

Latin Hymns
with
Original Translations,
Dr. Coles.

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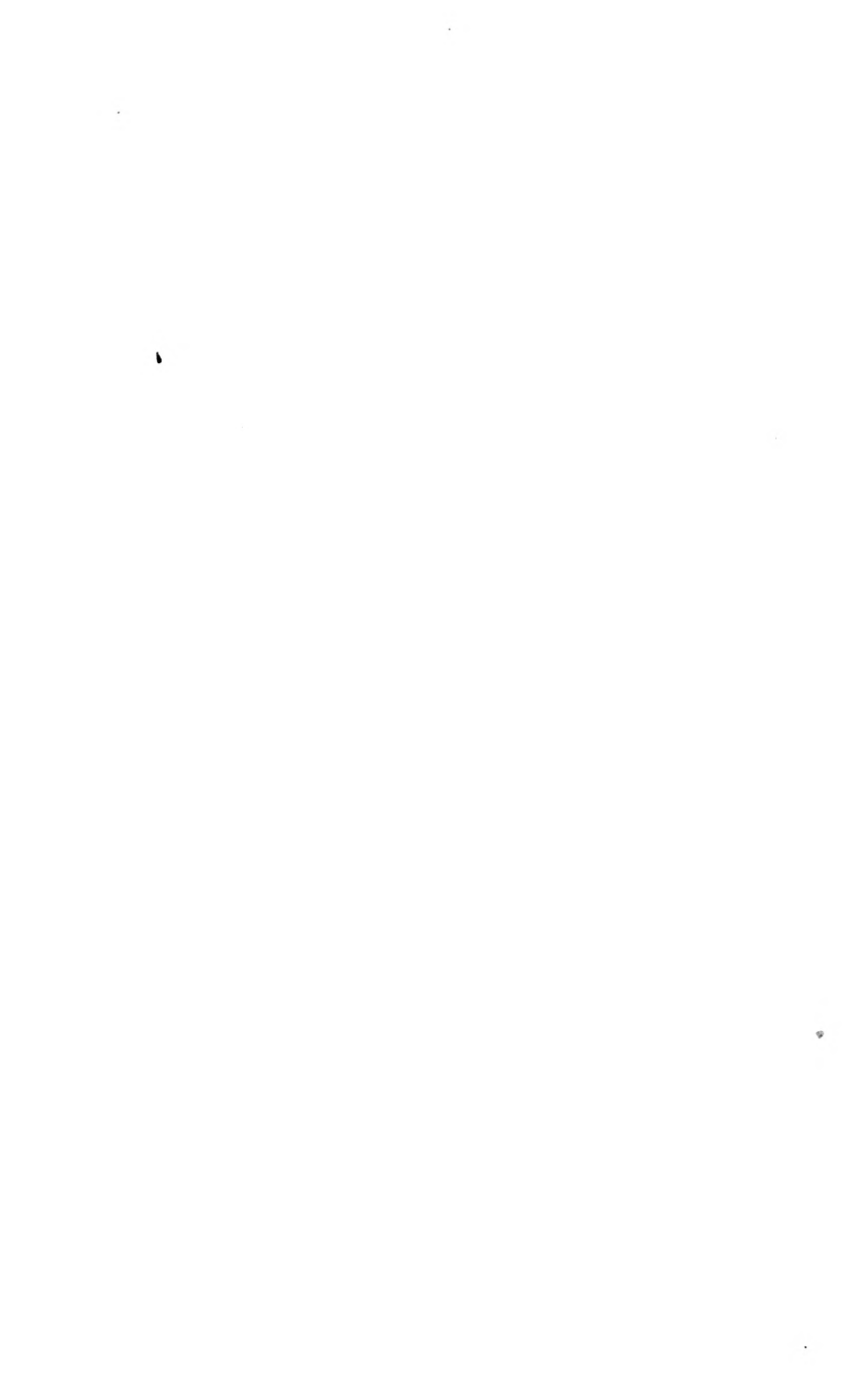
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For
Mr Oscar Mockridge
with kindest regards
of his friend

James P. Green

Christmas '91





H. M. G. O. S.

Latin Gems

WITH

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS

IN FOUR PARTS

- I. DIES IRÆ (In Thirteen Versions)
- II. STABAT MATER (DOLOROSA)
- III. STABAT MATER (SPECIOSA)
- IV. OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS

BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., LL. D.

ILLUSTRATED

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DIES IRÆ.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE "Dies Iræ" of painting by the greatest of painters, Michel Angelo's famous fresco of the *Last Judgment*, confessedly the most extraordinary picture in the history of Art, occupies the end wall of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and is forty-five feet wide by fifty-seven feet high. It was completed and first thrown open to the public on Christmas Day, 1546. The artist was then in his sixty-seventh year, and had been employed on the paintings and cartoons nearly nine years. "We have seen," says one, "Michel Angelo, and he is terrible." In the centre of this vast composition, consisting of at least two hundred figures in every conceivable attitude, appears the majestic form of the Saviour in the act of pronouncing sentence upon the wicked, "Depart," etc. By his side is the Virgin. Near her, towards the right, is a figure with the back turned, done in the style of the finest antique; and next beyond is Adam, expressing by the contour of his members and his relaxed muscles extreme old age. Between these two, half-way down, can be seen a face, with long flowing beard, answering to our idea of an ancient patriarch. Farther to the right is a woman, delineated with exquisite grace and elegance, with a young girl clinging to her and hiding her face in terror. On the left of the Saviour, the stooping figure is Peter, in the act of surrendering the keys; the face close to his is Moses. The group behind represents the prophets in studied and striking attitudes. Below are the martyrs, with the symbols of their sufferings. Just at the feet of the Virgin is St. Lawrence, with his gridiron (*la graticola*); then comes St. Bartholomew, with a knife in one hand and his skin in the other; St. Catharine is known by her broken wheel; St. Hippolytus, by his currycombs with iron teeth; St. Sebastian, by his arrows held in his left hand. Higher up is St. Andrew on a cross, a fine figure. Above and around is an innumerable company of the blessed. In the angles at

DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

the highest part are angels, bearing, on one side, the cross, the crown of thorns, the dice used in casting lots on Christ's garment; and on the other, the pillar of scourging, etc. Far below is another group of angels, blowing seven trumpets to wake the dead, two of them holding in their hands the books of life and death. At the right, near the bottom, are seen the dead in all stages of decay, quickened and slowly rising,—saints and angels assisting the righteous in their ascent to heaven. In one case a demon makes contest for possession. On the left is presented the terrific spectacle of the condemned dragged down by demons,—among them, a wicked pope, with the keys in his hand, falling headlong the prey of exultant fiends; also a licentious cardinal, a living contemporary of the artist. "Forms and faces," says one, "more trembling and convulsed with despair were never embodied or conceived." Charon, the infernal ferryman, in accordance with Dante's description,—

"With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each that lingers with his oar
Strikes." *Inferno*, Canto iii. vv. 102-104.

In the extreme left corner, at the lowest point, are two heads, "one a cowl unto the other," borrowed likewise from Dante,—Count Ugolino gnawing the skull of his enemy:—

"Upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened, like a mastiff's, 'gainst the bone
Firm and unyielding."
Inferno, Canto xxxiii. vv. 74-76.

Close by is Midas, with all's ears and serpent around the body,—a likeness of, it is said, and a savage satire upon, Meffer Biaggio, his critic. At the foot of the picture, in the middle, is the pit of hell, with demons at its mouth.—The miniature copy here given, photographed from an outline engraving by Pirolì, first published at Paris in 1808, faithful and full, down to the minutest anatomical details, was deemed not an inappropriate embellishment to this volume. If desired, it can be indefinitely magnified by a glass.



ies ræ

IN

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL VERSIONS

BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

SIXTH EDITION.

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1891

ILLUSTRATIONS.

—◆—
DIES IRÆ.

Last Judgment. (M. Angelo — Rubens — Cornelius).

O what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

Christus Remunerator. (Ary Scheffer.)

Be there, Lord, my place decided,
With Thy sheep from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

STABAT MATER (DOLOROSA).

Mary at the Cross. (Carlo Dolce — Paul Delaroche).

Stood th' afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping,
Whereon hung her Son and Lord.

STABAT MATER (SPECIOSA).

Nativity. LA NOTTE. (Correggio).

Virgin and Child. MADONNA DI SAN SISTO. (Raphael.)

Oh what grace to her allotted,
Blessèd mother and unspotted
Of the Sole Begotten One!

OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS

St. Augustine and his Mother } (Ary Scheffer.)
Hope and Faith }

O country most dear, our longing eyes here
 As they view thee afar with desire are aching.

Ecstasy and Prayer. (Landelle.)

My innermost eyes, thus piercing the skies,
 From the mind's highest peaks delighted behold thee.

 Now in thee I am glad, now in me I am sad,
 I sob and I sigh with breast heaving and swelling.



INTRODUCTION.



IT would be difficult to find, in the whole range of literature, a production to which a profounder interest attaches than to that magnificent canticle of the Middle Ages, the *DIES IRÆ*. Fastening on that which is indestructible in man, and giving fitter expression than can elsewhere be found, to experiences and emotions which can never cease to agitate him, it has lost after the lapse of six centuries none of its original freshness and transcendent power to affect the heart. It has commanded alike the admiration of men of piety and men of taste. By common consent, it is as Daniel remarks: *sacræ poeseos summum decus et Ecclesiæ Latinæ κειμήλιον est pretiosissimum*. Among gems it is the diamond. It is solitary in

its excellence. Of Latin Hymns, it is the best known and the acknowledged masterpiece. There are others which possess much sweetness and beauty, but this stands unrivalled. It has superior beauties, with none of their defects. For the most part they are more or less Romish, but this is Catholic, and not Romish at all. It is universal as humanity. It is the cry of the human. It bears indubitable marks of being a personal experience.

The author is supposed to have been a monk: an incredible supposition truly did we not know that a monk is also a man. One thing is certain, that the monk does not appear, and that it is the man only that speaks. He no longer dreams and drivels. He is effectually awake. The veil is lifted. He sees Christ coming to Judgment. All the tumult and the terror of the Last Day are present to him. The final pause and syncope of Nature; the shuddering of a horror-struck Universe; the down-rushing and wreck of all things—all are present. But these material circumstances of horror and amazement, he feels are as nothing compared with “the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge.” This

single consideration swallows up every other. The interests of an eternity are crowded into a moment.

One great secret of the power and enduring popularity of this Hymn is, undoubtedly, its genuineness. A vital sincerity breathes throughout. It is a cry *de profundis*; and the cry becomes sometimes—so intense are the terror and solicitude—almost a shriek. It is in the highest degree pathetic. The Muse is “*Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears.*” Every line weeps. Underneath every word and syllable, a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm, or that alternate elevation and depression of the voice, which prosodists call the *arsis* and the *thesis*, one might almost fancy were synchronous with the contraction and the dilatation of the heart. It is more than dramatic. The horror and the dread are real: are actual not acted. A human heart is laid bare, quivering with life, and we see and hear its tumultuous throbbings. We sympathize—nay, before we are aware, we have changed places. We, too, tremble and quail and cry aloud.

All true Lyric Poetry is subjective. The *DIES IRÆ* is, as we have seen, remarkable for its intense

subjectivity ; and whoever duly appreciates this characteristic, will have little difficulty in understanding its superior effectiveness over everything else that has been written on the same theme. The life of the writer has passed into it and informs it, so that it is itself alive. It has vital forces and emanations. Its life mingles with our life. It enters into our veins and circulates in our blood. A virtue goes out from it. It is electrically charged, and contact is instantly followed by a shock and shuddering.

Springing from its subjectivity, if not identical with it, we would further notice, the intensifying effect of what may be called its personalism, in other words its ego-ism. It is I and not We. Substitute the plural pronoun for the singular, and it would lose half its pungency. We have had occasion to observe the weakening effect of this in translation. The truth is, the feeling is of a kind too concentrated and too exacting to allow itself to be dissipated in the vagueness of any grouping generality. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There is a grief that cannot be shared, neither can it be joined on to another's. It is not social nor common. It is mine

and not yours. It is exclusive, not because it is selfish, but because it has depths beyond the soundings of ordinary sympathy.

This is especially true of some of the intenser forms of religious experience, proceeding as they do from that which is most intimate and innermost, the penetralia of a man's consciousness, his most secret and peculiar self. There is an inner and privileged sanctuary of the heart, which is kept as a chamber locked up. It is hidden and sacred. It may be, that the individual, dwelling habitually in the outer courts of his being, rarely if ever enters into it himself. For man is twofold. A veil divides between the outer and the inner man. Gross and sensual, the majority of mankind are averse to lifting the concealing medium, for fear of unwelcome revelations and discoveries respecting themselves. Goethe is an example of this portentous preference for half knowledge: "Man," he says, "is a darkened being; he knows not whence he came, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it."

In conversion to God this veil is rent from top to

bottom. There is a self-revelation. Behind the curtain, there in the Most Holy Place, where ought to be the Shekinah, the shining, sensible Manifestation of the Divine Presence, he beholds the Abomination of Iniquity set up. He awakes to the startling fact that he is "without God and without hope in the world." A voice of urgency is sounding in his ears: "Flee from the Wrath to Come." He anticipates the terrors of the Judgment. He feels that there is not a moment to lose. Instinct prompts, and the Word of God enjoins, that he seek to save himself first. He knows not whether others are in as bad a case as he. But of his own guilt and danger he has no doubt. An offended Maker confronts him, him in particular. So he prays and agonizes. His may not be "the thews which throw the world"—he is conscious of weakness rather than strength—yet singly and alone, he wrestles with God like Jacob, and prevails like Israel.

The Hymn is not only lyrical in its essence, but also in its form. It is instinct with music. It sings itself. The grandeur of its rhythm, and the affluence and chime of its fit and powerful words, are,

even in the ears of those unacquainted with the Latin language, suggestive of the richest and mightiest harmonies. The verse is ternary; and the ternary number, having been esteemed anciently a symbol of perfection and held in great veneration, may possibly have had something to do with the choice of the strophe. Be this as it may, its metrical structure, as all agree, constitutes by no means the least of its extraordinary merits. Trench, in his *Selections from Latin Poetry*, speaks of the metre as being grandly devised, and fitted to bring out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language; and as being, moreover, unique, forming the only example of the kind that he remembers. He notices the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, comparable to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil. Knapp, in his *Liederschatz*, likens the original to a blast from the trump of resurrection, and declares its power inimitable in any translation.



HISTORY OF THE HYMN.

THE authorship of the *Dies Iræ* is ascribed, apparently upon good grounds, to Thomas of Celano, so called from a small town of that name in Italy. He was a friend and pupil and subsequently the biographer of St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the order of Minorites, (called also Friars-Minor, Grey Friars or Franciscans, being one of the four orders of mendicant friars,) instituted in 1208. Wadding, an Irishman and a Minorite, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, and who wrote a history of his order, expressly refers it to Celano. He mentions two other hymns or Sequences composed by him, one beginning: *Fregit victor virtutis*; the other: *Sanctitatis nova signa*. The circum-

stance of the Dominican Sixtus Senensis affecting to sneer at it, calling it *rhythmus inconditus*, is regarded as confirmatory of the opinion, that it was at least the work of a Franciscan; the bitter rivalries subsisting between the two orders affording, it is thought, the most plausible explanation of a criticism so manifestly splenetic and unjust. Another corroborative circumstance is its early admission into the Franciscan Missals, by which means a knowledge of it was spread throughout Europe. The correctness of this inference is further sustained by the fact, that, inscribed on a marble slab in the Franciscan Church of St. Francis at Mantua, was found one of the earliest copies of the hymn, representing, it is believed, the text as it came from the hands of the author. Dr. Mohnike, a learned and able editor of the *Dies Iræ*, furnishes an old copy of the Mantuan text, which differs from the Received Text chiefly in this, that the first four stanzas are additional. They are here given with a translation annexed; also the heading which is as follows :

Meditatio Vetus et Venusta
 de Novissimo Judicio
 quæ Mantuæ in æde D. Francisci in
 marmore legitur.

1. Cogita, anima fidelis,
 Ad quid respondere velis,
 Christo venturo de cœlis.

Weigh with solemn thought and tender,
 What response, thou, Soul, wilt render,
 Then when Christ shall come in splendor

2. Cum deposcet rationem
 Ob boni omissionem,
 Ob mali commisionem.

And thy life shall be inspected,
 All its hidden guilt detected,
 Evil done and good neglected.

3. Dies illa, dies iræ,
 Quam conemur prævenire
 Obviamque Deo ire;

For that day of vengeance neareth
 Ready be each one that heareth
 God to meet when He appeareth,

4. Seria contritione,
 Gratie apprehensione,
 Vitæ emendatione.

By repenting, by believing,
 By God's offered grace receiving,
 By all evil courses leaving.

The succeeding sixteen verses are the same, with slight variations, as those of the Church or Received text; but in place of the next verse, which forms the 17th of this, beginning: *Oro supplex et acclinis*, the Mantuan copy has the following for its 21st and concluding stanza:

21. Confors ut beatitatis
 Vivam cum justificatis
 In ævum æternitatis. Amen.

That in fellowship fraternal
 With inhabitants supernal
 I may live the life eternal. Amen.

That the abbreviation of the poem, by the omission of the four opening stanzas, adds greatly to its general, and still more to its lyric effectiveness, there can be no doubt. The rejected verses, partaking of

a quiet and meditative character, impair the force of the lyric element. In its present form, all is vehement stir and movement, from the grand and startling abruptness of its opening, to the sweet and powerful pathos of its solemn and impressive close.

Besides Celano, various other names have had their supporters for the honor of the authorship of this poem. It has been attributed to Gregory the Great, who lived at a period some six hundred years earlier. But this would involve the necessity of supposing that a poem of such extraordinary merit could remain unknown and unnoticed during so many centuries, which is not at all likely. Besides, it is certain, that, while rhyme was not altogether unknown or unused at that time, it had by no means reached that state of perfection which this poem exhibits.*

Leonard Meister, a Swiss writer, claimed that Felix Hämmerlin, (Latinized into Malleolus,) a Church dignitary of Zürich, born in 1389, and who died about 1457, was the author of *Dies Iræ*, because among Hämmerlin's poems he found a manuscript of this hymn; but the evidence is quite conclusive,

* See Appendix—Origin of Latin Rhyme.

that the hymn was in existence before his time. In the Hämmerlin text, the 16th verse is followed by eight more, probably supplied by Hämmerlin himself. They are here subjoined.

17. Oro supplex a ruinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis !

From the ruins of creation,
Make I contrite supplication :
Interpose for my salvation !

18. Lachrymosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,

On that day of woe and weeping,
When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Starts, from ashes where he's sleeping,

19. Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus !
Efto semper adjutor meus !

Man account to Thee to render :
Spare the miserable offender !
Be my Helper and Defender !

20. *Quando cœli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus pœnitendi.*

When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying;

21. *Sed salvatis læta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed dæmonum effigies.*

To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and shapes of madness.

22. *O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor Trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis!*

God of infinite perfection,
Trinity's serene reflection,
Give me part with the election!

23. *Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genetricem,
Jesse florem et radicem.*

Happiness upon me shower,
 For Thy Mother's sake, with power
 Who is Jesse's root and flower.

24. Præsta nobis tunc levamen,
 Dulce nostrum fac certamen,
 Ut clamemus omnes, Amen!

From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
 Fight Thou with us or fight for us,
 So we'll shout, Amen, in chorus.

Taking for granted that the Mantuan was the original text, it would follow that the truncation of the four introductory verses spoken of had already taken place at the time of Hämmerlin; and it is furthermore obvious that the 17th and 18th verses of the Received Text must have been formed out of the first three of the supplemented verses of Hämmerlin, as follows, viz. : by substituting, in the 17th verse, "et acclinis" for "a ruinis," and taking the first two lines of the two succeeding verses, being triplets, to make up the 18th verse, which consists of four lines. Bating a few verbal variations, the first sixteen verses of the Hämmerlin and

Church texts correspond. The last named is founded on the Roman Missal first published in 1567, under the sanction and after the revision of the Council of Trent. It forms the basis of the present, as it does of most translations.

A brief reference to some of the more important variations in the text, and an explanation of certain allusions which occur therein, may not be uninteresting. The first line, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, plainly points to a passage of Scripture from the Vulgate,—Zephaniah I. 15. The whole verse reads thus: “*DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustię, dies calamitatis et miserię, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulę et turbinis, dies tubę et clangoris.*” In the third line, the change of the Mantuan reading, “Petro” into “David,” as it now stands, may have been due, it is conjectured, to a feeling that there was greater appropriateness in David’s being associated with the ante-Christian Sibyl. From the aversion felt to the introduction of a heathen Sibyl into a Christian and still more a Church hymn, a Missal of the diocese of Metz, published in 1778, rejecting the third line, adopts, but without

the authority of a single manuscript, another reading as follows :

*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*

Day of wrath, that day amazing,
High the bannered cross upraising,
While the universe is blazing.

The allusion here is to the sign of the coming of the Son of Man in heaven, mentioned in Matthew xxiv. 3 ; and is indicative of the belief, that the sign there spoken of would have its fulfilment in the apparition of a cross in the sky. But the older and the true reading is doubtless the other, which refers to the Sibyl as bearing concurrent testimony with the prophet of the Old or the New Testament, David or Peter, (Psalm xcvi. 13 ; xcvii. 3 ; xi. 6 ; 2 Peter iii. 7,) touching the destruction of the world and the final judgment. The 2d, 7th, and 8th books of the "Sibylline Oracles" are full of passages which refer to these, but it is probable that the reference here is more immediately to verses ex-

tracted therefrom, found in Lactantius (*Divin. Institut. lib. vii. De Vita Beata, cap. 16-24*). In the earlier ages of the Church, these pretended prophecies were regarded with no little veneration; wherefore it is by no means uncommon to find Christian writers placing them side by side with Scriptural prophecies, and, as in the case before us, making solemn appeal to them. The discovery of their true character as worthless forgeries was reserved for a later period.

This poem, which, there is every reason to believe, was originally the inspiration of retirement, the solitary outpouring of

“a suppliant heart all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust,”—

to adopt the language of Crashaw's version at the 17th verse,—came afterwards, when it had passed into Church use, to receive the title of SEQUENCE, from the place assigned to it in the service of the Mass for the Dead. The precise time when this occurred cannot be determined, but it must have been early, for Albizzi speaks of it as being in common use as a Sequence in 1385. For an explanation of this

term, the reader is referred to the Appendix at the end of this volume.

If the origin of the hymn be somewhat obscure, not so have been its subsequent fortunes. Through the long centuries that have elapsed since the time it first became known to the world, its extraordinary merits have been steadily recognized. Its light has been that of a star, whose keen and diamond lustre intermits not nor grows dim, but shines on the same from age to age. Its mission from the beginning has been one of power. To some, there is reason to believe, it has been "the power of God unto salvation." Scattered everywhere along its track are seen the luminous footprints of its victorious progress as the subduer of hearts. The greatest minds have delighted to bear testimony to its worth. Goethe evinced his appreciation of it by introducing certain verses of it into his "Faust,"—with how grand an effect we all know. Boswell relates of Dr. Johnson, that, "when he would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Ecclesiastica pro Mortuis*, beginning: *Dies iræ, dies illa*, he could never pass the stanza ending thus: *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, without bursting into a flood of tears."

It is said that Ancina, a Professor of Medicine in the University of Turin, was so strongly affected by hearing one day the *Dies Iræ* chanted in the service for the dead, that he determined to abandon the world. He afterwards became Bishop of Saluzzo. Milman, in his "History of Christianity," speaking of the Latin poetry of the Christian Church, remarks: "There is nothing, in my judgment, to be compared with the monkish *Dies iræ, dies illa.*" To these names might be added those of many other eminent scholars and critics, all bearing like testimony. But the crowning proof of its unrivalled excellence is found in the fact, that, mingled with the sighs and gaspings of dissolving Nature, the measured beat of its melodious rhythm has been so often heard; now, it may be, in the soft murmur of words half audible, and now in the clear tones of a distinct utterance, issuing from the pale and trembling lips of the dying. The Earl of Roscommon, we are told, repeated with great energy and devotion, in the moment when he expired, two lines of his own translation of the 17th verse:—

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Sir Walter Scott evinced his regard for it in the same affecting manner, during his last hours: "We very often," says his biographer, "heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*."

It is certainly somewhat remarkable, that, while thus solemnly associated with the dying moments of these two illustrious masters of song, who had likewise employed their pens in the task of rendering it into English, it should have had a connection not dissimilar with the death of that great composer by whose means this immortal poem has come to be worthily wedded to immortal music. It is well known that Mozart's *Requiem* is founded on it. This, his greatest work, perhaps, was destined also to be his last, of which, it is said, he had a solemn presentiment. His death occurred before it was entirely finished. Besides Mozart, other distinguished composers, such as Cherubini, Haydn, Jomelli, Palästrina, and Pergolesi, have exercised their genius upon the same theme and the same text.



TRANSLATIONS OF THE HYMN.



THE number of translations made of this hymn into different languages it were not easy to estimate. Those in German are particularly numerous. In a work dedicated to these, edited by Dr. F. G. Lisco, (Berlin, 1840,) as many as seventy versions, more or less complete, are given; the number being further increased three years afterwards by the addition of seventeen others, appended to a volume of translations, by the same editor, of the *Stabat Mater*.*

* For the loan of both the above works the writer is indebted to the Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., who, in a Note, afterwards somewhat enlarged and thrown into an Appendix, affixed to an Address on the "Conservative Principle of our Literature," first published in 1843, and subsequently included in his volume of "Miscellanies," has, with his usual

There is one in French, one in Romaic or Modern Greek, one in Dutch, and one in Latin, all the rest being German. In nearly every case, pains have been taken to preserve the exact measure and form of the original. The superior flexibility of the German, and its greater supply of words adapted for double rhyme, give translators in that language a decided advantage. The difficulty involved in tripling the double rhymes, owing to the poverty of our language in words suitable for the purpose, without practising awkward and inelegant inversions, is probably the reason why English translators, even where they have been careful to retain the triplet form of the stanza, have failed to preserve the rhyming close.

Crafhaw's, one of the oldest and noblest of the English translations, and which in the opinion of an eminent critic was not surpassed by anything he ever wrote, is done in quatrains, or single rhymed couplets

eloquence and exhaustive learning, given a very full and instructive account of this hymn and its translations; adding in the later editions a version of his own, one of the first made in ternary double rhyme.

repeated ; and, on account of the freeness of the rendering, might more properly be called a reproduction than a translation. The Earl of Roscommon, celebrated in Dryden's verse as the greatest poet of his time, was the author of a version praised by Pope as the best of his poetical performances ; although he is considered as having borrowed both from Crashaw and Dryden. It is in triplets like the original, but without double rhyme, and the verse is iambic instead of trochaic.

The few verses introduced by Sir Walter Scott into the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and which have found their way into almost all the more recent Collections of Hymns used in our Churches, though spirited and impressive, can scarcely be called a translation, being little more than an echo of one or two of the leading sentiments of the Latin original. Another familiar hymn, contained in most Hymn books, commencing,

"Lo! He comes in clouds descending,"

purports to be a translation of the *Dies Iræ* ; but in respect neither to form nor spirit does it corre-

spond very accurately to the original. Although there are other versions of more or less merit, some made by our own scholars, a further enumeration might be tedious. "It is not wonderful," as Trench remarks, "that a poem such as this should have continually allured and continually defied translators."

The Author of the Translations here published scarcely knows how to shield himself from the imputation of presumption to which his attempt exposes him. The number of his versions is Thirteen. The first six have the somewhat rare merit, so far at least as English versions are concerned, of being metrically conformed, both as it respects rhyme and rhythm, to the original. The five succeeding ones are like in rhythm, but vary from the original in not preserving the double rhyme. The one which follows is in iambic triplets, like Roscommon's; and the last in quatrains, after the manner of Crashaw's version.

It has been the aim of the Translator to be in all cases as faithful as possible to the sense and spirit of the original, and likewise to the letter, but not so slavishly as to preclude variety. He has en-

deavored to carry out likeness in unlikeness, and to give to each version, so far as practicable, the interest of a distinct poem. How far he has succeeded others must judge. The preservation of the double rhyme involved some special difficulties, which he has overcome as well as he could; but he would not be surprised if some readers preferred the easier metres, and indulges the hope that the multiplication of versions may serve, among other things, to meet this diversity of taste. But there are some, if he mistakes not, who enjoy those pleasing surprises in viewing an object, that result from an altered attitude and a new angle of vision,—the curious changes which follow every fresh turn of a revolving kaleidoscope,—and the writer is willing therefore to believe that such, at any rate, will not be displeased at this attempt to supply the deficiency of one version by another and yet another, in the hope that thereby the original may be exhibited, approximately at least, in its solid entirety.

Young, in his “Essay on Lyric Poetry,” asserts that difficulty overcome gives grace and pleasure, and he accounts for the pleasure of rhyme in general

upon this principle. Having failed in his own case to afford an exemplification of great success in this particular, his critic and biographer, Johnson, somewhat sarcastically remarks: "But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he must make rhyme consist with as perfect sense and expression as would be expected, if he were perfectly free from that shackle." Hence, the greater the difficulties to be surmounted, the greater is the need of elaboration, until art conceals art.

The present Translator, recognizing fully the propriety of the rule here stated, does not feel that he has any right to plead the arduousness of his task, as an excuse for any instances, if such there be, of forced and unnatural construction, resorted to in order to meet the exigencies of rhyme or metre. What is called poetic license is, he is aware, a license of power and grace, and not of weakness and deformity, being tantamount to a license to dance or sing, in place of ordinary walking or speaking. Poetic chains, undoubtedly, were meant not to confine and cripple, but to regulate movement in conformity with settled laws; the object being, not to punish

speech, but to exalt and honor it,—to grace language, not disgrace it.

To preserve, in connection with the utmost fidelity and strictness of rendering, all the rhythmic merits of the Latin original,—to attain to a vital likeness as well as to an exact literalness, at the same time that nothing is sacrificed of its musical sonorousness and billowy grandeur, easy and graceful in its swing as the ocean on its bed,—to make the verbal copy, otherwise cold and dead, glow with the fire of lyric passion,—to reflect, and that too by means of a single version, the manifold aspects of the many-sided original, exhausting at once its wonderful fulness and pregnancy,—to cause the white light of the primitive so to pass through the medium of another language as that it shall undergo no refraction whatever,—would be desirable, certainly, were it practicable; but so much as this it were unreasonable to expect in any translation.

All the versions here given were written and nearly ready for the press more than two years ago; but, influenced partly by a sense of their imperfectness, and partly by a doubt as to the reception that a book

exclusively devoted to a single hymn might meet with from the public, the Translator has delayed their appearance until now, when, encouraged by the favorable opinion expressed by some, whose names, were it proper to give them, would be regarded, he doubts not, as an apology for his boldness, he ventures the experiment of publication. He does not deny that the amount of public favor that has been already accorded to two of the versions, viz., those marked I. and II., published anonymously in the "Newark Daily Advertiser" several years since, the first as long ago as 1847, has had something to do with overcoming his distrust. To avoid misapprehension, it is right to state, that two verses of the first were introduced into Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and by these accidental means have enjoyed a world-wide currency. More recently this version has been honored with a place in the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," edited by Henry Ward Beecher, and set to music. It was, so far as the Translator knows, the first attempt, with a single exception, to reproduce in English the ternary double rhyme of the original.





DE NOVISSIMO JUDICIO.

DIES iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illà die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non fit cassus!

Iuste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis !

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus :
Supplici parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè
Ne perenni cremer igne !

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ !

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis !

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis !

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce, Deus !





I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall fit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution !
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution !

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token :
Let the pardoning word be spoken !

Thou, who Mary gav'ft remiffion,
Heard'ft the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'ft with hope my loft condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Left I endless fire inherit !

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy fheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided !

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven !

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!



II.

DAY shall dawn that has no morrow,
Day of vengeance, day of sorrow,
As from Prophecy we borrow.

It shall burn, that day of trouble,
As a furnace heated double,
And the wicked shall be stubble.

O, what trembling, when the rifted
Skies shall show the Judge uplifted,
And all strictly shall be sifted!

Trump shall sound a blast appalling,
On the grave's deep stillness falling,
Small and great before Him calling.

Death with fear shall be o'ertaken,
Nature to her base be shaken,
When the sleeping dead shall waken.

Volume fhall be brought, whose pages
Regifter the deeds of ages,
Whence the world fhall have juft wages.

When that Court fhall hold its feffion,
Every mouth fhall make confeffion,
Left unpunifhed no transgreffion.

How, alas ! in that dread feafon,
Shall I answer for my treason,
When the righteous fear with reafon ?

Awful King, who nothing craveft,
Since Thyself full ransom gaveft,
Save Thou me, who freely saveft !

Me, for whom, with love fo tender,
Thou didft leave Thy throne of fplendor,
Jesus, do not then furrender !

Wearily for me Thou toiledft,
Diedft for me and Satan spoiledft :
Let not triumph whom Thou foiledft !

Thou, whose frown will be damnation,
Grant me earnest of salvation,
Ere that day of consummation!

Culprit-like, I, self-convicted,
Blushing, prostrate, and afflicted,
Kneel for mercy unrestricted.

Thou, who Mary's faith rewardedst,
Pardon to the Thief accordedst,
Me, too, trembling hope affordedst.

Poor my prayers, but give ensample
Of Thy goodness rich and ample,
Left insulted Justice trample!

With Thy chosen flock unspotted,
Severed from the herd besotted,
Be my place that day allotted!

When Thy curse shall blast and wither,
Doom to hell and banish thither,
Bid me with the blessed, Come hither!

Care for me as one who feareth,
One who hasteth when he heareth,
When my solemn exit neareth!

When the light of that day flashes,
And man rises from his ashes
At Thy bar account to render,
Spare then, Lord, the pale offender!



III.

DAY of Vengeance and of Wages,
Fiery goal of all the ages,
Burden of prophetic pages !

Guilty wretches, vainly fleeing
From that flaming Eye, whose seeing
Searches all the depths of being.

Wakened by that Trump of Wonder,
Answering Earthquakes, roaring under,
Heave and split the ground asunder ;

And the buried generations,
People of all times and nations,
Live again and take their stations,

Each immortal pale offender,
Round the Great White Throne of Splendor,
Strict account to God to render ;

Who, unmocked and unmitaken,
Shall pronounce the doom unshaken,
And long flumbering vengeance waken.

What if weighed and found deficient?
Standing at that bar omniscient,
Who hath righteousness sufficient?

Dreadful Majesty of Heaven!
Freely thy salvation's given,
Fount of Mercy, save me even!

Me, for whom Thou shame didst borrow,
Trodst the paths of earthly sorrow,
Lose not on that dreadful morrow!

Seeking me Thou weary sankest,
All my cup of trembling drankest,
Nor from death, to save me, shrankest.

Must I sink yet to perdition?
God of Vengeance, grant remission,
Ere that Day of Inquisition!

Filled with thame and confternation,
Lifting hands of supplication,
Spare me, God of my Salvation!

Let such grace be manifested,
As on weeping Mary rested,
As was towards the Thief attested!

Though no worth in me discerning,
Spurn not, though I merit spurning:
Rescue me from endless burning!

When division is effected
'Mong the race of men collected,
Leave me not with the rejected!

When Thy curse from Thee shall sever,
Kindling hells, extinguished never,
Join me to Thyself forever!

From the ashes of contrition,
From the depths I make petition:
Grant my soul a safe dismissal!

When that day shall snare th' unwary,
And shall guilty man unbury,
Spare me then, Dread Adversary !



IV.

DAY of Prophecy! it flashes,
Falling spheres together dashes,
And the world consumes to ashes.

O, what fear of wrath impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
Inquisition strict intending!

God's awakening Trump shall scatter
Summons through the world of matter,
And the Throne of Death shall shatter.

What amazement, when forgotten
Generations, dead and rotten,
Suddenly are rebegotten!

Book and Record universal
Shall be opened for rehearsal,
Whence the doom without reversal.

When by that dread Judge inspected,
Nothing shall pass undetected,
Unavenged nor uncorrected.

How shall I, a wretch unstable,
Bide that hour inevitable,
When the just man scarce is able?

Dreadful King, from Thee, the Giver,
Flows salvation like a river :
Fount of Mercy, me deliver !

Thou, who, touched with my condition,
Cam'st to save me from perdition,
Be Thou mindful of Thy mission !

Let Thy death for my offences,
Horror of Thy soul and senses,
Be not void of consequences !

Blot my sins, ere that revision,
Day of ultimate decision,
When Thy foes are in derision !

From my eyes repentance gushes,
O'er my cheeks spread crimson blushes :
Spare the worm Thy terror crushes !

Thou, who wert of old most gracious
Ev'n to sinners most audacious,
Is Thy mercy now less spacious ?

Worthless all the prayers I offer :
Grace must seal what grace doth proffer,
Else I perish with the scoffer.

When Thou makest separation,
With Thy sheep assign my station,
Saints of every age and nation !

When the malison eternal
Banishes to fires infernal,
Bid me enter realms supernal !

Thou, who dost, with care unsleeping,
Keep that trusted to Thy keeping,
Save my eyes from endless weeping !

Day of tears, consuming, cruel,
With a burning world for fuel!
Man shall rise from glowing embers,
Made complete in all his members :
Ah! what plea will then be valid,
When the sinner, trembling, pallid,
Waits to hear his sentence given?
Spare him then, O God of Heaven!



V.

DAY of vengeance, end of scorning,
World in ashes, world in mourning,
Whereof Prophets utter warning!

O, what trembling, when the falling
Rocks and mountains hear men calling,
“Hide me from that face appalling!”

Freezing fear the blood will thicken,
Death and Hell be horror-stricken,
When the mystic Trump shall quicken

All the buried dust of ages,—
Monarchs, chieftains, statesmen, sages,
Actors on unnumbered stages,—

Summoned to the dread recital
Of that Record strict and vital,
Basis of a just requital.

Every mask of falsehood riven, —
Guilt, from every covert driven,
Shall to punishment be given.

'Mid the horror and confusion
Of that sorrowful conclusion
Of each miserable delusion,

Whither, ah! shall I betake me?
Thou, O King, whose terrors shake me,
Of Thy grace a trophy make me!

Jesus! by Thine incarnation,
By Thy mission of salvation,
Then avert just condemnation!

By Thy pity, love unfailing,
By the cross's bitter nailing,
Let not all be unavailing!

Dread Avenger of transgression,
Cleanse these lips that make confession,
Ere th' awards of that last session.

Spare a culprit, groans fast heaving,
Self-convicted, blushing, grieving,
In Thy power and grace believing.

Since Thy nature doth not vary,
Thou, who heard'st the Thief and Mary,
My transgressions blot and bury!

Worthless works behind me casting—
Grace must save, not prayer nor fasting,
From the fire that's everlasting.

On Thy right hand fix my station
With the chosen generation,
In the sheep-fold of salvation!

When Thy curse the wicked chases,
With the blest in heavenly places
Call me to Thy dear embraces!

Care for me, whom guilt abashes,
Prostrate, contrite, heart as ashes,
When that day of terror flashes!

Day of weeping and of wailing,
Human hearts and fates unveiling!
Then, when Time shall be no longer,
And the strong yields to the Stronger,
Death and Hell their dead surrender,
And the Sea its own shall tender,
Multitudinous, unbounded
Generations rise astounded,
Each to answer for his sinning,
He who lived at the beginning,
He who when the world is hoary,—
Spare, O, spare, Thou God of Glory!



VI.

DAY of wrath and conffernation,
Day of fiery consummation,
Prophefied in Revelation!

O, what horror on all faces,
When the coming Judge each traces,
Flaming, dreadful, in all places!

Trump fhall found, and every fingle
Mortal flumberer's ears fhall tingle,
And the dead fhall rife and mingle:

All of every tribe and nation,
That have lived fince the creation,
Answering that dread citation.

Book, where aétions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded,
Shall be brought and dooms awarded.

Judge, who fits at that affizes,
Shall, deceived by no disguises,
Try each work that man devises.

How shall I, a wretch polluted,
Answer then to sins imputed,
When the just man's case is mooted?

Awful Monarch of Creation!
Saving without compensation,
Save me, Fountain of Salvation!

Lose me not then, Jesus, seeing
I am Thine by gift of being,
Doubly Thine by price of freeing!

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,
Hung'ft a victim gashed and gory:
Let not all be nugatory!

Pardon, Thou whose vengeance smiteth,
But whom mercy most delighteth,
Ere that reck'ning day affrighteth!

As a culprit, stand I groaning,
Blushing, my demerit owning :
Sprinkle me with blood atoning !

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedst,
And the softened Thief acquittedst,
Likewise hope to me permittedst.

Weak these prayers Thy throne assailing ;
But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,
Save me from eternal wailing !

While the goats afar are driven,
'Mid Thy sheep me place be given,
Blood-washed favorites of Heaven !

While "Depart !" shall doom and gather
Those to flame, address me rather :
"Come thou blessed of my Father !"

In my final hour, when faileth
Heart and flesh, and my cheek paleth,
Grant that succor which availeth !

Day unutterably solemn!
Crypt and pyramid and column,
Isle and continent and ocean,
Rocking with a fearful motion,
Shall give up, a countless number
Starting from their long, long slumber,
Horror stamping every feature,
While is judged each sinful creature,
End of pending controversy:
Spare Thou then, O God of Mercy!



VII.

DAY of wrath, that day of days,
Present to my thought always,
When the world shall burn and
blaze!

O, what trembling, O, what fear,
When th' Omniscient Judge draws near,
Scanning all with eyes severe!

When the Trump of God shall sound
Through the vague and vast profound
Of the regions under ground ;

And th' innumerable dead,
Answering to that summons dread,
Shall forsake their dusty bed ;

And that Book of ancient date
Shall be opened, whereon wait
Mighty issues big with fate ;

And each secret thing shall lie
Thenceforth bare to every eye,
Nought unpunished or passed by.

Ah, me! what shall I then plead,
Who for me then intercede,
When the just of help have need?

Thou, who dost, O Heavenly King,
Free forgiveness freely bring,
Let me drink of Mercy's Spring!

Thou didst empty and exhaust
Heaven for me: when such the cost,
Jesus, let me not be lost!

Wearily Thou soughtest me,
Bought'st me on th' accurséd tree:
Let it not all fruitless be!

Righteous Judge, who wilt repay,
Grant me pardon, ere that day
Of decision and dismay!

I, a sinful man and base,
Blushing, groaning o'er my case,
Seek and supplicate Thy grace.

Thou, who heardest Mary's sighs,
Thou, who openedst Paradise
To the Thief, regard my cries!

Worthless are my prayers and worse,
But, good Lord, be not adverse,
Left I sink beneath the curse!

Set me, when at Thy command
All mankind divided stand,
With the sheep at Thy right hand!

When th' insufferable doom
Shall the reprobate consume,
With Thy chosen give me room!

In the solemn hour of death,
When the earthly vanisheth,
O, receive my parting breath!

Ah! that day made up of tears,
When from afhes reappears
Th' Adam of fix thousand years,—

Who, by its red glare and gleam,
Sees, as in an awful dream,
Justice lift her trembling beam,—

Conscious on that hinge of fate
All things hang and hesitate :
Spare then, Lord, if not too late!



VIII.



THAT dreadful day, my soul!
Which the ages shall unroll,
When the knell of Time shall
toll!

O, the terror and the flame,
When the Judge with eyes of flame
Shall make piercing search of blame!

Suddenly the Trumpet's flock
Doors of Hades shall unlock,
And before Him all shall flock.

Struck with wonder and dismay,
Death and Nature shall obey
Summons to give up their prey.

Loudly each indictment dread
Shall in every ear be read
Of the living and the dead.

Every idle word and thought,
Every work in secret wrought,
Into Judgment shall be brought.

Scarce the just man's case is sure,
Scarce the heavens themselves are pure :
Ah ! how then shall I endure ?

Dreadful Potentate and high,
Who dost freely justify,
Fount of Grace, my need supply !

Jesus, mind the kind intent
Of Thy weary banishment,
And my ruin then prevent !

Let Thy passion and Thy pain,
All Thou sufferedst me to gain,
Be not barren and in vain !

Righteous Arbiter of fate !
Life and death upon Thee wait,
Pardon, ere it be too late !

Spare me, vilest of the race,
Guilty, infamous and base,
Blushing mendicant of grace!

Though of sinners I be chief,
Hear me, Thou who heard'st the Thief,
Driedst the fount of Mary's grief!

All my prayers are guilty breath,
And the best nought meriteth:
But in mercy save from death!

When, disposed on either hand,
All mankind before Thee stand,
Set me with Thy chosen band!

When, O, terrible to tell!
Yawns inevitable Hell,
With the blessed bid me dwell!

When I reach the awful goal,
And Death's billows o'er me roll,
Care for my undying soul!

Day of weeping and surprise,
Opening tombs and opening eyes,
Rocking earth and burning skies !

Day of universal dread,
When the quick and quickened dead
Shall have solemn sentence said !

Then, O, then, when in despair,
Man shall speak or shriek the prayer,
“ Spare me ! ” God of Mercy, spare !



IX.

DAY foretold, that day of ire,
Burden erst of David's lyre,
When the world shall sink in
fire!

O, what horror and amaze,
When at once on mortal gaze
All the Judge's pomp shall blaze!

When the Trumpet's mystic blast,
To the world's four corners cast,
Disentombs the buried Past;

And from all the heaving sod,
From each foot of trampled clod,
Starts a multitude to God;

And that Volume is unrolled
Wherein are minutely told
All men's doings from of old;

While, from what is there contained,
Shall be judged a world arraigned,
And eternal fates ordained :

What defence can I then make,
To what Patron me betake,
When the righteous fear and quake ?

King, who dost all power possess,
Free Thy grace and limitless,
Save me, Fount of Blessedness !

Jesus, Master, Thou dost know
I Thy mission caused below,
All Thy weariness and woe !

Let Thy blood, that drenched the hilt
Of that sword unsheathed for guilt,
Be not vainly shed and spilt !

O my Judge, forgive, forget !
Cancel my tremendous debt,
Ere the sun of grace shall set !

Filled with shame I hang my head,
Blushes deep my face o'erspread :
Stay Thy lightnings fierce and red !

Thou canst darkest stains efface ;
Hast made monuments of grace
Of the vilest of the race.

My poor prayers please not repel !
Grace and goodness with Thee dwell :
Snatch me from the flames of Hell !

When Thou shalt discriminate,
Sheep from goats shalt separate,
Let me on Thy right hand wait !

When Thy sentence, smiting dumb,
Down to Hell shall banish some,
With the blessed bid me come !

To Thy care, O Kind as Just !
Heart all penitential dust,
I my end commit and trust !

Floods of tears that day shall pour ;
Man shall wake to sleep no more ;
Guilty, horribly afraid :
Spare him, Lord, whom Thou hast made !



X.



O! it comes, with stealthy feet,
Day, the ages shall complete,
When the world shall melt with
heat!

O, what trembling shall there be,
When all eyes the Judge shall see,
Come to sift iniquity!

Trump shall syllable command,
And the dead of sea and land
All before the Throne shall stand.

Death shall shudder, Nature too,
When the creature lives anew,
Called to render answer true.

Volume, that omitteth nought
Man e'er said or did or thought,
Shall for sentence then be brought.

When shall fit the Judge severe,
All that's dark shall be made clear,
Nothing unavenged appear.

What, alas! shall I then say,
To what Intercessor pray,
When the just shrink with dismay?

Awful King, since all is free,
Without merit, without fee,
Fount of Mercy, save Thou me!

Mind, O Jesus, Friend sincere,
How I caused Thy advent here,
Nor me lose who cost so dear!

Straying, I by Thee was sought,
On the cross with blood was bought :
Let it not be all for nought!

Righteous Judge! Avenging Lord!
Full remission me afford,
Ere that final day's award!

Groan I, like a culprit base,
Conscious guilt inflames my face :
Spare the suppliant, God of Grace !

Thou, who erst didst Mary clear,
And the dying Thief didst hear,
Hope hast given me to cheer.

Though my prayers create no claim,
Be propitious, Lord, the same,
Lest I burn in endless flame !

Place among Thy sheep provide,
From the goats me sunder wide,
Standing safe at Thy right side !

While "Depart!" to foes addressed
Banisheth to woes unguessed,
Call me near Thee with the blessed !

Contrite pangs my bosom tear,
Heart as ashes : hear my prayer,
Let my end be not despair !

On that day of grief and dread,
When man, rising from the dead,
Shall eternal justice face,
Spare the sinner, God of Grace.



XI.

DAY of wrath, that day of dole,
When a fire shall wrap the whole,
And the earth be burnt to coal!

O, what horror, smiting dumb
When the Judge of all shall come,
Sinful deeds to search and sum!

Trump's reverberating roar
Through the sepulchres shall pour,
Citing all the Throne before.

Death and Nature stand aghast,
While the dead in numbers vast
Rise to answer for the past.

Volume, writ by God's own pen,
Chronicling the deeds of men,
Shall be brought, and dooms be then.

When the Judge shall sit, behold!
What is secret He'll unfold,
No just punishment withhold.

Ah! what plea shall I prepare,
To what Patron make my prayer,
When the just well-nigh despair?

King, majestic beyond thought,
Whose free grace cannot be bought,
Save me, whose desert is nought!

O, remember, Jesus, I
Was the cause and reason why
Thou didst come on earth to die!

Me Thou sought'st with weary feet,
And my ransom didst complete:
Let such pity nought defeat!

Judge, inflexible and strict,
Pardon, ere that day convict
And th' unchanging doom inflict!

Like a criminal I sigh,
Blushing, penitently cry :
Pass, Lord, my offences by !

Thou, who Mary erst did'st bless,
Heard'st the Thief in his distress,
Hope hast given me no less.

Worthless are my prayers and vain,
But in love do not disdain,
Lest I reap eternal pain !

On Thy right hand grant me place
'Mid the sheep, a chosen race,—
Far from goats devoid of grace !

When the thunder of Thine ire
Headlong hurls to quenchless fire,
Let Thy welcome me inspire !

I entreat Thee, bending low,
Heart as ashes, full of woe,
Succor in my end bestow !

When upon that day of tears
Man from dust again appears,
Fate depending on Thy nod :
Spare the finner then, O God !



XII.



DAY of wrath ! O day of fate !
Day foreordained and ultimate,
When all things here shall terminate !

What numbers horribly afraid,
When comes the Judge, in fear arrayed,
To try the creatures He hath made !

The blare of Trumpet, pealing clear,
Shall through the sepulchres career,
And wake the dead, and bring them near.

Astonished Nature then shall quail,
What time the yawning graves unveil,
And man comes forth, amazed and pale,

To answer : The o'erwritten scroll
Shall charge and certify the whole,
Whence shall be judged each human soul.

The Judge enthroned shall bring to light
 Whate'er is hid, in open fight
 Avenge and vindicate the right.

Ah! with what plea shall I then come,
 When, terror-locked, each sense is numb,
 And even righteous lips are dumb?

O King immortal and supreme,
 Whose fear is great, whose grace extreme,
 Make me to drink of Mercy's stream!

Remember, Jesus, Thou didst make
 Thyself incarnate for my sake,
 Left Hell insatiate claim and take!

Thou soughtest me when far astray,
 Didst on the cross my ransom pay:
 Let not such love be thrown away!

Just Judge, of purity intense,
 Remit my infinite offence,
 Before that day of recompense!

Like one convinced of heinous deed,
I groan, I weep, I blush, I plead :
Lord, spare me in that hour of need !

Thou, who wert moved by Mary's tears,
Absolved the Robber from his fears,
Hast given me hope in former years.

My prayers are worthless well I know ;
But, good, do Thou Thy goodness show,
And save me from impending woe !

Number and place me 'mong Thy own,
Beneath the shelter of Thy Throne,
Until Thy wrath be overblown !

When that the almighty word shall leap
From out Thy Throne, Thy foes to sweep,
My soul in perfect safety keep !

In prostrate worship, I implore,
With heart all penitent and sore :
Then care for me when life is o'er !

Ah! on that day of grief and dread,
And resurrection of the dead,
Of trial and of just award,
In wrath remember mercy, Lord!



XIII.



HAT day, that awful day, the last,
Result and sum of all the Past,
Great necessary day of doom,
When wrecking fires shall all con-
sume !

What dreadful shrieks the air shall rend,
When all shall see the Judge descend,
And hear th' Archangel's echoing shout
From heavenly spaces ringing out !

The Trump of God with quickening breath
Shall pierce the silent realms of Death,
And sound the summons in each ear :
“ Arise ! thy Maker calls ! Appear ! ”

From east to west, from south to north,
The earth shall travail and bring forth ;

As desert's sands and ocean's waves
Shall be the sum of empty graves.

'Th' unchanging Record of the Past
Shall then be read from first to last ;
And out of things therein contained,
Shall all be judged and fates ordained.

No lying tongue, that truth distorts,
Shall witness in that Court of Courts ,
Each secret thing shall be revealed,
And every righteous sentence sealed.

Ah! who can stand when He appears ?
Confront the guilt of sinful years ?
What hope for me, a wretch depraved,
When scarce the righteous man is saved ?

Dread Monarch of the Earth and Heaven!
For that salvation's great 'tis given ;
And since the boon is wholly free,
O Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

Remember, Jesus, how my case
Once moved Thy pity and Thy grace,
And brought Thee down on earth to stay :
O, lose me not, then, on that day !

I seek Thee, who didst seek me first,
Weary and hungry and athirst ;
Didst pay my ransom on the tree :
Let not such travail frustrate be !

Just Judge of vengeance in the end,
Now in the accepted time befriend !
My sins, O, graciously remit,
Ere Thou judicially shalt fit !

Low at Thy feet I groaning lie ;
With blushing cheek, and weeping eye,
And stammering lips, I urge the prayer :
O spare me, God of Mercy, spare !

When Mary Thy forgiveness sought,
Wept, but articulated nought,

Thou didst forgive ; didst hear the brief
Petition of the dying Thief.

On grace thus great my hope is built
That Thou wilt cancel, too, my guilt ;
That, though my prayers are worthless breath,
Thou wilt deliver me from death.

When Thy dividing rod of might
Appointeth stations opposite,
Among Thy sheep grant me to stand,
Far from the goats, at Thy right hand !

And when despair shall seize each heart
That hears the dreadful sound, " Depart !"
Be mine, the heavenly lot of some,
To hear that word of welcome, " Come !"

I come to Thee with trembling trust,
And lay my forehead in the dust ;
In my last hour do Thou befriend,
And glorify Thee in my end !



APPENDIX.—SEQUENCE.



STATEMENT of the order observed in the celebration of Mass will best explain the nature and import of this term, in its application by the Romish Church to a large body of hymns,—Daniel, in the 5th volume of his learned and laborious work, “Thesaurus Hymnologicus,” citing no less than eight hundred, the last one given being a new Sequence, composed in honor of the Virgin in 1855, “Sequentia de Beata Maria Virgine sine Labe Concepta, Virgo Virginum Præclara.”

The disposition of parts in the Mass is as follows, viz. : 1. THE INTROIT, which is the part sung or chanted when the priest *enters* within the rails of the altar. 2. THE COLLECT, or PRAYER. 3. READING OF THE EPISTLE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, I Cor. xv. 51–57, or Rev. xiv. 13. 4. THE GRADUAL, so called from its having been sung or chanted

formerly from the steps (*gradus*) of the altar, closing with the ALLELUIA. 5. THE TRACT, which is omitted when the Alleluia is sung; otherwise it is sung in the interval to prepare for the following. The primary meaning of the word (from *traho*, to protract or draw out) is adapted to suggest either the use here indicated, i. e. to fill up time, or else to express the flow, mournful movement which characterizes the chant. 6. THE SEQUENCE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, the DIES IRÆ. 7. READING OF THE GOSPEL, being, in the Mass for the Dead, John v. 25-29. 8. THE OFFERTORY, which is a short sentence that varies. 9. THE SECRET, a brief prayer recited by the priest in a very low tone of voice. 10. COMMUNION, or the application of the Mass. 11. POST-COMMUNION.

The Sequence, it will be seen, occupies a position exactly midway, being just after the Gradual and Tract, and immediately before the Gospel. The Reading of the Gospel happening to be introduced by the words, "Sequentia Sancti Evangelii secundum —," (The Continuation of the Holy Gospel according to —,) some have supposed that the term Sequentia or Sequence was derived from this source. Michael Prætorius was of this opinion. But the

most approved authorities give the following explanation of its origin.

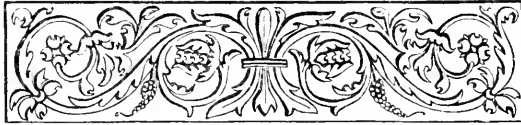
From an early period, it was the custom of the Latin Church to sing the Gradual with the Alleluia between the Epistle and the Gospel; the Gradual being completed, the Alleluia followed; and in order to give to the officiating priest or deacon sufficient time to prepare and ascend the ambon or pulpit, the choir repeated and continued the last syllable A through a series of notes. This *neuma*, as it was called, or musical prolongation of a letter, was named SEQUENTIA, because it was sequent to and governed by the melody and rhythm of the Alleluia. At a later period, this passage of notes sung without text, constituting the original form of the Sequence, came to have words set thereto, thereby preparing the way for other changes; and forasmuch as the first essays of this kind were unmetrical in their structure, the term *Prosa* or Prose was applied by way of distinction to this species of composition; of which Notker, surnamed the Stammerer, (*Balbulus*), who died in 912, canonized in 1514, is considered to have been the originator. Gradually, rhyme, so much and so fondly cultivated in the Middle Ages, found its way into these also; and from the twelfth century

onward, Sequences became proper metrical songs, differing from other hymns only in this, that the strophes, instead of four, were made to consist of three or six lines, according as they were double or single. To this rule, however, there were some exceptions. The name of Prose, although not strictly proper in its application to metrical compositions, continued to be used, nevertheless, as a general title for all Sequences; and so we find the *Dies Iræ* bearing the appellation in the Mass-books of “*Prosa Ecclesiastica de Mortuis.*”

Designed in the first instance, as alleged by Notker, merely to assist the memory in retaining the long-drawn, caudal melodies of the Alleluia, the desirableness of having other songs for the Mass than the *Gloria in Excelsis*, *Kyrie*, *Credo*, &c., songs easier in structure, which could be joined in, not only by the choir, but also by the congregation,—perhaps, too, the wish to introduce greater variety into the service, and bring the singing into closer relation with the objects of particular Church festivals, which could be done more readily by these Sequences,—caused them to be multiplied greatly.

But the Roman ritual finally limited them to four, viz.: *Victimæ paschali laudis*, S. for Easter Sunday;

Veni Sancte Spiritus, S. for Whitsunday and St. Peter's Day; *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, S. for Solemnity of Corpus Christi; and *Dies Iræ*, S. Mass for the Dead and All-Souls' Day; nevertheless, other Mass-books of dioceses and monastic orders contain more Sequences. The Sequence first named has a different metre from the other three, being one of those rare cases in which the characteristic triplet form of the strophe is departed from. The second named, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which Trench speaks of as "the loveliest, though not the grandest, of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry," contains ten strophes of three lines each. Its author was Robert the Second, son of Hugh Capet, who ascended the throne of France in the year 997, and died in 1031. Like Henry the Sixth of England, of a meek and gentle disposition, a lover of peace, he was ill suited to contend with the turbulent and restless spirits who surrounded him, whose delight was in war. The next Sequence has twelve double strophes of six lines each. It is commonly attributed to the so-called Angelical Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. The last, which is the *DIES IRÆ*, grand and unapproachable in its excellence, comprises seventeen strophes of three lines each, and one of four lines.



ORIGIN OF LATIN RHYME.

WHILE it is true that the Latin hymns written during the first centuries of the Christian era are, speaking generally, characterized by the absence of rhyme, and that the prevalence of rhyme belongs peculiarly and almost exclusively to the period intervening between the pontificate of Gregory the Great and that of Leo X., it would be a great error to suppose that rhyme was then first introduced, or that it was borrowed, as some have surmised, from the Romance or Gothic languages. If we look for its origin, we shall find preludings and anticipations of it in every one of the Latin poets, not excepting the oldest. Examples of both middle and final rhyme occur in all. In the Introduction to Trench's "Sacred Latin

Poetry," where this whole subject is ably discussed, we have a collation of many of these. Witness the following. An ancient author, quoted by Cicero, (Tusc. l. i. c. 28,) possibly Ennius, has this :—

Cælum nitescere, arbores frondescere,
Vites lætificæ pampinis pubescere,
Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere.

Of middle rhyme, we have in Ennius : —

Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes :

In Virgil : —

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit :

In Ovid : —

Quem mare carpentem, substrictaque crura gerentem :

Where also is found this example of leonine pentameter : —

Quærebant flavos per nemus omne favos.

Of final rhyme, we have, in Virgil : —

Nec non Tarquinius ejectum Porsenna jubebat
Accipere, ingentique urbem obsidione premebat ;

Also : —

Omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis et agricola, et tutâ latet arce viator :

In Horace : —

Non satis est pulcra esse poemata ; dulcia sonto,
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto ;

Also . —

Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.

Lucan abounds in examples. Even the Latin prose-writers, it would seem, did not disdain now and then to play at rhyme, by putting rhyming words in juxtaposition. Cicero has *florem et colorem* ; Pliny, *veram et meram* ; Plautus, *melle et felle* ; and so others.

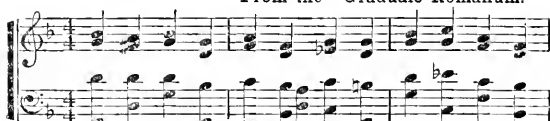
Rhyme being thus shown to have been a thing known to the language from the earliest times, it may be thought surprising, that what at a later period was so highly prized, and so fondly and so laboriously cultivated, should have been, during so many centuries, to such an extent, neglected ; having been apparently shunned rather than sought for, particularly by those great masters of poetry who illustrated the Augustan age. The fact is, that the ancient classic metres, though found occasionally, as we have seen, toying with rhyme, never seriously

affected it ; and it was not until the shackles imposed by these had been wholly shaken off, and a simpler and more natural versification, based upon accent instead of quantity, had succeeded in establishing its just claims over the Greek intruder, that the *régime* of rhyme fairly commenced.



Gregorian Chant.

From the "Graduale Romanum."



1. Di - es i - ræ, di - es il - la Sol - vet sæ - clum
2. Quantus tre - mor est fu - tu - rus, Quan - do Ju - dex
7. Quod sum mi - ser tunc dic - tu - rus, Quem pa - tro - nam
8. Rex tre - men - dæ ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van - dos
13. Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la - tro - nem
14. Præ - ces me - æ non sunt dig - næ, Sed tu bo - nus



- in fa - vil - 'a. Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - læ. 3. Tu - ba mi - rum
est ven - tu - rus, Cuncta stric - te dis - cus - su - rus. 4. Mors stu - pe - bit
ro - ga - tu - rus, Cum vix justus sit se - cu - rus? 9. Re - cor - da - re
sal - vas gra - tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis! 10. Quærens me se -
ex - au - dis - ti, Mi - hi quo - que spem de - dis - ti. 15. In - ter o - ves
fac be - nig - ne, Ne per - en - ni cre - mer ig - ne. 16. Con - fu - ta - tis



- spargens so - num Per se - pul - chra re - gi - o - num, Co - get om - nes
et na - tu - ra, Cum re - sur - get cre - a - tu - ra, Ju - di - can - ti
Je - su pi - e, Quod sum cau - sa tu - æ vi - æ, Ne me per - das
dis - ti las - sus, Re - de - mis - ti cru - cem pas - sus: Tan - tus la - bor
lo - cum præ - sta, Et ab ho - dis me se - que - stra, *Et tu eris in*
ma - le - dic - tis, Flam - mis a - cri - bus ad - dic - tis, *Et tu eris in*



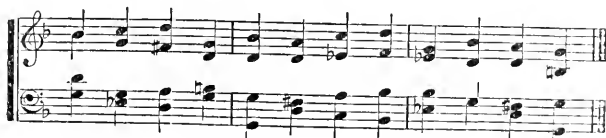
an - te thronum. 5. Li - ber scriptus pro - fe - re - tur, In quo totum
re - spon - su - ra. 6. Ju - dex er - go cum se - de - bit, Quidquid latet
il - lâ di - e! 11. Jus - te Ju - dex ul - ti - o - nis, Donum fac re -
not sit cassus! 12. In - ge - mis - co tanquam re - us, Cul - pâ ru - bet
par - te dex - trâ! 17. O - ro sup - plex et ac - cli - nis, Cor contritu -
be - ne - dic - tis!



con - ti - ne - tur, Un - de mundus ju - di - ce - tur.
ap - pa - re - bit, Nil in - ul - tum re - ma - ne - bit.
- mis - si - o - nis An - te di - em ra - ti - o - nis. 18. La - chry - mo - sa
vul - tus me - us: Suppli - can - ti par - ce, De - us!
qua - si ci - nis: Ge - re cu - ram me - i fi - nis!



di - es il - la Qua re - sur - get ex fa - vil - lâ, Ju - di - can - dus



ho - mo re - us: Hu - ic er - go par - ce, De - us!



DIES IRÆ PARODIED.



WILLIAM HENRY NASSAU, Prince of Orange — son of William II., Prince of Orange, by the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. — was called to the throne of England in 1689, in conjunction with his wife, Mary, eldest daughter of the deposed James II., James having fled to France, and with his family become pensioners of Louis XIV., who in 1692 made a vigorous attempt to effect his restoration. A treaty formed in 1699, providing for the settlement of the succession to the throne of the Spanish empire on the extinction of the eldest branch of the house of Austria, was violated by Louis XIV. in accepting the Spanish throne for his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, who thus became Philip V. of Spain. In addition to this, on the death of James II. he gave a

further affront by acknowledging his son James king of Great Britain and Ireland.

From the union of the French and Spanish crowns in the Bourbon family, and the anticipated restoration of James II. and his son, the Pretender, to the throne of England, a certain Catholic priest, it would seem, thought himself warranted in predicting the speedy downfall of Protestant Holland, the conversion of England, and the overthrow of Lutheranism and Calvinism throughout Europe — not scrupling with profane audacity to travesty the celebrated Latin Judgment Hymn, the *Dies Iræ*, in the ventilation of his malignant vaticinations. The following “*Nenia Batavorum*” or Dutchman’s Ditty, is furnished by the great scholar Leibnitz, written, it is said, in the year 1700.

The skill and dexterity shown by the parodist in his manipulation of the original text are undeniable ; but whatever may be thought of him as a poet, subsequent events have made it certain that he was no prophet ; while the licentious irreverence amounting to blasphemy, which leads him to put the “*Grand Monarque*” in the place of Christ the Judge, is

quite flocking to all right feeling and good taste. Still, as one of the Curiofities of Literature, it poffeffes much intereft. It is for this reason, and becaufe it poffeffes a hiftorical value, that we give it here.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvēt fœdus* in favilla,
Tēte Tago, Scaldi, Scylla.

That day of wrath, how it ſhall burn
And ſhall the league to aſhes turn,
From Tagus, Scheldt, and Scylla learn.

Quantus tremor eſt futurus
Dum Phillippus eſt venturus
Haſ Paludes aggreſſurus !

What trembling multitudes afraid,
While Philip ſhall the land invade,
And through the marſhes march and wade !

Tuba mirum ſpargens ſonum
Per unita regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

* The league between England and Holland.

The blare of trumpet making known
 Through the united countries blown
 Shall bring them all before the throne.

Mars stupebit et Bellona
 Dum rex dicit : Redde bona
 Post hoc vives sub corona.

Mars and Bellona dumb shall stand
 What time the king shall give command :
 “ Yield to my sceptre, self and land.”

Miles scriptus adducetur,
 Cum quo Gallus unietur
 Unde leo subjugetur.

His levied hosts he forth shall call,
 And joined to these shall be the Gaul
 Therewith the lion to enthrall.

Hic Rex ergo cum sedebit,
 Vera fides refulgebit,
 Nil Calvino remanebit.

Then when this King shall sit and reign,
 Lo ! the true faith shall shine again,
 And nought to Calvin shall remain.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Cum nec Anglus fit securus?
 What shall I say forlorn and poor,
 What Patron sue then or procure,
 When not the Englishman's secure?

Rex invictæ pietatis!
 Depressisti nostros* satis,
 Si cadendum, cedo fatis.
 King of unconquered piety!
 Vexed hast thou ours sufficiently;
 Falling, I yield to destiny.

Posthoc colam Romam, pie,
 Esse nolo causa viæ,
 Ne me perdas illa die.
 Henceforth at Rome my vows I'll pay,
 Will not be cause more of the way,
 Lest thou destroy me on that day.

* Huguenots of France.

Pro Leone multa passus,
 Ut hic stare* eras lassus
 Tantus labor non fit cassus.

Thou for the Lion much hast borne,
 That he might stand hast been much worn,
 Let not such toil of fruit be thorn !

Magne Rector liliorum, †
 Amor, timor populorum,
 Parce terris Batavorum.

Great Ruler of the lilies, hear !
 The people's love, the people's fear,
 Spare thou the Dutchmen's lands and gear !

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
 Culpa rubet vultus meus —
 Cadam, nisi juvat Deus.

Like one condemned, I make my plaint,
 Remembered faults my visage paint —
 Unless God aid, I'll fall and faint.

* Formerly when France aided the Dutch.

† In allusion to fleur-de-lis, or the lilies quartered in the royal arms of France.

Dum Iberim domuisti,
Lusitanum erexisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
For that while thou hast conquered Spain,
Hast Portugal upraised again,
I too some hope may entertain.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed, Rex Magne, fac benigne,
Ne bomborum cremur igne.
My worthless prayers no favor earn,
But be, Great King, benign, not stern,
Lest that by blazing bombs I burn !

Inter tuos locum præsta,
Ut Romana colam festa,
Et ut tua canam gesta.
Among thy own me reinstate,
That I Rome's feasts may venerate,
And thy achievements celebrate !

Confutatis calvi brutis,*

Patre,† nato, restitutis

Redde mihi spem salutis.

When quelled the Bald-head's stupid horde,

The father and the son restored,

Then hope of safety me afford!

Oro supplex et acclinis

Calvinismus fiat cinis,

Lachrymarum ut fit finis.

Do thou, I humbly supplicate,

All Calvinism extirpate,

That so our tears may terminate.

* William, Prince of Orange, who was bald.

† James II. and his son, the Pretender



tabat ater

(DOLOROSA)

HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY

TRANSLATED BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

THIRD EDITION.

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1891



PROEM.

THE celebrated Passion Hymn, the *STABAT MATER*, is so constantly associated with the *Dies Iræ* that to mention the one is to suggest the other. It has been thought, therefore, that a Translation of this Prosa likewise, made as literal as possible, might be acceptable to some readers, and form a not unsuitable appendage to the former volume, by supplying a ready means of comparison between two productions, about which, down to this day even, there has been a difference of opinion as to which should be awarded the palm of superiority.

It is hardly necessary to say that reference is here had to their lyrical merits only ; for while the devout Protestant finds nothing in the Judgment Hymn to jar with his own religious convictions, he is necessarily offended in the *Stabat Mater* by a devotion he

believes misdirected and idolatrous, in the adoration which it pays to the Virgin. He is aware, however, that in the formation of a critical estimate of the two, theological considerations have no right to enter; and certainly the most zealous Romanist will be constrained to admit that there has been no backwardness evinced on the part of those who are not of his faith to do ample justice to the lyric excellence of the latter. Some have gone so far as to place it above its great rival, but this is not the general judgment, nor is it ours.

Beautiful it undoubtedly is, and powerful in its pathos beyond almost anything that has ever been written; but it is nevertheless true (and the same indeed may be said of the *Dies Iræ* likewise) that it owes much of its power to make us admire and weep to the transcendent nature of its theme. Beyond controversy, the most affecting spectacle ever exhibited to the gaze of the universe, was that witnessed on Mount Calvary. That amazing scene — Jesus on the cross and his mother standing near — had been, of course, a familiar object of contemplation to all Christian hearts, centuries before the

author wrote. His chief business therefore would be not to originate but reproduce.

Evidently the key-note of the Hymn is struck in the two first lines, of which the language is wholly borrowed (bating the epithets, which are not in the manner of the sacred writers) from the Evangelist John, as found in the Latin version: *Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus*. This brief but wonderfully suggestive sentence, furnishes an outline which the poorest imagination would be capable of filling up in a degree. Every mother's heart, for example, would suffice to tell what an abyss of tears must have gone to make up that hiatus in the narrative, which leaves solely to inference what were the feelings of her, who, without comprehending the mystery, stood there gazing upward on the agonized face and writhing form of her divine Son, through the long hours of mortal anguish during which he hung upon the cross.

But however spontaneous and natural, — however true, beautiful, and even poetic, — and however vivid the emotions of sorrow, terror, and pity, arising out of these instinctive and uninstructed perceptions,

there is a vagueness as well as vividness, and a resulting incapacity to express clearly and adequately what is so genuinely felt. The ability to do this is rare, and rarer still the poetic faculty, whereby the unwritten melody of the heart is accommodated to all lips and sung in all ears. To say that the author of the *Stabat Mater* possessed this power and achieved this triumph is to bestow upon him and his work the highest praise.

Rude though he be, and a flammerer of barbarous Latin, he gives undeniable evidence of being a true poet. He has clairvoyance and second sight. The distant and the past are made to him a virtual here and now. He is in Italy, but he is also in Judea. He lives in the thirteenth century, but is an eye-witness of the crucifixion in the beginning of the first. He has immediate vision. All that is transpiring on Golgotha is distinctly pictured on the retina of his mind's eye. And by the light which is in him he photographs what he sees for the use of others. His *ecce!* is no pointless indication, but an actual showing. The wail he utters is a veritable echo of that which goes up from the cross. Everything is true to nature and to life.

The Hymn consists of two parts. The first four verses give a description of the situation and character of the actors in the drama, as pictorially powerful as scripturally just. From this fruitful source have come all the Mater Dolorosas of the Painters. It is assumed, in accordance with the belief of the Fathers, that the prophecy of Simeon: "A sword shall pass through thy own soul also," had then its proper fulfilment. In the remaining six verses, the writer henceforth dissatisfied with the rôle of a spectator, seeks to identify himself with the tragic scene; prays that he may be permitted to bear a part, not in the way of sympathy merely, but of suffering also, and this too, the same both in kind and degree; that, enduring stripe for stripe, wound for wound, there might be to him in every stage of the Redeemer's passion, groan answering to groan.

It is now that the Franciscan appears quite as much as the Christian. Even when, as in the 8th verse, he quotes St. Paul (who speaks of "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus"), he is evidently thinking of St. Francis. He would fain have repeated the miracle of the "Stigmata" in his

own person, — have an actual and visible reproduction of the print of the nails and the spear in his own hands and feet and side. As “plagas” in the last line of the same verse is used not unfrequently in the sense, not so much of wounds as the marks and appearances left by wounds, it would correspond very exactly with the stigmata named in the legend, and most likely, in the author’s use of it, it was intended as a synonym. The possibility of such a literalness, however incredible to us, would not be so to him.

This Hymn is full of the implied merit of suffering, — its meritoriousness in itself. And this is probably one of the reasons why it became such a favorite with the Flagellants, otherwise called Brethren of the Cross (Crucifrates) and Cross-Bearers (Cruciferi), penitents who, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries went about in procession day and night, travelling everywhere, naked to the waist, with heads covered with a white cap or hood, whence they received likewise the appellation of Dealbatores, singing penitential psalms, and whipping themselves until the blood flowed. By their means it was that the knowledge of this Hymn was first carried to almost every country in Europe.

The authorship of the *Stabat Mater*, like that of the *Dies Iræ*, has been the subject of dispute. It has been variously ascribed—to Pope Innocent III., but backed by no evidence whatever; to one of the Gregories, (either the 9th, 10th, or 11th, which, is not stated,) on the authority of the old Florentine historian Antoninus, who lived in the fifteenth century; to John XXII., on the faith of the Genoese Chancellor and historian, Georgius Stella, who wrote a few years earlier than the last named, dying in 1420. The text, as supplied by him, the oldest perhaps extant, differs but little from that of the *Missale Romanum*, except that it contains three more verses. Others have referred its paternity, contrary to all probability, to St. Bernard. Dismissing all these as conjectures unsupported by proof, it is now generally conceded, that evidence both external and internal makes it wellnigh certain that the Hymn was the work of a Franciscan friar, a junior contemporary as well as brother of the author of *Dies Iræ*, named *Jacobus de Benedictis*, commonly called *Jacopone*, that is, the great Jacob. This latter name, it seems, was originally designed as a kind of nickname; the

syllabic suffix, *oné*, meaning in Italian great, having been added by scoffing contemporaries by way of derision, on account of the strangeness of his appearance and behavior. Indeed, if we may credit the stories told by Wadding, the Irish historian of the order, himself one of the number, his conduct at times so far exceeded the bounds of ordinary fanatical extravagance, as to be totally irreconcilable with the possession of right reason. Wadding expressly says that he was subject to fits of insanity, leading him at one time to enter the public market-place naked, with a saddle on his back and a bridle in his mouth, going on all fours; and at another, after anointing himself with oil, and rolling himself in feathers of various colors, to make his appearance suddenly, in this unseemly and hideous guise, in the midst of a gay assembly gathered together at the house of his brother on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, — and this too, in disregard of previous precautionary entreaties of friends, who, apprehensive, it seems, at the time they invited him that he might be guilty of some crazy manifestation or other, had begged him not to do anything to disturb the wedding festivities, but to behave as an ordinary citizen.

The shocking circumstances under which he lost a pious and beloved wife (the fall of a scaffold upon which a large number of females were seated witnessing some spectacle), and the discovery after death that she wore a girdle of hair around her naked body as a means of mortification to the flesh, affected him, it is said, to such a degree, that he immediately resolved to abandon the world, and devote the remainder of his days to the severest penances. He accordingly gave up all his civil honors, and divided his estate among the poor. Uniting himself to one of the existing orders, he now went abroad as a monk, clothed in rags, and practising all manner of ascetic severities beyond what was required of him by the rules of his order.

It is charitable to suppose that the shock of his domestic calamity, while it awakened his religious sensibilities, had the effect at the same time of unsettling his reason, causing partial insanity. It is in no wise inconsistent with this supposition, that he was able to write poems of such excellence as the *Stabat Mater*, and that other one ascribed to him by Wadding: "*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,*" &c.,

Since it is well known that mental unsoundness on some one point is not necessarily incompatible with the normal exercise of the general powers of the mind. This medical fact was not so well understood in his time as now ; and when at the end of ten years he desired to be received by the Minorites, and they hesitated on account of his reputed insanity, their scruples were overcome by reading his work "On Contempt of the World," conceiving that it was impossible that an insane man could write so excellent a book. This would seem to have been a prose work, written probably in his own Italian vernacular, and therefore not to be confounded with the Hymn just referred to, which usually bears likewise the title of "De Contemptu Mundi."

As a Minorite he was not willing to become a priest, only a lay-brother. Very severe against himself, he was, says Wadding, always full of desire to imitate Christ and suffer for Him. In an ecstasy he imagined at times that he saw Him with his bodily eyes, and believed that Jesus often conversed with him, — calling him dearest Jacob. Very frequently he was seen sighing ; sometimes weeping, sometimes

hugging, sometimes embracing trees, and exclaiming, "O sweet Jesus! O gracious Jesus! O beloved Jesus!" Once when weeping loudly, on being asked the cause, he answered: "Because Love is not loved." This fine saying is not unworthy of the author of the *Stabat Mater*.

For determining the genuineness of love he gives these searching tests. "I cannot know positively that I love, yet I have some good marks of it. Among others, it is a sign of love to God when I ask the Lord for something and He does it not, and I love Him notwithstanding more than before. If He does contrary to that which I seek for in my prayer, and I love him twofold more than before, it is a sign of right love. Of love to my neighbor I have this sign: namely, that when he injures me I love him not less than before. Did I love him less, it would prove that I had loved not him previously but myself." In this acute appreciation of the signs and symptoms of true love, he gives evidence certainly of no want of skill in spiritual diagnosis; and were he equally sound and discriminating in all parts of Christian doctrine and experience as in this, it might have been quite

safe to trust him with the cure of souls. It may be that his tests are too severe and superhuman, and so far erroneous.

On the subjugation of the senses he allegorizes in this wise: "A very beautiful virgin had five brothers, and all were very poor. And the virgin had a precious jewel of great worth. One brother was a guitar-player, the second a painter, the third a cook, the fourth a spice dealer, the fifth a pimp. Each was willing to use blandishments to get the stone. The first was willing to play, and so on. But she said: What shall I do when the music has ceased? In short, she remained firm, and gave the jewel to none. At length a great king came, who was willing to raise her to be his bride, and give her eternal life if she would present him with the stone. Whereupon she says: How can I, O my sovereign, to such grace refuse the stone; and so she gave it him." It is plain that by the brothers are meant the Five Senses; by the virgin, the Soul; and by the precious jewel, the Will.

With his severe principles and severer ascetic life, Jacopone could not fail to earnestly denounce the

corruptions of his time in general, and especially the licentious manners, wickedness, and debaucheries of the priesthood, and the deeply sunken condition of the Church. Boniface III., who, prior to his elevation to the papal chair, had lived in friendly relations with Jacopone, having been deeply offended by some sharp censures directed against him, threw him into prison, — at the same time suspended over him the excommunication. Boniface one day passing the cell where Jacopone was, asked scornfully, “When will you come out?” He answered, “When you come in.” Boniface’s own imprisonment and unhappy end in 1303 set him at liberty.

It is related likewise how he baffled Satanic craft by superior craftiness of his own; but the details of these temptations are so childish and ridiculous that it would not be profitable to quote. Doubtless it is more fitting to weep than to laugh over the frenzies and follies of such a man, —

“To see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.”

His whole history gives a melancholy but instructive insight into the prevalent fanaticism and dark

ness of the period. His death took place at an advanced age in 1306. "He died," says Wadding, "like the swan, singing, — having composed several Hymns just before his death."

The number of Translations made of the *Stabat Mater* is scarcely exceeded by that of the *Dies Iræ*. Lisco, in his work devoted to this Prosa, gives or makes mention of eighty-three in all, complete and incomplete. With the exception of four done in Dutch, these are all German. A similar collection of English versions, although comparatively few in number, would not be without interest. In attempting to add another to those already existing, the present Translator has been moved by a desire to produce one more literal, if possible, than any he has seen. He is not, he confesses, friendly to free translations. Free, he has often observed, is another name for false. A counterfeit is put in the place of the genuine; so that instead of a *Stabat* we get only some worthless substitute. He honors that painstaking religious scrupulosity which respects the sacredness of words as well as thoughts; and shuns all sacrilegious license and profane handling, — carry-

ing this reverence for the venerated text so far as to be unwilling, if it can possibly be helped, to vary one jot or tittle, either in the way of substitution or alteration.

He has no patience with that preposterous conceit, sufficiently common, which imagines itself competent to improve on great originals—whether for that matter these be in a foreign tongue or the vernacular, and so applies to all tamperings with English hymns as well. It is much, he considers, as if some absurd novice of the brush should undertake with a presumptuous hand to retouch a Raphael; or an irreverent stone-cutter, by the clumsy use of his chisel, to improve a Venus de Medicis, or an Apollo Belvedere; or some ignorant devotee to make some fine statue of the Virgin finer by puerile adornments of dress, trinkets, and glass beads. If the use of means adapted to degrade a masterpiece to the level of an image be accounted a sin and an outrage, it is difficult to see why the impertinences of the cheap embellishments of every would-be translator of famous originals, who aspires to be fine rather than faithful, should not be regarded as equally criminal. It may

be, as Dryden says, “*almost* impossible to translate verbally and well ;” but as the portrait of a friend is worthless, however beautiful, unless it be a likeness, so we hold a version must fail of its purpose and be wanting in value, just so far as it is lacking in the essential point of being a faithful representation, both as to form and spirit, of that to which it relates. What is here said, is meant, of course, to apply only to what is deliberately put forth as a veritable translation ; and not to a production which avowedly uses the text merely as a theme, professing and claiming to do no more. In this case one may deviate as he pleases. It is exclusively his own business.

With these views of the duties of a translator, the writer has aimed, however much he may have fallen short, to make his rendering a word for word reflection of the original, so far at least as the rigorous requirements of rhyme and rhythm would allow. For the sake, too, of a closer rhythmic conformity, he has sought even to preserve the musical quadruplications of the female rhymes found in the second and sixth verses. The text adopted is that of the Roman Missal, except in one or two instances where another reading has been preferred.

To make the resemblance between the two Hymns still more complete, the *Stabat Mater*, like the *Dies Iræ*, has been most fortunate in its musical alliances ; having been made the theme of some of the most celebrated compositions of the most eminent composers. It was set to music in the sixteenth century by the famous papal chapel master, Palestrina ; and his composition is still annually performed in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week. It is sung likewise in connection with the festival of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin. The composition of Pergolesi, the last and most celebrated of his works, made just before his death and left unfinished, has never, down to the present day, been surpassed, if equalled, in the estimation of critics. It is set for two voices, with accompaniments.

Tieck, in his *Phantasia*, Vol. 2d, p. 438, (edition of 1812,) thus speaks of the composition of Pergolesi and the Hymn itself : " The loveliness of sorrow in the depth of pain, the smiling in tears, the childlikeness, which touches on the highest heaven, had to me never before risen so bright in the soul. I had to turn away to conceal my tears, especially at the

place : 'Videt suum dulcem natum.' How significant, that the Amen, after all is concluded, still sounds and plays in itself, and in tender emotion can find no end, as if it were afraid to dry up the tears, and would still fill itself with sobbings. The poetry itself is touching and profoundly penetrating; surely the poet sang those rhymes : 'Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat cum videbat,' with a moved mind." It is a tradition, that the great impresson which the Stabat Mater of the young artist (Pergolesi) made on its first performance, inflamed another musician with such furious envy, that he struck down the young man as he was coming out of the church. This tradition has long ago been disproved, but as Pergolesi died early, it may, as one remarks, be permitted to the poet to refer to this story, and allow him to fall as a victim of his art and inspiration. He was born 1704-11 at Jesi, and died 1737 at Torre del Greco, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, where he had retired on account of his weakened health. The recent composition of Rossini is popular and pleasing, but more operative than ecclesiastical, and so is better suited to the concert-room than the church.

The names of other distinguished composers might be cited, such as Aftorga, Haydn, Bellini, and Neukomm. Aftorga's principal work was his *Stabat Mater*, the MS. of which is still preserved at Oxford, he having lived a year or two in England. He was a native of Sicily, and died in 1755. Haydn's was published in the year 1781.

We give below a condensed view of the various readings taken from Lisco; and as the Hymn is usually divided into three-line Strophes, making in all twenty, the references will be to these:—

- Strophe 1, line 3. Dum — Quâ.
 2, " 2. Contristatam — Contristantem.
 4, " 2. Et tremebat — Pia mater — Dum videbat
 et tremebat.
 5, " 2. Christi matrem si — Matrem Christi cum.
 5, " 3. In tanto — tanto in.
 6, " 1. Quis non possit — Quis non potest — Quis
 possit non.
 8, " 1. Videns — Vidit.
 8, " 2. Morientem — Moriendo.
 8, " 3. Dum emisit — amisit.
 9, " 1. Pia mater — Eja mater.
 10, " 3. Ut sibi — Et sibi; ut tibi; ut ipfi; sibi ut.
 11, " 3. Valide — vivide.
 12, " 2. Jam dignati — Tam dignati.

- Strophe 12, line 3. Pœnas pro me — Pœnas mecum.
 13, “ 1. Fac me vere tecum — Fac me tecum pie.
 14, “ 2. Te libenter — Et me tibi — Tibi me con-
 sociare.
 14, “ 3. In planctu — Cum planctu.
 15, “ 2. Mihi jam — Mihi tam.
 16, “ 2. Suxæ sortem — Fac consortem.
 16, “ 3. Plagas recolere — Plagis te colere.
 17, “ 2. Cruce hac — Cruce fac me hac bearî —
 Cruce fac.
 17, “ 3. Ob amorem — Et cruore.
 18, “ 1. Inflammatus et accensus — Flammis urar
 ne (ne urar) succensus.
 20, “ 3. Gloria — Gratia.

The Stabat Mater of Haydn has this for the eighteenth Strophe : —

Flammis orci ne succendar
 Per te, virgo, fac, defendar,
 In die iudicii.

The Carmelite Missal gives for the nineteenth Strophe the following : —

Christe, cum fit hinc exire
 Da per matrem me venire
 Ad palman victoriæ.

The change made in some copies of the seven-

teenth Strophe, of the original “Cruce hac inebriari,” into “Cruce fac me hac beari,” is significant of some exception having been taken to the great strength, not to say the audacity, of the author’s metaphor, — the drunkenness of love.





SEQUENTIA DE SEPTEM DOLORIBUS
BEATÆ VIRGINIS.

I.



STABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Quâ pendebat Filius ;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

II.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti !
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas Incltyti.



HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY.

I.

STOOD th' afflicted Mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping,
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also passed the cruel sword.

II.

O how mournful and distressed
Was that favored and most blessed
Mother of the Only Son!
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One.

III.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si videret
 In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio ?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
 Et flagellis subditum ;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

V.

Pia Mater, fons amoris !
Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
 Ut Sibi complaceam.

III.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
 In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
 Agonizing with her Child?

IV.

For His people's sins atoning
Him she saw in torments groaning,
 Given to the scourger's rod ;
Saw her darling Offspring, dying
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
 Yield His spirit up to God.

V.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
 Tender Mother, fount of love !
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn towards Christ the Lord, that pleasing
 I may be to Him above.

VI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me tecum vere flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu desidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi tam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere ;
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

VI.

Holy Mother, this be granted,
That the Slain One's wounds be planted
 Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all aftounded, —
Depths unbounded for me sounded, —
 All the pangs with me divide.

VII.

Make me weep with thee in union ;
With the Crucified, communion
 In His grief and suffering give :
Near the cross with tears unfailing
I would join thee in thy wailing
 Here as long as I shall live.

VIII.

Maid of maidens, all excelling,
Be not bitter, me repelling,
 Make thou me a mourner too ;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share His passion, shame defying,
 All His wounds in me renew :

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari
 Ob amorem Filii.
Inflammatum et accensum,
Per te, Virgo, sum defensum
 In die Judicii.

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
 Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
 Paradisi gloria.



IX.

Wound for wound be there created ;

With the Crofs intoxicated

For thy Son's dear sake, I pray —

May I, fired with pure affection,

Virgin, have through thee protection

In the solemn Judgment Day.

X.

Let me by the Crofs be warded,

By the death of Christ be guarded,

Nourished by divine supplies.

When the body death hath riven,

Grant that to the soul be given

Glories bright of Paradise.





REMARKS.

HO admiration of the lyric excellence of the *Stabat Mater* should be allowed to blind the reader to those objectionable features which must always suffice, as they have hitherto done, to exclude it from every hymnarium of Protestant Christendom. For not only is Mary made the object of religious worship, but the incommunicable attributes of the Deity are freely ascribed to her. Her agency is invoked as if she were the third person of the Trinity, or had powers coördinate and equal.

Plainly it is the province of the Holy Ghost, and not of any creature, to “work in us to will and to do;” to effect spiritual changes; to “take of the things of Christ and show them unto us,”—and yet these are the very things which she herself is asked to accomplish for the suppliant. “*Fac,*” alone, aside

from potential equivalents, is used at least nine times, — a form of expression manifestly inappropriate unless addressed to one capable of acts causal and original and therefore divine. Not content, it seems, with making her a fountain of supernatural influence, a succedaneum of the Holy Ghost, her efficiency is extended to the performance likewise of the work assigned to the Son, —

Per te, Virgo, sum defensus

In die Judicii, —

an expression of reliance on her rather than on Him to ward off in that day the demands of divine justice. Mariolatry here culminates. It could not well be carried farther.

Considering that the position here given to the mother of Christ receives not a particle of countenance anywhere in the New Testament, one is led to wonder how those who accepted its teachings could ever have fallen into so awful an error. If prayer of any kind addressed to her were laudable or lawful, how can it be explained that all the sacred writers are so intensely reticent upon the point that it is not possible to find written so much as a single

syllable to authorize it, or a solitary example to sanction it? It is remarkable that Christ, while here on earth, did not hesitate to rebuke His mother on a certain occasion when she manifested a disposition to intrude her maternal human relation into the sphere of His divinity, saying: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" At another time, upon being told that His mother and His brethren stood waiting without, He said, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" and stretching forth His hand toward His disciples, He said, "Behold, my mother and my brethren? For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

Everybody must feel that there is a sublime propriety in this declarative postponement, once for all, of fleshly relationships to the spiritual; and that it would be infinitely unbecoming in Him, who is the Creator of all and the Judge of all, to be a respecter of persons, swayed as men are swayed by the fond partialities of blood and kindred. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the slight mention made of Christ's mother in the Evangelists, and the entire

absence of any allusion to her in the rest of the New Testament. Even the Apostle John, to whose loving care she was committed, and who took her to his own house, neither in his Epistles nor in the Apocalypse names her so much as once. Paul, the most voluminous of the New Testament writers, is wholly silent in regard to her.

When the people of Lystra were making ready to pay divine honors to Barnabas and Paul, they, hearing of it, “rent their clothes, and ran among the people, crying out and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things?” If these revolted at the idea of being made the objects of religious worship, can we suppose that supreme form of it less shocking to the soul of Mary, which is necessarily implied in addressing her as the omniscient and omnipresent hearer and answerer of prayer? Such honor is dishonor. It is an offering of robbery. It robs God.

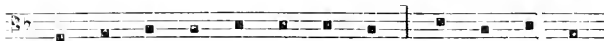


STABAT MATER.

(SUNG ON EVERY FRIDAY DURING LENT.)

No. 1. *As sung in the Churches at Rome.*

GREGORIAN CHANT,
From the "Catholic Psalmist."



1. Sta-bat ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa, Jux-ta ert eum
2. Cu-jus a-mi-mam ge-men-tem, Con-tris-ta-tem



la-ery-mo-sa, Qua pen-de-bat fi-li-us.
et do-len-tem, Per-tran-si-vit gla-di-us.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti! | 12. Tui nati vulnerati
Tum dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide. |
| 4. Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati pœnas meyti. | 13. Fac me tecum pie flere
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixerò. |
| 5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio? | 14. Juxta crucem tecum stare
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero. |
| 6. Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio. | 15. Virgo virginum præclara
Mihî tam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere. |
| 7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum. | 16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolare. |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem natum
Orientem, desolatam
Dum emisit spiritum. | 17. Fac me plagis vulnerari
Cruce hæc inebriari
Ob amorem filii. |
| 9. Pia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam. | 18. Inflammatus et accensus
Per te, virgo, sum defensus
In die judicii. |
| 10. Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut Sibi complaceam. | 19. Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi præanuniri
Confoveri gratia. |
| 11. Sancta mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide. | 20. Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. |

STABAT MATER.—Chant for Four Voices.

No. 2.

NOVELLO. From "Evening Service."

Sta-bat ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa Jux-ta cru-cem

la-ery-mo-sa, Qua pen-de-bat fi-li-us.

tr

No. 3.

"Rohr's Collection."

Stabat ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa Jux-ta cru-cem

la-ery-mo-sa, Qua pen-de-bat fi-li-us.



PAINTED BY RAPHAEL.

ENG. BY M. STANLA.

MADONNA DI SAN SISTO

tabat ater

(SPECIOSA)

HYMN OF THE JOYS OF MARY

TRANSLATED BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK
D APPLETON AND COMPANY

1891



STABAT MATER

(SPECIOSA).

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF — whose voluminous contributions to the literature and history of the Christian Church reflect the highest honor upon American scholarship — in a recent number of “Hours at Home” (May, 1867), has, thanks to an eye that nothing escapes, been at the trouble of reproducing, with learned and instructive comments for the benefit of readers on this side of the Atlantic, a newly discovered STABAT MATER, being a Nativity Hymn, written it is supposed by the same hand as the Passion Hymn, so that hereafter, as he remarks, there will be two Stabats — the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, and the *Stabat Mater Speciosa*; the one setting forth the Joys, the other the Sorrows, of the Virgin Mother at the Manger and the Cross.

The revival of this long-lost Hymn in our time, after five centuries of forgetfulness, is due to A. F. Ozanam, who, in a work on the Franciscan Poets ("Les Poètes Franciscains en Italie au XIII^e siècle, avec un Choix de petites Fleurs de Saint François, trad. de l'Italien," Paris, 1852), has given it once more to the world. Hitherto there have been but two translations of the Hymn — one into German, by Cardinal Diepenbrock; the other, into English, by Neale, made just before his death. This Dr. Schaff copies in the article referred to. Both Ozanam and Neale assume an identity of authorship for the two: and Neale infers, from the want of finish and the imperfect rhymes, that the *Mater Speciosa* was composed first; but we entirely agree with Dr. Schaff in thinking that internal evidence, alone, makes it certain that this is not the case. Ingenious and exact as is the parallel, it is easy enough to see which was first and which was second. If twins, the *Mater Dolorosa* must have been the elder. It is impossible that "Pertransivit jubilus" was written before "Pertransivit gladius."

But we doubt, we confess, a simultaneous birth,

or even a common parentage. In the absence of historical proof, we should think it far more probable, that the *Mater Speciosa* was the work of some admiring imitator, after the other had become famous ; who, not fully satisfied with his performance, was waiting to give it its final touches when he should have decided between this and that ; which explains the supernumerary lines appended to the eighth strophe.* Assuming the priority of the *Mater Dolorosa*, about which there cannot be a particle of doubt, it is difficult to conceive that the other could have been the work of the same pen. It is only the celebrity of an original which invites parody. A man would hardly be a model to himself. True merit, if not unconscious, is usually modest, and it is not likely that our author, at the time he wrote, placed any special value upon his production ; much less foresaw its after success. Why then should he, in preparing a hymn on the Nativity, preposterously seek to tie himself down to the use of the self-same

* "Hunc ardorem fac communem
Ne me facias immunem
Ab hoc desiderio."

words and order of words which he had happened to employ in composing a hymn on the Crucifixion? After this had grown into public favor, it is easy to understand, how some one else, other than the author, should be prompted to attempt so curious and difficult a task, because the verbal semblance would aid, by association, in exciting similar emotions of reverent interest and sympathizing tenderness. It is right to state, however, that opposed to this conclusion is the historical testimony of a second edition of the Italian Poems of Jacopone (Laude di Frate Jacopone da Todi), published at Brescia, in 1495, which contains, in an appendix, several Latin poems ascribed to him; among which, according to Brunet, are found both this *Mater Speciosa*, and the *Mater Dolorosa*, as well as the *De Contemptu Mundi*. There may be other evidence in support of this opinion, of which we are ignorant; but as the case stands, we are compelled to adhere to the belief of a twofold authorship; and accept the above only as supplying proof of the earliness of its origin.

That the new found Stabat is not wanting in those qualities which have attracted to its illustrious pro-

totype the admiring regards of men through so many generations, testifies to the skill of the writer. The structural correspondence between the two is kept up throughout. Grief and gladness are seen to go hand in hand, singing as they go, to the same sweet time and measure. Were it only poetry and not prayer — mere apostrophe and not religious homage — we would be content ; but, alas ! there clings to one and the other the fatal taint of idolatry ; and we are not permitted to wink out of sight so unspeakable an offense against the purity of the unshared worship of the infinite Jehovah.

Happily we have other hymns on the Nativity, against which this objection does not lie. Milton's, for example, the grandest of them all, is wholly to "the Infant God," not the human mother. It divides not its worship. It sings and celebrates but the One, and "prevents" the dawn and "the startled wizards," that it may be first with its exclusive offering "to lay it lowly at His blessed feet." Two simple and sweet lines at the close comprise all that is said of the virgin mother :

" But see, the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest."

They stand prefixed to the Cradle Hymn of Mrs. Browning, and may have suggested that divine lullaby, "The Virgin Mother to the Child Jesus." It is too long to give entire, but a ricochet extract may suffice to exhibit its general scope, and furnish material for an interesting and instructive comparison with its mediæval rival :

"Sleep, sleep, my Holy One !

My flesh, my Lord ! — what name ? I do not know

A name that seemeth not too high or low,

TOO far from me or heaven.

My Jesus, *that* is best ! that word being given

By the majestic angel whose command

Was softly as a man's beseeching aid,

When I and all the earth appeared to stand

In the great overflow

Of light celestial from his wings and head —

Sleep, sleep, my Saving One !

And art Thou come for saving, baby-browed

And speechless Being — art Thou come for saving ?

.

Art come for saving, O my weary One ?

Perchance this sleep, that shutteth out the dreary

Earth-sounds and motions, opens on Thy soul

High dreams on fire with God.

.

Suffer this mother's kifs,
Best thing that earthly is.

Thus noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep my dreaming One !

I 'm 'ware of you, heavenly Presences !

Unsunned i' the sunshine ! I am 'ware. Ye throw
No shade against the wall !

I fall not on my sad clay face before ye —

I look on His.

Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me !

Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One !

We sate among the stalls of Bethlehem.

The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,
Softened their horny faces.

The simple shepherds from their star-lit brooks,
Brought visionary looks,

As yet in their astounded hearing rung

The strange sweet angel-tongue.

The magi of the East, in sandals worn
Knelt reverent.

So let all earthlies and celestials wait
 Upon Thy royal state.
 Sleep, sleep my kingly One !

.
 I am not proud — *not proud !*

Albeit in my flesh God sent His Son,
 Albeit over Him my head is bowed
 As others bow before Him, still my heart
 Bows lower than their knees. O centuries,

.
 Whose murmurs seem to reach me while I keep
 Watch o'er this sleep —

Say of me as the Heavenly said, 'Thou art
 The blestest of women !' — *blestest,*
Not holiest, not noblest — no high name
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like a shame,
When I sit meek in heaven. For me, for me
God knows that I am feeble like the rest."

.

We should know that a woman wrote this. It is a woman's utterance, and the truer because it is so. Great is the mystery of maternity ; great is the joy of a mother over her first-born. But, in the experience of the mother of our Lord, it was more than the common mystery and the common joy.

Heaven had come down to her. She, a lowly maiden, of meek thoughts, living in retirement, had, not long before, been surprised by an angelic embassy, authenticating her as the chosen instrument of a stupendous manifestation, even the revelation of the great mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh, and that flesh her flesh—a holy link born of her miraculous motherhood. She had felt the awe of a wondrous o'ershadowing, and the thrill of a divine quickening, and the joy of a growing burden, and had sung her exultant *Magnificat*, and had been full of wonderings and worshippings, long before the crowning beatitude of the bringing forth, and the seeing, and the hearing, and the laying in the bosom, and the chanting of the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the angels, and the homage of the shepherds, and the prostrations of the magi. Was she therefore proud? Proud! Was she not therefore humble, yea, humbler than the humblest? Who ought to kneel so low as she? O for a humility as deep as the grace is high! No room here for the petty elations of vanity. To conceive of her as fitting queen of heaven, arrogating highest titles, and receiving, well-

pleased, the kneeling homage of men and of angels, — what an indecency! How it vulgarizes and degrades her; such an inversion of nobleness; such an emptying of her true honor and proper glory, which consist in a peerless meekness, bowing ever lower and lower at the footstool, and her heart bowing still lower than her knees! Call me “Blessed,” but call me

“no high name

Whose height misplaced may pierce me like a flame
When I sit meek in heaven.”

There is one other hymn on the same theme by Crashaw, so full of pastoral sweetness, that we cannot forbear transcribing it here. Crashaw, it is said, formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry — that of Marino; and there is often, it must be admitted, a strained expression in his verses; but there are also many exquisite touches of beauty and tenderness, and a strength withal which more than compensates for an occasional harshness. Of all his writings, he is best known, perhaps, by his version of the *Dies Iræ*. In 1634 he published a volume of Latin

poems under the title of *Epigrammata Sacra*, in which occurs that celebrated verse on the miracle at Cana : —

“ *Lympha pudica Deum videt et erubuit.*”

“ The modest water saw its God and blushed.”

It is a curious fact that both Milton and Dryden have each been credited with the authorship of the line as given in English, varied only by the substitution of the epithet “conscious” for “modest.”

His “Hymn on the Nativity as sung by Shepherds,” given below, was probably suggested by Correggio’s far-famed picture in the Dresden Gallery, called “*La Notte*” (The Night), and forms a fit companion to it. Picture and poem have common attributes, so that it may properly be said, that the one is the other, — that the poem is a picture, and the picture a poem. In both, the form of the Divine Infant is finely imagined as the radiant centre of a supernatural illumination dazzling to all eyes in the picture except those of the virgin mother, while signs of daybreak are seen along the eastern horizon, emblem of “the dayspring from on high :” —

"Gloomy night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay:
The Babe looked up and showed its face —
In spite of darkness it was day.
 We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Bright dawn of an eternal day —
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
 And chase their trembling shades away,
 We saw Thee and we blest'd the light —
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in Thy weeping eyes:
 She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie:
 Yet when young April's husband-flowers
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
 To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
 To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
 The shepherds more than they the sheep —
 To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King!
 Of simple graces and sweet loves, —
 Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves."

Does the nightingale sing more sweetly?

“ Sweet bird, that shuns the noise of folly —
Most musical, most melancholy.”

In this new attempt to turn the *Mater Speciosa* into English, we have tried, as in other translations, to preserve, as far as possible, the form and spirit of the original. The authorized text of the *Mater Dolorosa*, being that of the Roman Breviary, comprises ten stanzas ; while that of the *Mater Speciosa* has two more, namely, the fifth and eleventh, whose answering stanzas therefore must be looked for in some other text.





STABAT MATER

(SPECIOSA).

I.

STABAT Mater speciosa,
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa,
Dum jacebat parvulus ;
Cujus animam gaudentem,
Lactabundam ac ferventem,
Pertransivit júbilus.

II.

O quam læta et beata,
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater Unigeniti !
Quæ gaudebat et ridebat
Exultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum incl;ti.



HYMN OF THE JOYS OF MARY.

I.



GOOD the glad and beauteous mother,
By the hay, where, like no other,
Lay her little Infant Boy :
Through whose soul — rejoicing, yearning,
And with love maternal burning —
Thrilling passed the lyric joy.

II.

Oh what grace to her allotted,
Blessed mother and unspotted
Of the Sole Begotten One !
Who rejoiced with silvery laughter
As she gazed exulting, after
Birth of her Illustrious Son.

III.

Quis jam est, qui non gauderet
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto solatio ?
Quis non posset collætari
Christi matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum filio ?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Christum vidit cum jumentis,
Et algori subditum ;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum,
Vili diversorio.

V.

Nato Christo in præsepe,
Cœli cives canunt læte
Cum immenso gaudio ;
Stabat senex cum puella,
Non cum verbo nec loquela,
Stupescentes cordibus.

III.

Who is he, would joy not greatly,
 If he saw Christ's mother, lately
 With such solace happy made?
 Who could view without emotion
 That fond mother's rapt devotion,
 Playing with her smiling Babe?

IV.

For His people's sins providing,
 Christ she saw with cattle biding,
 And exposed to winter keen:
 Saw her Darling Offspring, crying
 As an infant, worshipped, lying
 In a lodging vile and mean.

V.

O'er that scene surpassing fable,
 Sing they, Christ born in a stable,
 Heavenly hosts with joy immense:
 Old men stood with maidens gazing,
 Speechless at that sight amazing,
 In astonishment intense.

VI.

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim ardoris,
 Fac ut tecum sentiam
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amatum Christum Deum,
 Ut Sibi complaceam.

VII.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Prone introducas plagas
 Cordi fixas valide.
Tui nati cælo lapsi,
Jam dignati fœno nasci
 Pœnas mecum divide.

VIII.

Fac me vere congaudere,
Jesulino cohærere,
 Donec ego vixero !
In me sistat ardor tui ;
Puerino fac me frui
 Dum sum in exilio !

VI.

Make me, Mother, fount of loving,
Feel like force of aræor moving,
 That I thus may feel with thee !
Let my heart with love be burning
That, in Christ my God discerning,
 I approved of Him may be !

VII.

Do this, Mother, be entreated,
Firmly fix His wounds, repeated
 Each in my heart crucified !
Of thy Son — the Heavenly Stranger,
Deigning birth now in a manger —
 Sufferings with me divide !

VIII.

Make me truly share thy pleasure,
Cleave to Jesus and Him treasure,
 While I live and all the while !
Work in me thy love's completeness,
Feast me with thy Sweet One's sweetness
 To the end of my exile !

IX.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non fis amara,
 Fac me parvum rapere.
 Fac ut pulchrum fantem portem,
 Qui nascendo vicit mortem,
 Volens vitam tradere.

X.

Fac me tecum satiari,
 Nato me inebriari,
 Stans inter tripudio ! *
 Inflammatus et accensus
 Obstupescit omnis sensus
 Tali de commercio !

XI.

Omnes stabulum amantes
 Et pastores vigilantes
 Pernoctantes sociant.

* Since *inter* never rules the ablative, Dr. Schaff proposes to read : “ ‘ Stantem in tripudio ! ’ referring ‘ Stantem ’ to ‘ me. ’ ”

IX.

Maid all other maids exceeding,
 Be not bitter to my pleading,
 Let me take thy Little One !
 Bear the Babe, His sweet smile wooing,
 Who in birth wrought death's undoing,
 Giving life when His begun !

X.

Fill me with thy Child's careffes,
 Make me, drunk with joy's excesses,
 In thy leaping transport share !
 Fired and kindled, struck with wonder,
 Let each sense the power be under
 Of such commerce sweet and rare !

XI.

All who love the stable, blending
 With the watching shepherds, spending
 All the night, compose one band.

Per virtutem nati tui
Ora ut electi sui
Ad patriam veniant !

XII.

Fac me nato custodiri
Verbo Dei præmuniri,
Conservari gratiâ ;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Tui nati visio.



Pray, through strength of His deserving,
His elect, with course unswerving,
 May attain the heavenly land !

XII.

Let me by thy Son be warded,
By the word of God be guarded,
 Kept by grace, refused to none !
When my body death hath riven,
Grant that to my soul be given
 Joyful vision of thy Son !



OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS.



ld ems
IN NEW SETTINGS
COMPRISING THE
CHOICEST OF MEDIÆVAL HYMNS
WITH
ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS
BY
ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

THIRD EDITION.

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1891

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URBS CŒLESTIS SYON;

OR,

THE BETTER COUNTRY.



N Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry" is given a beautiful Cento of ninety-six lines, descriptive of the Heavenly Zion, taken from the first part of a long poem of nearly three thousand lines, entitled "*De Contemptu Mundi*," written in the 12th century by BERNARD DE MORLAS, Monk of Cluny, so called to distinguish him from his famous contemporary St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. Of this Cento a new translation is here attempted. Prefixed to it are the eight opening lines of the Poem, admonitory of the nearness of Christ's second coming to judge the world.

Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, an accomplished

scholar of England, just deceased, whose translations of various mediæval hymns have met with much and merited favor, gave a version of the larger part of the above Cento under the title of "The Celestial Country," following, as he tells us, the arrangement of Trench and not that of Bernard. The great popularity which this attained, as evinced by the numerous hymns compiled from it — "Jerusalem the Golden," in particular, having found a place, he gratefully observes, in some twenty hymnals — "led him to think that a fuller extract from the Latin and a further translation into English might not be unacceptable."

Whether by this process there was not as much lost as gained admits of some doubt. It set aside Trench's labor of love as impertinent or useless. The matter of the earlier translation, with which many had become familiar, could only be found by diligent search, *disjecta membra poetæ*, scattered everywhere up and down the later work. One, however, might become reconciled to this, provided improvement always followed; but we think this can hardly be claimed. On the contrary, what is added too often

appears crude, or incongruous, or out of place, or of inferior interest. For example, we read : —

“ Here, is the warlike trumpet,
 There, life set free from sin,
 When to the last Great Supper
 The faithful shall come in ;
 When the heavenly net is laden
 With fishes many and great,
 (So glorious in its fulness
 And so inviolate.)”

Without access to the original, it would be impossible to say which is responsible, the author or the translator, for the strange groupings contained in the following verses : —

“ Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
 True God and Man, they sing,
 The *never-failing* Garden,
 The *ever-golden* Ring,
 The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of the Court,
 The Day-star of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port.”

What better is this than a distracting medley of names, whose meaning and fitness, so far from being

immediately obvious, it is hard to discover even with time and study. Certainly, one needs to possess a rare nimbleness of fancy to qualify him to overleap such wide spaces as intervene between "the never-failing Garden" and the "ever-golden Ring," thence on from "the Door, the Pledge, the Husband," to the distant and final resting-place, "the Porter and the Port" (whatever these may be), without longer pauses in the transition than the punctuation calls for. The framer of the *Çento* did well, therefore, we think, in leaving out lines like these, and no advantage has resulted from their restoration.

In regard to the extraordinary merit of the original poem — at least that part of it which forms the *exordium*, wherein an attempt is made to set forth the purity and peace of the heavenly Paradise, by way of contrast, and for the purpose of throwing into yet bolder and more appalling relief the abounding pollutions and miseries of earth which it is the chief design of the poem to present — there can be but one opinion. Such is Dr. Neale's appreciation of its excellence, that he has "no hesitation in say-

ing that he looks on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* is the most pathetic, of mediæval poems. They are, he thinks, even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the *De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradisi* of St. Peter Damiani. So Trench looks upon "the Ode of Casimir (the great Latin poet of Poland) *Urit me Patriæ decor*, which turns upon the same theme, — the heavenly homesickness, — with all its classical beauty, as a less real and deep utterance than the poor Cluniac monk's."

The great and immediate popularity of Neale's translation, notwithstanding its defects, is a further proof, and the most conclusive one, perhaps, of all, that it possesses the elements of genuine power — has indeed that imperishable principle of lyric life which fits it to be the interpreter of the human heart in all ages, in the nineteenth century no less than the twelfth. It too doubtless owes much to its theme, which has furnished other hymns of great sweetness besides those already named. Two in particular are deserving of special mention, — one in

Latin, *Urbs beata Hierusalem*, and one in English, *O Mother dear, Jerusalem*. But the heavenly heart-ache, with the soul enamored of its home in the skies, and longing to depart, never, it is safe to say, found a sweeter or more touching expression than in these lines of Bernard. In each golden furrow of verse are scattered in rich profusion the ripe veritable seeds of those immortal flowers that bloom in Paradise, whence —

“Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest.”

We are perpetually reminded, of course, that the finger is still in the body, in which “he groans, being burdened” — “without are fightings and within are fears” — is a mourning exile, waiting deliverance, sick from deferred hope, not yet permitted to enter the Land of Promise, but nevertheless in lieu thereof lifted to the Mount of Vision, and favored

with ecstatic glimpses that “bring all heaven before his eyes.” No wonder, therefore, his strain is a mingled one, by turns exultant and sad; its rejoicings full of interjected sighs — suspirations and aspirations in the same breath. The holy inhabitants seem almost “too happy in their happiness;” it makes the contrast with the present state too great, too painful; it even begets doubt, because it seems too much to expect; hope is afraid to soar so high. The mind is described as sinking down baffled and overwhelmed under the pressure of that “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,” blinded and overpowered by the intolerable splendors of the New Jerusalem; and we are reminded of that fine outburst of Pindaric rapture in which “the Bard” of Gray, in like manner dazzled and amazed by the unexpected sight of England’s distant renown and greatness, exclaims: —

“But oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.”

Of the history of the original poem, this much is known. It was written about the year 1145 by

Bernard, a Cluniac monk, as already stated, and addressed to Peter, his own abbot. Judging from his writings, he must have possessed a spirit almost as dauntless as Luther's. Apparently actuated by a righteous zeal to correct some of the shocking abuses which everywhere prevailed to the disgrace of the Christian name, he in this poem with terrible severity and with matchless power of sarcasm exposes and assails them, — plainly denounces the shameful greed and venality of the Roman court, corrupt from the Pope down, where simony was openly practiced, and nothing could be got without money, but any thing with. Here is a specimen of his manner: —

“ Si tua nuncia prævenit uncia, surge, sequaris ;
 Expete limina, nulla gravamina jam verearis :
 Si datur uncia, stat prope gratia Pontificalis ;
 Sin procul hæc valet, hæc tibi lex manet est schola talis.”

Money is needed, if that has preceded, rise, follow, and enter ;

Bars of the gateway removed shall be straightway, now fear no preventer ;

Give but the penny, then nigh thee is any Pontifical favor ;

Far off or faileth this thing that availeth, thy case is much graver.

Such being its character, it is not surprising, perhaps, that it has been a greater favorite with Protestants than with Catholics, and that during the time of and since the Reformation editions have multiplied. It was unburied and first printed at Paris in 1483. Flacius, in a rare work published at Bâle in 1557, (*Varia doctorum, piorumque vivorum de corrupto Ecclesiæ statu Poemata*,) pp. 247-349, gives it with the title: *Bernhardus Cluniacus de Contemptu Mundi. Ad Petrum Abbatum suum*. It was reprinted in 1597, and again in 1610, and more recently still in Wachler's "Annals" in 1820. Daniel in his "Thesaurus Hymnologicus" gives only the first eight lines under the heading *De Novissimis*. These opening lines are repeated here to illustrate the structure of the verse, which of itself is one of the curiosities of literature. It is a bold attempt to combine ancient prosody with modern rhyme. Each hexameter line is made to consist of five dactyls and a final trochee, the second and fourth dactylic feet rhyming together, and the trochaic ending rhyming with the corresponding foot of the following line; or, as it may be otherwise expressed, it is an example of "leonine

and tailed rhyme, with lines in three parts, between which a cæsura is not admissible." Below we have sought to represent to the eye these peculiarities of structure by marks; and furthermore, have ventured a continuation of the attempt just made, to imitate the metre in an English translation rendered as literal as possible. While one would not care to prosecute it through a long poem, we are persuaded the thing could be done, and in a manner to make the verse tolerably readable and effective. The perpendicular lines of division indicate the three parts — the first two parts containing two dactyls each, the second and fourth forming a rhyme; and the third part containing one dactyl and one trochee, the final trochee forming a double rhyme with that of the next line.

DE NOVISSIMIS.

‘ Hōrā nōvīssimā, || tēmpōrā pēssimā || sūnt ; vīgilēmūs !
 Ecce ! minaciter || imminet Arbiter || ille supremus !
 Imminet, imminet || ut mala terminet || æqua coronet,
 Recta remuneret || anxia liberet, || æthera donet,
 Auferat aspera || duraque pondera || mentis onustæ,
 Sobria munit || improba puniat || utraque iuste,
 Ille piissimus, || ille gravissimus, || ecce ! venit Rex !
 Surgat homo reus ! || Instat Homo Deus || a Patre Judex.’

OF THE LAST TIMES.

Lāft hoŭrs nŏw tŏllŭng āre, || wŏrft tŭmes ŭnrŏllŭng āre ; ||
wāтч ! thĕre ŭs dāngĕr.

Lŏ ! in ŭblŭmŭty, || thŕĕatĕning prŏxŭmŭty, || hŏver'th th' Avĕn-
ger !

Hŏverĕth, hŏverĕth, || ĕvŭl ŭncŏverĕth, || ĕquŭty crŏwnĕth ;

Rŭght He rĕwārdĕth thĕn, || cŏmfort affŏrdĕth thĕn, || hĕŭrs of
hĕavĕn ŏwnĕth ;

Frŏm thĕ mind, ŏnerous || bŭrdĕns and pŏnderous || beāreth He
lŭghtly ;

Rŭghtĕous prŏtĕĕtĕth He, || wŭckĕd rĕjĕĕtĕth He || bŏth alŭke
rŭghtly ;

Kŭng in Hŭs clĕmĕncy || āwful ŭprĕmacy || cŏmeth to gāthĕr —
Mān dŭsĕntŏmbŭng, thĕ || Gŏd-Man hŭm dŏoming, thĕ || Jŭdge
frŏm thĕ Fāthĕr.

Surely “there is a pleasure in poetic pains that poets only know,” otherwise it is impossible to conceive that human patience could have held out in the building up of three thousand lines in so difficult a metre. Like the execution of those pictures in mosaic, seen in St. Peter’s at Rome, which took from twelve to twenty years to complete, it so far transcends all modern capabilities, that one is tempted to class Patience, in its higher manifestations at least,

among "the Loft Arts." The author himself seems to have been filled with wonder at his own performance; and piously acknowledges, that "if he had not received directly from on high the gift of intelligence, he had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little adapted to the powers of the human mind." What was difficult for the author would be tenfold more difficult for the translator, because there hang upon him numerous clogs from which the other is free. Dr. Neale says:—"I have deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original, because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin." Whether it was necessary or wise to go to the other extreme—of ballad plainness and simplicity—some may doubt.

The artful character of the verse, which constituted one of its chief distinctions, and upon which the author had bestowed so much labor, was thereby necessarily lost, as well as the richness and melody of its oft-recurring rhymes. In the translation here given, the writer has sought to preserve "the leo-

nine and tailed rhymes, with the lines in three parts," only lengthening the third member so as to make of it another line, and using anapests instead of dactyls, as being a kind of verse better suited to the genius of English prosody,—the dactylic form being seldom used, because less flowing and pleasing to the ear. Had it been thought best that the dactylic hexameter form should be retained, he is hardly prepared to go the length of Dr. Neale and deny its possibility.

How far the present translator has succeeded it is of course for others to judge. He admits that if it were as easy to be faultless as it is to find fault, there would be no excuse for imperfection. He claims nothing for his version. It is sent forth as a timid and humble candidate for public favor, but at the same time not as a mendicant, asking alms and begging leave to be. If worthless, let it die—in other words, let nobody read it. So of his other versions. The name, "THE BETTER COUNTRY," was chosen to distinguish it from others upon the same theme. That it will supersede "The Celestial Country" is neither expected nor desired.



URBS CŒLESTIS SYON.

HORA novissima, tempora pessima
sunt ; vigilemus !
Ecce ! minaciter imminet Arbiter
ille supremus !
Imminet, imminet ut mala terminet
æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet,
æthera donet ;
Auferat aspera duraque pondera
mentis onustæ
Sobria muniat, improba puniat
utraque juste.



THE BETTER COUNTRY.



HE last of the hours, iniquity towers,
The times are the worst, let us vigils
be keeping!
Lest the Judge who is near, and soon
to appear,
Shall us at His coming find slumbering and sleep-
ing.
He is nigh, He is nigh! He descends from the sky
For the ending of evil, the right's coronation,
The just to reward, relief to afford,
And the heavens bestow for the saints' habitation :
To lift and unbind grievous weights from the mind,
To give every man what is just and is equal,
To make the good glad, and punish the bad,
To the praise of His justice and grace in the sequel.

Most clement and dear, most just and severe,
 Lo! cometh the King in terrible splendor,
 Man springs from the sod, and the Man who is God,
 The Judge from the Father, stands sentence to
 render.

.
 The life here below so brief is brief woe,
 A brief mortal space for weeping afforded;—
 Not briefly to sigh, then lie down and die,
 Is the life that 's to be hereafter awarded.
 O most blest award! the gift of the Lord,
 A life whose long years cannot be computed;
 O strange award given! a mansion in heaven
 Assigned to the guilty, the sometime polluted.
 What 's given, and to whom? In the firmament,
 room
 To the needy and those by the cross worthy
 rendered—
 Yea, on Mercy's sweet terms, orbs celestial to
 worms,
 To felons the best, to the hateful stars, tendered.
 Now are battles most hard; after these the reward.
 Reward of what sort? Reward without meas-
 ure;—

Full refreshment, repose, full exemption from woes,
No suffering, no pain, only unalloyed pleasure.

Now live we in hope, and Zion must cope

With Babylon proud and the powers infernal;
Now affliction makes sad, then delight shall make
glad,

And there shall be crowns and sceptres supernal.
Then new glory divine on the righteous shall shine,
And chase from their breasts the darkness that
paineth,

Chase doubt and chase fear, and enigmas make
clear—

The light of true sabbaths, “the rest that re-
maineth.”

All free from the foe and his master shall go

The Hebrew, whose feet heavy chains now en-
viron ; —

He henceforth held free shall keep jubilee,

No more to be bound in affliction and iron.

A Country of light, unacquainted with night,

Where of tempest and strife nothing breaks the
deep slumber,

With inhabitants free it replenished shall be —

Enlarged with true Israelites countless in number.

Patria splendida, terraque florida,
libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus
hic peregrinis.
Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus
ora Tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia,
pax pia sanctis ;
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine,
pax sine rixa,
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus
anchora fixa.
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus
ipse decore,
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur
Auctor in ore.
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel
efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria pulchraque patria
perficietur

Country splendid and grand, and a flowery land
 That 's free from all thorns and free from all
 dangers,
 Is there to be given to the free born of heaven —
 The faithful, who here are now pilgrims and
 strangers.

Shall then be unrolled, to all that behold
 The face of the Thunderer, and to such solely,
 The utmost extreme of power supreme,
 Full knowledge, the unutterable peace of the holy :
 A peace by the tongue of slander unstung ; [cor,
 A peace without storm, without wrangling or ran-
 To labors a goal, and to billows that roll
 And tumults a fixed immovable anchor.

My King is my part, God Himself in my heart,
 In His own proper beauty august and endearing,
 I shall see and enshrine and challenge as mine, —
 My Author and Saviour, — before Him appear-
 ing.

Then the Israel of grace shall Jacob displace,
 And Leah be Rachel in form and affection ;
 Then Zion shall stand, a beautiful land,
 In all the completeness of God-like perfection.



MARY AND ELIZABETH
(ART BY SCHEFFER)

O Country most dear, our longing eyes here,
As they view thee afar, with desire are aching ;
At the sound of thy name our hearts are aflame,
And our eyes are weary 'twixt weeping and
waking.

Thy mention brings rest, is balm to the breast,
Is the cure of our grief, and takes away sadness ;
The thinking of thee and the bliss that shall be,
Is a fire of love and a fountain of gladness.

The only place thou that draws our hearts now, —
Thou Paradise art, thou our blissful Hereafter ;
No tears are found there, no sorrow, no care,
But sereneest rejoicings and innocent laughter.

There planted are seen, eternally green,
The laurel and cedar, with the hyssop low grow-
ing ;

There are walls with the rays of the jasper ablaze,
With the carbuncle bright, incandescent and
glowing :

The sardius shines there, here the topaz most rare,
Here the beams of the amethyst with the rest
mingle ;

To thy fabric belong the heavenly throng,
The corner-stone Christ, gem precious and single.

Confined here below, I pretend not to know

What forms this rejoicing, the kind of light given,
Nor how lofty the heights of those social delights,

Nor how special the glory that constitutes heaven.

These striving to raise in an effort of praise,

My mind overmastered, lo! fainteth and faileth;
O glory unknown, I am conquered I own,

Thy superior praise in all things prevaieth.

There are shoutings and calls in thy echoing halls

With the martyr host full, a glorious muster,

With the citizen, bright, with the Prince aye in fight,

Serene evermore with a soft, sacred lustre.

There sweet pastures around for the gentle abound,

For the saints a dear flock by the water-brooks
grazing;

There's the throne of the King, there the palace-
walls ring

With the sound of a multitude feasting and praising.

Nation glorious and grand, through the conquering
hand

Of the Leader, a host in white vestments shining,

Through the long rolling years they remain with-
out tears; [ing.

In the dwellings of Zion there is rest from repin-

Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine,
sunt sine lite,
In Syon ædibus editioribus
Israëlitæ.
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita
glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus
intima pandis :
Intima lumina, mentis acumina
te speculantur,
Pectora flammea spe modò, postea
sorte luçantur.
Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica,
condita cœlo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo,
tristior, anhelor :
Te quia corpore non queo, pectore
sæpe penetror,



Without crime, without storm, to mar and deform,
Without weapons of strife, without matter of
quarrel,

The Israelites blest in their lofty homes rest,—
The olive of peace intertwined with the laurel
O illustrious name, Zion, highest in fame,
Whose glory is that to the glorified owing,
Thou dost knowledge dispense to the innermost
sense,

Thy innermost good thus secretly showing.
My innermost eyes, thus piercing the skies,
From the mind's highest peaks delighted behold
thee ;

Now my breast, all on fire with hope and desire,
Transported expects sometime to enfold thee.

Thou Zion art one, beside thee is none,—

Upreared in the skies a mystical dwelling,—
Now in thee I am glad, now in me I am sad,
I sob and I sigh with breast heaving and swelling.
Since the body's dull clod keeps me back from my
God,

Thee to pierce I oft try with spiritual pinion,

But earthy flesh, fleshy earth, makes th' attempt
little worth,

And I quickly fall back to the senses' dominion.
No mortal may dare with his mouth to declare —
The task were presumptuous and desperate the
duty —

Where thy walls, how they rise, in what part of the
skies

Thy capitals shine complete in their beauty.
Thy charms, they weigh down the heart wholly and
drown,

O Zion! O Peace beyond all conceiving!
City blest, without time, dear, tranquil, sublime,
No possible praise can e'er be deceiving.
No delights vain and lewd, and no sorrows intrude,
No strife with its wafting, its burning and blasting;
Home happy and high, flowery land of the sky,
Land native to bliss and the life everlasting.
City, seen from afar, where the glorified are,
On a safe and high shore, lo! thy towers are
soaring;

Thee I sue, I admire, thee I love, I desire,
Sing hymns unto thee, and salute thee adoring.

Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto
morte perire,
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego
filius iræ ;
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea,
mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus exitiis
obruta, trita.
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo
speque fideque,
Illa perennia postulo præmia
nocte dieque.
Me Pater optimus atque piissimus
ille creavit ;
In lue pertulit, et lue sustulit,
a lue lavit.
Gratia cœlica sustinet unica
totius orbis,

Not on merit, but grace, I rest solely my case,
 For, measured by merit, condemned my condition ;
 Not dumb and perverse do I cover the worse —
 My own I'm a child of wrath and perdition.
 My life 's a life spilt, void of good, full of guilt,
 A life like to death, without vital expressions,
 Its innocence quenched, from its proper life
 wrenched,
 Destroyed by reason of deadly transgressions.
 Notwithstanding in hope I walk softly and grope,
 In hope and in faith heavenly guerdons beseeching ;
 I trembling and weak, eternal joys seek,
 By night and by day imploring hands reaching.
 Our Father above, whose nature is love,
 The best and the dearest, He made and He
 saved me ;
 With my vileness He bore, from my vileness He
 tore,
 From my sin and uncleanness He graciously
 saved me.
 Grace celestial alone, direct from the throne,
 Is the sovereign provision of God's own appointing,

The sordid of soul to save and make whole,
 For inward diseases the potent anointing.
 Grace washes away all pollution for aye, —
 The Fountain of David, as free as redundant,
 Makes pure all within, makes clean from all sin,
 To all alike flows in measure abundant.
 O excellent grace! to an excellent place
 Me raise to discern stately palaces gleaming,
 At a distance, at least, see the heavenly feast
 With holiest mirth and melody teeming.
 Thou Zion! O mine, my hope all divine!
 Like gold, but far nobler, t' our dazzled eyes
 looming,
 Most brilliant thy host, but their Leader's thy boast,
 Brave region with laurel perpetually blooming.
 O Country most sweet, shall my eyes ever greet
 Thy turrets and towers, and know thy enjoy-
 ments?
 O Country most blest, e'er in thee shall I rest,
 Possess thy rewards and share thy employments?
 Tell me, I pray, render answer, and say:
 "Thou shalt hereafter most surely behold me —

Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero ?
dic, Retinebis.

O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius
ille beatus,

Cui sua pars Deus : O miser, O reus
hâc viduatus.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS.



I hope entertain, the thing hoped shall I gain?

○ say : Thou forever shalt have, and shalt hold
me.

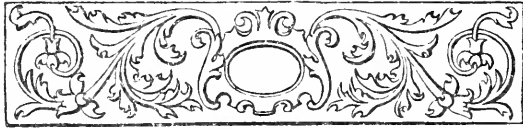
Advanced to that sphere, ○ holy, most dear,

○ bleſſéd, thrice bleſſéd and bleſſéd forever,
Who with cleaving of heart, chose God for his
part :

○ wretched, undone, who from this did him
sever.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (XII. Century.)





VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.



ALL lovers of sacred song agree in assigning to this Hymn a very high place. Clichtoveus thinks it is not possible to praise it enough, and finds it easy to believe that the author in writing it was divinely inspired. Trench characterizes it "as the loveliest of all the Hymns in the whole circle of Latin Sacred Poetry." Nor is it difficult to discover the grounds of so favorable an estimate.

Rarely has the spirit of prayer been more happily embodied, or "winged for speedier flight." It is the soul on its knees, devoutly receptive, every door thrown open, eager, expectant, looking and longing for the immediate coming of the Celestial Visitant, going forth to meet Him, to kiss His feet, to hasten His approach, to testify a holy and grateful welcome, not unmindful, but yet not deterred by the unspeak-

able greatness of the solicited condescension, in asking One "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," to stoop to the need and poverty of its low estate, assured by the sure word of promise, and encouraged by past experiences of His faithfulness, that "whosoever asketh receiveth." Truly, it were hard to find a serener, sweeter, truer, trustfuller, terser utterance, where words so few expressed so much, making the air musical, charming the ear with their soft, plaintive cadences, and penetrating the heart with the insinuating grace of their prevalent pleading.

The merits of its metrical structure are in keeping with its other excellences. It has the triplet character of Sequences in general, consisting of five strophes of six lines of seven syllables, or ten half strophes, the first and second lines of which rhyme together, the third rhyming with the corresponding third line of the following half strophe. The translation here given is made to conform to the original in these as well as in other respects.

A royal authorship is claimed for the Hymn. It is believed to have been written by Robert II. of

France, who at the age of twenty-four, in the year 996, succeeded to his father, Hugh Capet, and reigned thirty-three years. He is described as — *Omnigenæ virtutis alumnus*, —

“ Pieux, juste, savant, charitable, fidèle,
De toutes les vertus, quel plus parfait modèle ? ”

By the sentence of Pope Gregory V., his first marriage, which had been to Bertha, his cousin, was dissolved. He was afterwards married to Constance, surnamed Blanche, daughter of William Count d'Arles & de Provence, a beautiful princess, but proud, capricious, and unbearable, who conducted herself in so strange and violent a manner that but for the moderation and wisdom of her husband the kingdom would have been overturned. Besides being one of the mildest of sovereigns and the meekest of men, he is spoken of as one of the most learned of his time, particularly in mathematics. So charitable was he that he had always a thousand poor under his care, whom he fed. He was addicted to both poetry and music, and so skilled in both of these arts that some of his compositions are still extant and in use. The

following example of magnanimity, more than royal, is given. A dangerous conspiracy against his kingdom and life having been discovered and the authors arrested, as the other nobles were assembled to condemn them to death, he caused them to be entertained in a splendid manner, and the next day admitted them to the Holy Communion; after which he set them at liberty, saying, that he could not put to death those whom Jesus Christ had just received at His table. If these few glimpses of his life reveal to us the nature of some of his sorrows, the hymn here given, admitting that he was the author, shows no less clearly, as Trench remarks, the nature of his consolations.

The Lutheran Form of Ordination prescribes that the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" be sung at the beginning of that service. In the Romish Church it is sung on Whitsunday and every day throughout the week till the Sabbath following. From the general slaughter of the Sequences made in the sixteenth century, this and three others were the only ones that escaped.*

* See *DIES IRÆ*, p. 61.



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.



VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus,
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

II.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.



OME, O Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy celestial home
Of Thy light a ray impart!
Come Thou, Father of the poor!
Come Thou, Giver of heaven's store!
Come Thou, Light of every heart!

II.

Promised Comforter and best,
Of the soul the dearest Guest,
Sweet Refreshment here below.
Rest, in labor, to the feet,
Coolness in the scorching heat,
Solace in the time of woe.

III.

O lux beatissima!
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium.
 Sine tuo numine,
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

IV.

Lava quod est sordidum,
 Riga quod est aridum,
 Sana quod est saucium!
 Flecte quod est rigidum,
 Fove quod est frigidum,
 Rege quod est devium!

V.

Da tuis fidelibus,
 In te confidentibus,
 Sanctum septenarium : *
 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitium,
 Da perenne gaudium !

ROBERTUS REX FRANCIE,

* The seven gifts of the Spirit.

III.

O most blessed Light! the heart's
 Innermost, most hidden parts
 Of Thy faithful people, fill!
 Not without Thy favor can
 Any thing be good in man,
 Any thing that is not ill.

IV.

What is sordid make Thou clean,
 What is dry make moist and green,
 What is wounded heal for aye.
 Bend what's rigid to Thy will,
 Warm Thou whatsoever is chill,
 Guide what's devious and astray.

V.

To Thy faithful given be —
 Those confiding still in Thee —
 Graciously the holy seven:
 Give Thou virtue's recompense,
 Give a safe departure hence,
 Give th' eternal joy of heaven.

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

(Beginning of XI. Century.)



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.



HIS well-known Hymn, older than the “Veni Sancte Spiritus,” is of the same pure type, both being happily characterized by a most unromish catholicity that makes them sweetly acceptable to all Christian hearts. Here, at least, there is no profane admixture of borrowed or imitated paganism — no standing in the old Roman Pantheon, with a retention of not a little of the form and spirit of the old worship, paying vows to manifold apotheosized Christian saints, as once to deceased pagan heroes or mythological divinities — but a solemn address and devout prayer to that “Creator Spirit,” who, in the sublime language of Milton, —

“ from the first
Was present, and with mighty wings outspread

Dove-like sat brooding on the vast abyss
And made it pregnant" —

"the third subsistence of the divine infinitude, illuminating Spirit, the joy and solace of created things ;" "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases ;" the third person of "the One tri-personal Godhead" —

"that doth prefer,
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure," —

not invoked as a Muse to inspire the poet's song and bear him upward on the wings of a swift rapture to "the higheft heaven of invention," — but as the indispensable Begetter of a new spiritual life in the loft soul of man ; the Finger of the mighty power of God whose saving and converting touch, reaching to the deepest springs of human thought, feeling, and conduct, uplifts to the serene altitude of "heavenly places in Christ Jesus ;" the mystery of an ineffable Cause, working effectually "to will and to do" in perfect harmony with the utmost moral freedom of

action and volition ; the supreme Gift, and the infinite Giver of gifts ; the resident Paraclete, domesticated in human consciousness ; the Light of a steady illumination, and the Fire of a continual joy ; the incredible sweetness of whose comforting and compensatory presence and perpetual indwelling, according to the marvelous saying of the Divine Lord Himself, making it expedient that He should go away in order that there might follow this substituted and surpassing blessedness to His bereaved and orphaned disciples when deprived of His own sight and society ; — the Promise of the Father, Proceeding Spirit, manifested in a miraculous outpouring of baptismal fullness on the day of Pentecost, as a crowning proof to all, that He whom the Jews had crucified had indeed passed into the highest heaven and been to “ the right hand of God exalted,” thence to dispense this immeasurable grace to the children of men, that they in turn might celebrate in glad doxologies the triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, throughout all ages, Amen !

Although it is not certainly known that Charlemagne is the author, he is commonly so reputed.

Others think the probabilities are in favor of Gregory the Great. They say, the classic metre with the intermingling rhymes, and the style generally, are Gregory's. So, too, the classic scansion of the fifth line making the penult of "Paracletus" long, betrays, it is argued, the Grecian which Gregory was, and Charlemagne was not. On the other hand, it is asserted that Charlemagne was quite equal to the task. "His eloquence," says his Secretary, "was abundant. He was able to express with facility all he wished; and not content with his mother tongue, he bestowed great pains upon foreign languages. He had taken so well to the Latin, that he was able to speak publicly in that language almost as easily as in his own. He understood Greek and studied Hebrew." He wrote other verses, which are still extant: — an epitaph on Adrian I., the Song of Roland, an ode to the scholar Warnefride, and an epigram in hexameter verse. There exists a letter addressed by him to his bishops, entitled *De gratiâ septiformis Spiritus*, showing that he took a special interest in the subject of the Hymn. Moreover, the twofold procession of the Holy Ghost, affirmed in the sixth strophe, and

with an emphasis implying that it was considered an important article of belief, was first confirmed as the doctrine of the Western Church by a Synod assembled under imperial auspices at Aix-la-Chapelle in the year 809; and this circumstance strengthens, it is thought, the probability that he was the author. Charlemagne, "claimed by the Church as a saint, by the French as their greatest king, by the Germans as their countryman, by the Italians as their emperor," died at Aix-la-Chapelle, we are told, with his crown upon his head, and his copy of the Gospels upon his knees.

Besides being used as a Pentecostal Hymn, it has been the custom to employ it on great occasions like the coronation of kings, the celebration of synods, and, in the Romish Church, the creation of popes, &c. It is the only Breviary Hymn retained by the Episcopal Church, where a place is assigned it in the offices for the ordination of priests and the consecration of bishops. The Prayer Book contains two versions. Dryden's admirable paraphrase is well known. The rendering here given is much more close. In German there are several translations.

One by Luther begins : *Kum Schepher heiliger Geist.*

The Latin text varies in different editions. Some interpolate between the 5th and 6th verses the following additional one :

Da gaudiorum præmia,
Da gratiarum munera,
Diffolve litis vincula,
Adfringe pacis fœdera.

The final verse is sometimes given thus :

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius,
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

That the final verse was added afterwards may be deduced from the fact that the quantity of "Paraclito" in this differs from that of "Paraclitus" in the second verse of the hymn — the penult in the one case being short and in the other long. The Hymn moreover in its present form has, so to speak, a double doxology or celebration of the Trinity, which increases the probability that it ended originally with the sixth verse.



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

I.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

II.

Qui Paraclitus diceris
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

III.

Tu septiformis munere,¹
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,²
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

I.



REATOR Spirit, Guest Divine,
Come, visit and inhabit Thine,
Enter the mind's Most Holy Place,
And breasts Thou madest fill with grace.

II.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Of God Most High the Gift complete,
The Living Fount, the Fire, the Love,
And Holy Unction from above.

III.

Sevenfold the gifts at Thy command,
Finger of God's supreme right hand,
The Promise of the Father, who
Dost throats enrich with utt'rance new.

IV.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis,
Virtute firmans perpeti.

V.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus :
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

VI.

Per te sciamus da Patrem
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

VII.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

CAROLUS MAGNUS.

IV.

Kindle the senses, light impart,
Infuse Thy love in every heart,
Weaken our body's bent to wrong,
In lasting virtue making strong.

V.

Drive farther off the hellish foe,
And constant peace henceforth bestow.
May we — Thou, Leader in the way —
All evil shun, nor go astray.

VI.

Grant we may know in verity
The Father and the Son through Thee;
And in all time may Thee believe
Spirit of Both, and so receive.

VII.

Be God the Father glorified,
And God the Son who for us died
And rose, and God the Paraclete,
Ages on ages infinite.

CHARLEMAGNE. (Beginning of IX. Century.)

¹ The seven gifts of the Holy Spirit (Isaiah xi. 2, 3) are :
 1. Wisdom (*sapientia*) ; 2. Understanding (*intellectus*) ;
 3. Counsel (*consilium*) ; 4. Fortitude (*fortitudo*) ; 5. Knowl-
 edge (*scientia*) ; 6. Piety (*pietas*) ; 7. Fear of the Lord
 (*timor*). Whence the verse :—

Sap. intel. con. for. sci. pi. ti. collige dona.

² The title here given to the Holy Ghost — *Digitus Dei* — borrowed from Luke xi. 20, and answering to the *Spiritus Dei* of Matthew xii. 28, is adapted, so it is thought, to suggest other ideas besides the single one of power. As the fingers are various but have a common origin in the hand, so there are diversities of gifts and operations, but the same Spirit. Notwithstanding divisions, there is a root of unity. Jerome finds in it moreover a hint of the homoousian union of the Spirit with the Father and the Son. “If, therefore,” he argues, “the Son is the hand and arm of God, and the Holy Ghost His finger, there is one substance of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” It is stated in Exodus that “the Lord delivered unto Moses two tables of stone written with the finger of God ;” and Paul speaks of the Corinthian converts as “epistles of Christ, written not with ink, but the Spirit of the living God ; not in tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart,” — thus furnishing another illustration of scriptural usage in ascribing the same function and work to the finger of God and the Spirit of God.



ALPHABETIC JUDGMENT-HYMN.

(HYMNUS ALPHABETICUS DE DIE JUDICII.)

THE venerable Bede, an English monk, who lived in the seventh century, makes mention of this Alphabetical Hymn, so that it must have been written before his time. The author is unknown. Daniel remarks: "It is interesting to compare this piece on the Last Judgment with that most celebrated one, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, by which in majesty and terror, not in holy simplicity and truthfulness, it is surpassed." Neale, likewise, speaking of this Hymn, says: "It manifestly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which, however inferior in lyric fervor and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realization of the subject."



HYMNUS DE DIE JUDICII.



APPAREBIT repentina Dies Magna
Domini
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos oc-
cupans,
Brevis totus tum parebit prisci luxus sæculi,
Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.
Clangor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens,
Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.
De cœlesti Judex arce, majestâte fulgidus
Clarîs angelorum choris comitatus aderit :
Erubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,
Stella cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus ;
Flamma, ignis anteibit justî vultum Judicis,
Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.
Gloriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,
Angelorum tremebunt læ circumstabant agmina,



JUDGMENT-HYMN.



AS a thief in the night, when none waketh
to ward,
Shall be the surprise of that Day of the
Lord ;

Brief shall then seem all its pomp and display
When the world shall have passed and its fashion
away.

Clangor of trumpet-call, everywhere spread,
Shall gather to Christ all the quick and the dead.

Dazzling from heaven the Judge shall descend,—
Bright choirs of angels His coming attend :

E'en as blood shall the moon be, the sun it shall
fade,

Stars paling shall fall, and the world be afraid ;

'Fore the face of the Judge, lo ! a fire shall sweep
Devouring the heavens, the land and the deep.

Glorious the King shall be seated on high,
While trembling around stand the hosts of the
sky.

- H**ujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,
Pravi pavent a sinistris hædi velut fœtidi:
Ite, dicit Rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,
Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum,
Caritate qui fraterna me juvistis pauperem,
Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.
Læti dicent: quando, Christe, pauperem te vidimus,
Te, Rex magne, vel egentem miserati juvimus:
Magnus illis dicet Judex: cum juvistis pauperes,
Panem, domum, vestem dantes, me juvistis
humiles.
Nec tardabit et sinistris loqui justus Arbiter:
In Gehennæ maledicti flammæ hinc discedite;
Obsecrantem me audire despexistis mendicum,
Nudo vestem non dedistis, neglexistis languidum.
Peccatores dicent: Christe, quando te vel pauperem,
Te, Rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes
sprevimus.
Quibus contra Judex altus: mendicanti quamdiu
Opem ferre despexistis, me spreveritis improbi.

- H**is elect on the right shall be gathered, the while
 On His left shall be placed the wicked and vile ;
 “ **I**nherit the kingdom ” — shall the King say to
 those — [was ;
 “ The Father prepared for you ere the world
 “ **K**indly, Me poor, ye did succor in love,
 “ Love’s guerdon receive now, ye rich, from
 above.”
 “ **L**ord,” they shall say, “ when did we e’er see
 “ Thee poor, and in want gave succor to
 Thee ? ”
 “ **M**e ” — shall He say — “ ye did succor, ’t was I
 “ When ye cared for the poor, shared the timely
 supply.”
Next, over the left, in loud thunders shall burst :
 “ To the flames of Gehenna depart ye accurst :
 “ **O**n Me needy ye looked and turned a deaf ear,
 “ When naked Me clothed not, when sick
 came not near.”
 “ **P**ray tell us, Great King, when, poor or forlorn,
 “ Did we ever contemn Thee or treat Thee
 with scorn ? ”
Questioned, the Judge shall then answer : “ Know ye
 “ What time ye the needy despised ye did Me.”

Retro ruent tum injusti ignes in perpetuos,
Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec restin-
guitur,
Satan atro cum ministris quo tenetur carcere,
Fletus ubi mugitusque, frident omnes dentibus.
Tunc fideles ad cœlestem sustollentur patriam,
Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia,
Urbis summæ Hirusalem introibunt gloriam
Vera lucis atque pacis in qua fulget visio.
XPM regem jam paterna claritate splendidum
Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina —
Ydri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,
Aurum temne, fuge luxus si vis astra petere,
Zona clara castitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,
In occursum Magni Regis fer ardentem lampades.

Rush shall the wicked then, plunged in the fire
Where the worm shall not die nor the flame
shall expire.

Satan in chains shall there hold them beneath,
Where are weeping and wailing and gnashing of
teeth.

Then the faithful, upborne to the heavenly land,
Shall partake of the joys at Jehovah's right hand ;

Ushered shall be in that Salem above
Where shines the true vision of light, peace, and
love ;

'Xalted as King, in divinity drest,
There Christ shall be viewed by the hosts of the
blest.

You the Serpent's wiles shun, you the weak ones
sustain,

Scorn gold, flee excess, would you the stars gain.

Zone of chastity bright be your girdle, forth bring
Your lamps trimmed and burning to meet the
Great King.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR.
(VII. Century, or earlier.)



ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

(CARMEN JACOPONI DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.)

THIS Hymn was first printed in Paris, 1496. It has been ascribed to various persons, among the rest to St. Bernard; also to Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, England, who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century. But Wadding, in his "Annals of the Minorites," points to Jacopone as the true author of this as well as of the *Stabat Mater*; and this now would seem to be the received opinion. Du Meril collates the third and fourth verses with the following lines taken from another part of the same poem as "The Better Country," — Bernard's "De Contemptu Mundi." The reader will readily recognize the rhyming hexameter with which he was made familiar in the former extract:

"Est ubi gloria nunc, Babylonia ? sunt ubi durus
 Nabuchodonozor et Darii vigor, illeque Cyrus ?
 Nunc ubi curia pompaeque Iulia ? Cæsar obisti ;
 Te truculentior, orbe potentior ipse fuisti.
 Nunc ubi Marius atque Fabricius inscius auri ?
 Mors ubi nobilis et memorabilis actio Pori ?
 Diva philippica, vox ubi cœlica nunc Ciceronis ?
 Pax ubi civibus atque rebellibus ira Catonis ?
 Nunc ubi Regulus, aut ubi Romulus, aut ubi Remus ?
 Stat rosa pristina nomine, nomina nuda tenemus."

Here is more in the same vein, occurring in a hymn "On Death," of an uncertain date and by an unknown author :

"Ubi Plato, ubi Porphyrius ;
 Ubi Tullius aut Virgilius ;
 Ubi Thales, ubi Empedocles,
 Aut egregius Aristoteles ;
 Alexander ubi rex maximus ;
 Ubi Hæctor Troiæ fortissimus ;
 Ubi David rex doctissimus,
 Ubi Salomon prudentissimus ;
 Ubi Helena Parisque roseus ;
 Ceciderunt in profundum ut lapides :
 Quis scit, an detur eis requies."



DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.

I.

CUR mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia,
Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

II.

Plus crede literis scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ!
Fallax in præmiis virtutis specie,
Quæ nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.

III.

Dic, ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis,
Vel ubi Sampson est, dux invincibilis?



ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

I.



WHY toileth the world in the service of
glory,
Whose triumphs are brief, though the
proudest in story?
Its power is, though high as the heart ever flattered,
Like the vase of the potter, that quickly is shattered.

II.

Trust a pledge writ in ice when winter is leaving —
Than the world's fair falsehoods less vain and
deceiving!
Most false in its promise of virtue's rewarding,
The time of redemption it never regarding.

III.

O say, where is Solomon, aforetime so glorious?
Or where now is Sampson, a leader victorious?

Vel pulcher Absalom, vultu mirabilis,
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?

IV.

Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?
Vel Xerxes splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?

V.

Tot clari proceres, tot rerum spatia,
Tot ora præsulum, tot regna fortia,
Tot mundi principes, tanta potentia,
In ictu oculi clauduntur omnia.

VI.

Quam breve festum est hæc mundi gloria!
Ut umbra hominis, sic ejus gaudia,
Quæ semper subtrahunt æterna præmia,
Et ducunt hominem ad dura devia.

Or beautiful Absalom, of wondrous appearing ?
Or Jonathan sweet, exceeding endearing ?

IV.

Where 's Cæsar gone now, in command high and
able ?
Or Xerxes the splendid, complete in his table ?
Or Tully, with powers of eloquence ample ?
Or Aristotle, of genius the highest example ?

V.

So many great nobles, things, adminiftrations,
So many high chieftains, so many brave nations,
So many proud princes, and power so splendid,
In a moment, a twinkling, all utterly ended.

VI.

Earth's glory how vain, a brief banquet its meas-
ure !
As is a man's shadow even so is its pleasure,
Which forever of endless rewards makes deduction,
And leads in the hard devious paths of destruction.

VII.

O esca vermium, O massa pulveris,
O ros, O vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus, utrum cras vixeris;
Benefac omnibus, quamdiu poteris!

VIII.

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,
Sacris in literis flos fœni dicitur;
O leve folium, quod vento rapitur!
Sic vita hominis hac via tollitur.

IX.

Nil tuum dixeris, quod potes perdere!
Quod mundus tribuit, intendit rapere.
Superna cogita! cor sit in æthere!
Felix, qui potuit mundum contemnere!

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.



VII.

O food for the worms, O mass of duft drifted,
O dew, O vanity, why so uplifted?
Thou know'ft not at all, if thou 'lt live till to-
morrow ;
Do good while thou canst to the children of sorrow !

VIII.

This glory of earth, which is much estimated,
As the flower of grass is in Holy Writ rated :
O leaf light and frail, by the wind snatched and
harried !
Ev'n so human life is away from earth carried.

IX.

Call nought then thine own which is lost ere one
knoweth !
Earth meaneth to take the good it bestoweth :
On supernal joys think ! let thy heart be in heaven !
Contemn thou the world, and beware of its leaven !

JACOPONE. (XIII. Century.)

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Lady Jane Franklin, wife of Sir John Franklin, when in this country, met Dr. Coles at the residence of a mutual friend; similarity of tastes, and the interest taken by Dr. Coles in the search for her husband, ripened the acquaintanceship into that of friendship. From her letter written from New York, October 22d, 1860, we quote the following :

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"Dr. Coles has supplied a want and done a graceful work in "The Microcosm." What the flower or babbling stream is to Wordsworth, that is the stranger, more complex, and more beautiful human frame to our author. In its organs, its powers, its aspirations, and its passions, he finds ample theme for song. . . . Everywhere the rhythm is flowing and easy, and no scholarly man can peruse the work without a glance of wonder at the varied erudition, classical, poetical, and learned, that crowds its pages, and over-flows in foot-notes. And through the whole is a devout religious tone and a purity of purpose worthy of all praise."

Edmund C. Stedman:

"Dr. Coles' researches, made so lovingly and conscientiously in his special field of poetical scholarship, have given him a distinct and most enviable position among American authors. We of the younger sort learn a lesson of reverent humility from the pure enthusiasm with which he approaches and handles his noble themes. The 'tone' of all his works is perfect. He is so thoroughly in sympathy with his subjects that the lay reader instantly shares his

feeling; and there is a kind of 'white light' pervading the whole—prose and verse—which at any time tranquilizes and purifies the mind."

The Rev. Robert Turnbull, D. D.:

"I have finished the reading of 'The Microcosm,' which has afforded me unmingled delight. It is really a remarkable poem, and has passages of great beauty and power. It cannot fail to secure the admiration of all capable of appreciating it. Its ease, its exquisite finish, its vivid yet delicate and powerful imagery, and above all its sublime religious interest, entitle it to a very high place in our literature."

John G. Whittier:

"Dr. Abraham Coles is a born hymn writer. No man living or dead has so rendered the *text* and the *spirit* of the old and wonderful Latin Hymns. * * * His 'All the Days' and his 'Ever With Thee' are immortal songs. It is better to have written them than the stateliest of epics. * * * The idea of 'The Microcosm' is novel and daring, but it is worked out with great skill and delicacy. * * * 'The Evangel' is a work of piety and beauty. The Proem opens with strong, vigorous yet melodious verse. I see no reason why the Divine Story may not be fitly told in poetry."

Rev. S. I. Prime, D. D., in "The New York Observer":

"'The Evangel in Verse,' is the ripest fruit of the scholarship, taste and poetic talent of one of our accomplished students of English verse, whose translations of 'Dies Iræ' and other poems have made the name of Dr. Coles familiar in the literature of our day. In the work before us he has attempted something higher and better than any former essay of his skillful pen. He has rendered

the Gospel story of our Lord and Saviour into verse, with copious notes, giving the largest amount of knowledge from critical authorities to justify and explain the readings and to illuminate the sacred narrative. . . . He excludes everything fictitious, and clings to the orthodox view of the character and mission of the God-man. The illustrations are a complete pictorial anthology. Thus the poet, critic, commentator and artist has made a volume that will take its place among the rare productions of the age, as an illustration of the genius, taste, and fertile scholarship of the author."

George Ripley, in the "New York Tribune":

"The purpose of this volume, 'The Evangel,' would be usually regarded as beyond the scope of poetic composition. It aims to reproduce the scenes of the Gospel History in verse, with a strict adherence to the sacred narrative and no greater degree of imaginative coloring than would serve to present the facts in the most brilliant and impressive light. But the subject is one with which the author cherishes so profound a sympathy, as in some sense to justify the boldness of the attempt. The Oriental cast of his mind allures him to the haunts of sacred song, and produces a vital communion with the spirit of Hebrew poetry. Had he lived in the days of Isaiah or Jeremiah, he might have been one of the bards who sought inspiration 'at Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God.' The present work is not the first fruits of his religious Muse, but he is already known to the lovers of mediæval literature by his admirable translations of the 'Dies Iræ.' . . . The volume is brought out in a style of unusual elegance, as it respects the essential requisites of paper, print and binding, while the copious illustrations will attract notice by their selection of the most celebrated works of the best masters."

The Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., upon the publication of "The Evangel:"

"College of New Jersey,

"PRINCETON, N. J.

"You are giving to the world further proof that we did ourselves honor in conferring upon you some years ago the honorary degree of LL. D. * * * * I spent several hours last Sabbath in reading your poem, and relished it very much."

Daniel Haines (1801-1877), in 1843 elected Governor of New Jersey, and re-elected in 1847; Judge of the Supreme Court; one of the committee on the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church:

"HAMBURG, N. J.

"MY DEAR SIR—I can scarcely find fitting words in which to express my sincere thanks for your kind remembrance of me in the presentation of the beautiful copy of your recent work, 'The Evangel in Verse.' From the introduction, the proem and a few chapters, I judge it to be a work of rare excellence. The metrical composition is pleasant to the ear and eye, and is remarkable for its literal meaning. To me the greater charm is its clear and forcible expressions of evangelical truth and sound Christian doctrine.

"It is the most succinct and complete refutation of the doctrine of Darwin and Huxley that I have seen.

"The Christian most owes you a debt of gratitude for your labor and research, and heartfelt thanks to God for giving you the ability to produce a book so full of instruction, and affording so much gratification to the cultivated mind."

The Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D.:

"'The Evangel in Verse' is a feast to the eye and ear and heart.

The careful exegesis, the conscientious loyalty to the statements of the Holy Story, the sympathetic reproduction of a remote and Oriental past, the sacred insight into the meaning of the Peerless Career, the homageful yet manly, unsuperstitious reverence, the rhythm as melodious as stately, the frequent notes, opulent in learning and doctrine and devotion, the illustrations deftly culled from whatever is choice in ancient and modern art, these are some of the many excellencies which give to 'The Evangel in Verse' an immortal beauty and worth, adding it as another coronet for Him on whose brow are many diadems."

The Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D. (1797-1878):

"I admire the skill which 'The Evangel' displays in investing with rainbow hues the simple narrations of the Gospels. All, however, who have read Dr. Coles' versions of the 'Dies Iræ' and other Latin Hymns must be prepared to receive any new productions from his pen with high expectations. In these days when even the clerical office seems in many cases insufficient to protect from the present fashionable form of scepticism, it is a great satisfaction to see a man of science and a scholar adhering so faithfully to the simple Gospel."

The Hon. Frederick Theodore Frelinghuysen :

"United States Senate Chamber,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—Many thanks to you for having written 'The Evangel.' It is admirably conceived and executed. While the poem impresses the truth, it will lure many who would have remained uninformed to the valuable instruction contained in the Notes. The notes on Darwin, The Logos, Herod, and the miracle at Ajalon, are excellent. The poem brings out many scriptural

truths, which are not on the surface. Let me say, it is a great thing to have written the book—to have your labor associated with salvation.”

The Rev. Robert Lowell, D.D., in the “Church Monthly”:

“Dr Coles is plainly a man of a very religious heart and a deeply reverential mind. . . . Moreover he has so much learning in his favorite subject, and so much critical instinct and experience, that those who can relish honest thinking, and tender and most skillful and true deductions, accept his teaching and suggestion with a ready—sometimes surprised—sympathy and confidence. Add to all this, that he has the sure taste of a poet, and the warm and loving earnestness of a true believer in the redeeming Son of God, and the catholic spirit of one who knows with mind and heart that Christianity at its beginning was Christianity, and we have the man who can write such books as earnest Christian people will welcome and be thankful for. . . . In this new book he proposes ‘that ‘The Evangel’ shall be a poetic version, and verse by verse paraphrase, so far as it goes, of the Four Gospels, anciently and properly regarded as one.’ He makes an exquisite plea, in his preface, for giving leave to the glad words to rejoice at the Lord’s coming in the Flesh, for which all other beings and things show their happiness. . . . In the notes the reader will find (if he have skill for such things) a treasure-house, in which everything is worthy of its place. Where he has offered new interpretations, or set forth at large interpretations not generally received or familiar, he modestly asks only to have place given him, and gives every one free leave to differ. Everywhere there is the largest and most true-hearted charity. . . . The reader cannot open anywhere without finding in these notes, if he be not wiser or more learned than ourselves, a great deal that he never saw, or never saw so well set forth before.”

Stephen Alexander, LL. D., Professor of Mechanics and Astronomy in the College of New Jersey:

“PRINCETON, N. J.

“ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., LL. D.:

“MY DEAR SIR—I have delayed the acknowledgement of the receipt of your beautiful ‘Evangel’ until I could make some return after the same fashion. Please accept my sincere thanks, as well as my congratulations on your great success. I am always interested in your books, and always learn something from them.

“With this I send a copy of my ‘Statement and Exposition of Certain Harmonies of the Solar System,’ which I hope may reach you safely. Please accept the same, with my respects and regards. I think the Notes at the end and the supplement may especially interest you.”

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes :

“There is a kind of straightforward simplicity about the poetical paraphrases which reminds one of the homelier but still always interesting verses which John Bunyon sprinkles like drops of heavenly dew along the pages of the Pilgrim’s Progress. The illustrations add much to the work, in the way of ornament, and aid to the imagination. One among them is of terrible power, as it seems to me, such as it would be hard to show the equal of in the work of any modern artist. I mean Holman Hunt’s ‘Scapegoat.’ There is a whole Theology in that picture. It haunts me with its fearful suggestiveness like a nightmare. I find ‘The Evangel’ an impressive and charming book. It does not provoke criticism—it is too devout, too sincere, too thoroughly conscientious in its elaboration to allow of fault-finding or fault-hunting.”

William Cullen Bryant :

“I have read ‘The Evangel’ with pleasure and satisfaction. The

versification of the Lord's Prayer is both an expansion of the sense and a commentary. The thought has often occurred to me what a world of meaning is there wrapped up, and that meaning is admirably brought out."

Henry Woodhull Green, LL. D., (1802-1876), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey from 1846 till 1860, when he became Chancellor :

“TRENTON, N. J.

“ABRAHAM COLES, LL. D., Newark, N. J.:

“MY DEAR SIR—I have read as much of ‘The Evangel’ during the month since I received it as my leisure and the state of my health have permitted. Of its literary merits, I do not feel myself qualified to judge, but its perusal has given me great pleasure. I have been particularly impressed with the fidelity with which you have adhered to the sacred narrative, unmarred by the decorations of heathen mythology or papal fable. I regard that as no ordinary merit. I can well understand the strong temptation under which a man of high classic culture must, in a work of this kind, constantly labor, to turn from the stern simplicity of the sacred narrative to seek embellishment amid the flowers of classic fiction. To have resisted successfully such temptation, I regard as a very high merit; and I congratulate you on the production of a work, which, I cannot doubt, will redound to your own honor and the honor of OUR STATE. With high regard, I am, very respectfully yours.”

Charles H. Spurgeon, writing from Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, speaks of “The Evangel” as “a grand volume,” and concludes his affectionate letter with the words :

“Peace be to you, and every blessing. May Scotch Plains be a

spot wherein Jesus dwells with a happy household. Yours very heartily."

The Hon. William Earl Dodge, (1805-1883), merchant and philanthropist, in a letter, written from his residence in New York City, to Dr. Coles :

"Mrs. Dodge and myself have very much enjoyed 'The Evangel,' having carefully read it. Such perfect conformity to the text and spirit of the sacred narrative, so beautifully transferred to verse, we have seldom found."

Thomas Gordon Hake, M. D., author of "Madeline, and Other Poems and Parables":

"12 Portland place,

"West Kensington, W., LONDON.

"I have read 'The Evangel,' and 'The Light of the World,' with deep interest, and with assurance that the learning and intelligence displayed in executing so difficult a work will secure it a lasting place in our joint national literature."

The "New York Observer":

"The skill of Dr. Coles as an artistic poet, his reverent, religious spirit, and the exalted flight of his muse in the regions of holy meditation are familiar to our readers. It is, therefore, superfluous for us to do more than announce a new and elegant volume from his pen—'The Microcosm and Other Poems.' It is rich in its contents. 'The Microcosm' is an essay in verse on the science of the human Body; it is literally the science of physiology condensed into 1,400 lines. The many occasional poems that follow are the efflorescence of a mind sensitive to the beautiful and rejoicing in the true; find-

ing God in everything, and delighting to trace the revelation of His love in all the works of His hand. Such a volume is not to be looked at for a moment and then laid aside. Like the great epics, it is a book for all time, and will lose none of its interest and value by the lapse of years. The publishers have given it a splendid dress, and the illustrations add greatly to the attractions of this truly elegant book."

The "New York Times":

"The flavor of the book, 'The Microcosm and Other Poems,' is most quaint, suggesting, on the religious side, George Herbert, and on the naturalistic side, the elder Darwin, who, in 'The Botanic Garden,' laid the seed of the revolution in science, accomplished by the patient genius of his grandson. Some of the hymns for children are beautiful in their simplicity and truth."

"The Critic":

"The long poem, 'The Microcosm,' which gives its name to the present collection, has many beautiful and stately passages. Among the shorter pieces following it, is to be found some of the best devotional and patriotic poetry that has been written in this country."

John Y. Foster, author and editor, in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper":

"In this exquisite and brilliantly illustrated volume, the scholarly author has gathered up various children of his pen and grouped them in family unity. 'The Microcosm,' which forms one-fifth of the volume of 350 pages, is an attempt to present, in poetical form, a compendium of the science of the human body. In originality of conception and felicity of expression, it has not been approached by any work of our best modern poets. The other poems are all marked by the highest poetic taste, having passages of great beauty and power."

Hon. Justin McCarthy :

“ 20 Cheyne Garden, Chelsea, LONDON, England.

“ DEAR DR. COLES—I am surprised to see, in looking through your volume, ‘The Microcosm and Other Poems,’ that you have been able to add three more versions to those you have already made of that wonderful Latin hymn, perhaps the greatest of all, ‘Dies Iræ.’ Certainly it is one of the most difficult to translate. I like your last version especially.”

The “Examiner and Chronicle”:

“ The title-poem in this exquisitely printed and charmingly illustrated volume, ‘The Microcosm and Other Poems,’ has been for some time before the public, and has received generous commendation for the tact and skill evinced in handling a very unpromising theme. A poetic description, minute and thorough going of the human body was a serious undertaking; but Dr. Coles delights in what is difficult and hazardous. He had already associated his name forever with the mediæval Latin hymn, ‘Dies Iræ,’ by publishing no less than thirteen distinct versions of it. In the volume before us he gives us three more versions. The other poems will not detract from the author’s previous reputation.”

Hon. Horace N. Congar, lawyer, editor, United States Consul at Hong Kong, China, under President Lincoln; and Consul at Prague, Bohemia, under President Grant:

“ United States Consulate,

“ PRAGUE, Bohemia.

“ There is one thing, my dear Doctor, about your publications which no one can deny. You print your own poetical thoughts and conceptions. They are not copies of some other writer, but stand

out clear and distinct with your own diction and strength; written for the scholarly and intelligent, they preserve true simplicity with the real grandeur of their conception."

The Rev. William Hague, D. D. (1808-1887), in "Life Notes; or Fifty Years' Outlook":

"The (Newark) 'Advertiser' yet lives and thrives, winning to its service the contributions of scholarly writers, among whom we have noticed, occasionally, the veteran physician and poet, Dr. Abraham Coles, author of 'The Evangel' with its immense wealth of critical scholasticism; and the tasteful and rhythmic translator of Latin poetry that enriches our libraries, for instance, in the artistically wrought edition of the 'Dies Iræ.'"

The "Newark Daily Advertiser":

"'The Microcosm' is the only book of the kind in the language, and is well deserving of a place in every library, and might, we think, moreover, be introduced with advantage into all *schools* where *physiology* is taught as an adjunct, if nothing else, to stimulate interest, and relieve the dryness of ordinary text books. In lines of flowing and easy verse, the author sets forth with a completeness certainly remarkable, and with great power and beauty the incomparable marvels of structure and function of the human body.

"This poetic mastery, making ductile the most unpromising materials, has had its latest and supreme exemplification in the completion of the unique work, 'The Life and Teachings of Our Lord, in Verse.' 'The Evangel,' forming the first part, appeared in 1874, 'The Light of the World,' forming the second part and completing the work, is now, 1884, first published. * * *

"By common consent the story of the life of Jesus, as told by the four evangelists, is the unmatched masterpiece of literature.

Its literary interest is hardly inferior to its religious. It is pre-eminently classic. The most fervid encomiums have come from infidels and the great literary artists of the world. To taboo it, therefore, as something outside of literature, betrays ignorance and imbecility. Mr. Edwin Arnold has duly celebrated in his poem, 'The Light of Asia,' the Buddhist hero, Prince Siddartha, and has had, it would seem, readers among all classes. The life and teachings of Him who is 'The Light of the World,' and whose fame fills the ages, are surely not less worthy of regard and study by the cultivators of literature. The author has striven, it would seem, to make his book a veritable cyclopædia of religious knowledge, so comprehensive is its scope. It ranges through the Old Testament and the New. An episode in the first part, outlines nearly the whole history of the Jewish people. The poetical proem and the note appended thereto are in effective antagonism to Darwinism and current evolution theories. An elaborate note on 'The Logos' gives an historical summary of the prevailing creeds and christologies from the earliest times.

"It is not too much to say that it is a book deserving of a place beside the New Testament in every household, and cannot fail to be found a valuable help to every reader and student of the sacred Scriptures."

The Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D.:

“PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR COLES—Most happy do I count myself in possessing 'The Light of the World.' It has all those same fine characteristics which so richly mark 'The Evangel.' It must be a source of supreme delight to the accomplished author that he has been permitted to complete a work so lofty in design, and so admirable in execution.”

Rev. Alfred Spencer Patton, D. D. (1825-1888), author,
editor of "The Baptist Weekly," etc.:

"Our good and gifted friend, Dr. Abraham Coles, has every reason to be gratified with the highly complimentary notices by the press, of his last work, 'The Light of the World,' it being the second volume or completion of his life of Jesus, as told by the evangelists."

The Hon. Joseph P. Bradley, LL. D., one of the
Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1884.

"DEAR DOCTOR—I have read nearly all of your beautiful book, 'The Life and Teachings of Our Lord, in Verse,' and like it better the longer I read it. You had two rocks to avoid: on one side *prosaic tameness*, which might be incurred by too rigid an adherence to the text; on the other *rashness* in attempting (even poetical) changes of consecrated forms of expression—changes which no English or American ear would endure. I appreciate the difficulty of the task, and think you have performed it wonderfully well."

John G. Whittier :

AMESBURY, Mass., January, 1885.

"'The Light of the World' I have read with interest. Thy poetical version of the wonderful narrative seems to be conscientiously faithful to the original, while at the same time it successfully interprets some passages which are not clear to the ordinary reader. It will be a helpful book to many, who will realize, for the first time, the true meaning and significance of the Lord's words. I am, with high respect and esteem, thy friend."

The Right Honorable John Bright, M. P., England :

“ 132 Picadilly, LONDON, April 30, 1885.

“DEAR DR. COLES—When I began to read your volume on ‘The Life and Teachings of Christ in Verse,’ I thought you had attempted to gild the refined gold, and would fail—as I proceeded in my reading that idea gradually disappeared, and I discovered that you had brought the refined gold together in a manner convenient and useful and deeply interesting. I have read the volume with all its notes, many of which seem to me of great value. I could envy you the learning and the industry that have enabled you to produce this remarkable work. I hope it may have many readers in all countries where our language is spoken.”

The Rev. Henry Griggs Weston, D. D., author and editor, President of the Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pennsylvania :

“Your work, ‘The Life and Teachings of Our Lord.’ is one of the gratifying fruits of the study which the Gospels have received since I first began to inquire for helps to their understanding.”

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.:

“ 10 Palmerston Road, Grange, EDINBURGH.

* * * * “I am struck with your command of language, and your skill in clothing the simplicities of history with the elegance of poetry. It (‘The Life and Teachings of Our Lord in Verse’) is no ordinary volume, and your notes are of a very high order indeed—admirably written, and full of philosophical thought and Scriptural research.”

The Rev. Alexander McLaren, D. D.:

“MANCHESTER, Eng., Nov. 3, 1885.

“DEAR SIR—I congratulate you on having accomplished with such success a most difficult undertaking; and on having been able to present the inexhaustible life in a form so new and original. I do not know whether I have been most struck by the careful and fine exegetical study, or the graceful versification of your work. I trust it (‘The Life and Teachings of Our Lord in Verse’) may be useful, not only in attracting the people, which George Herbert thought could be caught with a song, when they would run from a sermon, but may also help lovers of the sermon to see its subject in a new garb.”

Adele M. Fielde, missionary at Swatow, China :

“Those whose judgment is of value have given Dr. Coles’ translations of the Latin hymns such high praise, that words of commendation from me would appear presumptuous. I am glad, for the world’s sake, that the wonderful Latin hymns were written, and that Dr. Coles has so translated them, and I am glad for my own sake that I have them to read. * * * * I think Dr. Coles has done an excellent thing for us in his ‘Life and Teachings of Our Lord.’”

Elizabeth Clementine Kinney, author and poet, wife of Hon. William Burnet Kinney; and, by her first husband, Edmund B. Stedman, the mother of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the distinguished poet and critic :

“Dr. Coles long ago established a high reputation in both worlds, by his matchless translations of that famous old judgment hymn, the ‘Dies Iræ,’ and of mediæval hymns, published under the title of ‘Old Gems in New Settings;’ also by his unique original poem,

'The Microcosm,' which has glorified by immortal verse this mortal body, so fearfully and wonderfully made that every part harmonizes with the poet's song. In 'The Evangel' and 'The Light of the World,' already noticed by 'The Observer,' while conscientiously adhering to the sacred text, Dr. Coles' frequent elaborate notes give freedom to some original suggestions growing out of the author's fifty years' devout study of the Bible. It will be well to heed any proposition brought forward by one who has been so long a reverent student as to have become a profound thinker, and thus an able teacher of the divine word. Every thought or idea advanced by Dr. Coles will, doubtless, on thorough, unprejudiced investigation, be found supported by a reasonable interpretation of Scripture. Between the acts of this sacred drama there are also some hymnal excursions, which show the height and depth, the color and light, the melody and ecstasy, of the true Christian poet. Through his many works, one noble aim is ever apparent, viz.: to 'crown Him Lord of all' who is 'the author and finisher of our faith' and 'the giver of every good and perfect gift.' Noticeable, too, through all, is progression, in respect of enlargement by study and thought; of advancement with advancing years, keeping pace with the age in increasing light so far as it develops heavenly truth, and original conception through truth."

"The Book Buyer," Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

"'The Hebrew Psalms in English Verse.' By Abraham Coles, M. D., LL. D. Dr. Coles has won praise from some of the most eminent of critics for his translations into English of the 'Dies Irae,' the characteristics of the work being faithfulness to the spirit of the original, combined with a command of rich and rhythmic English. His tastes have led him to translate the great Hebrew classic into English verse, a task of unusual difficulty which many have

undertaken, but in which few have attained even partial success. Dr. Coles's work will attract wide attention by reason of its lofty religious spirit, its admirable reflection of the incomparably fine flavor of the original, its dignified, stately diction and the scholarly care bestowed upon every line. The book, moreover, has an additional value in the prefatory matter which includes an essay on the character of the Psalms, a detailed account of the French, English and Scotch metrical versions of the Psalms and a chapter of interesting notes, critical, historical and biographical. An admirable steel portrait of Dr. Coles serves as a frontispiece to the book."

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., LL. D.:

"DEAR DR. COLES—Your volume on the Psalms is a noble work, and the introduction is rich and sweet as a honeycomb. Two Sabbaths ago I gave out from my pulpit your fine hymn, 'Lo, I am with you all the days,' and told the congregation some things about the author. * * * * You will be quite at home up among heaven's choir of psalmists and chosen singers."

The "New York Tribune":

"A New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse, with Notes, Critical, Historical and Biographical, including an Historical Sketch of the French, English and Scotch Metrical Versions,' by Dr. Abraham Coles. Dr. Coles' name on the title-page is a sufficient indication of the excellence and thoroughness of the work done. Indeed, Dr. Coles has done much more than produce a fresh, vigorous and harmonious version of the Psalms, though this was alone well worth doing. His full and scholarly notes on the early versions of Clement Marot, Sternhold and Hopkins and others, his sketches of eminent persons connected in various ways with particular psalms, his literary and bibliographical

information, together impart a value and interest to this work which should insure an extensive circulation for it. Very much of the historical and other matter thus brought within the reach of the public is inaccessible to such as have not means of access to public libraries, and there is certainly no Christian household in the country which would not find both pleasure and instruction in Dr. Coles' compendious and altogether unique volume. It may be added that in his version of the Psalms he has wisely preserved the rhythmical swing and the terse language which distinguish the early renderings, and that therefore those who have been reared on the old versions need not fear finding their favorites changed 'out of knowledge.'

The Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, author of the "Life of Christ," etc., in a letter to Dr. Coles :

"17, Dean's Yard, WESTMINSTER, S. W.

"The task of versifying the Psalms was too much even for Milton, but you have attempted it with seriousness and with as much success as seems to be possible. I was much interested in your introduction."

The Rev. A. H. Tuttle, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.:

" 'The Life and Teachings of Our Lord, in verse,' has greatly aided me in my efforts to interpret heavenly things. I am glad you have lived to complete your versification of the Psalms. I am now making a protracted and careful study of the old Hebrew Hymn Book, and your work will be of untold help to me. I have already read my favorite psalms as you sing them. They are rich beyond expression."

The Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D.:

“I have read many of your really excellent versions of the Psalms. It seems to me you have added richly to our available literature in that direction. I have been specially interested, also, in the prefaced notes. Some of the information is quite new to me, and the comments are all good and helpful.”

Hon. George Hay Stuart, the eminent philanthropist in January, 1888, wrote from Philadelphia :

“ ‘The New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse,’ I prize very much. It is exceedingly good and very suggestive. The subject matter is of peculiar interest to me. I have been brought up, as perhaps you know, in old Rouse’s version of the Psalms, but never held the view, that many do, that nothing else can be sung in the praise of God. Our own congregation, up to recently, used nothing but that version. Now we have so far advanced that we sing, also, hymns and spiritual songs. * * * * The United Presbyterian Assembly has recently adopted a new version of the Psalms, but I think their leading men ought to see this version.”

The Rev. D. R. Frazer, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Newark, N. J.:

“MY DEAR DR. COLES—I do not know that I can give any better expression of my appreciation of your last work than to say that my wife and I sat up until after midnight, reading psalm after psalm with very great delight. The versification is beautiful, and its beauty intensifies by its fidelity to the common version. Hoping the book may do much good, in making manifest the beauties of one of the most beautiful portions of the Word of God, I am, with great respect, ever sincerely yours.”

Charles M. Davis, Secretary of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, Superintendent of Public Schools, Essex county, N. J., etc.:

“DEAR DR. COLES—During the past year I have been reading the revised version of the Psalms, in connection with the received. Your translations will be a help to me, as I do not understand Hebrew. I have read your introduction very carefully, and find it contains especially valuable information, as do, also, your occasional notes. The psalms that I have read aloud in the family have been greatly enjoyed, especially the 107th, 136th and 137th. We are anticipating much pleasure from the continuance of this during the winter evenings.”

The Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., editor of “The Outlook and Sabbath Quarterly”:

“I have been greatly interested in the book, not only in the success which you have attained in versifying the Psalms, but in the valuable matter embodied in the introduction. I have usually found it difficult to interest myself in any versification of the Psalms, especially in the early efforts by Watts and others. On opening your volume, I found myself inclined to read in detail, rather than to examine cursorily. It is very difficult to versify Hebrew poetry. The success you have attained in expressing the delicate shades of sentiment commands our congratulations, and may justly give you abundant satisfaction.”

S. W. Kershaw, F. S. A., author, librarian of the Lambeth Palace Library, London, England, etc.:

“LAMBETH LIBRARY, 12 June, 1888.

“* * * * In this library there is a fine collection of works on the liturgies, prayer-book, etc. In your ‘New Rendering of the

Hebrew Psalms Into English Verse,' I am greatly interested in the introduction, in reading about the psalms of Clement Marot, and in the allusion to the Huguenots. My little book on the 'Protestants from France in their English home' was kindly reviewed in one of your papers. * * * *

J. K. Hoyt, editor and author :

“BAY VIEW, Florida.

“DEAR DR. COLES—I have passed a very pleasant Sunday morning in looking over your new book. I wish you had invoked the spirit of Beethoven, and written the music as well as the words; for the proper use of a metrical version of the Psalms is to sing them. Still, the book is a wonderful one, and encourages me to believe that age is not necessarily a bar to work. I enjoy the notes much, and very often find myself turning from the essay to the verses referred to. You will leave a melodious monument behind you, my good Doctor.”

The Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D.:

“MY DEAR DR. COLES—I greatly admire your new book for many reasons: first, for its rich introduction, felicitously describing the character of the Psalms, giving us an exhaustive history of metrical versions, presenting critical, historical and biographical notes of great value; secondly, for your new rendering of the Psalms, a rendering conscientious, mellifluous, fresh and suggestive; thirdly, and not least, for the frontispiece, representing one who has both the David spirit and the David music. Faithfully yours.”

The Rev. Lewis R. Dunn, D. D.:

“I like the ‘rhythmic flow’ of the words of your work, its truths, its thorough orthodoxy, its blending of the results of most recent scholarship in lines and notes, its beautiful illustrations of the text, and its high intellectual and spiritual tone—a classic in our good old English tongue.”

Asahel Clark Kendrick, D. D., LL. D., author, Professor of Hebrew, Greek and Latin in the University of Rochester, New York :

“In your translation of the Hebrew Psalms into English verse, you may well be congratulated in having thus nobly crowned your series of poems devoted to those themes, which aid the aspirations of the soul upward toward God and heaven, and may well task the highest human efforts. The renderings are in clear and weighty verse, fitted to the noble simplicity of the original; and the notes are instructive and valuable.”

George MacDonald, author and poet :

“LONDON, England.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR COLES.—I send you by this post a copy of my little book on the religious poetry of England. I am sure you will find a good deal to sympathize with in it. * * * I am sorry to say I have not yet received your book, which I should like much to see after the taste you gave me, sheltered and ministered unto by you and yours. Let me hope I may once more be your guest, and that you may be ours. Believe in my love and gratitude. Yours, with sincere affection.”

The Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., LL. D., in "Literature and Poetry," Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1890 :

"A physician, Abraham Coles, prepared between 1847 and 1859 thirteen versions (of the 'Dies Iræ'), six of which are in the trochaic measure and double rhyme of the original, five in the same rhythm, but in single rhyme, one in iambic triplets, like Roscommon's, the last in quatrains, like Crashaw's version. Two appeared anonymously in the Newark 'Daily Advertiser,' the first one in 1847, and a part of it found its way into Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' subsequently this version was set to music in Henry Ward Beecher's 'Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes.' The thirteen versions were first published together with an introduction in 1859. He has since published three additional versions in double rhyme, New York, 1881, in 'The Microcosm and Other Poems.' In August, 1889, he made one more version in single rhyme and four lines. These seventeen versions show a rare fertility and versatility, and illustrate the possibilities of variation, without altering the sense. Dr. Coles, in the eleventh stanza of his first translation of 1847, had anticipated Irons, Périès, and Dix:

" ' Righteous Judge of retribution,
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution.'

* * * "Dr. Abraham Coles, of Scotch Plains, N. J., the successful translator of 'Dies Iræ,' and 'Stabat Mater,' has reproduced, but has not yet (1889), published, all the passion hymns of St. Bernard."

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