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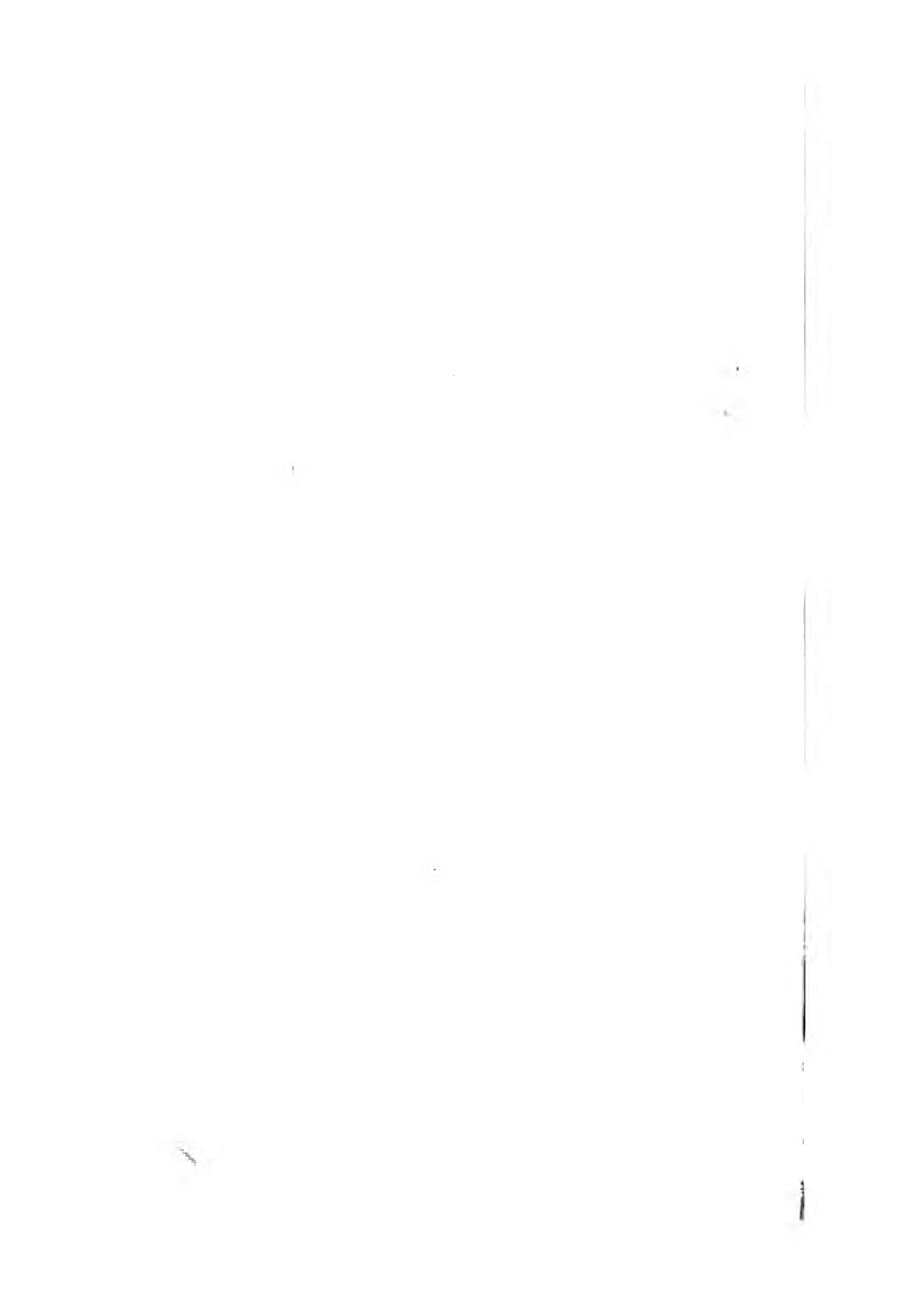
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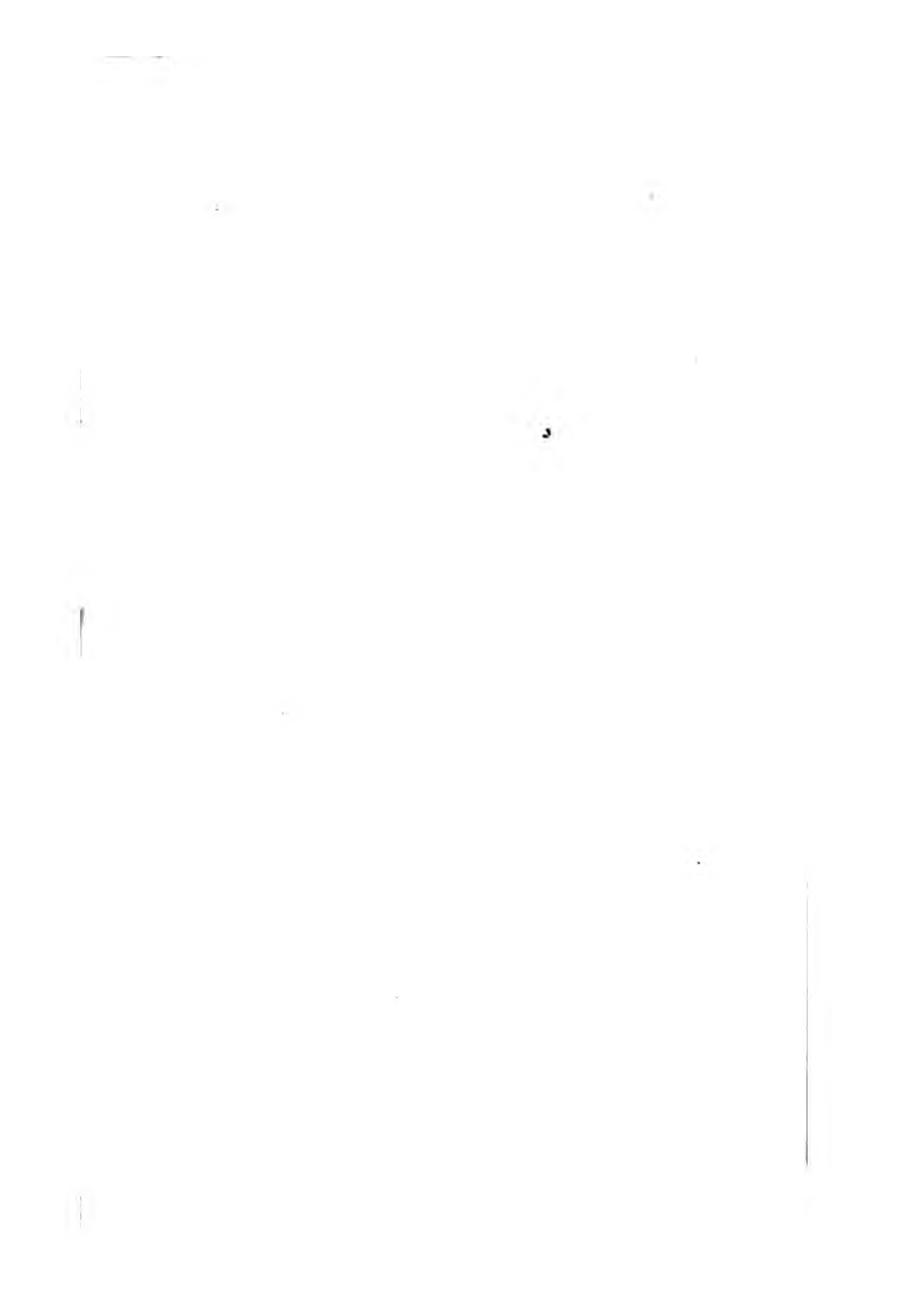


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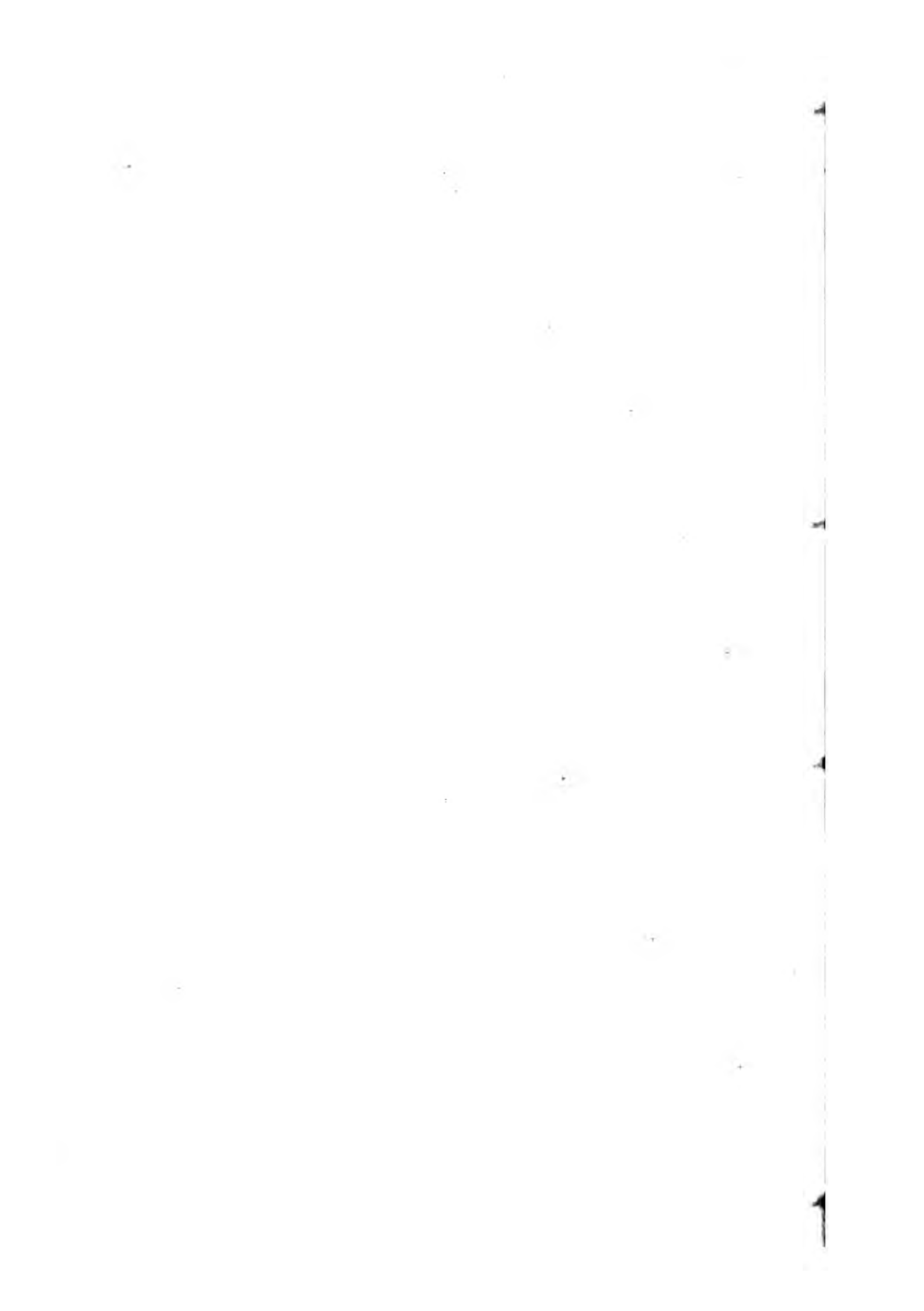
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE
ROSARY
OF
Our Blessed Lady.
BY A LAY-MEMBER
OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.



Derby:
RICHARDSON AND SON,
172, FLEET STREET, LONDON, AND 9, CAPEL STREET,
DUBLIN.

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TO
THOSE BISHOPS
OF
The Church of God,
WHO,
THRO' WEAL AND WOE,
AND
DIVERS FIERY TRIALS,
HAVE KEPT THE FAITH UNBROKEN
WHICH WAS
ONCE DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS,
THESE HUMBLE VERSES,
IN HONOUR OF
THE EVER BLESSED VIRGIN
ARE
DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED.



THE FIRST CHAPLET

OF THE

ROSARY;

CONTAINING

The Five Joyful Mysteries.

Decade II.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Our Father, &c.

HARK what sounds of wonder sweep
O'er the wave of Galilee!
Strange, unearthly, sweet yet deep,
Though in their intensity
None might word or symbol know,
Who upon its margin trod,
Save one maid like purest snow,
Virgin Mother of our God!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Lulling to profounder rest
Hearts where love and faith lie dead,
Kindling each believer's breast,
Onward still their circlets spread,
Thrilling strains that cannot die.—
Glorious task to them is given,
To bind in links of harmony
Sinners on earth to Saints in Heaven.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Many an eye beheld the ray
Flashing from the farthest skies,
Cleave to earth its lightning way;
Yet to all the Lord denies,
Save the Favoured One, to see
Bending low beside the flood,
Where, in awful majesty,
Clothed with light the Archangel stood.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Beam that shone in deepest night,
Slowly did its ray illumine
Years that slept beneath the blight
Of idol worship. From Thy tomb,
Saviour! still in glory shines
Through all time its deathless ray,
Lighting twice ten thousand shrines,
Kindling to more perfect day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

“Hail! full of grace,” he said: “the Lord
Is with thee! be for ever blest!
Thou shalt bear the incarnate Word
Cradled in thy Virgin breast.”—
Bent at the Archangel’s knee
On her ears the tidings fell,
That her womb the home should be
Of the Hope of Israel.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Winged by faith her answer sped,
 "Lo! the handmaid of the Lord,
 His will be done."—Swift on her head
 Was God's Holy Spirit poured.—
 Joy amidst the Hosts of Heaven!
 Hymnings to the Eternal Son!
 Precious boon to mortals given!
 Man's redemption is begun!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Blest, thrice blest humility!—
 Queen of empires, in the tomb
 Buried must thy glories lie!
 Wait in dread the day of doom!
 Lowly Maid! around thy throne
 Ever swells the angelic hymn;
 Hear us, where thy starry crown
 Lights the home of Seraphim!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Sinless Virgin! Ark of Gold!
 Thankful hearts to thee we bring;
 David's Tower! whose grace untold
 Gave to earth its heavenly King;
 Debt of Eve hast thou repaid—
 Opened Paradise anew,—
 Quenched in love the fiery blade
 Which hid the tree of life from view.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Hear us, Mother! Gate of Heaven!
Light our tears with rainbow dyes;
He to whom all power is given,
Never prayer of thine denies—
God, who wore the fleshly veil
Woven in thy Virgin womb,
Bids for thee death's victim pale
Rise in glory from the tomb.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Aid us in that awful hour
When we feel death's summons near
Save us from the tyrant's power—
Lead us thro' his valley drear—
Scathless from the fiery flood,
To the courts by angels trod,—
Cleansed by His most precious blood,
Yield us blameless to our God.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.

THE VISITATION.

Our Father, &c.

Behold the rocky hills
From whose dark roots the sacred city springs;
There the rude tempest broods with outstretched
wings
Feeding their thousand rills;
There lowliest flow'rets nod
Their tiny crests the rugged pathway o'er,
Lowly as she who pressed that path of yore—
The Mother of our God.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

A down their furrowed sides
Unnumbered streamlets trace their silver line,
As in some heathen land God's grace divine
In mercy still abides;
Thrice blessed streams were they
Hastening that morn to blend their voices sweet
In welcome, and to kiss the sacred feet
Torn on that thorny way.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet not the tempest's frown,
Nor the delusive smiles of stream or flower,
Or painful steps on that rude way, had power
 To move her thoughts, whose crown
 By Angels' hands is wove—
Whose rapt soul dwelt upon the gift divine
That in her bosom lay—the sacred shrine
 Of God's redeeming love.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

A dwelling low and dark
To earthly eye received the wayfarer,
Yet did its chambers glow with light to her
 Whose gifted eye might mark
 What golden glory shone
Around her brows, who in all meekness bore
The Witness of that Light, who should restore
 God's favour to His own.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

With holy rapture fired,
The Mother of the Witness came to meet
The Blessed one, and at her sacred feet
 Pour forth the lay inspired;
 Then light pierced thro' the gloom
Of his dark cradle—mighty mystery!—
And lo! when his Incarnate Lord drew nigh,
 The Babe leaped in her womb.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

“ And what am I?” she said,
“ That thou, the Blessed Mother of my Lord,
Should’st come unto me?” Then the Spirit poured
Light on the Mother-maid,
And thro’ the chambers low
That song of most melodious sweetness rung,
Whose echoes, on Time’s mighty waters flung,
With them shall ever flow.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh what a sight was there!
That wonder of thrice blessed humility
Waiting with zealous hand and patient eye
Upon the holy pair!
And, oh! what precious days
Of sweet communion! for the Spirit’s power
Was with them, shedding over every hour
Alternate prayer and praise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Alas! for us who wait
In halls of nobles, yet who never seek
More blessed dwellings, where the sufferer meek
Lies lone and desolate;
Alas! for us who pray
A few short moments spared from anxious hours
Mispent in gathering earth’s most fleeting flowers,
The children of a day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet, Mother, when at night
Thou sat'st alone, how did thy glad heart swell
With tenderness, as fancy loved to dwell
Upon the thing of light
That in thy bosom lay!
And thou the unutterable woe hast known—
The tender flower that to thy heart had grown,
Too rudely torn away.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

A lily newly blown,
Radiant in stainless robes of lucent white,
Blossoms in eternal beauty in the light
That floats around God's throne.
Oh might my pathway be
Worn through long years of penance and of
prayer,
So might I see the lost one smiling there!
Oh Mother! pray for me!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.

THE NATIVITY.

Our Father, &c.

Not o'er the kingly halls,
Where royal mothers from their couch of down
Gaze on the heir of some imperial crown,
That golden glory falls,
Circling the infant brows
Of one whose rule earth's empires shall obey,
Crushing her sons beneath the tyrant sway
That ruth nor softness knows.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Not o'er the modest home,
Where childhood, basking 'neath its mother's
eyes,
Expands to meet the smiling destinies
That on Time's chariot come,
Around *his* path to lay
Their sweet yet humble wreath of common
flowers,
Who calmly walks amidst life's chequered hours—
Lingers that heavenly ray.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

But in a narrow shed,
Yet fragrant with the breath of lowing kine,
Rested its glorious beams that light divine
 Around an infant's head—
 A little new-born child!
There was lost man from Satan's bonds set free,
And calmly on the Virgin Mother's knee
 The mighty Saviour smiled.
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

How silent was the night,
As on Judea's plains the shepherds lay,
Watching their flocks beneath the fading ray
 That shunned day's coming light!
 No bird on soaring wing
Trilled forth his matins, nor the insect throng
On wing sonorous, swelled the silver song
 Of some far distant spring.
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

And darkness wrapped the plain,
Made darker by the tinge of grey that broke
The barriers of the East, ere day awoke
 And quenched night's starry train;
 When lo! a glory shone
Around them, blent of many a golden ray
Of light intense that mocked the fires of day,
 Or midnight's burning zone.
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

While strains of harmony
Unheard in later years, when faith is dead
And love a name, their tones triumphant shed
 Adown the lonely lea,
 Poured forth from unseen quires;
And God's Archangel on the desert stood
Amidst their anthems and the golden flood
 Of those celestial fires.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And thus the message ran—
The healing cup from love's eternal spring—
Behold good tidings of great joy I bring
 To the lost race of man;
 For on this blessed morn,
Where Bethlehem's walls enclose a stable low—
So shall ye there the holy Infant know—
 Your Saviour Christ is born!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Still through the pillared aisle
And vaulted roof that gracious message swells;
Still in far lowlier fanes, of hope it tells
 While wintry garlands smile;
 And still on earth we know
Its tones shall mingle, till eternity
Blends them with strains of heavenly melody
 From Seraph harps that flow.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh from the dark abyss
Of sin and sorrow, in which days and years
And centuries lie buried 'midst the tears
Of myriads—think on this
The ever brightening morn,
When God made flesh sprung from the Virgin's
womb,
To bear in patience and in love the doom,
Thy debt, oh wretch forlorn!
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yes, maiden! who in love
And adoration on thy Holy Child
Lavished thy tenderest cares—oh Mother mild!
We know thy prayers can move
Him whom thine arm did lull
To sleep, and who in deep humility
Scorned not upon thy Virgin breast to lie—
Jesus, the merciful!
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade IV.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Our Father, &c.

It was a glorious temple that arose
 Beneath the rule of Israel's wisest king—
 Scarce might the gazer's dazzled eye repose,
 For gold and gems around its walls did fling
 A wondrous lustre—columns glittering,
 Crowned with fair chaplets, raised the roof on
 high;

And in the Oracle the gilded wing
 Of Cherubim veiled in deep mystery
 The Sacred Ark in which the Law of God did lie.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

That temple fell beneath the spoiler's hand;
 The second temple rose in doubt and dread,
 Girded with bulwarks by a trembling band
 Of liberated captives: slow they sped—
 For scanty were the dews of favour she
 By tyrants—and his sword the workman wore
 While yet he wrought; for cunning envy spread
 Her snares around the race who would restore
 God's house, altho' it gleamed with gold and
 gems no more.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet was it finished, and the victim bled,
And incense hung its festooned wreaths around
The columns—and, as aged men would tell
How great, how fair that elder fane was found,
The voice of weeping mingled with the sound
Of trumpets and of shouts: they could not see—
For then Time's scroll no prophet-hand un-
bound—

How far more glorious should that temple be,
Than were those gilded halls they wept so
piteously,

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For a poor mother came, her new-born child
Within that temple's walls to consecrate—
Built to His honour! Virgin undefiled
How meekly with her Infant did she wait,
Till swung on groaning hinge the graven gate,
Amidst the poor to make her offering!
What wonder that the noble and the great
No garlands weave, no loud hosannas sing,
To greet, in peasant's guise, high Heaven's
Almighty King!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Lift up your heads, ye gates o'erlaid with gold,
For lo! the King of Glory enters there!
Who is the King of Glory? Simeon old
Knew with a prophet's eye that Mother fair,

Who in her arms the holy Child did bear—
And till the Christ, the Saviour long desired,
Should come, the mighty Lord his days would
 spare—

So in that sacred place with transport fired,
Poured forth the aged man the lofty hymn
 inspired.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And now dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, Lord,
In peace, for Thou hast blessed me, and mine
 eyes

Have seen Thy Christ, according to Thy word;
The light Thou hast prepared to arise
And shine upon all human destinies,
And on the Gentiles pour its deathless ray.
Oh! Israel's sons! the Lord hath heard your
 sighs;
Deem not your ancient glory passed away,
But dry your ceaseless tears beneath the New-
 born Day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Then sunk the solemn lay, and Simeon blessed
The holy Joseph, and the mother mild;
 e laid the Infant on her gentle breast,
And prophesied how through that Sacred Child

Many should fall, and yet be reconciled—
How light should shine on thoughts which hidden
lie,
And how that sign by men should be reviled;
Then spake he of the sword, with moistened
eye,
Should pierce her heart, so full of fond maternity.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Then came an aged prophetess, whose days
Were spent in fastings and in ceaseless prayer
Within the temple, and in songs of praise
And holy joy she hailed that Infant fair:
Rejoice, ye aged, who in patience bear
Your burthen, for on you the blessing lies,
From youth withheld—and God's most gracious
care
Strengthened the feeble knees, and fading eyes
Saw through their misty veil, the Morning Star
arise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And in that hour what lofty joy was thine,
Thrice Blessed Virgin, on that holy spot
To consecrate to God thy Babe divine!
Yet was the prophet's warning unforget,

Shading her soul's fond hope—yet quenching not!
For not the mother who her infant brings
To fountains where baptismal waters flow,
Can know the joy that in her bosom springs,
Who to God's altar bears the mighty King of
kings!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Thus while the second building stood, arose
The Temple of His Body, and It fell
Not like that house—by hands of Gentile foes,
But through your hate, lost race of Israel!
We saw it not—yet hope—for He may well
Receive the penitent, who prayed for them;
We still may of that glorious temple tell,
Fairer than if adorned with gold and gem,
In the Eternal City, New Jerusalem!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade V.

THE FINDING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE
TEMPLE.

Our Father, &c.

In lengthening line a pilgrim band
Passed thro' the city's frowning gate,
That city which the spoiler's hand
So soon laid low and desolate;
They gazed in awe on lofty wall,
On dome, and arch, and palace fair,
And, thankful, bless'd the Lord of all,
That He had placed His Temple there.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For two among the band were found,
Who many a weary league had trod,
To keep, within the city's bound,
The Paschal feast ordained of God;
Who deemed not when its glories shone
Upon their fair Boy's thoughtful eyes,
That He should climb that mount alone,
To be Himself the Sacrifice.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And now they sought their lowly home
 Within the walls of Nazareth;
 Onward with rapid step they come,
 Fann'd by the young morn's fragrant breath,
 And cheered by songs of rushing streams,
 Bright children of Spring's genial showers,
 That sparkled in the early beams,
 Beneath their canopy of flowers.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

An l when the heats of noontide flung
 Their purple ~~rays~~ o'er plain and hill,
 They halted where a cedar hung
 Its shadows on a sparkling rill,
 And spread their meal of simple fare;
 The Mother called her Child in vain,
 And deemed he rested in the care
 Of some among the friendly train.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

But when at evening's dewy hour
 The weary pilgrims rest once more,
 And none have seen her Tender Flower,
 Altho' her weary feet are sore,
 And holy Joseph at her side
 Can scarce his time-worn frame sustain,
 Weeping, they wait nor stay nor guide,
 But seek the city walls again.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

veil

Three days within its circuit sped
The saintly pair, from gate to gate,
Then hopeless to the Temple fled,
The Gentiles soon should desecrate,
And there in deep amaze they saw
The Child in simple majesty
Speaking with doctors of the law,
And many a learned Pharisee.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

In wondering awe the elders sate,
For keenest sophist might not shun
His questions—tho' their reverend state
Was honoured by that gentle One;
But not to them the boon was given,
Cold hearts by worldly thoughts defiled,
To know the mighty King of Heaven,
Their Saviour, in a simple child!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And when the elders, one by one,
Left Him, He sought his mother's side,
Who, weeping, clasped her darling Son,
And straight His absence 'gan to chide:
Oh! blessed Infant, 'tis not thine
A shadow on our path to fling;
We lost thee ere the stars did shine,
And lo! we sought Thee sorrowing.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh! with what deep, yet awful power,
His answer sunk into her soul!
It seemed to paint His Passion's hour
In blood upon Time's wondrous scroll:
"Oh woman! know'st thou not," he said,
"How lapse the hours—my years how few
Or would'st thou that thy love delayed
My Father's work that I must do?"

Hail Mary! pray for

Yet with that holy pair He dwelt,
Their path of labour duteous trod,
And night and morn between them knelt,
In thankful praise to Israel's God.
Pray, Mother! that to us 'tis given,
When worldly hopes unbidden rise,
To think how long the Lord of Heaven
Was veiled beneath a peasant's guise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

THE SECOND CHAPLET

OF THE

ROSARY;

CONTAINING

The Five Sorrowful Mysteries.

Decade I.**THE AGONY OF OUR LORD IN THE GARDEN.****Our Father, &c.**

SOFT be thy tones, my harp! and let thy strings
Sweetly, yet sadly blend their voices low,
Like some autumnal breeze, whose murmurings
With the deep notes of falling waters flow;
Meet for sadder theme—of grief that wrings
With racking pains our Lord's most glorious
brow—

Oh! might they sink like drops of summer dew
In many a hardened heart, and love's dead
roots renew.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Lo! in the garden of Gethsemane
The Saviour walked, what time His hour drew
nigh,
From His disciples called the favoured three,
And through its paths they wandered mournfully;

For He had warned them that they soon should
be

As sheep without a Shepherd: silently
They trod its shadowy groves and valleys fair,
That charmed not their sad hearts from thoughts
of deep despair.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

They saw their Lord, their Teacher, and their
Friend,

The patient victim of some murderous wrong;
Soon would a death of bitter anguish end
His weary pilgrimage. They knew, ere long,
Strange trials, hard to bear, their souls should
rend;

And while each form of agony did throng
Around them, faith grew faint, and doubts arose,
How should His kingdom stand amidst such
matchless woes?

Hail Mary! pray for us.

There Jesus led them to a lonely place,
By sheltering groves of Olives girded round
Dark were the shades that wrapped that holiest
face,

For now were Satan's captive powers unbound,

And pains that should have fall'n on man's lost
race,
O'er His pure soul their serpent fetters bound;
Behold, oh Earth! His wondrous charity,
Who knit our nature thus with His Divinity.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Then did the Saviour go aside to pray,
And bade His servants wait and watch the while—
Blest Talisman, within your hearts to lay,
Christians! who tremble at the Tempter's guile—
Lost are ye if ye fling that guard away
Through haste, or sloth, or pleasure's treache-
rous wile;
Think not that ye can shun that fearful power
Which lulled the saints to sleep in sorrow's dark-
est hour.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And now behold our Master kneeling there,
Bending in grief profound His Head Divine!
Hear, oh ye stony hearts! His earnest prayer,
That yet that bitter cup of deadly wine
Might pass away! if such His pleasure were
Into whose righteous hands He did resign
His will.—And so that guiltless soul was riven,
Until an angel clove his lucent track from
Heaven.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And gave Him comfort—and His bitter sighs
Again ascended to the Eternal Throne;
Yet to His only Son the Lord denies
His prayer! The wine-press must be trod alone.
Then anguish, deeper than all miseries
That all man's guilty race hath ever known,
Fell on Him, and the ^{good} disciples see
His sacred Blood burst forth in drops of agony.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And still He knelt in prayer, and when He rose
He sought the loved disciples—but they slept,
Weary with brooding o'er unnumbered woes.
“Could ye not watch while yet your Saviour
wept
One little hour? Your wants the tempter knows;
Watch then, and pray!”—So thrice the Seraphs
swept
Their harps, as rose his prayer, and thrice the
bands
Of Satan chained e'en souls who loved their
Lord's commands.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet not with stern rebuke did Jesus rend
Their bruised hearts, by cunning wiles betrayed—
The deep ^{compassion} of that heavenly Friend,
Who knew the weakness of man's nature, laid

No heavier burthen on them, He did bend
In pity o'er them, and most gently bade
The wearied slumber still—whose spirit fain
Would yet with all its power the weaker flesh
sustain.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Hear this, oh broken hearts! and dry your tears
Who mourn in anguish many a secret fall;
Mark with what tender love your Saviour bears
Failings and faults that shade the life of all!
Think while your breast the Cross in meekness
wears,

How prayer and penance may the past recall;
For Love, and Hope, and meek-eyed Charity
Watched on the Mount with Him, tho' slept the
favoured three.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

Our Father, &c.

Alas, what sounds of woe,
Of bitter grief that marked the stern control
Of terror, burst in anguish from thy soul,
Oh Mother, bending low
Upon the marble floor,
Veiling thy face, that so thy blighted eyes
Might not behold the bitter agonies
Thy Son and Saviour bore!
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet wert thou not alone—
The loved disciple knelt beside thee there;
He could not comfort thee in thy despair,
So mighty was his own:
A fiery path he trod
In the dark haunts of Christ's most ruthless foes,
Yet boldly dared to share thy piercing woes,
Oh Mother of our God!
Hail Mary! pray for us.

It was a stately hall—
From marble pillars sprung the lofty dome;
The eagle, ensign of Imperial Rome,
Hung like a gorgeous pall
Above the tribune fair,
Where the proud vicar of the despot sate,
While plumed warriors stood in solemn state
Behind his golden chair.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And lo! before the throne,
All meek and silent, stood a captive bound,
Spit on, and bruised with many a painful wound,
Deserted and alone;
And false accusers stood
'Midst priests and rulers, men in power grown
grey,
Who, like fierce tigers, mark their helpless prey,
And thirst to drink His blood.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

How deep the veil God flings
O'er hardened hearts by evil passions driven!
They led to shame the Lord of earth and heaven,
The mighty King of kings!
The end of prophecies,
That stood like beacons on the shore of time,
To tell the nations how in that far clime
The morning star should rise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

They bound that guiltless one
To a proud column crowned with garlands fair—
Stern soldiers stood around to guard him there—
Then was the work begun;
The false accusers urge
The hands that pity might have taught to spare,
Fierce, and incessant on his shoulders bare,
To ply the knotted scourge.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh how the angels wept!
Bending in horror from their starry thrones,
As rose to heaven the Victim's piteous moans,
While yet its vengeance slept;
Oh ye who tread the path
Of sin, anew to crucify our Lord!
Think how for you upon His head was poured
The vials of God's wrath.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Think of the pains he bore,
All marred and rent beneath unnumbered
blows!
See how His sacred blood incessant flows
Upon the costly floor!
Behold how deadly pale
The face Divine of the Incarnate God,
Who yet in meekness bowed beneath the rod,
Tho' sight and strength might fail.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

The flesh that He hath given
To be our food till time shall be no more,
The precious Blood still flowing to restore
Man to his home in heaven!

Oh what a price to give!
The scourge sinks deep into our Food Divine,
Streams on the guilty earth the precious Wine
That sinners drink and live!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Mother of many woes!
Behold what anguish for thy guileless Son
The sinful madness of mankind hath won!

And yet His pity flows
In ever gushing streams
Upon the race who still his pains renew;
Oh may it fall like drops of healing dew,
Lit by Love's glorious beams.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.

THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

Our Father, &c.

Ye who dwell in purple chambers
Fraught with perfumes, bright with gold,
Where red beams from glowing embers
Light each curtain's graceful fold,
Porch or latticed bower that closes,
Fresh from Agra's wondrous looms,
Mocking with their silken roses
Every flower that near them blooms.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Ye on broidered couch reclining,
While the costly board is spread,
Where each golden chalice shining
Yields its wine of ruby red;
Where melodious voices wreathing
Linked music, fill the hall,
And the pictured canvass, breathing
Beauty, line the marble wall.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Say, if in your hours of pleasure,
Once the fearful thought arose,
That your guilt's o'erflowing measure
Yielded to His deadly foes;
One who lived in distant ages,
One who error never knew,
One whose death God's wrath assuages,
Deathless fires prepared for you!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

From the pillar they unbound him—
Led him to the soldiers' hall,
Where the ruthless crowd surround Him,
Smote, and scorned, and mocked by all!
Taunting words that still grew ruder
Echoed through the lofty dome:
"Hail, thou king of captive Judah,
Coward slave of mighty Rome!"

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Round His golden hair, all matted
With the sweat of torture, now
With most cruel skill they platted
Thorns that pierce His glorious brow;
On His shoulders, torn and gory,
Purple robes they rudely fling,
And to Him, the Lord of Glory,
Slender reed for sceptre bring.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

In derision lowly bending,
They once more as monarch hail
Him who loved them thus offending,
Tho' His blood-stained cheek grew pale;
He who could have called to aid Him
Countless angels from the skies,
Meekly turned, while they upbraid Him,
On the crowd his pitying eyes.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

See the thorns, how deep they enter!
See His blood, how fast it flows!
Yet thou hear'st not, rude tormentor,
Prayer for vengeance on His foes;
He who knew the priceless treasure
That his pains alone could buy,
Drank in love the bitter measure
Filled for souls who cannot die.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Cruel men who kneel before Him,
Ye shall see his face again,
Where the saints of God adore Him
Where for ever He shall reign;
At his footstool ye shall languish,
See His power in wild dismay,
And lament with bitter anguish
All the ills ye wrought that day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Careless sons of sloth and pleasure,
Ere ye fill the cup anew,
Think upon the wondrous treasure
God in mercy gave for you!
For the Captive, whose sad story
Still the stoniest bosom wrings,
Was the mighty Lord of Glory,
The Eternal King of kings.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Pray for us, most holy Virgin!
Us, who earthly cares enchain—
Ever from our sins emerging,
Ever sinking back again—
Pray that each luxurious dreamer,
Whom no friendly beacon warns,
May not, for his soul's Redeemer,
Weave another Crown of Thorns!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade IV.**THE CARRIAGE OF THE CROSS.**

Our Father, &c.

FAIR were thy streets, oh sacred city, fair
Thy palmy groves inlaid with precious flowers,
Most glorious hues did arch and temple wear,
Steeped in the golden light the day-star showers;
How proud the coronal of lofty towers
That girt in frowning state thy queenly brow,
Thy walls half veiled, in summer's fragrant
hours,
With garlands wove of many a leafy bough,
Unlike the parched rank weeds that bind thy
ruins now.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For thou wert sheltered 'neath the eagle's wings,
That flung a baleful gloom o'er other lands;
Thou hadst the shadow of thy ancient kings,
And honey'd flatteries veiled Rome's stern com-
mands;

For she could wreath with flowers the iron bands
That clasped the nations in their dread embrace;
So columns rose beneath her plastic hands,
And palace fair, and pillared hall did grace
The city, still the pride of Israel's fallen race.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

So steeped in deadly slumber did they rest,
Rocked in the treacherous arms of cruel Rome,
As some doomed bark on ocean's tranquil breast
Heeds not the distant billow's crest of foam;
The sons of Israel in their stately home,
Within Jerusalem's embattled wall,
Gaze on each mighty tower and graceful dome
Nor the dark words of prophecy recall,
That tell how that proud city totters to her fall.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Look how they gather in the marble street,
The idle crowd, that love the track of blood!
Hark how the rapid tread of eager feet,
The sound of clamorous shouts and laughter rude,
The murmur of a wondering multitude,
Echo around the spot, where meekly stands
Our Lord and Saviour! while the tiger brood
On His racked form, with sacrilegious hands,
Place the Redeeming Cross, true to the priest's
commands.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

How slow He moves beneath that shameful load,
 Through the proud city's most frequented ways,
 Urged on in scorn by many a painful goad,
 While yet the crowd His languid step delays;
 No hand is there one cooling drop to raise
 To His parched lip, or bathe His fevered brow—
 No pitying eye in all the crowd who gaze
 On that poor Captive, would His foes allow—
 No touch to raise the cross whose weight we
 suffer now.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh had the veil been riven from the eyes
 Which looked ~~upon~~ that meek sufferer ^{to} smiling
 there,
 While many a bloody drop his pathway dyes—
 'Neath fiery skies His heavy cross to bear—
 They might have seen how seraph forms, more
 fair
 Than slumber's bright creations, hovered round
 To bathe His brow, or dry His matted hair,
 Or softly breathe on every burning wound,
 Or lift the heavy rood that bore Him to the
 ground.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet He forbade them! for that cross must be
The price of our salvation; mournfully
The angel band obeyed the sad decree,
And sought their star-gemmed thrones beyond
the sky.

And now behold how His Divinity
Was blended with our nature! for no more
Could He sustain that burthen—with a sigh
He sunk to earth 'neath that stern cross He bore,
So pale, so wan, they deemed that He could rise
no more.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

There was a Woman in that lengthened train,
All closely veiled, and clad in humble guise,
Who strove to win her painful way, in vain,
Through the dense crowd that owned no
charities,
But laughed to scorn her prayers and ceaseless
sighs;
Then broke the human wave, and bleeding there
She saw her Lord in His deep agonies!
They burst her Mother's heart, and in the air
Arose her sharp, shrill cries of anguish and
despair.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet one there was among that savage brood,
A stranger from Cyrene, in whose breast
Compassion warred with terror, as he stood
To gaze upon the Lord, so sore oppressed;
Perchance in his sad eye that gentle guest
Reproached the cruel Jews, for furiously
With threats and clamour blent the stern behest,
That now on him the "~~Saviour's~~"* cross should
lie,
Till all that mournful band should reach Mount
Calvary.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh ye who murmur at the touch of woe,
Who spurn the rod your guilty souls have won,
Think of that pitying stranger bending low,
Bearing the cross beneath the burning sun!
Think of the glorious crown that deed hath won—
Lifting His burthen! Ye who strive in vain
The Lord's most tender chastisement to shun,
Pray for her aid, who never prays in vain,
Meekly to bear the Cross, and ease your Saviour's
pain.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

* Or "Captive's."

Decade V.**THE CRUCIFIXION.**

Our Father, &c.

THE sun shines bright upon thy pillared halls,
Columns, and temple, oh Jerusalem!
The beams that gild their flowery capitals
Fling o'er thy fountains many a sparkling gem;
And priestly robes with richly broided hem,
And soldier's plumed casque of lucent steel,
Glow in the rays that with a diadem
Crown the dark hills, whose cloven crests conceal
Storms that shall burst, ere long, in many a
thunder peal.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

It seemed as if the hand of nature brought
Her choicest gifts to deck that city fair,
And show in darker hues the deed that wrought
Her priests and rulers, and the deep despair

Of those who loved, and wept, yet did not dare
Resist their power; for coward terror drave
His loved ones from their Lord—they fain would
share

The pride and power an earthly kingdom gave,
But not a painful death, an ignominious grave.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

All pale and faint with anguish, tightly bound
With shameful cords, that force in agony
His precious Blood from many a streaming
wound,

The Saviour stood upon Mount Calvary—
And there the soldiers raised the Cross on high:
Ah, little did they deem that Cross should be
The symbol of Redemption! that the eye
Of every mourner in all time should see
In that blest sign, his hope of immortality.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

But lo! upon the Cross His pallid form
Is stretched, with bleeding feet, and hands all
torn,

And face so meekly sad, o'er which no storm
Of human passion ever swept, forlorn,

Denied, forsaken, mocked with bitterest scorn,
Weary, athirst, 'midst foes most pitiless:
So was the serpent's antitype upborne,
Which healed their fathers in the wilderness —
Who died, the race of man with endless life to
 bless.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And so the hours passed on, and still He hung
Between two theives upon the holy rood;
Still thro' the air His prayer of mercy rung
For pardon on the raging multitude,
Who round the Cross in bitter hatred stood.
And, gracious Saviour! in Thine agonies
How was Thy pitying soul with love imbued,
Who turned on those two thieves Thy dying eyes,
And bore the penitent with Thee to paradise!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Beneath the Cross the wretched mother lay,
All faint and weeping, on her sister's breast—
Oh! who may paint her anguish in that day!
Yet then the dying Lord His mother blest,
And with His loved disciple bade her rest:
“Behold thy Mother!” and, “Behold thy son!”
And so she sought his home a cherished guest,
And side by side their streams of life did run,
Until the Blessed Virgin's heavenly crown was
 won.

Hail Mary! pray for us,

How fades the sun, tho' towards the western
hills

Scarcely declining! o'er the azure sky
A sable pall is spread—a gloom that fills
The soul with horror, blights the gazer's eye;
A fearful shadow—then a piercing cry
Burst thro' the gloom: "My God, My God," He
said,

In bitter anguish: "Oh, my Father, why
Hast Thou forsaken me?" and then they laid
The bitter sponge on lips that still incessant
prayed.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Then blacker grew the shade that overspread
The earth, and once again a thrilling cry
Rung through the darkness: "It is finished;"
And lo! the Temple's veil was rent in twain,
When the Almighty from its fleshly chain
Freed His pure spirit; then did fearful throes
Shake the whole earth; the rooted rocks in vain
Resisted, and did many a grave unclose,
While bodies of the saints from those dark gulfs
arose.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Thus were the prophecies fulfilled, and thus
The fearful price for man's redemption paid.
Alas! what shame, what sufferings borne for us,
By our good God, in fleshly garb arrayed!

Oh wondrous miracle! the Lord was made
Like unto us, that He for us might die,
Who have in word or deed that Lord betrayed!
Pray, Mother! to His cross for ever nigh,
That we may share that dear bought immortality.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh Mother, pray that this presumptuous hand
That dares to touch such awful mysteries,
Share not the doom of Korah's impious band!
That in my soul high thoughts may never rise;
Pray for a blessing that His will denies
To loftier genius, on my humble lay,
That it may teach one soul who idly sighs
For earthly joys on passion's thorny way,
How died his Lord for him on that tremendous
day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

THE THIRD CHAPLET

OF THE

ROSARY;

CONTAINING

The Five Glorious Mysteries.

Decade II.**THE RESURRECTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.**

Our Father, &c.

A GARDEN bright with flowers,
Verdant with groves that echoed the sweet song
Of early birds, and streams that flowed along
In spring's delightful hours,
Singing their madrigals
To the young buds and boughs of tender green,
That gathered gems from out those waters sheen,
Lay near the city walls.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet there, in contrast strange
With those fair lawns and that o'erarching wood,
A sepulchre of chiselled marble stood
Within the garden's range;
And there, with terror awed,
Perchance unmindful of the prophecy,
That with the rich His sacred form should lie,
They placed their martyred Lord.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

But then the jealous care
Of His destroyers left a trusty guard
Around the sepulchre, and closely barred
The only entrance there;
And so they went to rest,
And deemed that earth, until the last great day
Should hold in dread embrace the corpse that lay
Within its guilty breast.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Scarce broke the silvery dawn,
When lo! two women, closely veiled, did come
Thro' that deep grove, to seek their Saviour's tomb
Upon that glorious morn—
In duteous love to bring
Spices and ointments to anoint the slain,
Who in the darksome grave two days had lain—
Creation's mighty King!

Hail Mary! pray for us,

What sounds of deep despair
Burst from their trembling lips, when they behold
How from the tomb the ponderous stone is rolled,
And Jesus is not there!

They see the grave-clothes laid
All reverently upon the sacred ground,
And the fair napkin which the stranger bound
Around His precious head.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

But lo! within the grave
 Two angel forms, all robed in purest white,
 With godlike brows and wings of gleaming light,
 To them glad tidings gave:
 "Why in this gloomy prison
 Seek ye the living 'midst the mouldering dead?
 The grave is conquered, as your Saviour said;
 Behold the Lord is risen!"
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

The Lord hath risen to-day!
 And angel hosts, who evermore behold
 The face of God, to harps of burning gold
 Sung that undying lay.
 First fruits of them that sleep,
 The resurrection and the life art thou:
 Thou bind'st a deathless crown around the brow
 Of those who love and weep.
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

The Lord hath risen to-day!
 Long shall that Easter hymn in harmonies
 That bend our earth to realms beyond the skies,
 Where stands the bright array
 Of saints, before God's throne,
 Sink like warm dew-drops in the mourner's
 breast,
 Telling of endless years of such calm rest
 As man hath never known.
 Hail Mary! pray for us.

The Lord hath risen to-day!
The deadly serpent's bruised head lies low,
Unchained and free life's lucent waters flow,
In sin's dark gulf that lay;
And as by Eve came death,
By thee, oh blessed Mother of our Lord!
To man was the immortal gift restored,
Life's ever-healing breath.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh weeping penitent!
Who lovest much, yet deem'st thine error's stain
So deep that prayer and hope alike are vain,
Mourning a life mispent;
Bethink thee, sad one, when
Down some long aisle that Easter hymn shall
peal,
How did the Lord his rising first reveal
To Mary Magdalen!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.**THE ASCENSION OF OUR SAVIOUR.**

Our Father, &c.

**REJOICE, ye hills of Palestine,
Ye sunburnt plains rejoice,
For ye have seen His form divine,
Have heard his glorious voice;
Be glad, oh wave! for oft on thee
His sacred shadow fell,
Thou earth, on which so lovingly
The Saviour deigned to dwell.
Hail Mary! pray for us.**

**Sing on, ye gushing streams that burst
From out the green earth's breast,
For ye have soothed His burning thirst,
Have lulled His soul to rest;
But most, oh mountain olive-crowned,
Tho' lonely now and bare,
Rejoice that in thy shades was found
His place of praise and prayer!
Hail Mary! pray for us.**

How fair the mount of Olives showed
 Upon that blessed morn,
 The beams that round its summit glowed,
 Of sun nor star were born;
 A wondrous glory bound its brow,
 And lit each misty glade,
 While angel harpings soft and low
 Rung thro' the sacred shade.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For there, upon that chosen spot,
 Christ stood with the eleven,
 And there that promise, unforgot
 Till time shall end, was given;
 That promise *they* would fain unbind,
 Who in all time have trod
 The paths that still thro' error wind
 Far from the Church of God.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

"Go forth," He said, "Faith's sacred flame
 Shall guide you o'er the earth,
 In the Almighty's Triune Name
 Bestow the second birth;
 Baptize and teach, thro' weal and woe
 Your Lord's commands fulfil,
 And while Time's troubled waters flow,
 Lo, I am with you still."

Hail Mary! pray for us

So while He cheered their deep despair
Earth's last faint bonds were riven,
And buoyant on the sun-lit air
Arose the Lord of Heaven
He rose with all the angel band,
While joyous harmonies
Flowed round them, from their own bright land
Beyond the vaulted skies.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh glorious was the pealing hymn
That hailed their God restored,
And glorious were the seraphim
That gathered round the Lord;
They saw Him in His star-gemmed crown
Who death's dark valley trod,
Seated upon His glorious throne
At the right hand of God.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Joy to thee, Mother! to thy sighs
Were many hopes denied,
Yet saw'st thou in the radiant skies
Thy Saviour glorified;
Rejoice, ye chosen ones! for ye
Resigned earth's precious things,
And now upon God's throne ye see
The mighty King of kings

Hail Mary! pray for us.

The Mother knelt in rapture still
Amidst the chosen band,
When lo! upon the sacred hill
Two winged angels stand!
“ Why gaze ye, men of Galilee?
Lo! God hath touched your eyes,
That in his glory ye might see
The blessed Jesus rise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

“ Behold amidst that seraph train
The Lord shall come once more!
Shall stand upon the earth again,
To cleanse the threshing-floor
Oh Mother of our God! for grace
From love's pure fountain pray,
That we may live before His face
In that most dreadful day!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade III.**THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST.**

Our Father, &c.

WITH thee, blest Virgin, cheerless, sad, and lone,
The loved disciples wept their risen Lord;
For flesh is weak—the ills were all unknown
That lurked around them, till His grace restored
His scattered flock to their great Shepherd—
prayer,
And discipline, and fasting did disguise
The flight of time in that rude chamber, where
One glorious hope still mingled with their
ceaseless sighs.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For He whose promise faileth not, had said
He would not leave them comfortless; that One,
Even the Holy Spirit, should be shed
Upon their feeble souls; the work begun,

By them should be accomplished, with that
· Guide

For ever with them: so they might defy
The powers of darkness, and God's Church abide
The waves that lash the rock where her founda-
tions lie.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

So steeped in tears, yet firm in faith, did wait
The Blessed Mother, ever praying there
With the disciples, sad and desolate,
Their brows deep furrowed by the hand of care,
When lo! a rushing sound like some strong wind,
That in its fury rends the northern main,
The chamber filled, by lofty roofs confined,
Where summer's wandering breeze had entrance
sought in vain.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And then the Spirit fell like tongues of fire
Cloven in twain upon each sacred brow—
The Comforter, to aid them, and inspire
All holy thoughts and words that strangely flow
In languages unknown; oh miracle
Most wondrous! At the mighty word of God,
Unlearned peasants all the Scriptures tell,
In tongues of distant lands, whose shores they
never trod!

Hail Mary! pray for us

But not as erst the Holy Spirit fell—
 A dove, with silvery wing and gentle eye,
 Emblem of peace—like that which flew to tell
 How the deep waves had left the mountains dry,
 So that the Ark might rest. As tongues of
 flame,
 Keen, irresistible in might and power,
 The Holy Ghost upon the Apostles came,
 With signs and wonders there—the Church's
 promised dower.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Soon did those tidings ring the city round,
 And pious Jews from many a foreign shore
 Sought the rude chamber where that band was
 found,
 Telling of their dead Lord, who should restore
 To Israel the lost sceptre; each man knew
 His native tongue, yet to their blinded eyes
 Even that dear witness scorn and laughter drew
 Upon those earnest men who taught Christ's
 mysteries.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

“Behold them drunk with wine!” They did not
 heed
 The taunt who knew what once their Saviour
 bore!
 From wrath and bitterness those souls were freed,
 Who long a heavier cross in meekness bore.

Contempt and scorn may wing their keenest dart,
A world unjust its sharpest weapons wield,
They cannot touch the mourner's bleeding heart,
O'er which some grief profound has flung its
sevenfold shield.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And they were comforted; for now they saw
His promises in truth's bright hues arrayed,
And wavering faith, and doubt, and trembling
awe

Were rooted on the Rock, whereon He laid
The deep foundations of the Church of God;
Oh blessed Rock, whose surface rude and gray,
Brought forth such first-fruits in the band who
trod

The way to Life's pure spring, on that most
g'orious day.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

To the far islands of the rugged north,
To India's plains, and Afric's burning sands,
Poor and unknown, those pilgrims wandered
forth,
To preach the Gospel in benighted lands,

Where scarce tradition flung one trembling ray
Athwart the gloom profound; those lands that
shone

Soon in the fulness of the perfect day,
That cheered the peasant's hut, and blessed the
Imperial throne.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Yet with a bitter meed the world repaid
That gift; for death or torture were the lot
Of those devoted ones, still undismayed,
Who knew their Saviour's promise faileth not.
Oh fear not ye on whom their mantle fell!
Tho' woes for Christ's loved Church your bosoms
thrill,
And round her bulwarks tempests rage and swell,
Think that God's Holy Spirit dwells among you
still.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade XV.**THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.**

Our Father, &c.

Oh gentle Mother! on thine ear
With what glad tones the summons fell,
That bade thy woe-worn soul prepare
For ever with thy Lord to dwell;
Thou didst not heed the failing breath,
The silver cord so sternly riven,
Who knew'st the pallid hand of death
Threw wide for thee the gates of Heaven.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

So calmly on her lowly bed,
The Lord's most Blessed Mother lay;
The glory round her sacred head
Spread far and near the golden ray;
It fell upon the chosen ones
Of Christ's disciples, bending o'er
To catch again those thrilling tones,
Those tones that they shall hear no more.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

To gaze upon that calm clear brow,
Where earthly passion never laid
One burning trace to mar its snow,
On eyes where tenderest pity played;
But death had bound the shadowy veil
Upon his last dread mysteries,
He flung it round that forehead pale,
That sacred form, those dove-like eyes.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

The sounds of woe, of deep despair
Burst from their trembling lips—in vain
They knelt around in humblest prayer,
But calm'd not thus their bitter pain;
For she was gone who on their tears
Hope's rainbow dyes all gently shed,
Whose counsel smoothe'd thro' weary years
The path their Saviour bade them tread.

Hail Mary! pray for us

They laid her in her humble tomb,
Far from the city's busy ways,
Within the thicket's rayless gloom,
Where few could thread its tangled maze;
So might no scoffer desecrate
That hidden grave, to all unknown
Save those who sad and desolate
Kissed, morn and night, the sacred stone.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

A vision fell, in deepest night,
 On one who wander'd far away,
 Bearing the Cross of Christ, to light
 The heathen who in darkness lay;
 He saw the dying Mother! knew
 Dissolved in tears the chosen band,
 And to the angel's bidding true,
 He sought once more his own loved land.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

"Oh lead me to that holy spot!
 I could not close her dying eyes;
 Their last sad glances saw me not,
 Breathed not on me her latest sighs;
 Oh lead me thro' the thicket deep!
 Unbar for me the secret door;
 Bring me where I may pray and weep
 Upon my Mother's form once more!"
Beside Hail Mary! pray for us.

They led him thro' that garden fair,
 They sought its groves of deepest gloom,
 When floating on the evening air,
 Spread far and near a rich perfume;
 The fairest wreaths on earth that grew,
 Of loveliest forms and richest dyes,
 All steeped in morning's sparkling dew,
 Flung not such incense to the skies.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

They knelt around the hidden tomb,
The Blessed Virgin's earthly bed,
When lo! amidst its shadowy gloom,
They found that glorious Mother fled;
And where she lay, a wreath of flowers
Too bright, too fair for mortal eyes,
For they were nursed in Heavenly bowers,
Fed with the dews of Paradise.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh blessed Mother! thou wast borne
On angel wings thro' radiant skies,
To blossom in eternal morn
Beneath the Saviour's loving eyes;
Pray that the Lord, when He shall come
With hosts of angels thro' the air,
To seek us mouldering in the tomb,
May find undying garlands there!

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Decade V.

THE CORONATION OF OUR B. LADY, &c.

Our Father, &c.

How glorious is the sky!
The golden path of angel hosts that fling
Intensest radiance from each rapid wing,
And ever beaming eye;
Brighter than burning stars
That bind the Heavens with their zone of light,
Are the broad tracks that mark their homeward
flight,
Which not a vapour mars.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

In many a graceful fold
Masses of towering cloud on clouds are laid,
Like kingly thrones, in gorgeous hues arrayed,
Of purple and of gold—
Thrones of the seraph train,
Who from their missions on the rugged earth,
To the bright land that saw their heavenly birth,
Seek their glad way again.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

The holy saints are there,
Who heeded not the world's contemptuous frown,
But sought through fiery paths the starry crown,
Like those the angels wear,
That deck their glorious brows,
Furrowed no more by grief or racking pain,
But bright with hues of early youth again,
Youth that no sadness knows.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh! listen to the sound
Of angel harps, whose bright and trembling
strings
Pour heavenly anthems to the King of kings,
That float their thrones around;
Song of the seraphim,
Sung long ere man fair Eden's garden trod,
Telling the glories of the Eternal God
In that unearthly hymn.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

For there was joy in heaven—
To her of human race the lowliest,
Who bore the Saviour in her Virgin breast,
A royal crown was given;
Upon that glorious day
Light beams around her from the starry zones,
And countless angels on their golden thrones,
Appear in bright array,

Hail Mary! pray for us.

And there was joy on earth,
For saints inspired beheld that glorious sight—
Crowned with bright treasures of effulgent light,
That Maid of mortal birth,
Whose deep humility,
That loved life's lowly paths, so they were trod
In meek obedience to the will of God,
Enthroned her in the sky.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh precious Ark of Gold!
Mother of saints, the fainting mourner's stay!
How bright for thee arose that blissful day!
For then thou didst behold
Thy Blessed Saviour's face,
Beaming in light above the glorious stars,
Whose pitying Hand unknits sin's rugged bars,
That hide us from God's grace.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

As in that wondrous hour,
When breathed the Spirit on the gentle breast
Where the Redeemer found His earthly rest,
Was blent the Triune Power,
The Holy Trinity
Best the bright coronal that angels wove
For faith and meekness, and enduring love,
And crowned them all in thee.

Hail Mary! pray for us.

Pray for us, Heavenly Queen!
That sin's dark veil may dim our eyes no more,
That Christ's most precious love may yet restore
Those glories dimly seen,
To our unclouded eyes;
So we may see thee, who beheld thee not,
Whilst scorn and bitter anguish were thy lot,
All-glorious in the skies.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Oh Mother! pray that we,
With penitence and tears, and ceaseless sighs,
May win the grace that pity ne'er denies,
So it be asked by thee!
Pray that the moments given
To bind this garland of rude poesy,
May gather flowers for immortality,
Wreaths that may bloom in Heaven.
Hail Mary! pray for us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

