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Early Christian Hymns



Series II

Daniel Joseph Donahoe



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EARLY
CHRISTIAN HYMNS
SERIES II



EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMNS

SERIES II

TRANSLATIONS OF THE VERSES OF THE
MOST NOTED LATIN WRITERS OF
THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES

BY

DANIEL JOSEPH DONAHOE

Author of "*Idyls of Israel*," "*A Tent by the Lake*," "*In Sheltered
Ways*," "*The Rescue of the Princess*," Etc.



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MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

DEDICATION

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND JOHN JOSEPH NILAN D. D.
BISHOP OF HARTFORD

SHEPHERD, that under God's Eternal Throne,
Wearing his livery, tender, gentle, strong,
Feedest thy flock in pastures glad with song
Of love and praise; in adoration prone
I come, and gleaning from the ages flown,
Frame the old voices for a newer tongue;
And like an echo, send them forth among
The multitude, with music of their own.

And unto thee, a guide of the White Fold,
Whence came those pleasant voices, sweet to hear,
So fraught of faith and hope and love divine,
I bring a garland, sweet with dreams of old,
A wreath of roses, breathing holy cheer;
Accept the flowers, my father,—they are thine.

PREFACE

My former volume of Early Christian Hymns is largely devoted to a reproduction of the sacred poetry found in the Roman Breviary. Many beautiful and some powerful hymns were necessarily left out for want of space. This second series is needed to give a more complete presentation, or rather a more general survey, of the work of the most notable Latin writers of the early and middle ages. To have included all in one volume would have made the book uncomfortably bulky, or else required such small type as to make it unpleasant to the eye. This would be a serious defect in a book of this character, which, being one for frequent use, should be made as inviting as possible. This I have attempted to do, and my constant aim has been to select only such writings as seemed to possess some degree of merit.

Another and more conclusive reason for not including in my former volume the hymns here contained, consists in the fact that most of them have been translated since the publication of that book.

Many of these hymns appear now for the first time in an English dress ; while others, which have been heretofore only partially rendered, are now given in full. On the whole, I trust that the work here presented will fairly represent the hymn-writers of the period covered.

A comparison of these renderings with the originals will, I hope, disclose the fact that an honest effort has been made to preserve and present to the reader the actual sentiments and feelings of the authors whose work is offered, without any attempt at change, improvement, or regard for controversial features. Of course such changes were necessary as the exigencies of a modern tongue and our different social conditions demanded. Expressions which were perfectly proper in the original hymns, and which conveyed pure and beautiful sentiments at the time and through the medium used, would, if translated with absolute literalness, give a very false color to the work of the author. In such cases "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

This presentation of the spirit of the original is, I think, one of the chief difficulties of translating the poems of these early writers. I trust the critical reader will find no instance of a wrong done to any

of these beautiful poems. Certainly there has been no intentional wrong.

Not only have I endeavored to fairly present the thought and feeling of the original, but in most instances the meter has been strictly preserved, and as far as possible, all other artistic features.

The originals of these hymns may be found in Mone's "Hymni Latini Medii Aevi," Daniel's "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," and the first volume of Wackernagel's "Das Deutsche Kirchenlied." Many of them appear in all three of these great works.

Where poems are given from an author appearing in my former volume, no biographical sketch was deemed necessary, as such sketch will be found in that volume. In all other instances I have given such brief details regarding the author's life as seemed necessary for a better understanding of his work.

D. J. D.

350 Washington Street,
Middletown, Ct.

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EARLY
CHRISTIAN HYMNS
SERIES II



ST. HILARY.

ONE of the earliest and best known of Latin Christian poems, the following is chiefly notable as being, perhaps, the first strictly didactic hymn in literature. It comprises a brief narrative of the whole Gospel history. A tradition ancient and widely spread ascribed the authorship of the poem to St. Hilary. It is commended by Hincmar, and cited by the Venerable Bede, in his work on poetic measures, as an example of trochaic tetrameter, and mentioned as "that most beautiful hymn." It was written probably, for popular rather than ecclesiastical use, and may have been one of those songs of which St. Jerome speaks, when he tells of "the ploughman at his halleluias, the mower at his hymns, and the vine dresser singing David's psalms."



MORNING HYMN.

Hymnum Dicat Turba Fratrum.

RAISE the song, O band of brothers,
Let the holy anthem ring ;
Sound the hymn of loud laudation,
Unto Christ, our Lord and King.

Gentle Jesus, hear our voices :
Thee the Word, the Truth, the Way,
Rod of Jesse, Juda's Lion ;
Thee we praise, to thee we pray.

At the right hand of the Father
Is thy throne, Most Holy One,
Thou, our Lamb, our Mount of Refuge,
Rock of hope and Corner Stone.

Lord, we hail thee as the Bride-groom,
As our Light, our Heavenly Door ;
Dove of peace and tender Shepherd,
Be our guide forevermore.

By the voice of bard and prophet,
Was thy holy birth foretold,
Ere the star of morn begotten ;
Maker of the world of old.

Maker of the earth and heaven,
Thou of all art Lord and King
Who didst gather up the waters
And the stars from darkness bring.

Through the womb of spotless Virgin
Thou as Saviour of the earth
Camest when the angel's "Ave"
Heralded thy wondrous birth.

Lo, thy star the Magi follow,
And their Orient offerings bring,
Bowing down in adoration
To the Child as Lord and King.

Envious Herod hears and trembles
And he seeks the Babe to slay,
Sheds the blood of infant martyrs,
But the Christ is borne away.

By an angel warned, the mother,
To the country of the Nile
Bears the blessed Child in safety,
And escapes the tyrant's guile.

Here as wanderers they tarry
Till the cruel monarch's death ;
Then to Galilee returning
Seek their home at Nazareth.

Here in youth and early manhood
Many wondrous works were done ;
Heavenly blessings for his people
Wrought the Christ, our Holy One.

And he preached the heavenly Kingdom,
Proving by his work the word ;
Healed the sick, the blind illumined,
And the dead to life restored.

At the wedding feast of Cana
Was the water changed to wine ;
With the loaves and fish, he furnished
For the throngs, a feast divine.

From his followers were chosen
Twelve to preach the living word ;
One of these, the traitor Judas,
By a kiss betrayed the Lord.

Then came messengers from Annas,
Seized the Christ and led Him bound
Unto Pilate's hall for judgment,
Who in him no evil found.

But his life the mob demanded
As a foe of Caesar's throne ;
So the governor delivered
To their hands the Holy One.

Then they scorned and scourged the Saviour,
Crowned with thorns and crucified ;
Led him as a lamb to slaughter,
And to conquer death he died.

When he yielded up the spirit
Daylight fled and quaked the earth ;
Then the temple veil was rended,
And from graves the dead came forth.

Now at eve the blessed Joseph
Lays the body in the tomb,
Where a guard of Roman Soldiers
At the priests' request is come.

While they watch the tomb, an angel,
Robed in white like morning's ray,
They behold with trembling terror,
As he rolls the stone away.

And they see the Christ triumphant
From the broken tomb arise,—
This the impious Jew beholdeth,
This the impious Jew denies.

First unto the weeping women
Doth the risen Lord appear,
Changing unto joy their sorrows,
While his gentle voice they hear.

Then unto the twelve he cometh,
Greeteth them with grace benign,
Fills them with the Holy Spirit,
Teaching them the law divine ;

Sends them forth to preach his gospel,
And his witnesses to be ;
Bids them to baptize the nations
In the Blessed Trinity.

Ere the ray of morning riseth,
Band of brothers, raise the song,
Send the truth to future ages ;
Honor, praise and love prolong.

While the bird of morn, awaking,
Sings aloud and beats his wing,
And the light of day appeareth,
Let our hearts with gladness ring.

Sing the glory of the Saviour,
Sing his mighty Majesty ;—
Gentle Christ, our Lord and ruler,
Keep our hearts on high with thee.



ST. AMBROSE.

OF the following hymns, two, the "Veni Redemptor Gentium," and "Illuminans Altissimus," are unquestionably by St. Ambrose, the former being noted for the fact that one of its stanzas is quoted by St. Augustine in a sermon, and ascribed to the "Blessed Ambrose,"

"Optatus Votis Omnium," has often been confidently ascribed to St. Ambrose, as it is found in some early manuscripts, but the better opinion assigns it to the sixth or seventh century. The same may be said of the other hymns under this head.

HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY.

Optatus Votis Omnium.

THE morn has dawned upon the sky,
The sacred day of joy and light,
When Christ our hope arose on high,
Above the stars in glory bright.

To heaven ascends our Lord and King,
As King and Lord he takes his throne :
Rejoicing choirs of angels sing
Triumphant songs to greet the Son.

Our glorious prince, in battle tried
With sin and death and deep disgrace,
In human form all glorified,
Now stands before the Father's face.

He rose in glory through the skies,
And gave to all a hope sublime ;
He oped the gates of Paradise
That long were closed by Adam's crime.

O wondrous joy ! the Virgin-born,
Our hope, our love, our Holy One,
After the blows of spite and scorn
Is seated on the Father's throne.

Let thanks arise on every side
 To Christ our help, our God of Might,
 Who hath our body glorified
 And raised it to the throne of light.

Abounding joy shall e'er remain,
 And earth and heaven with glory fill ;
 In heaven, that Christ returns again,
 On earth, that Christ is with us still.

Then let our hearts with love o'erflow
 Our words and deeds be all of light,
 That when we leave these walks below,
 Our souls shall climb the heavenly height.

To Christ the Lord sing praises meet,
 Who rose in might the stars above,
 Unto the Sire and Paraclete
 Give equal meed of praise and love.

MORNING HYMN.

Fulgentis Auctor Aetheris.

CREATOR of the heavenly light,
 Thou gavest the stars their certain way,
 Fixing the moon to shine at night,
 The fiery sun to glow by day.

Now night has passed, and morning fair
Brings to the world the blessed light :
O Father, hear our morning prayer,
Upraise and guide us in thy sight.

The rising sun with ruddy glow
The beauty of thy world displays,
Inviting all who dwell below
To sing thy love and sound thy praise.

Lord, let us fly each evil thing
Whereto the wicked will declines,
Let all our words and actions bring
Our souls to where thy glory shines.

And while the sun renews the day,
Let our firm faith be thus renewed,
Be hope and love our light and way,
Filling our hearts with gratitude.

EVENING HYMN.

Christe Qui Lux es et Dies.

THOU art, O Lord, our light and day,
That drivest the shades of night away,
The sun, to guide our steps aright
In blessed life and saving light.

O Holy One, we cry to thee,
This night our strong defender be,
Our souls from sin and danger keep,
And bring us rest and quiet sleep.

Let no temptations vile or vain,
Or evil will our slumber stain,
Lest by the power of hell beguiled,
Our souls be darkened or defiled.

But while our eyes are closed in sleep,
Still let our hearts sharp vigil keep ;
Let thy right hand be with us still
To shield and save from every ill.

Dear Jesus, hear our cry and bless ;
All thoughts and deeds of wrong repress ;
Our guard, our guide, our ruler be,
Whom thou hast bought upon the tree.

Remember, Lord, our need and woe,
How weak are we, thy strength bestow ;
O thou, the soul's best advocate,
Haste, haste and help our feeble state.

OUR LEADER, CHRIST.

Christe Rex Coeli Domine.

JESUS, our heavenly Lord and King,
Thou didst the world's salvation bring,
And by thy death upon the tree,
Didst out of bondage make us free.

Hear now our prayers, O Son of God,
Preserve the gifts thy hand bestowed,
Unto thy love all nations draw,
And bring mankind to know thy law.

Word of the everlasting Sire,
Seal us with faith, with love inspire :
Confirm our hope, O Holy One,
True God and sole-begotten Son.

The tongues of all creation call
And hail thy name as Lord of all :
Their life arose from God's command,
Their living hope, from thy right hand.

Mid heavenly splendors ranged on high,
To thee angelic choirs outcry ;
And bands of bright archangels praise
Thy name in never-ending lays.

With vials bearing odors sweet
The elders worship at thy feet,
Before thee bow in robes of white,
And chant thy praise and bless thy might.

The Father's luminous thrones above,
With beating wings and words of love,
The cherubim and seraphim,
Sing out to thee their ceaseless hymn.

They sing to thee in sweet accord,
Their, "Holy, holy, holy Lord ;
Great God of hosts and victories,
Thy glory fills the earth and skies.

"Forevermore hosanna sing,
To David's Son, our conquering King ;
To thee be ever love and laud
Who camest in the name of God."

To thee shall rise the song and psalm,
O Victim meek, O spotless Lamb,
Whose blood has washed all earthly taints
From the white vestments of the saints.

The martyr bands that dwell on high,
With palms and crowns of victory,
In strains of love eternal sing
Their glorious Leader, Christ the King.

Lord, guide us by thy blessed light,
And bring us to thy heavenly height,
Enroll us with thy blessed throng
To sing thy praise in deathless song.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Veni Redemptor Gentium.

COME thou, Redeemer of the earth
And show the world thy Virgin birth,
Which every age shall praise and sing
As meet for Christ, our God and King.

Not from the seed of mortal race,
But by the spirit's mystic grace
The Word of God hath flesh become
And flourished in the Virgin's womb.

That womb, the port of purity,
The haven of the Christ shall be ;
The flags of virtue flash and shine,
The Virgin's womb is God's pure shrine.

Now from that hall of chastity
The Saviour moves in majesty,
The conquering giant, man and God,
Triumphant on his wondrous road.

From God the Father is he come,
 To God the Father goeth home,
 Puts Hell beneath his conquering rod,
 And sits upon the throne of God.

Peer of the Father, Lord benign,
 Thou takest our flesh through love divine,
 Our feeble wills to fortify
 And lift us to thyself on high.

Thy cradle shineth through the night,
 And fills the world with holy light,
 That glory never shall decline,
 But strong with faith, eternal shine.

THE SACRED MYSTERY.

Mysterium Ecclesiae.

THE birth of Christ the Saviour,
 The sacred Mystery sing,
 The Son of Virgin Mother
 And our Eternal King.

O chosen one of women,
 Most pure thou art and fair;
 Thy womb alone was worthy
 The Son of God to bear.

The sign of ancient ages,
The wondrous deed is done,
The Virgin of the prophet
Conceives and bears her Son.

This mystery, O mother,
This glory dost thou see;
The God of all creation,
A babe, is born of thee.

O full of grace, most truly,
Thou art and shalt remain ;
From thee has come the Saviour,
To cleanse the world of stain.

The shepherds see the splendor,
They hear the angels sing,
And hasten to the manger,
To view the new-born King,

And so the Magi follow
The star that goes before,
And with their Orient offerings
The infant Lord adore.

Then turn, O turn, ye people,
And seek that mother mild ;
Implore her powerful pleading
With Christ her tender child.

HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

Illuminans Altissimus.

O THOU that with thy splendor bright
Dost glorify the stars above,
Our peace, our life, our truth, our light,
Jesus, be with us in thy love.

Thy mystic baptism on this day
Made Jordan's wave turn back with fear ;
Dear Lamb, still bear our sins away,
In all our actions still be near.

The shining star of Bethlehem
Guiding the Kings to thee this day,
Be unto us as unto them,
Thy guiding light upon our way.

This day didst thou the water turn
By thy strong word to ruddy wine ;
The servant pouring from the urn
Beheld the fragrant wonder shine.

He saw the waters coloring,
The odor noted, sweet and rare ;
"Draw and unto the Master bring,"
He gazed in mute amazement there.

So with five thousand men, O Lord,
 Five little loaves didst thou divide,
 And as they ate, thy powerful word
 The broken fragments multiplied.

Lord, who this wondrous truth that knows,
 Thy bread supplied to every race,
 Can doubt that still thy fountain flows
 Of holy love and saving grace?

Each fragment broken by thy hand
 Is by thy heavenly love bedewed;
 We take and eat at thy command;
 We bow in love and gratitude.

ON THE PASSION.

Hymnum Dicamus Domino.

COME, join in hymns and praises,
 Exalt the sacred name
 Of Christ our King, who by his blood
 Redeemed us out of shame.

The night was now descending,
 And Jesus at the board
 Sat with the twelve; and Judas came,
 A traitor to his Lord.

The Master knew the treason,
And thus to them did say ;
“ One of you seated at this meal,
To-night will me betray.”

The wicked dealer, Judas,
Betrayed him with a kiss ;
And Christ, a lamb all innocent,
Denied not even this.

For thirty silver pieces
Was the base bargain made ;
So Judas hath the Guiltless One
Unto the Jews betrayed.

Then out spake Pilate, Governor,
“ No fault in him I see ;”
But taking water, washed his hands ;
“ The guilt is yours,” said he.

And blind with fraud and malice,
“ Free Barabbas,” they cried ;
“ The blood of Christ be on our heads :
Let him be crucified.”

So Barabbas, the robber
Was freed before all eyes ;
And Christ the life of earth was slain,
Through whom the dead arise.

Glory to God the Father,
To Christ the sole-born Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run.

A HYMN FOR MIDNIGHT.

Mediae Noctis Tempus Est.

THE solemn midnight warns us
To heed the prophet's word,
And lift our voice in prayer and praise
To greet our living Lord.

Sing praises to the Father,
Sing praises to the Son,
Sing praises to the Holy Ghost,
The blessed Three in One.

This midnight hour brought terror
To Egypt's land forlorn ;
To man and beast death's angel came
And slew the eldest born.

But where the blood was sprinkled
Upon the just man's door,
The angel knew the sacred sign,
And passed that dwelling o'er.

Loud, loud was Egypt's wailing
Beneath the wrath divine ;
But Israel sang in psalms of joy,
Protected by the sign.

So we, thy people Israel,
Rejoice, O Lord, in thee ;
Saved by the blood of Christ the Lamb,
We spurn the enemy.

And at the hour of midnight,
As by the Gospel shown,
The Bride-groom will in glory come
From Heaven's eternal throne.

And rising up to meet him,
Will the wise Virgins sing,
And lighted by their shining lamps,
Go forth to meet their King.

But they that have been sleeping
Will find, alas, too late,
Their lamps untrimmed, and vainly knock
Against the closed gate.

Let us in sober vigils
Rise up to praise and pray,
And ready be when Jesus comes
To meet him on the way.

At midnight in the prison
Did Paul and Silas see
The shackles burst, while praising Christ,
Who came to set them free.

Out of our worldly prison
We praise thee, Christ our Lord ;
O break the bonds of sin for us
Who lean upon thy word,

And grant us, King All-holy,
That we may worthy be
To join with thy celestial choirs
In praise eternally,



ST. AUGUSTINE.

BORN at Tagasta, now Souk-Ahras, Numidia, November 13th, 354, of a pagan father, and a mother of ideal Christian virtues, St. Monica, Augustine, after a youth of pleasure, and waywardness, became one of the great Doctors of the Church, and one of the most dominating influences in its early years. As philosopher and theological genius, his life is too well known to need any further notice here. He died at Hippo, August 28, 430, having presided over that See for thirty-four years.

The following poem has been ascribed to St. Augustine, and it certainly contains some of the most beautiful thoughts found in his prose; but critics think it the product of a somewhat later age. Trench believes it to be the work of St. Damiani. Mone thinks it was written about one hundred years after the death of Augustine. It may be said to be the earliest of the hymns from which the flood of New Jerusalem poems had their source. The English renderings heretofore given have been brief centoes consisting of various stanzas selected from the poem.



THE JOYS OF PARADISE.

Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem.

TO the fount of life eternal
Longs my thirsting soul to rise,
Longs to break the carnal prison
Where the darkness holds her eyes,
Weeps and wanders like an exile,
Yearning for her native skies.

O, when bowed beneath the burdens
And the labors of the day,
Comes the dream of man's lost glory
Shining sweet with heavenly ray,
Present grief but swells the longing
For the blessings cast away.

Who can sing in fitting numbers
All the joys of heavenly peace?
There of living pearls are builded
Homes of everlasting bliss,
Golden roofs and seats of glory,
Sweet with songs that never cease.

In the portals of that city
Only precious gems are seen ;
Paved with gold of matchless luster,
All its ways are wide and clean ;
Nothing foul, or vile, or evil
Stains or mars that land serene.

Winds of winter never enter
Those supernal regions fair ;
There the spring is everlasting,
Roses bloom of radiance rare,
Flowers of every glow and odor
Load with balm the limpid air.

Through the greening fields and meadows
Streams of sweetest honey flow ;
Moving airs of spicy perfumes,
Soft aromas, breathe and blow ;
And in groves, whose leaves are fadeless
Bloom and fruit together grow.

There the moon and planets change not,
Sun and stars no courses run ;
For the light of that fair country
Is the Lamb, the Holy One,
And his day is ever shining,
Ending ne'er and ne'er begun.

There the holy souls are vested,
Like the sun, in robes of light,
Crowned with dazzling wreaths of triumph,
Glorious victors in the fight,
And conjubilant their praises
Rise unto the God of might.

Cleansed of evil and defilement
Earthly strife is there unknown,
There the flesh is changed to spirit,
And the souls in love are one ;
There they rest in peace eternal
In the glory of the Son.

Lifted high o'er all mutations,
Unto God they turn their eyes,
See the present truth before them
Ever shining in the skies ;
And they draw undying sweetness
From the Fount that never dies.

True delight lives on forever,
Time or change is never near,
Never malady to torture,
Never age to blight or scar ;
Health and youth and holy pleasure,
With no shade of chance or fear.

Here is found the everlasting,
For the flight of time is flown ;
Here is vigor, health, and beauty,
For corruption is unknown ;
Death is dead amid the deathless,
All his power forever gone.

They who know the Lord Omniscient,
What is left for them to know ?
There no breast can hide a secret,
Every thought will open show ;
One in willing, one in doing,
Bound in God as one they go.

Though for merit may be given
Unto some a loftier throne,
Those below, by love enkindled,
Feel the glory as their own ;
All the joys of each are common,
And ambition is unknown.

Wheresoever is the body,
Lo, the eagles gathered are ;
Holy souls their sweet refreshment
Draw from the Redeemer's care ;
Christ as bread his body giveth
To his own both here and there.

Ever hungering and ever
Filled with food of fond desire,
Never satisfied their hunger,
Though they have what they require,
Longing still they eat, and eating
Long, with holy love afire.

High in harmony those spirits
Sound an endless jubilee,
Praise in song the God of Battles,
Through whose mercy they are free,
Glorify the King Triumphant
Who hath wrought the victory.

Happy is that blessed spirit
Who beholds her maker nigh,
Sees the Ruler of creation
On his throne of majesty,
Marshalling the stars and planets
In their courses through the sky.

Gentle Jesus, crown of heroes,
Guide me on thy radiant way,
Let me dwell in thy fair city,
See the glory of thy day,
March a comrade in thy army,
In its jubilant array.

Fill my soul with strength and vigor
 In my warfare here below ;
Be thy name to me a bulwark
 In my struggle with the foe ;
And thy sweet reward hereafter
 On my soul, dear Lord, bestow.

PRUDENTIUS.

The funeral hymn, a cento from the tenth number of the Cathemerinon, is pronounced by Trench "the crowing glory of Prudentius." The hymn on the nativity, however, which follows, is undoubtedly the most famous. In the York Breviary it is given as the hymn for Compline on the vigil of Christmas. It is taken from the ninth number of the Cathemerinon, and usually begins with the second stanza "Corde Natus Ex Parentis." The refrain, "saeculorum saeculis," is only found as the last line in the original, but is employed in this cento as a close for each stanza, for musical effect. The third hymn was used in the Sarum Breviary, "at Compline on Passion Sunday, and daily to Maunday Thursday." This last is a cento from number six of the Cathemerinon.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Jam Maesta Quiesce Querecla.

YE mothers, cease your mourning,
And wipe the tears away ;
For death is life's renewal,
And brings a brighter day.

What doth the lettered tombstone,
The sculptured marble show ?
These are not dead, but sleeping,
Whose bones repose below.

Here lies the vacant body,
The soul to heaven has flown ;
Thence will she come hereafter
To join and take her own.

Then each returning spirit
Her body shall resume,
That with reviving pulses
Shall cleave the silent tomb.

From age-long slumber waking,
Like birds, the dead shall rise,
Body and soul united,
And soar beyond the skies.

Let holy rites and honors
Unto their dust be paid,
With tender care be guarded
The graves where they are laid.

Like seed are they upspringing
From out the silent sod,
And all renewed in beauty
Bloom sweetly unto God.

Receive, O earth, and cherish
Within thy warming breast,
And guard the noble relics
We leave with thee at rest.

Once dwelt within this mansion
A spirit breathed from God,
The light of Christ the Saviour
Had here its bright abode.

This image of the Maker
Take thou and keep from shame,
This loan of God the Father,
He surely will reclaim.

For lo, the hour of justice,
The hope fulfilled, shall come,
When thou shalt yield the sleepers
From every silent tomb.



For though their bones shall crumble,
By years and years untold,
Though nought but dust remaineth
A babe's weak hand might hold ;

Though flame may burn, and breezes
The ashes bear away,
The man can never perish,
To final death a prey.

Lord, while this mouldering body
Thou leavest here at rest,
Unto what pleasant region
Lead'st thou the spirit blest ?

In holy Abraham's bosom,
Like Lazarus, she reclines ;
The wicked see, in torment,
The peace around that shines.

Like him that died beside thee,
We give thee, Christ, our faith,
And follow thee in triumph
Beyond the power of death.

Lord, to thy lovers shineth
The road to Paradise,
And Eden's groves are opened
To bless their longing eyes.

Dear Lord, receive thy servant,
 From bonds of earth set free ;
 Take to her home the spirit
 Returning unto thee.

Sweet violets and roses
 And flowers of brightest bloom,
 Shall with our prayers be scattered
 Above the dear one's tomb.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

Da, Puer, Plectrun.

BRING the lyre, and let our voices
 Sound aloud the faithful strain ;
 Sing in mellow song the Saviour,
 Sing his everlasting reign ;
 Adoration, love, and glory,
 All are his and shall remain,
 Through the ages evermore.

From the Father's bosom rising
 Ere the earth began her course,
 Came our Alpha and Omega,
 Came creation's only source,

Fountain-head and final ending,
Light and wisdom, love and force,
Through the ages evermore.

Lo! he comes, our form assuming,
And he robes himself in clay ;
To redeem our fallen nature
He becomes our hope and stay ;
Saves us from the guilt of Adam
Lest our souls be cast away,
Through the ages evermore..

O, how blessed is that birthday
When the Virgin mother fair,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
In the lowly manger bare
Christ, who came our heavenly Saviour,
Our lost glory to repair,
Through the ages evermore.

Let the skies ring out his honor ;
Let the angels sing his praise ;
Let the voice of virtue laud him,
And his hymns of joy upraise ;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Sing the Ancient One of Days,
Through the ages evermore..

Here behold, whom holy sages
Sang in many an ancient song,
Whom the prophets' faithful pages
Show victorious over wrong ;
Christ, the promise of the ages,
Let the world his praise prolong
Through the ages evermore.

Thee the aged, thee the youthful,
Thee the infant choirs shall sing ;
Matron bands, and bands of virgins
To thy name their love shall bring ;
Every soul shall rise in music
Unto thee our Lord and King
Through the ages evermore.

Flowing wave and rushing river,
Verdant vale and sounding shore,
Rain and snow and heat and hoarfrost,
Night and day shall bow before
Thy supernal power and glory,
And in love thy name implore
Through the ages evermore.

Unto thee, O Christ, the Saviour,
Unto thee, O God, the Sire,
Unto thee, O Sacred Spirit
Do we turn with pure desire,

Bringing hymns of praise and glory,
Honor, laud and love entire,
Through the ages evermore.

HYMN BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP.

Cultor Dei Memento.

O lover of the Lord
Bear evermore in mind
That by the sacred dew of Christ
Thy soul has been refined.

When on thy couch at night
Thou liest down to sleep,
Sign with his cross thy brow and heart,
That he thy soul may keep.

For every crime departs
And shadows fly away
When Christ's redeeming cross is raised,
The soul's eternal stay.

No wandering dreams shall tempt,
No evil thoughts be nigh ;
The leader of the powers of hell
Before the cross shall fly.

Thou writhing serpent, hence !
So full of impious arts ;
Who comest in a thousand shapes
To trouble quiet hearts.

Depart, for Christ is here !
His sacred cross behold !
Thou knowest the strong and holy sign
That damned thy crew of old.

So though the body droops
In lingering sleep awhile,
Still on the Christ the soul shall dwell,
From danger safe and guile.

To God the heavenly Sire,
To Christ, our very King,
And to the holy paraclete
Let endless praises ring.

SEDULIUS.

The following hymn by Sedulius, is often used at the Introit on days of special service in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HAIL, HOLY QUEEN AND VIRGIN.

Salve Sancta Parens.

HAIL, holy queen and virgin,
Hail mother of the King;
Whose womb the Lord of Ages
Unto the earth did bring.

Within thy blessed bosom,
More spotless than the snow,
The God of all creation
Found shelter here below.

Woman above example,
Most dear to Christ the Son,
Thou art, O wondrous Virgin,
The world's high paragon.

Hear thou our prayerful voices,
Dear Son of God most high,
Who willed death's pains to suffer
To save our souls thereby.

ST. ENNODIUS.

MAGNUS FELIX ENNODIUS, was descended from an illustrious family, and was related to a number of the most noted men of his time. He was born at Arles, in Southern Gaul, in the year 473, but his early years were chiefly spent in Italy, where he was educated, at Milan, under the care of his aunt. On the death of this aunt Ennodius was married to a lady of wealth and nobility. Eloquence and poetry were his favorite studies, and his youth seems to have been more or less wayward. But at an early age he became converted. This conversion he attributes to the intercession of St. Victor, the Martyr of Milan. He soon entered into orders, with the consent of his wife, who at the same time devoted herself to God in a state of perpetual continency. In 513 he was appointed Bishop of Pavia. He became a noted theological writer and disputant, and was employed by Pope Hormisdas to go on a mission to the East in an endeavor to bring about a reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches. He was entirely unsuccessful in the mission, but his conduct won for him great praise. He was very zealous for the conversion of souls, and exercised great liberality in relieving the poor and in building and adorning churches. His piety and devotion were displayed in the composition of sacred poems on the Virgin, on

various saints, and on other subjects. He died at the age of forty-eight years, on August 1, 521, and was buried in the church of St. Michael at Pavia. None of the sacred verses of Ennodius are employed in religious services of the present day. I do not think any of the following hymns has been fully translated into English previous to the present attempt.

VESPER HYMNS.

I.

Nigrante Tectam Pallio.

ABOVE the world the deepening pall
Of gloomy night begins to fall ;
And every heart that languisheth,
May gain new life from seeming death.

This soft oblivion, soothing sleep,
As in a tomb our cares shall keep ;
Sweet peace shall reign in every breast,
And wearied minds revive with rest.

Dear Christ, our life, our truth, our light,
Let not the shadowy hours of night
Oppress with fears the wandering will,
Or lead the mind to thoughts of ill.

Be with us through the lingering night,
Protect us by thy holy might,
Let no vain dreams our sleep disturb,
But all the powers of darkness curb.

Drive far away the dangerous foe,
 That to the unwary worketh woe,
 Still seeking whom he may devour,
 With cruel fangs, from hour to hour.

Refine our souls with chastity,
 Let all our thoughts be still with thee,
 Let lively faith adorn each breast,
 And in thy love be sweet our rest.

II.

Christe Precamur Annue.

DEAR Christ we crave thy favor,
 To guide our steps aright ;
 O, hear our tearful voices,
 Be with us through the night.

Shine in our slumbering bosoms,
 Our souls from danger keep ;
 So may we dream thy glory,
 And sing thee while we sleep.

Grant health of mind and body,
 All dangers far remove,
 And earth's surrounding darkness,
 Illumine by thy love.

To thee with tuneful voices
We bring our even song ;
Blot out our bonds of evil,
Thy holy cheer prolong.

To God the Sire be glory,
The same to God the Son,
And unto God the Spirit,
Forever three in one.

III.

Christe Lumen Perpetuum.

O CHRIST, our everlasting Light,
Thou glory of the starry sky,
Illume the darkness of our night,
Quicken our breasts and purify.

O, save us from insidious snares,
Protect us from the dangerous foe,
Guard, lest we stumble unawares,
And let our sleep no evil know.

Keep thou our hearts forever pure,
Increase our faith and make us thine,
Be with us thy protection sure,
Save by thy power and love divine.

So may our souls rejoice in thee
And sing thy praise at morning tide,
Glad in thy strength, O Trinity,
Strong in thy love, O Crucified.

To thee, O Father, glory be,
To thee, O Co-eternal Son,
And heavenly Paraclete to thee,
One God while endless ages run.

IV.

Christe Salvator Omnium.

O CHRIST our Lord and Saviour,
Thou God of heaven above,
Now while the night is falling
We sing thy praise and love.

The sun his course has ended,
Fast fades the vesper light,
And round the world are closing
The shadows of the night.

Lord, help thy faithful servants
Who bow to thee in prayer;
Sweet rest from wearing labor
Let all thy people share.

Let purest thoughts be with us,
 Sweet dreams our sleep adorn,
 Thy grace be our protection
 Till comes the light of morn.

V.

Christe Lux Mundi.

THOU art, O Christ, our health and light,
 The power that glorifies the sun,
 That veils with deepening shades the night,
 And gives each star its course to run.

With motions sure thy will is done,
 The world thy gentle laws shall keep,
 The morn shall see our toils begun,
 And evening bring refreshing sleep.

'Tis now the quiet sun-set hour,
 And evening stars begin to shine,
 The heavens proclaim thy wondrous power,
 The glory of the night is thine.

We come to thee with sacred song,
 With hymns and psalms and holy lays ;
 With music sweet the words prolong,
 With gladness join to sing thy praise.

We burn sweet incense, mighty Lord,
And sprinkle holy drops for thee,
By sacred light we show thy word,
And bless thy might and majesty.

Lord, let our prayers, like healing balm,
Return to us in pardon sweet,
And be our limbs by slumber calm
Refreshed the morning's cares to meet.

And though in shadows dark and deep
The world may roll through all the night,
Still let our souls thy vigils keep,
Guarded and guided by thy light.

No wandering thought or vain desire
Be near our souls to soil or stain,
But kindled by the holy fire
Of love for thee, with thee remain.

And be our hearts so filled with thee,
That in our dreams thou'lt be our stay,
And so thy love shall ever be
Sung in our souls by night and day.

Then glory to the Father sing,
Glory to Christ the only Son,
Like glory to the Spirit bring
Our triune Lord while ages run.

FLAVIUS.

LITTLE is known of the author of the following hymn. We only know, in fact, that he was bishop of Chalons in the year 580. The hymn was a favorite in the Anglo Saxon church, and is found in two manuscripts of the eleventh century in the British Museum. Each couplet of the first stanza alternates as a refrain at the end of the other stanzas.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY THURSDAY.

Tellus ac Aethra Jubilant.

LET earth and heaven rejoice and sing
The supper of our Lord and King,
Who cleansed our souls from sin, and gave
The living bread to heal and save.

Let earth and heaven rejoice and sing
That supper of our Lord and King.

The Maker of the world, that night,
With wondrous mystery and might,
Brought to the soul her heavenly meat,
His blood to drink, his flesh to eat ;
He cleansed our souls from sin and gave
The living bread to heal and save.

Before partaking at the board,
A noble form doth Christ afford
Of humble love and grace complete,
By washing his disciples' feet.

Let earth and heaven rejoice and sing
That supper of our Lord and King.

Abashed, his servant Peter turned
With blanching cheek, when he discerned
The Lord of Angels humbly bent,
And would the servile deed prevent.

He cleansed our souls from sin and gave
The living bread to heal and save.

"Nay, Simon," spake the Holy One,
"The Mystic washing must be done;
So man to man no pride shall show,
But humbly serve the meek and low."

Let earth and heaven rejoice and sing
That supper of our Lord and King.

This humble duty done, the Lord
Sat with the brethren at the board,
And told in words of gentle tone
The treason of a chosen one.

He cleansed our souls from sin and gave
The living bread to heal and save.

O wolfish Judas, thou didst bring
The kiss of treason to thy King,
Who lamb-like yielded to the scourge
The world from soiling crime to purge.

Let earth and heaven rejoice and sing
That supper of our Lord and King.

The prison bars are burst today,
The stain of sin is washed away ;
So from the gentle Saviour's doom
Eternal hopes arise and bloom.

He cleansed our souls from sin and gave
The living bread to heal and save.

Then let us lift our hearts and sing
The glory of our Victor King,
Who with the Sire and Sacred Flame
Upraised our souls from sin and shame.

Let earth and heaven rejoice and sing
That supper of our Lord and King.

FORTUNATUS.

THE hymn for Eastertide which follows, is a cento from a poem by Fortunatus entitled "Tempora Florigero." It has been somewhat widely used in the church. It is written in elegiacs, in manifest imitation of Ovid. In the cento the two verses of the first couplet are used alternately at the end of each of the following couplets, as a refrain, in the same manner as the two couplets of the first stanza of the hymn of Bishop Flavius are used.

The second hymn, that for the Christmas season, although wanting in some of the manuscripts of the works of Fortunatus, has been ascribed to that writer, with practical unanimity by the compilers of Latin hymns. It is found in few breviaries. The text from which this translation is made appears in the first volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*.

PASCHAL HYMN.

Salve Festa Dies.

HAIL! high festival day whose rites are revered
through the ages ;

Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars ;

Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages ;

Lo ! how the earth sends forth her new-born graces
and beauties ;
So doth the Lord of Light send his graces to
man ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Glad in the triumph of Christ, who hath conquered
the sorrowful Kingdom,
Groves are green on the earth, grasses are brilliant
with flowers ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Yea ! since the Lord hath prevailed o'er the laws and
the forces of evil,
Earth and the ocean and sky join in a song to his
praise ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Unto our crucified King, our God and eternal Creator,
Praises shall sound evermore, loud from the
regions of earth ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Him shall the changing moons, the revolving days
in their splendor,
Him shall the moments praise, voicing continual
song ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Jesus, our Saviour and Hope, our Redeemer and
kindly Creator,
Jesus, the Father's one Son, thee do we greet as
our King ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Lord, in thy love didst thou look on the depth of our
sin and our sorrow,
And to restore our state came as a Babe to the
world ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Builder of earth and of life, in mercy to man didst
thou suffer,
Walk in the valley of death, bringing salvation and
hope ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Fill our fainting souls, dear Lord, with the faith of
thy promise,
And as the third day dawns, rise, my buried One,
rise!
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Break, O Father, the chains that have fettered the
spirits in prison,
Call up the dead from the deep, lift them aloft to
thy light ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Show us again thy face, that the nations may gaze
on thy glory,
Bring back the day that died, when thy death we
beheld ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

Out of the prison of death, dear God, what a multi-
tude riseth ;
Free they walk by thy side, free where thy foot-
steps have trod ;
Hail, high festival day, whose rites are revered
through the ages.

Out of the deep to the tomb dost thou come and thy
body resuming,
Soarest aloft to the skies, laden with wonderful
spoil ;
Now is the conquering Christ risen from gloom to
the stars.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Agnoscat Omne Saeculum.

TO every age proclaim
The coming of the Lord,
The King of Kings, the Conqueror,
Our hope and sweet reward.

Behold the Virgin's Son
Of Israel's holy strain,
The King by angel heralded
Begins his endless reign.

On Mary's bosom rests
The everlasting Word;
From her unsullied womb is sprung
The world's eternal Lord.

The living fount of light
That glorifies the skies,
The Maker of the spheres, a Babe
In the rude manger lies.

He who, on Sinai's hill
The law to Moses gave,
Hath bound himself beneath the law
The life of man to save.

From ancient Adam's crime
He comes to make us free,
What Adam lost through pride, he gains
Through sweet humility.

Salvation, Love and Light,
All hail, most Holy One!
Ye nations, congregate in joy ;
Adore the Virgin's Son.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE following hymn is at least as old as the seventh century, since it is quoted by the Venerable Bede in the same work in which he mentions the hymn given under St. Hilary, "Hymnum Dicat Turba Fratrum." Nothing is known of the author, but many think it is the work of the writer of the latter hymn. It has been compared to the "Dies Irae," that great hymn surpassing it, says Daniel, "in majesty and terror, but not in holy simplicity and faith."

It is an abecedary, that is to say, each stanza begins with a consecutive letter of the alphabet. I have followed this peculiarity in the translation. As there is no w in the Latin tongue I have used that letter in the translation instead of x for obvious reasons. The meter of the original has also been preserved.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Apparebit Repentina.

AS a flash of light appeareth,
So will come the judgment day,
Silent as a thief at midnight,
Sudden as the lightning's ray.

Brief will then appear the ages,
All their glory poor and vain,
Earth shall fall in desolation,
Nought of all its pomp remain.

Clanging through the desert regions
Comes the sounding trump to call
All the dead and all the living
Where the Christ is Judge of all.

Down the steep of heaven, surrounded
By ten thousand angel choirs
Comes the Arbiter Almighty
'Mid the glow of heavenly fires.

Even as he cometh terror
Strikes the earth, the moon turns red;
Blotted is the sun from heaven,
And the quivering stars fall dead.

Flames before the path are streaming
Of the Ancient One of days,
Ocean earth and skies devouring
In the anger of the blaze.

Glory magnifies the Monarch
Seated on his lofty throne,
While majestic ranks of angels
Marshal round the Holy One.

Here upon his right he shepherds
All the just, who gather near ;
On his left, like goats, the wicked
Quail in overpowering fear.

In a voice of love he speaketh
To the souls upon his right ;
“ Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter heaven’s gates of light.

“ Kindled with fraternal feeling,
Poor and lorn, ye succored me ;
Now enriched with endless blessings,
Take the meed of charity.”

Light and gladness fill their bosoms ;
“ When,” they cry, “ most loving Lord,
Did we aid thee poor and needy,
So to earn this high reward ? ”

Moving to eternal sweetness
Will the tender answer be ;
“ In your mercy to the humble
Ye were merciful to me.”

Nor to those that wait in terror
Will the word be long delayed ;
“ Go, ye wicked ; dwell forever
In the fire for sinners made.

“ On the earth, when poor and needy,
I besought your charity ;
Food and clothing ye denied me,
In your pride despising me.”

Plunged in overwhelming sorrow
Cry aloud the trembling throng ;
“ When, O Christ, did we deny thee,
See thy need and do thee wrong? ”

Quick the answer ; “ When the beggar
On the earth for aid applied,
And your heart its love denied him,
Then to me was love denied.”

Rushing from the Mighty Presence
Sink the wicked in despair ;
There the worm forever gnaweth,
Fires are ever burning there.

Satan in his dreadful prison,
By the ministers of hell,
Binds the souls in fiery torment,
There forevermore to dwell.

Then the faithful flocks are lifted
To the fields of joy above,
Where the choirs of holy angels
Ever chant their hymns of love

Under gates of golden glory
In that home forever fair,
Calm with holy peace they enter,
Those eternal glories share.

Where the day is everlasting,
Where the skies are ever bright,
They behold the Blessed Vision
On the throne of Love and Light.

Yielding only care and sorrow,
False the hopes of earthly life ;
Therefore seek the heavenly treasures.
Turn from all ignoble strife.

Zealous be in holy living,
Keep thy heart in purity,
With thy light forever burning
Be prepared thy King to see.

BLESSED NOTKER.

THE following sequences of Notker Balbulus are given here in rhymed and metrical form, instead of the prose of the original.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY.

Natus Ante Saecula.

BEFORE the ages and the stars of morn
The ever-living Son of God was born ;
Whom, as their Maker, heaven and earth adore,
And the wide ocean sings from shore to shore,
Through him the changing day sinks into night,
And rises mid the joys of morning light ;
His glory evermore the angels sing,
Sounding his praises as their Lord and King.
The fragile flesh of man doth he assume,
All stainless from the stainless Mary's womb,
That Virgin mother, who alone on earth
Free from the primal curse had spotless birth.
Lo ! Christ is come, and brings the living day,
Driving the shadows of the world away ;
The star of Bethlehem shines ; its glory brings
Earth's rulers to adore the King of Kings.

And simple shepherds o'er the hills behold
The choiring angels, with their harps of gold ;
The swelling music sweetens all the earth
And wakens gladness in the glorious Birth.

Rejoice, O Mother of the deathless King,
Beside whose birth-bed heavenly angels sing !
And thou, sweet Christ, who for our sake art come
Lift us and guide us to our heavenly home.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

Grates Nunc Omnes.

ARISE and render thanks to God,
The Lord and King of all,
Who by his power hath made us free
From Satan's baneful thrall.

Arise and render thanks to God,
And ever be our aim
With angels evermore to sing
The glory of his name.

OTHLO.

THE following hymn on the Nativity of Our Lord, is found in Mone, Vol. 1. p. 53, where he cites it from a manuscript of the eleventh century, with the remark, "The hymn is by the Monk Othlo of St. Emmeram, in Regensburg, (now Ratisbon) and stands at the end of his poems." The original is written in Mediaeval Sapphics, the caesura and the close of each verse rhyming. This is the form which was usually printed in seven lines, at that time. The hymn is here translated into English for the first time.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

O Salus Mundi.

O SAVIOUR of the nations,
Creator of the skies,
Our single hope, our glory,
To thee our song shall rise.

For thou, the world's Redeemer,
Hast come with grace sublime,
To raise weak man from sorrow
And cleanse his heart of crime.

Thy tender love has found us
In misery fast bestead,
And lifting us in mercy,
Has crushed the serpent's head.

To free the earth of evil
Man's form thou didst assume,
O Son of God, proceeding
From Mary's spotless womb.

The glory of salvation
Doth now the world adorn,
The splendor of the Father,
A tender Babe is born.

He comes, our Hope bespoken
By signs and prophecies,
The promise of the ages,
The Lord of earth and skies.

No more shall sin and sorrow
Oppress with fatal power ;
To every true believer
Is given the heavenly dower.

Then let us lift our voices
In songs of praise and prayer,
And seek, as faithful servants,
The joys of heaven to share.

FULBERT OF CHARTRES.

FULBERT was born, probably at Rome, about 952, and died April 10, 1029. He was of humble parentage, and was educated at Rheims, having as one of his teachers, the famous Gerbert, who was afterwards raised to the papal throne as Sylvester II.

In 990 Fulbert opened a school at Chartres, which soon became the most famous seat of learning in France, and drew scholars, not only from the furthest parts of France but also from Italy, Germany and England. So highly was he esteemed as a teacher, that his pupils used to call him the "venerable Socrates."

In 1007 he succeeded Rudolph as Bishop of Chartres. He owed his episcopal dignity chiefly to the influence of King Robert of France, author of the famous hymn, known as the Golden Sequence, who had been his fellow student at Rheims.

HYMN FOR PASCHALTIDE.

Chorus Novae Jerusalem.

SING out, O New Jerusalem,
A new and gladsome song ;
Revere the feast of Paschaltide,
Its holy joy prolong.

This day the conquering Lion, Christ,
Uprising, rent the tomb,
O'erwhelmed in light the power of hell,
And roused the souls from gloom.

The prison bars are burst apart,
The ransomed bands are free,
They follow their Redeemer, Christ,
From long captivity,

He triumphs in his glorious strength,
He triumphs by the Rood,
And joins the earth with heaven above
In one vast brotherhood.

And we, his warriors on the earth,
Our Leader's praise shall sing,
And strive as our reward to gain
The palace of the King.

Let praise and love and glory crown
The Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

ST. PETER DAMIAN.

BORN about the year 988 of a good but reduced family, Peter, surnamed of Damian suffered great hardships in his youth from poverty and ill-treatment. At length an older brother who was arch-priest of Ravenna, took pity on him and gave him an education. Peter had good natural parts, and soon became a noted teacher. His natural calling was that of a religious, however, and he early surrendered himself wholly to the service of God as a monk of the Benedictine Order.

He was a strict disciplinarian. His principles may be conceived from the following quotation from his works: "We can never restore what is decayed of primitive discipline; and if we by negligence suffer any diminution in what remains established, future ages will never be able to repair such breaches. Let us not draw upon ourselves so base a reproach; but let us faithfully transmit to posterity the examples of virtue which we have received from our forefathers."

He was made Cardinal bishop of Ostia by Pope Stephen IX, in 1057 which office he was allowed to resign by Pope Alexander II. after great importunity on the part of the saint; but the pope reserved the power to employ him in church matters of importance, and in fact he was so employed in many cases, even to the time of his death. This occurred at the

monastery of our Lady without the gates of Faenza, on February 22, 1072. He is honored as patron at Faenza and Font-Avellano, on February 23.

Of the following hymns, I may say that the first, which has been called the "Dies Irae of individual life," is given from the form printed in Daniel's *Thesaurus*, Vol. I, p. 224. The second, designed for Eastertide, seems to be made up largely from some of the Ambrosian hymns, while the third seems to have been inspired by the hymn of Elpis on the feast of the apostles Peter and Paul. It may be said in passing that some of the translators have omitted the second stanza, as not in keeping with later forms of belief.

Some writers have claimed that the famous hymn, "Ad perennis vitae fontem," was written by St. Peter, but there hardly seems to be warrant for the claim.

ON THE DAY OF DEATH.

Gravi Me Terrere Pulsas,

AH, thou bringest dreams of terror,
Thou of life my latest day,
Bringest dreams that shake my pulses,
Fill my bosom with dismay ;
Sunk in solemn gloom and anguish
I behold thy parting ray.

Deep the fear that moves the spirit
In her final agony,
When her course on earth is measured,
And she struggles to be free,
Ready for her lonesome journey,
Turning to eternity.

Feeling fails, the tongue is silent,
From the eye the light is flown ;
Pants for breath the feeble bosom ;
All its powers are overthrown ;
From the body, worn and livid,
Every earthly grace is gone.

Then the spirit's earthly story,
Every thought and word and deed,
Like a scroll unrolls before her,
And she needs must see and read ;
Comes a voice of fear accusing,
Forcing her to hear and heed.

Stung by sharp remorse of conscience,
Writhes the guilty breast in pain ;
Mourns the hours for penance wasted,
Never to return again,
Trembling tearful, ever fearful
Lest her grief is late and vain.

Carnal joys of seeming sweetness
False and foul and hollow show ;
Now she sees the fleeting pleasure
Followed by eternal woe,
Sees her dreams of earthly glory
Sink to visions vile and low.

And the soul that seeks the Saviour,
Lifted to celestial light,
Spurns the bonds of clay that bound her
To the regions of the night,
Spurns her prison bonds, and rising,
Takes in joy her heavenward flight.

Gentle Jesus, King Almighty,
 Be thou merciful to me ;
 In my latest hour be near me,
 Let thy love my bulwark be ;
 Keep me from the power of evil ;
 Lift my soul aloft with thee.

From the prince of darkness shield me,
 From his shadows bleak and cold ;
 Lead me as thy sheep, O Shepherd,
 To the safety of thy fold ;
 Bring me to thy blessed vision,
 To thy heavenly halls of gold.

HYMN FOR THE EASTER SEASON.

Paschalis Festi Gaudium.

LET the joys of Paschal-tide
 Fill the world on every side,
 Heaven and earth and ocean ring
 With the praise of Christ the King.
 Allelulias evermore
 Sound aloud from shore to shore.

Hell alone shall wail today,
Weeping, lorn of all its prey,
That from out the broken bars
To their home above the stars,
Christ, the King of glory, bore ;
Sing his praise forevermore.

Wonderful the mystery,
Strange the strife today we see ;
By the bound the bound are freed,
From the dead doth life proceed,
Life that unto death is pressed,
Being dead hath death effaced.

When to death the Crucified
Yielded, nature with him died ;
In the skies the sun grew pale,
Earth in terror quaked, the veil
Of the temple was in twain
Torn, and rocks were rent amain.

Brief the time the shades enfold
Whom the heavens cannot hold ;
He as victor over death
Swift the darkness conquereth,
Strikes from earth the reign of gloom,
Rises glorious from the tomb.

To the women at the grave,
Tidings sweet the angel gave,
" Christ is risen ; haste away,
To the sad Apostles say ;—
' Go with speed to Galilee,
There will you the Master see ' "

Lo, the chosen seed are free
From Egyptian slavery ;
By the waves o'erwhelmed, the foe
Curbed and broken, lieth low ;
Let the world with glory ring
Jesus lives, our Lord and King.

Evermore, O Christ, to thee
Glory, praise and love shall be,
Who triumphant over doom,
Conquered death and broke the tomb ;
Equal honor to the Sire
And the Spirit's heavenly fire.

TO ST. PAUL.

Paule Doctor Egregie.

O LEARNED Paul, thy sounding voice,
A trumpet, makes the church rejoice ;
Thou flying cloud of fiery birth,
Thy wisdom circles all the earth.

Speak to our souls, thou voice divine,
Let radiance in our bosoms shine ;
Refresh us with thy heavenly dew,
Our faith, our hope, our love renew.

Great was thy merit, great the prize,
When thou didst unto heaven arise
And hear those words mysterious there,
That to repeat thou didst not dare.

While thou the heavenly word didst sow,
Vast was the harvest here below ;
The fruit unto thy labors given,
Plenish the granaries of heaven.

ST. ANSELM.

ST. ANSELM was born of noble parents at Aoust, in Piedmont, about the year 1033. After his mother's death he left his own country, and became a student of the great Lanfranc, Prior of Bec in Normandy, where he afterwards entered the monastic state at the age of twenty-seven. Three years afterwards, on Lanfranc's becoming abbot of St. Stephen's, at Caen, Anselm was chosen Prior of Bec. His great reputation drew to Bec great numbers from all the neighboring kingdoms; and on the death of Harluin in 1078, he was chosen Abbot. In March 1083 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, but refused to accept the office, until William Rufus, who had some time before wrongfully usurped the revenues of vacant benefices, promised to make restitution. During the last years of his life he suffered much from disease, and died, laid on sack-cloth and ashes, April 21, 1109.

St. Anselm is regarded as the first of scholastic theologians, as St. Bernard closes the list of the fathers of the church.

The following hymns are centoes from a poem of two hundred and thirty-two lines, cited in Mone, Vol. 3, p. 1. and, entitled, "Oratio ad Dominum et ad omnes sanctos ejus;" the first hymn consisting of the first five stanzas of that poem; the second, of the

four following ; the third, of the tenth, eleventh and twelfth, and the fourth, of the nine last stanzas. I believe this is the first time the poem has found an English rendering.

O GOD THE SIRE OF FAITHFUL ONES.

Deus Pater Credentium.

O GOD the Sire of Faithful ones,
And health of all that hope in thee,
Hear thou and heed our orisons,
And let our souls thy mercy see.

Great Son of God, most tender King,
From spotless womb of Virgin born,
Accept the sacrifice we bring,—
Our contrite hearts in sin forlorn.

Spirit divine, blest Paraclete,
Proceeding from the Sire and Son,
Visit our souls with comfort sweet,
And be to us thy graces won.

Eternal Lord, in persons three,
In Godhead one forevermore,
Be present in our prayers, that we
May feel thy mercies, we implore.

Increase our faith, O Trinity,
O Unity, our hope make strong,
That while we lift our souls to thee,
Thy love may lead us out of wrong.

INCARNATE GOD, THOU WORD DIVINE.

Qui Deus-homo Diceris.

INCARNATE God, thou word divine,
Both man art thou and God complete ;
When as the Judge thou com'st, incline
To me, a man, thy mercy sweet.

Dear Lord, as God, I cry to thee,
All my offenses blot away ;
As fellow man, O feel for me,
And let thy love be still my stay.

Remember now thy holy word,
The promise to the fathers given,
And let thy Kingdom come, dear Lord,
To light our souls with flame from heaven.

Turn, turn to us thy countenance,
Who humbly bow before thy throne,
That heaven, our sweet inheritance,
May by thy tender love be won.

VIRGIN OF VIRGINS, MARY MILD.

Maria Virgo Virginum.

VIRGIN of virgins, Mary mild,
 Redemption's white and shining gate,
 Salvation's portal undefiled,
 Help by thy prayers our lowly state.

By thy strong hand uplift and lead
 Our souls in paths serene and blest ;
 With Christ thy Son, sweet Mother, plead,
 Thy powerful aid can bring us rest.

O blessed lady, heavenly queen,
 Mother of God divinely chaste,
 For hope and grace on thee we lean ;
 With thy sure help, sweet Mary, haste.

SWEET CHRIST BE WITH US.

Esto Christe Propitius.

SWEET Christ be with us evermore,
 And hear the groans our souls out-pour ;
 Thy creatures cry for help to thee,
 From every danger make us free.

For me thou camest as man to die,
To conquer death, and rise on high,
To send the Paraclete sublime,
To save and shield my soul from crime.

And when as Judge thou comest, Lord,
To yield to each his just reward,
Then with the sheep at thy right hand
In mercy grant that I may stand.

Still let thy church thy bounties share,
Protect and guide her by thy care ;
All strifes allay, dissensions heal,
Be all as one in faith and zeal.

The hand that rules the See of Rome,
For all the ranks of Christendom,
For whom thou didst thy life-blood pour,
Guide thou and guard forevermore.

The Shepherd of this flock, O Lord,
Placed in thy faith as watch and ward,
To lead and govern,—him direct,
And by thy holy cross protect.

To all those souls that in thy faith
Have passed beyond the gates of death,
Yet walk in darkness, in thy love
Grant everlasting light above.

Most meek and tender Lamb of God,
Who from the world its sinful load
Didst bear away, O hear and heed,
Assist and spare us in our need.

O Gentle Christ, our light, our way,
The truth and splendor of our day,
Our Saviour, Maker, all in all,
Our first and last, on thee we call.



WALAFRIEDUS STRABO.

THE year of this poet's birth is not known. It was probably late in the eighth or early in the ninth century. He was nicknamed "The Squinter." He was a pupil of Rabanus Maurus, and became the second hymn-writer in Germany, as Maurus was the first. For a long time he was Abbot of St. Gall, and later became Abbot of the Monastery of Reichenau in Swabia, where he died in 849.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Lumen Inclytum Refulget.

THROUGH the skies in glory streaming,
Is a star of brightest ray ;
O'er the earth the radiant wonder
Drives the shades of night away.

Lo ! the Leader of Judea,
Sung in ancient prophecies,
Comes with gladness to the nations ;
In a manger low he lies.

Him the royal Virgin mother,
Full of rapture, bringeth forth,
As by Gabriel bespoken,—
Christ the Saviour of the earth.

And the shepherds on the hill-sides,
Laboring in care and woe,
Hear the tidings of the Angel,
Bringing joy to all below.

They behold the cloven heavens,
And they hear the choirs out-sing ;
“ Peace on earth, and in the highest,
Praise and glory to the King.”

O, the wondrous light and holy,
That doth all the world illumine !
Lo ! the God of all Creation
Born of stainless Virgin's womb.

God, the Maker of the heavens,
God, the shaper of the earth,
Crown and glory of the Angels,
Comes, a Babe of human birth.

In his span the heavens are measured,
On his palm he holds the sun,
Yet in swathing bands enfolded,
Here he lies, a Little One.

Lo! the God whose word almighty
 Formed the ages, is at rest,
Fondled on the Virgin bosom,
 Nurtured on the Mother's breast.

Blessed Mary, Christ's own Mother,
 Woman sprung of David's line,
Queen and praise of all creation,
 Holy Virgin, joy be thine.

Hear, O Christ, the supplications
 And the praises that we bring,
Thou 'mid patriarchs and prophets,
 Reigning as eternal King.

Old and young in humble pleading
 Bow before thy lofty throne ;
Parents with their children seek thee :
 Help and guide, O Holy One.

Let the heavens shout thy glory,
 Singing with the choirs on high ;
Join, O earth in all thy fulness ;
 Sing, ye rivers, seas, and sky.

HILDEBERT.

HILDEBERT of Lavardin, Bishop of Le Mans, Archbishop of Tours, and a mediaeval poet of considerable note, was born in 1057 at the castle of Lavardin in the Diocese of Le Mans, not far from Montoir on the Loire, and died at Tours December 18, 1134. In 1085 he was appointed by the Bishop of Le Mans as scholasticus at the cathedral school. In 1091 he was chosen archdeacon, and five years later became Bishop of Le Mans. He suffered much from the political troubles of the time. In 1125 he was appointed Archbishop of Tours, in which office he was called upon to defend the rights of the church against Louis VI., who claimed the power to make appointments to the church of Tours.

ADDRESS TO GOD THE FATHER.

Alpha et Ω, Magne Deus.

FIRST and last, great God, before thee
Come we humbly to adore thee,
Thou, whose power is all sufficient,
Lord omnipotent, omniscient,
In thy being all perfection,
In thy work, all circumspection.
Thou art over all and under,
Interfusing all with wonder ;

Inside all, but not included,
Outside all, but not excluded,
Over all, but not uplifted,
Under all, but not sub-drifted,
Over all, forever reigning,
Under all and all sustaining,
All enclosing and embracing,
Filling all and interplacing,
Inside all, but ne'er surrounded,
Through all bounds, and never bounded.
From above no force procuring,
Weariless all weight enduring,
All the heavens thou unfoldest ;
Nowhere held, but all thou holdest ;
Changing times, thou never changest,
Guiding stars, thou never rangest ;
Never power or need can alter
Thy decrees, that never falter ;
Past and future happen never,
All is now with thee forever,—
Thy today, O God Supernal,
Undivided and eternal.
With unsleeping eye inspecting
All, and all with power perfecting,
Ravished with thy rule and glory,
Heaven and earth bow down before thee.

THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

Turtur Inane Nescit Amare.

WITH changeless faith the turtle-dove
To one sole mate gives all her love ;
With him alone, in union sweet,
Both night and day her pulses beat.

Should death that fondled mate remove,
Her heart still cleaves unto his love,
She moves forevermore alone,
And o'er his loss makes piteous moan.

The faithful soul is like the dove ;
To Christ alone she gives her love,
And happy in the bond, fore'er
She makes his word her constant care.

She follows him with pure desire,
And burns with passion's holy fire ;
Enraptured by that sacred glow,
She seeks no other love below.

And when the hour of death is near,
She knows no grief and feels no fear ;
In joy she leaves the earth, and flies
To meet her Saviour in the skies.

ST. BENNO.

THE following ancient Christmas hymn has been attributed to St. Benno, Bishop of Meissen, who was born about 1010, and died probably 1106. He is said to have been a Count of Waldenburg, and it is known that he became Bishop of Meissen about 1066. The poem was translated into German in the sixteenth century and became one of the most popular of the old time Christmas songs. There is no satisfactory evidence that it was actually written by St. Benno.

SONG FOR CHRISTMASTIME.

Dies est Laetitia.

LET the day with gladness ring,
Let the light of joy endure ;
Sing the tidings of the King,
Born of Virgin mother pure.
Lo he comes, a little child,
In humanity, so mild,
Beautiful and tender ;
Him, the God of earth and sky,
Every age shall glorify,
Reigning in his splendor.

Virgin mother undefiled,
Daughter of the Holy One,
Mother, and herself the child,
Father, and himself the Son!
Hear, O earth the wondrous word!
God and man is Christ the Lord!
Sing the joyful story;
He is with us here, the Son,
Yet he reigns upon the throne
In eternal glory.

From the Virgin's womb he goes,
Son of God in Majesty;
From the lily springs the rose,
Nature stands in awe to see,
Saying, "Lo, the Virgin-birth
Giveth to the waiting earth
What the law presages;
He that here on Mary's breast
Lies a little babe at rest
Is the God of Ages."

To the Shepherds on the hills
Angel choirs the tidings bring;
Lo, the skies a glory fills,—
Born to earth is Heaven's King.

Angels give the shepherds joy,
Tell them where to find the Boy,
 In the lowly manger ;
There in swathing bands he lies,
Christ, the light of longing eyes,
 Saving earth from danger.

Through the glass the passing light
 Never bringeth soil or stain ;
So the Saviour's mother bright
 Stainless virgin doth remain.
Happy is that mother fair,
Chosen by the Lord to bear
 Christ the Just and Holy ;
Blessed is that maiden mild
Where he lies a tender child,
 Gentle, meek and lowly.

He who lights the glorious sun
 In a stable hath his birth ;
There is seen the Mighty One,
 Who is Lord of heaven and earth.
Here that right hand we descry
That hath strewn the stars on high,
 Bound in human weakness ;

And the voice that through the skies
Thunders, comes in infant cries
Where he lies in meekness.

While the world his splendor shows,
Comes the mother poor and lorn ;
Unto Bethlehem she goes,
Where in want the Babe is born ;
There is born the Lord whose might
Leadeth unto endless light
All who sing his story ;
O'er the earth from shore to shore
Peace shall dwell forevermore,
And on high all glory.

Christ is born our Lord and King ;
Chant his love in prayer and praise ;
To his Virgin Mother bring
Love and honor all our days.
Thou, O Lord, art wonderful,
Over all art laudable,
Of all honor worthy ;
Thee we praise, the Lord most High,
Jesus King of earth and sky,—
Low we bow before thee.

Christ, our Maker glorious,
Thou art God's Anointed One,
As a Babe thou'rt born for us,
So to lead us to thy throne.
Thee devoutly we adore,
Cleanse our bosoms, we implore,
Leave us not to perish ;
When our earthly days are passed,
Bring us to thy light at last,
Lift our souls and cherish.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

CONCERNING the following hymns, it is, perhaps, only necessary to say, that the first, known as "The hymn to Jesus," is undoubtedly one of the most noted and most popular of all Latin hymns. It has had a wide influence on modern hymnology; and it is safe to say that more centoës have been taken from it, than from any other poem. The three beautiful hymns for the Feast of the Most Holy Name, in the Roman Breviary, are among these centoës.

My translations of the next seven hymns are somewhat free and slightly abbreviated, the meters, also, being different from the original, which would be ill adapted for musical purposes. The last is a poem published by Mone, from a twelfth century manuscript bearing the superscription, "Jubilus b. Bernardi de passione domini nostri." Mone adds, "One can hardly call it a jubilus. It is not found in the works of St. Bernard, but is worthy of him."

HYMN TO JESUS.

Jesu Dulcis Memoria.

JESUS, how sweet the thought of thee;
What holy joys it brings to me!
But O, thy presence fills the heart,
With sweetness earth can ne'er impart.

Such pleasure ne'er hath poet sung,
Nor music given to ear or tongue ;
So sweet a dream to man ne'er came,
Dear Jesus, as thy holy name.

Hope of the penitent, thy love
Comes rich with graces from above ;
To those that seek thou art all kind
How blessed unto those that find.

Our hearts with love thy law controls,
O Fount of Life and Light of souls ;
Thou givest such excess of joy,
That worldly pleasures pale and cloy,

No tongue nor pen can e'er express
The wealth of all thy tenderness ;
Who knows thy love is all desire ;
His soul dissolves in holy fire.

Sweet Jesus, on my couch at night
Thy name shall fill my heart with light ;
In crowded throngs or all alone,
I'll seek the glory of thy throne.

As Mary sought thee at the tomb,
So in the morn to thee I'll come,
With crying heart to call on thee,
And in my soul thy glories see.

Upon the ground my tears shall flow ;
Thy wounds shall bow my head in woe ;
While prostrate at thy sacred feet
I'll cling to thee in love complete.

I'll follow where thy steps have trod
And, weeping, kiss the sacred sod ;
So grace and favor thou may'st give,
That in thy love my soul may live.

O Jesus, admirable King,
Whose triumph was our rescuing,
To sing thy praise needs tongue of fire,
Our joy, our hope, our whole desire.

Remain with us, dear Lord, and shine
Upon our souls with light divine ;
The clouds of darkness drive away,
And bring the sweetness of thy day.

When thou the bosom visitest
Truth shineth there divinely blest ;
The glories of the world depart,
And love alone illumines the heart.

The love of Jesus is most sweet,
With holiness and hope replete,
A thousand tongues could never tell
The joys that from his heart outwell.

He proves his love upon the Rood,
He proves it by his precious blood,
For our salvation shed, whereby
We gain our heritage on high.

Would, Lord, that all the world could know
What blessings from thy worship flow !
That every heart could burn to feel
The wondrous joys thy laws reveal.

O, come with love to Jesus Lord,
Love for his love to him accord ;
In hymns of love his name adore
With prayers and praises evermore.

Jesus, true source of clemency,
My every hope is fixed on thee ;
O Fount of sweetness and of grace,
I cling to thee in fond embrace.

My tender Saviour, let me feel
Thy bounteous love with growing zeal,
And by thy presence grant to me
The glory of thy faith to see.

Although I cannot sing or frame
The praises worthy of thy name,
Yet neither can I silent be ;
Love prompts my heart to sing of thee.

What sweet reflection is thy love
To men below and saints above !
And though it fills doth still inspire
The soul with fresh and fond desire.

Who tasteth, hungers still for thee,
Who drinketh, thirsts most yearningly,
Who knoweth, burns with holy fire ;
Thou art the soul's supreme desire.

And he to whom thy love is given
Is raised to rapture high as heaven ;
That love is all his heart requires ;
He finds no joy in low desires.

O, Jesus, crown of angel throngs,
Thy name is music in their songs ;
To every tongue a taste divine
That soothes the soul like heavenly wine.

Both night and day for thee I pine,
Dear Jesus, when will thou be mine ?
When wilt thou raise my heart on high,
And all my longings satisfy ?

Thy love be with me all my days,
From languishment my soul to raise,
To lift me o'er the world's vain strife,
And feed me with the food of life.

Jesus, to feel how kind thou art
With wondrous gladness fills the heart ;
Thy bounty and thy love shall be
Strong bonds to bind my soul to thee.

Jesus, thou art my only good,
To thee I kneel in gratitude ;
My only aim on earth shall be
To know, to love, to live with thee.

Jesus, my all in life thou art,
The hope that soothes my sighing heart ;
I seek thy aid with streaming eyes,
To thee my inmost soul outcries.

Where'er I turn, or night or day,
For thy sweet fellowship I pray ;
How happy when I find thee, Lord ;
I hold thee as my best reward.

And I embrace and kiss thy feet ;
The kiss is more than honey-sweet ;
Thy presence turns the night to day,
But all is gloom with thee away.

The love I've sought I now behold,
The longed-for joys to me are told ;
For thee I faint in fond desire ;
For thee my soul is all on fire.

Jesus, when thou art loved, the love
Comes down from living fires above,
Nor dies nor cools, but e'er will shine
With growing warmth and light divine.

Yea, sweet forevermore it glows,
Such wondrous sweetness it bestows,
The more we know thee, still the more
We long for, cherish and adore.

And sure this love from heaven is sent ;
It raises me to ravishment,
Uplifts my senses, thrills my frame
And burns my soul with heavenly flame.

O blessed love ! O holy fire !
O burning heat of high desire !
Sweet consolation ! hope's pure spring !
To love the Son of God, my King !

Flower of the Virgin mother blest,
Whose love is life in every breast,
Honor divine and blessing be
To thy dear name eternally.

O come, O come, thou King of Light,
Father of glory infinite,
Illume our souls that we may see
The sweetness of thy company.

Jesus, than noon-day sun more bright,
Thou Paragon of all delight,
The wealth and pride of earth but show
Poor in the peace thy loved ones know.

To taste of thee is blessed life,
A healing balm for woe and strife ;
My food and drink forever be ;
Thy love is life enough for me.

The soul's delight, O Lord, thou art,
The sum of love in every heart ;
My glory thou, my source of grace,
Sweet Saviour of the human race.

My loving friend, my all, my own,
Enthroned beside the Father's throne,
The powers of evil thou hast slain,
And holdest now thy endless reign.

Dear Lord, I long to follow thee ;
'Mid heavenly throngs my soul would be ;
O bear my heart to thy bright shore
To sing thy praise forevermore.

Make haste, ye citizens on high,
Lift up the portals of the sky :
To him who comes in triumph, sing ;
" Hail Jesus, hail, thou glorious King !"

Monarch of might and majesty,
Monarch of wondrous victory,
O Jesus, source of grace divine,
The praise and power of heaven are thine.

All mercy springs from thy right hand,
Thou light of our true fatherland ;
O, drive the clouds of grief away,
And bring the brightness of thy day.

To thee resound angelic lays,
The saints reply with endless praise ;
Thy joys on earth shall never cease ;
Through thee to God we come in peace.

Establish, Lord, thy rule sublime,
Blot from our hearts the stain of crime,
And let our high desire still be
To love, adore and follow thee.

Lo, Jesus takes his throne on high,
Before him bow both earth and sky ;
Seek, heart of mine, the Holy One,
And bow before him on his throne.

Him let us follow still with praise,
With prayers and psalms and votive lays,
That he may lead, in mercy sweet,
Our ransomed souls to heaven's high seat.

Be evermore our stay, dear Lord,
Our guard, our guide, our sweet reward ;
Let praise and love and glory be
Sung to thy name eternally.

HAIL THOU THE WORLD'S SALVATION.

Salve Mundi Salutare.

HAIL thou, the world's salvation,
Hail Jesus kind and sweet,
Before thy Rood in gratitude
I bow and clasp thy feet.

Before thy holy altar
My soul bows down to thee,
I know that thou art present now,
Be merciful to me.

Those feet, which cruel iron
Has pierced full deep and sore ;
Lord, let smart live in my heart
To love thee more and more.

What thanks, O wounded Saviour,
Can I return to thee,
For all the love thy mercies prove—
Thy death upon the tree ?

Curb all my thoughts and motions,
That unto wrong incline ;
Thy strength supply and purify,
And make me wholly thine.

Upon thy cross I seek thee
As wine unto my soul ;
In cleansing flood thy healing blood
Can make my spirit whole.

Thy ruddy wounds, sweet Saviour,
Thy bleeding scars so deep,—
The pangs impart upon my heart,
That I may feel and weep.

Those feet, my gentle Jesus,
Who presseth to his heart
Thy love to seek, though poor and weak,
May strong in soul depart.

Before thy cross behold me
Where I thy feet embrace ;
I cry to thee, Lord, pity me,
Deny me not thy grace.

Before thy cross behold me,
My loving Lord I pray,
Say to my soul, " Be strong and whole,
Thy sins are washed away."

HAIL THOU THE WORLD'S SALVATION.

ANOTHER VERSION.

HAIL thou, the world's Salvation,
Hail Jesus, sweet and kind ;
Unto thy cross I cling, dear Lord,
And seek thy love to find.

Here at thy blessed altar
My soul bows down to thee,
Lord, I beseech thy tender grace ;
Be merciful to me.

Thy feet the cruel iron
Has wounded deep and sore ;
Sweet Jesus make those wounds my own
To love thee more and more.

What thanks, O wounded Saviour,
Can I return to thee
For all thy love for sinful man,
Thy death upon the tree ?

All thoughts and all emotions
That unto wrong incline,
O, cleanse and heal and purify ;
And make me wholly thine.

Upon thy cross I seek thee,
As wine unto my soul ;
I know that thy all-healing blood
Can make my spirit whole.

Thy ruddy wounds, sweet Saviour,
Thy bleeding scars so deep,
Write in my heart their memory,
That I may feel and weep.

Those feet, my gentle Jesus,
Who presseth to his heart,
Though weak and burdened down with sin,
May strong in soul depart.

Before thy cross behold me,
Where I thy feet embrace ;
I cry to thee for pity, Lord,
Deny me not thy grace.

Before thy cross behold me,
My loving Lord I pray
Say to my soul, " Be strong and whole,
Thy sins are washed away."

ALL HAIL THOU KING OF ANGELS.

Salve, Salve Rex Sanctorum.

ALL hail, thou King of Angels,
And hope of men below ;
Upon thy rood thou bear'st the load
Of all our guilt and woe.

How poor thou art, dear Jesus,
How naked and forlorn ;
Thou hangest for me upon the tree ;
Thy limbs all pierced and torn.

And from thy wounded members
Thy blood abundant flows,
From limbs and side a saving tide,
A cure for all our woes.

O majesty almighty !
O poverty divine !
What man will prove such wondrous love,
And give his blood for thine ?

How can I e'er repay thee,
From heart of earthly dross,
Who chose to give that I might live,
Thy life upon the cross ?

Thy love for me so mighty
No power e'er conquereth ;
Thou will'st to die in agony,
To save my soul from death.

For love of thee, sweet Jesus,
Thy image I embrace ;
Though guilty, cling unto my King ;
Deny me not thy grace.

O, let me ne'er offend thee
In word or deed again ;
Though foul am I, Lord, purify,
Thy blood shall cleanse all stain.

Upon thy cross extended
I seek and see thee still ;
Give me the power each day and hour
To work thy holy will.

In purity of spirit
I love thee and adore ;
Still let me feel a growing zeal
To love thee more and more.

HAIL SWEET JESUS.

Salve, Salve Jesu Bone.

HAIL, sweet Jesus, hail to thee,
Weary in thy agony !
Nailed upon the sacred Rood,
Dying on the cruel wood.

Holy hands I gaze on you,
Ruby with your roses new,
Pierced and nailed upon the tree,
Whence the blood is flowing free.

Lo, from either hand it flows,
Ruddier than the fairest rose,
From each wound of cruel nail ;
Price of my salvation, hail !

Wounded hands all purpled o'er,
I embrace you and adore,
Drinking of the holy wine,
Of the showering blood divine.

Lord, how free of grace thou art,
Prompt for every human heart ;
And how sweetly dost thou call,
Ready with thy love for all !

Lo, I come and cry to thee,
Call thee in thy agony,
Thou forever sweet and kind,
Lord, let me thy mercy find.

Place me on thy rood with thee,
Let me know and feel and see,
Love and serve thee evermore,
Clasp thy cross and thee adore.

In thy noble charity,
Lead me, Lord, to walk with thee ;
By thy cross let me remain,
Cleanse my soul from every stain.

Holy hands, I hold you pressed
Close unto my grieving breast ;
Cruel nails, my thanks are due
For these sacred drops to you.

Bathed in that redeeming tide,
Let me, Lord, with thee abide,
Let thy holy hands, for me
Sure defense in danger be.

DEAR JESUS, GLORY OF MANKIND.

Salve Jesu Summe Bonus.

DEAR Jesus, Glory of mankind
To tender mercy e'er inclined,
I see thee stretched upon the tree,
A sacrifice for love of me.

Hail, tender side from which outflows
A balm of sweetness for our woes ;
Whence comes a shower of cleansing rain,
To bathe and free our hearts from stain.

Behold me, Lord ; though vile and weak,
I clasp thy cross, thy love to seek ;
In shame and grief I come to see
The wounds thou hast received for me.

Hail, thou torn side, kind opening,
From whence the healing waters spring,
Thou gate of mercy swinging wide,
And sending forth salvation's tide.

O wondrous tide ! O heavenly wine !
For every ill, the cure divine ;
Hear, ye who thirst, the Saviour's call ;
This cup of life he gives to all.

Print in my heart this wound of thine,
My loving Lord, and make it mine ;
My soul desires thine own to be
To know, to feel, to dwell in thee.

I touch thee with my lips and weep,
In tears of grief my heart I steep,
I throw me down thy cross before,
And all on fire, thy love adore.

O Jesus, Bread of Life, how sweet,
How soothing unto all who eat ;
Who toucheth, loved and lovingly,
For love of thee would gladly die.

Sweet Saviour, let my heart abide
Forever in thy wounded side,
With growing love therein to glow,
And fearing naught on earth below.

And when the hour of death shall come,
Then let thy bosom be my home,
O let my spirit heavenward soar,
To thy sweet love forevermore.

HAIL MY SALVATION.

Salve Salus Mea, Deus.

HAIL, my salvation, God of Might,
Jesus my hope, my life, my light ;
Hail, home of love, thou heavenly breast,
Wherein all weary hearts may rest !

Throne of the Trinity most high,
And ark of boundless charity,
Bosom of Jesus, heavenly home,
For health and peace to thee I come.

Most gracious friend, supernal power,
Guide thou my feet each day and hour,
Kindle my senses, and impart
Thy saving graces to my heart.

Wash thou my breast of every stain,
And give me strength my will to rein ;
Awake such love and zeal in me
That I may ever walk with thee.

Sweet Jesus, Shepherd kind, serene,
Thou Son of God, and Mary Queen,
From thy great fount of graces, cleanse
My sordid heart in penitence.

Thee Heavenly Light, we glorify,
Begotten of the Lord most high ;
On me all poor and weak and low,
The treasures of thy love bestow.

O, tender breast of Jesus, be
The gate of righteousness for me ;
Absolve my soul from every sin,
And light the fire of love therein.

Thou art the depth of wisdom, Lord,
By chanting angels praised, adored ;
All honey-sweet thy words to me ;
Let me forever dwell with thee.

O Fount of blessings, evermore
Thy Deity shall all adore ;
Let every vain desire^e depart,
And with thy wisdom fire my heart.

True Temple of the living God,
I fall before thee on the sod ;
Upraise my soul, sweet Lord of love,
To dwell among thy saints above.

THEE WITH JOYFUL SOUL I HAIL.

Summi Regis Cor, Aveto.

THEE with joyful soul I hail,
Heart of Jesus, heavenly King ;
Let thy love for me avail
While my tongue thy praise shall sing.

By what love wert thou o'ercome
By what wringing grief and pain,
Even to sink into the tomb,
So from death our souls to gain !

O how sharp the cruel strife
And thy pangs upon the tree,
Sweetest heart, our home of life,
When thou gavest thy life for me.

By that death upon the Rood,
Loving heart of Christ, my King,
Let me show my gratitude,
Seek thee, cleave to thee and cling.

Tender heart, with love afire,
Wash my heart of sinful stain,
Kindle thoughts of pure desire,
Driving forth the vile and vain.

Be thy love my living cure,
Weak and sinful though I be,
Thou canst make my healing sure,
Wound my soul with love for thee.

Heart of Jesus, open wide,
Sweeter thou than fragrant rose ;
Let my soul in thee abide,
There to soothe all pains and woes.

Absent from thy sacred love,
All the world is nought to me ;
Thou my joy all joys above,
Gladly would I die for thee.

Unto thee my soul outcries,
Heart of Jesus, Saviour mine,
Thee and only thee I prize ;
Ever, Lord, to me incline.

Let me live for love of thee,
And forget thee nevermore,
Let thy love my glory be,
Still to honor, praise, adore.

HAIL SACRED HEAD.

Salve Caput Cruentatum.

HAIL Sacred Head all wounded,
With crown of cruel thorn,
By savage foes surrounded,
And doomed to scourge and scorn;
Hail tender Lord, whose features
The vilest insults bore,
Contemned by earthly creatures—
That face the heavens adore.

Thy strength and vigor leave thee,
Thy life is fading fast,
The shades of death receive thee,
Their gloom around thee cast.
Dear Christ so kind and tender,
For me was all thy woe;
Still be my sweet defender,
And still thy mercy show.

Thus in thy passion shaken,
Dear Shepherd, make me thine,
Whose love my lips have taken,
In drafts of heavenly wine.

Though weak and all unworthy,
Deny me not thy grace ;
Dear Lord, I bow before thee,
Thy holy Rood embrace.

Forevermore before me
I'll lift thy cross on high ;
And let it be my glory
Beneath that cross to die.
Sweet Lord, for all thine anguish
I send my thanks to thee,
Though long in guilt I languish,
O, lead me unto thee.

When earthly hours are over
And daylight ebbs away,
Then Jesus, tender lover,
Come thou without delay.
Come in thy sweet compassion,
And bring, to set me free,
The Cross of my salvation,
And show thyself to me.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Laetabundus Exultet, Fidelis Chorus.

YE choirs of faith rejoicing sing,
Alleluia!

From stainless maid is born our King,—
Your wreaths of love and praises bring,
Alleluia!

Proceeding from the Virgin's womb,
Alleluia!

Lo! out of his eternal home,
The Angel of the Council come,
Alleluia!

The glorious sun of noon is born,
Alleluia!
Of Mary, shining star of morn!
With hymns and prayers his path adorn,
Alleluia!

That sun shall never setting know,
Alleluia!

That star shall ever brighter glow,—
Our light above, our hope below,
Alleluia!

And as the star sends forth its light,
Alleluia!
Unsullied by that radiance bright;
So Mary brings the King of Might,
Alleluia!

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

O Miranda Vanitas.

O THE wondrous vanity
That the heart bewitches!
Bitter poison 'tis to be
All absorbed in riches.
Thoughtless man, oh tell me why
This unholy yearning
For the wealth that passeth by
Swift as flax in burning?
Think, O miserable man,
Sure is death's dark hour;
Who, since first the world began,
Has escaped its power?
When we are to pass away—
None that truth may borrow,—
This we know,—the quick today
May be dead to-morrow.

While on death thus musing, I
 Feel a grief unbidden ;—
 True it is that I must die,
 And my time is hidden ;
 But when I shall pass away,—
 From the world be riven,
 Give me, Lord, a place, I pray,
 With thy saints in Heaven.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Quum Sit Omnis Homo Foenum.

SINCE, O man, thy earthly day
 Like the grass must fade away,
 Wherefore place in earth thy trust ?
 See how soon thy present state
 Changes,—now a flower elate,
 And tomorrow only dust.

Ah! with e'er-increasing speed
 Pass the years of life, and lead
 Where the being perisheth ;
 Like a shadow, as it flies,
 Man is born and lives and dies,
 Hastening to the goal of death.

Hard our lot and perilous ;
Dire the law that governs us,
 Through the miserable years ;
Weeping we awake to life,
All our days are full of strife,
 And our death is fraught with fears.

Knowing, then, how vain our lot,
Wherefore give our every thought
 To the joys we find below ?
These stern truths in memory keep,—
Thou must die, and then must reap
 That alone which thou dost sow.

Since a part of earth are we,
And to earth restored must be,
 Why in earthly glory trust ?
See how soon thy present state
Changes,—now a flower elate
 And tomorrow only dust.

ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

Dulcis Jesu, Spes Pauperis.

SWEET Jesus, hope of all the poor,
 With thee the wretched are secure ;
Wretched and poor to thee I turn,
 With all my soul for thee I burn ;

To thee, my God, whom I adore,
I come in tears, thy love implore,
My soul requires thy presence sweet,
And humbly bows before thy feet.

My Jesus, who art peace indeed,
Be mindful of thy servant's need ;
My groaning heart in mercy see,
And bring thy tender aid to me ;
O, be thy flesh my saving food,
My living drink, thy precious blood ;
Let not thy love for me be vain,
Wipe from my heart each sinful stain.

Sweet Jesus, Light of human kind,
Thou seest the galling bonds that bind ;
Be present with thy healing grace,
And spare me in my wretchedness.
The grief and blows thou didst endure
Be my protection and my cure,
My health of body and of soul
Until I reach the heavenly goal.

Sweet Jesus, help me, I implore,
To meditate forevermore
Upon the insult and the pain
Sustained by thee our hope to gain ;

The lash, the blow, the mocking scorn,
The nail, the spear, the crown of thorn;
O, let these thoughts forever be
Deep-printed in my memory.

Dear Jesus, nothing is more sweet,
More full of joy, than to repeat
Forever in the memory
The pangs and woes thou borest for me;
To meditate upon thy death,
Is sweeter than the spicy breath
Of myrrh and thyme and cinnamon,
And every flower beneath the sun.

Sweet Lord, what sufferings didst thou share!
No cross didst thou deserve to bear;
Thy pangs and pains were all for me,
Thy cup of woe my cup should be.
From Adam's sinful seed am I,
Thy virgin birth all purity;
I from the earth am foul with stain,
Most pure art thou and shalt remain.

Sweet Jesus, all thy suffering
Was borne, man's wretched soul to bring
From out the tyrant's dungeon low,
When thou beheld'st his pain and woe.

Nay, not the meed of punishment
Thee as a lamb to slaughter sent,—
O'erflowing love did thee constrain
The bitter cup of death to drain.

Sweet Jesus, who can fitly sing
The praises meet for thee, our King?
What tongue can tell in words of worth
The blessings thou hast brought to earth?
No mind has power to frame in song
The thanks that to thy love belong,
That love which bore our pain and loss
And conquered death upon the cross.

Sweet Jesus, keep me in thy care,
Despise not thou a sinner's prayer;
Lo, 'twas for me thy love has borne
The cruel scourge, the crown of thorn,
The wounds of piercing nail and lance,
The spurning of thy countenance,
For me was made thy cross of woe,
Was bowed thy neck beneath the blow.

Sweet Jesus, Teacher kind and true,
What holy wine, what healing dew,
Flowed from thy wounded limbs and side,
When thou, O Christ, wert crucified.

The price of my remission, Lord,
Of my salvation the reward,
In living streams of cleansing blood
From thy pierced hands and feet outflowed.

Sweet Jesus, by thine own betrayed,
Taken and sold and victim made,
Thy nation, thirsting for thy blood,
Nailed thee in rage upon the Rood,
Till given unto death and doom,
They closed thee in the silent tomb;
Now victor o'er the cloven grave,
Be near us, Lord, to aid and save.

Sweet Jesus, be thy mercy mine,
Illume my heart with love divine,
Whose cleansing blood embathed my soul,
From death redeemed and made me whole.
To God the Father glory be,
And love forevermore to thee,
And to the Holy Spirit praise
One God unto the end of days.

ALAIN DE L'ISLE.

MONK, poet, preacher, theologian and eclectic philosopher, Alain de L'Isle, also called Alain of Lille, Alanus de Insulis, and Alain von Ryssel, etc., was born probably at Lille, whence his name, about 1128, and died at Citeaux, 1203.

He attained an extraordinary celebrity in his day as a teacher and a learned man, and was called "Alain the Great," "The Universal Doctor," etc., His principal work is "Ars Fidei Catholicae," dedicated to Pope Clement III. and composed for the purpose of refuting, on rational grounds, the errors of Mohammedans, Jews and Heretics.

He was a noted dialectician. It is of him that the legend alludes, according to which, a scholar discomfited in a dialectical contest, cried out that his opponent was "either Alain or *the Devil*."

THE NATURE OF MAN.

Omnis Mundi Creatura.

IN this world each mortal creature
Shows our life in form and feature,
From the very dawn of birth ;
Even as in a mirror showeth
How the man appeareth, groweth,
And his sad return to earth.

Lo, the rose in spring arises
Till her splendid glow surprises :
 In her charm a lesson lies ;
Out of silent gloom she cometh,
Bursts the tender bud and bloometh ;
 Then at evening sinks and dies.

So all flowers, their sweets exhaling,
Fail and faint, their beauty paling,
 Dying while they seek the light ;
Like the flowers, both youth and maiden
Rise and shine and fall, o'erladen
 By the burden and the blight.

In the spring of life, our morning,
Joys are born, the hour adorning ;
 Like the rose we rise and bloom ;
Ah! how soon the sunny splendor
Fades away, while twilight tender ;
 Closes o'er us in the tomb.

In his highest glow and glory
Man's estate is transitory ;
 Speeds the hour and comes decay ;
Dead the flower, the bloom is blighted,
Day is done, and man, benighted,
 Falls and changes into clay.

Life is all a road of danger,
Man, therein, a passing stranger
 Hastening onward to the grave ;
Like the grass upon the meadow,
Like the day that dies in shadow,
 Or the stream in ocean's wave.

Death is with us at the starting
Of our journey ; at the parting
 We behold his sullen face ;
Still we bow beneath his burden ;
Grief and labor are the guerdon
 He awards us in the race.

See thy state, O Man, and wonder !
Learn the law thou livest under ;
 But be also swift to scan
These great ends of thy creation,—
Simple faith, thy own salvation,
 And the love of God and man.

Give no rein to guilt or languor,
Curb thy will, refrain from anger,
 And let pride assume no sway ;
And O God of earth and ocean,
Be our guide in every motion
 Lest we wander from Thy way.

LIFE.

Vita Nostra Plena Bellis.

A BATTLE-FIELD is life,
Where sorrow comes and strife
Our strength to try ;
Each morning dawns with fear,
Each evening brings the tear,
And death is nigh.

Yet firmly will I face,
Life's sorrow and disgrace,
Nor dread their power ;
By faith sustained, I'll meet
The enemy's deceit
To my last hour.

For he who rules on high,
Comes from the cloven sky,
And robed in cloud,
Maintains for me the fight
Against the foes of light,
The fierce, the proud.

The arrow and the bow
Of evil will he throw
 To endless fire ;
So, fearless will I stand,
And conquer by his hand
 Each false desire.

POPE INNOCENT III.

LOTARIO DE' CONTI, son of Count Trasimund of Segni, and nephew of Clement III, was born 1160 at Anagni, and died June 16, 1216, at Perugia. He was elected Pope January 8, 1198, and became one of the greatest pontiffs of the Middle Ages. His name is connected with a number of hymns, the authorship of which is uncertain. Mone cites the first of the following hymns from an early manuscript, which calls it a prayer, and states that it has an indulgence of three years attached to it. The other hymns are centoes from a fifty-six line poem in Mone.

FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Ave Verum Corpus Natum.

HAIL! true Body of the Saviour,
Born of virgin mother pure ;
On the Rood in immolation
Thou wert given for sinners' cure ;
And the healing stream that floweth
From thy side shall e'er endure.

Be our foretaste of salvation
 When the hour of death is nigh ;
 Sweet and tender Son of Mary,
 See our need and hear our cry ;
 Cleanse our hearts of worldly longings,
 Lift us to thy throne on high.

HAIL, OUR HOPE.

Ave Mundi Spes, Maria.

HAIL our hope, sweet Mary mild,
 Mother of the Blessed Child,
 Chosen by thy God to bring,
 To the world its Infant King !

Empress of the heavenly host,
 Soothing help when hope seems lost,
 Bowed in sin I come to thee,
 Hear my moan and pray for me.

Queen of heaven, by night and day
 Thou shalt be my strength and stay ;
 If thine aid thou shalt deny
 Where for comfort can I fly.

Speak for me, O tender one,
 Plead with Christ, thy loving Son ;

Sunk in crime, his ire I fear ;
He will heed thee, mother dear.

I have wronged the Holy One,
Broke his laws, defied his throne ;
But in grief I seek thy face ;
Leave me not, O full of grace.

Keep me in thy tender care,
Gain me by thy powerful prayer
Pure desire and virtue strong,
Love of right and hate of wrong.

Lift my mind that I may be,
Filled with true nobility,
Be unto my soul a guide,
Lead me to the Crucified.

ALTHOUGH A WRETCHED SINNER.

Unde Licet Precor Reus.

ALTHOUGH a wretched sinner,
Dear Son of God Most High,
I call to thee for mercy,
Oh, hear my mournful cry.

Renew and raise my spirit
 In faith and hope and love,
 Lord, cleanse and guard and guide me
 By radiance from above.

Let me abhor all evil,
 Let honor fill my soul,
 And draw me ever upward
 To thee, my final goal.

Revive me, gentle Jesus,
 With thy all-saving food,
 And bathe both soul and body,
 In thy redeeming blood.

When earthly days are ended,
 And death's dark hour is come,
 Send down thy blessed angel
 To guide my spirit home.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Dulcedo Virginalis.

O SWEETNESS of virginity,
 O woman wondrous rare,
 Ne'er creature was and ne'er will be
 That with thee can compare ;

The Lord Most High has chosen thee
His virgin mother pure to be.

Thy Son Divine did cleanse from stain
The sinful Mary's heart ;
Oh, by thy prayers such mercy gain,
And unto me impart ;
Remove the foulness from my soul,
And save me from eternal dole.

O thornless rose, divine relief
For sinners here below,
Pray thou that Christ may ease my grief,
And may such grace bestow,
That, all the storms of life o'er-passed,
His haven I may gain at last.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE rhythm of St. Thomas is here presented in the exact meter of the original. The hymn to the Holy Ghost has been attributed to the same author by some collectors, apparently without much authority. The original, without comment, appears in Daniel Vol. II. p. 368.

THE RHYTHM OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Adoro Te Devote.

DEVOUTLY I adore thee, O my living Lord,
Here concealed in symbols at the sacred board ;
All my heart and being humbly bow to thee ;
For through thy perfection all my faults I see.

Touch and taste and vision easily deceive ;
What my Saviour sayeth safely I believe ;
On thy word my soul leans, Son of God, Most High,
As the word of Wisdom— perfect verity.

On the cross thy godhead was alone concealed ;
Nor is here thy manhood in the Host revealed ;
But in both believing, here I ask of thee,
What the thief repentant sought upon the tree.

I will not, like Thomas, seek thy wounds to see,—
 As my God I know thee, and confide in thee.
 Make my faith more perfect, make my hope more
 strong;
 Make my love forever unto thee belong.

O divine remembrance of my Saviour's death,
 Living bread that bringest Heaven's reviving breath,
 Be my soul and body thine forevermore;
 Lift me to the sweetness of thy sacred lore.

Pelican most tender, Saviour kind and good,
 Wash me from all evil in thy sacred blood.
 From whose wave all-holy one sole drop sublime
 Can with power all-mighty cleanse the world of crime.

Here 'neath veils, my Saviour darkly I behold;
 To my thirsting spirit all thy light unfold;
 Face to face in heaven let me come to thee,
 And the blessed vision of thy glory see.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Almum Flamen Vita Mundi.

WARMING Fire, whose virtue giveth
 To the world its life and light,
 Every form on earth that liveth,
 And in ocean's depths, receiveth
 Quickening from thy gracious might;

Moving power of every creature,
Life of life, sweet guide and teacher,
Thou art motion, thou art rest,
All and each, O Spirit Blest.

Come, O Holy Ghost, Creator,
 And thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Thou, the world's high renovator,
Source of blessing, war's abater,
 Bring thy dower of love below.
Unto holy souls a treasure
Is thy joy ; but thy displeasure,
And the anger of thy face
Send confusion to the base.

O'er the waters' wild elation
 Breathed thy spirit all divine,
In the birth-time of creation ;
Then uprose in animation
 Strength, and power, and love benign ;
But when man, with soul new-gifted,
Fell in crime, thy hand uplifted,
And restored him to high place
With thy vivifying grace.

In the Gospel's holy story,
 Like a trumpet is thy voice,

Waking earth to heavenly glory,
Rousing man from transitory

Life to everlasting joys.

Thou hast armed us so securely,
That in thy protection, surely

We may overcome the foe

In our warfare here below.

Happy, then, in your salvation

O ye ransomed people, sing ;

To the Spirit shout laudation ;

Bowing low, let every nation

Hymns of praise and blessing bring.

Lift on high your " Holy ! Holy ! "

Out of hearts, sincere and lowly ;

Lay your sorrows at his feet,

Seek his love and mercy sweet.

Unto thee, thou Fount of Graces,

Comes for cure each wounded soul ;

Grant the strength that lifts and braces,

Pour the balm that sin effaces,

By thy bounties make us whole ;

Bring to kings thy inspiration,

Lead to justice every nation,

So that all the world may be

Blessed with peace and unity.

Purge the breast of vain ambition,
And the ferment of the time,
All the evils of perdition
Overcome by quick ignition
Of the fire of faith sublime ;
So in truth and love before thee
All may come and all adore thee
All a single faith may hold,
Gathered in a single fold.

POPE URBAN V.

THE following hymn for passion-tide, divided into five parts for the hours named, is taken by Mone from a manuscript of the fourteenth century found at Reichenau where it bears the title "Hours of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, compiled from the Prophets and New Testament by the blessed Pope Urban." The Urban meant is probably Urban V. born 1302, died 1370.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

AT PRIME.

Tu Qui Velatus Facie.

O JESUS, Son of Justice,
The glory of thy face
Was veiled in gloom when to thy doom
They led thee in disgrace.

We seek thee, tender Saviour,
Sweet sacrifice of love;
Thy clemency our light shall be
To guide our steps above.

All praise and love and honor
 To Christ, the Crucified,
 Whose sacred blood upon the Rood
 The gates of heaven made wide.

AT TIERCE.

Hora Qui Ductus Tertia.

MY gentle Lord, they forced thee
 The heavy cross to bear,
 A weary load, on Calvary's road,
 To die for sinners there.

Teach us to know and love thee,
 Our virtues still increase ;
 And grant that we thy joys may see,
 And dwell in endless peace.

Be honor, praise and glory
 To Christ, the Crucified ;
 Whose sacred death is still our path,
 Whose love is still our guide.

AT SEXT.

Crucem Pro Nobis Subiit.

IN parching thirst the Saviour
 Hung dying on the Rood,

His body torn by nail and thorn,
 Whence flowed the saving blood.

Bring love and benediction
 Unto the Crucified
 Who gained for us upon the cross
 The glory long denied.

Eternal praise and honor,
 Eternal glory bring,
 To Christ, whose death is still our path,
 Whose love is still our King.

AT NONES.

Beata Christi Passio.

O BE thy blessed passion,
 Sweet Lord, our liberty,
 Through which we come to God, our home,
 The joy prepared by thee.

We give thee praise and glory
 Upon thy cross of pain;
 By thy sweet death love conquereth,
 And rules the world again.

So evermore all honor
 To thee, the Crucified,

Whose sacred blood upon the Rood
The gates of heaven made wide.

AT COMPLINE.

Qui Jacuisti Mortuus.

O SPOTLESS King, sweet Jesus,
For me, a sinner, slain,
Grant we may raise eternal praise
To thy eternal reign.

Our help and our Redeemer,
Thy mercy we implore,
Be to the end our guide and friend,
Our joy forevermore.

To thee, our Lord, and Saviour,
Be love and endless reign,
Whose sacred blood upon the Rood
Has cleansed the world of stain.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

ALL but the first of the following hymns are really versifications of passages from the Imitation of Christ, each passage being indicated under the title.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

O, Qualis Quantaque Laetitia.

O WHAT gladsome voices rise
Through the country of the skies,
Where the Christ, with joyful face,
Smiles with Mary full of grace.
Choirs of Angels stand and sing
Praises unto God, the King ;
Stand before his throne above,
Singing praise from souls of love ;
Harp and zither sound on high ;
Winged musicians throng the sky ;
Robed in white, sweet bells they ring.
Bowing to the Triune King,
Singing all in sweet accord ;
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ”

In that city of high peace
Grief is dead and wailings cease ;
All in rapturous voice unite
Praising God, the Lord of Light ;
For, afire with love, they see,
Crystal-clear, the Trinity,
Whom the Seraphim adore,
Bowed in love forevmore ;
Whom the Cherubim revere
Honoring with heavenly cheer ;
And the Thrones of Majesty
Ever laud and glorify.

Oh, what blessed joys abound
Where eternal love is found !
Where both men and angels sing
Love and praise to God the King.
Glorious city, wondrous fair,
What tranquility is there !
In its light the dwellers shine
Robed in chastity divine ;
By the law of love made free
All are bound in unity ;
There no labor wears, nor care ;
No temptation vexeth there ;
But in peace and pleasure sweet
Heaven's rich joys are found complete.

O, HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

De Imitat. Christi, Lib. III. cap. 1. v. 2.

O HEAR the Saviour's voice,
 He speaks in love to thee ;
 "Thy health am I, thy peace, thy life.
 Leave all and follow me."

Lord, what is earthly hope
 But trouble vile or vain ?
 O let me seek thee day and night
 And in thy love remain.

Forsake me not, sweet Lord,
 Be still my way and guide ;
 Be still my hope, my help, my all,
 I ask for nought beside.

Teach thou my soul to seek
 The sweetness of thy grace ;
 And let thy love from out my heart
 All sordid thoughts efface.

TO THEE I'LL SPEAK, MY SAVIOUR.

De Imitat. Christi, Lib. III. cap. 10. v. 1.

TO thee I'll speak, my Saviour,
 Nor silent will remain ;

Thy love I'll sing, O heavenly King,
 Thou God of endless reign ;

What plenitude of sweetness
 Hast thou laid up, O Lord,
 For them that hear thy voice and fear
 The thunder of thy word !

But what to those that love thee,
 That bless thy name and praise,
 With hearts sincere thy mandates hear,
 And walk in all thy ways ?

The wealth of wondrous sweetness,
 The joys no tongue can tell,
 Thou dost bestow on all below
 That in thy friendship dwell.

A PRAYER AGAINST EVIL THOUGHTS.

De Imitat. Christi, Lib. III. cap. 23. v. 5, 6, 7.

MY Lord and God, be ever near,
 And bring thy pitying help to me ;
 For evil thoughts and deeds of fear
 Afflict my soul most grievously.

How through these evils shall I pass ?
 Lord, how may I unhurt escape ?

From thoughts unholy that oppress,
 What safety can my spirit shape ?

“ I ” saith the Lord, “ will go before
 To bring the world’s vain glories low ;
 Will ope for thee thy prison door ;
 My hidden secrets will I show.”

Do as thou sayest, O loving Lord ;
 I bow my soul before thy grace ;
 Unholy thought and evil word
 Fly from the presence of thy face ;

My solace and sole hope shall be,
 In every woe that may betide,
 To call thy name, to fly to thee,
 And patient in thy love confide.

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

De Imitat. Christi, Lib. III. cap. 23. v. 8, 9.

BRING to my soul, O Jesus kind,
 The splendor of thy light divine ;
 Drive every shadow from my mind,
 And make my life accord with thine.

Repress those wandering thoughts that fill
The spirit with despair and gloom ;
The tempting powers that bend the will,
O, do thou curb and overcome.

Dear Jesus, fight for me, I pray,
Vanquish the beast of base desire ;
So peace may shine upon my way,
And holy praise my soul inspire.

O, send thy light and truth abroad,
To shine in glory o'er the earth ;
Without thy living light, dear God,
I am but clay, and void of worth.

Pour forth thy graces from on high,
And steep my heart in heavenly dew ;
Streams of fresh faith to earth supply,
That love may bloom forever new.

JOHN MAUBURNE.

JOHN MAUBURNE was born at Brussels in 1460, and was the author of a number of pleasant poems of a sacred nature. He died while Abbot of Livry, near Paris, in 1502. The third poem under this head, while written at about the same date as the first two, is probably not by Mauburne.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

Heu, Quid Jaces Stabulo?

AH! how humble is thy birth
In the lowly manger,
Thou the Lord of heaven and earth,
Weeping as a stranger ;
If a King indeed art thou,
Where is all thy glory now ?
Where thy halls of splendor ?
Here is nought but poverty,
Barren need and penury,
Little child so tender.

“ Hither hath a love sublime
Drawn me down so lowly,

Love of man whose greed and crime
 Make the earth unholy.
 I must suffer this disgrace
 To uplift the human race,
 Out of woes distressing ;
 I must suffer want and pain,
 To enrich your race, and gain
 Everlasting blessing."

Thee I praise, my King divine
 With a thousand praises ;
 Loving thoughts this love of thine
 In my bosom raises.
 Glory, glory evermore
 Be to thee from shore to shore,
 Lord of earth and heaven ;
 Honor unto thee and love
 Through the earth and heaven above
 Be forever given.

THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

In Bethlem Transeamus.

O COME with loving foot-steps,
 And souls uplifted high,
 To see the new-born Saviour
 To Bethlehem let us fly.

So long by all expected,
O Jesus, Babe divine,
Desire of all the nations,
We bow before thy shrine.

Behold the King of ages,
Our source, our hope, our good,
Of earth and heaven the Monarch,
Here joins our brotherhood.

O royal Babe, no servants
To wait on thee appear ;
No throne, no halls of splendor,
No beds of down are here.

Eternal love has called thee
To raise our fallen race,
My sins, O Christ, have brought thee
Unto this lowly place.

Rise up and mark, ye nations,
The Holy Infant's love ;
Send endless thanks and praises
Before his throne above.

How wonderful, my Jesus,
Thy love and care divine !
What offering can I render
From this cold heart of mine.

I'll bow my soul, before thee
On thy low bed of hay!
My heart shall be thy manger,
To hold thee day by day.

O Fountain everlasting
O high Divinity,
Here like a slave so humble
Thou comest to earth for me.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

Est Virgo Coeli Rore.

O'ER Mary's soul so tender,
Falls heaven's holiest dew;
Her peer in grace and splendor
Creation never knew;
We bow in veneration
Before her throne above,
And sing in loud laudation
From hearts afire with love.

Lo! God hath surely given
The world a wondrous sign,
A Virgin chaste as heaven
Has borne the Son divine;

That Son of Love Supernal,
As Gabriel hath shown,
Shall reign as King Eternal,
On David's royal throne.

O city of the nations,
O Bethlehem the blest,
Rise up with acclamations,
And greet thy royal guest ;
Let all thy halls of splendor,
And lordly mansions shine ;
A royal welcome render
Unto the King divine.

Alas ! no welcome royal
The coming King awaits,
Nor dwells one servant loyal
Within the city gates.
No room or high or lowly
Is ready for his birth ;
But here the Virgin holy
Must bring the God-child forth.

So in the humble manger
The sacred Babe is laid ;
He lies a lonely stranger
Beside the lonely Maid.

O poverty all glorious,
Though by weak man decried,
Here by the Christ victorious,
Hast thou been beautified.

Then come, O men and nations,
Your songs in praise employ;
Ring out your jubilations;
Behold your holiest joy!
Behold the King of Ages,
For whom we waited long,
By Bards foretold and sages,
To raise the world from wrong.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

THE following hymn is supposed to have been written by St. Francis Xavier, (born 1506, died 1552) and is therefore usually known as his hymn. It breathes the spirit of the saint's self-abnegation.

O Deus Ego Amo Te.

I LOVE thee, Lord, but not because
Salvation thus I gain,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must suffer endless pain.

My Jesus, me upon the Cross
Thou wholly didst embrace,
For me thy bitter pains endure,
And manifold disgrace.

The anguish and the bloody sweat,
The shameful crown of thorn,
And even death itself hast thou
For me, a sinner, borne.

Then why should I not love thee well,
O Jesus ever dear ?

Not that my love may win me heaven,
And not that hell I fear ;

Nay, not as looking for reward,
But thou so lovest me !

Thou'rt all my hope, my highest good.
And so shalt ever be.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Born 1542, beheaded 1587)

THIS little poem, was found in a prayer book of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, and is believed to have been written by her. I have preserved the meter of the original.

O Domine Deus.

MY Lord and my Saviour
My hope is in thee ;
Dear Jesus, I pray thee
Deliver thou me ;
In chains that are galling,
In sorrows appalling,
My will is with thee ;
Lord, look on me kneeling
And hear my appealing,
Adoring, imploring
That I may be free.

POPE URBAN VIII.

HYMNS TO ST. HERMENEGILD.

(From the Roman Breviary)

I. VESPERS.

Regali Solio Fortis Iberiae.

HERMENEGILD, thou light of Spain,
And glory of the martyr throng,
The love of Christ has made thee strong,
And raised thee to his heavenly reign.
Patient and firm in grief and pain,
Obedience led thy steps along ;
No force could move thee into wrong,
Or make thy faith in Jesus vain.

Oh, by thy prayers restrain our pride,
And every thought that leads to crime ;
Upon the path of truth sublime
Be thou our constant friend and guide.
Lord, in thy love let us abide
And sound thy praise in prose and rhyme ;
Let endless glory ring through time
To Spirit, Sire, and Crucified.

II. MATINS.

Nullis Te Genitor.

BRAVE Saint, no blandishments of earth
 Availed to draw thee from God's love ;
 Nor could the king, thy father, move
Thy soul to swerve from godly worth ;
Riches and rule and pride of birth
 Were nought to thee ; thy virtue strove
 For things eternal ; God above
Through death to glory brought thee forth.

A martyr now, among the throng
 Of blessed angels, face to face
 With thy Redeemer, is thy place ;
And unto thee with gladsome song
We come ; oh, shield our souls from wrong ;
 Bring by thy prayers protecting grace ;
 While to the Trinity we raise
Adoring praises, loud and long.

HYMNS ON THE HOLY TRINITY.

THE following hymns were mostly written early in the Middle Ages, some of them even at an earlier period, while yet the virus of the Arian heresy lingered among the people. A number of remarkable and even ingenious features appear in some of the hymns. These features are preserved as far as possible in the translation.

HYMNS ON THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.

O Pater Sancte.

O HOLY Father, merciful and gentle,
O tender Jesus, Son all venerable,
And Sacred Spirit, fount of grace and wisdom,
Godhead Eternal !

Trinity sacred, Unity most steadfast,
Deity real, tenderness all perfect
Light of the angels, health of all the helpless,
Hope of the ages !

Lord, all shall serve thee, whom thou hast created,
Yea, all thy creatures, evermore shall praise thee ;

And with sweet music we shall lift our voices,
Hear us in mercy.

Father Almighty, unto thee be glory,
Lord everlasting, throned above the highest,
Let the glad harping sound with hymns of splendor
Now and forever.

II.

Gloria Tibi Trinitas.

GLORY, O Trinity, to thee
Thou one and equal Deity,
Existing ere the earth and sun,
And reigning while the ages run.

Praise and perennial glory be,
O God the Father, unto thee,
The Son with equal praise adore,
And Holy Ghost forevermore.

III.

Pater, Creator Omnium.

CREATOR, Sire and Lord of All
Who through the Son all gifts bestow'st
In sighs and groans on thee we call ;
O hear us through the Holy Ghost.

Thou Trinity of Unity,
We call upon thy sacred name,
O Unity of Trinity,
Refine our souls from sin and shame.

So cleansed from every staining crime,
With flowers of virtue shining fair,
O, lead us to the seats sublime
Where all thy holy faithful are.

Praise to the Father evermore,
Praise to the meek unblemished Lamb,
And to the Spirit, glory pour
Eternally with song and psalm.

IV.

A second version of III.

CREATOR Sire of all below
Who dost through Christ thy gifts bestow
Lord, through the Spirit's grace divine,
Unto our prayers thine ear incline.

O Trinity of Unity,
O Unity of Trinity,
By this most sweet and holy name,
Purge thou our souls from sin and shame.

So cleansed from crime, from evil free,
 Like flowers, our souls shall shine to thee ;
 And lifted by thy saving love,
 Shall join the saints in bliss above.

Then praise the Father evermore,
 The spotless Lamb let all adore,
 Adore and praise the Spirit blest,
 One God in whom our souls shall rest.

V.

Deus De Nullo Veniens.

O GOD that comest out of nought,
 O God, in God's own heart begot,
 O God, from both proceeding, be
 Our help, our hope, our victory.

Thou art our love, our sweet desire,
 Our highest joy, the heavenly fire
 That warms our souls with living glow,
 Supplying all our needs below.

O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
 O Jesus, God of Virgin birth,
 O Holy Spirit—three in one,
 Protect, inspire and guide us on.

Correct our lives on earth, O Lord,
Direct us by thy holy word,
With hearts aloft and souls erect,
Lord, count us with thine own elect.

Remember, Sacred Trinity,
Christ died for us upon the tree,
Let not such love be all in vain,
Our souls upraise with thee to reign.

All honor and omnipotence
All glory and magnificence,
All splendor power and blessing be
Most Holy Trinity to thee.

VI.

Genitor Ineffabilis.

O GOD the Sire, whose praise we sing,
Coequal Son, our Lord and King,
And Paraclete, sweet Comforter,
On our weak lives true strength confer.

To evil deeds are we inclined,
Of feeble will and fragile mind,
We need thy love and mercy free
To save our souls from misery.

From thee, O God, our life begins,
 Through thee, forgiveness of our sins,
 In thee, sweet solace for all woe ;
 Thy blessed hope on us bestow.

Unto the Sire and sole-born Son
 And Holy Spirit, three in one,
 Eternal power and glory be
 With majesty and victory.

VII.

Trinitas Lumen Luminum.

O TRINITY, thou light divine,
 Into our bosoms sweetly shine,
 So by thy love, from sin made free,
 Our souls shall more resemble thee.

From thee the soul all light receives,
 In thee for all offenses grieves,
 Through thee to Heaven she bends her will
 Believing, hoping, loving still.

O Trinity, our health and hope,
 To our weak souls thy mercies ope,
 And through thy sevenfold grace bestow
 Pardon and peace to all below.

Each bosom with true faith inspire,
And kindle hope, with holy fire,
Clothe us in robes of charity,
The love of fellow man and thee.

To God the Sire all benison,
So to the Co-eternal Son,
And Heavenly Spirit, in whose love
We hope to dwell in joy above.

VIII.

Coclestium Rex Agminum.

KING of the hosts of heavenly birth,
Thou Son, Redeemer of the earth,
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
Bring to our souls thy solace sweet.

O Trinity, to thee all praise
Shall rise unto the end of days ;
Upraise and guide each struggling soul
From evil thoughts and deeds of dole.

Let not our footsteps tend or stray
Along the dark forbidden way ;
But like thy heavenly company,
Rejoice in love and light with thee.

O Trinity forevermore,
 Thee do we honor, praise, adore,
 To thee be blessings, thanks and love
 In earth below and heaven above.

IX.

O Deus Sancta Trinitas.

O GOD, thou blessed Trinity,
 The saints draw sanctity from thee,
 We praise and bless thy holy name,
 Inspire us with thy heavenly flame.

O never-changing Trinity,
 Theme of all praise, dread Unity,
 Enrich with gifts of love and grace,
 The constant souls that sing thy praise.

Thy right hand in our hearts shall guard
 Those sacred gifts, thy sweet reward ;
 Shall bless thy faithful sons with light,
 The faithless close in endless night.

O everlasting Trinity,
 Our everlasting glory be ;
 Thy flock from want and danger keep,
 And place us with thy blessed sheep,

To thee most holy Trinity
Be honor, praise, supremacy,
Be rule and majesty and power,
And glory every day and hour.

X.

A Patre Prodit Genitus.

THE Son is born of God the Sire,
From both proceeds the Spirit's fire,
One Deity forevermore
Whom all creation's powers adore ;

From whom our earthly state arose,
Through whom redemption from our woes,
In whom remission from all crime,
And his is praise and power sublime.

He left his heavenly throne and gave
His sacred life man's life to save ;
He calls us to his dwelling place,
Not through our merits but his grace.

To God the Father glory be,
To the Redeemer victory,
All thanks unto the Paraclete
And unto us forgiveness sweet.

XI.

Pater, Fili, Paraclite.

O FATHER, Son and Spirit Blest,
Refine with holy fire each breast,
Drive hence each evil deed and thought,
Without thy love, Lord, we are nought.

Our souls are stained by hideous sin ;
O light the flame of love therein,
And make us clean, lest we become
The food of fire and endless doom.

O admirable Trinity,
O light beyond our power to see !
Kindle our hearts with holy love,
And guide us to the seats above,

Upon our earthly darkness shine,
Brighten our souls with light divine,
Oh, give us power to feel and see,
And out of shadows, fly to thee.

All glory to the Trinity,
All praise and power and honor be,
Who hath to us in mercy given
The joyful hope of life in heaven.

XII.

Dulcis Amor Pax Veritas.

LOVE and peace and truth, to thee
 Be all praise, O Trinity !
 Endless bliss the One in three
 Brings to beings heaven-born ;
 Virtue, hope, divinity,
 Thou from woe didst make us free,
 Let thy living clemency
 Save us from our lot forlorn.

Word and Son of God most high,
 Born before the earth and sky,
 Cleanse our souls and purify,
 Let thy love our refuge be ;
 Thou Incarnate Deity,
 Sung in psalm and prophecy,
 Born of chaste Virginity,
 Firm we fix our faith in thee.

Sire as spouse will yield his care,
 Son as pledge our woes will share,
 Spirit to our lives will bear
 Nuptial bliss of pure delight

Father, give thy heavenly fare,
 Jesus, be our minister,
 Holy Ghost, sweet comforter
 Lead us to thy heavenly height.

XIII.

HEAVENLY FATHER, HOLY LORD.

Summe Pater, Sancte Deus.

HEAVENLY Father, holy Lord,
 I, though vile with crime abhorred,
 Dare to come for grace to thee,
 That with sorrow I may see
 And my evil deeds deplore ;
 Thou canst wash me, if thou wilt ;
 Without thee I sink in guilt,
 Neither can I seek thy feet,
 Lord, unless thy mercy sweet
 Shall my fainting soul restore.

Gentle Jesus, thou for me
 Didst put on humanity,
 Born of virgin mother pure,
 Gavest thy life our lives to cure,
 Dying on the shameful tree ;

Mindful of that crucial way,
Be my strong defense to-day ;
Fill my soul with love, and give
Grace and power, that I may live
Evermore in peace with thee.

Spirit Blest, to thee I pray ;
Wash my staining sins away ;
Cleanse my soul that it may be
Like a garden unto thee,
Fruitful with thy sevenfold grace ;
Bathe me and I shall be pure ;
Heavenly healer, be my cure ;
Ah ! shouldst thou thy gifts deny,
Then forlorn and lost am I,
Banished from the Father's face.

Fount of Love, thy grace afford,
Triune Godhead, single Lord,
Sire and Son and Spirit, three
In a sole Divinity,
Undivided rule and power ;
Bind my mental trinity,
Reason, will, and memory,
With that bond of saints above,
Faith and hope and holy love,
On my soul these blessings shower.

Star of ocean, Mary Mild,
Mother of the Holy Child,
Mirror of virginity,
Hope of sinners, formed to be
 Heaven's delightful mercy seat ;
Pray for me, O Virgin pure,
While my days of earth endure,
Guide my foot-steps on the way,
Lest I fall, to death a prey,
 Help by intercession sweet.

All ye angel choirs divine
In your shining circles nine,
Where in endless joy ye sing
Praises to your present King,
 Evermore before his face ;
Pray, O holy ones, for me,
To that God of Charity,
Pray that he my soul may cleanse,
And, refined by penitence,
 Lead me to his dwelling place.

HYMNS BY UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

THE originals of all of the following hymns may be found in Mone, Daniel, or Wackernagel, several of them may be found in all three. Some of the poems are of quite an ancient date; it is perhaps safe to say that none are later than the sixteenth century.

SONGS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

I.

Adeste Fideles.

APPEAR, O ye faithful,
Raise your hymns in triumph,
And hasten, O hasten to Bethlehem.
Born is the Christ-child,
Monarch of the angels,
Bow down in adoration,
Bow down in adoration,
Bow down in adoration
Of God our King.

Lord everlasting,
Light of Light supernal,
Born of the Virgin immaculate ;

True God eternal,
 Begotten, not created ;
 Bow down in adoration,
 Bow down in adoration,
 Bow down in adoration
 Of God our King.
 Voice your rejoicing,
 Choirs of holy angels,
 Send through the mansions of heaven
 your song,
 Sounding your " Glory
 Unto God the Highest ; "
 Bow down in adoration,
 Bow down in adoration,
 Bow down in adoration
 Of God our King.

So gentle Jesus,
 Born this blessed morning,
 Thee do we worship and glorify
 Word of the Father,
 For our sake incarnate,
 We bow in adoration,
 We bow in adoration,
 We bow in adoration
 Of thee, our King.

II.

In Natali Domini.

CHRIST is born, our Lord and King,
And the glorious angels sing,
Choirng through the cloven sky,
"Glory be to God on high ;
Lo, the Virgin bears the Son,
Gives to earth the Holy One,
She a Virgin as before,
Undefined forevermore."

Shepherds hear the angel bring
Tidings of the new-born King,
Of the Saviour's humble birth,
Giving gladness unto earth ;
For the Virgin bears her Son,
Bringeth forth the Holy One,
She a Virgin as before,
Undefined forevermore.

Lo, he comes, Emmanuel,
Heralded by Gabriel,
Witnessed by prophetic voice ;
Let the waking world rejoice !
Mary beareth Christ, the Son,
Bringeth forth the Holy One,

She a Virgin as before
 Undefined forevermore.

Jesus comes this blessed morn,
 From the stainless mother born,
 God and Son of God most high ;
 Heaven shall sing and earth reply ;—
 “ Lo, the Virgin bears the Son,
 Gives to earth the Holy One,
 Spotless after as before,
 Undefined forevermore.”

With their gifts the kings appear,
 Gold and frankincense and myrrh ;
 So to Christ the King of Kings
 All the earth its homage brings.
 Mary beareth Christ the Son,
 Bringeth forth the Holy One,
 Spotless after as before,
 Undefined forevermore.

III.

Quem Pastores Laudavere.

TO-DAY is born our glorious King ;
 His messengers the tidings bring ;
 And simple shepherds rise and sing
 His everlasting praise.

The kings in Orient lands afar
 Behold with joy his guiding star,
 And following that light above,
 Adoring, each his gift of love
 Before the Infant lays.

Rejoice, O Earth, with Mary Queen ;
 Lift, heavenly choirs, your song serene ;
 Here in a manger poor and mean
 The King of Kings behold !
 With hearts aflame, your voices raise,
 Proclaim his glory, shout his praise ;
 Our God is come, the Lord of Light,
 To lead us from the gloom of night,
 Unto the dawn of Gold.

IV.

Congaudeat Turba Fidelium.

REJOICE, ye faithful of the earth,
 Behold the Saviour's royal birth
 In Bethlehem.

Hark to the song that ne'er shall cease ;
 "Glory to God, to mankind peace,"
 In Bethlehem.

The shepherds hear the song, and speak ;
 " Let us the glorious Infant seek
 In Bethlehem."

There in a manger low, between
 The humble beasts, the Child is seen
 In Bethlehem.

The envious Herod seeks to slay
 The Infant King, he should obey,
 In Bethlehem.

But Mary safe to Egypt brings
 Her tender Son, the King of Kings
 From Bethlehem.

Lo! from the virgin's womb is born
 The joy of earth this happy morn
 In Bethlehem.

And earth with praise shall ever ring
 To her who bore the Heavenly King
 In Bethlehem.

V.

Totus Mundus sit Jocundus.

OVER all the earth rejoicing
 Every soul shall sing ;

Songs of praise and honor voicing
 To the Glorious King ;
Lo ! upon this happy morn
From the virgin Christ is born.

In the motherhood of Mary,
 In the virgin-birth,
Love abounds and sorrow dreary
 Passeth from the earth ;
Lo ! upon this happy morn,
From the virgin Christ is born,

As a babe the King of Glory
 In the manger lies ;
Shout in song the joyful story
 Through the earth and skies ;
Lo ! upon this happy morn
From the virgin Christ is born.

Unto him all hearts shall render
 Honor, thanks and praise ;
Blessings to the virgin tender
 To the end of days ;
Lo ! upon this happy morn
From the virgin Christ is born.

VI.

Jure Plaudant Omnia.

LET the nations now rejoice,
 Join with heaven in gladsome voice ;
 Let the tidings of the morn
 Loudly ring,
 Unto us today is born
 Christ the King.

From the spotless virgin's womb
 Through the Spirit doth he come ;
 Peace and love for strife and scorn
 Doth he bring ;
 Unto us today is born
 Christ the King.

Lo, he comes, and by his grace
 Heals the woes of Adam's race ;
 Rising from our lot forlorn,
 Let us sing ;
 For to us today is born
 Christ the King.

Loving Jesus, evermore
 Thee we praise and thee adore,
 Love to thee both night and morn
 Shall we bring.

Unto us today is born
Christ the King.

VII.

Parvum Quando Cerno Deum.

WHEN I see the Infant Saviour
In his mother's arms at rest,
Thoughts of longing rise within me,
Wondrous gladness fills my breast.

Pure as are the rays of morning
Driving forth the shades of night
Doth he lie upon her bosom,
Filling all her soul with light.

O what beauty robes the mother,
Standing with her heavenly child !
More than dews amid the roses,
More than lilies on the wild !

Lo ! the love-light round them shining
Glowing from their souls divine ;
Brighter than the meadow flowerets,
Or the stars in heaven that shine.

Tender Jesus, let an arrow
 Of that sweet and perfect love
 Fall upon my heart, to bring me
 Dreams of rapture from above.

VIII.

Dormi, Fili, Dormi.

SLEEP, my baby, sleep ; thy mother
 Sings unto the Sole-born Son ;
 Sleep, my darling, sleep ; thy Father
 Calls unto his little one :
 With a thousand joyful lays,
 I will sing thy love and praise.

I have dressed for thee thy cradle ;
 Sleep, O little Son divine ;
 Soft the hay whereon thou liest,
 Sleep and rest, sweet heart of mine :
 With a thousand joyful lays
 I will sing thy love and praise.

Sleep, my royal crown, my beauty ;
 Sleep, my heavenly nectar sweet ;
 Sleep, and gifts of love I'll bring thee,
 Kneeling at thy blessed feet :

With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

Softly sleep, my dove so tender,
 Sweeter than all sweets of earth ;
Sleep, O life of mine, my Saviour,
 Heavenly Babe of virgin birth ;
With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

All thou wishest I will give thee,
 Sleep and rest, my Child, my dove ;
Sleep, my baby, sleep my dear one,
 Mother's blessing, peace and love :
With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

Sleep, my throne of glory royal,
 Sleep, thou pleasure of my breast ;
Heavenly airs about thee breathing
 Bring thee music of the blest :
With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

Sleep, my little Son and softly
 I will make sweet melody ;
Sleep, O Holy One, the Father,
 Sings in heaven above to thee ;

With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

O'er thy bed I'll scatter roses,
Scatter violets in the hay ;
Hyacinths about thee scatter,
Lilies on thy manger lay ;
With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

Wilt thou music have, the shepherds
From the neighboring hills I'll call ;
None e'er sang a sweeter music ;
Ah ! how soft the closes fall !
With a thousand joyful lays
I will sing thy love and praise.

HYMNS TO JESUS.

I.

Jesu, Dulce Medicamen.

GENTLE Jesus, fount of healing,
Solace unto souls appealing
By the mildness of thy grace,
Calm my restless mind, and render
Soothing thoughts therein and tender ;
Pride and bitterness efface.

By thy fostering care provided
All my life shall thus be guided,
Safe in faith, from evil free ;
Kindled by thy kindness, never
From thy love my soul shall sever,
All desires shall turn to thee.

Gentle Jesus, my Salvation !
Thou hast wrought sweet reparation
To the world for pain and loss ;
Made thyself our bulwark, shielding
Man from misery by yielding
Thy pure life upon the cross.

By the cruel mob surrounded
Scourged, and crowned with thorns and
wounded,
Faint with agonizing pain ;
Bowed beneath thy cross, forsaken,
Jeered and scorned, I see thee taken
To the mount where thou art slain.

Gentle Jesus, sacred Lover,
Let thy death to me discover
How profound thy sacred love ;
Let me ne'er by evil grieve thee,
Seek thee, find, and never leave thee ;
From my soul all stain remove,

In disasters ne'er repining,
 Meeting woes with calm resigning,
 Strong in thy sweet clemency ;
 By delights not o'er-elated,
 And by sorrows unprostrated ;
 Be my life thus true to thee.

Gentle Jesus, Fount of pleasure,
 Be thy love my dearest treasure,
 Let my soul thy passion feel ;
 Be that passion faith's foundation,
 Love's desire and recreation,
 And of hope the sign and seal.

Cleanse my heart from evil yearning,
 Fire therein a holy burning,
 For the blessed life above ;
 In the end to me be given,
 Lord, eternal joy in heaven
 As a comrade in thy love.

II.

Juste Judex, Jesu Christe.

JESUS, Judge of might and mercy,
 King of Kings and Lord of all,

Reigning with the Sire and Spirit,
Crowned in thy celestial hall,
In my sorrow deign to hear me
While to thee I humbly call.

From thy throne on high descending,
To the shrine of Mary's womb,
Thou didst robe in clay thy glory,
And our mortal flesh assume,
To redeem thy fallen creatures
By thy blood from death and doom.

Jesus mine, thy glorious passion
Be my stay forevermore,
Be my strong defense in danger,
And of love the blessed store ;
Thee I trust in bliss and trial,
Thee I cherish and adore.

Let the splendor of thy features
Rest upon me night and day ;
Fill my soul with sweet affection
Driving evil thoughts away,
Keep my body free from danger,
Let no fraud my soul waylay.

Thy right hand in power has broken
All the gates of hell apart ;

Burst asunder the temptations
Of my foes, with all their art ;
Crush the vices that would linger
In the pathways of my heart.

Loving Jesus, hear me calling,
Me, a sinner, poor and weak ;
Lo, I stretch mine arms to clasp thee,
And thy tender solace seek,
Lest mine enemies against me
Rise, their deeds of woe to wreak.

They that seek my soul in envy,
That would lead me from thy throne,
Be the wicked will their ruin,
In destruction let them groan ;
But, my Saviour, hear my pleading,
Raise me, leave me not alone.

My protector, my defender,
My supernal shield art thou ;
Safe I stand with thee my leader,
In thy love I lift my brow,
And rejoicing in the glory,
Sing thy praise, thy power avow.

Saviour, send the Heavenly Spirit,
Thy eternal Paraclete,

To illume my darkened bosom,
With his sevenfold graces sweet ;
Lighted thus by love and wisdom,
I may walk in joy complete.

Be thy cross my royal symbol,
Be its holy sign my guard ;
While against the foe, unwearied,
I shall still keep watch and ward ;
Till the powers of darkness, conquered,
Shall adore thy throne, O Lord.

Son of God, the everliving,
Tender Saviour, hear and heed,
See me, Lord of angels, weeping,
Crying out to thee in need ;
Grant me mercy, grant forgiveness,
Virtue grant in word and deed.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thee our Master, we adore,
Ever one and ever mighty,
Earth and heaven to thee shall pour
Honor, glory, benediction,
Power and praise forevermore.

III.

Veni, Veni, Emmanuel.

COME, quickly come, Emmanuel
 And break the bonds of Israel ;
 Who walks an exile, making moan,
 Bereaved of God's Eternal Son.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !
 To thee shall come Emmanuel.

Come, Rod of Jesse, overthrow
 The force and malice of the foe ;
 O, lead us on the way of light.
 In triumph high o'er death and night.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !
 To thee shall come Emmanuel.

Thou glorious Orient, come and shine
 Upon our souls, and make us thine ;
 Dispel the darkening clouds that blight,
 And all the direful shades of night.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !
 To thee shall come Emmanuel !

Key of the house of David, come,
 And ope for man his heavenly home ;

Make safe the way to thee ; the door
Of death make fast forevermore.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !

To thee shall come Emmanuel.

Come, Adonai, O God of Light !
That out of Sinai's holy height
Didst bring thy everlasting word
In clouds of flame and light, O Lord.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !

To thee shall come Emmanuel.

IV.

Ave Caput Christi Gratum.

HAIL, dear head of Christ forlorn,
Bound with crown of cruel thorn ;
Lift our souls from sinful plight,
Raise our hearts to holy light.

Thou right hand of Jesus, hail,
Wounded by the piercing nail ;
Saviour, let thy sweet command,
Call our souls to thy right hand.

Torn left hand, all hail to thee,
Fastened to the shameful tree ;

Sons of Eve, to thee we plead,
Guard from crime and evil deed.

Hail, my Saviour's wounded side,
Whence outpours a precious tide ;
Cleanse our souls from sin and strife,
Raise and guide to endless life.

Ah, how deep the nail is driven
Through thy right foot, rent and riven ;
Be the wound mine own, O Lord,
Bringing hope of sweet reward.

From thy left foot streams outflow
Whence bright flowers of virtue grow ;
Though thy wounds have made us free,
Yet in grief we gaze on thee.

Saviour, scourged and crucified,
Let us in thy love abide,
Save us from all sin and strife,
Guide our souls to blessed life.

V.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

SHINING in her heavenly splendor,
Now our mother church displays

To the Saviour's name, so tender,
All her honor, love and praise ;
These 'twas willed that she should render
By the Ancient One of Days.

Sweet the name of Jesus ; never
Sweeter word was said or sung ;
Praise and blessing shall forever
Greet that name from every tongue ;
Name that stirs to pure endeavor,
Lifts each heart, in torture wrung.

'Tis a name for adoration,
For all glory, for all love ;
'Tis a name for meditation,
And can all our woes remove ;
Worthy name for veneration
In the courts of Heaven above.

'Tis a name that, heard in preaching,
Sounds like song to every ear ;
And when called in sad beseeching,
Drives away all grief and fear ;
Earthly music far out-reaching,
All rejoice that name to hear.

Oh, that name shall overthrow
Earth, with all its pride and might ;

'Tis a word of wondrous power,
 Driving demons forth in fright,
 Given to us, a holy dower
 Of salvation, love and light.

Then with souls in deep prostration,
 Be this name our heavenly store ;
 Be our hearts a firm foundation,
 Strong in love forevermore.
 Still to sing in adoration,
 When we reach the blessed shore.

VI.

Ad Te Deus Glorioso.

BOWED in grief, O God of Glory,
 Maker, Father, Lord of all,
 And in tears I come before thee,
 Weeping come and humbly call ;
 Loud, dear Lord, I cry to thee ;
 Grant thy pardon unto me.

Brief is life, the ending sudden,
 Short the road and full of dole ;
 Paths of falsehood have I trodden,
 Nor to heaven upraised my soul ;
 Weeping now I come to thee ;
 Be thou merciful to me ;

Shamed and shaken sore with terror,
Lo! I fall before thy face,
Every grievous wrong and error
Filling me with deep disgrace ;
From the gulf deliver me ;
Cleanse me, Christ, and make me free.

I have walked in carnal pleasure,
Lived for worldly joys alone,
Never sought thy^s living treasure,
Nought to please thy will^s have done ;
All my crimes in grief I see ;
Lord, be merciful to me.

Long in feasting and in riot,
In deceptions vile and vain,
I have walked with heart unquiet,
Fouled my soul with sinful stain ;
From the depths I cry to thee,
Lord, be merciful to me.

Jesus, Maker and Defender,
Sweet Redeemer of mankind,
Hear me in thy mercy tender,
Let my soul thy pardon find ;
From my woes deliver me ;
Cleanse and raise me unto thee.

VII.

Audi Nos Rex Christe.

HEAR us, O Christ, our King,
Hear thou the praise we bring,
And lead us on ;
In tender mercy bend,
Our souls from harm defend,
And let our hopes ascend
Unto thy throne.

O Blessed Trinity
Our strength and bulwark be
On life's dark way ;
Still in our souls abide,
Thy heavenly grace provide,
Thy angel send to guide
To thy bright day.

Upon the road of life
Keep us from stain and strife
In thy sweet care ;
Extend thy right hand, Lord,
Thy gracious aid afford,
Be thou our watch and ward ;
Lord, hear our prayer.

Author of love and light,
 Uplift us by thy might,
 To dwell with thee ;
 Thy glory there shall ring,
 There we thy praise shall sing,
 Our Father and our King,
 Eternally.

VIII.

O Jesu Dulcissime,

O GENTLE Jesus, Lord of love
 And Fount of all delight,
 I seek thee in the gathering gloom ;
 Be with me through the night.

With thee beside me as a guard
 No phantoms vain or vile
 Shall find a lodgment in my heart
 To darken or defile.

O, let thy blessed angel be
 My guide and guardian still ;
 And be thy cross the sacred sign
 To banish every ill.

Remain with me forevermore,
 And in thy heart of love
 Keep me and mine, and bring us safe
 To endless joy above.

IX.

Dies Absoluti Praetereunt.

THE days of evil deeds pass by,
 The hour of righteousness is near ;
 Then let us lift our minds on high,
 And seek the Lord with soul sincere.

With holy hymns, and hearts afire,
 Confess thy sins, that God may give
 Sweet pardon ; for ' tis his desire
 That man should seek his grace and live.

The servile yoke of Pharaoh falls,
 The galling chains of Babylon ;
 The Lord in tender mercy calls ;
 O, seek thy home beside his throne.

Come, let us from this exile flee,
 And dwell with Christ the Holy One ;
 ' Tis joy and glory sure to be
 Co-heirs with God's eternal Son.

Sweet Jesus, be our leader still ;
Remember that thy sheep are we,
For whom thou gavest on Calvary's hill
Thy precious life our hope to be.

All praise to God the Father sing,
Like praise to Son and Spirit pour,
From the beginning God and King,
And King and God forevermore.

X.

Astra Polorum.

ABOVE the stars ascended
Unto the Father's throne,
There sits the Christ triumphant,
The Sole-begotten Son.

At God's right hand victorious
Forevermore he reigns,
And heaven and earth his praises
Shall sing in endless strains.

Then, brothers, bring sweet music,
Sing to the Lord on high,
That so our minds arising
May soar above the sky.

Now unto God the Father
Let praise eternal ring,
And to the Son and Spirit
The self-same praises bring.

XI.

Tibi Deus, Amor Meus.

DEAR Redeemer, loved and loving,
All my faith I place in thee ;
Thy undying truths thou teachest,
With unfailing force to me,
Come in tender love, my Saviour ;
Fill with faith the fragile breast ;
Lift our spirits to thy comfort,
Let them find in thee sweet rest.

On thy holy word relying,
Lord, I hope for final grace,
Hope to find with saints and angels
An eternal dwelling place :
And I lean upon thy promise,
Trust to thee for sweet reward ;
Guide my soul upon the pathway
Leading up to thee, O Lord.

O my loving Lord, I love thee
More than all things here below ;
I renounce whate'er offends thee,
Fling it from me as a foe.
Heaven and earth bow down before thee,
And in all, thy love I see ;
Let me cleave to thee forever
And, dear Lord, cleave thou to me.

XII.

Anima Christi.

SPIRIT of Jesus, sanctify me,
Body of Jesus, rescue thou me,
Blood of Jesus inebriate me,
Water from Jesus' side, purify me,
Passion of Jesus, invigorate me,
Hear me, kind Jesus, most graciously,
And in thy wounds let my refuge be ;
Suffer me ne'er to be parted from thee,
Shield from the envious enemy ;
When death's hour is near, O, summon thou me,
Bid me, dear Jesus, to come unto thee,
E'er with thy saints and thy angels to be,
Singing thy praises eternally.

XIII.

Victimae Paschali.

LET Christians offer up their prayers and praises
Unto the Paschal Victim.
The Lamb redeems the sheep ;
The blameless Christ has brought unto the Father
The heart of sinful man in peace and love.
Lo ! death and life have waged a wondrous war ;
The King of Life, who died, now lives and reigns.

“ Tell us, O Mary,
What thou hast seen upon the way ? ”

“ I saw the tomb wherein the Christ hath lain,
And I beheld the glory of his rising.
I saw the angelic witnesses,
The sudary and the grave-clothes.
Christ, my Hope, is risen indeed !
He goes before you into Galilee.”

More credible the single word of Mary
Than all the wicked witness of the Jews.
We know that Christ
Has truly risen from the dead.
O, thou triumphant King,
Be merciful to us.

HYMNS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

I.

Vas Decoris et Honoris.

VASE of beauty and of honor,
 Heavenly grace abounds in thee,
 Sacred shrine of our Redeemer,
 Model of all purity ;
 To the wretched and the lowly
 Bringing comfort sweet and holy,
 Thou a fount of mercy art ;
 Queen of angels, brightly reigning
 On thy throne in heaven, gaining
 Balm for every wounded heart ;
 Noble branch of Jesse blooming,
 Fairest flower of earth, perfuming
 Heaven with sweetness all divine ;
 Lo, thy children kneel before thee ;
 Plead with Jesus, we implore thee,
 Gain for us his grace benign.

II.

Ave Virgo, Stella Maris.

HAIL, O Virgin, star of ocean,
 Mother thou of wisdom high ;

Radiant Virgin, hear our voices,
 Heed thy children's mournful cry.
 Flower of virtue, bend and borrow,
 For our load of sin and sorrow,
 Comfort from the Saviour's grace ;
 For our wounded hearts and grieving,
 Tender mother, bring relieving,
 And our woe with joy efface.
 In our sinful plight, O hear us,
 By thy tender prayers up-rear us,
 From the lake of misery ;
 In the way of truth up-leading,
 Lift thy servants, humbly pleading,
 To a home on high with thee.

III.

O Maria, Stella Maris.

O MARY, star of ocean,
 Dear mother of the Lord,
 Sweet nurse of our Salvation,
 Thy tender aid afford.
 O fountain sealed and holy,
 O shining gate of life,
 Behold the power opposing,
 And help us in the strife

O Mary, beautiful garden
 Enclosed by God on high ;
 Sweet way of peace and refuge
 To whom weak sinners fly ;
 Behold us in our sorrow,
 In darkness and in tears,
 Bring thou the hope to heal us,
 And drive away all fears.

O Mary, sweet defender,
 Thou know'st our need below,
 Thou see'st the gloom around us,
 The danger of the foe ;
 O, shine upon our pathway,
 And by thy powerful prayer,
 Unite our hearts with Jesus,
 To dwell forever there.

IV.

Ave Sidus, Lux Dierum.

HAIL, O star of ray serene,
 Gem of womankind, and queen,
 Maid, that nursed, with modest mien,
 Christ, the King of Kings.
 Thee we praise in sweet accord,
 Mother of the Holy Word ;

Ah! thy pleading with the Lord
Tender mercy brings.

Shrine of Jesus, hail to thee ;
Light of love, our beacon be,
Through the storms of life's dark sea,
O'er the troubled wave ;
Thou hast glorified the earth,
Thou has borne the Wondrous Birth ;
Virgin Mother, high in worth,
Hear our prayers and save.

Queen and daughter of the King,
On thy way all virtues spring ;
From the gloom thy servants bring
To the light of day ;
From our fetters make us free,
Let thy prayers our refuge be,
Mother, Christ will ope for thee
Heaven's eternal way.

V.

Ut Axe Sunt Serena.

HOW bright the stars are shining
From out the blue serene !
How sweet in Spring the flowerets
Adorn the meadows green.

So bright, O wondrous Virgin,
Thy heavenly graces shine ;
So sweet, O tender Mother,
Flows forth thy love divine.

VI.

Alma Coelestium.

HAIL, Heaven's bounteous Queen,
Reigning in light serene,
Mother o'er earth's demesne,
Mary, we hail thee !
Life to believers lent,
Mother in mercy sent,
Hope of the penitent,
Mary, we hail thee !

Children of Adam, we
Send up our sighs to thee,
Our sure protectress be,
Save us, we pray thee ;
Exiles in guilt, our sighs
Out of the earth arise ;
Hear thou our tearful cries ;
Save us, we pray thee.

While to our fall are found
 Demons from underground
 Spreading their snares around,
 Pray for us, Mary ;
 Turn, turn thy pitying eyes,
 Look on our miseries,
 Hear our beseeching cries,
 Pray for us, Mary.

VII.

O Maria Maris Stella.

MARY, gentle star of ocean,
 Virgin full of grace,
 Maid and mother pure and holy,
 Honor's crystal vase ;
 Temple meet for Christ the Saviour,
 Sun of justice bright,
 Gate of heaven, hope of sinners,
 Throne of glorious light ;
 Help of all who walk in sorrow,
 Vein of sympathy,
 Gracious Mother, hear thy servants
 Bowing at thy knee.

Singing with pure hearts thy praises,
Loud we call thy name,
Raise us by thy intercession
Out of sin and shame.

HYMNS TO THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

Arranged for the Canonical Hours.

AT PRIME.

Beata Dei Genitrix.

MOTHER of God whose wondrous grace
Brings glory to the human race,
Through thee unto the Lord of might,
Fearless we come for love and light.

Lift up for us thy favoring prayer,
That Christ may keep us in his care ;
Him have we sorely grieved by sin ;
O, plead for us and pardon win.

Forevermore be praises sung
To Jesus from the Virgin sprung,
Like glory to the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

AT TIERCE.

Maria Decus Hominum.

O MARY, earth's sole paragon,
 Of heaven's eternal King the throne,
 Upon thy seven-fold pillars stand
 The dome upreared by wisdom's hand.

Commend us by thy favoring prayer,
 Before the Judge be ours thy care ;
 And may the praise we raise to thee
 To him a gracious offering be.

Thee, Son and Saviour, King most high,
 Pure fruit of chaste Virginity,
 Let all the universe adore,
 With Sire and Spirit evermore.

AT SEXT.

Maria Templum Domini.

MARY, fair temple of the Lord,
 Dear advocate and tender ward,
 True type of heavenly purity,
 The world's sole Hope was born of thee.

Be thou our shield, our guard, our guide,
 Sweet mother of the Crucified,
 Grant by thy prayers that he may deign
 Within our souls to live and reign.

Be praise and glory evermore
 To Jesus whom the Virgin bore,
 To Sire and Spirit equal praise
 Resound until the end of days.

AT NONES.

O Singularis Femina.

O RADIANT woman, sweet and rare,
 Sole Virgin mother, hear our prayer ;
 The gate of life art thou ; through thee
 The light of heaven we hope to see.

Sweet Virgin, in thy sacred love
 And by thy prayers, our sins remove ;
 Turn, turn to us thy pitying eyes,
 And gain for us the heavenly prize.

All praise to thee, O King Most High,
 Pure fruit of chaste virginity,
 Let earth and heaven thy name adore,
 With Sire and Spirit evermore.

AT VESPERS.

Maria, Virgo Regia.

O QUEENLY Virgin and divine,
 Sprung from the psalmist's royal line,
 Less noble by thy kingly claim
 Than by thy Son's majestic name ;

Through thee was cleansed the ancient stain ;
 Through thee doth man God's love regain ;
 Through thy chaste soul, the human race
 Is lighted up by heavenly grace.

Be praise to thee forevermore
 O Saviour, whom the Virgin bore ;
 Unto the Father honor meet,
 And to the heavenly Paraclete.

HOW BLIND THOU ART.

O Caeca Mens Mortalium.

HOW blind thou art, O mortal mind !
 How vain and weak thy worldly strife ;
 On earth thou hopest ease to find,
 Nor thinkest on eternal life !
 Where leads the time that flies so fast ?
 And what will be thy end at last ?

Honor and wealth and worldly fame,
 And even scepters pass away ;
 Beauty of form and noble name
 Oft set the steps of man astray ;
 Oh, what is all on earth that gleams,
 But shadow, smoke, or empty dreams ?

So live, that as thy years go by
 A blessed reckoning thou may'st give ;
 And every day so learn to die,
 That in thy death thou still may'st live ;
 Let all thy life in virtue shine,
 That life eternal may be thine.

CEASE THY WEEPING.

Pone Luctum, Magdalena.

CEASE thy weeping, Magdalena,
 Calm thy grief and dry thy tears,
 This is not thine hour of sorrow,
 There is now no cause for fears,
 But a thousand for rejoicing,
 Rise, and give thy gladness voicing,
 Alleluia !

Smile again, O Magdalena,
Let thy joyous features glow,
Every cause of grief is vanished ;
Banish every sign of woe ;
Christ has made a glorious morrow,
Triumphed over sin and sorrow.
Alleluia !

Sing thy praises, Magdalena,
Christ is risen from the tomb ;
Lo, he liveth, lo, he cometh,
Victor over dole and doom ;
Whom we mourned in death's dark prison,
Robed in living light, is risen.
Alleluia !

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena,
And resume thy wonted cheer ;
See, how bright his forehead shineth,
See, his wounds like gems appear !
Yea, like pearls the wounds are glowing,
Light on our new life bestowing.
Alleluia !

Sing thy praises, Magdalena,
All thy light is come again,
Sweet with joy thy bosom swelleth,
For the power of death is vain,

Far away be grief and mourning,
See the risen Lord returning.

Alleluia!

TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Novo Lucis Exordio.

NOW in the morning's rising light
I turn to thee, my tender guide ;
Drive from my soul the gloom of night,
And walk in splendor at my side ;
O, teach my heart God's holy will,
His work to do, his laws fulfil.

My tearful prayers and cares that grieve,
Unworthy though I know they be,
O heavenly messenger, receive,
And bear them to the Lord for me ;
So grace and pardon thou may'st bring
For all my faults from God, my King.

My spirit warm with rays of love,
And soften unto tears my heart,
The pressing load of sin remove,
Thy pure and guiding light impart ;
That so my feet, though now astray,
May gain again the heavenly way.

O, by the strength of thy right hand,
Protect me from the powers of hell,
That carnal passion's raging band
And worldly pride, I thus may quell,
And under thy sweet rule below,
May rise a victor o'er the foe.

And in the last sad strife of death,
Be with me then, thou powerful guide ;
And when I draw my latest breath,
Be thy bright presence at my side,
Guiding in faith and hope and love,
Unto the blessed seats above.

TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Angelice Patrone.

MY angel and defender,
In love I call to thee,
The guide and gentle teacher
That heaven has sent to me ;
Thanks for thy loving kindness
My soul desires to give ;
I would not die without thee,
Nor would I dare to live.

O master kind, and comrade,
Direct my wavering will,
Be near me as my leader,
Be my defender still
And keep me in the pathway
That leads to fields above ;
Enkindle in my bosom
The fire of sacred love.

When I am sad bring comfort,
When weak, thy power display ;
In thy dear arms up-bear me
Across each rugged way,
Let not my footsteps falter,
Along the road of light,
Make safe for me the journey
Of justice and of light.

Should evil powers assail me
With force or tempting snare,
O, then, my holy soldier,
Thy strength be with me there ;
Yea, guard me from temptations,
From false and foul desires,
And let my will be ever
What thy pure love inspires.

The road of true salvation
Be mine both night and day,
Each barrier that impedeth,
Help thou to break away ;
And keep me free from evil,
Lest e'er my soul should die ;
Let all my thoughts forever
Ascend to God on high.

My comrade thou, since childhood,
In truth and love sincere ;
O, fail me not, sweet angel,
When death's dark hour is near.
Then aid my will to conquer
The malice of the foe ;
What most to God is pleasing
To my faint spirit show.

And in my final struggle
A true contrition bring !
That after pure confession
No stains of earth may cling ;
In piety and patience,
In faith and hope and love,
So may I leave the regions
Of earth for life above.

And when my trembling spirit
 Before the Judge shall stand,
Bring then thy aid, dear angel,
 Be thou at my right hand.
O, loving guide and comrade,
 In all my wandering way,
Be always near to lead me
 To heaven's eternal day.

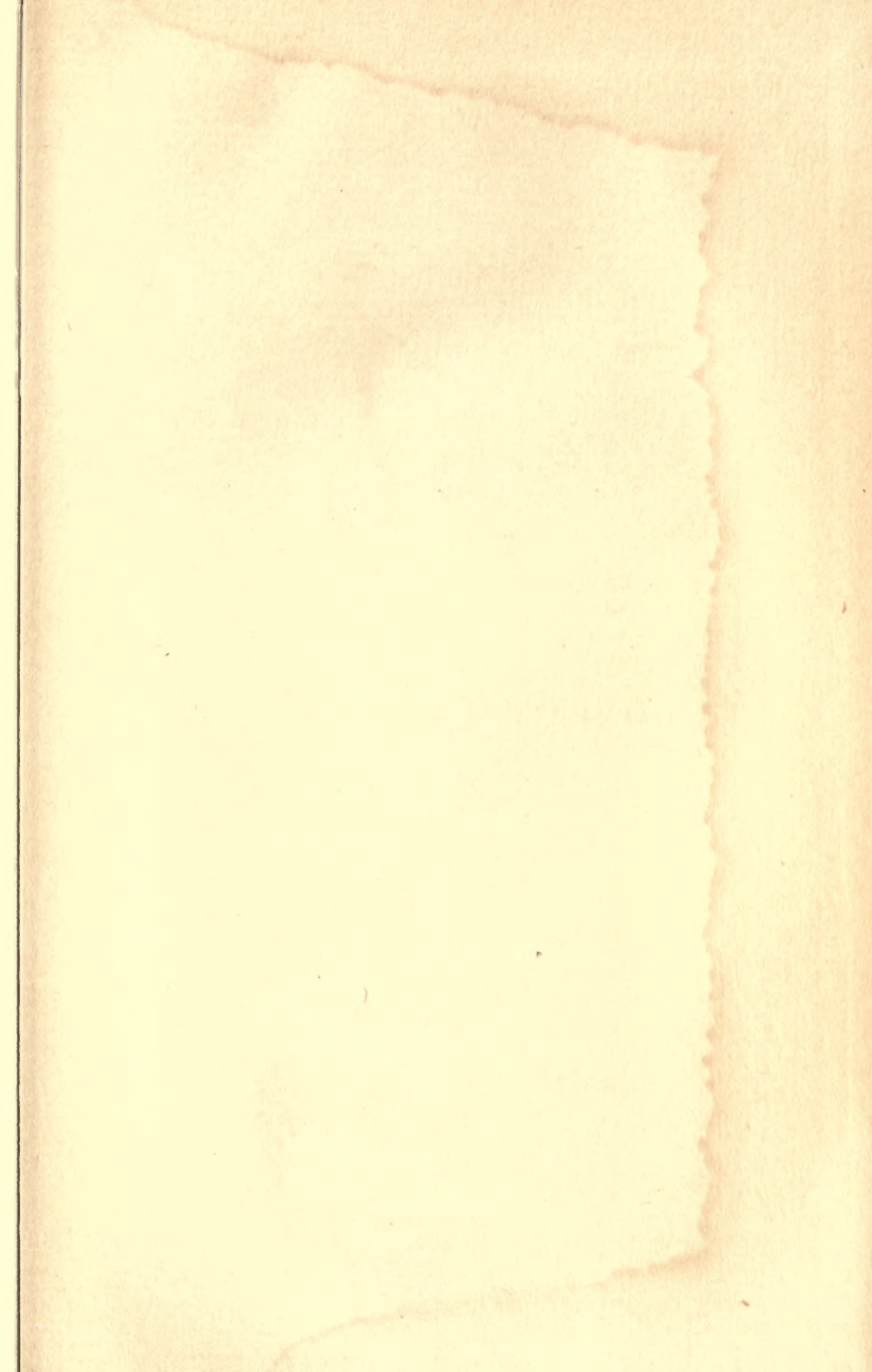
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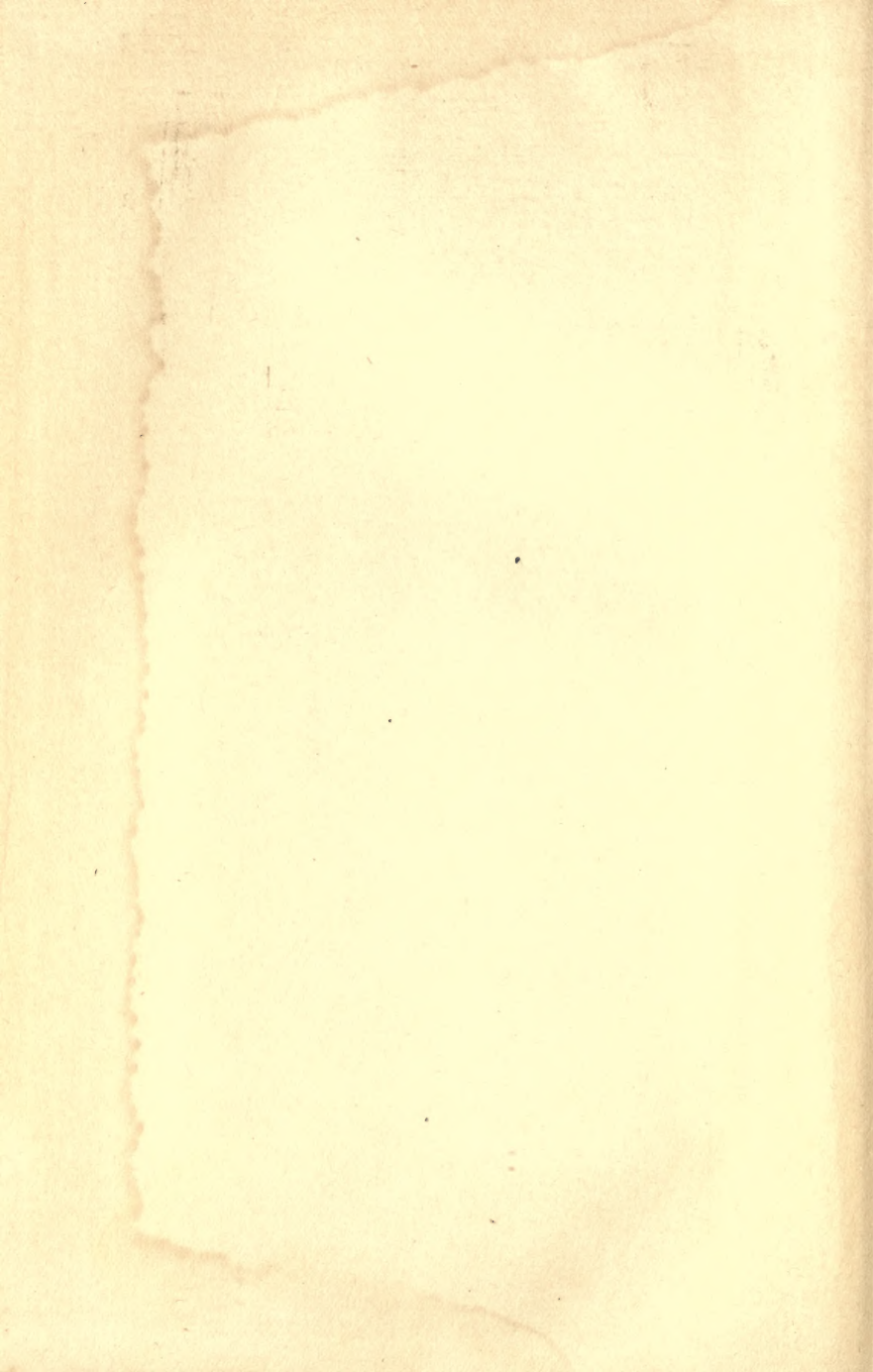


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