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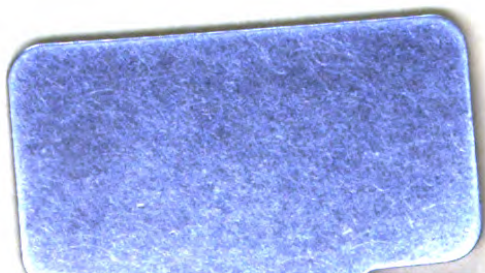


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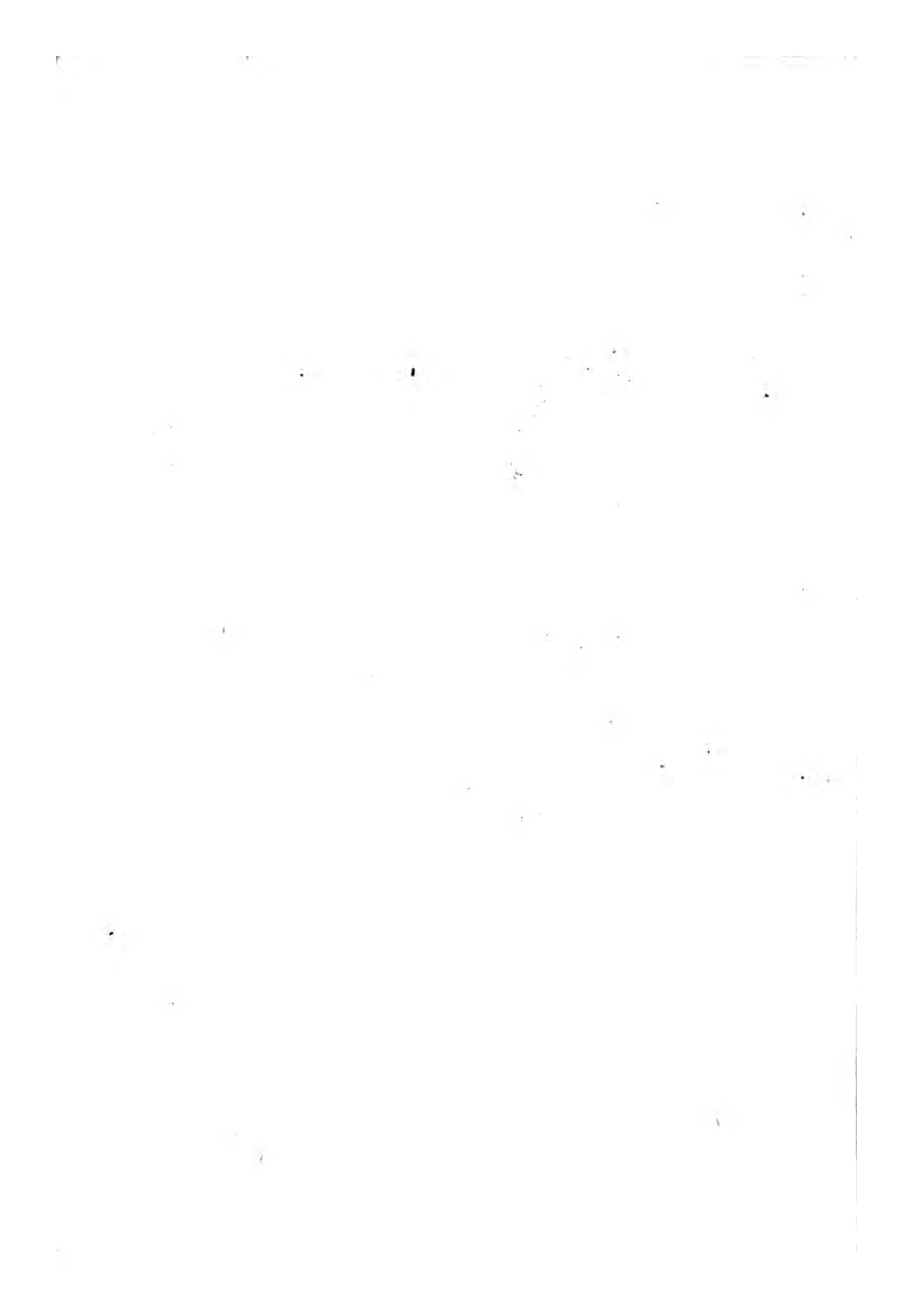


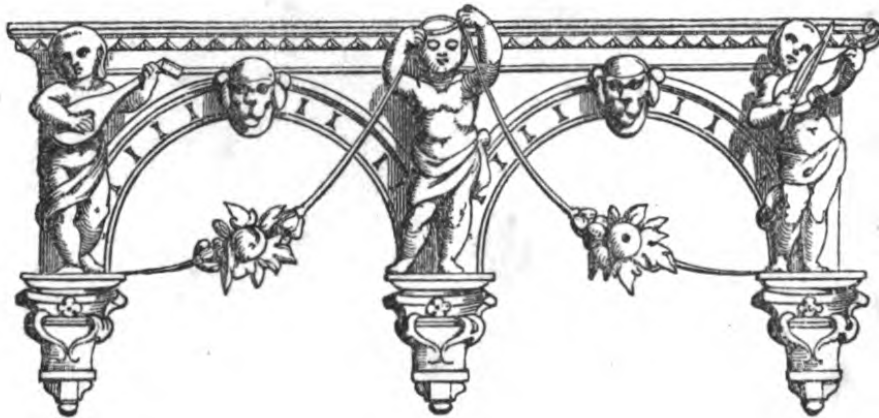
Christmas Tyde

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Christmas Tyde.

A SERIES
OF SACRED SONGS AND POETICAL PIECES,
SUITED TO THE SEASON.





Christmas **T**ide.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1849



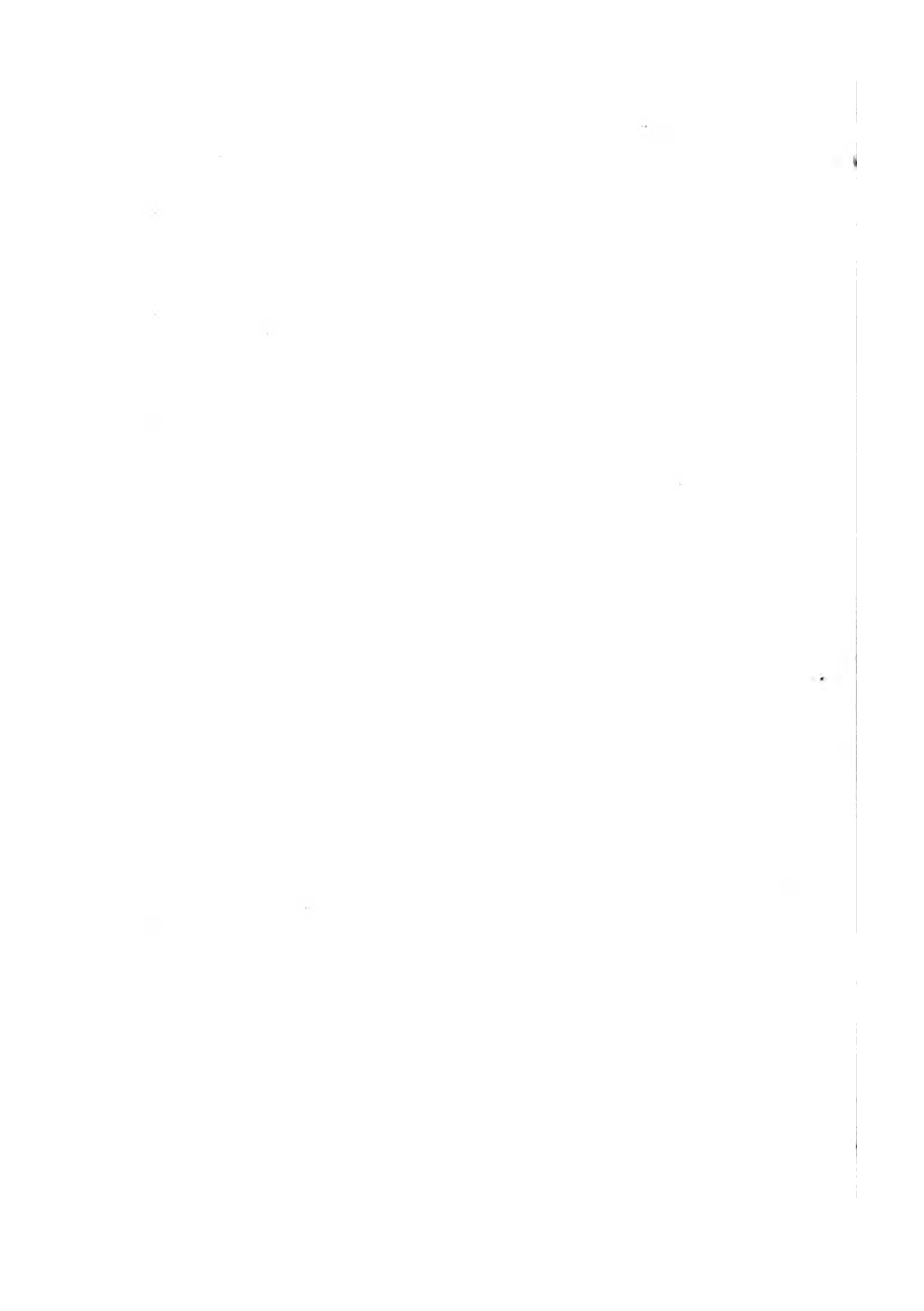


TO
DAME EMMA DOROTHEA,
WIFE OF
SIR FRANCIS ASTLEY, BART.

These Memorials of Christmas

ARE PRESENTED,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER LOVE FOR SUCH HALLOWED THEMES
AND HER APPRECIATIVE ENJOYMENT OF
CHRISTIAN ART.







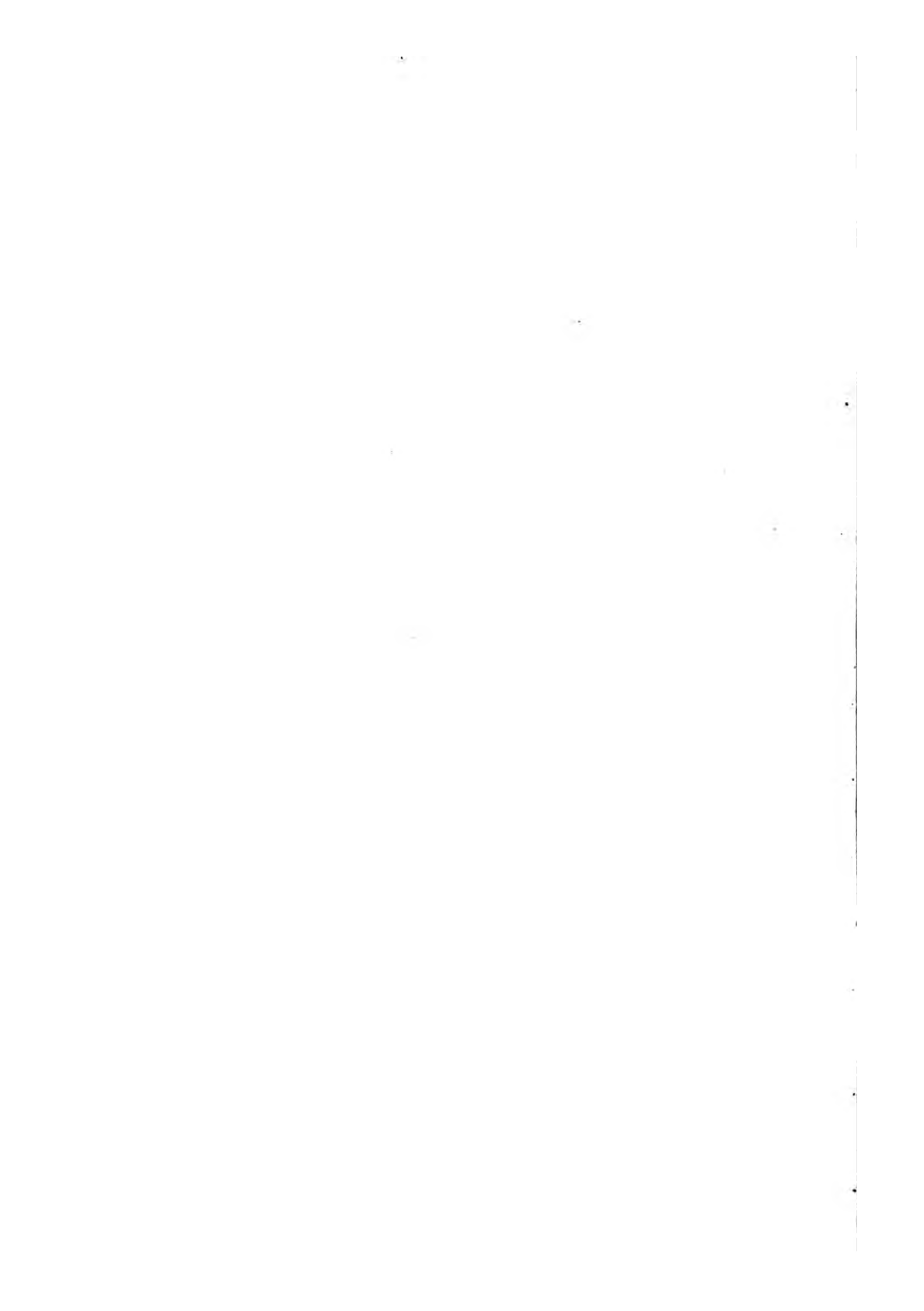
Christmas Tyde.

For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given :
And the government shall be
Upon his shoulder :
And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God,
The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Isaiab. ix. 6.

The Word was made flesh,
And dwelt among us,
And we beheld his glory,
The glory as of the only begotten of the Father,
Full of grace and truth.

St. John. i. 14.





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Invocation.

“To God the Sonne.”

GREAT Sonne of God, but borne the sonne
of man,
One subject of a double substance fram'd:
wherein nor man-hood lost, nor god-
head wun

But of them both at once one Christ was nam'd
Before all times begot, in time created,

The Lord of Lords, a servant form retaining,
And yet no former forme thereby abated :

In servants forme, the forme of God remaining.
Great Sonn of God, then whom there is no greater

No not the Father in His great divinitie,
As God creator and as man a creature :

(For more and lesse, agree not in infinity.)
Teach me to know how man by God assumed
Is both, and yet not man by God consumed.

William Leighton.



Introduction.

I.

HHE birth of Him that no beginning knewe,
Yet gives beginning to all that are
borne,
And how the Infinite farre greater grewe,
By growing lesse, and how the rising Morne,
That shot from heav'n, did back to heaven retourne,
The obsequies of Him that could not die,
And death of life, ende of eternitie,
How worthily He died, that died unworthily ;

How God, and Man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heav'n, and earth did kifs,
And how a Virgin did become a Mother,
And bare that Sonne, who the worlds Father is,
And Maker of His mother, and how Blifs
Descended from the bosome of the High,
To cloath Himselfe in naked miserie,
Sayling at length to heav'n, in earth, triumphantly,

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
 Doth burne in heavenly love, such love to tell.
 O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
 And taught'st this brest, but late the grave of hell,
 Wherein a blind, and dead heart liv'd, to swell
 With better thoughts, send downe those lights that lend
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
 The love, that never was, nor ever can be pend.

Giles Fletcher.

II.

BEGINNE from first, where He encradled
 was
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a Wad of
 Hay

Betweene the toylfull Oxe and humble Affe,
 And in what Rags, and in how base Aray,
 The Glory of our heavenly Riches lay,
 When Him the filly Shepheards came to see,
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest Knee.

Edmund Spenser.

III.

LET me tell thee a strange storie.
 The God of power, as He did ride
 In His majestick robes of glorie,
 Resolv'd to light ; and so one day
 He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
 The clouds His bow, the fire His spear,

The sky His azure mantle gain'd.
 And when they ask'd, what He would wear ;
 He smil'd, and said as He did go,
 He had new clothes a making here below.
George Herbert.



IV.

“The miserable estate of the World before the Incarnation of God.”

HE Griefe was common, common were
 the Cryes,
 Tears, Sobbes, and Groanes of that afflicted
 Traine,

Which of Gods chosen did the Summe containe,
 And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies ;
 All good had left the World, each Vice did raigne,
 In the most hideous shapes Hell could devise,
 And all degrees, and each Estate did staine,
 Nor further had to goe, whom to surprise :

The World beneath the Prince of Darknesse lay,
 In every Phane who had himself install'd,
 Was sacrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,

Responses gave, which, Fooles, they did obey :
 When pittying Man, God of a Virgines wombe
 Was borne, and those false Deities strooke dombe.

William Drummond.

v.



ON Mans behalf

Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
 Much les that durst upon his own head
 draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, Thy word is past, man shall find grace ;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of Thy winged messengers,
 To visit all Thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
 Happie for man, so coming ; he her aide
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :
 Behold Mee then, Mee for him, life for life
 I offer, on Mee let Thine anger fall ;
 Account Mee man ; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd, on Me let Death wreak all his rage ;
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht ; Thou hast givn Me to possess

Life in My self for ever, by Thee I live,
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
All that of Me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave Me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer My unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile ;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darknes bound. Thou, at the fight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the Grave :
Then with the multitude of My redeemd
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
Father, to see Thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilment ; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but His meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, He attends the will
Of His great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend

Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :
O Thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou
My sole complacence ! well Thou know'ft how dear,
To Me are all My works, nor Man the leaft
Though laft created, that for him I spare
Thee from My bofom and right hand, to fave,
By lofing Thee a while, the whole Race loft.
Thou therefore whom Thou only canft redeeme,
Thir Nature alfo to Thy Nature joyne ;
And be Thyfelf Man among men on Earth,
Made flefh, when time fhall be, of Virgin feed,
By wondrous birth : be Thou in Adams room
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.
As in him perifh all men, fo in Thee
As from a fecond root, fhall be reftor'd,
As many as are reftor'd, without Thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, Thy merit
Imputed fhall abfolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in Thee transfplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moft juft,
Shall fatisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rife, and rifing with Him raife
His Brethren, ranfomd with His own dear life.
So Heav'nly love fhall outdoo Hellifh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Hellifh hate
So eafily destroy'd, and ftill destroyes
In thofe who, when they may, accept not grace.

Nor shalt Thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature lessen or degrade Thine owne.
Because Thou hast, though Thron'd in highest blifs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
Farr more then Great or High ; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore Thy Humiliation shall exalt
With Thee Thy Manhood also to this Throne ;
Here shalt Thou fit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerval King ; all Power
I give Thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy Merits ; under Thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce :
All knees to Thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell ;
When Thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the skie appeer, and from Thee fend
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal : forthwith from all Windes
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past Ages, to the general Doom
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
Then all Thy faints affembl'd, Thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
Beneath Thy Sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring,
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then Thou Thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore Him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour Him as Mee.

John Milton.

VI.

BELOW the Botome of the great Abyffe,
 There where one Center reconciles all
 things ;
 The worlds profound Heart pants; There
 placed is
 Mischiefes old Master, close about him clings
 A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kisse
 His correspondent cheekes : these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse Prince in eternall Ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of Torments, and the King of Teares,
 He fills a burnisht Throne of quenchlesse fire :
 And for his old faire Roabes of Light, he weares
 A gloomy Mantle of darke flames, the Tire
 That crownes his hated head on high appears ;
 Where seav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) aspire.

And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horne
Seav'n crested Hydras horribly adorne.

His Eyes, the fullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull Ayre with a dismall red :
Such his fell glances as the fatall Light
Of staring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead.
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
Of Hells owne stinke, a worser stench is spread.
His breath Hells lightning is : and each deepe groane
Disdaines to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone.

His flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath ;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying Life of a long Death.
In this sad House of slow Destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself beneath
A masse of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his Tayles strong lash.

Three Rigourous Virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the Throne of th' Iron-sceptred King.
With whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting.
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady browes in wanton Rings.
Thus reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes
His Scepter and himselfe both he disdaines.

Disdainefull wretch ! how hath one bold sinne cost
 Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes?
 How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd, and crost
 The Glories that did Gild thee in thy Rife?
 Proud Morning of a perverse Day ! how lost
 Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
 Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
 Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'ft but a flaming fall.

From Death's sad shades to the Life-breathing Ayre,
 This mortall Enemy to mankinde's good,
 Lifts his Malignant Eyes, wasted with care,
 To become beautifull in humane blood.
 Where Iordan melts his Chryfall, to make faire
 The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
 There does he fixe his Eyes : and there detect
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke
 Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire :
 Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke
 Sibills divining leaves : he does enquire
 Into th' old Prophecies, trembling to marke
 How many present prodigies conspire,
 To crowne their past predictions, both he layes
 Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he saw
 To a poore Galilean virgin sent :
 How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
 Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.

He saw th' old Hebrewes wombe, neglect the Law
Of Age and Barenesse, and her Babe prevent
His birth, by his Devotion, who began
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

He saw rich Nectar thawes release the rigour
Of th' Icy North, from frost-bount Atlas hands
His Adamantine fetters fall : green vigour
Gladding the Scythian Rocks, and Libian sands.
He saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure
Winters sad face, and through the flowry lands
Of faire Engaddi hony-sweating Fountaines
With Manna, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Moun-
taines.

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away ;
How bright a Dawne of Angels with new Light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not : Mad with spight
He markt how the poore Shepherds ran to pay
Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the Ruby portalls of the East.
He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Brest.
He saw the falling Idolls, all confesse
A comming Deity. He saw the Nest

Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst;
Toucht with the worlds true Antidote to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The Goldeneyes of Night: whose Beame made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Handmaid) rais'd,
Three Kings or what is more, three Wise men went
Westward to find the Worlds true Orient.

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him;
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings,
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings:
Which like two Bosom'd failes embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade, but all in vaine,
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong chaine.

While thus Heav'ns highest counfais, by the low
Footsteps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, Embers that glow
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted Tayle he gnaw'd for spight.

Yet on the other side, faine would he start
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to found the heart,
And feele the pulse of every Prophecy.
He knows but knowes not how or by what Art,
The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to see
A Mighty Babe whose pure, unspotted Birth,
From a chaste Virgin wombe, should blefs the Earth.

But these vast Mysteries his senses smother,
And Reason (for what's Faith to him?) devoure.
How she that is a maid should prove a Mother,
Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;
How Gods eternall Sonne should be mans Brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power.
How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,
And life it selfe weare Deaths fraile Livery.

That the Great Angell-blinding light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore Shepherds eye.
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As Pris'ner in a few poore Rags to lye.
That from His Mothers Brest He milke should drinke,
Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns faire family.
That a vile Manger His low Bed should prove,
Who in a Throne of stars Thunders above.

That He whom the Sun serves, should faintly peepe
Through clouds of Infant flesh: that He the old

Eternall Word should be a Child, and weepe.
 That He who made the fire, should feare the cold;
 That Heav'ns high Majesty His Court should keepe
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd.
 That Glories self should serve our Grieffs, and feares:
 And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,
 Should bleed in His owne lawes obedience:
 And to the circumcising Knife deliver
 Himfelfe, the forfeit of His slaves offence.
 That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever,
 Should take the marke of sin, and paine of fence.
 These are the knotty Riddles, whosedarke doubt
 Intangles his loft Thoughts, past getting out.

Richard Crashaw.

(From Marino's "Sospetto di Herode.")



VII.

“ Church Bells.”

WAKE me to night, my mother dear,
 That I may hear
 The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,
 To high and low glad tidings tell,
 How God the Father loved us well,
 How God the Eternal Son

Came to undo what we had done,
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb framed the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Ensuring happy months and hallowing common ways.

Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!
Long may that fothing cadence ear, heart, conscience
win.

John Keble.



Christmas Tyde.

PART I.

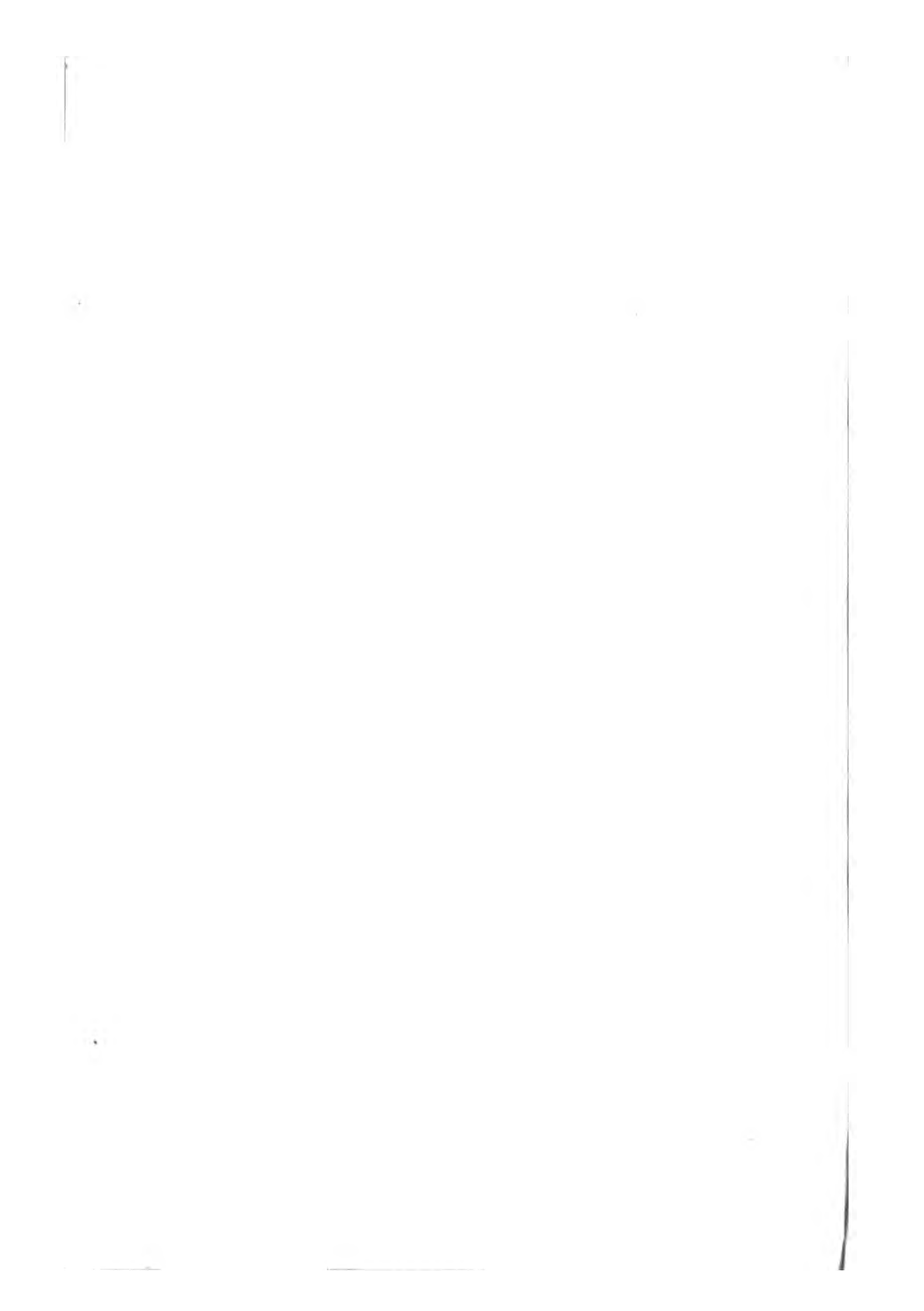
The Advent of our Blessed Lord.

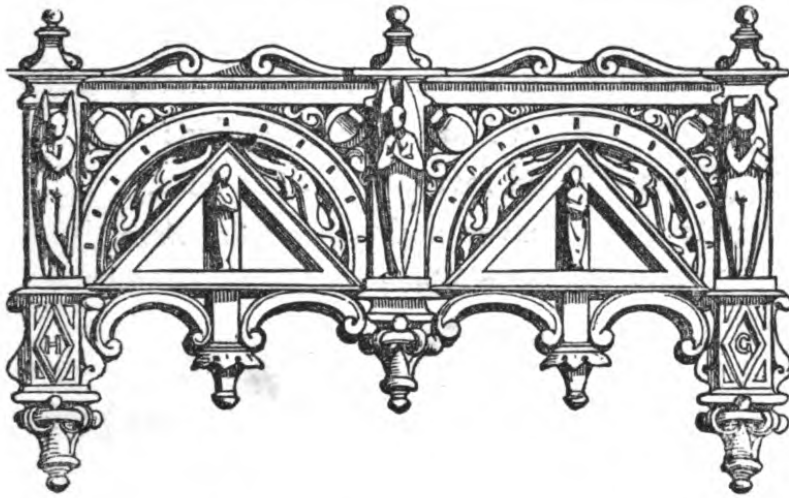
Behold, a virgin shall conceive,
And bear a son,
And shall call his name Immanuel.

Isaiab vii. 14.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise :
When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph,
Before they came together,
She was found with child of the Holy Ghost.
Then Joseph her husband, being a just man,
And not willing to make her a publick example,
Was minded to put her away privily.
But while he thought on these things,
Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him,
In a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David,
Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife :
For that which is conceived in her
Is of the Holy Ghost.

St. Mat. i. 18—20.





Christmas Tyde.

“The Annunciation of the Blessed
Virgin Mary.”



H! Thou who deign’st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure ’twas not presumption, Lord,
’Twas Thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known :
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons’ and mothers’ love
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,
 Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
 Thou hadst no earthly fire :
 That wedded love we prize so dear,
 As if our heaven and home were here,
 It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast
 Would'st Thou Thine aching forehead rest,
 On no kind brother lean :
 But who, O perfect filial heart,
 E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
 Endearing, firm, serene ?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,
 Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
 Thy very heart was riven :
 And yet, what mourning matron here
 Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
 By all on this side Heaven ?

A Son that never did amiss,
 That never sham'd His mother's kiss,
 Nor cross'd her fondest prayer :
 Even from the tree He deign'd to bow
 For her His agonized brow,
 Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria! blessed Maid!
 Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
 Who can express the love

That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy Dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom careffing and careff'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favour'd beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smil'd:—

Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bare Him—bless'd
The bosom where His lips were press'd,
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away.

John Keble.

II.

“ The Annunciation.”



U NTO the musick of the spheares
 Let men, and Angels joyn in consort
 theirs.

So great a messenger
 From heav'n to earth
 Is seldome seen
 Attir'd in so much glory :
 A message welcomer,
 Fraught with more mirth,
 Hath never been
 Subject of any story.

This by a double right, if any, may
 Be truly styl'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
 So deer by much, as to redeeme it lost.

God said but, *Let it be,*
 And ev'ry thing
 Was made straightway
 So as He saw it good :
 But ere that He could see
 A course to bring
 Man gone astray
 To the place where he stood,
 His wisdom, with His mercy, for mans sake,
 Against His justice part did take.

And the result was this dayes newes
Able the messenger himself t' amuse,*

As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though she were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A sonne she should
Conceive and beare,
As sure as God was true.

Such high place in His favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she beleev'd, and for eternal blisse

Reli'd on Him, whom she
Her self should beare,
And her own sonne
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they heare,
As she had done
Suit their behaviour,

They may be blessed, as she was, and fay
'Tis their Annunciation day.

Christopher Harvey.

* "Muse, contemplate"—

See Dr. Richardson's English Dictionary.

III.

“ The Annunciation of Mary.”

Song lii.



UR hearts, oh blessed God, encline,
 Thy true affection to embrace
 And that humilitie of Thine,
 Which for our sakes vouchsafed was.
 Thy Goodnesse teach us to put on,
 As with our Nature Thou wert clad,
 And so to minde what Thou hast done,
 That we may praise Thee, and be glad.


For Thou not onely heldst it meet,
 To send an Angell from above,
 An humble Maide on earth to greet,
 And bring the Message of Thy love;
 But, laying (as it were) aside
 Those glories none can comprehend,
 (Nor any mortal eies abide)
 Into her Wombe Thou didst descend.

Bestow thou also Thy respect,
 On our despis'd and low degree;
 And Lord, oh, doe not us neglect,
 Though worthy of contempt we be.

But through Thy Messengers prepare,
 And hallow so our hearts, we pray,
 That (Thou conceived being there)
 The Fruites of Faith bring forth we may.
George Wither.

IV.

“ Josephs Amazement.”

HEN Christ by growth
 disclosed His descent,
 Into the pure receipt
 of Maries brest ;

Poore Joseph, stranger yet
 to Gods intent,
 With doubts of jealous thoughts
 was fore opprest :
 And wrought with divers fits
 of feare and love,
 He neither can her free,
 nor faulty prove.

Now since the wakefull spy
 of jealous minde,
 By strong conjectures
 deemeth her defil'd,
 But love, in doome of things
 best loved blinde,
 Thinkes rather sense deceivd,
 than her with childe :

Yet proofes fo pregnant were,
that no pretence
Could cloake a thing
fo cleare and plaine to fenfe.

Then Joseph daunted
with a deadly wound,
Let loofe the reines
of undeserved grieffe ;
His heart did throb,
his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loffe,
death seem'd his beft releefe :
The pleafing relifh
of his former love,
In gaulifh thoughts
to bitter tafte doth prove.

One foot he often
fetteth out of doore,
But th' other loath
uncertaine wayes to tread ;
He takes his fardell
for his needful ftore,
He cafts his Inne
where firft he meanes to bed :
But ftill ere he
can frame his feet to goe,
Love winneth time,
till all conclude in no.

Sometimes grieffe adding force
 he doth depart,
He will against his will
 keepe on his pace :
But straight remorse
 so rackes his raging heart,
That hasting thoughts
 yeeld to a pausing pace :
Then mighty reasons
 presse him to remaine,
She whom he flies
 doth win him home againe.

But when his thought
 by fight of his abode,
Presents the signe
 of misesteemed shame,
Repenting every step
 that backe he trode,
Teares done, the guide,
 the tongue, the feet do blame :
Thus warring with himselfe,
 a field he fights,
Where every wound
 upon the giver lights.

And was (quoth he)
 my love so lightly prif'd,
Or was our sacred league
 so soone forgot ?

Could vowes be void,
 could vertues be despis'd ;
Could such a spouſe,
 be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot ?
O wretched Joſeph,
 that hath liv'd ſo long,
Of faithful love
 to reape ſo grievous wrong !

Could ſuch a worme
 breed in ſo ſweet a Wood ?
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure
 lurke untruth ?
Could vice lye hid
 where Vertues image ſtood ?
Where hoary ſagenefſe
 graced tender youth ?
Where can affiance reſt,
 to reſt ſecure ?
In vertues faireſt feat,
 faith is not ſure.

All proofes did promiſe hope
 a pledge of grace,
Whoſe good might have
 repay'd the deepeſt ill :
Sweet ſignes of pureſt thoughts
 in Saintly face,
Affur'd the eie
 of her unſtain'd will.

Yet in this seeming lustre
feeme to lye
Such crimes, for which
the law condemnes to dye.

But Iosephs word
shall never worke her woe,
I wish her leave to live,
not doome to dye ;
Though fortune mine,
yet am I not her foe,
She to her selfe
lesse loving is than I.
The most I will,
the least I can is this,
Sith none may falve,
to shun that is amisse.

Exile my home,
the wildes shall be my walke,
Complaint my joy,
my musicke mourning layes ;
With pensive griefes
in filence will I talke :
Sad thoughts shall be
my guides in forrowes waies.
This course best fures
the care of carelesse minde,
That seekes to lose,
what most it joy'd to finde.

Like stocked tree
whose branches all doe fade,
Whose leaves doe fall,
and perisht fruit decay ;
Like herbe that growes
in cold and barren shade,
Where darknesse drives
all quickning heat away :
So die must I,
cut from my root of joy,
And throwne in darkeft shades
of deepe annoy.

But who can flie
from that his heart doth feele ?
What change of place
can change implanted paine ?
Removing moves
no hardnesse from the steele.
Sicke hearts, that shift no fits,
shift roomes in vaine :
Where thought can see,
what helps the closed eye ?
Where heart pursues,
What gains the foot to flie ?

Yet did I tread a maze
of doubtfull end ;
I goe, I come,
she drawes, she drives away,

She wounds, she heales,
 she doth both marre and mend,
 She makes me seeke,
 and shun, depart, and stay :
 She is a friend to love,
 a foe to loath,
 And in suspence
 I hang betweene them both.

Robert Southwell.

v.

“ Luke i.”

Magnificat.

MY ravisht soule extols His Name,
 Who rules the Worlds admired Frame :
 My Spirit, with exalted Voice,
 In God my Saviour shall rejoyce :
 Who hath His glorious Beames displayd,
 Upon a poore and humble Maid.
 Me all succeeding Ages shall
 The blessed Virgin-Mother call.
 The Great, great things for me hath wrought ;
 His Sanctity past humane thought.
 His Mercy still reflects and those,
 Who in His Truth their Trust repose.
 He with His Arme hath Wonders showne :
 The Proud in their owne pride ore-throwne ;
 The Mighty from their Thrones dejects ;
 The Lowly from the dust erects.

The Hungry are His welcome Guests ;
 The Rich excluded from His Feasts.
 He mindfull of His Promise, hath
 Maintain'd, and crowned Israels faith :
 To Abraham promis'd, and decreed
 For ever to his holy Seed.

George Sandys.

VI.

“ Festival Hymnes.”

“ *Hymns for Advent, or the weeks immediately
 before the birth of our blessed Saviour.*”



WHEN Lord, O when shall we
 Our Dear Salvation see ?
 Arise, arise,
 Our fainting eyes
 Have long'd all night, and twas a long one too.
 Man never yet could say
 He saw more then one day,
 One day of Edens seven :
 The guilty hour there blasted with the breath
 Of sin and death,
 Hath ever since worn a nocturnal hue.
 But Thou hast given us hopes that we
 At length another day shall see,
 Wherein each vile neglected place,
 Gilt with the aspect of Thy face,
 Shall be like that, the porch, and Gate of Heaven.

How long, dear God, how long!
 See how the Nations throng :
 All humane kinde
 Knit and combin'd
 Into one body, look for Thee their Head.
 Pity our multitude,
 Lord we are vile and rude,
 Heedless and senseless without Thee,
 Of all things but the want of Thy blest face,
 O haste apace ;
 And Thy bright selfe to this our body wed,
 That through the influx of Thy power,
 Each part that erst confusion wore
 May put on order, and appear
 Spruce as the childhood of the year,
 When Thou to it shall so united be. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor.

VII.

“ Carol for Christmas-Eve.”

PART I.



HE sun sets brightly in the sea,
 Foreknowing what his morn shall be,
 And dreams throughout the dawning
 night
 Of rising on the Source of Light.
 Born with Creation, he must wane
 When Eden is revealed again ;
 Now is his manhood's lusty prime,
 The noon and triumphing of Time.

The day has ended mild and calm,
The sea-wind scarcely sways the palm ;
The olive trees beneath the hill
Sleep in its folding, hush'd and still.

Above, the Towers of Bethlehem
Fade in the night that falls on them :
Yet hold in guard the rocky steep,
Which Rehoboam bade them keep.

They overlook the lengthening vale,
That stretches to the Dead Sea pale,
And far beyond to Eastern plains,
Where Ammon now no longer reigns.

Oh ! city small, 'mid Juda's host,
Now growing to her crown and boast,
How high at morn thy head shall be,
For Earth shall bow to hallow thee.

The land of God, His people's home,
Is captive to Imperial Rome ;
Necks that were proud of David's sway
Have stoop'd to Cæsar, and obey.

The Tribes, that did together meet
To serve their God with joyful feet,
Are ordered home at Cæsar's word,
And taxed by a foreign lord.

Joseph, a man in lowly life,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
Had travell'd far to Bethlehem ;
A branch was he of David's stem.

No place for such of small degree
Could in that crowded city be ;
And even at the lonely inn
No room could they, no welcome, win.

So where the Cattle rest at night,—
(Oh ! happy they to see such fight)
Poor in all else but love and grace,
The Virgin had her dwelling-place.

She sits beside the porch of stone ;
With golden blue the evening shone ;
The timid stars come, one by one,
Incredulous that day was done.

Well Mary knew their forms on high,
And loved their gentle company,
When Joseph led the nightly way
From Nazareth, and shunn'd the day.

Then had their light on Tabor shone,
And lit the wide Esdraelon ;
They seemed to crown Samaria yet,
And Zion's brow in jewels fet.

Their rays fell fad from Rachels tomb,
Where heavily the dews had come
From Rephidim's unsheltered plain—
Or had the Mother wept again ?

While Mary watches by the door,
Behold ! a star unknown before
Mounts slowly up the western sky ;
And then she knows her hour is nigh.

Like John the Baptist's early word,
Which rose before, and with, his Lord,
That star, which goes before His face,
Doth preach His beauty, light, and grace.

The Virgin lifts her hands above,
Her eyes are tears, her heart is love;
She sees the joy she could believe,
And prays the prayer of Christmas Eve.

Oh God, my soul is low,
And faint my heart and breath;
The future is a weight of woe,
And presses me, like death.

I see Thine Israel, Lord,
Their sorrow and unrest:
I feel the anguish of the sword
That wounds a mother's breast.

I see th' Immortal die,—
A God that will not save—
I see the Majesty on high
Laid in a lowly grave.

Oh Lord! reveal Thy power,
And undertake for me;
My soul's in travail at this hour,
And yet is staid on Thee.

Rich. E. A. Townsend.



Part II.

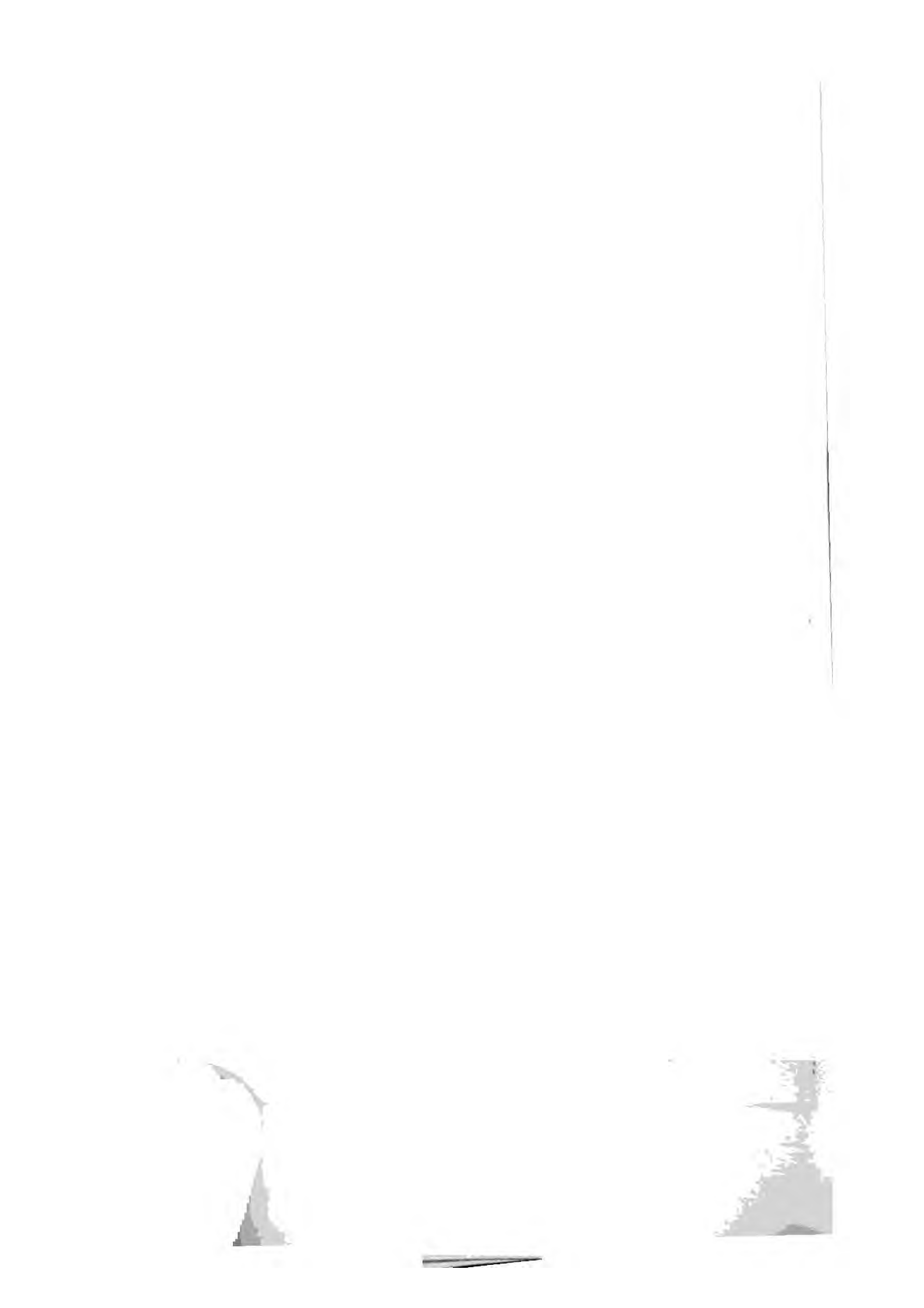
The Birth of our Blessed Lord.

(Christmas Day.

Sunday after Christmas.)

And Joseph also went up from Galilee,
Out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea,
Unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem,
Because he was of the house and lineage of David :
To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife,
Being great with child.
And so it was, that while they were there,
The days were accomplished
That she should be delivered.
And she brought forth her first-born son,
And wrapped him in swaddling clothes,
And laid him in a manger.

St. Luke ii. 4—7.





Part II.

“On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity.”

I.



HIS is the Month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav’n’s eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did
bring ;

For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heav’n’s high Council-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
Forfook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.


Say, Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a Present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadron's
 bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
 The Star-led Wifards haste with odours sweet,
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out His secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

“ The Hymn.”

I.

T was the Winter wilde,
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with finfull blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Makers eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels found
Was heard the World around
The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

v.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The Winds with wonder whift,
Smoothly the waters kift,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

vi.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

vii.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could
bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their filly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noife,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took :
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's feat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their fight
 A Globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night array'd,
 The helmed Cherubim
 And ſworded Seraphim,
 Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplaid,
 Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
 With unexprefſive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
 While the Creator great
 His Conſtellations ſet,
 And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
 And caſt the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye Cryſtal ſphears,
 Once bleſs our humane ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
 And let your ſilver chime
 Move in melodious time;
 And let the Baſe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full confort to th' Angelike ſymphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow ; and, like glories wearing
Mercy will fit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some Festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorifie :
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast,
With terrour of that blaft,
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread His
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the refounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted feat.

XXII.

Peor, and Baalim,
Forfake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz
mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Ifis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haft.

XXIV.

Nor is Ofiris seen
In Memphian Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshower'd Grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His fwadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal Jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fayses,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd
 maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending :
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
 Hath fixt her polish'd Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending :
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harnest Angels fit in order serviceable.

John Milton.

II.

Mercies Song.



WHO can forget, never to be forgot,
 The time, that all the world in flumber lies,
 When, like the starres, the singing Angels
 shot
 To earth, and heav'n awaked all his eyes,

To see another Sunne, at midnight rise,
On earth? was never sight of pareil fame,
For God Himselfe now like a mortall man became.

A Child He was, and had not learn't to speake,
That with His word the world before did make,
His Mothers armes Him bore, He was so weake,
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could shake,
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of His yeares, or of His age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a Child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,
And yet alreadie He was fought to die,
Yet scarcely borne, alreadie banished,
Not able yet to goe, and forc't to flie,
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The Tyrans sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sonnes with furie wild,
Cries, O thou cruell King, and O my sweetest child.

Egypt His Nource became, wher Nilus springs,
Who streit, to entertaine the rising funne,
The hasty harveft in his bosome brings;
But now for drieth the fields wear all undone,
And now with waters all is overrunne,
So fast the Cynthian mountaines powr'd their snowe,
When once they felt the funne so neere them glowe,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did growe.

The Angels caroll'd lowd their fong of peace,
The curfed Oracles wear ftrucken dumb,
To fee their Sheapheards, the poore Sheapheards prefs,
To fee their King, the Kingly Sophies come,
And them to guide unto His Mafters home,
A Starre comes dauncing up the orient,
That fprings for ioye over the ftrawy tent,
Whear gold, to make their Prince a crowne, they all
 prefent.

Young John, glad child, before he could be borne,
Leapt in the woombe, his ioy to prophecie,
Old Anna though with age all fpent, and worne,
Proclaimes her Saviour to pofteritie,
And Simeon faft his dying notes doeth plie.
Oh how the blessed foules about him trace.
It is the fire of heav'n thou doeft embrace,
Sing, Simeon, fing, fing Simeon, fing apace.

With that the mightie thunder dropt away
From Gods unwarie arme, now milder growne,
And melted into teares, as if to pray
For pardon, and for pittie, it had knowne,
That fould have been for fared vengeance throwne:
Thereto the Armies Angelique devo'wd
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bo'wd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly ftrow'd.

Bring, bring ye Graces all your filver flafkets,
Painted with every choicest flowre that growes,

That I may soone unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
 To strowe the fields with odours whear He goes,
 Let what so e're He treads on be a rose.
 So downe shee let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
 Whose woods drop honie, and her rivers skip with
 wine. *Giles Fletcher.*

III.

“ The Nativity, or Christmas Day.”

UNFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,
 Shine forth bright funne, double the day.
 Let no malignant misty fume,
 Nor foggy vapour, once presume
 To interpose thy perfect light
 This day, which makes us love thy light
 For ever better that we could
 That blessed object once behold,
 Which is both the circumference,
 And center of all excellence :
 Or rather neither, but a treasure
 Unconfined without measure,
 Whose center, and circumference,
 Including all preheminnence,
 Excluding nothing but defect,
 And infinite in each respect,
 Is equally both here, and there,
 And now, and then, and ev'ry where,

And alwayes, one, Himself, the same,
 A being far above a name.
 Draw neerer then, and freely powre
 Forth all thy light into that how'r,
 Which was crowned with His birth,
 And made heaven envy earth.

Let not His birthday clouded be,
 By whom thou shinest, and we see.

Christopher Harvey.

iv.

“ The Nativity.”

PEACE! and to all the world! Sure One
 And He the Prince of peace, hath none!
 He travails to be born, and then
 Is born to travail more again.

Poor Galilee, Thou can't not be
 The place for His nativity.
 His restless mother's called away,
 And not delivered till she pay.

A Tax! 'tis so still. We can see
 The church thrive in her misery,
 And, like her Head at Bethlehem, rise,
 When she oppressed with troubles lyes.
 Rise?—Should all fall we cannot be
 In more extremities than He.
 Great Type of passions! Come what will,
 Thy grief exceeds all copies still.

Thou cam'st from Heaven to Earth, that we
Might go from earth to Heaven with Thee :
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.
A stable was Thy Court, and when
Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men :
They were Thy courtiers ; others none ;
And their poor manger was Thy throne.
No swaddling silks Thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou could'st turn Thy rags to gold.
No Rockers waited on Thy birth,
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth ;
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,
Which lodged Thee first, did give Thee rest.


But stay ! what light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam ?
It is Thy star runs page, and brings
Thy tributary Eastern Kings.
Lord ! grant some light to us ; that we,
May find with them the way to Thee.
Behold what mists eclipse the day !
How dark it is ! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night,
And say once more, " Let there be light !"
Henry Vaughan.

v.

“ Festival Hymnes.”

Hymns for Christmas Day.

i.

YSTERIOUS truth! that the self same
should be
A Lamb, a Shepherd, and a Lion too!
Yet such was He

Whom first the Shepherds knew,
When they themselves became
Sheep to the Shepherd Lambe.
Shepherd of Men and Angels, Lamb of God,
Lion of Judah, by these Titles keep
The Wolf from Thy indangered Sheep.
Bring all the world unto Thy Fold,
Let Jews and Gentiles hither come
In numbers great that can't be told,
And call Thy Lambs that wander, home.
Glory be to God on high,
All glories be to th' glorious Deity.

Jeremy Taylor.

VI.

“ The second Hymn ; being a Dialogue
between three Shepherds.”

I.



HERE is this blessed Babe
That hath made
All the world so full of joy
And expectation ;

That glorious boy
That crowns each Nation
With a triumphant wreath of blessedness ?

2.

Where should He be but in the throng,
And among
His Angel Ministers, that sing
And take wing
Just as may Echo to His Voyce,
And rejoyce,
When wing, and tongue and all
May so procure their happiness ?

3.

But He hath other Waiters now,
A poor Cow,
And Ox and Mule, stand and behold,
And wonder,

That a stable should enfold
Him that can thunder.

CHORUS.

O what a gracious God have we?
How good, how great! even as our misery.
Jeremy Taylor.

VII.

“ The third Hymn: Of Christs birth
in an Inne.”



HE blessed Virgin travail'd without pain,
And lodged in an Inne,
A glorious Star the sign
But of a greater guest than ever came that
way,
For there He lay
That is the God of Night and Day,
And over all the pow'rs of heav'n doth reign.
It was the time of great Augustus Tax,
And then He comes
That pays all fums,
Even the whole price of lost humanity,
And fet us free
And from the ungodly Emperie
Of Sin, of Satan, and of Death.
O make our hearts, blest God, Thy lodging place,

And in our brest
 Be pleas'd to rest,
 For Thou lov'st Temples better than an Inne,
 And cause that sin
 May not profane the Deity within,
 And fully o're the ornaments of Grace. Amen.
Jeremy Taylor.

VIII.

" A Hymne for Christmas Day."

4.



WAKE my soul, and come away
 Put on thy best aray,
 Least if thou longer stay
 Thou loose some minitts of so blest a day.

Go, Run and bid good morrow to the Sun
 Welcome his safe return to Capricorn,
 And that great morne
 Wherein a God was borne,
 Whose story none can tell
 But He whose every word's a Miracle.

To day Almightines grew weak
 The world it selfe was mute
 And could not speak.

That Jacob's Star, which made the Sun
 To dazle if he durst look on,

Now mantled ore in Bethlems night
 Borrow'd a Star to shew Him light.
 He that begirt each Zone
 To whom both Poles are one,
 Who graspt the Zodiack in 's hand
 And made it move or stand,
 Is now by Nature man
 By stature but a span,
 Eternitie is now grown short
 A King is borne without a Court,
 The water thirsts, the Fountains dry
 And life being borne made apt to dye.

CHORUS.

Then let our prayfes Emulate and vie
 with His humilitie,
 Since Hee's exil'd from skeyes
 That we might Rife :
 From low estate of men
 Let's sing Him up agen.
 Each man winde up 's heart
 to bear a part
 In that Angelick Quire, And show
 His glory high, as He was low.
 Let's sing t'wards men Good wil, and Charity,
 Peace upon earth, Glory to God on High.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
Jeremy Taylor.

IX.

“ The Angels for the Nativitie of
our Lord.”

RUNNE Shepherds, run where Bethleme
blest appeares,
Wee bring the best of newes, bee not dif-
may'd,

A Saviour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
Amidst Heavens rolling hights this Earth who stay'd;
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
A weakling did Him beare, who all upheares,
There is Hee poorelie swadl'd, in Manger lai'd,
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares :
Runne, Shepherds, runne, and solemnize His Birth,
This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Blisse,
In which the power of Sathan broken is,
In Heaven bee glorie, Peace unto the Earth.

Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the fame.

William Drummond.

X.

“ For the Nativitie of our Lord.”

MOR THAN the fairest Day, thrice fairer
Night!
Night to best Dayes in which a Sunne
doth rise,

Of which that golden Eye, which cleares the Skies,

Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow light :
 And blessed yee, in fillie Pastors fight,
 Milde Creatures, in whose warme Cribbe now lyes
 That Heaven-sent Yongling, holie-Maid-borne Wight,
 Midst, end, beginning of our Prophefies :
 Blest Cotage that hath Flowres in Winter spred,
 Though withered blessed Grasse, that hath the grace
 To decke, and bee a Carpet to that Place.

Thus sang, unto the Soundes of oaten Reed,
 Before the Babe, the Shepheards bow'd on knees,
 And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

William Drummond.

xI.

“ Poems upon Christmas-Day.”

(7)

WHEN the great Lamp of Heaven, the
 Glorious Sun,
 Had touch'd his Southern period, and
 begun

To leave the Winter Tropick, and to climb
 The Zodiacks ascending Signs, that time
 The brighter Sun of Righteousness did choose
 His beams of Light and Glory to disclose
 To our dark lower world ; and by those Rays
 To chace the Darknes, and to make it day.
 And left the Glorious and Resplendent Light
 Of His Eternal Beam, might be too bright

For Mortals eyes to gaze upon ; He shrouds
 And cloaths His fiery Pillar with the Cloud
 Of Humane Flesh, that in that drefs He may
 Converse with Men ; acquaint them with the way
 To Life and Glory ; shew His Fathers mind
 Concerning them, how Bountiful and Kind
 His thoughts were to them ; what they might expect
 From Him in the Observance or Neglect
 Of what He did require ; and then He Seal'd
 With His dear Blood, the Truth He had reveal'd.

Matthew Hale.

(9)



READER, the Title of this Solemn Day,
 And what it doth import, doth bid thee
 stay,
 And read, and wonder. 'Tis that Mystery
 That Angels gaze upon ; Divinity
 Assuming Humane Flesh ; Th' Eternal Son
 Of the Eternal God, is Man become.
 But why this strange Assumption ? or what end
 Equivalent, could make Him to descend
 So far beneath Himself, and equalize
 The Miracle of such an enterprize ?
 Yet stay and wonder : Undeserved Love
 To Man, to sinful Man, did only move
 This stoop from Heaven to Earth, and all to win
 And rescue lost and fallen Man from Sin
 And Guilt, and Death, and Hell ; and re-install
 Him in that Happiness lost by His Fall,

And greater, Everlastingly to dwell
 In Blessedness: So that thou canst not tell
 Which of the two the greater Wonder proves,
 Thy Saviour's Incarnation, or His Love.
 But both conclude thou dost not give, but pay
 A Debt, in the Observance of this Day.

Matthew Hale.

XII.

“Messiah, a sacred Eclogue.”



Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains be-
 long.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan
 shades,

The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears ;
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise :
With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear Him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.

In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the loft, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren desarts with surprize
Sees Lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the Tyger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested Basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall
play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise !
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And feeds of gold, in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd and God's eternal day be thine !

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd His word, His saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy Realm for ever lasts, Thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope.

XIII.

“ The Deity and Humanity of Christ.”

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word :
 With God He was ; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.

By His own pow'r were all things made ;
 By Him supported all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at His command.

Ere sin was born or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars ;
 (Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of Thy years ?)

But lo ! He leaves those heav'nly forms ;
 The Word descends, and dwells in clay,
 That He may hold converse with worms,
 Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld His face,
 Th' Eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace !
 When thro' His eyes the Godhead shone !

Archangels leave their high abode,
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts.

XIV.

“ Jehovah Jefus.”

MY fong shall blefs the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great, fupreme, the mighty God.

Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of fenfe ;
 Eternal ages faw Him fhine,
 He fhines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the fky,
 As when the fix days' work He made
 Fill'd all the morning ftars with joy.


Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is His dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleased He hears,
 And owns Emmanuel for His name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well placed hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
 To worship Him who died for me.

As man He pities my complaint,
 His power and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, He cannot faint,
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

William Cowper.

xv.

IRGIN born ! we bow before Thee !
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !
 Mary, mother meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her child !

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee !
 Blessed was the hand that led Thee ;
 Blessed was the parent's eye
 That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy !

Blessed she by all creation,
 Who brought forth the world's Salvation !
 And blessed they, for ever blest,
 Who love Thee most and serve Thee best !

Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
 Mary, mother meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her child!

Reginald Heber.

XVI.

FOR Thou wert born of Woman! Thou
 didst come,
 Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
 Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
 And not by thunders strew'd
 Was Thy tempestuous road;
 Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy way.
 But Thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled,
 In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
 Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
 A single silent star
 Came wandering from afar,
 Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
 The Eastern Sages leading on
 As at a kingly throne,
 To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before Thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at Thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds
along.

One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

Henry H. Milman.



Carols.

And suddenly there was with the angel
A multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
Goodwill towards men.

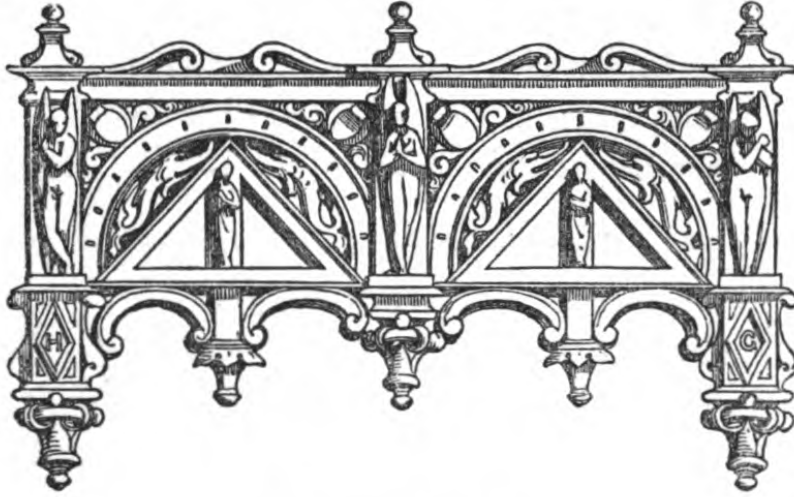
St. Luke. ii. 13, 14.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns
And spiritual songs,
Singing and making melody in your heart
To the Lord ;
Giving thanks always for all things
Unto God and the Father
In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Eph. v. 19, 20.

Is any merry ? let him sing psalms.

James. v. 13.



Carols.

I.

“ Carol for Christmas Day.”

PART II.

ALL over were December's rains,
And grafs and herbs renew the plains :
The shepherds quit the hills, and keep
A watch around their feeding sheep.

Oh happy toil which Abel knew,
And Moses loved, and David too !
Oh happy shepherds, favoured race !
Who first shall see a Saviour's face.

The ancient world their wisdom saw,
Their rule, and Patriarchal law :
But sway paternal could not win
The wayward heart, and save from sin.

When the white fleece Assyria dyed
In human blood, and purple pride,
And changed the crook to heathen sword ;
She fought and fell before the Lord.

Thus Egypt (with her Shepherd-kings)
Another curse of sorrow brings ;
Land of the wise, the arts' abode,
She mocked, and rous'd, a jealous God.

At last when learned Greece and Rome
Yet wander'd wider still from home,
And every course that man had tried
Was vainer vanity and pride ;

Jehovah comes on earth to reign
To bring His people back again,
(A faithful shepherd) and atone,
Their lives redeeming with His own.

Now is the time so long foretold,
By prophets past, and saints of old ;
Now dawns the Gentiles' new-born light,
And Israel's glory, broad and bright.

The angels, whose averted eyes
Had left a world which God defies,
Can see it now, through Christ forgiven,
A mirror of the love of Heaven.

The mother, she had rocked to rest
Her babe upon her sleeping breast ;

How peacefully that heart should beat,
Which makes a Saviour's safe retreat.

She laid Him in a manger, swath'd ;
Less glorious was the sea, embath'd
In swaddling clouds of darkness, born
From mountains on creation's morn.

The angels, jealous of delight,
Adoring wait that wondrous fight ;
Then fly to minister to man
The tale of God's eternal plan.

Beneath a soft December sky,
Where western winds sang sweetly by,
Such as should mix with starry light,
Some shepherds kept their flocks by night.

When lo ! an angel's there—the fward
Glows with the glory of the Lord ;
A spirit priest doth first proclaim
To lowliest men a Saviour's name.

And suddenly a chaunted hymn
Broke from the quiring Seraphim ;
While made the symphony afar,
In mellowed tone, each morning star.

“ Glory to God on high ! let peace,
Goodwill to man, and love increase ;
The Lord is born a man on earth,
That man may know God's second birth.”

Now when the angels part from them
 The shepherds haste to Bethlehem ;
 They greet the man, and mother mild,
 And kneel to kiss the sleeping child.

Then telling of the watch by night—
 The angel form—the glory bright—
 How unto them, to all, that morn,
 A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born,

They bend, and offer to their King
 Themselves, most precious offering,
 And to make known these things depart ;
 While Mary hid them in her heart ;

But in the silence of her soul
 Her joy comes forth beyond controul,
 And overflowing its abode
 Is poured in solitude to God.

“ Mary’s Christmas morning Hymn.”

I FEEL no more the pain
 The future can bestow ;
 My heart is full ; each bursting vein
 Refuses place to woe.

Creator, Father, Lord,
 I bless Thee, oh my God !
 I cannot speak or frame the word
 To think my thought abroad.

He, that my soul shall save,
 Hath clasp'd my neck, and smil'd—
 He, that of old my being gave,
 And kept it, is my child.

I may enwrap and kifs
 My babe, and charm to rest,
 Yet know the unimagined blifs
 That God is by my breast.

Oh, this is life—and blind
 A mother's *once* may be ;
 Too happy in the joy I find,
 The rest I leave with Thee.

Rich. E. A. Townsend.

II.

“ Christmas Day.”



THOUGH rudewinds usher thee, sweet day,
 Though clouds thy face deform,
 Though nature's grace is swept away
 Before thy sleety storm ;
 E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
 Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn
 Shall check our jubilee ;

Bright is the day when Christ was born,
No sun need shine but He ;
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,
Fancy is on the wing ;
It seems as to mine ear it brought
Those voices carolling,
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,
Glory to God, good-will to man.

I see the shepherds gazing wild
At those fair spirits of light ;
I see them bending o'er the child
With that untold delight
Which marks the face of those who view
Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,
Incarnate God they see,
He stoops to take, through spotless maid,
Our frail humanity ;
Son of high God, creation's Heir,
He leaves His heaven to raise us there.

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,
Thy children once again,
Oh, day by day our hearts renew,
That Thine we may remain ;

And angel-like, may all agree,
One sweet and holy family.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come
To speak our Saviour's love,
Oh, may it bear our spirits home
Where He now reigns above ;
That day which brought Him from the skies
So man restores to Paradise.

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy fleety storm ;
Ee'n in thy sombreft wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Samuel Rickards.

III.

“ Christmas Caroll.”

HARKE : heare you not a cheerefull Noyse,
That makes Heavens-Vault, ring shrill
with joyes ?
See ; where, like Starres, bright Angels flye,
And thousand heavenly Echoes cry.
So loud they chaunt, that downe to Earth,
Innocent Children heare their Mirth.

And sing with them, what, none can say,
 For joy their Prince is borne, this Day :
 Their Prince, their God, like one of those,
 Is made a Child, and wrapt in Clothes.
 All this is in Times fullness done :
 Wee, have a Saviour, God, a Sonne.
 Heaven, Earth ; Babes, Shepherds, Angels sing :
 Oh ! never was such Carolling.
 Harke ; how they all sing at His Birth,
 Glory to God, and Peace on Earth.
 Up then, my Soule, thy part desire
 And sing, though but a Base, in this sweet Quire.

William Austin.

IV.

“ Christmas Day.”



WHAT sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heav'n ?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 Th' angelic signal given—
 “ Glory to God !” from yonder central fire
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire ;

 Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on for ever :
 “ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 “ And love towards men of love—salvation and re-
 lease.”

Yet stay before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirr'd the tide of song;
'Tis not "the Saviour born in David's home,
"To whom for power and health obedient worlds
should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:"—
With fix'd adoring look
The choir of Angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The hope and glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal
Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt
grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
 Of a pure virgin mind,
 In quiet ever, and in shade,
 Shepherd and sage may find ;
 They, who have bow'd untaught to Nature's sway,
 And they, who follow Truth along her star-pav'd way.

The pastoral spirits first
 Approach Thee, Babe divine,
 For they in lowly thoughts are nurs'd,
 Meet for Thy lowly shrine :
 Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell,
 Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them to
 Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
 For Thee to be reveal'd,
 By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
 Abiding in the field.
 All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,
 In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—
 What though your wandering sheep,
 Reckless of what they see and hear,
 Lie lost in wilful sleep?
 High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
 Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
 The Saviour left for you ;

Think on the Lord most holy, come
 To dwell with hearts untrue :
 So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
 And in the darknes sing your carol of high praise.
John Keble.

v.

“ A Christmas Carol.”

THE Shepherds went their hasty way,
 And found the lowly stable-shed
 Where the Virgin-Mother lay :
 And now they checked their eager tread,
 For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
 A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
 Streaming from a heavenly throng,
 Around them shone, suspending night !
 While sweeter than a Mother's song,
 Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
 And closer still the Babe she pressed :
 And while she cried, the Babe is mine !
 The milk rushed faster to her breast :
 Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;
 Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
 Poor, simple, and of low estate!
 That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
 O why should this thy foul estate?
 Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,—
 Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

And is not War a youthful King,
 A stately Hero clad in Mail?
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
 Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
 Their Friend, their Playmate! and his bold bright eye
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

“ Tell this in some more courtly scene,
 “ To maids and youths in robes of state!
 “ I am a woman poor and mean,
 “ And therefore is my Soul estate.
 “ War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
 “ That from the aged Father tears his Child!

“ A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
 “ He kills the Sire and starves the Son;
 “ The Husband kills, and from her board
 “ Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
 “ Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
 “ All safety from the Night, all comfort from the Day.

“ Then wisely is my foul estate,
 “ That Strife should vanish, Battle cease:

“ I’m poor and of a low estate,
 “ The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
 “ Joy rises in me, like a summer’s morn :
 “ Peace, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is born.”

Samuel T. Coleridge.

VI.

“ To God The Sonne.”



CREATE Prynce of heaven ! begotten of
 that Kyng
 Who rules the kyndome that Himself dyd
 make,

And of that virgyn-queene manne’s shape did take,
 Which from kynge Davyd’s royal stock dyd sprynge ;
 No mervayle, though Thy byrth mayd angells synge,
 And angells dyttyes shepehyrds pypes awake,
 And kynges, lyke shepehyrds, humbled for Thy fake,
 Kneele at Thy feete, and guyftes of homage brynge :
 For heaven and earth, the hyghe and lowe estate
 As partners of Thy byrth make œqual clayme ;
 Angells, because in heaven God Thee begatt,
 Sheepehyrdes and kynges because Thy mother came
 From pryncely race, and yet by povertye
 Mayd glory shyne in her humillitye.

Henry Constable.

VII.

“ An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour.”



N Numbers, and but these few,
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !
 Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :
 Who for Thy Princely Port here,
 Hadst for Thy place
 Of Birth, a base
 Out-stable for Thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures
 Of inter-woven Ofiers ;
 Instead of fragrant Posies
 Of Daffadills, and Roses ;
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As Gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But, here, a homely manger.

But we with Silks, not Cruells,
 With fundry precious Jewells,
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;
 And as we dispossesse Thee
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet Babe, for Thee,
 Of Ivorie,
 And plaister'd round with Amber.

The Jews they did difdaine Thee,
 But we will entertaine Thee
 With Glories to await here
 Upon Thy Princely State here,
 And more for love, then pittie.

From yeere to yeere
 Wee'l make Thee, here,
 A Free-born of our Citie.

Robert Herrick.

VIII.



ARK! the Herald Angels fing,
 " Glory to the new-born King,
 " Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 " God and finner reconcil'd."
 Hark! the Herald Angels fing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

Joyful, all ye nations, rife,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the Herald Angels fing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

Christ by higheft Heaven ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord!
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's wombe.

Hark! the Herald Angels fing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

J. C. W.

IX.

" New Prince, new Pompee."

BEHOLD a filly tender Babe,
 In freezing Winter night
 In homely Manger trembling lies ;
 Alas, a piteous sight :

The Innes are full, no man will yeeld
 This little Pilgrim bed ;
 But forc't He is with filly beasts,
 In crib to shrowd His head.
 Despise Him not for lying there,
 First what He is enquire :
 An Orient pearle is often found
 In depth of dirty mire.

Waigh not His Crib, His wooden dish,
 Nor beaft that by Him feed :
 Waigh not His Mothers poore attire,
 Nor Iosephs simple weed.
 This Stable is a Princes Court,
 The Crib His chaire of State :
 The beafts are parcell of His Pompe,
 The wooden dish His plate.
 The persons in that poore attire,
 His royall liveries weare,
 The Prince Himselfe is come from heaven,
 This pompe is prized there.
 With joy approach, O Christian wight,
 Doe homage to thy King ;
 And highly praise His humble Pompe,
 Which He from Heaven doth bring.

Robert Southwell.

x.

“ Christmas.”



HE Shepherds sing ; and shall I filent be ?
 My God, no hymne for Thee ?
 My foul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is Thy word : the streams, Thy Grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the day-light houres.

George Herbert.

XI.

“ An Hymne of the Nativity, fung as
by the Shepheards.”

CHORUS.



OME we shepheards whose blest sight
Hath met Loves noone, in Natures night,
Come lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the Sun that lyes too long.

To all our world of well-ftoln joy,
He flept, and dreamt of no fuch thing;
While we found out Heav'ns fairer eye,
And kift the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rifes now too late,
To show us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can shew him more
Than he e're shewd to mortall fight,
Than he himself e're faw before
Which to be feen needs not his light;
Tell him Tityrus where th' haft been,
Tell him Thyrfis what th' haft feen.

Tit. Gloomy night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay,
The Babe look't up and shew'd His face,
In fpite of darkneffe it was day

It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

Thyrſ. Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars,
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars,
By those sweet eyes persuasive powers,
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowers.

Both. We saw Thee in Thy Balmey Nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from Their East,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine owne sweet light.

Tit. Poore world said I, what wilt thou doe
To entertaine this starrie stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow
A cold, and not too cleanly manger?
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Thyrſ. Proud world said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone,
The Phoenix builds the Phoenix nest,
Love's Architecture is all one.
The Babe whose Birth embraves this morne,
Made His own Bed ere He was borne.

Tit. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and flow,
 Come hovering ore the places head,
 Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the faire Infant's Bed :
 Forbeare said I, be not too bold
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrs. I saw the obsequious Seraphins
 Their Rosie Fleece of Fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wings
 Since Heaven it selfe lyes here below :
 Well done said I, but are you sure
 Your downe so warme, will pass for pure.

Tit. No, no, your King's not yet to seeke
 Where to repose His Royall Head,
 See, see, how soone His new-bloom'd cheeke
 Twixt's mothers breasts is gone to bed.
 Sweet choice said I, no way but so
 Not to lye cold, yet sleep in snow.

Both. We saw Thee in thy Baulmey nest
 Bright Dawn of our eternall Day,
 We saw Thine eyes breake from Their East,
 And chase the trembling shades away.
 We saw Thee, and we blest the fight,
 We saw Thee, by Thine owne sweet light.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one fight !
 Eternitie shut in a span,

Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in Earth, and God in man ;
Great little one ! Whose all embracing birth
Lift's earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome though not to gold nor filke,
To more than Cæsars birthright is ;
Two Sister Seas of Virgin Milke,
With many a rarely temper'd Kisse
That breath's at once both Maide and Mother,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.

She fings Thy Teares a fleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in Their buds yet blushing lye.
She 'gainst those Mother Diamonds tries
The points of her young Eagles eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flyes
Guilded i' th' beames of earthly Kings,
Slippery soules in smiling eyes,
But to poor Shepherds, home-spun things,
Whose wealth's their flock ; whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicitie.

Yet when young Aprill's husband showers,
Shall bleffe the fruitfull Maia's bed,
Wee'l bring the first borne of her flowers,
To kisse Thy feet and crowne Thy head.

To Thee dread Lamb! whose love must keepe
The shepheards more than they their sheepe.

To Thee meeke Majestie! soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves;
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his paire of Silver Doves,
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy faire eyes,
Our selves become our owne best sacrifice.

Richard Crashaw.

XII.

“The Shepherd’s Song: a Caroll or
Himne for Christmas.”



WEET Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any song is sweet:
Sweet Musicke heavenly rare,
Mine eares, O peeres, doth greece.
Your gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl’d with dewe,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, O listen now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.
But voyces most divine
Make blifsfull harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?
Tunes can we heare, but not the fingers see,
The tunes divine, and so the fingers be.

Loe how the firmament
 Within an azure fold
The flock of starres hath pent,
 That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
 Nor can their christals such reflection give.
What then doth make the element so bright?
 The heavens are come downe upon earth to live.
But harken to the song,
 Glory to glories king,
And peace all men among,
 These querifters doe sing.
Angels they are, as also, Shepherds, hee
Whom in our feare we doe admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
 Your foules, faid he, annoy :
To you and all mankinde
 My message bringeth ioy.
For loe the world's great Shepheard now is borne,
 A bleffed babe, an infant full of power :
After long night, up-risen is the morne,
 Renowing Bethlem in the Saviour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
 By prophets feene a farre :
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
 Which Winter cannot marre.
In David's citie doth this funne appeare :
Clouded in flesh, yet Shepherds fit we here.


Edmund Bolton.
From "England's Helicon."

XIII.

“ Christmas Day.”

Song xlvi.

(1)

S on the night before theis happie Morne,
 A blessed Angell unto Shepheardes told,
 Where (in a Stable) He was poorely borne,
 Whom, nor the earth, nor Heav'n of
 Heav'ns can hold :

Through Bethlem rung

This newes at their returne ;

Yea Angells sung,

That God with us was borne :

And they made mirth because we should not mourne.

CHORUS.

Their Angell-Caroll sing we then,

To God on high all glorie be,

For Peace on earth bestoweth He,

And showeth favour unto men.

(2)

This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake

To buy us Thrones, He in a Manger lay

Our Weaknesse tooke, that we His Strength might take,

And was disrob'd, that He might us aray,

Our flesh He wore,
 Our Sinne to weare away.
 Our Curſe He bore,
 That we eſcape it may.
 And Wept for us, that we might ſing for aye.

CHORUS.

With Angells therefore ſing agen,
 To God on high all glorie be ;
 For Peece on Earth beſtoweth He ;
 And ſhoweth favour unto men.

George Wither.

xiv.

“ Chriſts Nativity.”



WAKE, glad heart ! get up, and Sing !
 It is the Birth-day of thy King.
 Awake ! awake !
 The Sun doth ſhake
 Light from his locks, and, all the way
 Breathing Perfumes, doth ſpice the day.

Awake, awake ! heark how th' wood rings,
 Winds whiſper, and the buſie ſprings
 A Concert make ;
 Awake ! awake !
 Man is their high-prieſt, and ſhould riſe
 To offer up the ſacrifice.

I would I were some Bird, or star,
 Flutt'ring in words, or lifted far
 Above this Inne
 And Rode of fin!

Then either Star or Bird should be
 Shining or singing still to Thee.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit Roomes for Thee! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 Thy Manger was!
 But I am all filth, and obscene;
 Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! will then; Let no more
 This Leper haunt and foyl thy door!
 Cure him, Ease him,
 O release him!

And let once more, by mistick birth,
 The Lord of life be born in Earth.

Henry Vaughan.

xv.

“ Carrol for Christmas-day.”

MY Soule; why art thou thus deject?
 And why art thou disturbd in me?
 Trust thou in God; His ayde expect:
 Who is the onely helpe for thee;
 And doth thy Sighes, and Sorrowes see.

Oh! that Hee once, the Heavens would reave,
 And so come downe. For, Prophets tell,
 Behold a Virgin shall conceive,
 A Sonne, fore-nam'd Emmanuel,
 Who shall descend, with us to dwell.

And see: that Heavenly Newes comes downe;
 That joy, to all Men shall afford:
 This day is borne, in Davids Towne,
 A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
 According to His Holy Word.

This is the Day, the Lord hath made:
 Let us rejoyce therein with Mirth.
 And be not thou, my Soule, so fad:
 But, since thy God is borne on Earth;
 Sing Hallelujah, at His Birth.

William Austin.

xvi.

“ An Hymn on the Nativity of my
 Saviour.”



SING the birth was born to-night,
 The author both of life and light;
 The angels so did found it.
 And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
 Who saw the light, and were afraid,
 Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
 That did us all Salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature ;
 And as that wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
 Who made Himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of Glory !
 To see this babe, all innocence
 A martyr born in our defence :
 Can man forget this story ?

Ben : Jonson.

XVII.

“ Antheme for Christmas Day.”



IMMORTALL babe who this dear day
 Didst change Thine Heaven for our clay,
 And didst with flesh Thy Godhead vail,
 Eternal Son of God, All-hail !

Shine happy Star, ye Angels, sing
 Glory on high to Heavens King :
 Run Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
 See Heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.

Worship ye Sages of the East
 The King of Gods in meanness drest.
 O blessed maid smile and adore
 The God Thy womb and armes have bore.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, and wise sages ;
 Thou Virgin glory of all ages,
 Restored frame of Heaven and Earth
 Joy in your dear Redeemers Birth.

Joseph Hall.

XVIII.

“ A Childe my choice.”

BET folly praise
 that fancie loves :
 I praise and love that Childe,
 Whose heart no thought,
 whose tongue no word,
 whose hand no deed defil'd.
 I praise Him most,
 I love Him best,
 all praise and love is His :
 While Him I love,
 in Him I live,
 and cannot live amisse.

Loves sweetest marke,
lauds highest theme,
mans most desired light ;
To love Him, life ;
to leave Him, death ;
to live in Him, delight.
He mine by gift,
I His by debt,
thus each to other's due :
First friend He was,
best friend He is,
all times will try Him true.

Though yong yet wise,
though small yet strong,
though man, yet God He is.
As wise, He knowes,
as strong, He can,
as God, He loves to blisse :
His knowledge rules,
His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all :
His birth our joy,
His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Alas He weepes,
He sighs, He panes,
Yet do His Angels sing :
Out of His teares,

His fighs and throbs,
 doth bud a joyfull spring.
 Almighty Babe,
 whose tender armes,
 can force all foes to flie ;
 Correct my faults,
 protect my life,
 direct me when I die.

Robert Southwell.

XIX.

“ For Christmas Day.”

REIOYCE, reioyce, with hart and voyce,
 In Christes birth this day reioyce.

From Virgins wombe this day did spring
 The precious feede that onely sated man :
 This day let man reioyce and sweetely sing,
 Since on this day salvation fyrst began.
 This day did Chryste mans foule from death remove,
 With glorious faintes to dwell in heaven above.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
 This day to man came love and unitie ;
 This day mans greefe began for to surcease,
 This day did man receive a remedie,
 For eche offence, and every deadly sinne,
 With guiltie hart, that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke let love be surely plaste,
 From Christes flocke let concorde hate expell :
 Of Christes flocke let love be so embraste,
 As we in Christe, and Christe in us may dwell.
 Christe is the authour of all unitie,
 From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O fyng unto this glittering glorious King,
 O prayse His name let every living thing :
 Let hart and voyce like belles of silver ring
 The comfort that this day did bring.
 Let Lute, let Shalme, with founde of sweete delight,
 The ioy of Christes birth this day resight.

Francis Kinwelmersb.

From "The Paradife of Dayntie Devifes."

xx.

"Christmas Carol."



LOVELY voices of the sky,
 That hymn'd the Saviour's birth !
 Are ye not finging still on high,
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth ?"
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye bleff'd the Syrian swains,
 O voices of the sky !
 O clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed

Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the Shepherds' head ;
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining light !

O star which led to Him, whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free ;
 Where art thou ?—'midst the hosts above,
 May we still gaze on thee ?—
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim—
 Send them to guide us yet !
 O star which led to Him !

Felicia Hemans.

XXI.

“The Prince of Salem.”

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion hill ;
 When Bethlehem's shepherds through
 the night

Watched o'er their flocks by starry light :

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound,
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky ;
Heaven burst her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang :

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart :
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Thomas Campbell.

XXII.

"A Cradle Hymn."



USH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be;
When from heav'n He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features
Spotless fair! Divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the fight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Curfed sinners could afford,

To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard!
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely Infant how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed:
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'ft thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and fing His praife !

I could give thee thousand kifses,
Hoping what I muft desire ;
Not a mother's fondeft wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.





Additional Christmas Pieces.

I.

“The Shepherds.”

SWEET, harmless lives! on whose holy
 leisure
 Waits Innocence and pleasure,
 Whose leaders to those pastures and cleer
 springs

Were Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings;
 How happend it that in the dead of night
 You only saw true light,
 While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
 Without one thought of Day?
 Was it because those first and blessed swains
 Were pilgrims on those plains,
 When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
 'Twas there first shown to you?
 'Tis true, He loves that Dust whereon they go
 That serve Him here below,
 And therefore might for memory of those
 His love there first disclose;
 But wretched Salem once His love, must now
 No voice nor vision know,

Her stately Piles with all their height and pride
Now languished and died,
And Bethlem's humble Cotts above them stept,
While all her Seers slept;
Her Cedar firr, hew'd stons, and gold were all
Polluted through their fall,
And those once sacred mansions were now
Meer emptines and shew.
This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the shepheards watch,
And God's own lodging though He could not lack,
To be a common Kack ;
No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie,
In those their Cels could lie ;
Each stirring wind and storm blew through their Cotts,
Which never harbour'd plots ;
Only Content and love and humble joys
Lived there without all noise ;
Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
Did in their bosomes play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look ;
But that was all ; And now with gladsome care
They for the town prepare ;
They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
All towards Bethlem walk
To see their soul's great Shepheard, who was come,
To bring all straglers home ;
Where now they find Him out, and taught before,
That Lamb of God adore,

That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets
 wish'd
 And long'd to see, but miss'd.
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
 And turn'd their night to day ;
 But to this later light they saw in Him,
 Their day was dark and dim.

Henry Vaughan.

II.

“ Christ His Crib.”

WHAT fury haunteth us,
 that we so much delight,
 To stand and gaze on monuments,
 of auncient former fight ?

Of pleasure what find we,
 in sumptuous buildings new :
 Such as our ancestors before,
 the like nere saw nor knew ?
 Behold the time is such,
 vanitie beareth sway :
 And fancie fond the wit doth rule,
 till both come to decay.
 For every private man,
 a modull takes in hand,
 Where wit and will, and wealth do meet,
 are many platformes scand.
 Some costly buildings reare,
 and pull them downe againe :

And other some altar and change,
as fanſie feedes the braine.
And ſome foundation laies,
and yer the worke be done :
Doth take his leave and goeth his waie,
and leaves it to his ſonne.
The ſonne doth much miſlike
the worke the father wrought,
And yer his fancie can be fed,
confumes himſelfe to nought.
Of other ſome there be,
having of treaſure ſtore :
Which when a worke they finiſht have,
yet ſtill deviſeth more.
What pleaſure now have ſuch,
in lieu of coſt and paine,
For only but to feed the eie,
in vanitie moſt vaine.
But if you faine would ſee,
a monument indeed :
Then go with me and run apace,
the better we ſhall ſpeed.
I will you ſhew a ſight,
more worth to view and ſee :
Then all the buildings on the earth,
whatever ſo they be.
And ſuch a ſight it is,
as all the fathers old :
And anceſtors before their time,
the like did nere behold.

And all that live this day,
and on the earth remaine :
Nor any after age that comes,
shall see the same againe.
Behold loe here it is,
a Cabin poore God knowes :
Beerent and torne, a rustie thing,
unfurnished with showes,
Of outward sight to see,
a simple thatched cot :
Where fleet and snow and raine drives in,
a ruyned place God wot.
And yet within the same,
a blessed babe doth lie :
Which yeeldeth forth as infants doe,
many a tender crie.
This babe, even at whose becke,
the thunder makes to quake :
The earth beneath in trembling fort,
and lofty skie to shake.
Even here this infant doth
being a mightie prince :
And soveraigne ruler of the world,
that shall His foes convince,
Sucke milke from tender breast,
of blessed Mary sure :
Being His mother and a wife,
and yet a virgine pure.
I am no whit afraid,
comparison to make :

This homelie Cabin to prefer,
for this sweet Babiees sake,
Before the buildings great,
of stately Temples all,
And sumptuous courts and palaces,
of princes great and small.
This stable dooth surmount
the costly Temple wrought,
With curious worke by Salomon,
which (as of right it ought)
Must yeeld and base itselfe,
and stoope this place unto,
In which was borne the sonne of God,
as was His will to doe.
So must that glorious court,
of that high potentat,
King Crefus he of Lydia,
stand backe to this estate.
And let the Capitols
that dedicated were,
In olde time past with Idols theirs,
unto Dan Jupiter.
Which though they garnisht were
most magnificentlie :
With fine and curious workmanship,
of marble imag'rie :
Now yeeld this stable to,
as subjects bond and thrall,
As no whit to compared be,
to this in ought at all.

Let Lady Rome strike faile,
and under hatches go
With stately turrets of defense,
hir wals and gates also.
And let hir capitoll,
with glasse and gold araide :
And temple Olavitritium
now shake and be afraid.
And let hir house of gold,
bedeckt with precious stone,
Give place with all humility
to this poore cot alone.
For now is falne to ground,
the image made of gold :
In likeneffe to king Romulus,
which should together hold,
And stand for evermore,
until such time a child
Should forth proceed and so be borne
of virgin meeke and mild.
The image made of brasse
in womans portraiture :
So high, so great, and hugie was,
for ever to endure.
Which now is likewise falne,
even as the artfman said :
Yet stil shall stand until a child
proceedeth from a maide.

* * * * *

William Hunnis.

III.

“ And they laid Him in a Manger.”


HAPPY Cribb ! thou wert alone
 To my God, Bed, Cradle, Throne,
 Whilst thy glorious vileneffe, I
 View with divine Phant'fies Eye ;
 Sordid filth seems all the Cost,
 State and Splendour, Crowns doe boast.
 See ! Heaven's sacred Majesty
 Humbled beneath Poverty.
 Swaddled up in homely Rags,
 On a Bed of Straw and Flags.
 He whose Hands the Heavens displayd,
 And the Worlds Foundations layd,
 From the World's almost exil'd,
 Of all Ornaments despoyl'd.
 Perfumes bath Him not, new born,
 Perfian Mantles not adorn :
 Nor do the rich Roofs look bright
 With the Jaspers Orient Light.
 Where O Royall Infant ! be
 Th' Ensigns of Thy Majestie ?
 Thy Sires equalizing State,
 And Thy Scepter that rules Fate ?
 Where's Thy Angell-guarded Throne,
 Whence Thy Laws Thou didst make known ?

Laws which Heaven, Earth, Hell obey'd ;
 These, all these, aside He layd ;
 Would the Emblem be, of Pride
 By Humility outvy'd.

Edward Sherburne.

IV.

“ The Sonne.”

ET foreign nations of their language boast,
 What fine variety each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men, and coast ;
 Who cannot dress it well, want wit,
 not words.

How neatly do we give one only name
 To parent's issue, and the sonne's bright star !
 A sonne is light, and fruit ; a fruitful flame,
 Chafing the father's dimness : carried far
 From the first man in the East, to fresh and new
 Western discoveries of posterity.

So, in one word, our Lord's humility
 We turn upon Him, in a sense most true ;
 For, what Christ once in humbleness began,
 We Him in glory call, The Sonne of Man.

George Herbert.

v.

“ On the Blessed Virgins bashfullnesse.”

WHAT on her lap she casts her humble eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humilitie.
 The faire starre is well fixt, for where,
 O where,
 Could she have fixt it on a fairer spheare?
 'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees; Heaven's God there
 lyes,
 She can see heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes :
 This new guest to her eyes, new lawes hath given,
 'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven.

Richard Crashaw.

vi.

The Virgin's meditation.

WHAT avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;
 While I to sorrows am no lesse advanc't
 And fears as eminent, above the lot
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a Shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter Him or me

From the bleak air ; a Stable was our warmth,
 A Manger His, yet soon enforc't to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the Murd'rous King
 Were dead, who fought His life, and missing fill'd
 With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem ;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years, His life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any King ; but now
 Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heav'n by His Father's voice ;
 I look'd for some great change ; to Honour ? No,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain fore-told,
 That to the full and rising He should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very Soul
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
 My Exaltation to Afflictions high ;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.

* * * * *

Thus Mary pondring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling.

John Milton.

VII.

“ Luke 2.”

Nunc Dimittis.

THOU who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let Thy servant die,
Whose hope on Thee relies :
For Thou, whose words and deeds are one,
At length hast Thy Salvation showne
To these my raviht Eies.

By Thee, before Thy Hands displaid
The Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,
Unto the World decree'd :
A Lampe to give the Gentiles Light ;
A glory, O how infinite !
To Israels faithfull Seed.

George Sandys.

Sunday after Christmas.

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people :
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Isaiab. lx. 1, 2, 3.



I.

“ Sunday after Christmas Day.”



H for a psalm of everlasting praise
 To chaunt, great God, Thy love to
 thankless man !
 That love which from the dust his form
 did raise,

Rich with a soul his Maker's work to scan,
 And view Thee present through the all-perfect plan !

So thy great master-piece on earth he stood,
 While all his days 'mid fields of pleasure ran ;
 The Tree of Life gave him immortal food,
 And every thought he knew, was happy, wise and good.

Yet such stupendous love was none, compar'd
 With that exceeding grace in Jesus shown ;
 When to redeem, the Almighty arm was bared,
 And wrought salvation—work for God alone ;
 When Thine own Son forsook His Father's throne,
 Took our frail nature of the spotless maid,
 And came on work of mercy to His own ;
 Content to be rejected and betray'd,
 So His betrayers' sins on His meek head were laid !

Vouchsafe, O Lord, now that dread work is past,
 And man redeemed, its blessings we may prove,
 Grant that our hearts, in heavenly mould recast,
 May bear sweet impress of such matchless love,
 And after idols never more may rove ;
 Oh, grant, that once again adopted Thine,
 Our wills subservient to Thy will may move,
 Till rich in works of Christian faith we shine,
 And sweetly lead on earth once more the life divine.

Samuel Rickards.

“ Holy Sonnets.”

“ *La Corona.*”

DEIGNE at my hands this crowne of prayer
 and praise,
 Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasurie,
 All changing unchang'd Ancient of dayes,
 But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
 Reward my muses white sinceritie,
 But what Thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes :
 The ends crowne our workes, but Thou crown'ft our
 ends,
 For at our ends begin our endlesse rest,
 The first last end, now zealously possfest,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,
 Salvation to all that will, is nigh.

Annunciation.

SALVATION to all that will is nigh,
 That All, which alwayes is all every where,
 Which cannot finne, and yet all finnes must beare,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds Himselfe to lie
 In prison, in thy wombe ; and though Hee there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet Hee'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
 Ere by the spheares time was created thou
 Wast in His minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'ft conceived ; yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
 Thou hast light in darke, and shutt'ft in little roome,
 IMMENSITIE cloystered in thy deare wombe.

Nativitie.

IMMENSITIE cloyster'd in thy dear wombe,
 Now leaves His welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There He hath made Himselfe to His intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come ;
 But oh, for thee, for Him, hath th' Inne no roome ?
 Yet lay Him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
 Th' effects of Herods jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eye, how He
 Which fills all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie ?
 Was not His pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee ?

Kisse Him, and with Him into Egypt goe,
With His kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Temple.

WITH His kinde mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turne backe; see where your child doth fit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which Himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
The Word but lately could not speake, and loe
It suddenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soule to His manhood,
Nor had time mellowed Him to this ripenesse,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to begin his businesse,
He in His ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

John Donne.

III.

“ The Incarnation, and Passion.”

WORD! when Thoudidst Thy selfeundresse,
Laying by Thy robes of glory,
To make us more Thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam't a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,

Was a translation of such height
As, but in Thee, was ne'r exprest.

Brave wormes and Earth ! that thus could have
A God enclof'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell !

Ah, my deare Lord ! what couldst Thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill Thee every day ?

O what strange wonders could Thee move
To flight Thy precious bloud, and breath ?
Sure it was Love my Lord ; for Love
Is only stronger far than death !

Henry Vaughan.

IV.

“ Pfalm II.”

WHY gath'ring rag'd the realms so wild,
What dreams have heathen hearts beguil'd ?
They rouse them, all the kings of earth,
The Powers in council are gone forth,
Against the Lord who rules above,
Against th' Anointed of His love.

“ Now break we all their bonds in twain,
“ Away we cast them, cord and chain,”—

He scorns them, who in Heav'n abides,
Their doings God on high derides.
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
In withering anger blast their path :

“ My King I have anointed still
“ On Zion, Mine own holy hill.”
Now let Me tell the high decree :—
The Lord spake out, He spake to Me—
“ Thou art My Son,” He said, “ to-day
“ Begotten : ask, and win Thy way :

“ Ask, and I bid the realms be Thine,
“ All ends of earth Thy lot assign,
“ To bruise with iron rod, to spurn
“ And shiver like a potter's urn.”
Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise,
Ye lords of earth, your hearts chastise.

Serve God in fear : before the Throne
In awe rejoice, and kiss the Son ;
Lest He be wroth, and ye, astray
And helpless, perish off the way :
Soon will His ire blaze out in power,
O blest, who lean on Him that hour.

John Keble.

v.

“ Psalm VIII.”

LORD, how illustrious is Thy Name !
Whose pow'r both Heav'n and Earth pro-
clame !

Thy Glorie Thou hast set on hie,
Above the marble-arched Skie.
The wonders of Thy power Thou hast
In mouths of babes and sucklings plac't ;
That so Thou might'st Thy foes confound,
And who in malice most abound.
When I pure Heaven, Thy fabricke see,
The Moone and Starres dispos'd by Thee ;
O what is man or his fraile Race,
That Thou shouldst such a Shadow grace !
Next to Thy Angels most renown'd ;
With Majesty and Glory crown'd ;
The King of all Thy Creatures made ;
That all beneath his feet hast layd :
All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,
That shady Woods or Deserts breed ;
What in the airy Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean slide.
Lord, how illustrious is Thy Name,
Whose power both Heaven and Earth proclame !

George Sandys.

VI.

“ Psalm LXXII.”



HE King, Iehovah, with Thy Iustice
 crowne ;
 And in a God-like reigne His Sonne re-
 nowne.

He shall with equity Thy People sway ;
 And Iudgment in the scales of Iustice waigh.
 Then little hils shall riot with increase ;
 And Mountaines flourish in the fruits of Peace.
 He shall the Poore from violence protect ;
 Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
 They, while the restlesse Sunne directs the Yeare ;
 While Moonsincrease and wain, Thy Name shal feare.
 He shall descend like plenty-dropping showres,
 Which cloath the Earth, and fill her Lap with flowers.
 The Iust shall flourish in His happy daies,
 And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Raies.
 He shall from Sea to Sea inlarge His Raigne ;
 From swift Euphrates to the farthest Maine.
 The wild inhabitants, that live by prey,
 In scorched Deserts, shall His Rule obey.
 His Foes shall licke the dust, rich with their spoiles.
 Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Iles,
 Shall orient Pearle, and sparkling stones present ;
 Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiopians sent.
 The swart Sabæans, and Panchaia's King
 Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring.

All kings shall homage to this King afford ;
All Nations shall receive Him for their Lord.
He shall th' Oppressed heare, the Poore defend ;
The Needy save, and such as have no friend :
Redeeme their Soules from fraud, and violence ;
And shall with bloud revenge their blouds expense.
For this, He long and happily shall live :
To Him they shall the Gold of Sheba give.
The people for their King shall houely pray ;
His praises sing, and blesse Him Day by Day.
Rank crops of Corn shall on the high mountains grow,
And shake like Cedars when rough tempests blow.
The Citizens shall prosper, and abound
Like blades of Grasse, which clothe the pregnant
ground.

His Name shall last to all eternity :
Even while the Sunne illuminates the Sky.
All Nations shall in Him be blest : Him all
The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
O praised be our God ! That King of Kings,
Who onely can accomplish wondrous things !
For ever celebrate His glorious Name,
And fill the world with His illustrious fame.

George Sandys.



PART III.

Infancy of our Blessed Lord.

Festivals included in Christmas time.

(St. Stephen's Day.)

Stephen, full of faith and power,
Did great wonders and miracles
Among the people.

There arose certain,
Disputing with Stephen.
And they were not able to resist
The wisdom and the spirit
By which he spake.

Then they suborned men,
Which said, We have heard him speak
Blasphemous words
Against Moses, and against God.

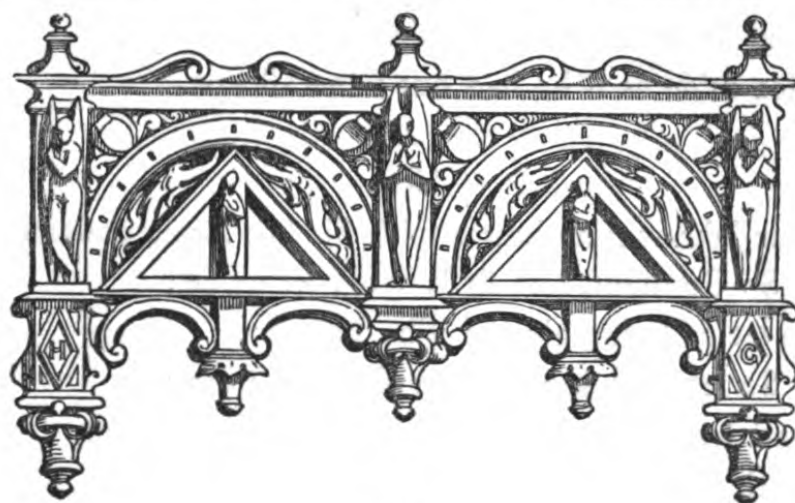
And all that sat in the council,
Looking stedfastly on him,
Saw his face as it had been
The face of an angel.

And he said—Behold, I see,
The heavens opened, and the Son of Man
Standing on the right hand of God.

Then they cried out
With a loud voice,
And stopped their ears,
And ran upon him
With one accord,

And they stoned Stephen,
Calling upon God, and saying,
Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

Acts. chs. vii. and viii.



I.

“ St. Stephen’s Day.”

Song lxiii.

I.

WORD with what zeale did Thy first Martyr’s
breath
Thy blessed truth, to such as him
withstood !

With what stout mind embraced he his death !

A holy witness sealing with his blood !

The praise is Thine, that him so strong did’st make

And blest is he that died for Thy sake.

2.

Unquenched love in him appear’d to be,

When for his murth’rous Foes he did intreat :

A piercing eie made bright by Faith had he ;

For he beheld Thee in Thy glory set ;

And fo unmoov'd his patience he did keepe,
Hee di'de as if he had but falne afleepe.

3.

Our luke-warme hearts with his hot Zeale enflame,
So Conſtant, and fo Loving, let us be ;
So let us living glorifie Thy Name ;
So let us dying fixe our Eies on Thee :
And when the ſleepe of death ſhall us o'rtake,
With him to Life eternall us awake.

George Wither.

II.

“ St. Stephen's Day.”

RIGHTFUL Prince of martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow ;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged ſtone,
Sparkling with life-blood, ſhone ;
Nor could ſtars more brightly ſhine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's guſhing ſtreams
Dart a thouſand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-flain victim free
 To Him, the Victim slain for thee :
 Thou the first thy Lord to own,
 Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
 Through the deep Red sea of blood :—
 Prince of martyrs, thee behind
 What a countless army wind ?

Thou of Virgin-mother born,
 In this wintry world forlorn ;
 Jesu, Lord, all praise to Thee.
 All glory be to Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Unto all eternity.

Will. J. Copeland,
 from the Latin.

III.

“ St. Stephen’s Day.”



HE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A Kingly Crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar !
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong !
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant Saints, their hopes they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel !
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

Reginald Heber.

IV.

“ St. Stephen’s Day.”



S rays around the source of light
Stream upward ere he glow in fight,
And watching by his future flight
Set the clear heavens on fire ;

So on the King of Martyrs wait
Three chosen bands, in royal state,
And all earth owns, of good and great,
Is gather’d in that choir.

One presses on, and welcomes death :
One calmly yields his willing breath,
Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith
Content to die or live :
And some, the darlings of their Lord,
Play smiling with the flame and sword,
And, ere they speak, to His sure word
Unconscious witnesses give.

Fore most and nearest to His throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known,
And likest Him in look and tone,
The holy Stephen kneels,
With stedfast gaze, as when the sky
Flew open to his fainting eye,
Which, like a fading lamp, flash’d high,
Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright
Was present to his raptur'd fight,
Even as reflected streams of light
Their solar source betray—
The glory which our God surrounds,
The Son of Man, th' atoning wounds—
He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds
Are melting fast away.

He sees them all—no other view
Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,
Or with His love so deep embrace
Man's fullen heart and groans—
“Jesu, do Thou my soul receive:
“Jesu, do Thou my foes forgive:”
He who would learn that prayer, must live
Under the holy Cross.

He, though he seem on earth to move,
Must glide in air like gentle dove,
From yon unclouded depths above
Must draw his purer breath;
Till men behold his angel face
All radiant with celestial grace,
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace
The lines of Jesus' death.

John Keble.

St. John's Day.

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom
One of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.

St. John, xiii. 23.

The disciple whom Jesus loved :
Which also leaned on his breast, at supper.

St. John, xxi. 20.

For the life was manifested,
And we have seen it, and bear witness,
And show unto you that eternal life,
Which was with the Father,
And was manifested unto us.

1 Ep. John, i. 2.



1.

“ St. John’s Day.”

Song lxiv.

1.

EACH us by his example Lord,
 For whom we honour Thee, to Day,
 And grant, his witnesse of Thy Word,
 Thy Church enlighten ever may :

And as belov’d, oh Christ he was,
 And therefore leaned on Thy breast ;
 So let us also in Thy grace,
 And on Thy Sacred bosome rest.

2.

Into us breath that Life Divine,
 Whose Testimonie he intends ;
 About us cause Thy Light to shine,
 That which no Darknesse comprehends :
 And let that ever-blessed Word,
 Which all things did create of nought,
 Anew create us now, oh Lord,
 Whose ruine sin hath almost wrought.

3.

Thy holy Faith we doe professe,
 Us to Thy Fellowship receive ;
 Our finnes we heartily confesse,
 Thy pardon therefore let us have :
 And as to us Thy fervant gives
 Occasion thus to honour Thee ;
 So also, let our Words and Lives,
 As Lights and Guides to others be.

George Wither.

II.

“ Festival Hymnes.” “ An Hymn
 upon St. John’s Day.”



HIS day

We sing
 The friend of our eternal King,
 Who in His bosome lay,
 And kept the Keys
 Of His profound and glorious Mysteries :
 Which to the world dispensed by his hand,
 Made it stand
 Fix’d in amazement to behold that light
 Which came
 From the Throne of the Lamb,
 To invite

Our wretched eyes (which nothing else could see
But fire and sword, hunger and miserie)

To anticipate by their ravish'd fight

The beauty of Celestial delight,

Mysterious God, regard me when I pray :

And when this load of clay

Shall fall away,

O let Thy gracious hand conduct me up,

Where on the Lambs rich viands I may sup :

And that in this last supper I

May with Thy friend in Thy sweet bosome lie

For ever in Eternity.

Allelujah.

Jeremy Taylor.

III.

“ St. John The Evangelist's Day.”



H God ! who gav'st Thy servant grace,

Amid the storms of life distrest,

To look on Thine incarnate face,

And lean on Thy protecting breast :

To see the light that dimly shone,

Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,

Pure Image of the Eternal One !

Through shadows of Thy mortal veil !

Be ours, O King of Mercy ! still

To feel Thy presence from above,

And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love :

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

Reginald Heber.

IV.

“ St. John’s Day.”

“**W**ORD, and what shall this man do?”
Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :

This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,
Whether, early call’d to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate :

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with Love’s supporting force
Cheer the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
 Sweeter melodies can wake
 On the lonely mountain rill
 Than the meeting waters make.
 Who hath the Father and the Son,
 May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
 Wealthy, or despis'd and poor—
 What is that to him or thee,
 So his love to Christ endure?
 When the shore is won at last,
 Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
 At the touch of natural grief,
 When our earthly lov'd ones sink,
 Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
 Patient hearts, their pain to see,
 And Thy grace to follow Thee.

John Keble.

v.

“ Home.”



HOME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart
 is sick,
 While Thou dost ever, ever stay:
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the
 quick,

My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show Thy self to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
The bloud did make, which Thou didst waste ?
When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

When man was lost, Thy pitie lookt about
To see what help in th' earth or skie :
But there was none ; at least no help without :
The help did in Thy bosome lie.
O show Thy self to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

There lay Thy Sonne : and must He leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poore apple for Thy love ?
O show Thy self to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

He did, He came : O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canst Thou be strange ?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appear ?
As if Thy love could fail or change.
O show Thy self to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
 My God what is this world to me?
 This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away,
 Away; I must get up and see.

O show Thy self to me,
 Or take me up to Thee!

* * * * *

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
 That my free soul may use her wing,
 Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
 As an intangled, hamper'd thing.

O show Thy self to me,
 Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?
 The most of me to heav'n is fled:
 My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead.

O show Thy self to me,
 Or take me up to Thee!

George Herbert.



The Infancy of our Lord.

(The Innocents' Day.)

Thus saith the Lord ;
A voice was heard in Ramah,
Lamentation, and bitter weeping ;
Rachel weeping for her children
Refused to be comforted for her children,
Because they were not.
Thus saith the Lord ;
Refrain thy voice from weeping,
And thine eyes from tears :
For thy work shall be rewarded,
Saith the Lord ;
And they shall come again
From the land of the enemy.
And there is hope in thine end,
Saith the Lord,
That thy children shall come again
To their own border.

Jer. xxxi. 15—17.



The Infancy of our Lord.

I.

“Innocents’ Day.”

Song lxxv.

I.

WHAT rage whereof the Pſalme doth ſay,
 Why are the Gentiles growne ſo mad?
 Appear’d in part upon that day,
 When Herod ſlaine the Infants had;
 Yet (as it faith) they ſtorm’d in vaine;
 (Though many Innocents they ſlew)
 For, Chriſt they purpoſ’d to have ſlaine,
 Who all their Counſels overthrow.

2.

Thus ſtill vouchſafe Thou to reſtraine
 All Tyrants, Lord, purſuing Thee;

Thus let our vast desires be flaine,
 That Thou maist living in us be :
 So whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
 We of Thy love our Songs will frame ;
 And with those Innocents, our death
 Shall glorifie Thy name.

3.

In Type those Many di'de for One ;
 That One for many mor was flaine ;
 And what they felt in A&t alone,
 He did in will and A&t sustaine.
 Lord grant, that what Thou hast decreed
 In Will and A&t we may fulfil ;
 And though we reach not to the Deede,
 From us, oh God, accept the Will.
George Wither.

II.

“ The Innocents’ Day.”

LITTLE flowers of martyrdom,
 Whom the ruthles fword hath torn,
 On the threshold of the morn,
 Rosebuds by the whirlwind shorn !

All regardless of their doom,
 'Neath the altar where they lay,
 With their palm and chaplets gay,
 Little simple ones they play.

Tyrant, what avails their tomb?
 He shall 'scape the bloody blade,
 Which hath many childless made,
 Infant born of mother-maid.

Thus the type of Him to come,
 Restorer of lost Israel,
 Moses 'scaped the tyrant fell,
 Guarded by the Invifible.


Jefu, born of Virgin's womb,
 Father, Spirit, One and Three,
 Sing we glory unto Thee,
 Sing we everlastingly.

Isaac Williams.

From the Latin.

III.

“ The Holy Innocents.”

AY, ye celestial guards, who wait
 In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace
 gate,
 Say, who are these on golden wings,
 That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,
 Their palms and garlands telling plain
 That they are of the glorious martyr train,
 Next to yourselves ordain'd to praise
 His Name, and brighten as on Him they gaze?

But where their spoils and trophies? where
The glorious dint a martyr's shield should bear?
How chance no cheek among them wears
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,
But all is bright and smiling love,
As if, fresh-borne from Eden's happy grove,
They had flown here, their King to see,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

Ask, and some angel will reply,
" These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die,
" But ere the poison root was grown,
" God set His seal, and mark'd them for His own,
" Baptiz'd in blood for Jesus' sake,
" Now underneath the Cross their bed they make,
" Not to be scar'd from that sure rest
" By frighten'd mother's shriek, or warrior's waving
crest."

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet;
Bless'd Jesus ever lov'd to trace
The " innocent brightness" of an infant's face.
He rais'd them in His holy arms,
He bless'd them from the world and all its harms:
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's name.

Then as each fond unconscious child
On th' everlasting Parent sweetly smil'd,

(Like infants sporting on the shore,
That tremble not at Ocean's boundless roar,)
Were they not present to Thy thought,
All souls, that in their cradles Thou hast bought?
But chiefly these, who died for Thee,
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder death to see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction, stor'd
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasur'd hopes, just born, baptiz'd and gone.
Oh! joy for Rachel's broken heart!
She and her babes shall meet no more to part;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe embrac'd.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,
Where to behold them was her heart's first prayer,
She dares not grieve—but she must weep,
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,
Teaching so well and silently
How, at the shepherd's call, the lamb should die:
How happier far than life the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burthen bend.

John Keble.

IV.

“Rachael weeping for her Children.”



WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!
 O Rachel, weep not so;
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flow'r in heav'n shall blow!

Firflings of faith! the murd'rer's knife
 Has miss'd its deadliest aim:
 The God for whom they give their life,
 For them to suffer came!

Though evil were their days and few,
 Baptized in blood and pain,
 He knows them, whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
 O Rachel, weep not so!
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

Reginald Heber.

V.



BLEST little Martyrs for the newborn God,
 How short, yet happy here was your abode!
 'Twas but a little while since you receiv'd
 Your Being here: and what? so soon re-
 liev'd?

So soon call'd up? and for so good a Cause?
 (Martyr'd by cruel Herod's bloody laws)
 Thrice happy you, that were so swift call'd hence
 In lovely and unspotted Innocence.

Such early martyrs we must needs suppose
 White as the Lily, ruddy as the Rose.
 Make me, dear Lord, before I come away,
 As mortify'd, as innocent, as they.

Ignoto.

VI.

The Holy Innocents.



HAIL, you sweet and budding flowers,
 Whom (when you life began to taste)
 The enemy of Christ devours,
 As whirlwinds down young Roses cast.

First Sacrifice to Christ you went,
 Of offered Lambs a tender sort,
 With Palms and Crowns, you, innocent,
 Before the sacred Altar sport.

Glory O Lord, be given to Thee
 Whom the unspotted Virgin bore;
 All glory to the Trinitie,
 From all, both now and ever more.

Samuel Speed's,
 "Prison Pietie."

VII.

“ On the Innocents slain by Herod.”



O blessed Innocents! and freely powre
Your Souls forth in a Purple showre.
And for that little Earth each shall lay
down

Purchase a Heavenly Crown.

Nor of Originall Pollution feare

The Stains should to your blouds adhere ;

For yours now shed, ere long shall in a Floud

Be wash'd of better Blood.

Edward Sherburne.

VIII.

“ The Innocents' Day.”



BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest!
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in His manger safe He lay,
By Angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the Heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

'Tis ever thus : who Christ would win,
Must in the school of woe begin ;
And still the nearest to His grace
Know least of their own glorious place.

John Keble.

The Circumcision of our Blessed Lord.

(New Year's Day.)

This is my covenant, which ye shall keep,
Between me and you and thy seed after thee ;
Every man child among you
Shall be circumcised.

Gen. xvii. 10.

And when eight days were accomplished
For the circumcising of the child,
His name was called JESUS,
Which was so named of the Angel
Before he was conceived in the womb.

St. Luke ii. 21.



The Infancy of our Lord.

I.

“ The Circumcision, or New-yeares
Day.”

Song lxviii.

I.



HIS day Thy flesh, oh Christ, did bleed,
Mark't by the Circumcision knife :
Because the Law, for mans misdeed,
Requir'd that Earnest of Thy life.
Those droppes divin'd that showre of blood,
Which in Thine Agonie beganne :
And that great showre foreshew'd the Flood
Which from Thy Side the next day ranne.

2.

Then, through that milder Sacrament,
Succeeding this ; Thy grace inspire ;
Yea let Thy smart make us repent,
And circumcized hearts desire.

For, he that either is baptiz'd,
 Or circumciz'd in flesh alone,
 Is but as an uncircumciz'd,
 Or as an unbaptized-one.

3.

The yeare anew we now begin,
 And outward gifts receiv'd have we
 Renue us also, Lord, within,
 And make us New-yeares-gifts for Thee.
 Yea, let us with the passed yeare,
 Our old affections cast away ;
 That we new Creatures may appeare,
 And to redeeme the Time assay.

George Wither.

II.

“ Upon the Circumcision.”



E flaming Powers, and winged Warriours
 bright,
 That erst with Mufick, and triumphant
 fong

First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly fung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep forrow,

He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to cease!
 O more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we, by rightful doom remedies,
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakednes;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisf'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near His Heart.

John Milton.

III.

“ The Circumcision, or New year's
 Day.”



MORROW betide my sins! Must smart so
 soon
 Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce
 grown

Unto an eight dayes age ?
 Can nothing else affwage
 The wrath of Heaven, but His infant blood :
 Innocent Infant, infinitely good !

Is this Thy welcome to the world, great God ?
 No sooner born, but subject to the rod
 Of sinne-incensed wrath ?
 Alas ! what pleasure hath
 Thy Fathers Justice to begin Thy Passion,
 Almost together with Thine Incarnation ?

Is it to antidate Thy death ? Indite
 Thy condemnation Himself, and write
 The cobby with Thy blood,
 Since nothing is so good ?
 Or is't by this experiment to try,
 Whether Thou beest born mortall, and canst dye ?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
 Stayes he not till Thy time be come to dye ?
 Did'st Thou thus early bleed
 For us to show what need
 We have to hasten unto Thee as fast,
 And learn that all the time is lost that's past ?

'Tis true we should do so. Yet in this blood
 There's something else, that must be understood.
 It feales Thy covenant,
 That so we may not want

Witnesse enough against Thee, that Thou art
Made subject to the Law to act our part.

The sacrament of Thy regeneration
It cannot be. It gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we.
Native impuritie,
Originall corruption, was not Thine,
But onely as Thy righteoufnesse is mine.

In holy Baptisme this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to Thee.
So that Thy losse and pain
Do prove my joy, and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ Thy death in blood,
Baptisme in water seales my livelyhood.

* * * * *

Christopher Harvey.

IV.

“Circumcision.”

RIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe has been ;
Long named in Heaven, He now must go
To take that name on Him below—
Jesus, who faves from sin.

His Mother kept the Angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store ;

Thy at eight dayes age?
 Can nothing else atwage
 The wrath of Heaven, but His infant blood:
 Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is it Thy warning to the world, great God?
 No sinner next, but subject to the rod
 Of sinne-incensed wrath?
 And what pleasure hath
 Thy Fathers Justice to begin Thy Passion,
 Almost together with Thine Incarnation?

Is it to anticipate Thy death? Indite
 Thy condemnation Himself, and write
 The copy with Thy blood,
 Since nothing is so good?
 Or is't by this experiment to try,
 Whether Thou beest born mortall, and canst dye?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
 Stayes he not till Thy time be come to dye?
 Did'st Thou thus early bleed
 For us to show what need
 We have to hasten unto Thee as fast,
 And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should do so. Yet in this blood
 There's something else, that my
 It seals Thy covenant
 so we may no

CHRISTMAS

Witnesse enough against Thee, that Thou art
Made subject to the Law to all our sin

The sacrament of Thy regeneration
It cannot be. It gives no imputation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity,
Originall corruption, was not Thine
But onely as Thy righteousness is mine

In holy Baptisme this is brought in
As that in Circumcision was to I. I.
So that Thy losse and pain
Do prove my joy, and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ Thy death
Baptisme in water seals my life.

* * * * *

Colossians 2:11

“Circumcision”

EIGHT days and seven
The holy Babe is
Long named in Jerusalem
To take the circumcision
Jesus who freed from



But most, by fear and love unfirred,
 Unconscious of its meaning, heard
 The name the Infant bore.

The traitor fought Him by that name
 When all the murderous crew
 With swords and staves against Him came :
 And on the cross, the place of shame,
 That name was fixed in view.

Yet in His hour of glory, now,
 That precious name is given
 Above all names to deck His brow ;
 And at the name of Jesus, bow
 The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
 O Christ, for evermore ;
 Thou, who for us didst not disdain
 That sinners should that name profane
 Which Seraphim adore!

Joseph Anstice.

v.

“ The Circumcision of Christ.”



HE year begins with Thee,
 And Thou beginn'ft with woe,
 To let the world of finners see
 That blood for fin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine
Pour'd on a victim's head
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.

They are the pledge and seal
Of Christ's unswerving faith
Given to His Sire, our souls to heal,
Although it cost His death.

They to His church of old,
To each true Jewish heart,
In Gospel graces manifold
Communion blest impart.

Now of thy love we deem
As of an ocean vast,
Mounting in tides against the stream
Of ages gone and past.

Both theirs and ours Thou art,
As we and they are Thine;
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs—all have part
Along the sacred line.

By blood and water too
God's mark is set on Thee,

That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.

O bond of union, dear
And strong as is Thy grace!
Saints, parted by a thousand year,
May thus in heart embrace.

Is there a mourner true,
Who fallen on faithless days,
Sighs for the heart-consoling view
Of those, Heaven deign'd to praise?

In spirit may'st thou meet
With faithful Abraham here,
Whom soon in Eden thou shalt greet
A nursing Father dear.

Wouldst thou a Poet be?
And would thy dull heart fain
Borrow of Israel's minstrelsy
One high enraptur'd strain?

Come here thy soul to tune,
Here set thy feeble chant,
Here, if at all beneath the moon,
Is holy David's haunt.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can shew?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

John Keble.



The Epiphany,

or

The Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

He hath said, which heard the words of God,
And knew the knowledge of the Most High,
Which saw the vision of the Almighty,
Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open :

“ I shall see him, but not now ;
“ I shall behold him, but not nigh :
“ There shall come a Star out of Jacob,
“ And a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
“ And shall smite the corners of Moab,
“ And destroy all the children of Sheth.
“ And Edom shall be a possession,
“ Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies :
“ And Israel shall do valiantly.
“ Out of Jacob shall come he
“ That shall have dominion,
“ And shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.”

Num. xxiv. 16—19.



The Infancy of our Lord.

I.

“ Twelve day, or the Epiphanie.”

Song xlix.

I.

WHAT so Thy blessed birth, oh Christ,
Might through the world be spread
about,
Thy Starre appeared in the East,
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out ;
And off'ring Thee Myrrh, Incense, Gold,
Thy threefold Office did unfold.

2.

Sweet Jesus, let that Starre of Thine,
Thy Grace, which guides to finde out Thee,
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out maist bee :
And Thou shalt be our King therefore,
Our Priest, and Prophet evermore.

3.

Teares that from true repentance drop,
 Instead of Myrrhe present will wee :
 For Incense, wee will offer up
 Our Praiers and Praises unto Thee ;
 And bring for Gold each pious deed,
 Which doth from saving-faith proceed.

4.

And as those Wisemen never went,
 To visit Herod any more :
 So, finding Thee, we will repent
 Our courses follow'd heretofore ;
 And that we homeward may retire,
 Our way by Thee we will enquire.

George Wither.

II.

“ The Epiphany, or Twelfth-Day.”



REAT, without controversie great,
 They that do know it will confesse
 The mysterie of godlinesse,
 Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,
 And that, which hath for ever been
 Invisible, may now be seen,
 The eternall Deitie new drest.

Angels to shepherds bring the news,
And wise men guided by a Star
To seek the Sunne are come from far.
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from His own: but these,
Though strangers, His resplendent rayes
Of majestic divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give,
And worshipping Him plainly show
That unto Him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vaile of flesh,
The Sunne of Righteousnesse appears,
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine,
And guide them to that Sunne divine,
Whose daylight never shall expire.

Christopher Harvey.

III.

BRIGHT beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on
high ;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin Queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting voice !
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :
Messiah comes !—let furious discord cease ;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul ;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Reginald Heber.

IV.

“Lines

*Suggested by a picture of the Adoration of the
Magians.”*

LITTLE pomp or earthly state
 On the Saviour's way might wait ;
 Few the homages and small,
 That the guilty Earth at all
 Was permitted to accord
 To her King, and hidden Lord.
 Therefore do we set more store
 On these few, and prize them more :
 Dear to us for this account
 Is the glory of the mount,
 When bright beams of light did spring
 Thro' the sackcloth covering,
 Rays of glory found their way
 Thro' the garment of decay,
 With which, as with a cloak, He had
 His divinest splendour clad :
 Dear the precious ointment shed
 On His feet and on His head ;
 And the high-raised hopes sublime,
 And the triumph of the time,
 When thro' Zion's streets the way
 Of her peaceful Conqueror lay,
 Who, fulfilling ancient fame,
 Meek and with salvation came.

But of all this scanty state
That upon His steps might wait,
Dearest are those Magian Kings,
With their far-brought offerings.
From what region of the morn
Are ye come, thus travel-worn,
With those boxes pearl-embost,
Caskets rare, and gifts of cost?
While your swarth attendants wait
At the stable's outer gate,
And the camels lift their head
High above the lowly shed;
Or are seen a long-drawn train,
Winding down into the plain,
From below the light-blue line
Of the hills in distance fine.
Dear for your own sake, whence are ye?
Dearer for the mystery
That is round you—on what skies
Gazing, saw you first arise
Thro' the darkness that clear star,
Which has marshalled you so far,
Even unto this strawy tent,
Dancing up the Orient?
Shall we name you kings indeed,
Or is this our idle creed?
Kings of Seba, with the gold
And the incense long foretold?
Would the Gentile world by you
First-fruits pay of tribute due;

Or have Ifrael's scattered race,
From their unknown hiding-place,
Sent to claim their part and right
In the Child new-born to-night?

But although we may not guess
Of your lineage, not the less
We the self-same gifts would bring,
For a spiritual offering.
May the frankincense, in air
As it climbs, instruct our prayer,
That it ever upward tend,
Ever struggle to ascend,
Leaving earth, yet ere it go,
Fragrance rich diffuse below.
As the myrrh is bitter-sweet,
So in us may such things meet,
As unto the mortal taste
Bitter seeming, yet at last
Shall to them who try be known
To have sweetness of their own—
Tears for sin, which sweeter far
Than the world's mad laughters are ;
Desires, that in their dying give
Pain, but die that we may live.
And the gold from Araby—
Fitter symbol who could see
Of the love, which, thrice refined,
Love to God and to our kind,
Duly tendered, He will call

Best pleasing sacrifice of all?

Thus so soon as far apart
 From the proud world, in our heart,
 As in stable dark defiled,
 There is born the Eternal Child,
 May to Him the Spirit's kings
 Bear their choicest offerings,
 May the Affections, Reason, Will,
 Wait upon Him to fulfil
 His behests, and early pay
 Homage to His natal day.

Rich. C. Trench.

v.

The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King;
 sung at White-Hall.

The Flourish of Musick: then followed the Song.

i.



TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
 Lies He the Lillie-banks among?

2.

Or say, if this new Birth of ours
 Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,
 Spangled with deaw-light; thou canst cleere
 All doubts, and manifest the where.

3.

Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the Mornings blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of Spices through,
To find Him out?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.

CHORUS.

He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;
And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,
Each one his severall offering.

* * * * *

Robert Herrick.

Conclusion.

I.

“ Amazement at the Incarnation of
God.”



O spread the azure Canopie of Heaven,
And make it twinkle with those spangs of
Gold,
To stay this weightie masse of Earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it up-hold ;
To give strange motions to the Planets seven,
Or Iove to make so meeke, or Mars so bold,
To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold,
Of all their Iarres that sweete accords are given :
Lord, to Thy Wisedome nought is, nor Thy Might ;
But that Thou shouldst (Thy Glorie laid aside)
Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,
And die for those deserv'd eternallie plight,
A Wonder is so farre above our wit,
That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.

William Drummond.

II.

“ Peace.”

MY fowl, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Sentic
All skilfull in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,

Sweet peace fits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a Manger

Commands the Beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend

And (O my Soul awake !)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,

There growes the flowre of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;

For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan.

III.

“ Sonnet LXVIII.”



HAT bounteous largeffe of sweet mercie's
oyle,
That peace of soule, that silver streame
of grace,

That comfort of falvation, that pallace
Of heavenly succour, which death cannot spoyle ;
That fortitude, whose force no force can foyle ;
Of Jesse's precious braunch, that royall race
Who with His glory filleth every place,
And with sweete dewes doth cherish every foyle,
Can with no florish of eternall phrase
Be glorified, according to desert :—
Who with meete colours shall His glory blaze ?
Who to the world shall condigne praise impart ?
What instrument, what voyce, what tounge, what
spirite
Shall give due commendations to demerite ?*

Barnabe Barnes.

* demerite—“ desert, merit, deserving.”—

See Dr. Richardson's English Dictionary.

IV.

“ A Wreath.”

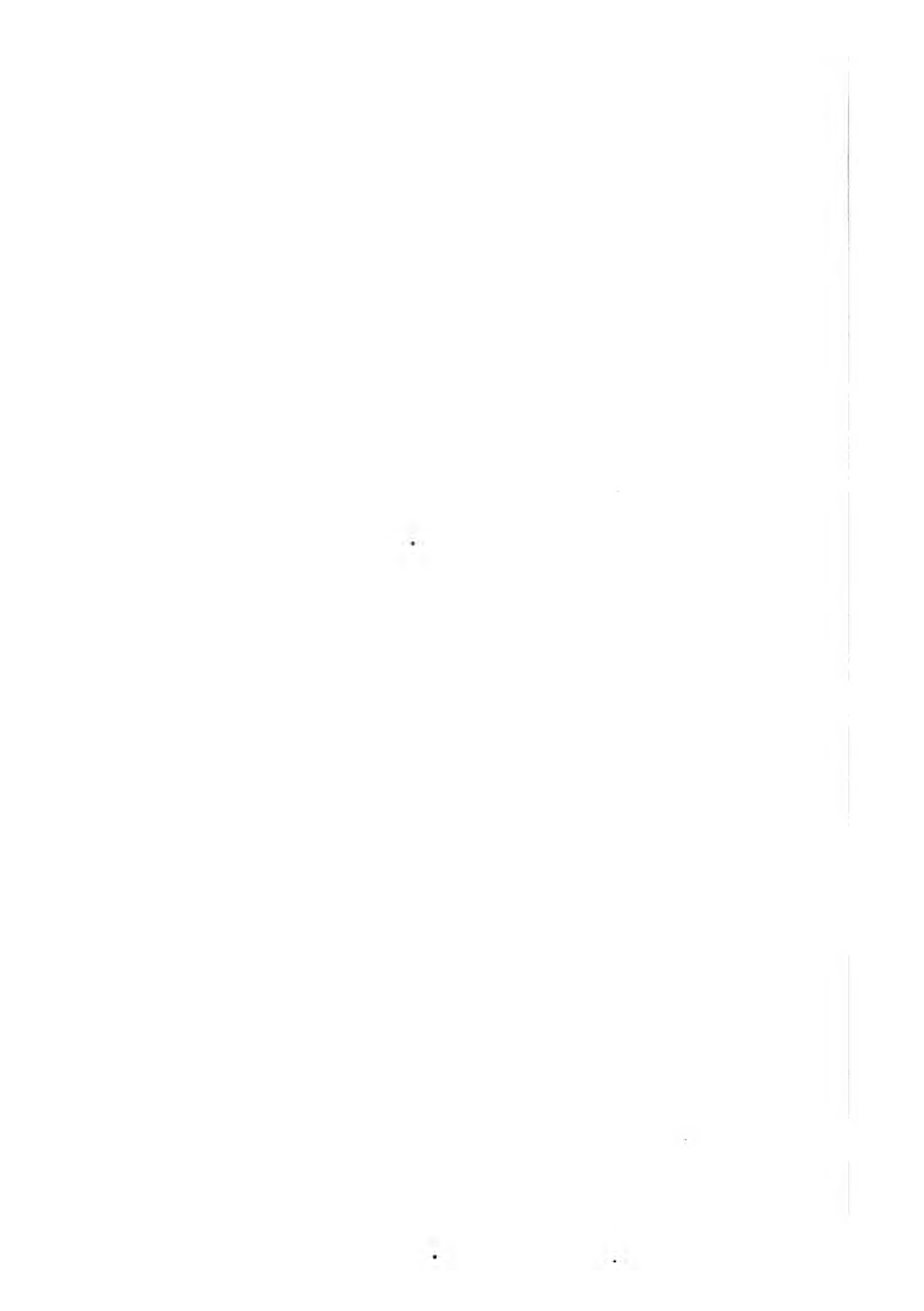


WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
 I give to Thee, who knowest all my wayes,
 My crooked winding wayes, wherein I
 live,

Wherein I die, not live : for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
 To Thee, who art more farre above deceit,
 Then deceit seems above simplicitie.
 Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know Thy wayes,
 Know them and practise them : then shall I give
 For this poore wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

George Herbert.







Descriptive Pieces,
ON SUBJECTS ASSOCIATED WITH
Christmas Tyde.



“ Song.”

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.





I.

“ Song.”

I.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

2.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

William Shakespeare.

II.

“ Written on the first of December,
 1793.”



HOUGH now no more the musing ear
 Delights to listen to the breeze,
 That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
 I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
 And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
 The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
 The silence of the wintry scene,
 When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
 In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
 The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
 Not undelightful now to pace
 The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the mofs of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer-sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green mofs shines with icy glare ;
The long grafs bends its spear-like form ;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom,

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom.

Robert Southey.

III.

“ Winter.”



HERE'S not a flower upon the hill,
 There's not a leaf upon the tree ;
 The summer-bird hath left its bough,
 Bright child of sunshine, finging now
 In spicy lands beyond the fea.

There's silence in the harvest-field ;
 And blackness in the mountain-glen,
 And cloud that will not pass away
 From the hill-tops for many a day ;
 And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look ;
 The lonesome place is yet more dreary ;
 They go not now, the young and old,
 Slow wandering on by wood and wold ;
 The air is damp, the winds are cold ;
 And summer-paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
 No longer floats the thistle-down ;
 The crimson heath is wan and fere ;
 The sedge hangs withering by the mere,
 And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough ;
The patient cattle hang their head ;
The deer are 'neath their winter-shed ;
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather ;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are many, its foes are strong :
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year ;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long !

One silent night hath passed, and lo !
How beautiful the earth is now !
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their vesture on,
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time !
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view ;
Turn to the silent hills that rise
In their cold beauty to the skies ;
And to those skies intensely blue.

Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth ;
And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go
To the cold northern land of snow,
Beyond the icy Orcades.

The land of ice, the land of snow,
The land that hath no summer-flowers,
Where never living creature stood ;
The wild, dim, polar solitude :
How different from this land of ours !

Walk now among the forest trees,—
Said'st thou that they were stripped and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
Which Winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well—thy summer-garden ne'er
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around thee shadowy bowers !

Mary Howitt.

IV.

“ The Winter Evening.”



WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy
 cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'ft,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'ft the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.

William Cowper.

v.

Christmas Eve in the Olden Time.

HEAP on more wood!—The wind is chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry fill.
 Each age has deem'd the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer.

* * * * *

And well our Christian fires of old
 Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
 That only night, in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dress'd with holy green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd her pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner chuse ;

The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of falvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its maffive board
No marks to part the fquire and lord.
Then was brought in the lufly brawn,
By old blue-coated ferving man ;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rofemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monfter fell ;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The waffel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnifh'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge firloin reek'd ; hard by
Plumb-porridge food, and Chriftnas pye ;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At fuch high tide, her favoury goofe.
Then came the merry mafquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the fong,
It was a hearty note, and ftrong.

Who lifts may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But O! what masquers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Walter Scott.

VI.

“ On the Close of the Year 1812.”



DUNEDIN, thy skirts are unhallowed and
 lone,
 And dark are the rocks that encircle thy
 throne !

The dwelling of beings unbodied is there—
 There are spirits abroad, let the traveller beware !

The year on the brink of eternity hung,
 The clock had rung long, and the watchman had sung,
 And just when the murmurs of midnight grew still,
 A symphony broke from the shelve of the hill :
 It was not by man, for no mortal was there,—
 There are spirits abroad, let the traveller beware !
 They sung of the year that was passing away,
 And the stars hid their blushes in curtain of grey.—

Dirge.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, with thy sceptre of dread!
 With thy brands of destruction, and wains of the dead!
 With thy rolls and thy registers, bloated with woe,
 And thy millions of souls to the mansions below.
 At the fall of thy bier shall Time's sepulchre sigh,
 And thy winding-sheet all the lone dwellings shall dye!
 Oh, well o'er the shoreless abyfs mayst thou shiver—
 Down, down to the centre, for ever and ever!

These strains were at midnight heard floating in air,
 There are spirits abroad, let the traveller beware!

James Hogg.

VII.

“ The Death of the Old Year.”

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily
 fighting:
 Toll ye the Church-bell sad and flow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year, you must not die ;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :
 He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you muft not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have feen with us,
Old year, you fhall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we fhall not fee.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes fpeak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you fhall not die ;
We did fo laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you muft die.

He was full of joke and jeft,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To fee him die, acrofs the waffe
His fon and heir doth ride poft-hafte,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is ftarry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the fnow
I heard juft now the crowing cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro :
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :
 What is it we can do for you ?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack ! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

Alfred Tennyson.

VIII.

“ Written on the first of January 1794.”



COME, melancholy Moralizer, come !
 Gather with me the dark and wintry
 wreath ;
 With me engarland now
 The Sepulchre of Time !

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song !
 I pour the Dirge of the Departed Days ;
 For well the funeral song
 Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day,
To Mirth and Indolence.

Mortal! whilst Fortune with benignant hand,
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice,—rejoice that Time flies fast?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer-sun?
That swift the stream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art!
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage;

Hast thou known Love! doth Beauty's better fun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

Oh state of happiness!—hark! how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove!
Winter is dark and cold;
Where now the charms of Spring!

Sayst thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stoled Maid

With stern and frowning front
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
Her many-coloured robes
Float varying in the fun?

Ah! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vext height,
With anxious gaze survey
The quiet vale, far off.

Oh there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant!
They at this solemn hour
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The grave the inn of rest.

Robert Southey.

IX.

“Dirge for the Year.”



OPHAN hours, the year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep!
 Merry hours smile instead,
 For the year is but asleep.

See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So White Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
 Solemn hours! wait aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree-sprung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
 Trembling hours, she will arise
 With new love within her eyes.


January grey is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave;
 February bears the bier,
 March with grief doth howl and rave
 And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

January 1st, 1821.

x.

“New Year’s Day.”

HILE the bald trees stretch forth their
long lank arms,
And starving birds peck nigh the reeky
farms :

While houfeless cattle paw the yellow field,
Or coughing shiver in the pervious bield,
And nought more gladsome in the hedge is seen,
Than the dark holly’s grimly glistening green—
At such a time, the ancient year goes by
To join its parents in eternity—
At such a time the merry year is born,
Like the bright berry from the naked thorn.

The bells ring out ; the hoary steeple rocks—
Hark ! the long story of a score of clocks ;
For, once a year, the village clocks agree,
E’en clocks unite to sound the hour of glee—
And every cottage has a light awake,
Unusual stars long flicker o’er the lake.
The moon on high, if any moon be there,
May peep, or wink, no mortal now will care,
For ’tis the season, when the nights are long,
There’s time, e’er morn, for each to sing his song.

The year departs, a blessing on its head,
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead :

Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
A word, whose meaning sense could never find,
That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The wave that whitening curls its frothy crest,
And falls to sleep upon its mother's breast.
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name,
Is with us yet, another and the same.

And are the thoughts, that ever more are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being's being,
The silent workings of unconscious love,
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
In the dark caverns of the gloomy heart,
The fancies wild and horrible, which start
Like loathsome reptiles from their crankling holes,
From foul, neglected corners of our souls,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind,
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind?
Oh! let them perish all, or pass away,
And let our spirits feel a New-Year's day.

A New-Year's day—'tis but a term of art,
An arbitrary line upon the chart
Of Time's unbounded sea—fond fancy's creature,
To reason alien, and unknown to nature.

Nay—'tis a joyful day, a day of hope!
Bound, merry dancer, like an Antelope;
And as that lovely creature, far from man,
Gleams through the spicy groves of Hindoostan,
Flash through the labyrinth of the mazy dance,
With foot as nimble, and as keen a glance—

And we, whom many New-year's days have told
The sober truth, that we are growing old—
For this one night—aye—and for many more,
Will be as jocund as we were of yore,
Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
And in each morrow find a New-Year's day.

Hartley Coleridge.





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