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The Committee of Hymns.
Ancient and Modern.
A.D. 1900.

Reprints [English]

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H Z M A S

Of the

CATHOLIC CHURCH:

Compiled from various Sources.



Stratford-upon-Avon :

EDWARD ADAMS.

1853.



Table of Hymns.

SEASON.	NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	METRE.	TUNE TO WHICH IT MAY BE SUNG.	PAGE
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<i>From Michaelmas to Trinity.</i>					
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TUESDAY	M.	Our Limbs refreshed	L.		3
	E.	And now the day	C.		4
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	E.	Nature's GOD	7s.		5
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TUESDAY	M.	The cock's shrill horn	L.		14
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	VI	The Advent of our God	S.		7
	VII	What terrors shake	C.		8
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	IX	Storm and terror	8s.7s.		10
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<i>Trinity.</i>					
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* ERRATUM—2nd line of 2nd verse, p. 52, for "Sire's Sovereign," read "Sovereign Sire's."



Hymns for the Week,
from the
Feast of S. Michael to Trinity.

Unless otherwise set aside by Proper Hymns for
the Season.

Monday.



Matins.

OF the FATHER, EFFLUENCE bright,
Out of light—evolving light—
LIGHT of LIGHT—unfading ray,
DAY, creative of the day:

Truest SUN, upon us flow
With THY calm perpetual glow,
In the SPIRIT's still sunshine
Making sense and thought Divine.

Seek we too the FATHER's FACE,
Father of Almighty grace,
And of Majesty excelling,
Who can purge our tainted dwelling.

Who can aid us, who can break
Teeth of envious foes, and make
Hours of loss and pain succeed,
Guiding safe each duteous deed.

And infusing self-control,
 Fragrant chastity of soul,
 Faith's keen flame to soar on high,
 Incorrupt simplicity.

CHRIST, HIMSELF, for food be giv'n,
 Faith becomes the cup of heav'n,
 Out of which the joy is quaff'd
 Of the SPIRIT's sob'ring draught.

With that joy replenished
 Morn shall glow with modest red,
 Noon with beaming faith be bright,
 Eve be soft without twilight.

It has dawn'd upon our way,
 FATHER, in THY word, this day ;—
 In THY FATHER—WORD Divine,
 From THY cloudy pillar shine.

To the FATHER, and the SON,
 And the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 As of old, as in Heaven;
 Now and here be glory giv'n.

Amen.



Chorus.

MIGHTY SOVEREIGN, God supreme,
 RULER of the varied day,
 WHO sendest forth th' midnight beam,
 WHOM the noontide heats obey.

Who the hours as on they glide,
 Giv'st, to THEE as seemeth best,
 And the peaceful eventide
 Hast ordain'd for welcome rest.

Quench dissensions' baneful fire,
 Bid each noxious heat depart,
 To our bodies health inspire,
 Peace and comfort to the heart.

To THY care THY servants take,
 From all nightly ills preserve;
 That to-morrow we may wake,
 THEE with strength renew'd to serve.

HOLY FATHER, grant our pray'r,
 Grant it, SOLE CO-EQUAL SON;
 Grant it, BLESSED COMFORTER;
 ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE.
 Amen.



Tuesday.



Matins.

OUR limbs refresh'd with wholesome sleep,
 We scorn the bed of sloth to keep,
 But rise, and THEE, our FATHER pray
 To hear and bless our morning lay.

To THEE, the Voice be first address,
 By THEE, the waking thought possess,
 That each succeeding act may be
 Commenc'd, pursu'd, fulfill'd in THEE.

Now darkness fades before the Light,
 Yields to the dawn the gloom of night;
 If aught of ill the night conceal'd,
 So may it to THY brightness yield.

O grant that thus our hearts within
 May still be clean from taint of sin ;
 And still our outward lips may raise
 To THEE the voice of deathless praise.

So be THY will, Great FATHER done ;
 And THINE, the FATHER'S only SON ;
 And THINE, WHO shar'st th' Imperial Seat,
 SPIRIT of LIFE—blest PARACLETE.

Amen.



Evening.

AND now the day is past and gone,
 We sing, O GOD, THY praise ;
 And while the night is hasting on,
 Our humble pray'r we raise.

The sin that we have done this day
 O teach us to deplore,
 And drive the tempter far away,
 That we may sin no more.

That cruel lion prowls around,
 To kill and to devour ;
 Beneath THY wings may help be found
 To save us from his pow'r.

When shall that day arise, O GOD,
 Which ne'er shall set in gloom ?
 When shall we reach that blest abode ?
 Where danger cannot come ?

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 All glory be from Saints on earth,
 And from the Angel Host,

Amen.

Wednesday.



Matins.

BAUNTING gloom, and flitting shades,
 Ghastly shapes, away !
 CHRIST is rising, and pervades
 Highest heav'n with day.

His bright spear the dazzl'd night
 Chases and pursues ;
 Earth responds, and glows with light
 Of a thousand hues.

THEE, O CHRIST, and THEE alone,
 With a single mind
 We with chant and plaint would own,
 To THY flock be kind.

Much it needs THY Light Divine
 Spots and stain to clean ;
 LIGHT of Angels, on us shine.
 With THY FACE serene.

To the FATHER, and the SON,
 And the HOLY GHOST,
 Here be glory, as is done
 By th' Angelic Host.

Amen.



Evening.

NATURE'S GOD, ALL-RULING POW'R,
 WHO, THYSELF exempt from change,
 Dost for each successive hour
 Its diurnal course arrange.

Cheer our darkness with THY Light,
 Succour us th' approaching night ;
 From our homes all perils keep,
 Nourish us with wholesome sleep.

LORD, my Spirit to THY care,
 Sleeping, waking, I commend ;
 THOU canst its decays repair,
 THOU from injury defend.

Grant me life, if life THOU wilt,
 Thy commandments to fulfil ;
 Or, if death be THY decree,
 Grant me such as leads to THEE.

Living, dead, THY succour give,
 Grant me, LORD, THY Saving Grace,
 Living, still with THEE to live,
 Dead, that I may see THY FACE.

Evermore with THEE to dwell,
 Evermore THY praise to tell.
 Singing, with THY heavenly Host,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
 Amen.



Thursday.



Matins.

To the golden light is peering ;
 Let the dimness fleet away,
 Which so long hath kept us veering
 From the narrow path astray.

May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
 Keep us, morn-like, chaste and pure ;
 In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
 In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,
 May preserve our tongue from guile,
 Eyes from wand'ring, feet from sliding,
 Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an EYE is o'er us,
 WHICH our ev'ry secret knows,
 Sees our ev'ry step before us,
 From first morn till evening's close.

To the FATHER lauds unending,
 To the SON, and SPIRIT Blest,
 Still from aye to aye ascending,
 Be throughout all worlds address.

Amen.



Evening.

BE the waning light decay,
 GOD of all, to THEE we pray,
 THEE, THY healthful grace to send,
 THEE, to guard us and defend.

Guard from dreams that may affright,
 Guard from terrors of the night ;
 Guard from foes, without, within,
 Outward danger, inward sin.

Mindful of our only stay,
 Daily thus to THEE we pray ;
 Daily thus to THEE we raise
 Trophies of our grateful praise.

Hear the pray'r, ALMIGHTY KING !
 Hear THY praises while we sing,
 Hymning with the heav'nly Host.
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.



Friday.



Matins.

WITH dawn's faint streaks the heav'n is sown,
 O'er earth glides on the day ;
 Abroad the shafts of light are thrown,
 Hence, vain deceits away.

Away each phantom of the night,
 Dread of the conscious sense ;
 Whate'er of fault hath lent affright
 To gloomy darkness, hence !

That the last morn each gloomy shade,
 Which here we pray to shun,
 Quench'd in that glorious light may fade,
 Before that cloudless SUN.

While purg'd from sin, that o'er the sight,
 Now throws its shadows dim ;
 We walk abroad in heav'ns pure light,
 And chant our thankful hymn.

All glory to th' ETERNAL ONE
 Be evermore addrest,
 To GOD, the FATHER, and the SON,
 Join'd with the SPIRIT Blest.

Amen.

Evening.

ALmighty GOD, WHOSE Sceptre sways
 The earth and starry sky,
 WHOSE will the world beneath obeys;
 Nor less the world on high.

In order meet about THY throne
 Unnumber'd Angels stand,
 Prepar'd, where'er THOU wilt, to run
 And act at THY command:

O, from that host of heav'nly powers
 Some friendly Spirit send,
 To watch us in our lonely hours,
 And in our sleep defend.

To guard us from our ghostly foe,
 The Serpent's subtle wile,
 Lest secret fraud our steps o'erthrow,
 And specious arts beguile.

Night comes : and wrapt in nightly shade
 Lurks many a fearful snare ;
 But none THY Wisdom can evade,
 And THY protecting care.

Still be THY Care, O GOD; our shield ;
 Still may THY Wisdom guide
 Us, Whom THY HOLY GHOST has seal'd
 For Whom THY SON hath died.

Amen.



Saturday.



Matins.

THE dawn is dappling o'er the sky,
 The day o'er earth steals on ;
 Light shakes his flick'ring shaft on high,
 Each breath of ill be gone.

Each shape of night be put to flight,
 Guilt's spell dissolve away,
 Each spectre sin—black night brought in,
 Fleet in the morning's ray.

So may this morn, the last we bend
 Here prostrate in God's sight ;
 Born in the burst of music—end
 In calm still flow of light.

FATHER, to THEE all glory be,
 And THEE, CO-EQUAL SON ;
 And SPIRIT Blest, with BOTH confest,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE.

Amen.



Evening.

THE fiery Sun is gone,
 O never-waning LIGHT,
 ALL HOLY THREE—Thrice Blessed ONE !
 Shed forth THY PRESENCE bright.

To THEE our lauds at morn,
 Our Vespers rise at Ev'n ;
 O grant us hence by Angels borne
 To join their chant in heav'n.

To the GREAT FATHER, SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT Blest,
 As in old time, while ages run,
 All glory be address. Amen.



Now that the day-light dies away,
 Ere we lie down and sleep,
 THEE, MAKER of the world, we pray
 To own us, and to keep.

Let dreams depart, and shadows fly,
 The offspring of the night ;
 Keep us, like Shrines beneath THINE EYE,
 Pure, in our foes' despite.

This Grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER, CO-EQUAL SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE.
 Amen.



Hymns for the Week,

From Trinity Sunday to the Feast of S. Michael.

Unless set aside by Proper Hymns for the Season.



Monday.



Matins.

SLEEP has refresh'd our limbs, we spring
From off our bed, and rise ;
LORD, on THY Suppliants, while they sing,
Look with a FATHER'S EYES.

Be THOU the first on ev'ry tongue,
The first in ev'ry heart,
That all our doings all day long,
HOLIEST from THEE may start.

Cleanse THOU the gloom, and bid the light
Its healing beams renew ;
The sins which have crept in with night,
With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms LORD unburden THOU
From all things that offend,
That those, who hymn THY praises now,
May hymn them to the end.

Grant this to us, O FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, GOD of Grace ;
To WHOM all worship shall be done,
In ev'ry time and place. Amen.

Evensong.

GOD of the boundless space,
 WHO lest the waters mixt
 In wild confusion run, didst place
 The bounding sky betwixt ;

Didst give heav'n's rain its home,
 Earth's flowing streams their bed ;
 Lest burning flames the world consume,
 Moist cooling dews to shed ;

Most loving LORD, inspire
 THY Breath of heav'n'ly grace,
 Lest with new blasts sin's ancient fire
 Our ruin'd souls deface.

Let faith around her spread
 Her ever bright'ning day ;
 All vanities beneath her tread,
 All falsehood chase away.

This grant us, FATHER KIND,
 And THOU, Co-EQUAL SON ;
 And HOLY GHOST, with BOTH enshrin'd,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



Tuesday.



Matins.

THE Cock's shrill horn proclaims the morn,
 And heralds forth the rising light ;
 CHRIST's startling EYE so keen and nigh
 Wakes to new life the slumb'ring sprite.

"Take up," HE cries, "your bed, and rise,
 "In palsied sleep no longer lie;
 "With loins girt up, and sober cup,
 "Keep watch—for I, the LORD, am nigh."

Yea, THEE let all, LORD JESU, call,
 With pray'rs and tears chaste vigil keep;
 The pray'r intent true hearts present,
 Would have the spirit wake and weep.

Break THOU the spell, our eyes unseal,
 THOU, JESU, burst the bonds of night;
 Spoil the stronghold, of trespass old,
 And fill us with THINE OWN New Light.

FATHER, to THEE all glory be,
 And THEE alone, CO-EQUAL SON;
 And SPIRIT Blest, with BOTH Confest,
 Now, and while endless ages run. Amen:



Evensong.

GREATOR Great and Good,
 WHO brought the mountains forth;
 And rolling back th' o'erwhelming flood,
 Didst fix the enthron'd earth

Where rob'd in verdure meet,
 And crown'd with golden flow'rs;
 And teeming with her fruitage sweet,
 Delightful food she show'rs.

Cleanse with THY fresh'ning grace,
 Our blighted Spirits' sore;
 Let her with tears the past efface,
 And learn to sin no more;

But heark'ning to THY VOICE,
 Escape each blasting breath;
 With Goodness fill'd, in life rejoice,
 Nor know the sting of death.

This Grant us FATHER KIND,
 And THOU, CO-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST, with BOTH enshrin'd,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



Wednesday.



Matins.

WHO madest all and dost control,
 LORD, with THY Touch DIVINE;
 Cast out the slumbers of the Soul,
 The Rest that is not THINE.

Look down, ETERNAL HOLINESS,
 And wash the sins away;
 Of those who rising to confess,
 Out-strip the ling'ring day.

Our hearts and hands by night, O LORD,
 We lift them in our need;
 As Holy Psalmist gives the Word,
 And Holy Paul the deed.

Each sin to THEE, of years gone by,
 Each hidden stain lies bare;
 We shrink not from THINE awful EYE,
 But pray that THOU would'st spare.

Grant this, O FATHER, only SON,
 And SPIRIT, GOD of Grace;
 To WHOM be glory, THREE IN ONE,
 In ev'ry time and place. Amen.

Evensong.

ALL HOLY GOD on high,
 WHO bath'st in fiery glow
 The glitt'ring spaces of the night,
 Heav'n's ever brilliant show.

WHO on this day didst light
 The Sun's red Wheel of fire;
 And gav'st the Moon her circuit bright,
 The Stars their mazy Quire.

To set a sev'ring bound,
 Betwixt the Light and dark;
 And as the circling months run round,
 Their rise and wane to mark.

Dispel the heart's drear night,
 Wash out the soul's dark stain;
 Throw back from us sin's whelming night,
 Unloose guilt's wearying chain.

This grant us, FATHER KIND,
 And THOU, CO-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST, with BOTH enshrin'd,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE.



Thursday.



Matins.

NIGHT shrouds beneath her Sable vest
 Earth's ev'ry varied hue;
 To THEE in all our dyes confest,
 Heart-searching JUDGE we sue,

That THOU would'st our black guilt efface,
 Our soul's foul stains disperse;
 And grant us, LORD, THY pard'ning grace
 T' avert th' impending curse.

The soul sin's hidden sting doth goad,
 By palsied sloth opprest;
 Yearns her dark burden to unload,
 And find in THEE her rest.

O, for THOU canst her bonds untie,
 Dispel her inward night;
 So may she learn to bear THINE EYE,
 And glory in THY LIGHT.

This grant to us, O FATHER KIND,
 And THOU CO-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST, with BOTH enshrin'd,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



Even-song.

D GOD WHO hast giv'n
 The Sea and the Sky
 To Fish and to Bird,
 For a dwelling to keep;
 Both sons of the Waters,
 One low, and one high,
 Ambitious of Heav'n,
 Yet sunk in the deep.

Save, LORD, THY Servants;
 WHOM THOU hast Redeem'd
 In a Laver of BLOOD,
 Lest they trespass and die;
 Lest pride should elate,
 Or sin should degrade;
 And they stumble on earth,
 Or be dizzi'd on high.

TO FATHER, WHO made
 All things by HIS WORD;
 And SON, WHO didst save
 Mankind by HIS Death!
 And HOLY SPIRIT,
 ONE THRICE HOLY LORD,
 All praises be paid
 By all that hath breath.

Amen.



Friday.



Matins.

GLORY OF the Heav'n's supernal,
 Blessed HOPE of all the Earth;
 SOLE BEGOTTEN of th' ETERNAL,
 Spotless Virgin's Virgin Birth,

THY Right HAND to us extending,
 LORD, our Souls in calmness raise;
 'Till to GOD in Hymns ascending,
 We be kindl'd all to praise.

Morning's star is ris'n and shining,
 Herald of day's glory bright;
 Night's dim shadows are declining,
 Shed on us THINE Holy LIGHT.

LIGHT that, this World's Night dispelling,
 In our senses may abide;
 In our breasts for ever dwelling,
 Sanctifi'd, till glorifi'd.

Deep through all our Breasts entwining,
 There be fix'd, nor ever move;
 Faith and Hope in gladness joining,
 With their heavn'ly Sister Love.

To the FATHER lauds unending,
 To the SON and SPIRIT Blest,
 Still from aye to aye ascending,
 Be throughout all worlds address. Amen.



Evening.

WHO madest man to live ;
 WHO, from their native earth,
 With ALL-CREATIVE Might didst give
 Wild-beast and reptile birth ;
 Huge shapes of ev'ry hue,
 Alive at THY Command,
 All subject in their Seasons due
 To THY frail Servant's hand.
 Subdue, CREATOR blest,
 Whate'er wild lust impels,
 Or made familiar haunts the breast,
 Or through the actions steals.
 Give us THY Crown of joy,
 Grant us THY Gifts of Grace ;
 The grating chains of strife destroy,
 And knit the bonds of peace. Amen.



Saturday.



I.

Matins.

E'ER the Morning Stars WHO reignest,
 WHO the Universe hast made, .
 And with wondrous skill sustainest,
 What THY wondrous might array'd.

LORD, behold THY Servant's bending,
 Guilty suppliants in THY Sight ;
 Now pale dawn in day is ending,
 O'er our Spirits shed THY LIGHT.

Let THY Chosen Angel tend us,
 Guardian ever at our side ;
 From all taint of Guilt defend us,
 Far from harm our footsteps guide.

Ev'ry subtle noose uptearing,
 Which the jealous Fiend had set ;
 Lest our heedless souls ensnaring,
 Close around his viewless net.

Fears and foes alike dispelling,
 From our borders fast and far ;
 Ev'ry civil tumult quelling,
 Quenching ev'ry baneful star.

To the FATHER lauds unending,
 Who the SON's Redeem'd doth keep ,
 Who the SPIRIT's anointed tending,
 Bids their Angels never sleep. Amen.



II.

Matins.

Now that the Sun is gleaming bright,
 Implore we bending low,
 That HE, the UNCREATED LIGHT,
 Would keep us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
 No thoughts that idly rove ;
 But simple truth be in our tongue,
 And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
 O CHRIST, securely fence
 Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe,
 The gates of ev'ry sense.

And grant that to THINE honor, LORD,
 Our daily toil may tend;
 That we begin it at THY Word,
 And in THY favor end.

This grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER, Co-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST the COMFORTER,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



III.

Cursing.

BEE, before the close of Day;
 MAKER of the World, we pray,
 Of THY pitying Love to keep,
 And protect us while we sleep.

Far let night's dark phantoms fly,
 Let no haunting dream come nigh;
 Keep us ever chaste and pure,
 From our midnight Foe secure.

Gracious FATHER, grant this boon,
 Grant it, SOLE Co-EQUAL SON;
 With the SPIRIT, Thron'd on High,
 God, through all Eternity. Amen.



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Hymns.

Advent, to Septuagesima Sunday.



Advent.



I.

DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See once more the CROSS returning,
Heav'n and Earth in ashes burning.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heav'n the JUDGE descendeth,
On WHOSE Sentence all dependeth !

Wond'rous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Thro' Earth's Sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck and Nature quaking,
All Creation is awaking,
To its JUDGE true answer making.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded !
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Hence shall Judgment be awarded.

When the JUDGE His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.



What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding ?
When the just are mercy needing.

KING of Majesty tremendous,
WHO dost free Salvation send us;
FOUNT of Pity, then befriend us.

Think, kind JESU, my salvation
Caus'd THY wond'rous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary THOU hast sought me,
On the CROSS of suff'ring bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous JUDGE of retribution,
Grant THY Gift of Absolution,
Ere that reck'ning days conclusion.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning :
Spare, O GOD, THY Suppliant, groaning.

THOU the sinful Woman savest
THOU the Dying Thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,
Yet, GOOD LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With THY favour'd Sheep, O place me !
Not among the Goats abase me,
But to THY Right Hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart's submission :
 Breathe, in ashes, my contrition,
 Help me, in my last condition !

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
 From the dust of earth returning
 Man for Judgment must prepare him ;
 Spare O God, in mercy spare him.

LORD WHO didst our souls redeem,
 Grant a Blessed Requiem.

Amen.



Evening.

CREATOR of the starry height,
 Of hearts believing endless Light :
 JESU, REDEEMER, bow THINE Ear,
 THY Suppliants' vows in pity hear :

WHO lest the earth thro' evil eye
 Of treacherous fiend should waste and die,
 With mighty love instinct, wert made
 Th' expiring world's ALL-HEALING aid :

WHO to the cross that world to win
 From common stain of common sin,
 From Virgin shrine, a Virgin birth
 A spotless VICTIM issu'd forth :

At vision of WHOSE glory bright,
 At mention of WHOSE NAME of might,
 Angels on high and fiends below
 In silence or in trembling bow.

ALMIGHTY JUDGE, to THEE we pray,
 Great UMPIRE of the last dread day,
 Protect us thro' th' unearthly fight,
 With armour of Celestial Light.

TO GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, all praise be done ;
All honor, might, and glory be
Through all the long Eternity.

Amen.



III.

Matins.

WHAT thrilling Voice thro' midnight peals,
Which ev'ry dark recess reveals ?
Away pale dreams, dim shadows fly,
Lo, JESUS lightens from on high.

Now let the sluggard soul spring forth,
Nor longer lie enchain'd on earth ;
All breath of ill dispelling far,
Bright peers the new-born morning star.

Behold the LAMB, sent down below,
HIMSELF to pay the debt we owe ;
O let us all with tears most due
For that HIS dear-bought pardon sue !

That when HE shall again appear,
And wrap the world in sudden fear,
His utmost wrath HE may not wreak,
But shield us for His pity's sake.

TO GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, all praise be done ;
All honor, might, and glory be,
Through all the long Eternity.

Amen.



IV.

Evensong.

MAKER of Heav'n, Eternal LIGHT
 Of all who do believe ;
 SAVIOUR from sorrows infinite,
 JESU, these pray'rs receive.

WHO sooner than our foe malign
 Should triumph, from above
 Didst come, to be the Medicine
 Of a sick world—in love ;
 And the deep wounds to cleanse, and cure,
 Of a whole race, didst go
 Pure VICTIM, from a Virgin pure
 The bitter CROSS unto.

WHO hast a NAME, and hast a pow'r,
 The height and depth to sway ;
 And Angels bow, and Devils cow'r,
 In Rev'rence, or Dismay.

THOU, too, shalt be our JUDGE at length ;
 LORD, in THY grace bestow
 THY Weapons of Celestial strength,
 And snatch us from the Foe.

Honor and glory, pow'r, and praise
 To FATHER and to SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, be paid always,
 Th' Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



V.

Matins.

SUPERNAL WORD, proceeding from
 Th' Eternal FATHER's Breast,
 And in the end of ages come
 To aid a World distress ;

Enlighten, LORD, and set on fire
 Our Spirits with THY love,
 That, dead to earth, we may aspire
 And live to joys above.

That when the Judgment seat on high
 Shall fix the Sinner's doom,
 And to the Just a kind VOICE cry,
 Come to your destin'd home.

Safe from the black and yawning lake
 Of restless endless pain ;
 We may the FACE of GOD partake,
 The bliss of heav'n attain.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
 As heretofore, when time is done,
 Unending glory be.

Amen.



VI.

Greeting.

THE Advent of our God
 Our Pray'rs must now employ ;
 And we must meet HIM on His road
 With Hymns of holy Joy.

The everlasting SON
 Incarnate soon shall be ;
 HE will a Servant's form put on
 To make HIS People free.

Daughter of Zion, rise,
 And greet THY lowly KING,
 Nor do thou wickedly despise
 The Mercies HE will bring.

As JUDGE in Clouds of Light,
 HE will come down again ;
 And all HIS scatter'd saints unite
 With HIM in heav'n to reign.

Before that dreadful day
 May all our sins be gone :
 May the old man be put away,
 And the new man put on.

Praise to the SAVIOUR, SON,
 From all the Angel Host ;
 Like praise be to the FATHER done,
 And to the HOLY GHOST.

Amen.



VII.

WHAT terrors shake the trembling soul :
 Behold the skies are riv'n,
 And CHRIST appears in clouds of Light,
 Amid the Hosts of heav'n.

The trumpet sounds, the op'ning graves
 Obey the dread command,
 And Angels force the risen dead
 Around the JUDGE to stand.

Now all, who left the world for CHRIST,
 By CHRIST are rais'd on high ;
 Yea all who lov'd their lowly GOD,
 And shar'd His poverty.

Behold the CROSS, which once the Jew
 And Gentile dar'd despise,
 The Saints delight, the Sinners scorn,
 Shines brightly in the skies.

The CROSS those wicked men behold,
 But find no mercy there;
 It only serves to seal their fate,
 And heighten their despair.

LORD, may we never to such guilt,
 Or to such downfall come!
 Oh! save us from the sinner's path,
 And from the sinner's doom.

O, future JUDGE, to THY great NAME
 All glory we accord!
 The FATHER, and the HOLY GHOST,
 Be equally ador'd. Amen.



VIII,

Matins.

IN Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
 Announces that the Lord is nigh;
 Come then and hearken, for he brings
 Glad tidings of the KING of KINGS:

E'en now the Air, the Sea, the Land
 Feel that their MAKER is at Hand;
 The Very Elements rejoice,
 And welcome HIM with cheerful Voice.

Then cleans'd be ev'ry Christian breast,
 And furnish'd for so great a GUEST!
 Yea let us each our hearts prepare
 For CHRIST to come and enter there.

For THOU art our Salvation, LORD,
 Our refuge, and our great reward;
 Without THY Grace our souls must fade;
 And wither like a flow'r decay'd.

D

Stretch forth THINE Hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Once more upon THY people shine,
And fill the world with love Divine.

To HIM who left the Throne of Heav'n
To save Mankind, all praise be giv'n ;
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE.

Amen.



IX.

Cursing.

STORM and terror, grief and error
Comes, the SUN to chase away ;
And the morning, fast adorning
All the sky, proclaims the day.

O true splendor, bright and tender,
SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS on high,
Port THOU showest, source THOU owest
To the Virgin's purity.

Now THOU keepest rest and sleepest
In that circle of delight ;
Joy hereafter, shall with laughter
Hail the coming MONARCH's sight.

Satan, gnashing, sees it flashing
Thro' that cloud so pure and white ;
Thou endurest, ever purest,
Virgin Mother of the LIGHT.

Darkness scatter'd—Hell's gates shatter'd,
Victory to them draws nigh,
Whom profession of transgression
Justly had condemn'd to die.

Earth rejoices ; Heav'nly Voices
 Render praise to GOD above ;
 Now renewing, and bedewing
 Ev'ry soul with fuller love.

Amen.



X.

December 17 to 24.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
 And loose THY Captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the SON of GOD appear !
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Is born for Thee, O Israel !

O ROD of Jesse's stem, arise,
 And free us from our Enemies,
 And set us loose from Satan's chains,
 And from the pit with all its pains !
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Is born for Thee, O Israel !

THOU the TRUE EAST, draw nigh, draw nigh,
 To give us comfort from on high
 And drive away the shades of night,
 And pierce the clouds and bring us light.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Is born for Thee, O Israel !

KEY of the House of David, come,
 Re-open THOU our heavenly home,
 Make safe the way that we must go,
 And close the path that leads below.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Is born for Thee, O Israel !

RULER and LORD, draw nigh, draw nigh,
 WHO to THY flock in Sinai
 Didst give of ancient times THY law,
 In cloud and Majesty and Awe.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Is born for Thee, O Israel ! Amen.



Season of the Nativity.

Christmas Eve.



I.

D SAVIOUR of the world forlorn,
 This midnight, LORD, to save us born,
 Thy Servants thro' this night defend,
 And save us always to the end.

Be with us now with pard'ning eye,
 And spare THY suppliants as they cry ;
 Cleanse THOU our ev'ry sin away,
 Turn THOU our darkness into day.

Let not dead sleep our senses seal,
 Nor Satan o'er our spirits steal,
 Nor this frail flesh, we THEE implore,
 With aught of ill be spotted o'er.

To THEE, who makest souls anew,
 From very heart of hearts we sue,
 That with pure minds and free from stain,
 We from our beds may rise again.

To GOD the FATHER, in the height,
 And to the SON, true LIGHT of LIGHT,
 And HOLY GHOST, all glory be,
 Now and thro' all Eternity. Amen.

Christmas Day.



II.

HE faithful, approach ye,
 Joyfully triumphing;
 O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem:
 O come, and behold ye,
 Born the KING of Angels:
 O come, let us worship, CHRIST the LORD!

True GOD of GOD!
 True LIGHT of LIGHT!
 Lo, HE disdains not the Virgin's Womb;
 Very GOD!
 Begotten not created:
 O come, let us worship, CHRIST the LORD!

Sing Alleluia!
 Let the courts of heaven
 Ring with the Angel chorus,
 Praise the LORD!
 Glory to GOD in the highest:
 O come, let us Worship, CHRIST the LORD!

Yea LORD, we greet THEE,
 Born this happy morning;
 JESU! to THEE be glory given:
 WORD, of the FATHER,
 In our flesh appearing:
 O come, let us Worship, CHRIST the LORD!
 Alleluia, Amen,



III.

Matins.

FROM far sunrise at early morn,
 To earth's remotest ring,
 Of Mary, Virgin-Mother, born,
 We carol CHRIST our KING.

HE comes, the World's Blest MAKER, HE,
 In servile guise array'd,
 By Flesh our Sin-bound flesh to free,
 And save the souls HE made.

On Bosom pure, His earthly shrine,
 The Heav'nly grace is show'r'd :
 The lowly Maiden bears within
 WHOM she unknown ador'd.

She travails with the wond'rous Birth,
 By Gabriel's voice reveal'd,
 Which ere to light He issu'd forth,
 The yearning Baptist hail'd.

Abhorring not the hay-strewn shed,
 In Manger, lo, HE lies ;
 With little drops of milk is fed,
 WHO stills Creation's cries.

The heav'nly Host His Birth-day keep,
 The Angels round HIM sing,
 The Shepherd's view with wonder deep
 Earth's SHEPHERD, LORD, and KING.

JESU, the Virgin-Mother's SON,
 To THEE all glory be,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Through all Eternity.

Alleluia, Amen.



IV.

Matins.

This done, what herald Angel said,
 He the true WORD true FLESH is made,
 A Virgin-birth, of Virgin Womb,
 VIRGIN of Virgins, CHRIST is come.

The skies have shed the Dew from heav'n,
 Th' outpouring clouds the JUST ONE giv'n :
 Earth's open lap receives the Birth,
 And brings the LORD, the SAVIOUR forth.

Let ev'ry soul arise and sing,
 That HE hath come, Redemption's KING,
 LORD of all lands, in flesh array'd,
 To save the souls HIMSELF hath made.

CREATOR HE of all the Race,
 For WHOM Creation hath no place;
 Hath found, chaste Mother, where to dwell,
 Hath shrin'd HIM in THY Sacred cell.

WHOM SIRE Most HIGH, when time was not,
 GOD, very GOD of GOD begot,
 The Bosom chaste of Mother mild,
 In time, doth bear a New-born CHILD.

HE all our sins shall take away,
 HE Holiest gifts to Earth convey,
 The Empire swell of joy and light,
 The pow'rs of darkness quench in night.
 Alleluia, Amen.



V.

Gesung.

JESU, REDEEMER, from on high,
 WHO, ere the day-light shone,
 Sole offspring of His Majesty,
 Art with the FATHER, ONE.

THOU LIGHT of LIGHT, His Brightness true,
 Unfailing HOPE of all;
 Hear, wheresoe'er to THEE they sue,
 THY lowly servants' call.

Remember THOU, WHO all hast made,
 How for THY creature's sake,
 THYSELF, in Virgin's bosom laid,
 THY creature's form didst take.

Such the glad news, this festal night,
 From year to year doth tell,
 How from THY FATHER's glory bright
 THOU cam'st on Earth to dwell.

WHO this so new Salvation plann'd,
 To HIM breadth, depth, and height,
 The starry choirs, the sea and land,
 In one new song unite.

Shall we whose brows the hallowing stream
 Of HOLY BLOOD bedews,
 As dawns THY Birthday's joyous beam,
 Our grateful hymn refuse?

JESU, the VIRGIN-Mother's SON,
 To THEE all glory be,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Thro' all Eternity. Alleluia, Amen.



S. Stephen, Martyr.



I.

RIGHTFUL Prince of Martyrs thou,
 Bind thy Crown upon thy brow :
 Fairer far than fading wreath,
 Weave we this, Thy Crown of death.

Like a gem, each rugged Stone,
Sparkling with Thy 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-slain Victim free
To HIM the VICTIM slain for Thee ;
Thou the first Thy LORD to own,
Sharer of HIS Thorny Crown.

First to tread th' appointed 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 t' FATHER, SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Unto all Eternity.

Alleluia, Amen.



II.

HOLY Love towards her foes
In Mysterious channels flows ;
Bow'd to soothe, or steel'd to blame,
Holy Love is still the same.

Pleader for Himself, he stood ;
Now he falls, his speaking blood
From the ground for mercy cries,
Pleading for his Enemies.

E

GOD from heav'n His Martyr hears,
 Heard and bless'd his dying pray'rs ;
 Saul the murd'rer standing by,
 Saul was granted to that cry.

Thus he bow'd his drooping head,
 Thus his joyous spirit fled ;
 "JESU, LORD," his offering free,
 "Take the Life I owe to THEE."

Death, kind Angel watching nigh,
 Softly clos'd his tranquil eye ;
 Whilst the spirit wing'd her flight
 To the starry throne of Light.

Thou that deal'st thy plenteous store
 Daily to the sick and poor ;
 Now art come, a welcome guest,
 To Thy FATHER's Table blest.

In thy bridal crown display'd,
 In the wedding robe array'd
 Of thy purple Life-Blood wove,
 For the SLAIN-ONE's Feast of Love.

THOU of Virgin Mother born,
 In this Wintry world forlorn ;
 JESU, LORD, all praise to THEE.
 All glory be t' FATHER, SON,
 HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Unto all Eternity.

Alleluia, Amen.



S. John, Evangelist.



I.

THE Life, which GOD'S INCARNATE WORD
 Liv'd here below with men,
 Three blest Evangelists record
 With heav'n Inspired pen.

John penetrates on eagle wing
 The FATHER's dread abode,
 And shows the Mystery wherein
 The WORD subsists with GOD.

Pure Saint! upon his SAVIOUR's Breast
 Permitted to recline;
 'Twas there he drew in moments blest
 His knowledge all Divine.

Thence too with that angelic love
 Did he his bosom fill;
 Which once enkindl'd from above
 Breathes in his pages still.

To JESUS born of Virgin bright
 Praise with the FATHER, be;
 Praise to the SPIRIT, PARACLETE,
 Through all Eternity.
 Alleluia, Amen.



II.

BELOV'D Disciple of the LORD,
 Wast Thou to exile driv'n?
 Oh! never sure Thy spirit soar'd
 With fleeter wings to heav'n.

HE that was dead, and is alive,
 Then cheer'd thine eyes again;
 The LION, strong with death to strive,
 The LAMB, for sinners slain.
 To Thee the myst'ries were unfurl'd
 Of HIS triumphant reign;
 How Martyr Blood, thro' all the world,
 HIS Kingdom should maintain.
 Then grant us LORD, with Saints to die,
 That we with Saints may rise,
 With Saints from this vain world to fly,
 To meet THEE in the skies.
 And now to HIM, WHO vanquish'd death,
 WHO shows the way to heav'n,
 To CHRIST, from ev'ry human breath,
 Be endless praises giv'n. Alleluia, Amen.



The Holy Innocents.



I.

WITH boding fears, the Tyrant hears
 A KING of Kings is hard at hand,
 WHO rule shall claim, o'er Israel's Name,
 And high in David's palace stand.
 With wild surprise, "we die!" he cries,
 "Around us lurks a traitor brood,
 "Up, Guard, awake! thy weapons take,
 "And every cradle drown in Blood."
 What boots his Ire, and dark desire,
 What help, if he his thousands slay,
 Alone of all around that fall,
 The CHRIST is safely borne away.

JESU, to THEE all glory be,
 Of Mary Virgin Mother born ;
 To GOD TRIUNE all praise be done,
 Through endless life's unwaning morn.
 Alleluia, Amen.



II.

FAIL flow'rets of CHRIST's Martyr Crown,
 Whom the fierce foe around hath strewn,
 E'en on the threshold of the morn,
 Fresh Rose-buds by the whirlwind shorn.

Prime Victims ye to JESUS slain,
 His firstling flock, His tender train,
 With little palms, and garlands gay,
 Before the very altar play.

JESU, to THEE all glory be,
 Of Mary Virgin Mother born ;
 To GOD TRIUNE all praise be done,
 Through endless life's unwaning morn.
 Alleluia, Amen.



III.

As wolves attack their helpless prey,
 So Herod holds his murd'rous way ;
 And hopes, but Oh ! he hopes in vain
 To mingle JESUS with the slain.

The Cradles flow with infant blood ;
 But GOD his fury hath withstood ;
 The LORD alone he sought to slay,
 The LORD alone escapes away.

Ye Mothers, let no tears be shed;
 Yea, weep not, though your babes be dead;
 For now they stand around the throne,
 And JESUS counts them as His own.

The FATHER'S NAME we loudly raise,
 The SON, the Virgin-born, we praise;
 The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
 ONE GOD both now and evermore.

Alleluia, Amen.



IV.

THE hymn for conq'ring martyr's raise;
 The Victor Innocents we praise:
 Whom in their woe earth cast away,
 But heav'n with joy receiv'd to day.
 Whose Angels see the FATHER'S Face,
 World without end, and hymn His praise;
 And while they chant unceasing lays
 The hymn for conq'ring martyrs raise.

A Voice from Ramah there was sent,
 A Voice of weeping and lament:
 When Rachel mourn'd her children sore,
 Whom for the Tyrant's sword she bore.
 Triumphal is their glory now,
 Whom earthly torments could not bow:
 What time both far and near that went
 A Voice from Ramah there was sent.

Fear not, O little flock, and blest,
 The Lion that your life opprest!
 To heav'nly pastures ever new
 The heav'nly SHEPHERD leadeth you;
 Who dwelling now on Zion's hill
 The LAMB'S fair footsteps follow still;
 By tyrant there no more distrest,
 Fear not, O little flock, and blest!

And ev'ry tear is wip'd away
 By your dear FATHER's Hands for aye :
 Death hath no pow'r to hurt you more,
 Whose own is life's eternal store,
 Who their good seed forth-casting weep,
 In everlasting joy shall reap :
 What time they shine in heav'nly day,
 And ev'ry tear is wip'd away.

The FATHER's NAME, we loudly raise,
 The SON, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
 And HOLY GHOST in joyous lays,
 The TRIUNE GOD we loudly raise.

Alleluia, Amen.



The Circumcision.



I.

HAPPY day, when first was pour'd
 The BLOOD of our Redeeming LORD :
 O happy day, when first began
 His Sufferings for sinful man !

Just enter'd on this world of woe,
 His BLOOD already learn'd to flow ;
 His future death was thus express'd,
 And thus His early love confess'd.

From Heav'n descending to fulfil,
 The mandates of His FATHER's will ;
 E'en now, behold the VICTIM lie,
 The LAMB of GOD, prepar'd to die.

Beneath the Knife, behold the CHILD,
 The INNOCENT, the UNDEFIL'D :
 For Captives HE the Ransom pays,
 For Lawless man the law obeys.

LORD, Circumcise our hearts, we pray,
 Our fleshly natures purge away ;
 THY NAME, THY Likeness may they bear !
 Yea, stamp THY Holy Image there.

The FATHER'S NAME we loudly raise,
 The SON, the Virgin-born, we praise,
 The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
 ONE GOD, both now and evermore.
 Alleluia, Amen.



II.

THE WORD, which dwelt above the skies
 With GOD, before the world began,
 Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,
 A helpless new-born CHILD of man.

Already on HIS sinless Head
 The streams of wrath begin to flow ;
 Already, on HIS infant bed,
 The task of grief the LORD must know.

The lowliest poverty HE bears,
 That we may be with wealth supplied ;
 He weeps, and by HIS precious tears,
 A guilty world is purified.

A simple dress, a mean abode,
 A life obscure, HIS glory hide ;
 Proud Man, behold thy lowly GOD !
 And let the sight destroy Thy Pride.

O THOU, who camest from the sky,
 To be the LAMB for sinners slain,
 THOU wilt not leave THY Saints to die,
 Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

The FATHER'S NAME, we loudly raise,
 The Virgin-born, we all adore ;
 The HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise
 Both now on earth, and evermore.
 Alleluia, Amen.

✠
 The Epiphany.
 ✠

I.

MAGIANS see the Star, and bring
 Their choice Easter offering,
 And with suppliant knee unfold
 Myrrh, and Frankincense, and Gold.

Gold, a Monarch to declare,
 Frankincense, that GOD is there,
 Myrrh, to tell the heavier tale,
 Of HIS Tomb, and Funeral.

JESU, be THOU ever blest,
 WHO to Gentiles Manifest,
 With THY SIRE, and SPIRIT, ONE,
 GOD, while endless ages run.
 Alleluia, Amen.



II.

MHAN mightiest cities mightier far,
 Thou Bethlehem, with Thy crowning
 star,
 Whose chosen lap receiv'd from heav'n
 Th' INCARNATE GOD, for sinners giv'n.

Star, Whose bright glories far outrun
 The radiant axle of the sun ;
 Heav'n's herald, sent on earth to tell
 That GOD, made flesh, on earth doth dwell.

Soon as the Kings their KING behold
 Their eastern gifts they straight unfold,
 And prostrate at HIS Throne before,
 With Incense, Gold, and Myrrh adore.

Pure Incense for their GOD they bring,
 With Royal Gold salute their KING ;
 With Spicy Dust of fragrant Myrrh
 They shadow forth HIS Sepulchre.

JESU, be THOU for ever blest,
 WHO to the Gentiles Manifest,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE.
 Art GOD, while endless ages run.
Alleluia, Amen.



III.

WHY, ruthless King, this frantic fear
 Thy GOD should come, thy KING appear?
 HE takes not earthly crowns away,
 WHO crowns bestows that ne'er decay.

Those eastern Kings, they saw from far,
 And follow'd in HIS guiding Star ;
 By LIGHT their way to LIGHT they trod,
 And hail'd with Incense-gifts their GOD.

Yon heav'nly LAMB, WHOSE Brows abide
 The Laver of that crystal tide ;
 He bears—what ne'er HE bare within,
 Cleansing the Streams to cleanse our sin.

And lo, what pow'r unknown is there !
 E'en now the waves deep crimson wear,
 The Water, chang'd at His command,
 Flows Blood-red wine—beneath His hand.

JESU, be THOU for ever blest,
 Who to the Gentiles Manifest,
 With FATHER, and with SPIRIT pure;
 Art God while endless worlds endure.
 Alleluia, Amen.



IV.

JESU ! KING most wonderful !
 THOU CONQUEROR renown'd !
 THOU Sweetness most ineffable,
 In WHOM all joys are found.

When once THOU visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine—
 Then earthly vanities depart—
 Then kindles love divine.

O JESU ! Light of all below !
 THOU, FOUNT of Life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire.

May ev'ry heart confess THY NAME,
 And ever THEE adore ;
 And, seeking THEE, itself enflame
 To seek THEE more and more.

THEE may our tongues for ever bless ;
 THEE may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The Image of THINE OWN.

Alleluia, Amen.



V.

MOST HIGHEST, who dost kindle bright
 Yon starry orbs of sparkling light,
 Peace, Life, and Light, and Truth, look down,
 JESU, from Heav'n THY Suppliants own.

Whether this day, as twice of old
 The streams of Jordan backward roll'd,
 When there THY Mystic PRESENCE stood
 To hallow THY Baptismal flood.

Or in the sky, THY glitt'ring star
 THY Virgin-birth proclaim'd afar ;
 And on this morn the sages led
 To worship at THY Manger bed.

Or in the Urns with water fill'd
 THY Pow'r the luscious wine distill'd ;
 And he that bare the water knew
 Whence sprang the draughts he never drew.

Behold the Waves with Crimson dy'd,
 Turn'd into wine the Crystal tide ;
 The very Element aghast
 Into another nature past.

JESU, be THOU for ever blest,
 Who to the Gentiles Manifest,
 With FATHER, and with SPIRIT pure,
 Art GOD, while endless worlds endure.
 Alleluia, Amen.



VI.

NOW JESUS lifts His pray'r on high,
 Emerging from the stream ;
 And lo ! descending from the sky
 The SPIRIT's radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous DOVE,
 IT rests on HIM alone ;
 " This," saith the VOICE of GOD above,
 " Is MY BELOVED SON ! "

So those on whom is duly pour'd
 The blest Baptismal wave,
 They too, are Children of the LORD,
 They, too, may ask and have.

Theirs' is the Holy Purity,
 And meekness of the DOVE ;
 To them the HOLY GHOST is nigh
 To fill their Souls with love.

Since THOU, LORD, hast remov'd our stain
 In that most Holy Flood,
 May no fresh sin destroy again
 The cleansing of THY BLOOD.

Praise to the SON, through WHOM alone
 Our stains of guilt are lost ;
 Like praise be to the FATHER done,
 And to the HOLY GHOST.
 Alleluia, Amen.



VII.

BETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities
 None can once with Thee compare ;
 Thou alone the LORD from heav'n
 Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the Sun at morning
 Was the Star that told His Birth ;
 To the lands their GOD announcing,
 Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its flashing glory guided,
 See the Eastern Kings appear ;
 See them bend their gifts, to offer
 Gifts of Incense, Gold, and Myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning !—
 Incense doth the GOD disclose ;
 Gold a Royal CHILD proclaimeth ;
 Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

HOLY JESU ! in THY Brightness
 To the Gentile world display'd,
 With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
 Endless praise to THEE be paid.
 Alleluia, Amen:



VIII.

IN Stature grows the heav'nly CHILD
 With death before HIS EYES ;
 A LAMB, unblemish'd, meek and mild,
 Prepar'd for Sacrifice.

The SON of GOD His glory hides
 With parents meek and poor ;
 And HE, WHO made the Heav'ns, abides
 In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty HANDS that stay the sky
 No earthly toil refuse ;
 And HE, WHO set the stars on high,
 A humble trade pursues.

HE, before WHOM the Angels stand,
 At WHOSE command they fly,
 Now yields HIMSELF to Man's command,
 And lays His glory by.

The FATHER'S NAME we loudly raise,
 The SON we all adore ;
 The HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise,
 Both now, and evermore.
 Alleluia, Amen.



IX.

Now lovely, in the eastern sky,
 Shines forth the herald from on high ;
 And O ! how glad the news from heav'n,
 The KING is born, the SON is giv'n.

Behold the long-predicted sign,
 The Star of Jacob's ancient line.
 The Eastern Sages hail its rays,
 And raptur'd stand in anxious gaze.

But soon within their hearts doth shine
 Rays fairer still, and more divine,
 Which gently summons them to rise,
 And trust the guidance of the skies.

When GOD commands, the Wise obey,
 Love sees no danger in the way ;
 Home, neighbours, friends, their steps recall ;
 The Voice of GOD outweighs them all.

O while the Star of heav'nly grace
 Invites us, LORD, to seek THY FACE,
 May we no more that grace repel,
 Or quench that Light which shines so well.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 May ev'ry tongue and nation raise
 An endless song of thankful praise.
 Alleluia, Amen.



X.

THRO' Judah's land the SAVIOUR walks,
 The word of Life to teach ;
 HIS OWN HE seeks ; HIS OWN refuse
 To hearken to HIS speech.

And yet the Miracles HE works
 The SON of GOD proclaim ;
 The Deaf can hear, the Dumb pronounce
 The Great MESSIAH's Name.

But no ! they turn their ears away,
 His doctrine they repel ;
 They hate the Light, for ah ! they love
 Their night of sin too well.

But we, O GOD, THY Light desire,
 That shines so bright so fair ;
 O, guard our hearts, and let there be
 No love of darkness there.

O ever on THY chosen Saints
 Such blessings, LORD, bestow ;
 O may THY truth for ever shine,
 THY love for ever glow.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 Be glory from the Saints on earth,
 And from the Heav'nly Host.
 Alleluia, Amen.



Alleluia.



I.

ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above;
 Alleluia! thou repeatest,
 Angel-host, these notes of love;
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky;
 Alleluia! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high,
 We, poor exiles,
 Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn;
 Alleluia! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn.
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 HOLY GOD, we raise to THEE;
 Visit us with THY Salvation,
 Make us all THY Joys to see.
 Alleluia,
 Ours at length this strain shall be.
Amen.



II.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, Celestial lay;
Alleluia, is the glory

Of the Choirs in heav'nly day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God for aye.

Alleluia, joyful Mother
Of the blest—Jerusalem!
Alleluia, is the Anthem
That full well befitteth them;
While to sadness Babel's rivers
Exiles on the Earth condemn.

Alleluia, we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia, our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the Holy Time is coming,
That would have us sin deplore.

Wherefore supplicate we, lauding
THEE, O BLESSED TRINITY,
We at last may keep our Easter
In THY Home beyond the sky,
There to THEE our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.



Conversion of S. Paul.

Jan. 25.



I.

AINST what foemen art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on?
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the Sinless ONE.

O, how shortly
Shall HE make HIS vengeance known.
See, the LORD, from heav'n descending,
Smites Him, blinds Him; lays Him low;
See the Persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow;
See Him rising,
Friend to CHRIST, no longer foe.
Breathing Slaughter—Chains preparing,
O how fierce His anger burn'd;
Now that He has lost His daring,
And the Gospel truth has learn'd,
The Destroyer
Now into a Lamb is turn'd.

CHRIST, THY Pow'r is Man's Salvation,
And THY Love is here made known;
He who wrought such desolation,
That THY Cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that sacred cause his own.

Praise the FATHER, GOD of Heav'n,
HIM, who reigns Supreme on high;
Praise the SON, for Sinners giv'n
Both to suffer and to die:

Praise the SPIRIT,
Whoprepares us for the Sky, Alleluia, Amen.



II.

THE SHEPHERD slain, the wolf returns,
 Against the fold His anger burns ;
 He now begins with blindful shock,
 To scatter and destroy the flock.

But when there meets him on the road
 The Voice of His upbraiding God ;
 Those words at once his wrath remove,
 Exchang'd for faith and Holy love.

Now meek and gentle, foe no more,
 He tends the flock he smote before ;
 In captive bonds the captive led,
 The haughty Victor bows his head.

O THOU, who with a word hath strewn
 The lofty trees of Lebanon,
 THOU, whose all-pow'rful grace hath bow'd
 The haughty spirit of the proud.

THOU, SHEPHERD, lift THINE HAND to crush
 All foes that on THY Sheep-fold rush ;
 And turn us back whene'er we stray,
 And lead us on THINE OWN good way.

And now to GOD the THREE IN ONE,
 Be highest praise and glory done ;
 WHO calleth us from sin's dark night
 To walk in His Eternal Light.

Alleluia, Amen.



III.

PAUL, thou hast drain'd thy MASTER's cup,
 His bitter woes ador'd ;
 And by Thy suff'ring hath fill'd up
 The suff'ring of thy LORD.

Not only on thy body borne,
 Thy MASTER's mark imprest ;
 But HE within THY Spirit worn
 HIMSELF doth manifest.

So Holy Paul, thou liv'st no more,
 Art dead with HIM that died ;
 But in Thy bosom evermore
 Doth live the CRUCIFIED.

LORD ! in Paul's teaching, while we may,
 Still let us more abide ;
 And follow him on THY blest way,
 The follower, and the guide.

Grant this, O THOU in SPIRIT ONE,
 Thrice HOLY ONE and THREE,
 And ever be to THEE alone
 All praise eternally. Alleluia, Amen.

✠
 Purification of the B. V. Mary.

Feb. 2.



I.

TAIL t' Thee Mary ! full of grace,
 In whose Virgin-arms embrace,
 GOD to GOD, HIMSELF doth vow.

Let me in the temple wait,
 Let me meet THEE at the gate,
 JESU, for mine all art THOU.

GOD is to HIS Temple come ;
 Angels thron'g the hallow'd dome ;
 What beyond hath heav'n in store ?
 GOD HIMSELF our Flesh doth wear,
 Owns a Mother's tender care ;
 This than Heav'n itself is more.

•

Incense gales of gladness rise,
 Where this morning Sacrifice
 'Mid re-echoing shouts is made.
 Ev'ning's rites in tears shall end,
 And with bitter weeping blend,
 On the dark'ning cross display'd.

There behold th' oblation wrought,
 By WHOSE precious ransom bought,
 We are all to GOD made nigh.
 Now no longer, LORD, our own,
 To THY single service won,
 THINE we live, and THINE we die.

Let THY Servants now depart ;
 May we see THEE as THOU art ;
 Nought of earth arrest our eyes !
 If THOU keep us here below,
 Let us here with JESUS grow,
 And in HIM hereafter rise. Amen.



II.

D ZION ! open wide thy gates ;
 Let figures disappear ;
 A PRIEST and VICTIM both in ONE,
 The TRUTH HIMSELF is here.

No more the simple Flock shall bleed,
 Behold the FATHER'S SON !
 HIMSELF to HIS OWN Altar comes
 For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden DEITY,
 The lowly Virgin brings
 Her New-born BABE, with two young Doves,
 Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
 The LORD so long desir'd ;
 And hails, with Anna, Israel's Hope,
 With sudden rapture fir'd.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
 Of the yet silent WORD ;
 And pond'ring all things in her heart,
 With speechless praise ador'd.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON ;
 Praise to the SPIRIT be ;
 Praise to the BLESSED THREE IN ONE,
 Through all Eternity. Amen.



Annunciation of B. V. Mary.

March 25.



I.

WHOM Earth, and Seas, and Stars, and Light,
 With ceaseless praise declare ;
 The LORD of breadth, and depth, and height,
 Meek Mary's womb doth bear.

WHO Sun, and Moon, and Time, and Space,
 Their measur'd task assigns ;
 HIM fill'd with heav'n's o'ershad'wing grace
 A lowly Maid enshrines.

O Mother, blest with service high,
 Within whose Bosom laid,
 WHO fram'd the world, WHO spann'd the sky,
 His Secret place hath made.

40 ANNUNCIATION OF B. V. MARY.

Blest with the news from heav'n sent down,
In that all-hallow'd breast ;
She bears WHOM earth's deep yearnings own,
In GOD INCARNATE Blest.

JESU ! the Virgin Mother's Son,
To THEE all glory be ;
With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Through all Eternity. Amen.



II.

THIS is the day, the solemn day,
Which GOD appointed to convey,
Such news as made our sorrows cease,
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
To certain death consign'd us all ;
From certain death mankind to save,
His only SON th' ALMIGHTY gave.

Yes, HE, who was th' ETERNAL'S SON,
Ere time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

HE took on HIM our mortal state,
That HE might bear the sinner's fate ;
That so HIS BLOOD, in ransom giv'n,
Might take away the wrath of heav'n.

Yes, HE, the Infinite GREAT GOD,
In human flesh awhile abode ;
That we might high in glory dwell,
HE came as our Emmanuel.

REDEEMER of the world, to THEE
 All praise and glory render'd be ;
 And to the FATHER, KING of heav'n,
 And HOLY GHOST, all praise be giv'n.
 Amen.



Apostles.



TH' Apostles' glories let us sing,
 Unfading gifts of CHRIST our KING ;
 Their hard-won palms and circling rays
 Demand our joyous hymns of praise.

Princes of all the Churches they,
 Crown'd Chieftains of th' unearthly fray ;
 Of Courts Celestial sentries bright,
 Shedding o'er earth the pure true Light.

Theirs' is of Saints the Faith intent,
 Of trusting hearts the Hope unspent ;
 CHRIST's charity, in perfect glow,
 Laying the World's fell Tyrant low.

In them the FATHER's glory bright,
 In them the SON's Triumphal Might ;
 In them abides the SPIRIT's strong will,
 They the wide heav'n with gladness fill.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
 And THEE, blest SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 As aye it was, and aye shall be,
 All praise through all eternity.

Amen.



Martyrs.



OF the Martyrs we sing,
 Whom the purple adorns ;
 Who have follow'd their KING,
 In His dread Crown of Thorns.

Now their storms are all past,
 And their dark sea of Blood
 Hath convey'd them at last
 To their haven of good. .

Though the Tyrant is stern,
 Yet they fear not his rod,
 For their fears nought discern
 But the terrors of GOD.

Where fierce foemen pursue
 They shed their Life-Blood,
 As an offering due
 To JESUS their GOD.

With His Martyrs' own Blood,
 Then His BLOOD also pleads,
 Which once flow'd on the wood,
 And for them intercedes.

HE for us, who was spent,
 In His Fulness complete,
 Shall HIMSELF them present,
 For His FATHER made meet.

Dread JEHOVAH, we sing,
 In CHRIST JESUS made known ;
 Of all Martyrs the KING,
 Of all Martyrs the CROWN. Amen.



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Hymns

From Septuagesima to Trinity.



Septuagesima Sunday.



Matins.

TO-DAY the Blessed THREE IN ONE
Began the Earth and Skies;
To-day a Conq'r God the SON,
Did from the grave arise.

O may HE hear and aid each vow,
And Pray'r to HIM address,
And grant an Instant cleansing now,
A future glorious Rest.

FATHER of Purity and Light,
THY presence if we win,
'Twill shield us from the deeds of night,
The burning darts of Sin.

Fix in our hearts, REDEEMER dear;
The ever-gushing spring
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer
Souls sick and sorrowing.

THEE, bounteous FATHER, we entreat,
And only SON most sweet,
And LIFE-CREATING PARACLETE,
The EVERLASTING KING.

Amen.

Evensong.

BLEST MAKER of the Light,
 WHO, gav'st the days their birth,
 WHO, with a burst of glory bright
 Didst call creation forth.

WHO morn to eve did'st join,
 And bid'st us call them "day,"
 Now dismal chaos lowers again,
 To THEE we weep and pray.

Let not the burthen'd soul
 In folds of Sin self-wound,
 Self-blinded to the heav'nly goal,
 An outcast dark be found.

O let us sin no more,
 But cleanse each deadly stain,
 And stand and knock at Heav'n's high door,
 Till life's bright Crown we gain.

This grant us, FATHER kind,
 And THOU, Co-equal SON,
 And, HOLY GHOST, with both enshrin'd,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.



Sexagesima.



Matins.

MAKER of All, Eternal KING,
 WHO Day and Night about dost bring,
 WHO, weary Mortals to relieve,
 Dost in their times the Seasons give.

THY VOICE revives hope's fading fires;
Through the Sick frame new health inspires;
Sheathes the Murderer's weapon dark,
Lights in the fall'n faith's dying spark.

Look on us, JESU, as we fall,
And with that look our Souls recall;
If THOU but look, our stains are gone,
And with due tears our pardon won.

Shed through our hearts THY piercing ray;
Our Soul's dull Slumber drive away;
THY NAME be first on ev'ry tongue,
To THEE our earliest praises sung.

To GOD the FATHER in the height,
And to the SON, True LIGHT of LIGHT,
And HOLY GHOST all glory be,
Now and through all Eternity. Amen.



Evening.

AND now the day is past and gone,
HOLY GOD, we bow to THEE;
Again as nightly shades come on,
To THY Sheltering Side we flee.

For all the Ills this day hath done
Let our bitter sorrow plead,
And keep us from the Wicked One,
When ourselves we cannot heed.

Rav'ning he prowls THY fold around
In his Watchful circuitings,
FATHER, this Night let us be found
'Neath the Shadow of THY Wings.

Oh ! when shall that THY day have come,
 Day ne'er sinking to the West?
 That Country and that Holy Home,
 Where no Foe shall break our rest ?

Now to the FATHER and the SON
 We our feeble Voice would raise,
 With HOLY SPIRIT join'd in ONE,
 And from aye to aye would praise. Amen.



Quinquagesima.



Matins.

HE WHO once in righteous vengeance
 Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleans'd it
 With the stream of HIS OWN BLOOD,
 Coming from HIS throne on high,
 On the painful CROSS to die.

O the Wisdom of the ETERNAL !
 O the depth and height Divine !
 O the sweetness of that mercy,
 Which in JESU CHRIST doth shine !
 The guilty slave was doom'd to die,
 The GOOD KING pays the penalty.

When before the JUDGE we tremble,
 Conscious of HIS broken laws,
 May HIS BLOOD in that dread hour
 Cry aloud and plead our cause;
 Bid our guilty terrors cease ;
 Be our pardon and our peace.

PRINCE and AUTHOR of Salvation,
 LORD of Majesty Supreme,
 JESU, praise to THEE be given
 By the world thou didst redeem,
 Who, with FATHER and with SPIRIT,
 Reignest in Eternal Merit. Amen.



Cruising.

THOU GREAT CREATOR, art possesset,
 And thou alone, of endless rest,
 To Angels only it belongs
 To lift to THEE their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
 With ceaseless woe and endless pain;
 How then can we in exile drear
 Lift the glad song of glory here?

O THOU, who wilt forgiving be
 To all who truly turn to THEE,
 Grant us to mourn the hapless cause
 Of all our woes THY broken laws.

Then to such salutary grief
 Let faith and hope bring due relief;
 And we too shall be soon possesset
 Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY GHOST be glory done,
 Let equal praise to each be giv'n
 By all on Earth and all in heav'n. Amen.

Ash Wednesday.

I.

THE Solemn Season calls us now
 A Holy Fast to keep ;
 And see, within the temple, how
 Both Priest and People weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
 Or outward form of pray'r ;
 But let it in thy heart be known,
 That Penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat—thy clothes to rend,
 GOD asketh not of thee ;
 Thy stubborn soul HE bids thee bend
 In true humility.

Oh ! let us then with heartfelt grief
 Draw near unto our GOD,
 And pray to HIM to grant relief,
 And stay th' uplifted rod.

O Righteous JUDGE, if THOU wilt deign
 To grant us all we need,
 We pray for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.

Blest THREE IN ONE, with grief sincere,
 To THEE we humbly pray,
 That fruits of mercy may appear,
 To bless our fasting day. Amen.



II.

OF Sacred usage old,
 The Lenten fast appears ;
 The Church attends, and calls her fold
 To penitence and tears.

Such rites in days of yore
 The law, the Prophets shew'd ;
 CHRIST to the rite HIS witness bore,
 And sanctified the mode.

In food, in sport, in sleep,
 'Gainst o'er indulgence guard,
 And e'en in sinless pleasures keep
 A stricter watch and ward.

But, chief, each act of sin,
 Each wish, each thought control,
 Nor give the Tempter place to win
 Dominion o'er the Soul.

Avenging wrath appease,
 Draw nigh the mercy seat,
 And with meek voice, on bended knees,
 The JUDGE for grace intreat.

Grant, BLESSED TRINITY,
 UNDIVIDED UNITY,
 Our Lenten fasts and alms may be
 Made fruitful, LORD, in THEE. Amen.



III.

OF God, THY tender Love
 We by our Sins offend ;
 O pour THY Mercy from above,
 On us thy pardon send.

Think THOU, though weak our frame,
 THY Workmanship are we,
 O give not to another Name
 The honor due to THEE.

Correct the ill we've done,
 The good we seek improve,
 That here and ever we may run
 The way to gain THY Love.

THRICE HOLY ONE, THY Face
 To us propitious show,
 That we, THY Servants, may the grace
 Of true Repentance know. Amen.



IV.

Daily at Matins.

Q JESU, Sun of health Divine,
 Within our inmost Spirits shine;
 While, as black night flies fast away,
 More welcome dawns the new-born day.

WHO giv'st THINE OWN accepted hour,
 O give of tears a plenteous show'r,
 To wash the heart's true Sacrifice,
 That love's bright flame may brighter rise.

So from the fount of sin and woe
 Shall tears in endless torrents flow,
 If, duly bruised, the harden'd heart
 Beneath the Scourge of Penance smart.

The day draws on, THINE OWN blest day,
 When all things flourish fresh and gay,
 May we, with hearts by THEE made new,
 And homeward led, be joyous too.

B

Dread TRINITY, THY Throne before
 Let the round world low bow'd adore,
 And we, new Creatures, with new tongues,
 Sing in new worlds our glad new songs. Amen.



V.

Merciful CREATOR, hear
 Our pray'rs, which we devoutly bent,
 Pour forth to THEE with many a tear,
 In this most holy Fast of Lent.

THOU mildest SEARCHER of each heart,
 WHO know'st the weakness of our strength,
 To us forgiving grace impart,
 Since we return to THEE at length.

Much have we sinned, to our shame,
 But spare us who our sins confess,
 And, for the glory of THY NAME
 To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
 By means of outward abstinence,
 As that the sober watchful mind
 May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O BLESSED TRINITY,
 Pure UNITY! to this incline,
 That of our Fast the fruit may be
 A grateful Recompence for THINE. Amen.



VI.

WHILE THINE Avenging Arrows, LORD,
 Encompass us around,
 What Hand, but that, which caus'd the smart,
 Can cure the deadly wound?

We tremble, LORD, beneath thy rod,
 But we do not despair;
 We see the GOOD PHYSICIAN'S HAND
 In all HE bids us bear.

But Oh ! so fierce the contest burns,
 GOOD LORD, no more delay ;
 Oh ! yield not to their deadly foes
 THY People for a prey.

Our pray'r is heard, our foes depart,
 And we once more take breath ;
 THY death, O CHRIST, relieves the Soul
 From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascrib'd
 To GOD who reigns above,
 WHO scourges those WHOM HE receives,
 And chastens them in love. Amen.



VII.

HEAR, our All-gracious FATHER, hear
 The pray'rs which mix'd with many a tear,
 Deprest by sense of conscious crime,
 We offer in this Lenten time.

Kind SEARCHER of the hearts alone,
 To THEE our feeble strength is known ;
 To THEE we turn ; THY favor show,
 And pardon on our sins bestow.

Great are our sins and numberless :
 O spare us, who our sins confess ;
 Give med'cine to the languid soul,
 And make us for THY glory whole,

Grant us to curb the wand'ring sense,
 Subdu'd by wholesome abstinence,
 That temp'rate food without, within,
 May conquer lust and banish sin.

So be **THY** will, **THRICE** **HOLY**, done,
 In **PERSON** **THREE**, in Nature **ONE**,
 So spring therefrom our will subdu'd
 A fruitage **Holy**, **Just**, and **Good**. **Amen**.



VIII.

Daily at Evensong.

❶ **CHRIST**, that art the **LIGHT** and **DAY**;
 Who shed'st through night **THY** search-
 ing ray;
 Who very **LIGHT** of **LIGHT** art known,
 And Heav'ns own **Light** to earth hast shewn,

ALL **HOLY** **LORD**, to **THEE** we bend,
THY **Servants** through this night defend;
 O Grant us, **LORD**, in **THEE** to rest,
 Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let not the sleep of death oppress,
 Nor deadly foe our souls possess,
 Nor yielding flesh consent within
 To make us in **THY** **PRESENCE** sin.

Let but the eyes light slumber take,
 The heart to **THEE** be aye awake;
 Be **THY** Right **HAND** upheld above,
THY **Servants** resting in **THY** **Love**.

Our SUN and SHIELD, behold, from high,
 Bid all the pow'rs of darkness fly;
 THY Servants guard and guide for good,
 The purchase of THY precious BLOOD.

Remember us, dear LORD, we pray,
 In this frail body's laggard clay;
 WHO dost th' Immortal soul defend,
 Be with us SAVIOUR to the end.

To GOD, th' Eternal THREE IN ONE,
 To FATHER, and co-EQUAL SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, all glory be,
 Now and through all Eternity. Amen.



IX.

Motins. *IV. Sunday.*

LORD, when THY HAND five thousand fed
 With those five loaves of broken bread,
 E'en in the lips of those who ate
 THOU didst the growing meal create.


By its own waste th' exhaustless store
 Increas'd and multiplied the more;
 Nor wonder ye, such sight who view,
 These springs should flow exhaustless too.

Bread, through the HANDS that break it, pours
 Streams out—like Heav'n's spontaneous show'rs;
 Fragments unbroke, untouch'd supplies
 Around them, like the waters rise.

JESU, be THOU for ever blest,
 WHO to the Gentiles Manifest,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Art GOD, while endless ages run. Amen.

X.

Daily at Evensong.

 CHRIST our KING, who all hast made,
 The ransom for believers paid,
 As with meet praise to THEE we bend,
 THY Mercy on THY Suppliants send.

For THOU art HE, WHOSE grace benign
 Through healing CROSS's wounds divine,
 With mighty struggle rent in twain
 Our first forefathers' galling chain.

THOU, who the starry Host didst make,
 A cov'ring mean of flesh didst take,
 To undergo in love didst deign
 The vilest form of bitt'rest pain.

Yea, THOU wast girded to unbind
 The shackles strong of lost mankind ;
 THOU didst by thy reproach efface
 Sin laden earths' engrain'd disgrace.

Fix'd to the CROSS for sinners' sake,
 Earth to its centre THOU dost shake ;
 THOU dost THY MIGHTY SPIRIT yield,
 And heav'n and earth in night are veil'd.

Now thron'd a CONQ'ROR in the height,
 Resplendent with the FATHER's Light,
 Beneath THY SPIRIT's shielding wing
 THY Servants keep, all Gracious KING.

Amen.



Passion Sunday.



XI.

Matins.

THE Royal Banners forward go,
The CROSS shines forth with mystic glow,
Where HE in flesh, our Flesh WHO made,
Our Sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the Spear was dy'd,
LIFE's torrent rushing from HIS SIDE
To wash us in His precious flood ;
Where mingled WATER flow'd and BLOOD.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true Prophetic song of old ;
" Amidst the Nations, GOD," saith he,
" Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the TREE."

O TREE of Beauty, TREE of LIGHT,
O TREE with Royal purple dight ;
Elect, upon whose faithful breast
Those HOLY LIMBS should find their rest.

On Whose dear Arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's RANSOM hung,
The price of human-kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar THOU ;
Deck'd with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphal lays.

Hail, Altar ! Hail, O VICTIM ! THEE
 Decks now THY Passion's Victory ;
 Where LIFE for Sinners death endur'd
 And Life by death for man procur'd. Amen.



XII.

Cruising.

CHRISTIAN, ever keep in mind,
 Thee, the Font for CHRIST hath sign'd,
 Thee, the HOLY BLOOD bedew'd,
 Thee, the HOLY GHOST renew'd.

Ere thy head, at close of day,
 On thy pallet chaste thou lay,
 On thy forehead and thy breast
 Be the Cross, dread sign, imprest.

Darkness' self the CROSS shall fright,
 Ev'ry sin shall put to flight.
 Hallow'd thus, the wav'ring will,
 And the troubled heart are still.

Far from hence, dark phantoms, fly ;
 Haunting Demons, come not nigh :
 Ever waiting to betray,
 Arch-Deceiver, hence away.

Hence, for CHRIST, yea, CHRIST is here ;
 At His token disappear ;
 Lo, the sign thou well hast known
 Bids thy Cursed Crew be-gone.

Tho' the Body listless lie,
 Clos'd awhile the weary eye,
 Yet the soul in very sleep
 Shall with CHRIST her Vigil keep.

To th' Eternal THREE IN ONE,
 FATHER and co-EQUAL SON,
 KING of Kings, and SPIRIT blest,
 Endless glory be address. Amen.



Palm Sunday.

XIII.

Matins.

LET age to age Hosannas sing
 Glad shout of health and praise ;
 Now JESUS comes, Salvation's KING,
 A fallen world to raise.

Six days the Paschal night before
 At Beth'ny he arriv'd,
 Where, in His love—now three-days o'er,
 HE Lazarus reviv'd.

There Mary took of Spikenard sweet
 The precious pound and good ;
 Embalm'd her MASTER's Blessed FEET,
 And with her tears bedew'd.

Then JESUS, JUDGE of Heav'n supreme,
 On Ass's colt HE sate,
 And on to proud Jerusalem
 Advanc'd in solemn state.

O let us then run forth to greet
 Th' Almighty JUDGE and KING ;
 And, bearing palms of glory meet,
 With Child-like Spirit sing.

All Honor, might, and Sov'reignty
 To GOD TRIUNE in Heav'n;
 To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be
 Eternal glory giv'n. Amen.



XIV.

Evensong.

Up, Zion, up—thy KING behold,
 Unfold thy temple's gate;
 HE Comes, e'en as thy Seers have told,
 HIM with Hosannas greet.

From tender palm, the gath'ring throng
 The new-cut branches bring,
 With olive green they haste along
 To meet th' Immortal KING.

Before, behind, in concourse run,
 And, in the SPIRIT's might,
 "Hosanna," cry to David's SON,
 "Hosanna in the height."

Some strip them of their garments gay
 To deck the Royal Road;
 Some with bright flow'rs bestrew the way,
 As less unmeet for GOD.

At HIS approach with thrill intense
 The trembling city rang,
 But Judah's lisping Innocents
 His worthiest praises sang.

All honor, might, and sov'reignty
 To GOD TRIUNE in Heaven;
 To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be
 Eternal glory giv'n.

Passiontide.



XV.

The Seven last Words.



“ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

VICTIM HOLY, OFF’RING pure,
HOPE unfailing, REFUGE sure,
JESU, Grace and sweet Salvation,
WHO didst work man’s liberation.

WHO our sin didst expiate,
WHO our hearts dost re-create,
THOU nor bond, nor wound, nor bruise,
Scourge nor gibbet dost refuse.

While the CROSS its rage is venting,
While THY foes storm unrelenting,
While the Hammer’s stroke is falling,
While the Nails THY flesh are galling,

While each sense is stung with pain,
While the Life-BLOOD flows amain,
While the PASSION fierce oppresses,
And the straitness sore distresses,

THOU THY SIRE dost woo to grant
Pardon to the ignorant,

“ FATHER, FORGIVE THEM,” (THOU dost sue,)
“ FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.”

Amen.

XVI.

“Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be
with Me in Paradise.”

JESU, FOUNT, whence pardon flows,
JESU, Solace of our woes,
JESU, Theme of Souls relenting,
JESU, Hope of the repenting,
While THOU hangest pure from blame,
Partner with the thieves in shame.

While the One with taunts assails THEE,
And in mock’ry rudely hails THEE,
Cries in accents blasphemous,
“Straightway save THYSELF and us,
If the SON OF GOD THOU be,
THYSELF, WHO freed’st others, free.”

While, of Holier mood, the other
Sharply chides his scornful brother,
While his very self he blames,
And the JUST ONE THEE proclaims,
While to THEE He turns and prays,
“Think on me,” (he meekly says,)
“When Victorious THOU shalt come,
“Lord, into THY blissful Home.”

“THOU, WHO Souls dost draw to THEE,
“FRIEND of mourners, think on me.”
HE for grace doth humbly sue,
THOU dost grant him glory too,
Answering him, “I SAY TO THEE,
“VERILY, THIS DAY WITH ME
“THOU IN PARADISE SHALT BE.” Amen.

XVII.

“Woman, Behold thy Son.”

KING of Glory, STAR of Morn,
SON OF GOD, and Virgin Born,
Flow’r of Chastity unspoil’d,
Blessed Mary’s sinless CHILD.

While THY MOTHER, Holiest Maiden,
Stands with many a sorrow laden,
Mother loving, and belov’d,
Nurse of care most watchful prov’d,

Stands in tears and deeply sighing
Near the CROSS, and sees THEE Dying,
Sees THY Torments, till the sight
Her tender Soul o’ermasters quite,

On that Mother, ever blest,
THOU THY gracious eye doth rest ;
On that Form which anguish bows,
On each painful tear that flows,

Then turn’st to John, THY follower mild,
Lov’d, and loving, GOD’S OWN CHILD,
Fain in one sweet charge to blend
Mother dear and faithful friend,

“WOMAN,” (thus that lowly One
THOU dost cheer,) “BEHOLD THY SON ;”
Then dost bless THY duteous Brother,
Saying, “SON, BEHOLD THY MOTHER.”

Amen.



XVIII.

“ My God, My God, Why hast Thou
forsaken me.”

STRENGTH and Wisdom of th’ unborn,
Help and stay of man forlorn,
JESU, WHO the crowds to sate,
Didst th’ abundant meal create;
WHO, an INFANT, didst from far
Monarchs guide with herald star;

WHO didst wond’rous works achieve,
WHO didst ev’ry ill relieve,
WHO didst bid the dead awake,
WHO the glorious world didst make,
WHO the fiends didst scare away,
WHO THY foes didst prostrate lay;

Now the CROSS is come, and THOU
To THY FATHER’S Will must bow;
Now he bids THEE bear the grief,
Meek and Bound, nor seek relief;
Bids THEE rather suffer all,
Than th’ impatient legions call
THEE from Death to disenthral.

Thus the Cross, with Pang intense,
Thrills thro’ ev’ry wakeful sense,
Till with loud and bitter cry,
THOU dost call, “ ELI! ELI!”
Yea, the fierce pang that dreary pray’r doth
waken,
“ My GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU ME
FORSAKEN.” Amen.

XIX.

“ I thirst.”

JESU, mem'ry's richest treasure,
JESU, Sweetness without measure,
JESU, Hope and firm protection,
JESU, unalloy'd refection ;

While THOU 'rt on the cross extended,
Naked, lonely, unbefriended,
THEE each passer-by derides,
Till her Face e'en nature hides.

While THY foes with gibes assail THEE,
WHILE THINE OWN familiars fail THEE,
While the tight-strain'd joints are rack'd,
While the shrinking nerves contract,

While each angry wound is swelling,
While the gory streams are welling,
While the Mangled FLESH is quiv'ring,
While th' exhausted FRAME is shiv'ring,

Lo, a thirst THY Soul conceives,
And THY SPIRIT deeply heaves,
All THY Zeal for us to prove,
Holy ardour, earnest love.

Meek, THOU say'st, “ I THIRST,” I pant,
Life to MY Beloved grant,
WHO MYSELF an off'ring give,
That the dead through me may live. Amen.



XX.

“It is finished.”

JESU, who didst us and all
Free from sins disgraceful thrall,
Joy of ev’ry meek receiver,
Stay of ev’ry strong Believer ;

While each solemn function high
Of that woful Mystery
On the CROSS THOU deignst to bear,
SAVIOUR with most loving care ;

“Finishing” the rite of rites,
“Finishing” the last of fights,
“Finishing” life’s shadowy race,
“Finishing” the Work of grace ;

While death’s hour is hast’ning on,
While Life’s strength is all but gone,
While the end THOU ’rt bent to meet,
While the task is just complete ;

In a word the Sum is said,
THOU dost cry “’TIS FINISHED !”
Yea, the LORD is crucified,
Yea, for us the Lamb hath died,
Yea, the Precious BLOOD is shed,
Yea, our Souls are ransomed.

Now the Battle’s rage is o’er,
Legal burdens gall no more,
Now the Devil’s might is brav’d,
CHRIST HATH DIED, AND MAN IS SAV’D.
Amen.

XXI.

“ Father ! into Thy Hands I commend my
Spirit.”

WAY directest—Port secure,
Gate of Mercy—Patron sure,
Truth most healthful, Radiance bright,
Joy of Life, and heart's delight ;

While its latest strife sustaining,
Fast THY darken'd life is waning,
While this weary world THOU 'rt quitting,
And THY SPIRIT straight is flitting
To the Prison House below,
Willing us the way to show ;

Willing us with rule Divine,
Sons of earth to discipline ;
Willing mortals to provide,
Guardian strong and Holy Guide ;
And a SAVIOUR to display,
WHO shall raise these frames of clay ;

To THY HOLY FATHER's care,
THOU with cry and loving pray'r,
Patient of His Will Divine,
Doth THY SPIRIT meek resign ;
Then the word submissive said,
THOU dost bow THY SACRED HEAD.

Nail'd on the ignominious WOOD,
Bath'd, (O shame to tell,) in BLOOD
THOU giv'st up the GHOST—and lo !
Earth doth yield such signs of woe,
That the region far and wide,
Feels the SON OF GOD hath Died.

D

Nought so dull but makes lament,
Earth doth quake and rocks are rent,
Bursts in twain the temple's veil,
Graves disclose their tenants pale.

Hides the Moon her conscious Light;
And the Sun looks black as night;
Nature weeps, and thro' her tears,
A Voice the awe-struck list'ner hears,
"Marvel ye, my Face I hide?—
God hath suffer'd, God hath died!" Amen.



XXII.

Maunday Thursday.

OF the glorious body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing,
And the BLOOD all price, excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming,
In a gen'rous womb once dwelling,
HE shed forth, the Gentiles' KING.

Giv'n for us, for us descending,
Of a Virgin to proceed;
MAN with Man in converse blending,
Scatter'd HE the Gospel seed;
Till HIS Sojourn drew to ending,
Which HE clos'd in wond'rous deed.

At the last Great Supper seated,
Circled by HIS Brethren's band;
All the Law requir'd completed,
In the Meat its statutes plann'd,
To the Twelve HIMSELF HE meted,
For their FOOD with HIS OWN HAND.

WORD made flesh ! by Word HE truly
 Makes True Bread HIS FLESH to be,
 Wine CHRIST'S BLOOD becometh newly,
 And if Senses fail to see,
 Faith alone the true heart duly
 Strengthens for the Mystery.

Honor, laud, and praise addressing
 To the FATHER and the SON,
 Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
 And Eternal benison ;
 HOLY GHOST, from BOTH progressing
 Equal laud to THEE be done. Amen.



XXIII.

IN the LORD's atoning grief,
 Be our rest and sweet relief,
 Store we deep in heart's recess,
 All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and CROSS, and Nails and Lance,
 Wounds our Treasure that enhance,
 Vinegar, and Gall, and Reed,
 And the pang His Soul that freed.

May these all our Spirits sate,
 And with love inebriate,
 In our Souls plant Virtue's root,
 And mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified, we THEE adore !
 THEE, with all our hearts implore,
 Us with saintly bands unite
 In the realms of heav'nly light.

CHRIST ! by Coward Hands betray'd !
 CHRIST ! for us a Captive made !
 CHRIST ! upon the bitter tree
 Slain for man, be praise to THEE. Amen.



XXIV.

TO CHRIST WHOSE CROSS—repair'd our loss,
 Be praise and glory giv'n,
 Be HE the Song—of our glad throng,
 Echoing the lauds of heav'n.

May the strong throe—of THY last woe,
 THY SACRED BLOOD out-pour'd,
 Our hearts subdue—THY Grace to sue,
 JESU, REDEEMER, LORD.

By HIS All-glorious—wounds victorious,
 Spitting, Stripes, twisted Cord ;
 Gifts ever new—to us accrue,
 CHRIST's measureless reward.

Our hearts forlorn—with Grace to mourn,
 May THY blest wounds supply ;
 May that rich stream—Our Souls redeem,
 Kind framer of the sky.

Our hearts uplift—with the pure gift
 THY passion LORD secures,
 In pity deign—for us to gain
 The bliss that aye adores. Amen.



XXV.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ! WHOSE BROW,
 Mortals strove to darken o'er ;
 THOU to WHOM the mockers bow,
 THOU whose back the thongs begore ;

THEE we ask with earnest heed,
 Pour on us THY saving grace ;
 Deign in pity us to lead,
 Till we see THEE face to face.
 CHRIST, by Coward Hands betray'd !
 CHRIST, for us a captive made !
 CHRIST ! upon the bitter tree,
 Slain for man, be praise to THEE. Amen.



XXVI.

WHO along the mournful road,
 At the third dread hour did move,
 WHO didst bear the weary load,
 CHRIST, out of THY tender love ;
 Teach us so to love THEE, LORD,
 So direct us by THY grace,
 As to reach the blest reward
 Of THY heav'nly dwelling place.
 CHRIST ! by Coward hands betray'd !
 CHRIST ! for us a captive made !
 CHRIST ! upon the bitter tree,
 Slain for man, be praise to THEE. Amen.



XXVII.

THE CROSS for us see JESUS bear,
 And thirst's oppressive heat ;
 While ruthless nails transfix and tear
 HIS SACRED HANDS and FEET.
 The SON of GOD, the Crucified,
 Honor and praise beseem ;
 WHO on the CROSS in torments died,
 The exil'd to Redeem. Amen.

XXVIII.

CHRIST's blest passion liberate
 Us from sin's enthralling state ;
 May we thro' HIS CROSS possess
 Heav'n's unfading Blessedness.

To our LORD, who patient hung
 On the CROSS, be glory sung ;
 WHO with cry gave up the GHOST,
 MAN WHO sav'd thro' Adam lost. Amen.



XXIX.

WHO, by the pow'r—of that dread hour,
 The bonds of sin did burst in twain ;
 LORD, guide us sure—to peace secure,
 Blest leader of the Virgin train.

The nauseous draught—by THEE was quaff'd,
 Amid the stripes most bitterly ;
 All to efface—Sins' deadly trace,
 Eternal LORD, THOU KING MOST HIGH.

To THINE Elect—who have respect
 To all THY pains for sinners borne ;
 Grant Virtue's health—and saving wealth,
 Redeemer of a world forlorn.

With streams of BLOOD—a costly flood !
 The Altar of THY CROSS is gory ;
 JESU DIVINE—THOU KING benign,
 Partaker of th' Eternal's glory.

Th' Accuser Foe—THOU didst lay low,
 BLOOD of the LORD most innocent ;
 O let us haste—to the glad feast
 Of CHRIST the LAMB all-provident. Amen.

XXX.

Good Friday.



Matins.

OVERWHELM'd in depths of woe
Upon the TREE of scorn,
Hangs the REDEEMER of Mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See how the Nails those HANDS
And FEET so tender rend ;
See down HIS FACE, and NECK, and BREAST,
His SACRED BLOOD descend.

Hark, with what awful CRY,
His SPIRIT takes its flight ;
That CRY it pierc'd His Mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base,
Rocks wildly to and fro ;
Tombs burst, seas, rivers, mountains quake ;
The Veil is rent in two.

The Sun withdraws His light,
The Mid-day heav'ns grow pale ;
The Moon, the Stars, the Universe,
Their MAKER's Death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute ?
Come youth and hoary hairs ;
Come rich and poor, come all mankind,
And bathe those FEET with tears.

Come fall before HIS CROSS,
 Who shed for us HIS BLOOD!
 WHO died the VICTIM of pure LOVE,
 To make us SONS of GOD.

JESU, all praise to THEE,
 Our Joy and endless Rest;
 Be thou our GUIDE while Pilgrims here,
 Our Crown amid the Blest. Amen.



XXXI.

Cruising.

By the Cross sad Vigil keeping,
 Stood the Mother doleful weeping,
 Where her SON extended hung;
 For Her soul, of joy bereaved,
 Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,
 Lo the piercing sword hath wrung.

O, how sad, and sore distressed,
 Now was she, that Mother blessed,
 Of the SOLE-BEGOTTEN ONE;
 Woe begone with heart's prostration,
 Mother meek, the bitter PASSION
 Saw She of Her Glorious SON.

Who on CHRIST's fond Mother looking,
 Such extreme affliction brooking,
 Born of Woman would not weep;
 Who on CHRIST's fond Mother thinking,
 With Her SON in sorrow sinking,
 Would not share her sorrow deep.

For HIS Peoples' sins rejected,
 She her JESUS, unprotected,
 Saw with thorns, with Scourges rent;
 Saw Her SON from Judgment taken,
 Her Belov'd in death forsaken,
 Till HIS SPIRIT forth He sent.

With THY Mother's deep devotion;
 Make me feel her strong emotion,
 Fount of LOVE, REDEEMER kind!
 That my heart, fresh ardour proving,
 THEE my GOD and Saviour loving,
 May with THEE acceptance find. Amen.



XXXII.

Easter Eve.



Matins.

COME, darkness, spread o'er heav'n thy pall,
 Hide, Hide, O Sun, thy face;
 While we that bitter death recall,
 With all its dire disgrace.

And thou, with tearful cheek wast there;
 But with a heart of steel,
 Mary! Thou didst HIS Moanings hear,
 And all HIS torments feel.

HE hung before Thee, crucified,
 HIS FLESH with scourges rent;
 HIS BLOODY GASHES, gaping wide!
 HIS Strength and SPIRIT spent.

E

THOU, his dishonor'd countenance,
 And racking Thirst didst see;
 By turn the Gall, the Sponge, the Lance
 Were agony to Thee.

Yet, still erect in Majesty,
 Thou didst the sight sustain;
 O, more than martyr not to die,
 Amid such cruel pain.

Praise to the BLESSED THREE IN ONE,
 O may that strength be mine;
 Which, sorrowing o'er Her Only Son,
 Did in the Virgin shine. Amen.



XXXIII.

Evening.

WHO in the Grave—Hewn from a Cave;
 O guiltless KING, a Corpse did lie;
 Teach us to rest—Safe on THY breast,
 For THEE to live, in THEE to die.

WHOM THOU didst call—from errors thrall,
 Vouchsafe in dangers to befriend;
 And lead us on—E'en to THY THRONE,
 The Seat of Joys that never end.

CHRIST! by Coward Hands betray'd!
 CHRIST! for us a Captive made!
 CHRIST! upon the bitter tree,
 Slain for man, be praise to THEE! Amen.



I.

Easter Day.



Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

JESUS rises in the East ; Alleluia.
 Angels shout the joyful strain ; Alleluia.
 Earth re-echoes it again ; Alleluia.
 Death and Hell expiring groan. Alleluia, Amen.

CHRIST the LORD, Omnipotent, Alleluia.
 Crushes now the King of Death ; Alleluia.
 Hell's Serpent writhes His Heel beneath.
 Alleluia.
 Paradise opes wide her gates. Alleluia, Amen.

Stones refuse to hold their LORD ; Alleluia.
 Warriors quake at His approach ; Alleluia.
 Angels guard the Victor's couch ; Alleluia.
 Saints of old His Triumph grace. Alleluia.
 Amen.

Tears, thy courses cease to flow ; Alleluia.
 Grave, thy pangs no more may wound ; Alleluia.
 Angel-lips proclaim around— Alleluia.
 "CHRIST the LORD is ris'n indeed."
 Alleluia, Amen.

JESU, LORD, all Hail to THEE ! Alleluia.
 WHO wast dead, now ever liv'st ; Alleluia.
 With THY SIRE and SPIRIT blest, Alleluia.
 Endless Alleluias rise. Alleluia, Amen.



II.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

WINISH'D is the Battle now,
The Crown is on the VICTOR'S BROW ;
Hence with sadness—sing with gladness,
Alleluia.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
After sharp death had HIM befell,
JESUS CHRIST hath harrow'd Hell ;
Earth is singing—Heav'n is ringing. *Alleluia.*

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
On the third morning, HE arose
Bright with Victory o'er His foes ;
Sing we lauding—and applauding, *Alleluia.*

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
HE hath clos'd Hell's brazen door ;
Heav'n is open evermore !
Hence with sadness—sing with gladness,
Alleluia.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
LORD, by THY WOUNDS, we call on THEE
So from ill death to set us free ;
That our living—be thanksgiving.
Alleluia, Amen.



III.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

WE Sons and Daughters of the KING,
WHOM heav'nly Hosts in glory sing,
To-Day the grave hath lost its sting.
Alleluia.

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried LORD to seek.

Alleluia.

Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene, it was ;
And Mary, wife of Cleophas.

Alleluia.

An Angel clad in white was he,
That sat and spake unto the three,
“ Your LORD is gone to Galilee !”

Alleluia.

When John, th’ Apostle, heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came,
But, in the way out ran the same.

Alleluia.

That night th’ Apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, “ Peace be unto all here !”

Alleluia.

When Didymus had after heard,
That JESUS had fulfill’d His Word,
He doubted if it were the LORD.

Alleluia.

“ Thomas, behold MY SIDE !” saith HE,
“ MY HANDS, MY FEET, MY BODY see !
And doubt not, but believe in ME.

Alleluia.

No longer Thomas then denied,
He saw the HANDS, the FEET, the SIDE !
“ THOU art my LORD and God,” he cried.

Alleluia.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been ;
In Life Eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia.

On this most Holy Day of Days,
Be laud, and Jubilee, and praise ;
To GOD both heart and Voices raise.

Alleluia.

And we with Holy Church unite,
 As is both meet, and just, and right,
 In glory to the KING OF LIGHT. Alleluia. Amen.



IV.

1st. Sunday.

NOW at the LAMB's high royal Feast,
 In robes of Saintly White we sing;
 Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
 By JESUS our Immortal KING.

O depth of love! for us HE drinks
 The Chalice of HIS Agony!
 For us, a VICTIM on the CROSS,
 HE meekly gives HIMSELF to die.

And as th' Avenging Angel pass'd
 Of old, the BLOOD-besprinkl'd door!
 As the cleft Sea a Passage gave,
 Then clos'd to whelm th' Egyptians o'er.

So CHRIST, our Paschal Sacrifice,
 Has brought us safe all peril through;
 While for unleaven'd Bread we need,
 But heart sincere, and purpose true.

Hail, purest VICTIM, Heav'n could find,
 The pow'rs of Hell to overthrow;
 WHO didst the chains of death destroy,
 WHO dost the prize of life bestow.

Hail, VICTOR CHRIST! Hail, risen KING!
 To THEE alone belongs the Crown;
 Who hast the heav'nly gates unbarr'd,
 And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.

O JESU, from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt THOU be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the Souls new-born in THEE.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON,
 Who rose from death, be glory giv'n ;
 With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
 Henceforth by all in earth and heav'n.
 Alleluia, Amen.



V.

THOU, heav'nly SHEPHERD, THY true
 Flock
 In THY Baptismal Spring dost lave ;
 This is of Souls the Sprinkling Rock,
 This is of Sins the whelming grave.

THOU, SAVIOUR, on the CROSS wert laid,
 So long to our deserving ow'd
 The ransom of our Souls hast paid
 In lavish streams of precious BLOOD.

O JESU blest, to ev'ry breast
 Unceasing Paschal gladness be ;
 From blasting breath of Sin and death,
 The new-born Sons of Life set free.

FATHER to THEE all glory 'be,
 And SON, WHO from the dead art rais'd ;
 And SPIRIT blest, with BOTH confest
 ONE GOD, through endless ages prais'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.

VI.

Daily at Matins.

THE dawn is purpling o'er the sky,
 The air with Alleluias shakes;
 The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
 Hell in each shudd'ring cavern shakes.

Whilst HE, the KING, with strong RIGHT HAND,
 Leads forth from cells of death and night
 Th' imprison'd FATHERS' ghostly band,
 To gladd'ning beams of Life and Light.

WHOSE tomb so late the threefold ward,
 Of Watch, and Stone, and Seal did bind,
 Now, VICTOR ris'n, death's self hath barr'd,
 To that same tomb for aye consign'd.

Farewell, then, grave, a long farewell!
 To funeral tears, and grief, and pain;
 O hear yon glist'ning Angel tell,
 "Death's conqu'ring LORD is ris'n again."

O JESU, BLEST to ev'ry Breast
 Unceasing Paschal gladness be;
 From blasting breath, of sin and death,
 The new-born Sons of Life set free.

FATHER, to THEE, all glory be,
 And SON, who from the dead art rais'd;
 And SPIRIT BLEST, with BOTH confest,
 ONE GOD, through endless ages prais'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.

VII.

Daily at Evensong.

JESU, the World's Redeeming LORD,
Of SIRE most high, Co-equal WORD ;
Of LIGHT Invisible, true LIGHT,
THINE Israel's keeper, Day and Night.

THOU, framer of the World so wide,
WHO dost the times and Seasons guide,
Our limbs with daily toil opprest,
Refresh at night with quiet rest.

Meek Suppliants, LORD, THY help we crave,
THY Servants from the tempter save ;
Let not his arts avail to steal,
The Soul THY Saving Blood doth seal.

So while in darksome house of clay,
Through life's brief night THY Pilgrims stay ;
Our flesh in THEE may sweetly sleep,
Our Souls with THEE their Vigils keep.

We pray THEE, LORD of Heav'n and Earth,
In this our joyous Paschal mirth,
From ev'ry weapon death can wield,
THINE OWN Redeem'd, THY People shield.

Be THOU O LORD for ever prais'd,
WHO from the Grave to Life art rais'd ;
With SIRE and SPIRIT, ONE GOD and LORD,
From age to age for aye ador'd.

Alleluia, Amen.



VIII.

Matins.

FAIRER SUN is ris'n on Earth,
 To kindle high her Paschal mirth;
 Where now His more than Earthly beam,
 Th' Apostles see from JESUS stream.

See on His flesh the wounds Divine,
 Like purest Stars, all softly shine;
 And what their eyes have witness'd there,
 To all the wond'ring world declare.

O CHRIST our KING, our hearts possess,
 And with THY fost'ring PRESENCE bless;
 So may our tongue, in ceaseless praise,
 To THY Great NAME meet Anthems raise.

O JESU blest, to ev'ry breast
 Unceasing Paschal Gladness be;
 From blasting breath of Sin and Death
 The new-born Sons of Life set free.

FATHER, to THEE all glory be,
 And SON, WHO from the dead art rais'd;
 And SPIRIT blest, with BOTH confest,
 ONE GOD through endless ages prais'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.



IX.

Evensong.

TH' Apostles wept with hearts forlorn,
 The Bridegroom to the Burial borne,
 WHOM with that death of Blood and pain,
 His Servants' wicked hands had slain.

Yet had the weeping Maries heard
The Angels' sure and welcome word,
"The LORD HIS own full speedily,
Will visit with heart-gladd'ning eye."

E'en now as fast they bear along
The tidings to the downcast throng,
Lo, JESU's glist'ning form they meet,
And run to clasp their SAVIOUR's feet.

Swift to the Galilean height
Th' Apostles speed their eager flight;
There of their heart's desire possest,
With JESU's kindly Light are blest.

O JESU blest, to ev'ry breast
Unceasing Paschal Gladness be;
From blasting breath of Sin and Death,
The new-born Son's of Life set free.

FATHER to THEE, all glory be,
And SON, who from the dead art rais'd;
And SPIRIT Blest, with BOTH confest,
ONE GOD thro' endless ages prais'd.
Alleluia, Amen.



X.

Matins.

FOR JESUS on my Bed I'll look,
Clos'd on my heart its chamber door;
Each peopled haunt, each lonely nook,
For HIM with eager love explore.

With Mary, ere the day-light break,
With Plaintive heart's unutter'd cry;
I JESUS in the Tomb will seek,
Seek with my Spirit's inmost Eye.

With tears will bathe the Silent Stone,
 With Dove-like moanings fill the place;
 At JESU's feet, all prostrate thrown,
 Around them cling with fast embrace.

Yea, on THINE ev'ry step I'll press,
 Panting to know THY dear behest;
 Nor let my heart's deep sighing cease,
 Till with THY Saving PRESENCE blest.

JESU, our Paschal Gladness be,
 WHO art in heav'n our great Reward;
 Be all our glory LORD in THEE,
 Through endless ages aye ador'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.



XI.

WHEN CHRIST, by HIS OWN Servants slain,
 Had died upon the bitter CROSS;
 Th' Apostles of their joy bereft,
 Were weeping their dear SAVIOUR's loss.

Meanwhile an Angel, at the tomb,
 To Holy Women hath foretold;
 "The faithful flock shall soon with joy,
 Their LORD in Galilee behold."

Who, as they run the news to bring,
 Lo, straightway CHRIST HIMSELF they meet,
 All radiant with heav'nly LIGHT,
 And falling, clasp HIS SACRED FEET.

To Galilee's lone Mountain height,
 The Apostolic band retire;
 There blest with their dear SAVIOUR's sight,
 They taste in full their souls desire.

O JESUS, from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt THOU be
 The everlasting Paschal Joy
 Of all the Souls new-born in THEE.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON,
 WHO rose from death, be glory giv'n ;
 With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
 Henceforth by all in earth and heav'n.
 Alleluia. Amen.



XII.

Evensong.

D JESU ! KING adorable !
 O CONQUEROR Celestial !
 O Sweetness most ineffable !
 Crown of our longings, ALL in ALL !

O with us, LORD, at Ev'ning stay,
 And o'er us shed THY radiant light ;
 Our Soul's dark sadness drive away,
 And fill us with THY sweetness bright.

For on our Souls when THOU dost rise,
 O then the Very TRUTH doth shine ;
 The World's false glare and glory dies,
 And love Celestial glows within.

JESU, our Paschal Gladness be,
 WHO art in heav'n our great Reward ;
 Be all our glory LORD, in THEE,
 Through endless ages aye ador'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.

XIII.

Matins.

Now the time is drawing near,
Which the MASTER shall remove;
Little Children do not fear,
HE shall not forget HIS Love,
With the Banner'd CROSS unfurl'd,
Brave the troubles of the world.

At HIS WORD the passing storm
Shall the Holy Bow disclose;
Thence shall stoop joy's deathless form,
Smiling on your vanish'd woes;
While the world's brief pleasures flow
To the gulf of endless woe.

HE, WHO as a Brother died!
WHO in the cold grave below
Laid HIM by HIS Brethren's side;
HE must hence before you go,
Heav'nly Mansions to prepare,
Which HIS faithful Ones shall share.

Grant us, LORD, with THEE to die,
And, by THY Pure Wisdom blest,
Lay up wealth beyond the sky,
Put on the Immortal Vest!
When all things with one accord
Sing the TRIUNE HOLY LORD.

Alleluia, Amen.



XIV.

Evensong.

TRUE VICTIM, giv'n from highest heav'n;
 WHOM deeps of Hell their CONQ'ROR
 own;
 WHO Death's strong chain—hath rent in twain,
 And rescu'd Life's unfading crown!

The Vict'ry won, Hell's pow'r o'erthrown,
 CHRIST's Banner waves in open sky;
 Heav'ns gates, behold—to HIM unfold,
 And dragg'd in chains the dark King lie.

O JESU blest, to ev'ry breast,
 Unceasing Paschal Gladness be;
 From blasting Breath of Sin and death,
 The new-born Son's of Life set free.

FATHER, to THEE, all Glory be,
 And SON who from the dead art rais'd!
 And SPIRIT blest, with BOTH confest;
 One GOD, through endless ages prais'd.
 Alleluia, Amen.



Ascension Day.



I.

TO-DAY above the sky HE soar'd! Alleluia.
 The KING of Glory CHRIST the LORD!
 Alleluia.
 He sitteth on the FATHER's HAND! Alleluia.
 And ruleth sky, and sea, and land! Alleluia.

Now all things have their end foretold Alleluia.
 In Holy David's song of old ; Alleluia.
 My LORD is seated with the LORD, Alleluia.
 Upon the Throne of GOD ador'd ! Alleluia.

In this great triumph of our KING, Alleluia:
 To GOD on high all praise we bring ; Alleluia.
 To HIM all thanks and laud give we, Alleluia.
 The ever BLESSED TRINITY. Alleluia, Amen.



II.

KING ETERNAL, Pow'r unbounded !
 Strong THY faithful ones to save ;
 Death to THEE, all deadly wounded,
 Triumph and high glory gave.

Through the starry orbs ascending,
 Where THY Throne of Glory call'd ;
 Rob'd from heav'n with pow'r unbending,
 By no human hand install'd.

There THY kingdoms Three adore THEE,
 Heav'n above, and earth below ;
 Darkest Hell beneath—before THEE
 All—the knee submissive bow.

Heav'n's high host with awe beholdeth
 Death to life restor'd again ;
 FLESH corrupteth, FLESH remouldeth,
 FLESH, true GOD of GOD, doth reign.

Who in heav'n our Crown remainest,
 O'er our earthly sorrows beam ;
 Who the round world's frame sustainest,
 O'er all worldly joys supreme.

LORD, from earth our pray'rs pursue THEE ;
 SAVIOUR, all our Sins forgive ;
 Lift our hearts on high unto THEE,
 By THY grace uprais'd to live.

So, when THOU at THY swift coming
 From THY Judgment-cloud shalt shine,
 THOU may'st stay our righteous dooming,
 And our forfeit crowns assign.

Hail to Heav'n, in triumph riding,
 JESU, THEE shall all adore,
 In THY FATHER's might abiding
 With ONE SPIRIT evermore.

Alleluia, Amen:



III.

REDEEMER, now THY work is done ;
 Death owns THY Pow'r, the prize is won ;
 And now once more we see THEE rise,
 Returning to THY native skies.

A Radiant cloud is now THY seat,
 And Earth lies stretch'd beneath THY FEET ;
 While Myriads, in their bright array,
 Attend THEE Homeward on THY way.

Beside the everlasting gates
 The Angel Host enraptur'd waits ;
 HE Comes, He Comes, and God's high throne
 Receives at length the HOLY ONE.

There JESUS, THOU hast never ceas'd
 To be our FRIEND, our great HIGH PRIEST ;
 Pleading in our behalf THY BLOOD,
 That Holy Reconciling Flood.

And thence the Church, THY Chosen Bride,
 With Spiritual gifts suppli'd;
 Through all her members, draws from THEE
 Her hidden Life of Sanctity.

And thence, when perils close around,
 THOU makest us maintain our ground;
 'Tis THY Right ARM subdues our Foes,
 THY HAND the Victor's prize bestows.

All praise to JESUS CHRIST be giv'n,
 The CONQ'ROR WHO returns to Heav'n;
 With praise exalt, ye heav'nly host,
 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
 Alleluia, Amen.



IV.

AUTHOR of lost Man's Salvation;
 JESU, each true heart's delight;
 FRAMER of the new Creation,
 LIGHT of lovers chaste and bright.

LORD, what mighty mercy bow'd THEE,
 Thus to bear THY Creature's sin!
 Guiltless, bidding death o'er-cloud THEE,
 Guilty souls from death to win.

Bursting through the Gulf infernal,
 THOU unchain'st the captive band;
 Triumphant in state supernal,
 Sitting now at GOD'S RIGHT HAND.

O may yet THY Pity turn THEE
 To repair our ruin'd plight;
 Cleans'd in beauty to discern THEE,
 Fill'd with THINE All-hallowing LIGHT.

THOU the way dost heav'nward lead us,
 Goal to which all hearts must tend ;
 Solace sweet 'mid tears to speed us,
 Crown of Life, when tears shall end.

Hail to Heav'n in triumph riding,
 JESU, THEE shall all adore ;
 In THY FATHER's Might abiding
 With ONE SPIRIT evermore.

Alleluia, Amen.



Whitsunday.



I.

HOLY SPIRIT, from on high
 Come, and from the op'ning sky
 Shed THY Ray of heav'nly Light.
 Come, KIND FATHER of the Poor,
 Come, with all THY bounteous store;
 Come, of hearts the INMATE bright:

SWEETEST COMFORTER, and best,
 Of the Soul most welcome GUEST ;
 PRESENCE calm in fev'rish day.
 In all toil REFRESHMENT sweet,
 COOLING BREATH 'mid Noontide heat,
 GOD, that wip'st all tears away.

LIGHT Most HOLY—Most DIVINE,
 In our inmost Bosoms shine ;
 Fill THINE OWN with THY true Grace.
 For without THINE hallowing Flame,
 Nought in man is free from blame,
 Nought in all this sinful race.

Wash whate'er of stain is here,
 Sprinkle what is dry or sere,
 Heal and bind the wounded sprite.
 Bend whate'er is stubborn still,
 Kindle what is cold and chill,
 What hath wander'd guide aright.

O to ev'ry faithful heart,
 LORD, THY sev'nfold gift impart,
 That THINE OWN in THEE may live.
 Give the meed THY Grace hath won,
 Crown the work Thyself hast done ;
 Everlasting gladness give.

Alleluia, Amen.



II.

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR, come
 From THY bright Heav'nly throne ;
 Come, take possession of our souls,
 And make them all THINE OWN ;

THOU, WHO art call'd the PARACLETE,
 Blest GIFT of GOD above ;
 The LIVING SPRING, the LIVING FIRE,
 SWEET UNCTION and TRUE LOVE ;

O THOU, WHO art sev'nfold in grace,
 FINGER of GOD'S RIGHT HAND ;
 HIS PROMISE, teaching little ones
 To speak and understand ;

O guide our minds with THY Blest LIGHT,
 With LOVE our hearts inflame ;
 And with THY STRENGTH, which ne'er decays,
 Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from us drive our hellish foes,
 True PEACE unto us bring ;
 And through all perils lead us safe
 BENEATH THY SACRED WING.

Through THEE may we the FATHER know,
 Through THEE, th' ETERNAL SON ;
 And THEE, the SPIRIT of them BOTH,
 Thrice Blessed THREE IN ONE.

All glory to the FATHER be,
 With HIS CO-EQUAL SON ;
 The like to THEE, GREAT PARACLETE,
 Till time itself be done.

Alleluia, Amen.



III.

AGAIN the circling seasons tell
 The Blest and joyous hour ;
 When erst upon th' Apostles fell
 The SPIRIT's hallowing show'r.

In flame-drops lights the THRILLING FIRE,
 A TONGUE, its Mystic form,
 Each mouth with WISDOM to inspire,
 With LOVE each heart to warm.

In ev'ry tongue their voice is heard,
 The Gentiles tremble round ;
 The hearts, in Whom the SPIRIT stirr'd
 They deem in new wine drown'd.

'Tis all in mighty Myst'ry done,
 The Paschal season past ;
 The Pentecostal days outrun,
 Remission comes at last.

To THEE, All-pitying LORD, we pray ;
 To Earth before THEE bend ;
 THY SPIRIT BLEST from heav'n this day
 On us THY Suppliants send.

Who didst ere-while each hallow'd heart
 Replenish with THY Grace ;
 To us THY Pardon, LORD, impart,
 And in our time give Peace.

To GOD the FATHER glory be,
 And SON, from Death uprais'd,
 And HOLY SPIRIT—PERSONS THREE,
 One GOD for ever prais'd.

Alleluia, Amen.



IV.

THOU, with the FATHER and the SON,
 United SPIRIT BLEST ;
 To us THY healthful grace be shown,
 And foster'd in our breast.
 By lips, by mind, by heart exprest,
 May meet confession sound ;
 May love's bright flame within us rest,
 And spread its warmth around.

Our souls with peace and comfort bless,
 Dissensions' heats allay ;
 And lead us on to righteousness,
 By truth's unerring way.
 So night by night, and day by day
 THY HOLY WILL be done ;
 While THEE we seek, and with THEE pray,
 The FATHER and the SON.

Alleluia, Amen.





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7

Hymns. Trinity to Advent.

I.

THREE HOLY ONE, all glorious TRINE,
Who wield'st the world in might DIVINE:
O hearken to the hymn of praise,
Which wak'd in THEE, to THEE we raise.

The golden day-star ris'n on high
Heralds the Sun's red chariot nigh;
The night's dark shadows melt away;
O may it in our souls be day!

To GOD the FATHER, praise in heav'n;
And to th' Eternal SON be giv'n;
And HOLY GHOST with BOTH confest;
ONE GOD thro' endless ages blest.

Amen.

II.

THE fiery Sun now fades from sight:
O UNITY, unwaning light,
O TRINITY, alone Divine,
Into our darkling bosoms shine.

To THEE, at Morn our lauds we wing,
To THEE, at Eve our Vespers sing;
O grant, when Morn and Eve are o'er,
We may with Angels THEE adore.

To FATHER, and co-EQUAL SON,
And THEE, blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;
As aye it was, and aye shall be,
All praise through all eternity.



III.

GREATOR of mankind,
 THY promis'd help we claim ;
 That so our life THOU may'st not find
 Unworthy of THY NAME.

If THOU THY Grace deny,
 We cannot rightly strive ;
 In THEE alone to sin we die,
 In THEE alone we live.

Our goings, LORD, uphold,
 Till this dark vale be past ;
 Till in THY fear for ever bold,
 We reach THY rest at last.

O happy, peaceful rest,
 Prepar'd for Saints above ;
 Where they with all THY joys are blest,
 And drink THY streams of love.

O TRINITY DIVINE,
 To THEE our hearts we raise ;
 May we THY ransom'd people join,
 And share their song of praise.
 Amen.

IV.

COME HOLY GHOST, who ever ONE,
 Art with the FATHER and the SON ;
 Come HOLY GHOST, our Souls possess
 With THY full flood of holiness.

Let mouth, and heart, and flesh combine
 To herald forth our Creed Divine ;
 And love so wrap our mortal frame,
 That others catch the living flame.

This Grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER of all, co-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER ;
 Eternal GOD-HEAD, THREE IN ONE.
 Amen.

V.

N ! 'TIS our duty, first of all,
 To love the LORD most high ;
 And next we learn to keep the law
 Of Holy charity.

O LORD our fellowship regard,
 In THY great name begun ;
 In number though we myriads be,
 Yet all our hearts are one.

And faith is ours, and truth sincere,
 And grace, and holy joy ;
 O, then, may no unholy strife
 This sacred love destroy.

But teach us, LORD, more strictly still
 This Holy rule to keep ;
 With Saints rejoicing to rejoice,
 With weeping Saints to weep.

TRIUNE JEHOVAH, to THY NAME
 Be endless glory giv'n,
 Who fashionest with Holy love
 The hearts of THINE for heav'n.
 Amen.

VI.

THE blazing Sun is well nigh gone,
 But THOU, O undivided ONE,
 Art LIGHT unwaning : Blessed TRINE,
 Shed in our hearts THY ray Divine.

THEE, in our lauds at break of day,
 THEE, LORD, at eve we meekly pray,
 That THOU vouchsafe us, deeply aw'd,
 'Mid Saints and Angels, THEE to laud.

At once to FATHER and the SON,
 As from the first hath aye been done ;
 And also, HOLY GHOST, to THEE
 Thro' endless ages glory be.

Amen.

VII.

OF boundless love Parental Source,
 WHO rul'st the round world's circling
 course,

WHO in THREE PERSONS art confest,
 Only ONE GOD for ever blest.

Uplift us, rising by THY HAND,
 That calm in THEE our souls may stand ;
 And kindling into GOD's High praise,
 To THEE their grateful Anthems raise.

FATHER to THEE, all praise be done,
 And THEE, alone, co-EQUAL SON ;
 And HOLY SPIRIT, unto THEE,
 Through all the long Eternity

Amen.

VIII.

LIGHT of the Soul, O SAVIOUR blest,
 Soon as THY PRESENCE fills the breast ;
 Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
 And all is Sweetness and delight.

Son of the FATHER, LORD most High,
 How glad is he, who feels THEE nigh ;
 How sweet in heav'n, THY beam doth flow,
 Denied to eye of flesh below.

O LIGHT of LIGHT celestial,
 O Charity ineffable ;
 Come in THY hidden Majesty,
 Fill us with love, fill us with THEE.

To JESUS from the proud conceal'd,
 But evermore to Babes reveal'd ;
 All glory with the FATHER be
 And HOLY GHOST eternally.
 Amen.

IX.

THOU, True Life of all that live,
 WHO dost unmov'd all motion sway ;
 WHO dost the morn and ev'ning give,
 And thro' its changes guide the day.

THY Light upon our Ev'ning pour,
 So may our souls no sunset see ;
 But death to us an open door
 To an Eternal morning be.

FATHER of Mercies, hear our cry,
 Hear us, O Sole Begotten SON ;
 WHO, with the HOLY GHOST most High,
 Reignest, while endless ages run.
 Amen.

X

HOLY SPIRIT, ever ONE,
 With the FATHER, and the SON :
 Deign within our bosom's cell,
 In THY flood of Light to dwell.

So shall tongue, heart, soul, and might,
 In one thrill of praise unite ;
 So shall love in flames burst out,
 Kindling hearts all round about.

Gracious FATHER grant this Boon,
 Grant it SOLE CO-EQUAL SON ;
 With the SPIRIT, thron'd on high,
 God ! thro' all Eternity.

Amen.

XI.

OUR praises, LORD, THOU dost not need,
 But we THY children are ;
 And THOU art pleas'd THY grace to give
 To long unceasing pray'r.

THY dark decrees are like the night,
 When silence reigns around ;
 THY love is like the beauteous morn,
 With glowing sunbeams crown'd.

THY Wonders, LORD, oppress the mind,
 And make the tongue to cease ;
 But love still burns within the heart,
 And will not hold its peace.

O let it then break forth to THEE,
 Our FATHER and our LORD ;
 Our only consolation now,
 Our future great Reward.

Yea, thither tend our eager hearts,
 Tho' weak the flesh may be ;
 O JESUS, be THYSELF our Guide,
 And draw our souls to THEE.

Amen.

XII.

OJESU, who art gone before,
 To THY blest realms of light ;
 O thither may our Spirits soar,
 And wing their upward flight.

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to THEE ;
Which pass the carnal hearts' desire,
Which faith alone can see.

When to HIS Saints, as their Reward,
HIMSELF JEHOVAH gives ;
And thus its all-sufficient LORD
The faithful soul receives.

To guide us to THY glories, LORD,
To lift us to the sky ;
O may THY HOLY GHOST be pour'd,
Upon us from on high !

Praise to the FATHER and the SON,
Who dwells aloft in heav'n ;
And to the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Let equal praise be giv'n.
Amen.

XIII.

GOD of all the strength and stay,
Who unmov'd dost motion sway ;
Dost the day-light hours divide,
And in due succession guide.

Give at Eve THY Sunshine bright,
Shed o'er death THY holy Light ;
So our day may ne'er go down,
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious FATHER, grant this boon,
Grant it, SOLE CO-EQUAL SON ;
With the SPIRIT thron'd on high,
GOD ! thro' all Eternity.
Amen.

XIV.

THOU pure light of souls that love,
 True joy of every human breast;
 Sower of life's Immortal seed,
 Our **MAKER** and **REDEEMER** blest.

What wond'rous pity **THEE** o'ercame
 To make our guilty load **THINE** own,
 And sinless suffer death and shame,
 For our transgressions to atone !

JESU ! may pity **THEE** compel
 To heal the wounds of which we die ;
 And take us in **THY** Light to dwell
 Who for **THY** blissful **PRESENCE** sigh.

Be **THOU** our Guide, be **THOU** our goal,
 Be **THOU** our Pathway to the skies ;
 Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
 In death our everlasting prize.
 Amen.

XV.

MY **GOD**, I love **THEE**, not because
 I hope for heav'n thereby ;
 Not because they who love **THEE** not,
 Must die eternally.

THOU, O my **SAVIOUR**, **THOU** didst me
 Upon the cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 The shame and dark disgrace.

And grief and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself, and all for me,
 Who was **THINE** enemy.

B

Then why, O BLESSED JESU CHRIST,
Should I not love THEE well?
Not for the sake of winning heav'n,
Or of escaping Hell.

Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward;
But as THYSELF hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD.

E'en so I love THEE, and will love,
And in THY praise will sing,
Solely, because THOU art my God,
And my eternal KING.

Amen.

XVI.

AND now the Sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend;
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

LORD, on the CROSS, THINE ARMS were stretch'd
To draw us to the sky;
O grant us then that CROSS to love,
And in THOSE ARMS TO DIE.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST;
All glory be, from Saints on earth,
And from the Angel Host.

Amen.

XVII.

GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Life and Pow'r;
Dispensing Life in silence thro'
Ev'ry successive hour,

LORD brighten our declining day,
 That it may never wane ;
 Till death when all things round decay,
 Brings back the morn again.

This Grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER, CO-EQUAL SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
 Eternal THREE IN ONE.

Amen.

XVIII.

BORN of morn, and day of days,
 Silent as the morning's rays ;
 From the Sepulchre's dark prison
 CHRIST the LIGHT of lights hath ris'n.

HE commanded, and His Word
 Death and the dread chaos heard ;
 We, O shame, more deaf than they
 In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature 'neath the shadow lies,
 Let the Sons of Light arise ;
 All throughout night's stillness deep
 Holy Symphonies to keep.

While the dead world sleeps around,
 Let the sacred temples' sound ;
 Law and Prophet, and blest Psalm,
 Lit with Holy Light so calm.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak
 Let the heav'nly trumpet speak ;
 And like streaks of early morn,
 New ways mark the newly born.

Grant us this and with us be,
 Sole fountain of all charity ;
 THOU, WHO dost the SPIRIT give,
 Bidding the dead letters live.

Equal praise to FATHER, SON,
 And to THEE, the HOLY ONE;
 By WHOSE quick'ning breath divine,
 Our dull spirits burn and shine.
 Amen.

XIX.

THOU, whose throne is hid from men,
 By more than earthly rays:
 Before WHOSE face, e'en seraphs shrink,
 And tremble as they gaze.

Here we THY people sit forlorn,
 In darkness doom'd to dwell;
 But soon THY bright eternal Day
 That darkness shall dispel.

This day THOU hast in store for us,
 This day so fair and bright;
 How faint the mid-day sun compar'd
 With its Celestial light.

And yet, too long thou lingerest,
 O long expected day;
 For why? this body's toilsome load
 Must first be cast away.

But when the soul hath wing'd her flight,
 From earthly bondage free;
 To see THEE, love THEE, praise THY NAME,
 Her endless task shall be.

O may we so, blest THREE IN ONE,
 THY present light improve,
 That we hereafter may enjoy,
 THY glorious beams above!
 Amen.

XX.

GOD, the LORD of place and time,
 WHO ord'rest all things prudently ;
 Bright'ning with beams the op'ning prime,
 And burning in the mid-day sky.

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
 The wasting fever of the heart ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And to our souls THY peace impart.

This Grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER of all, CO-EQUAL SON ;
 And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
 Eternal GOD-HEAD, THREE IN ONE.
 Amen.

XXI.

SOURCE of LIGHT and LIFE Divine,
 THOU didst cause the Light to shine ;
 THOU didst bring THY Sunbeams forth
 O'er THY new-created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
 Took from THEE the name of day ;
 Now again the shades are nigh,
 Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt opprest,
 Lose the way to endless rest ;
 May no thoughts impure and vain,
 Draw our souls to earth again.

May we lift them to the skies,
 Where our much-lov'd treasure lies ;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life.

HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
 HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE;
 Praise and glory be to THEE,
 Now and thro' Eternity.

Amen.

XXII.

CREATOR of the radiant Light
 Dividing day from sable night;
 WHO, with the Light's bright origin,
 The world's Creation didst begin.

WHO of the morn and ev'ning ray
 Mad'st measur'd light and call'd it day;
 Black night begins to cloud the spheres,
 Vouchsafe to hear our sighs and tears.

Whilst with our crimes we burden'd are,
 And fall'n a prey to Satan's snare;
 Whilst fading pleasures us deceive,
 Let not our souls our bodies leave.

Let us at heav'n for mercy knock,
 Let us the gates of life unlock;
 Whatever's evil, let us fly,
 And punish past iniquity.

This grace on THY Redeem'd confer,
 FATHER of all, CO-EQUAL SON;
 And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
 Eternal GOD-HEAD, THREE IN ONE.

Amen.

XXIII.

HOW can worthy praises, LORD,
 To THEE by man be giv'n?
 From WHOM alone true light proceeds
 To show the way to Heav'n.

The faith we need to serve THEE well
 THOU dost THYSELF supply ;
 That faith which sanctifies the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high.

No pompous rites can e'er atone
 For want of Grace within ;
 The secret pray'r—the lowly sigh,
 THY favour best can win.

O THOU, who dost the proud abhor,
 And humble souls approve,
 That we in humble faith may grow,
 Our sinful pride remove.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
 Our praises shall ascend ;
 For on the BLOOD of CHRIST alone
 Our faithful hearts depend.

Amen.

XXIV.

THREE HOLY GOD, of wond'rous might,
 O TRINITY of love divine ;
 To THEE belongs unclouded LIGHT,
 And everlasting joys are THINE.

About THY Throne dark clouds abound,
 About THEE shine such dazzling rays,
 That angels as they stand around
 Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

THY New-born people, gracious Lord,
 Confess THEE in THY OWN GREAT NAME ;
 By hope they taste the rich reward,
 Which faith already dares to claim.

FATHER, may we THY laws fulfil,
 Bless'd SON, may we THY precepts learn ;
 And THOU, Bless'd SPIRIT, guide our will,
 Our feet unto THY pathway turn.

Thus, FATHER, may thy will be done ;
 Thus, may THY fold THY NAME adore ;
 Together with THY Blessed SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, for evermore.
 Amen.

XXV.

PARENT of All, WHOSE love display'd,
 Still rules the world THY bounty made ;
 Fain would we raise the Hymn to THEE,
 In Substance ONE, in PERSONS THREE.

Fain would we chant to THEE the Song
 Which through the Ages all along,
 Is chanted by THY heav'nly train,
 And earth resounds to heav'n again.

Taught by THY Word, this festal day
 Our homage of true faith we pay ;
 O in that faith preserve us still,
 And shield us evermore from ill.

That still our lips THY praise may show,
 And all THY Holy Church below ;
 Together, with the Angel Host,
 Sing, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

XXVI.

CHRIST, who hast prepar'd a place
 For us around THY Throne of Grace ;
 We pray THEE, lift our hearts above
 And draw them with the cords of love.

Source of all Good, THOU, gracious LORD,
 Art our exceeding great Reward ;
 How transient is our present pain !
 How boundless our eternal gain !

With open face, and ravish'd heart,
 We then shall see THEE as THOU art;
 Our love shall never cease to glow,
 Our praise shall never cease to flow.

THY never-failing grace to prove
 A surety of THINE endless love,
 Send down THY HOLY GHOST to be
 The raiser of our Souls to THEE.

O future JUDGE, Eternal LORD,
 THY NAME be hallow'd and ador'd;
 To GOD the FATHER, KING of Heav'n,
 And HOLY GHOST, like praise be giv'n.
 Amen.

XXVII.

N'T WAS a day both bright and good
 To us poor mortals giv'n,
 When JESUS open'd by HIS BLOOD
 The long-clos'd doors of Heav'n.

For JESUS is HIS people's head,
 Where HE is, we shall be;
 If we are by HIS SPIRIT led,
 His glory we shall see.

Though HE is now gone far from hence
 In SPIRIT, HE is near;
 And by HIS blessed Influence
 The fainting Soul can cheer.

But oh! that day to wicked men
 What terrors 't will disclose!
 That day when HE shall come again
 To rid HIM of HIS foes.

The JUDGE, by sinners slain, that day
 His office shall assume;
 And strike HIS Judges with dismay
 At their tremendous doom.

HIS Soul to death HE freely gave
 To set the guilty free ;
 Those Men, whom JESUS will not save,
 What must their portion be ?

To CHRIST the future Judge be praise
 From all the Angel Host ;
 Like Worship to the FATHER raise,
 And to the HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

XXVIII.

ALL gracious JESU, let me know
 The wealth of THINE o'erflowing love ;
 Give, in THY PRESENCE here below,
 The earnest of that bliss above.

'T is good to love THEE endlessly,
 For nought beyond to seek or strive ;
 Good wholly to myself to die,
 That I to THEE may wholly live.

O JESU, to my soul most dear,
 My breathless Spirit's distant goal ;
 For THEE cries out each tender tear,
 The clamour of my inmost soul.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 Who art in heav'n our Great Reward ;
 Be all our glory LORD, in THEE,
 Thro' endless ages aye ador'd.

Amen.

XXIX.

AJESU, of hearts the Sweetness true,
 Of Life, the Fount, of Souls the Light ;
 More than our ev'ry yearning knew,
 Our ev'ry joy transcending quite.

Nor tongue can tell, nor heart conceive,
 Nor pen of readiest writer prove ;
 Experience only can believe
 What 'tis to live in JESU's love.

O since such love your love hath won,
 With love like HIS in answer burn ;
 Yea, after this sweet Incense run,
 And vows, with mutual vows return.

JESU, Supreme benignity,
 Delightsome gladness of the mind ;
 Unbounded Charity, to THEE,
 With love's constraint, THY Servants bind.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 Who art in heav'n our Great Reward ;
 Be all our glory, LORD, in THEE,
 Thro' endless ages aye ador'd.

Amen.

XXX.

D JESU, KING of Clemency,
 Of all our joy the object bright ;
 Fountain of grace and charity,
 My heart of hearts' most true delight.

I cannot speak of THEE aright,
 And yet I may not silent be ;
 Love bids me dare the vent'rous flight,
 Because I joy alone in THEE.

Whate'er my lot thro' earth's wide bound,
 I look for Jesus at my side ;
 How glad, whene'er I HIM have found,
 How blest, when I in HIM abide.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 Who art in heav'n our Great Reward ;
 Be all our glory, LORD, in THEE,
 Thro' endless ages aye ador'd.

Amen.

XXXI.

THY Promise, LORD, is our sure stay,
 THY faith Immoveable ;
 To THEE we turn at dawning day,
 To THEE our wants we tell.

Man's promise in the hour of need
 Frail as himself is found ;
 Which fails, and like the broken reed,
 The leaning Hand doth wound.

Blessed is he, who in THY breast
 Himself doth wholly hide ;
 No whirlwind's power shall break their rest,
 Who in that rock abide.

Let our hearts fail—THY hand shall hold
 With Sacramental ties ;
 Hope, on the mighty pledge made bold,
 To endless good doth rise,—

Springs to THY Throne on Mercy's beam,
 And casts aside her care ;
 And drinks of the Celestial stream,
 That flows for ever there.

Of Grace, adored TRINITY,
 The everlasting Spring ;
 Sole HOPE of safety, unto THEE
 With our whole hearts we cling.
 Amen.

XXXII.

FROM the swaddling bands of night
 When sprang the world so fair,
 Putting on her robes of Light,
 O what a pow'r was there.

When Our GOD, who gave HIS SON,
 His guilty foes to spare,
 Woke to life the GUILTLESS ONE,
 O what a love was there !

When from th' ETERNAL's Hand
 The Earth in beauty stood,
 Deck'd in Life at his command,
 He saw, and call'd it Good.

Yet a goodlier world it stood
 To the CREATOR's sight,
 In the LAMB's all-cleansing BLOOD
 Wash'd to Celestial Light.

In the Light of rising Morn,
 Which o'er Creation flies,
 We descry, by fancy borne,
 A heav'n beyond the skies.

More, much more, in JESU's Face,
 When faith looks up in pray'r,
 The Image bodily we trace
 Of all God's fulness there.

In THY Law, blest TRINITY,
 A torch-light sure and true ;
 What THOU forbiddest may we flee,
 What THOU dost bid pursue.

Amen.

XXXIII.

D JESU, LORD of heav'nly grace,
 THOU brightness of THY FATHER's Face ;
 THOU fountain of Eternal LIGHT,
 WHOSE beams disperse the shades of night.

Come, HOLY SUN of heav'nly love,
 Show'r down THY radiance from above ;
 And to our inmost hearts convey
 The HOLY SPIRIT's cloudless ray.

And we the FATHER's help will claim,
 And sing the FATHER's glorious NAME ;
 His powerful succour we implore,
 That we may stand to fall no more.

May HE our Actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And keep us steadfast to the end.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds controul ;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

O HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE ;
 THY Grace devoutly we implore,
 THY NAME be prais'd for evermore.
 Amen.

XXXIV.

THERE hast THOU, LORD, THY children set
 To dwell in one abode ;
 May they be here together met
 In HOLY Brotherhood.

A Brotherhood of exiles here,
 But to HIS House above
 Are gather'd by a FATHER's care,
 Who learn a Brother's love.

Who hurt their neighbour with ill tongue,
 Or art of evil leav'n,
 THOU putttest far from Angel's song
 And Palaces of Heav'n.

Lo ! Earth herself, in agony,
 The wicked scarce sustains,
 And yearns in travail to be free
 From dark corruption's chains.

And we, too, in our spirits groan,
 And full adoption wait ;
 We, with the earnest of the SON,
 E'en now, predestinate.

Be endless praise, and aye remain
 To GOD both ONE and THREE ;
 From WHOM, in lowly hearts doth reign
 Fraternal Charity. Amen.

XXXV.

Now twice three hours the Sun hath told,
 And now the height of heav'n doth hold ;
 When twice three more his course hath run,
 The night will fall, the day be done.

O let us then, true brethren we,
 Of Psalmist's precepts mindful be ;
 Our lips unlock in strains of joy,
 In pray'r and chant our hours employ.

Yea, seven full times in ev'ry day
 With Holy Psalter let us pray ;
 To GOD, in due returns of praise,
 Our cheerful Hymns and Anthems raise.

'Tis thus that CHRIST doth sinners heal,
 Thus doth HIS grace their pardon seal ;
 Who breathe confession's constant breath,
 They shall not know a sinner's death.

We who to GOD would pray aright,
 And live HIS Servants in HIS sight,
 Th' Apostle's vow and saying deep
 Must ever in remembrance keep.


High his reward who thus could pray,
 Who thus to GOD in truth could say,
 " I'll pray the LORD with Spirit true,
 " I'll pray with understanding too."

Not Voice alone to GOD must sing,
While flits the soul with flutt'ring wing,
All wand'ring far—all wav'ring wide,
The sport of ev'ry wayward tide.

Then will our GOD our vows receive,
To pray'r and chant HIS blessing give,
When the pure Spirit's inmost string
Re-echo's what the tongue doth sing.

Praise GOD from WHOM all Blessings flow,
Praise HIM all Creatures here below ;
Praise HIM above ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Amen.

XXXVI.

ATHER of all, to THEE we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise ;
WHO for our double life hast giv'n
Bread from the Earth and Bread from Heav'n.

THOU too, O JESUS, be ador'd,
The ONLY SON, th' ALMIGHTY LORD,
WHO, our Salvation to become,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's Womb.

WHO, on the CROSS a VICTIM made,
The ransom of the world hast paid ;
THRO' WHOM alone on guilty men
The hope of life has dawn'd again.

And THOU, by WHOSE ALMIGHTY aid
The spotless, pure, and Holy Maid
Brought forth INCARNATE DEITY,
Eternal SPIRIT, praise to THEE.

THREE PERSONS, but ONE GOD, WHOSE grace
Both forms and saves the human race,
With joyful hearts and lips—to THEE
We hymn this mighty Mystery.

To GOD the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE;
Laud, honor, glory, Majesty,
Now and henceforth, for ever be.

Amen.

Commemoration of Apostles, &c.

S. Barnabas,
Apostle and Martyr.



JUNE 11.

CROWN'D with Immortal Jubilee,
Thy Soul this day set free,
To the calm heav'ns, from earth didst pass,
O Holy Barnabas.

HE, for WHOSE sake, at WHOSE dear call
Thou gavest up Thine all,
HE shall Thine all, Thy treasure be,
Lasting eternally.

Mid fasting, pray'r, and Holy Hands,
Lo! 'mid the saints he stands,
The SPIRIT's high behest to bear,
CHRIST's heav'n-sent Messenger.

Thou hast with Paul in labours stood,
Blest bond of Brotherhood;
One sent, by Mandate from on high,
And one in Charity.

D

To farthest bound of Western Isle
 Ye did CHRIST's Cross unfurl;
 When boldly from your race ye turn'd,
 Who faith's glad message spurn'd.

LORD, when to us, an offer'd GUEST,
 Shall come that SPIRIT Blest,
 Let not our hearts THY bounty slight,
 Deeming their darkness light.

All glory and all praise to THEE,
 Thrice Holy TRINITY,
 WHO hast disclos'd in this our night
 To heathen lands THY LIGHT.

Amen.

Nativity of S. John Baptist.



JUNE 24.



ALL too blest, and of transcendent worth
 Unstained in Thy snow-white chastity,
 Great Martyr, mightiest Seer,
 Lone Dweller in the Wilds!

While some with wreaths of increase thirty fold
 Are crown'd, other some twice thirty wear;
 Thee, with thrice glorious weight,
 The hundredth fold adorns.

O come, and yet again in might pluck out
 The flinty stones in our hard bosom lodg'd;
 And make the crooked straight,
 And lay the rough ways smooth.

So to these souls, from spot of guilt made pure,
 May earth's CREATOR and REDEEMER dear
 Come duly; there vouchsafe
 To plant His footstep blest!

Great GOD, in Substance ONE, in PERSONS TRINE,
 THEE may THY heav'nly Quires unceasing sing ;
 We, suppliant 'neath THY feet,
 Cry, " Spare THINE OWN Redeem'd."
Amen.

§. John Baptist.



Lo ! from the desert homes,
 Where he hath hid so long,
 The New Elias comes,
 In sternest wisdom strong.
 The Voice that cries—Of CHRIST from high—
 And judgment nigh—From op'ning skies.

Your GOD e'en now doth stand,
 Within heav'n's op'ning door,
 His fan is in His Hand,
 And HE will purge HIS floor.
 The Wheat HE claims—And with HIM stows—
 The Chaff HE throws—To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
 Your sky-aspiring heads ;
 Ye valleys, hiding low,
 Lift up your gentle meads.
 Make HIS way plain—Your KING before—
 For evermore—HE comes to reign.

May Thy dread Voice around,
 Thou harbinger of light,
 On our dull ears still sound,
 Lest here we sleep in night.
 Till judgment come—and on our path—
 Shall burst the wrath—and deathless doom.

O GOD, with love's sweet might,
 WHO dost anoint and arm
 CHRIST's Soldier for the fight
 With spells that shield from harm.
 Thrice Blessed THREE—Heav'n's endless days
 Shall sing THY praise—Eternally.
 Amen.

S. Peter,
Apostle and Martyr.



JUNE 29.

N CHRIST, the Chief of Pastors, Head and
 Crown,

The Head on which th' anointing came of yore,
 And to the mantle's skirt went softly down,
 This day to THY true Priest the witness bore.

He, who with no self-will, nor spirit vain,
 Nor impious self-confidence made bold,
 Hath dar'd that fearful and dread seat sustain,
 But bidden of HIS LORD, HIS Staff to hold.

HIS Champion true, to wage HIS heav'nly war,
 The SPIRIT hath anointed all within,
 From HIS full horn of Blessings, and from far
 Hath sent,—HIS flock to feed, and souls to win.

Shepherd and Father—and Example fair,
 His all he spends for them—himself is spent,
 Servant of Servants—weigh'd by others' care,
 And all things made to all men—heav'nward
 bent.

Lost Souls to save, he for the guilty prays,
 Comforts the Comfortless ; instructs the blind ;
 Walks amid loftier thoughts than human ways,
 With heav'n-wrought chains the evil foe to bind.

Grant, LORD, our prayers may not be all in vain,
 That we a Royal Priesthood may be won;
 And with an ever freshly-flowing strain,
 May sing the FATHER, SPIRIT, and the SON.
 Amen.

5. Peter.



WHY words, Great Saint, shall guide our ways,
 By them our hearts to heav'n shall rise,
 Till our dim faith be lost in sight,
 And Hope consum'd in Love's own light.

To GOD the All-ruling, ONE and THREE
 Be everlasting Jubilee,
 Eternal glory, endless praise,
 Throughout Eternity's bright days.

Amen.

5. Peter, and other Apostles.



LET the round world with songs rejoice;
 Let heav'n return the joyful voice,
 All mindful of th' Apostles' fame,
 Earth, sky, their SOV'REIGN's praise proclaim.

THOU at WHOSE word they bore the light
 Of Gospel truth, o'er heathen night;
 O still to us that light impart,
 To glad our eyes, and cheer our heart.

THOU at WHOSE will, to them was giv'n,
 The Keys which shut and open heav'n;
 Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
 O grant us grace to enter there.

THOU, at WHOSE will they spoke the word,
Which rais'd the dead, which health conferr'd,
To us its healing pow'r prolong,
The weak support, confirm the strong:

That when THY SON again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may, with them, pronounce us blest,
And place us in THY endless rest.

To THEE, O FATHER, SON, to THEE,
To THEE, Blest SPIRIT, glory be ;
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall thro' endless ages last.

Amen.

The Apostles.



THE LORD's Eternal gifts,
Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
Their Victories, and high Reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the Churches they,
Triumphant Chiefs of War,
Brave Soldiers of the heav'nly court,
True Lights for evermore.

Their's was the Saints' high Faith,
And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell Tyrant low.

In them, the FATHER shone ;
In them, the SON o'ercame ;
In them, the HOLY SPIRIT wrought,
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be so
Through all Eternity.

Amen.

The Martyrs.



OF THY true Soldiers, mighty LORD,
The Portion, Crown, and Great Reward ;
Now, as we Hymn THY Martyrs' Fame,
Unloose our bond of sin and blame.

For HE th' enchanting joys of earth,
The Viands of deceitful mirth,
Accounted gall ; and upward flew
Till he the heav'nly reach'd and true.

He bravely ran the painful race,
Enduring with a hero's grace ;
THEE, with his blood on Earth confess'd,
With THEE in heav'n, for aye is bless'd.

O, as with suppliant voice this day
To THEE, all-pitying LORD, we pray ;
In this THY Martyrs' triumph high,
THY Servants' chain of guilt untie.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Unceasing praise and glory be,
Now, and thro' all Eternity.

Amen.



GREAT GOD ! WHOSE strength THY Martyrs
steel'd !

To follow THY unrivall'd SON ;
By WHOM they brav'd the battle field,
By WHOM the Palm of conquest won.

THY strength, by sin assail'd, we pray
 To shield us in our mortal strife ;
 To drive the taint of guilt away,
 To guard us from the ills of life.

The chains by THEE were loos'd that held
 THY Martyr'd Saints in thrall below ;
 O be it ours, by THEE upheld,
 Away the world's vile bonds to throw.

O be it ours, like them to win
 The Vesture white—the branching palm ;
 And free from sorrow, as from sin,
 To chant to THEE the HOLY Psalm.

To THEE, above THY heav'nly Host,
 O FATHER, on THY glory's throne ;
 And join'd with THEE, THY HOLY GHOST,
 And, VIRGIN-BORN, th' INCARNATE SON.
 Amen.

The Evangelists.



CHRIST's everlasting Messengers,
 Who from th' op'ning skies,
 Go thro' the world in show'rs of Light,
 And sow with Mysteries.

The things made known to Seers of old
 In Vision, Speech, or Dream ;
 Those truths, CHRIST's Holy Saints have seen
 In Noon-tide's glorious beam.

The things which GOD as MAN endur'd,
 Which Man as GOD could do,
 Inspir'd by GOD, to Men they write
 All Climes, all Ages thro'.

Tho' far in time and space apart
 ONE SPIRIT guides their pen ;
 And we in those blest records hear
 Their Voices o'er again.

Glory to GOD, the THREE IN ONE,
 All glory be to THEE ;
 WHO from the darkness called'st us
 THY glorious light to see.
 Amen.



THE law on Sinai's fiery height
 'Mid thunderings was giv'n ;
 The lightning flash—the trumpet clang
 Bespoke the GOD of Heav'n.

But now a veil of human flesh
 Around HIS Brightness thrown ;
 Our GOD, in milder beams array'd,
 To favour'd man is shown.

The Stone-writ Law, no strength could give
 Its precepts to fulfil ;
 The Gospel-Law converts the heart
 And sanctifies the will.

This Gospel-Law your faithful pens
 And faithful lips reveal'd ;
 Commended by your holy lives,
 And by your life-blood seal'd.

And oh ! may these, your words of life,
 Which GOD'S OWN HAND hath trac'd ;
 By HIM be written on our hearts,
 And never be effac'd.

E

Glory to GOD, the THREE IN ONE,
 All glory be to THEE,
 Who from the darkness called'st us
 THY glorious light to see. Amen.

St. Michael and all Angels.



SEPTEMBER 29.

THEE, the FATHER'S Pow'r and Might,
 JESUS, THEE, our hearts' delight;
 THEE, WHOSE lips our life sustain,
 Praise we 'mid THY Angel train.

Thousand, Thousand Chiefs at hand,
 Round THY Throne embattl'd stand;
 Sign of weal to their array,
 Michael's hands the cross display.

He, the ancient Dragon, fell,
 Smote and drove to nether Hell;
 HE, both chief, and rebel crew,
 Victor, from Heav'n's rampart threw.

O, against that chief of pride,
 By us be Michael's banner tried;
 And a crown of glory won
 From the LAMB's Imperial throne.

Glory to the FATHER be,
 Glory, ONLY SON, to THEE,
 Glory to the SPIRIT bless'd,
 Now and evermore address'd. Amen.



WHERE th' Angelic hosts adore THEE,
 THOU o'er earth and heav'n dost reign,
 At THY WORD they rose before THEE,
 And THY breath doth them sustain.

From High Angels THEE attending
 THOU dost faithful guardians send ;
 In mysterious ways descending
 May they keep us to the end.

Keep us, else with wiles deceiving
 The Persuader of all ill,
 Round His deadly meshes weaving,
 The lost soul will rend and kill.


All Creation bows before THEE,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST ;
 Highest Angels that adore THEE,
 Succour and sustain the lost.

Amen.

All Saints.



NOVEMBER 1.

POUSE of CHRIST, in arms contending
 O'er each clime beneath the Sun ;
 Mix, with prayers for help ascending,
 Notes of praise for triumph won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
 All her Saints in one to join ;
 So from earth let all our voices
 Rise in melody Divine:

Mary leads the sacred story,
 Mary, with her HOLY CHILD ;
 Sharer with HIM now in glory,
 Maid, and Mother undefil'd.

Angels next, in due gradation,
 Of their nine-fold ministry,
 Hymn the FATHER of Creation,
 MAKER of the Stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
 More than Prophet own'd to be ;
 Patriarchs, and Seers, in chorus
 Swell th' Angelic harmony.

Near to CHRIST, th' Apostles seated,
 Trampling on the powers of Hell ;
 By the promise now completed,
 Judge the tribes of Israel.

THEY who nobly died, believing
 Martyrs purpled in their gore ;
 Crowns of life by death receiving,
 Rest in joy for evermore.

Confessors, and Gospel-Preachers,
 Priests, and Levites, numberless,
 Prelates meek, and Holy Teachers,
 Bear the palm of Righteousness.

Virgin Souls, by High profession
 To the LAMB devoted here ;
 Strewing flowers in gay procession
 At the Marriage Feast appear.

All are blest together, praising
 God's Eternal Majesty ;
 Thrice-repeated Anthems raising
 To th' All-Holy TRINITY.

So may we, with hearts devoted,
 Serve our GOD in holiness ;
 So may we, by GOD promoted,
 Share that heav'n which they possess.
 Amen.



Hymns for certain Seasons and Offices.

The Ember Days.



WEDNESDAY	} AFTER {	The First Sunday in LENT.
FRIDAY		The Feast of PENTECOST.
SATURDAY		Sep. 14. HOLY CROSS DAY Dec. 13. S. LUCY, V. & M.

I.

WFUL is the Priestly state,
Which, by faith beheld aright,
Closes and unbars the gate;
Though unseen by mortal sight.
CHRIST in this His earthly seat,
Holds in them the Balance meet,
Binds and lets the Sinners feet,
In His own appointed Rite.

When they ply their healing art,
'Tis HIS HAND in them is found,
When they soothe the wounded heart,
His anointing heals the wound.
When they speak, the faithful sheep
Drink their words, and hide them deep
For the law of GOD they steep
First in their own hearts profound.

F*

When the plague is going forth,
 And the vial in mid-air,
 They stand forth to stop the wrath
 With deep importuning pray'r.
 May they, LORD, themselves be wise,
 Who touch THY dread Mysteries;
 Mirrors in their people's eyes,
 Worthy of the things they bear.
 FATHER, SPIRIT, SON DIVINE,
 WHO dost rescue from the grave,
 From Heav'n's central echoing shrine,
 Let THY Glory, wave on wave,
 Fill the all surrounding Sea
 Of Shoreless Eternity,
 Singing, PRIEST of Priests, of THEE,
 And THY Mighty Pow'r to save. Amen.



II.

THE Captains of a heav'nly host,
 Ye Princes of a heav'nly hall;
 Stars in a world of darkness lost,
 And Judges at its funeral.

Lights rising o'er a wintry night
 With tidings of Eternal youth,
 On errors' long bewilder'd sight
 Emerging with the lamp of truth.
 Captains, but not of spear and shield,
 No rebel hosts with steel to tame;
 No arms of Eloquence to wield,
 Nought but the lowly Cross of shame.

The chain is riv'n, and broke the rod,
 The world's long stern captivity,
 And we are free to serve our GOD,
 WHOSE yoke alone is liberty.

To distant lands His Heralds fleet,
 By God's Mysterious PRESENCE led ;
 How beauteous are their passing feet,
 Like morn upon the mountains spread.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 All glory be as was of old ;
 Who calleth us in darkness lost,
 His Saving glory to behold. Amen.




The Holy Communion.

May be sung after Prayer for Church Militant, or
 during Celebration, i. e. immediately after
 the Prayer of Consecration.

Antiphonally.

Cantoris.

I.

RAW nigh and take the BODY of the LORD
 And drink the HOLY BLOOD for you
 outpour'd.

Decani.

Sav'd by that BODY—hallow'd by that BLOOD,
 Whereby refresh'd we render thanks to God.

Cantoris.

Salvation's giver, CHRIST the ONLY SON !
 By that HIS CROSS and BLOOD the Vict'ry won.

Decani.

Offer'd was HE for greatest and for least,
 HIMSELF the VICTIM, and HIMSELF the PRIEST.

Cantoris.

Victims were offer'd by the Law of Old,
That in a type celestial myst'ries told.

Decani.

HE RANSOMER from Death, and LIGHT from
shade,
Giveth His Holy Grace His Saints to aid.

Cantoris.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of Salvation here.

Decani.

HE that in this world rules His Saints and
shields,
To all Believers LIFE ETERNAL yields;

Cantoris.

With Heav'nly BREAD makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives LIVING WATERS to the thirsty soul.

Suff.

ALPHA and OMEGA, to WHOM shall bow,
All Nations at the Doom—is with us now.
Amen.



II.

To this Mysterious Table now,
Our knees, our hearts, and sense we
bow;
Let ancient rites resign their place
To nobler Elements of Grace.
And faith for all defects supply;
While sense is lost in Mystery.

To GOD the FATHER, born of none,
 To CHRIST, HIS Co-eternal SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, whose equal rays
 From BOTH proceed, be equal praise ;
 One Honor, Jubilee, and Fame,
 For ever bless His glorious NAME. Amen.



III.

WITH Heav'nly food without alloy,
 JESUS, THY love the soul doth fill,
 And filling, while it cannot cloy,
 Adds to our longing hunger still.

Who taste of THEE still hungry grow,
 Who drink of THEE yet thirst the more,
 No other longing can they know,
 Save JESUS, whom their souls adore.

Who in THY love entranc'd may be,
 He knows how great THY goodness is,
 How happy, who is fill'd with THEE !
 He cannot crave for more than this.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 Who art in heav'n our great reward ;
 Be all our glory, LORD, in THEE,
 Through endless ages aye ador'd. Amen,



IV.

JESUS, THY love is passing sweet,
 THY Goodness all delectable ;
 With Thousand Thousand joys replete,
 Beyond what mortal tongue can tell,

This doth that Holy PASSION show,
 Th' outpouring of that precious BLOOD;
 Through which Redemption's mercies flow,
 Which opes the vision of our GOD.

To JESU one and all aspire,
 Make JESU's love your pray'r and aim;
 Seek with the glow of HOLY FIRE,
 And still in seeking fan the FLAME.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 WHO art in heav'n our great Reward;
 Be all our glory, LORD, in THEE,
 Through endless ages aye ador'd. Amen.



Holy Matrimony.

I.

TO the LAMB's Festival
 GOD doth his People call;
 Blest they who hear that nuptial song,
 And sit those guests among.

Love is their Bridal tie,
 Their dow'r is poverty;
 'Mid earthly gloom she heav'nward springs,
 And treads on human things.

Stern hardihood she wears,
 And penitential tears,
 With fasting girt, as with a zone,
 The heav'nly race to run.

Unto the CRUCIFIED
 She looks, like faithful Bride,
 Prepar'd, where'er HE leads the way,
 To suffer and Obey.

Blest they, Whom GOD above
Does bind with cords of Love;
Them shall the Heav'nly BRIDEGROOM own,
In Soul and Body one.

This Union grant to me,
THRICE HOLY ONE and THREE,
Ye fill the Universe so wide,
But with the meek abide.

Amen.



II.

HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of Grace,
Eternal Source of Love,
Inflame we pray our inmost hearts
With FIRE from Heav'n above.

As THOU didst join with Holiest bands,
The FATHER and the SON,
So fill THY Saints with mutual love,
And link their hearts in one.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Eternal glory be from Man,
And from the Angel Host.

Amen.



Burial of the Dead.

HER Comes, it Comes, The Glorious Hour,
When the returning warmth shall glow
In ev'ry nerve, and quick'ning pow'r
Along the swelling veins shall flow.

44 FOUNDATION STONE OF A CHURCH.

The loathsome forms, that now decay
In the dark mansions of the dead,
To realms of light shall wing their way,
By their own souls revisited.

For this we raise the Tomb, and pay
Meet honors to the dead, for this;
On the Clos'd eye we gently lay
The Hand, and give the parting kiss.

For this the Shroud of Virgin White
We weave, and flow'rets gemm'd with dew,
That tell of hope all fresh and bright,
On the cold corpse we fondly strew.

For why the hallow'd grave ? and why
The fun'ral dirge, and praise, and pray'r ?
But that our *Brother* does not die,
But in his SAVIOUR slumbers there. Amen.



On laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.

CHRIST is our Corner Stone,
On HIM alone we build ;
And by HIM knit in One,
His Saints with love are fill'd.
On HIS great love—Our hopes we place
Of present grace—And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring,
Our Voices we will raise
The THREE in ONE to sing.
And thus proclaim—In joyful song
Both loud and long—That glorious NAME.

Here, gracious GOD, do THOU
 For evermore draw nigh,
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh.
 In copious show'r—On all who pray
 Each Holy Day—THY Blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heav'n
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace, once giv'n,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day—When all the Blest
 To endless rest—Are call'd away.

Praise to the GOD of Heav'n,
 Praise to the only SON,
 And praise to HIM be giv'n
 WHO with them BOTH is ONE,
 The HOLY DOVE—WHO makes us meet
 For the blest seat—Of GOD above.

Alleluia, Amen.



Consecration of a Church.

I.

THIS is th' abode where GOD doth dwell,
 This is the gate of heav'n;
 The Shrine of the INVISIBLE,
 The PRIEST, the VICTIM giv'n,
 Our GOD HIMSELF, content to die,
 So boundless in HIS Charity.
 O Holy Seat, O Holy Fane,
 Where dwells the OMNIPOTENT,
 WHOM the broad World cannot contain,
 Nor Heav'n's high Firmament.
 HE Visits earth's poor sky-roof'd cell,
 And here HE deigns in LOVE to dwell.

G*

46 CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

Here where th' Unearthly GUEST descends
In hearts of Innocence,
And Sacred love her wing extends
Of Holiest Influence,
HE 'mid HIS Children loves to be
In lowly loving Majesty.

Let no unhallow'd thought be here
Within this sacred door,
Let nought polluted dare draw near,
Nor tread the awful floor;
Or, lo, th' AVENGER is at Hand,
And dreadful at the door doth stand.

To THEE, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
THRICE HOLY TRINITY;
FATHER and SON, and SPIRIT—ONE—
For ever glory be;
Anointing for THY dwelling place
The living Shrines of Heav'nly grace.
Alleluia, Amen.



II.

WORD OF GOD above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with THY sure LOVE,
And bless our Festival.

Grace in this Font is stor'd
To cleanse each guilty child;
The SPIRIT's blest Anointing pour'd
Brightens the once defil'd.

Here CHRIST of HIS OWN BLOOD
HIMSELF the Chalice gives;
And Feeds HIS own with Angel's Food,
On WHICH the spirit lives.

For guilty souls that pine,
 Sure Mercies here abound;
 And healing Grace, with Oil and Wine,
 For ev'ry secret wound.

Yea, God enthron'd Most High,
 Here also dwells to Bless;
 Here, trains the souls that contrite sigh
 His Mansions to possess.

No wintry storm nor show'r
 Shall harm this Holy Home;
 Nor worse than they, the Evil pow'r,
 Which dwells within the gloom.

All night, all praise be THINE,
 The GOD WHOM all adore;
 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Both now and evermore. Alleluia, Amen.



III.

Motins.

CELESTIAL Seat! Jerusalem,
 Blest Vision of Unfailing Peace;
 Built up of living Stones, by them
 Thy Walls to starry Skies increase.
 And Thou, resplendent Spouse, art found
 By countless Angels circled round.

O Thou, espous'd with richest dow'r,
 The FATHER's glory beams on Thee;
 On Thee descends Thy SPOUSE's pow'r,
 O beauteous Queen, betroth'd, yet free:
 Resplendent city! blest above,
 With CHRIST our PRINCE, in nuptial love.

48 VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Here spread the ample portals fair,
To all aspirants open'd wide ;
And rich with pearls and Jewels rare,
Invite, where Spirits blest reside ;
Hither are faithful martyrs led,
Who for CHRIST's love have nobly bled.

The chisel's oft repeated stroke,
Urg'd by the mallet's pond'rous pow'r,
The stone's rough, stubborn substance broke ;
And fashion'd thus, on high to tow'r,
And fitly shap'd, and firmly join'd,
Was all by skilful hands combin'd.

Let glory, praise, and honour due,
Be to th' Eternal FATHER paid ;
And to the Sole Begotten, true,
His SON, by WHOM were all things made ;
The same to GOD the HOLY Ghost,
By men and by the Angel Host.

Alleluia, Amen.



Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Elizabeth.

July 2.

WHE mountains, bend ye low,
O'er which the Virgin flies ;
To whom the starry skies
Would their glad summits bow.

In maiden fear conceal'd,
Long hid in quiet home,
She now abroad doth come,
With charity, Her shield.

She flies without delay,
 She flies from human eyes,
 Not to be seen, she flies,
 And fears lest aught betray.

Blest earth whereon She trod,
 Pour forth your fragrance sweet,
 Blest hills that felt Her feet,
 The Mother with Her God.

More blest, ye friends, whose Guest,
 She now doth silence break,
 Of heav'nly things to speak,
 And where Her footsteps rest.

The FATHER, WHO doth send
 The SON, WHO saves the lost ;
 The guiding HOLY GHOST,
 We praise THEE, without end.

Amen.



S. Mary Magdalene.

July 22.

I.

FATHER, of Celestial LIGHT,
 As THOU dost on Mary look,
 THOU, her love dost kindle bright,
 And the chilling spell is broke.

Pierc'd with love, behold her fly
 To anoint those BLESSED FEET;
 Bathe in tears, with tresses dry,
 With unceasing kisses greet.

Fearless at the CROSS she stands,
 Pensive watches o'er the stone;
 Nought she recks the ruffian band,
 Love hath bid all fear begone.

JESU, Very LOVE THOU art !

Cleanse, dear LORD, our guilty stain ;
THOU with grace canst fill the heart,
THOU lost heav'n restore again.

To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT ever Blest ;
As of old, to aye shall run,
Hymns of praise that never rest. Amen.



II.

MEET Mary with chaste Kisses
Imprints her SAVIOUR'S FEET ;
Drowns with her tears, dries with her
tresses,
And dried, embalms with spikenard sweet.

To GOD, be glory given,
And to HIS only SON ;
And to the SPIRIT, as in heaven,
So here on earth, till time be done. Amen.



III.

MAD, Mary feels, in her own breast
Her MASTER'S BLEEDING WOUNDS ;
Love stronger burns, by grief oppress,
And now with tears abounds.

No raging crowds her Spirit meek,
No deeds of Blood appal ;
'Mid soldiers fierce she dares to seek
A hated criminal.

Ah ! Mary, thou dost little know
 What good doth Thee surround,
 Seeking the dead, while death e'en now
 Receives his mortal wound.

HE, WHOM Thou lovest, Thee shall claim,
 Arous'd from death's cold sleep ;
 Thee first HE calls, Thee by Thy Name,
 And bids Thee not to weep.

O, might I touch THY Sacred FEET,
 Adoring cling to THEE—
 Nay, raise Thy thoughts to joys more meet
 For Immortality.

The promises are fully wrought,
 First of Apostles Thou,
 Sent to Apostles by Thee taught
 The tidings glad to know.

All love and glory be to THEE,
 The FATHER, SPIRIT, SON ;
 Co-equal, Co-eternal THREE,
 THRICE BLESSED HOLY ONE. Amen.



The Transfiguration.

August 6.

I.

HE, whoe'er for CHRIST are seeking,
 Lift your longing eyes on high ;
 There behold the glory breaking,
 Of CELESTIAL MAJESTY.

Bright the Vision, there unveiling,
 With unbounded lustre bright ;
 High, sublime, and never failing,
 Elder than primeval light.

HE is KING, all realms to gather,
 KING whom Israel's tribes obey ;
 Promis'd to HIS people's father,
 Abraham, and his seed for aye.

Seers to HIM high witness breathing,
 Seal their words with love and fear ;
 HIM th' Eternal SIRE bequeathing,
 Bids HIS OWN believe and hear.

JESU, hail ! THYSELF revealing,
 Where THY little ones adore,
 With THY SIRE, and SPIRIT healing,
 ONE TRUE GOD, for evermore. Amen.



II.

JESU, LIGHT of souls in-dwelling,
 When our hearts THOU dost renew,
 And the shades of sin dispelling,
 Fillest with THY sweetness true.

Happy he, by THEE possess'd,
 SIRE'S SOV'REIGN CO-EQUAL SON ;
 Beauteous LIGHT of Homes most Bless'd,
 LIGHT to fleshly Sense unknown.

From THY FATHER's glory beaming,
 LOVE Incomprehensible ;
 O'er us in THY Fulness streaming,
 With us deign in love to dwell.

JESU hail ! THYSELF revealing,
 Where THY little ones adore ;
 With THY SIRE, and SPIRIT healing,
 ONE TRUE GOD, for evermore. Amen.

The Name of Jesus.



August 7.

I.

The NAME that brings Salvation
Honor, worship, laud we pay;
That for many a generation
Hid in GOD's fore-knowledge lay;
But to ev'ry tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

NAME of Gladness—NAME of Pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
NAME of Sweetness, passing measure,
To the ear delectable;
'Tis our Safeguard and our Treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the NAME for Adoration,
'Tis the NAME of Victory;
'Tis the NAME for Meditation,
In the vale of misery.
'Tis the NAME for veneration,
By the Citizens on high.

'Tis the NAME, that whoso preaches,
Finds it music in his ear;
'Tis the NAME that whoso teaches,
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer.
Who its perfect wisdom reaches,
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

H*

'Tis the NAME by right exalted
 Over ev'ry other Name;
 That, when we are sore assaulted,
 Puts our enemies to shame;
 Strength to them that else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and Feet to lame.

JESU, we THY NAME adoring
 Long to see THEE as THOU art;
 Of THY Clemency imploring,
 So to write it in our heart,
 That hereafter upward soaring,
 We with Angels may have part. Amen.



. II.

JESU, how sweet those accents are,
 How full of sweetness to the breast!
 But Oh! than honey sweeter far,
 Than sweetness self, His Presence blest.

No song so full of melody,
 No sound so welcome to the ear;
 No thought so deep in harmony,
 As JESUS, SON of GOD most dear.

JESU, of penitents the stay,
 To all that ask how passing kind!
 How good to them that seek the way!
 But what, O what, to them that find!

O JESU, here our gladness be,
 Who art in heav'n our great reward;
 Be all our glory LORD, in THEE,
 Through endless ages aye ador'd. Amen.

III.

JESU, the Angel's LIGHT and Song,
THOU in my heart sweet music art;
And charmed honey on the tongue,
And heav'nly nectar in the heart.

A thousand times I long for THEE,
When wilt THOU come, O JESU blest?
When with THY Presence gladden me,
E'en of THY VERY SELF possess?

THY love, that doth no respite know,
No respite to my longing gives,
Still on in honey'd streams doth flow,
Still in perpetual freshness lives.

O JESU, here our gladness be,
WHO art in heav'n our great reward;
Be all our glory LORD, in THEE,
Through endless ages aye ador'd. Amen.



Nativity of B. V. Mary.

September 8.

Is the Sun o'er misty shrouds,
When he walks upon the clouds;
Or, as when the Moon doth rise,
And illumines all the skies;

Or as when the Lily flow'r
Stands amid the vernal bow'r;
Or the water's glassy face
Doth reflect the Starry space;

Thus above all mothers shone,
The Mother of the BLESSED ONE. Amen.

Holy Cross Day.

September 14.

Cantoris.

SING, O tongue, devoutly sing,
The laurels of our glorious KING;
Loud proclaim the triumph high
Of the CROSS's Victory.
How upon that altar laid.
Our price the World's REDEEMER paid.

Chorus. { O faithful CROSS, THOU peerless tree,
No forest bears the like of THEE,
Leaf, Flower, and Bud.

Decani.

When our first forefather ate
The fruit which wrought his Woful fate,
Our High CREATOR piteous mourn'd
His Holy Law by creatures scorn'd;
And fain to make the damage good,
Through WOOD revok'd the curse of Wood.

Chorus. { Sweet is the WOOD, and sweet its weight,
And sweet the NAILS that penetrate
THEE, THOU sweet WOOD.—

Cantoris.

Such the deep mysterious plan,
Fram'd to rescue ruin'd man;
Fram'd with wondrous skill to meet
The crafty tempter's arch deceit;
While from one source promiscuous flow
The woe and balm, which cur'd the woe.

Chorus. O faithful CROSS, &c.

Decani.

Fulfill'd the Course of Advent years,
At length the promis'd day appears ;
Stoops from HIS FATHER's lofty state
The SON, WHO did the worlds create.
Meek Offspring of a Virgin's Womb,
Enshrin'd in Flesh, behold HIM Come.

Chorus. Sweet is the WOOD, &c.

Cantoris.

Full many a tear behold HIM shed,
Sunk in HIS Narrow Manger bed ;
The While HIS Virgin Mother mild
Enwraps in rags Her GLORIOUS CHILD !
And lo ! th' INCARNATE FEET and HANDS
Of GOD are swath'd in beggar's bands.

Chorus. O faithful CROSS, &c.

Decani.

And now six lustral courses run,
HIS task of love is well nigh done ;
The SAVIOUR, of HIS OWN free will,
Prepares HIS PASSION to fulfil ;
And on the CROSS the VICTIM lies,
Meek, and bound for Sacrifice !

Chorus. Sweet is the WOOD, &c.

Cantoris.

Gall HIS drink ! behold HIM languish ;
While HIS tender frame, with anguish,
Thorns and Nails, and Javelin fierce,
One by One, acutely pierce,
Till from HIS Wounded SIDE a flood
Of WATER flows with mingled BLOOD,
Which earth and Sea, which world and skies,
From sin's pollution purifies.

Chorus. O faithful CROSS, &c.

Decani.

Bow thy Branches, haughty TREE,
 Suspend thy wonted cruelty;
 Relax thy tighten'd arms, repress,
 For once, thy native stubbornness;
 Thy ROYAL BURDEN gently bear,
 And spare Our DYING GOD, O spare!

Chorus. Sweet is the WOOD, &c.

Cantoris.

Thou alone wert most esteem'd,
 HIM to bear WHO man Redeem'd;
 Thou, unshaken Ark, bedew'd
 With the LAMB's availing BLOOD,
 Shipwreck'd Man doth safely guide,
 And in port securely hide.

Chorus. { Sweet is the CROSS, &c.
 { Sweet is the WOOD, &c.

Full.

To th' UNDIVIDED THREE in Heav'n,
 Be glory, praise, and honor giv'n;
 Alike to FATHER, and to SON,
 And PARACLETE, the THREE IN ONE;
 Yea, let the adoring world proclaim,
 Of THREE and ONE, the glorious Name.

Amen.



Confessors.

I.



YE, who followed CHRIST in love,
 While yet HE dwelt in realms above;
 First children of ALMIGHTY grace,
 First Fathers of the faithful race,

O, how can words of equal worth,
The wonders of your faith set forth;
Or tell of all your panting sighs,
Which hope uplifted to the skies?

In dreary exile here below,
Ye found the world an empty show;
On real delights ye fix'd your love,
Not here below, but there above.

The heart, O GOD, that loves THEE well,
Still longs with THEE in peace to dwell;
Forbid, O LORD, our souls to roam;
O fix them on our future home.

Praise to the FATHER and the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE;
Eternal praise to each be giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Amen.



II.

BE not afraid, O little flock,
Though poor and profitless your lives;
Let not distrust your spirits mock,
A FATHER'S HAND the Kingdom gives.

Lo, now reigns one among the Blest,
Who, once was like yourselves below,
By self abasement and unrest,
CHRIST'S Wisdom taught in school of woe.

In Penitence his soul to save,
He fix'd his eyes on HIM before;
Where thro' life's dim and shadowy cave,
HIS LORD the heavy burden bore.

Upon his lips did love preside,
 Or silence sit with charity ;
 In lap of want he lov'd to hide,
 What he would to himself deny.

His food, it was th' heav'nly Word ;
 He search'd the Page of truth and love,
 'Till watchful pray'r did wings afford,
 And bear his soul to realms above.

Such is the narrow way to heav'n,
 O GOD Supreme, O HOLY THREE ;
 Blest THREE IN ONE, to us be giv'n,
 Along this way to come to THEE. Amen.



Virgins.

REGARD our vows with gracious eyes,
 O JESUS, Crown of purity ;
 SON of that Chosen Woman—Who
 Was Virgin chaste, and Mother too.

'Midst lilies THOU dost love to be,
 Pure Virgins round THY throne we see.
 O Glorious BRIDEGROOM, Who dost bless
 THY Brides with endless happiness.

Which way so e'er THY Course doth bend,
 Chaste virgins on THY steps attend ;
 Who following the LAMB do raise
 Their notes in sweetest hymns of praise.

Hear us, O GOD of Chastity ;
 From impure passions set us free ;
 Our frailties help—our vice control,
 And bend our senses to the soul.

To JESUS, from a Virgin sprung,
 Be glory giv'n and praises sung;
 The same to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST Eternally.

Amen.



Martyrs.

BLESSED Feast of Blessed Martyrs,
 Saintly days of Saintly men;
 With Affection's recollections
 Greet we your return again.

Worthy are they, worthy wonders
 To perform, the conflict o'er;
 We with meetest praise, and sweetest,
 Venerate them evermore.

Faith unblenching, Hope unquenching,
 Dear lov'd LORD, and simple heart;
 Thus they glorious, and victorious,
 Bore the Martyrs' happy part.

Carceration—trucidation,
 Many a torment fierce and long;
 Flame, and axe, and laceration,
 Tried and glorified the throng.

While they pass'd through divers tortures,
 Till they sank by death oppress,
 Earth's rejected were elected
 To have portion with the Blest.

By contempt of worldly pleasures,
 And by mighty battles done,
 Have they merited with Angels
 To be knit for aye in One.

Wherefore made co-heirs in glory,
Ye that sit with CHRIST on high,
Join to ours your supplications,
As for grace and peace we cry.

That this naughty life completed,
And its transient labors past,
We may merit to be seated
In our LORD's bright Home at last.

Amen.



