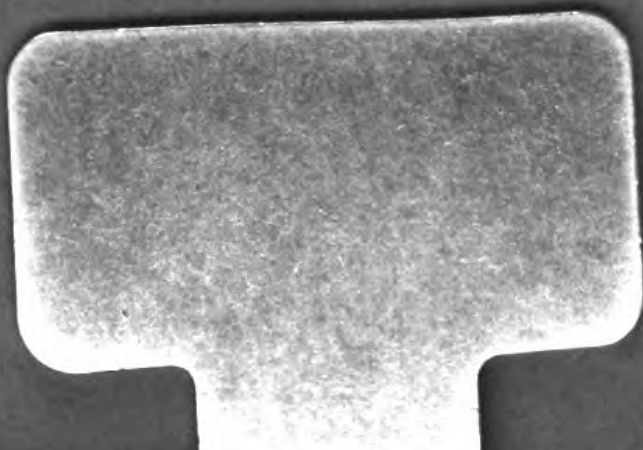
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CARMINA PASCHALIA

OR

CAROLS FOR EASTER-TIDE

WRITTEN BY THE REVEREND

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Cambridge)*

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## Carmina Paschalia

### I ΟΤΕ ΚΑΤΗΛΘΕΣ

**W**hen, Jesu, King immortal,  
And Lord of life & breath,  
Thou wentest thro' the portal,  
The nether gate of death,  
Then, as with flash of thunder,  
Did thy Divinity  
Harrow and cut asunder  
Hell and his tyranny.

When too from depth infernal  
Thou liftest up the dead  
Unto thy realm supernal, [head,  
Then cried the Powers o'er-  
'Glory to thee be chanted,  
O Christ, whom we adore;  
For thou to man hast granted  
Long life for evermore.'

II *Canticles* ij, 10—14

**T**Hus, when the dawn of Easter broke,  
My well-belovèd to me spoke,  
' Arise, my love, arise, I say ;  
My fair one, up, and come away :  
For, look you, winter-tide is past,  
The rain is over, gone at last,  
And flowers upon the earth appear ;  
It is the sap-time of the year.

The nightingale upon the spray,  
And Easter lark, doth tune his lay :  
Our hill and valley-side rejoice  
To hear the turtle's plaintive voice.  
The fig-tree putteth forth anew  
Her figs, of green or purple hue :  
With tender grape the fruitful vine  
Is fraught with favour sweet and fine.

Arise and come away, my love ;  
Forth from thy rocky cleft, my dove !  
Forth from thy secret stair, that I  
May view thy countenance thereby :  
And speak thou, that I so may hear  
The musick of thy steven clear :  
For why thy voice me doth entrance,  
And comely is thy countenance.

III *Sith, friend and neighbour,*

**S**ith, friend and neighbour,  
'Tis the cool time of day,  
Resting from labour,  
Take we the sautrie gay,  
And with pipe and tabour  
Chevy dull care away.

O'er garden border  
If the birds on the spray,  
All in due order,  
Welcome the month of May,  
Each on his recorder  
Lilting a grateful lay,  
Much more must wé men  
Sing to that Lord, who died,  
That we as free-men  
Might ay in heaven abide,  
There where Angel glee-men  
Also keep Easter-tide.

IV ΠΡΟΛΑΒΟΥΣΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΟΡΘΡΟΝ

**E**Arly from the tomb that day  
Holy women went their way,  
Calling to th' Eleven,  
'Come adore him; up, with speed!  
For the Lord is risen indeed,  
Jesus, the king of heaven.'



*V Why so early on your way*

‘**W**Hy so early on your way,  
Maries, ere the dawn of day?  
Wherefore wrapt in weeds of sorrow,  
On this joyful Easter-morrow?’

‘Haste we make, the Sabbath o’er,  
Sad at heart, and weeping fore  
For our Lord and God, who died,  
Upon Good Friday crucified.’

‘Say, what hither have ye brought,  
Sweet of scent, and dearly bought?  
Tell us; and, if ye have fought  
Angels, be not ye affrighted.’

‘Sire, we come with balm & myrrh  
To the holy sepulchre,  
To anoint that body fair,  
That Mary, Maiden-mother, bare.’

‘Ladies, no more sob, nor sigh;  
Jesus lives, no more to die:  
On the third day, as appointed,  
Risen is the Lord’s Anointed.

See, the stone is roll’d away;  
See the place where Jesus lay:  
Lo the napkin and the bands,  
That lately bound him, feet & hands.

Quickly hence ! Ahead of ye  
Goeth Christ to Galilee :  
There (go tell it to th' Eleven)  
Shall they see the King of heaven.'  
'Sire, thou hast dispell'd our grief;  
We believe thy word, and lief  
Homeward gang to sing and fay,  
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'

*VI Fear we not the Red Sea waters*

**F**EAR we not the Red Sea waters;  
Cleft are they by Moses' Rod;  
Safely, Jacob's sons and daughters,  
May we ford the stream dry-shod.  
The Life of the world by his dying hath saved us  
Fro' dying; the Lamb by his life-blood hath laved us,  
And clad us in albs: wherefore 'Glory' we cry,  
'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth on high.'  
Doff thy sack-cloth, garb of sadness;  
Holy Church, uplift thy voice:  
Gird thee with the robe of gladness;  
New Hierusalem, rejoice!  
From Zoan, the scene of our bondage & trouble,  
Our Moses hath ta'en us from brick-kiln & stubble,  
And thro' the Red Sea-way, as 'twere on dry ground,  
Hath led us, while Pharaoh, our foe-man, is drown'd.

VII *That Easter-tide is come*

**T**Hat Easter-tide is come to cheer  
The heart of man in sorrow,  
The world of nature maketh clear  
Upon this happy morrow,  
When Christ for us mortals  
Pass'd thro' the grave-portals,  
And trampled on death by dying.  
For earth, which late in awe to him  
Was moved and rent afunder,  
Reneweth now her gaudy trim  
In sympathy and wonder.  
For sooth she declareth  
His virtue, and shareth  
The triumph of her Creator.  
With grasses green and flowrets blue,  
Long hid by winter's sadness,  
With roses white, or red of hue,  
She showeth forth her gladness  
In raiment of beauty,  
As bounden in duty  
To Jesus arisen at Easter.  
The sun, too, upward soareth bright;  
His beams grow stronger daily:  
The bird, that warbleth all the night,  
Entuneth anthem gaily:

The mavis he singeth  
Until the wood ringeth  
With melody proper of Easter.

To us, good Lord of life and breath,  
Thy people many in number,  
Vouchsafe that we, too, after death  
May rise from sleep & slumber,  
To be the partakers  
Of Jesu our Maker's  
All-glorious Resurrection.

VIII *Es giengen drey heilge frauwe*

**B**etimes on Easter morrow,  
In tears and full of sorrow,  
Three Maries hasted on their way  
Toward the tomb where Jesus lay.

'Tell, tell us, ye way-farers,  
Why come as ointment-bearers?  
He, whom ye seek among the dead,  
Now lives agen, as he fore-said.

Up! Let your winter sadness  
Make way for summer gladness:  
Go tell th' Eleven that they shall see  
Their risen Lord in Galilee.'

IX *Early or peep o' day*

**E**Arly or peep o' day  
On Easter morrow  
Magdalen went her way ;  
And, in like sorrow,  
Other twain sped with her  
E'en to the portal  
Of the rock-sepulchre,  
Wherein as mortal  
Jefus of Nazareth  
In the flesh tarried,  
While below death and hell  
Groan'd and lay harried.

What did the iij survey  
Nigh the grave-entry ?  
Roll'd was the stone away ;  
Gone was the fentry.  
Then a bright Angel said,  
Comfort thus giving,  
' Wherefore among the dead  
Seek ye the living ?  
Fear not ye ; but go fay  
To the Eleven,  
Rifen is Chrift to-day,  
Sovran of heaven.'

X ΗΝΟΙΓΗΣΑΝ ΣΟΙ ΚΥΡΙΕ

**L**Ord, in terror of thee straightway,  
O, O, O,  
Death wide open flung his gate-way :  
It was so.  
Each grim hell-  
Sentinel,  
Beholding thee draw near,  
Gan quake for fear.  
For, their brazen portals batter'd,  
O, O, O,  
And their bars of iron shatter'd,  
Row by row,  
Thou didst rive  
Chain & gyve,  
And led'st us forth from shade  
Of death's dim flade.

XI *Joy! From his three day prison*

**J**Oy! From his three-day prison,  
Lo, my Lord is up and away.  
Joy! For our God is risen ;  
Come behold the place where he lay.  
Hard was his fight but glorious,  
O'er death and hell victorious :  
Sing then Alleluya to-day.

XII *When the red cock & the grey*

**W**HEN the red cock & the grey  
Now had given warning  
Of the day, when Christ would rise  
Early in the morning;  
God, who on Good Friday died  
On the Tree of scorning,  
Then toward Saint Sepulchre  
Magdalen proceeded,  
Also other Maries twain,  
They by love, too, speeded,  
Bearing ointments, that they deem'd  
By the dead were needed.  
There an empty tomb, and stone  
Roll'd away, they fought;  
There in alb an Angel sat,  
Was from heaven alighted;  
To the mourners thus quoth he,  
'Be not ye affrighted.  
By that Jesus, whom ye seek,  
Hell-gate bars are broken;  
Of his rising, napkin, cloth  
Are sure sign and token;  
This the third day is, whereof  
Oftly hath he spoken.  
This the Stone; the builders erst  
Scorn'd it and rejected :

But as head and corner-stone  
 Now it stands elected;  
 For a trophy of our Chief  
 Gloriously erected.  
 God, when first he made the world,  
 Did this day begin it.  
 Life eternal, Easter-day  
 Saw the Saviour win it.  
 This the Lord's own Day; be we  
 Glad and joyful in it!

XIII *Sol, luna, celum, sydera,*

**S**Un, moon & welkin, with stars of the night,  
 Mountain & valley, deep hollow & height,  
 With fountain & lake, river, sea, and whate'er  
 Or swimmeth, or creepeth, or flieth in air,  
 Each in that language, wherein ye excel,  
 Carols for Easter, I pray you, sing well.  
 The world's high Redeemer is up and away,  
 Returning from hell-gate in triumph to-day.

XIV After ΕΞΑΡΞΑΤΕ ΛΑΟΙ ΨΑΛΜΙΚΩΣ

**B**reak forth into singing, & be of good cheer!  
 Good Christens, the great day of Easter is here:  
 The Giver of life, the Redeemer of men,  
 Hath fought the old dragon, & rifled his den:  
 Sing, 'Christ is arisen;' sing, sing it agen.



XV *Adeste, celitum chori,*

**C**OME hither, Angel glee-man,  
Entune a merry lay!  
Though mid the dead, as free-man,  
He quits the tomb to-day.  
Vain is the wakeful sentry  
By Jesu's grave;  
Vain is the seal o'er entry  
Of yonder cave.

That Lord, who of his frée-will  
Met death in wonder strife,  
Upon the third day hé will  
Agen take up his life:  
And, as at birth he speeded  
From virgin womb,  
So now, by nought impeded,  
From virgin tomb.

'Twas said by them that heaved him  
Upon the Cross, Had Christ  
Come down, they had believed him  
The Son of God most high'st.  
But greater sign he giveth  
Than this; for why  
He, that was dead, now liveth,  
No more to die.

XVI *In dieser zeyt loben wir all*

**S**ing we Alléluyá to-day :  
Thus let our Easter Anthem run.  
Good Friday's pain is past away,  
So be the song of joy begun.

From Satan's yoke his death hath freed  
All, Adam, Eva, and their seed:  
To-day the Lord is risen indeed.

By blessed Mary Magdalene,  
The earliest at Saint Sepulchre,  
Whenas the living Lord was seen,  
She took him for the gardener.

He call'd her, Mary, as of yore;  
And now, the night of sadnes o'er,  
Her days are gladnes evermore.

XVII ΕΙΠΑΤΩΣΑΝ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΟΙ

**L**Et Jewry explain how the sentry did lose  
(On guard in the garden) the King of the Jews,  
And say why the grave-stone no longer sufficed  
To prison the Living, that Rock, which was Christ.

By them let the Body entomb'd be restored,  
Or else be the Body arisen adored!  
Ah! Jesu, may Jewry sing even as we,  
'Thy mercies are numberless. Glory to thee!'

XVIII *Mortis portis fractis fortis*

**T**He ports of death are broken in twain :  
The stronger man with might & main  
Hath smit the strong man, arm'd in vain,  
And of his goods despoil'd him.  
Upon the Tree Emmanuel,  
The King of heaven, hath toll'd the knell  
Of Satan's reign, the prince of hell,  
And altogether foil'd him.

On such as fat in mirky night  
There shone, and sheen as noon-day, light;  
When God, in pity of our plight,  
Would fain from ship-wreck save us :  
Hence, that his people might not die,  
Himself would under tomb-stone lie;  
And, by his death, long life on high  
To finners, this he gave us.

When our Redeemer won the field,  
[Death-sentence on mankind repeal'd]  
Then Satan's final doom was seal'd;  
Hence, stricken sore, he crieth :  
For while the fowler did prepare  
For other game a deadly snare,  
Within the net all unaware  
Himself o'er-taken lieth.

Thus God, our rightful King, of ay,  
As mighty Victor in the fray,  
Arisen from the dead to-day,

Doth unto blifs restore us :  
Now Eve and Adam, with their kin,  
By virtue of the Rood, re-win  
Fair Eden, lost awhile by sin :  
And hence we sing in chorus.

XIX *Freu' dich, erloeste Christenheit,*

**R**Ejoice, ye ransomed folk, and say,  
*Benedicamus.*

Sing, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'  
*Alleluya. Benedicamus Domno.*

But iij brief days entomb'd he lay :  
*Benedicamus.*

Then cast the shrouds of death away.  
*Alleluya. Benedicamus Domno.*

Sith Jesus liveth, why be sad ?  
*Benedicamus.*

Thou art beloved of him; be glad.  
*Alleluya. Benedicamus Domno.*

Through him is shrift for sinners found :  
*Benedicamus.*

Thro' him with grace mankind is crown'd.  
*Alleluya. Benedicamus Domno.*

**XX** *In vernali tempore*

**I**N the merry month of May  
Sunny is the weather;  
Cometh swallow, go'th his way  
Ice and snow together:  
Earth is clad in new array,  
Hill and valley, bank and brae,  
River, mere, and heather:  
With return of Easter-day  
All the world is blithe and gay,  
Upper, middle, nether.

Lo the lily and the tree!  
Lo the field in flower!  
Night-cock maketh melodie,  
Charming birk and bower.  
Smooth the surface of the sea;  
Air aloft from storm is free,  
Fraught with dewy shower:  
Clouds afore the day-star flee,  
As his beams athwart the lea  
Strengthen hour by hour.

If such beauty here we see,  
O what sight of wonder  
Must our Maker's glory be!  
Sheen o'er light of thunder.

His reflected brilliancy  
Fills the welkin, land & sea,  
    And the things thereunder :  
Yet what inequality !  
Night compared, O day, with thee,  
    Less far is afunder,

*XXI Nachtigall, dein edler schall*

**N**ightingale, thy lordly lays  
    Tell the heavy-hearted  
Of returning summer-days,  
    Winter-gloom departed.

At thy musick thorn & thatch  
    Stand with rapture smitten ;  
On my songster-roll thy match  
    Still remains unwritten.

*XXII Winter-weather*

**W**inter-weather  
    Irks me altogether,  
Viewing holt and heather  
    Clad in snowy gown :  
Winter stingeth ;  
Then no blossom springeth,  
Then no birdie singeth,  
    Cheering dale and down.

XXIII *Now is past*

**N**ow is past  
Frost with fleet & snow ;  
Icy blast

Doth no longer blow :  
Winter's sadness  
Taketh wing  
Fore the gladness  
Brought by Spring.

Grassy now  
Groweth lawn and lea ;  
Green the bough  
Of the hawthorn tree :  
April showers,  
Blessing earth,  
Bid May-flowers  
Spring to birth.

Now is heard,  
Over down and dale,  
Cuckoo-bird,  
Lark and nightingale.  
'Tis the sing-time  
Of the year ;  
Wherefore, Spring-time,  
Welcome here !







