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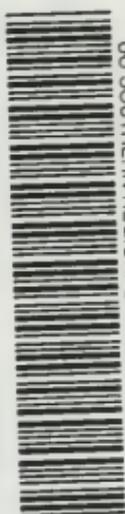
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Medieval Hymns.



# MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

AND

## Sequences.

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A.,

WARDEN OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE.

“ loquendi

Cura de Sanctis vitiosa non est,

Nec rudis unquam.”

PRUDENTIUS.

L O N D O N :

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,

AND NEW BOND STREET.

M D C C C L I .



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Hymnology of the Western Church may conveniently be divided into three principal eras. The first, which, borrowing a term from architecture, we may name the Romanesque period, extends to the conclusion of the Pontificate of S. Gregory the Great ;—and is, as a general rule, distinguished by the absence of rhyme. Its principal writers are : S. Hilary, S. Ambrose, Prudentius, Sedulius, S. Ennodius, and S. Gregory.

The second, or mediæval period, commences before the termination of the first, with Venantius Fortunatus : and extends till the revival of classicalism under Leo X., with a feeble struggle

for existence till the time of Urban VIII. Its characteristic is, the adoption in its earlier period of single, in its later of double, rhymes. The larger part of its writers have left no name :—of those that have, the greatest are Fortunatus, V. Bede, S. Theodulph, S. Peter Damian, S. Bernard, Hildebert, S. Thomas Aquinas ;—and, if we take sequences into the account, S. Notker, Godescalcus, and last, but one of the most eminent, Adam of S. Victor. Thomas of Celano, if the *Dies Iræ* be his,—and Jacopone, if the author of the *Stabat Mater*, have each immortalised themselves by one poem.

The third, or classical period, contains but one distinguished name :—that of Santolius Victorinus.

In the first of these periods, the Church was unshackling herself from the fetters of metre ;—in the second, she was bringing out all the capabilities of rhyme ;—in the third, she submitted to the slavish bondage of a revived Paganism.

The following translations are entirely from

the mediæval period of hymnology ;—and are made on the principle of always accurately representing the metre of the original.

I had intended to prefix a brief popular essay on Western Hymnology. But the subject is far too vast to be treated even popularly in the bounds of an Introduction to so very small a volume.

The reader must bear in mind that the uncouthness of many of the passages in the following pages is only a faithful copy of that of the original : and must take into account the difficulty of grappling with the series of double rhymes which occur in the sequences of Adam of S. Victor, and his contemporaries.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,  
*Easter, 1851.*



## NOTICE.

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SEVERAL of the poems here translated will be found in Mr. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*: a book which, whatever be the defects of its theology, can scarcely fail, by its learning and its good taste, to be useful. In one or two of the remarks on Adam of S. Victor I am much indebted to Mr. Trench: but the larger part of my notes, (notwithstanding their great occasional similarity to his, arising from the fact that both are taken from the same sources) were written before I was acquainted with his work, except by name. To him, however, I am entirely indebted for my knowledge of the poem of Bernard of Cluny.



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N.B. An asterisk implies a belief that the piece so marked has not previously appeared in an English Translation.



Medieval Hymns.



# MEDIÆVAL HYMNS,

ETC.

---

## *Plange lingua gloriosi.*

Venantius Fortunatus, whose life extended from 530 to 609, is the connecting link between the poetry of Sedulius and Prudentius, and that of the middle ages. The friend of S. Gregory of Tours and S. Radegund, he long wandered over the South of France, the fashionable poet of his day. The latter half of his life, however, raised him to a higher post, and to a holier character. He died Bishop of Poitiers. The following is in the very first class of Latin Hymns: and is retained, with a few ill-judged retouchings, in the Roman Breviary.

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,<sup>1</sup>  
With completed victory rife,  
And above the Cross's trophy  
Tell the triumph of the strife,  
How the world's Redeemer conquered  
By surrendering of His Life.

God his Maker sorely grieving  
That the first born Adam fell,  
When he ate the noxious apple  
Whose reward was death and hell,  
Noted then this wood, the ruin  
Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation  
Needs would have his order so,  
And the multiform deceiver's  
Art by art would overthrow,  
And from thence would bring the medicine  
Whence the venom of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness  
Of the appointed time was come,  
This world's Maker left His FATHER,  
Left His bright and heavenly Home,  
And proceeded, GOD Incarnate,  
From the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the Infant in the manger  
That in Bethlehem's stable stands ;  
And His Limbs the Virgin Mother  
Doth compose in swaddling bands,  
Meetly thus in linen folding  
Of her GOD the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,  
His appointed time fulfilled ;  
Given for this, He meets His Passion,  
For that this He freely willed ;  
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,  
On Whose Death our hope we build.

He endured the shame and spitting,  
Vinegar and nails and reed ;  
As His Blessed Side is opened,  
Water thence and blood proceed :  
Earth, and sky, and stars, and ocean,  
By that flood are cleansed indeed.

Faithful Cross ! above all other  
One and only noble Tree !  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit compares with Thee :  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,  
Sweetest weight sustaining free.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !  
Thy relaxing sinews bend ;  
For awhile the ancient rigour  
That thy birth bestowed, suspend :  
And the King of Heavenly Beauty  
On thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy  
 This world's ransom to uphold ;  
 For a shipwrecked world preparing  
 Harbour, like the Ark of old ;  
 With the sacred Blood anointed  
 From the wounded Lamb that rolled.<sup>2</sup>

Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
 Laud and honour to the SON,  
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
 Ever Three and ever One :  
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run.

---

<sup>1</sup> The recension of Urban VIII. here entirely spoils the original,

Pange lingua gloriosi  
*Prælium certaminis,*

by substituting the word *Lauream*. It is not to the glory of the termination of our LORD'S conflict with the Devil that the poet would have us look : but to the glory of the struggle itself : as indeed he tells us at the conclusion of the verse.

<sup>2</sup> A verse is added by some which, though not original, seems ancient :

When, O Judge of this world, coming  
In Thy glory all divine,  
Thou shalt bid Thy Cross's Trophy  
Bright above the stars to shine,  
Be the Light and the Salvation  
Of the people that are Thine !

## Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

This world-famous hymn, one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church, was composed by Fortunatus, on occasion of the reception of certain relics by S. Gregory of Tours and S. Radegund previously to the consecration of a church at Poitiers. It is therefore strictly and primarily a processional hymn, though very naturally afterwards adapted to Passiontide.

THE Royal Banners forward go :  
 The Cross shines forth with mystic glow :  
 Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,  
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
 Life's Torrent rushing from His Side :  
 To wash us in the precious flood  
 Where mingled Water flowed, and Blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told  
 In true prophetic song of old ;  
 Amidst the nations GOD, saith he,  
 Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.<sup>1</sup>

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !  
O Tree with royal purple dight !  
Elect upon whose faithful breast  
Those holy limbs should find their rest !

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung,  
The price of humankind to pay,  
And spoil the spoiler of his prey !

[O Cross, our one reliance, hail !  
This holy Passiontide, avail  
To give fresh merit to the Saint,  
And pardon to the penitent.

From every spirit praises be  
To GOD the Blessed Trinity :  
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,  
Preserve and govern evermore.]<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> In the Italic Version the tenth verse of the 96th Psalm is,—“Tell it out among the heathen that the LORD reigneth from the Tree.” S. Justin Martyr accuses the Jews of corrupting the text ; and Tertulian, in at least three places, quotes the older reading.

<sup>2</sup> These verses were added when the Hymn was appropriated to Passiontide. The ending of Fortunatus is this :

With fragrance dropping from each bough  
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou :  
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,  
And glorious with Triumphal lays :—

Hail, Altar ! Hail, O Victim ! Thee  
Decks now thy Passion's Victory,  
Where Life for sinners death endured,  
And life by death for man procured.

The two last lines are substituted in the modern Roman Breviary for the concluding half of the first verse. The poet had possibly the distich of Sedulius in his eye.

Vita beata necem miseris avertere venit :  
Pertulit a miseris Vita beata necem.

## Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini.

This rugged, but grand Judgment Hymn,<sup>1</sup> is at least as early as the 7th century, because quoted by V. Bede. It manifestly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which, however inferior in lyric fervour and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realisation of its subject. In the original it is acrostic.

THAT great day of wrath and terror,  
 That last day of woe and doom,  
 Like a thief that comes at midnight,  
 On the sons of men shall come ;  
 When the pride and pomp of ages  
 All shall utterly have pass'd,  
 And they stand in anguish, owning  
 That the end is here at last ;  
 And the trumpet's pealing clangor,  
 Through the earth's four quarters spread,  
 Waxing loud and ever louder,  
 Shall convoke the quick and dead :  
 And the King of heavenly glory  
 Shall assume His throne on high,  
 And the cohorts of His angels  
 Shall be near Him in the sky :

And the sun shall turn to sackcloth,  
And the moon be red as blood,  
And the stars shall fall from heaven,  
As the dead leaves in a wood :  
Flame and fire, and desolation  
At the Judge's feet shall go :  
Earth and sea, and all abysses  
Shall His mighty sentence know.  
Then the elect upon the right hand  
Of the LORD shall stand around ;  
But, like goats, the evil doers  
Shall upon the left be found.  
“ Come, ye blessed, take the kingdom,”  
Shall be there the King's award,  
“ Which for you before the world was  
Of My FATHER was prepared :  
I was naked, and ye clothed Me ;  
Poor, and ye relieved Me ; hence  
Take the riches of My glory  
For your endless recompense.”  
Then the righteous shall make question,—  
“ When have we beheld Thee poor,  
LORD of glory ? When relieved Thee  
Lying needy at our door ?”  
Whom the blessed King shall answer,—  
“ When ye showed your charity,  
Giving bread, and home, and raiment,  
What ye did was done to Me.”

In like manner to the left hand  
That most righteous Judge shall say,  
“Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,  
And the fire that is for aye :  
For in prison ye came not to Me,—  
Poor, ye pitied not My lot ;  
Naked, ye have never clothed Me ;  
Sick, ye visited Me not.”

They shall say, “O CHRIST, when saw we  
That Thou calledst for our aid,  
And in prison, or sick, or hungry,  
To relieve have we delayed ?”

Whom again the Judge shall answer,  
“Since ye never cast your eyes  
On the sick, and poor, and needy,  
It was Me ye did despise.”

Backward, backward, at the sentence,  
To Gehenna they shall fly,  
Where the fire is never quenched,  
Where the worm can never die ;  
Where are Satan and his angels  
In profoundest dungeon bound,  
Where are cries, and chains, and gnashing,  
Where are quenchless flames around.

But the righteous, upward soaring,  
To the heavenly land shall go,  
Midst the cohorts of the angels,  
Where is joy for evermo :

To Jerusalem exulting  
They with shouts shall enter in,  
That true "sight of peace" and glory  
That sets free from grief and sin.  
CHRIST shall they behold for ever,  
Seated at the FATHER'S hand,  
As in Beatific Vision  
His elect before Him stand.  
Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,  
From the dragon's malice fly ;  
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,  
If thou seek'st to win the sky ;  
Let thy loins be straitly girded,  
Life be pure, and heart be right,  
At the coming of the Bridegroom,  
That thy lamp may glitter bright.

---

<sup>1</sup> There is another hymn, also quoted by V. Bede, of the same rhythm and style as this ; probably of the same date, and perhaps by the same author. I should have added it here, but for its great length. It begins "Hymnum dicat turba fratrum, hymnum cantus personet."

## Sancti, beníte, Corpus Christi sumíte.

Rugged and unpoetical as this hymn is, it has a certain pious simplicity about it which renders it well worthy of preservation. It is an early example of a metrical composition, sung during the Communion of the people. The *Communio* of the Latin, like the *Koinonicon* of the Eastern Church, never now appears but as prose.—The present hymn seems not later than the seventh century.

DRAW nigh, and take the Body of the LORD,  
And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,  
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,  
By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least :  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old,  
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He that in this world rules His Saints, and  
shields,  
To all believers Life Eternal yields :

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger  
whole,  
Gives Living Waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow  
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

## Hymnum canentes Martyrum.

A Hymn for the Holy Innocents, the composition of Venerable Bede. Although it stands in unfavourable contrast with the *Salvete flores Martyrum* of Prudentius, it is somewhat strange that no part of it should have been introduced into any English Breviary. It will be observed that the first and last line of every two verses are identical. This somewhat frigid conceit, (*Epanalepsis* as the grammarians call it,) V. Bede seems to have borrowed from the Elegy of Sedulius, which is composed on a similar plan. Other mediæval writers, however, as Peter Damian, Eugenius of Toledo, Theodulph of Orleans, have employed it.—I have omitted some of the stanzas.

THE Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise :  
 The victor Innocents we praise :  
 Whom in their woe earth cast away,  
 But Heaven with joy received to-day.  
 Whose Angels see the FATHER'S Face  
 World without end, and hymn His Grace :  
 And while they chant unceasing lays,  
 The Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise.

By that accursed Monarch slain  
 Their loving Maker bade them reign :  
 With Him they dwell, no more distressed,  
 In the fair land of light and rest :

He gives them mansions, one and all,  
In that His Heavenly FATHER'S Hall :  
Thus have they changed their loss for gain,  
By that accursed Monarch slain.

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

Fear not, O little flock and blest,  
The lion that your life oppressed !  
To heavenly pastures ever new  
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you ;  
Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill  
The Lamb's fair footsteps follow still :  
By tyrant there no more distressed,  
Fear not, O little flock and blest !

And every tear is wiped away  
By your dear FATHER'S hands for aye ;  
Death hath no power to hurt you more,  
Whose own is Life's eternal store.—

Who, their good seed forth casting, weep,<sup>1</sup>  
 In everlasting joy shall reap :  
 What time they shine in heavenly day,  
 And every tear is wiped away !

O City blest o'er all the earth,  
 Who gloriest in the SAVIOUR'S birth !  
 Whose are His earliest Martyrs dear  
 By kindred and by triumph here.  
 None from henceforth may call thee small ; —  
 Of rival towns thou passest all ;  
 In whom our Monarch had His Birth, —  
 O City blest o'er all the earth !

<sup>1</sup> V. Bede is very fond of a practice not very usual in the Hymns we are considering :—the introducing the words of Scripture as a part of his own composition :—and the additions he makes to them are sometimes very beautiful. Here, for example :  
 Qui seminant in lacrymis, *Longo* metent in gaudio.  
 Again, in a fine hymn on the Ascension :

Mirata adhuc cœlestium  
 Rogavit aula Civium :  
 Quis (inquit) est Rex gloriæ,  
 Rex iste tam laudabilis ?

## Urbs beata Jerusalem.

This grand hymn, of the eighth century, was modernised in Pope Urban's reform into the *Cælestis Urbs Jerusalem*: and lost half of its beauty in the process.

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem,  
 Vision dear of peace and love,  
 Who, of living stones upbuilded,  
 Art the joy of Heaven above :  
 And, with Angel cohorts tended,  
 As a Bride to earth dost move :

Coming new from highest heaven,  
 Ready for the nuptial bed,  
 Decked with jewels, to His Presence  
 By her LORD shall she be led :  
 All her streets and all her bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters :  
 It is open evermore :  
 And by virtue of their merits  
 There each faithful soul may soar  
 Who, for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world  
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the mighty Architect ;  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His Palace should be decked.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,  
And the Precious Corner-stone :  
Who, the twofold walls surmounting  
Binds them closely into one ;  
Holy Sion's acceptance,  
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,  
Dearly loved by GOD on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody :  
GOD the One, and GOD the Trinal  
Lauding everlastingly.

To this temple,<sup>1</sup> where we call Thee,  
Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day !  
With Thy wonted lovingkindness  
Hear Thy servants as they pray :  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within these walls for aye.

Here let all Thy people merit  
That they supplicate to gain :  
Here to have and hold for ever  
Those good things their prayers obtain :  
And hereafter, in Thy Glory,  
With Thy Blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
Laud and honour to the SON,  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever Three and Ever One :  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Daniel imagines these stanzas to be a later addition, when the hymn, originally general, was adapted to the dedication of a church. Mr. Trench, on the contrary, will have the whole poem to be of one date : and alleges, very truly, that this mixture of the earthly and heavenly temple is usual in hymns and sequences on a similar subject. Nevertheless, I think that Daniel is right : 1. Because there is a clear difference in the style and language of the two last and seven first stanzas. 2. Because the transition from one part to the other is so unusually abrupt. 3. Because, at the

end of the sixth stanza, there is a quasi-doxology as if to point out that the hymn originally concluded there.

<sup>2</sup> There is, in the Paris Breviary, a *rifacimento* of this Hymn; very inferior, it is true, to the original, but much superior to the Roman Reform. The first verse may serve as an example.

*Original :*

Urbs beata, Jerusálem,  
 Dicta pacis visio,  
 Quæ construitur in cœlo  
 Vivis ex lapidibus,  
 Et angelis coronata  
 Ut sponsata comite.

*Roman :*

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem,  
 Beata pacis visio,  
 Quæ celsa de viventibus  
 Saxis ad astra tolleris ;  
 Sponsæque ritu cingeris  
 Mille Angelorum millibus.

*Paris :*

Urbs beata, vera pacis  
 Visio, Jerusalem ;  
 Quanta surgit ! celsa saxis  
 Conditur viventibus :  
 Quæ polivit, hæc coaptat  
 Sedibus suis Deus.

## Gloria, laus, et honor.

This processional Hymn for Palm Sunday is said to have been composed by S. Theodulph at Metz, or as others will have it, at Angers, while imprisoned on a false accusation : and to have been sung by him from his dungeon window, or by choristers instructed by him, as the Emperor Louis and his Court were on their way to the Cathedral. The good Bishop was immediately liberated. In the original composition there were ten stanzas besides the Chorus. The Roman Missal retains only the first five. Others add, as I have here added, the sixth and the tenth. The remaining three are utterly unworthy of the general beauty of the Hymn.—I have to acknowledge the assistance of a friend in the translation.

GLORY, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King  
CHRIST the Redeemer !

Children before Whose steps raised their  
Hosannas of praise.

Glory, and honour, &c.

Israel's Monarch art Thou, and the glorious  
offspring of David,

Thou That approachest a King blessed in the  
Name of the LORD.

Glory, and honour, &c.

Glory to Thee in the highest the heavenly armies  
are singing :

Glory to Thee upon earth man and creation  
reply.

Glory, and honour, &c.

Met Thee with Palms in their hands that day  
the folk of the Hebrews :

We with our prayers and our hymns now to  
Thy presence approach.

Glory, and honour, &c.

They to Thee proffered their praise for to herald  
Thy dolorous Passion,

We to the King on His Throne utter the  
jubilant hymn.

Glory, and honour, &c.

They were then pleasing to Thee, unto Thee our  
devotion be pleasing :

Merciful King, kind King, Who in all good-  
ness art pleas'd.

Glory, and honour, &c.

They in their pride of descent were rightly the  
children of Hebrews :

Hebrews<sup>1</sup> are we, whom the LORD'S Pass-  
over maketh the same.

Glory, and honour, &c.

Victory won o'er the world be to us for our  
branches of Palm tree,

That in the Conqueror's joy this to Thee  
still be our song :

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King  
CHRIST the Redeemer,

Children before Whose steps raised their  
Hosannas of Praise.



<sup>1</sup> This is partly a reference to CHRIST, our True Passover :—partly to Hebrew, as derived from Heber, interpreted by passage.

## Tibi, Chrīste, Splendor Patris.

A Hymn of S. Hrabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mayence; born in 777, and deceased in 856. It was so completely altered in the *Te Splendor et Virtus Patris* of the modern Roman Breviary, that scarcely a trace of the original remains. The *Christe qui sedes Olympo* of Santolius Victorinus in the Parisian Breviary imitates, without equalling, the present hymn. This is one of the few that have no rhyme.

THEE, O CHRIST, the FATHER'S Splendor,  
 Life and virtue of the heart,  
 In the presence of the Angels  
 Sing we now with voice and art :  
 Meetly in alternate chorus  
 Bearing our responsive part.

Thus we laud, with veneration,  
 All the armies of the sky :  
 Chiefly him, the warrior-Primate  
 Of celestial chivalry :  
 Michael, who, in princely virtue,  
 Cast Abaddon from on high.

By whose watchful care repelling,  
King of everlasting grace !  
Every ghostly adversary,  
All things evil, all things base,  
Grant us, of Thine only goodness,  
In Thy Paradise a place !

Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
Laud and honour to the SON,  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever Three and ever One :  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run !

## Lauda, Mater Ecclesia.

This Hymn, for S. Mary Magdalene's day, was the composition of S. Odo of Cluny, one of the brightest lights of that great Monastery. It found its way into the York Breviary. The variation of rhyme occurs in the original.

EXALT, O mother Church, to-day  
 The clemency of CHRIST thy LORD :  
 By sevenfold grace Who wipes away  
 The guilt of sevenfold crimes abhorred.

Sister of Lazarus that was dead,  
 She, that in such transgressions fell,  
 Up to the gates of Life was led  
 Ev'n from the very jaws of Hell.

The great Physician she pursues,  
 Bearing the precious ointment cruse :  
 And by His only word is she  
 From manifold disease set free.

With heart dissolved in penitence,  
And tears that flowed apace, she came,  
And piety of deed ;—and thence  
She found the cure of sin and shame.

Pardon of guilt hath made her soul  
A golden for an earthen bowl :  
And for a vessel of disgrace  
A precious vessel finds its place.

To CHRIST, arisen from the dead,  
And Death's great Conqueror, as she pressed,  
His earliest sight she merited  
Who loved Him more than all the rest.

To GOD alone be honour paid  
For grace so multiform displayed :  
Their guilt He pardons who repent,  
And gives reward for punishment.

## Chorus Nobae Jerusalem.

This Paschal Hymn, the composition of S. Fulbert of Chartres, is not common in continental Breviaries, but was adopted in our own: where it occurs in the First Vespers of Low Sunday.

THOU New Jerusalem on high  
 Break forth in sweet new melody !  
 That we may keep, from woe released,  
 With sober joy our Paschal Feast :

When CHRIST, unconquered Lion, first  
 The dragon's chains by rising burst :  
 That, while with living<sup>1</sup> voice He cries,  
 The dead of former times might rise.

Swallowed in other years, his prey  
 Must Tartarus restore to-day :  
 And many an exiled band set free  
 With JESUS leaves captivity.

Right gloriously He triumphs now,  
Worthy to Whom should all things bow :  
Who, joining Heaven and Earth again  
Makes one Republic of the twain.

This praise as we His soldiers sing,  
'Tis ours to supplicate the King,  
That in His Palace bright and vast  
We may keep watch and ward at last.

Long as unending ages run  
To GOD the FATHER laud be done :  
To GOD the SON our equal praise  
With GOD the Paraclete we raise.

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<sup>1</sup> This alluded to the mediæval belief, to which we shall again have occasion to refer, that the lion's whelps are born dead ;—but that their father, by roaring over them the third day, raises them to life.

## Audí nos, Rex Christe.

A song of Pilgrims, published by M. du Méril from a MS. of the eleventh century.

O CHRIST, our King, give ear !  
 O LORD and Maker, hear !  
 And guide our footsteps lest they stray.

### *Chorus.*

Have mercy on us, LORD :  
 Have mercy on us, LORD,  
 And guide our footsteps lest they stray !

O ever Three and One,  
 Protect our course begun,  
 And lead us on our holy way !

Thy faithful guardian send,  
 Thy Angel, who may tend  
 And bring us to Thy holy seat !

Defend our onward path :  
Protect from hostile wrath,  
And to our land return our feet !

Thy Right Hand be stretched out,  
Thy Left be round about,  
In every peril that we meet !

And, O good LORD, at last,  
Our many wanderings past,  
Give us to see Thy realm of Light !

Glory to GOD on high  
Be paid eternally,  
And laud, and majesty, and might !

Grabi me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies  
ultîma.

This awful hymn, the *Dies iræ* of individual life, was written by S. Peter Damian, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, the great coadjutor of S. Gregory VII. in his reform of the Church. He lived from 1002 to 1072, and spent the last years of his life in devotion and retirement at his Abbey of S. Croce d'Avellano, having resigned his Cardinalate. His realization of the hour of death is shown, not only by this hymn, but by the Commendatory Prayer, used from his time in the Roman Church, which begins, "To God I commend thee, beloved brother; and to Him Whose creature thou art I commit thee:" originally composed by S. Peter as a letter to a dying friend.

O WHAT terror in thy forethought,  
Ending scene of mortal life !  
Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,  
Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,  
When the anxious heart depicteth  
All the anguish of the strife !

Who the spectacle can image,—  
How tremendous!—of that day  
When, the course of life accomplished,  
From the trammels of her clay  
Writhes the soul to be delivered,  
Agonised to pass away!

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,  
Eyes are filming o'er in death,  
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely  
Gasps the rattling throat for breath:  
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,  
Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him!—cogitation,  
Habit, word and deed are there!  
All, though much and sore he struggle,  
Hover o'er him in the air:  
Turn he this way, turn he that way,  
On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience' self her culprit tortures,  
Gnawing him with pangs unknown:  
For that now amendment's season  
Is for ever past and gone,  
And that late repentance findeth  
Pardon none for all its moan.

Fleshly lusts of fancied sweetness  
Are converted into gall,  
When on brief and bitter pleasure  
Everlasting dolours fall :  
Then, what late appeared so mighty,  
Oh ! how infinitely small !

CHRIST, unconquered King of glory !  
Thou my wretched soul relieve  
In that most extremest terror  
When the body she must leave :  
Let the accuser of the brethren  
O'er me then no power receive !

Let the Prince of darkness vanish  
And Gehenna's legions fly !  
Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,  
To Thy Country lead on high ;  
Where for ever in fruition  
I may see Thee eye to eye !

Amen.

## Cruz mundi benedictio.

S. Peter Damian, in almost all his compositions, seems to have had his eye on some earlier hymn : in the present case he clearly follows the *Vexilla Regis*. The following does not seem to have been publicly used by the Church.

O CROSS, by whom the earth is blest,  
 Certain Redemption, Hope, and Rest,  
 Once as the Tree of Torture known,  
 Now the bright gate to JESU'S Throne :

On thee the Host was lifted high  
 Who to Himself drew all men nigh ;  
 Whom this world's Prince in malice sought,  
 And in Him of his own found nought.

The Law that in thy form begins  
 Blots out the writing of our sins :  
 Our ancient servitude is o'er,  
 And freedom is restored once more.

Thy savour is more precious far<sup>1</sup>  
Then sweetest scents of spices are :  
The nectar that from thee distils  
The bosom with its fragrance fills.

Thou by Thy Cross, O CHRIST, we pray,  
To Life's reward direct our way :  
Who of old time upon the Tree  
Our Ransom didst vouchsafe to be.

The Unbegotten FATHER'S Praise,  
And the Begotten SON'S we raise,  
And equal laud and glory be,  
SPIRIT of Both, for aye to Thee !

Amen.

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<sup>1</sup> The poet has in his eye the stanza of Fortunatus, not now used, which was given in the note on p. 8.

### Cibes Coelestis Patriae.

The ruggedness of the translation is merely a copy of that of the original in the following poem of Marbodus, successively Archdeacon of Angers and Bishop of Rennes, who died in 1125. Its title,—a prose, clearly proves it to have been intended, if not used, as a sequence in the Mass of some high festival, probably a dedication. The mystical explanation of precious stones is the subject of the good Bishop's poem *de Gemmis*, which seems, in its time, to have obtained a high reputation. The prose which I here give is certainly not without its beauty; and is a good key to mediæval allusions of a similar kind.

YE of the heavenly country sing  
 The praise and honour of your King,  
 The raiser to its glorious height  
 Of that celestial city bright,  
 In whose fair building stand displayed  
 The gems for twelve foundations laid.

The bright green hue of JASPER<sup>1</sup> saith  
How flourishing the estate of Faith,  
Which, in all them that perfect be  
Shall never wither utterly,  
In whose firm keeping safe we fight  
With Satan's wile and Satan's might.

The azure light of SAPPHIRE<sup>2</sup> stone  
Resembles that Celestial Throne :  
A symbol of each simple heart  
That grasps in hope the better part :  
Whose life each holy deed combines,  
And in the light of virtue shines.

Like fire, though pale in outward show,  
CHALCEDONY<sup>3</sup> at length shall glow ;  
Carried abroad, its radiance streams :  
At home, in shade it hides its gleams :  
It marks their holiness and grace  
Who do good deeds in secret place.

The EMERALD<sup>4</sup> burns, intensely bright,  
With radiance of an olive light :  
This is the faith that highest shines,  
No deed of charity declines,  
And seeks no rest, and shuns no strife,  
In working out a holy life.

SARDONYX,<sup>5</sup> with its threefold hue,  
 Sets forth the inner man to view ;  
 Where dark humility is seen,  
 And chastity with snow white sheen,  
 And scarlet marks his joy to bleed  
 In Martyrdom, if faith shall need.

The SARDIUS,<sup>6</sup> with its purple red  
 Sets forth their merits who have bled :  
 The Martyr band, now blest above,  
 That agonised for JESU'S Love :  
 The sixth foundation, not in vain,  
 The Cross's Mystery to explain.<sup>7</sup>

The golden coloured CHRYSOLITE<sup>8</sup>  
 Flashes forth sparkles on the night :  
 Its mystic hues the life reflect  
 Of men with perfect wisdom decked,  
 Who shine, in this world's night, like gold,  
 Through that Blest SPIRIT sevenfold.

The sunshine on the sea displays  
 The watery BERYL'S<sup>9</sup> fainter rays :  
 Of those in this world's wisdom wise  
 The thoughts and hopes it signifies :  
 Who long to live more fully blest  
 With mystic peace of endless rest.

Beyond all gems the TOPAZ<sup>10</sup> rare  
Hath value thence beyond compare ;  
It shines, albeit of colour grey,  
Clear as a fair ethereal ray :  
And notes the part of them that live  
The solid life contemplative.

Some Council, decked in purple state,  
The CHRYSOPRASE<sup>11</sup> doth imitate :  
In the fair tint its face that decks  
'Tis intertinged with golden specks.  
This is the perfect love, that knows  
Kindest return to sternest foes.

The azure JACINTH<sup>12</sup> comes between  
The brighter and the dimmer sheen :  
The ardour of whose varied ray  
Is changed with every changing day :  
The Angelic Life it brings to view  
Attempered with discretion due.

Last in the Holy City set  
With hue of glorious violet,  
Forth from the AMETHYST<sup>13</sup> are rolled  
Sparks crimson-bright, and flames of gold :  
The humble heart it signifies  
That with its dying Master dies.

These stones, arrayed in goodly row  
 Set forth the deeds of men below :  
 The various tints that there have place  
 The multiplicity of grace.  
 Who in himself such grace displays  
 May shine with these in endless rays.

Jerusalem, dear peaceful land !  
 These for thy twelve foundations stand ;  
 Blessed and nigh to GOD is he  
 Who shall be counted worthy thee !  
 That Guardian slumbereth not, nor sleeps,  
 Who in His charge thy turrets keeps.

King of the Heavenly City blest !  
 Grant that Thy servants may have rest,  
 This changeful life for ever past,  
 And consort with Thy Saints at last :  
 That we, with all the choir above,  
 May sing Thy Power and praise Thy Love !  
Amen.

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<sup>1</sup> The twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. Marbodius wrote a short commentary on the Prose which we are considering,

which will serve as a good explanation of it. His treatment of the foundation stones is tropological;—a more usual one is allegorical, which I will give from the Commentary of Michael Ayguan on the Psalms. “Jasper,” says the comment of Marbodus, “is the first foundation of the Church of God, and is of a green colour. Whoever hath it upon him, no phantasm can hurt him. It signifies those who always hold the Faith of God, and never depart from it,—or wither,—but are always flourishing therein, and fear not the assaults of the devil.” Allegorically, the Jasper, the first foundation stone, which promotes fecundity and causes unity, symbolises the first Article of the Creed: “*I believe in GOD the FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*”

<sup>2</sup> “The Sapphire,” says Marbodus, “is of the colour of the sky. It signifies them that, while they be yet on earth, set their affections on things above, and despise things terrestrial; according to that saying, *Our conversation is in Heaven.*” The reason why, in the Prose, it is compared to the Throne of God, is clearly that verse in Exodus: *They saw the GOD of Heaven: and under His Feet was as it were the paved work of a Sapphire stone.* “The Sapphire,” says Ayguan, “which reconciles, heals, consoles, gives sight, and is the King of Stones, symbolises the second Article of the Creed: *And in JESUS CHRIST His Only SON our LORD.*”

<sup>3</sup> “The Chalcedony,” Marbodus continues, “while it is in a house doth not shine: when under the open air it glitters brightly: it resists those that would cut it or scratch it: when heated, either by the sun, or by

rubbing with the finger, it attracts straws. By this they are signified who do their good deeds in secret, as fasting, alms, and the like: according to that saying, *But thou, when thou fastest, &c.* But when such men are compelled to go abroad into the world, then their good works shine before men. But if any seek to flatter them, which is as it were to paint or engrave them, they receive not their vain praises, but manfully resist, and acquiesce not in them. And when heated, either by the Sun, which is CHRIST, or by the fingers, that is by the gifts of the HOLY GHOST, they, by word and example, draw straws, that is sinners, to themselves: and cause them to persevere in good works." "The Chalcedony," says Ayguan, "which is pale, sets forth humility; and so the third Article of the Creed: *Who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST, Born of the Virgin Mary.*"

<sup>4</sup> "The Emerald," is the comment of Marbodius, "is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness. It is found only in a dry and uninhabitable country. Through the bitterness of its cold nothing can dwell there but griffins, and one-eyed arimasps that fight with them. By the Emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigour of their faith, and dwell among infidels, who be frigid and arid in love. The griffins, that keep watch over them, be devils, who envy them that have this precious gem of faith, and do their diligence to deprive them thereof. Against these fight the one-eyed arimasps, that is, those who go not two ways, nor have a double heart: nor serve two Lords." Ayguan again: "The Emerald which heals, gives eloquence,

riches, conquest, clears sight, fortifies memory, banishes luxury and sorrow, typifies the Passion of our LORD, which spiritually doth all these things: and therefore that Article of the Creed—*Suffered under Pontius Pilate.*” The beryl of the New Jerusalem is described in two of the most beautiful lines ever written by Prudentius.

Has inter species smaragdina gramine verno  
Prata virent, volvitque vagos lux herbida fluctus.

<sup>5</sup> “The Sardonyx,” says Marbodus, “has three colours: the lowest black, the middle white, the upper red. And it signifies those who sustain grief of heart for the Name of CHRIST: and are white, that is without guile, within: and yet to themselves appear contemptible, and as it were black,—that is, sinners.” Ayguan, after the same description, proceeds: “The lower part, which is black, typifies the sorrow of Good Friday;—the middle part, which is white, the rest of Easter Eve;—and the upper, which is red, the glory of Easter Day.” Thus the whole symbolises the fifth Article (as he reckons it) of the Creed: *Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into Hell: the third day He rose again from the dead.*

<sup>6</sup> “The Sardius,” continues our poet, “which is wholly red, signifies the Martyrs, who pour forth their blood for CHRIST.” “The Sardius,” says Ayguan, “as being a bright stone, sets forth the joy of the sixth Article of the Creed: *He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of GOD the FATHER Almighty.*”

7 Because the number six is symbolical of our LORD'S Passion: since He was crucified at the sixth hour of the sixth day.

8 "The Chrysolite," Marbodus teaches, "shines as gold, and emits fiery sparkles: it signifies the wise and charitable, who impart to others that which they possess themselves. For wisdom and charity excel other virtues, as gold other metals." Ayguan is more ingenious: "The Chrysolite shines as gold in the day: as fire in the night. By the *day*, the good: by the *gold*, their crown, are represented; by the *night* the wicked, and by the *fire* their punishment. Hence the stone typifies their final separation, and thus the seventh Article of the Creed: *From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*"

9 "The Beryl," according to our author, "shines as water that reflects the sun, and warms the hand that holds it. It signifies those who are frail by nature: but, being enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, shine with good works, and warm others by the example of their love." Ayguan says: "The Beryl, whose virtue is to cause love, to bestow power, and confer healing, sets forth the eighth Article: *I believe in the HOLY GHOST.*"

10 "The Topaz," says Marbodus, whose commentary in this case does not well agree with his text, "is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colours: one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems; and nothing is more beautiful. It signifies those who love God and their neighbour." According to Ayguan, the Topaz, which receives as in a

vessel the light of the sun, symbolises that which thus stores up the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, *the Holy Catholic Church*.

<sup>11</sup> Marbodus: "The Chrysoprasus, which is purple, with drops of gold, signifies those who pass their life in tribulation and passion, yet constantly abide in charity." According to Ayguan, this stone (*a*) shines like fire: and (*b*) communicates its virtues without diminishing them: and thus typifies (*a*) *The Communion of Saints*: (*b*) *the Forgiveness of sins*.

<sup>12</sup> "The Jacinth," says Marbodus, "changes its appearance with that of the sky. It therefore represents those who, like the Apostle, can preach wisdom among them that are perfect, and yet have milk for babes in CHRIST. Thus," he observes, "S. Paul was a Jacinth; for he became all things to all men." Ayguan teaches that the Jacinth has the virtue of invigorating; and therefore is a type of *the Resurrection of the Body*.

<sup>13</sup> The Amethyst, according to Marbodus, is entirely red, and shoots out rosy flames. Its colour signifies earthly sufferings; its emissions prayers for those that cause it. For he says, "it is the virtue of virtues to pray for persecutors. And we read of few that have done so: yet there are two in the Old Testament,—Moses and Samuel: and two in the New,—the LORD CHRIST and Stephen." Ayguan, affirming the Amethyst to give a clear sight, makes it symbolical of the Beatific Vision—and thus of *the Life Everlasting*. I add the French verses of Marbodus on the same sub-

ject, with one or two corrections for the sake of the rhyme :—

Ici sunt nomme les duze pieres,  
Ki sunt tenues les plus cheres,  
Jaspe, Saphir, Calcedoine,  
Smaragde, Sarde, e Sardoine,  
Chrisolit, Beril, e Topase,  
Ametiste, Jacint, e Chrysopras :  
De saintes âmes portent figure,  
Ki Deu servent sen poûre.  
Ki Deu voudra servir,  
Cum des pieres cintes clairzur,  
En la Cité Deu sera posé,  
E el fundamente bien alloé,  
En vision de paz reposera,  
En laquel sen fin joïr pourra.

## Laetabundus.

This sequence, or Hymn, for while it was used abroad as the former, in England it was employed as the latter, of rare perfection in its kind, and perhaps as widely known as any hymn of the Church, is S. Bernard's. It was appropriated to the Festival of the Assumption, though clearly intended for that of Christmas.

BE the tidings  
 By the Choir of Faithful bruited !  
 Alleluia !  
 Monarchs' Monarch  
 Sprang from maiden unpolluted :  
 Mighty wonder !

Angel of the Counsel, He  
 From a Virgin deigned to be,  
 Sun from star :

Sun, that never knoweth night :  
Star than stars most clear and bright  
Clearer far.

As a star evolves a ray  
Thus the Virgin, this blest day,  
Bare The Child :  
Nor the star by ray sent forth,  
Nor the Virgin by that Birth  
Was defiled.

Lebanon's tall cedar now  
To the hyssop deigns to bow  
Here below :  
Word, That all to being spake,  
Incarnation for our sake  
Deigned to know.

Though Isaiah tell the deed,  
Though the Synagogue may read,  
Yet thereof she takes no heed  
Ever blind.  
If she do her prophets wrong,  
Spurning all the witness throng,  
Still the deed in Sibyl's song  
Let her find.

Turn, Judæa ! and repent !  
Credit ancient prophets sent :  
Why upon destruction bent,  
                  Wretched race ?  
Own the Monarch by the tongue  
Of the Seers in old time sung,  
Own Him from a Virgin sprung  
                  Full of grace !

## Hic brebe bibitur.<sup>1</sup>

The author of the poem whence these lines are taken was Bernard of Cluny, one of the smaller stars in that constellation of learning and piety which adorned France in the twelfth century. The poem itself consists of about 3,000 lines, and is entitled, *On the Contempt of the World*. The part which follows is near the conclusion.

I have here 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 which invests it in Latin. Its difficulty in that language is such that Bernard, in a preface, expresses his belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the SPIRIT of GOD could have enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. It is a dactylic hexameter, divided into three parts, between which a cæsura is inadmissible. The hexameter has a tailed rhyme, and feminine leonine rhyme between the two first clauses, thus:

Tunc nova gloria || pectora sobria || clarificabit :  
 Solvit enigmata || veraque sabbata || continuabit.  
 Patria luminis, || inscia turbinis, || inscia litis  
 Cive replebitur, || amplificabitur || Israelitis.

It often happens that the two first clauses will have a triple rhyme, as :

O *miserabilis* || *insatiabilis* || *insatiata*.

But this is merely accidental. The effect in English would be this—I quote from the beginning of the same poem,

Time will be ending soon, Heav'n will be rending  
soon ; fast we and pray we :  
Comes the most merciful ; comes the most terrible ;  
watch we while may we.

As it is evident that no labour nor skill could have given, in such bonds, anything approaching to an adequate idea of the beauty of Bernard's poem, I have preferred a simple measure : the rather that the verses were not of that class which are intended for music.

I should also add that I have very much abbreviated the original : and perhaps the lines that follow cannot claim to be more than a close imitation.

BRIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :  
The Life that knows no ending,  
The tearless Life, is *there* :  
O happy retribution,  
Short toil, eternal rest !  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the Blest !  
That we should look, poor wanderers,  
To have our home on high !

That worms should seek for dwellings  
    Beyond the starry sky !  
And now we fight the battle,  
    And then we wear the Crown  
Of full and everlasting  
    And passionless renown :  
Then glory, yet unheard of,  
    Shall shed abroad its ray :  
Resolving all enigmas,  
    An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then, from his oppressors  
    The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
    The year of Jubilee :  
And the sun-lit land that recks not  
    Of tempest or of fight  
Shall fold within its bosom  
    Each happy Israelite.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
    And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
    Shall glad the Saints around :  
And peace, for war is needless,  
    And rest, for storm is past,  
And goal from finished labour,  
    And anchorage at last.  
There GOD my King and Portion  
    In fulness of His Grace

Shall we behold for ever,  
    And worship face to face :  
There Jacob into Israel,  
    From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah<sup>2</sup> into Rachel  
    For ever shall be changed :  
There all the halls of Syon  
    For aye shall be complete ;  
And in the land of Beauty  
    All things of beauty meet.

To thee, O dear, dear Country !  
    Mine eyes their vigils keep :  
For very love, beholding  
    Thy happy name, they weep :  
The mention of Thy glory  
    Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
    And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O onely mansion !  
    O Paradise of joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
    And smiles have no alloy :  
Beside thy living waters  
    All plants are, great and small :  
The cedar of the forest,  
    The hyssop of the wall :

With jaspers<sup>3</sup> glow thy bulwarks,  
    Thy streets with emeralds blaze :  
The sardius and the topaz  
    Unite in thee their rays :  
Thy ageless walls are bonded  
    With amethyst unpriced ;  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
    And the Cornerstone is CHRIST.  
Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean !  
    Thou hast no time, bright Day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
    To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
    They raise thy holy Tower,  
Thine is the Victor's laurel,  
    And thine the golden dower :  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
    O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
    The Prince's loveliest smile :  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
    Of living pearl, thine own,  
The Lamb is ever near thee,  
    The Bridegroom thine alone :  
And all thine endless leisure  
    In sweetest accents sings  
The ills that were thy merit,  
    The joys that are thy King's.

Jerusalem the golden !

With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice opprest :  
I know not, oh, I know not

What social joys are there,  
What radiancy of glory,

What light beyond compare ;  
And when I fain would sing them,

My spirit fails and faints,  
And vainly would it image

The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,

And bright with many an Angel,  
And many a Martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,  
The light is aye serene ;

The Pastures of the Blessed

Are decked in glorious sheen :  
There is the Throne of David,

And there, from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,

The song of them that feast :  
And they, beneath their Leader,

Who conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever

Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
     The glory of the elect,  
 O dear and future vision  
     That eager hearts expect :  
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
     Ev'n here thy walls discern ;  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled  
     And strive and pant and yearn :  
 Jerusalem the onely,  
     That look'st from Heav'n below,  
 In thee is all my glory,  
     In me is all my woe :  
 And though my body may not.  
     My spirit seeks thee fain ;  
 Till flesh and earth return me  
     To earth and flesh again.  
 O Land that seest no sorrow !  
     O State that fear'st no strife !  
 O princely bowers ! O Land of flowers !  
     O realm and Home of Life !

---

<sup>1</sup> I have no hesitation in saying that I look 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* the most pathetic, of mediæval poems. They are even superior to that glorious hymn on the

same subject, the *De Gloriâ et gaudiis Paradisi* of S. Peter Damian. For the sake of comparison I quote some of the most striking stanzas of the latter, availing myself of the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth :

There nor waxing moon nor waning,  
 Sun nor stars in courses bright :  
 For the Lamb to that glad city  
 Shines an everlasting light :  
 There the daylight beams for ever,  
 All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,  
 Shine in light and glory pure :  
 Crowned in triumph's flushing honours  
 Joy in unison secure :  
 And in safety tell their battles  
 And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,  
 All their carnal wars are done :  
 For the flesh made spiritual  
 And the soul agree in one :  
 Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,  
 Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being :  
 Passingness has passed away :  
 Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
 For decayed is all decay :  
 Lasting energy hath swallowed  
 Darkling death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit  
 Hath its varying palm assigned,  
 Love takes all as his possession,  
 Where his power hath all combined :  
 So that all that each possesses  
 All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,  
 Unto this Thy City free  
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle  
 I shall cast away from me :  
 A partaker in Thy bounty  
 With Thy Blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour  
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,  
 That Thou may'st, the conflict over,  
 Grant me everlasting rest :  
 And I may at length inherit  
 Thee my portion ever blest.

With the above it is worth while to compare some of the concluding stanzas of the *CHRIST'S Triumph after Death* of Giles Fletcher, who clearly had S. Peter Damian's poem in his mind.

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,  
 And that, before they were invested thus,  
 In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,  
 Pitch round about, in order glorious,  
 Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,  
 All their eternal day in songs enjoying,  
 Joying their end, without end of their joying,  
 While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,  
 No bloodless malady impales their face,  
 No age drops on their hair his silver snow,  
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase,  
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace ;  
     No fear of death the joy of life devours,  
     No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,  
 No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged  
     hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,  
 And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain :  
 The infant wonders how he came so old,  
 The old man how he came so young again :  
     Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;  
     And all are kings, and yet no subjects know ;  
 All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are passed.

Manifestly the *Nam transire transiit* of S. Peter:—as the wonder of the infant and the old man is simply a developement of the *Non minuti, non deformes* of Hildebert. But in the stanza that follows Fletcher has the advantage over Bernard, Hildebert, and Damian by his sublime allusion to the Beatific Vision.

In midst of this City Celestial,  
 Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,  
 Lightened the Idea Beatifical :  
 End and beginning of each thing that grows,  
 Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,  
     That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,  
     Yet sees and hears and is all eye, all ear,  
 That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

With respect to the poem of Bernard, Mr. Trench says very well, after referring to the Ode of Casimir's, *Urit me Patriæ decor*, that both "turn upon the same theme, the heavenly homesickness: but with all the classical beauty of the Ode, and it is great, who does not feel that the poor Cluniac monk's is the more real and deeper utterance? that, despite the strange form which he has chosen, he is the greater poet?" —The Ode, however, is well worthy of translation; and here is an attempt:

It kindles all my soul,  
 My Country's loveliness! Those starry choirs  
 That watch around the pole,  
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires  
 Through golden halls that roll:  
 O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn  
 The music of the spheres  
 To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn  
 To rest till day appears!  
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,  
 Why here, oh why so long  
 Do ye behold an exile from on high?  
 Here, O ye shining throng,  
 With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:  
 Here let me drop my chain,  
 And dust to dust returning, cast away  
 The trammels that remain:  
 The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

There are two other passages in modern Latin poets which are well worthy perusal, on a similar subject: though the principal part of their beauty lying rather in expression than in thought, I have not considered

it worth while to translate them. I allude to the fourteenth Elegy of the Third Book of the *Suspiria animæ amantis* of Herman Hugo : and to the tenth Elegy of the First Book of Jacobus Zevecotius, which is entitled, *An Aspiration to the Celestial Country*.

<sup>2</sup> Leah and Rachel are allegorized in three different ways by mediæval poets. 1. Of the active and contemplative life : and thence also by an easy transition to the toil we endure on earth,—and the Eternal Contemplation of God's glory in Heaven, as here. So, again, in a fine but rugged prose in the Nuremberg Missal for S. Jerome's Day.

Then, when all carnal strife hath ceased,  
 And we from warfare are released,  
 O grant us, in that Heavenly Feast,  
 To see Thee as Thou art :  
 To Leah give, the battle won,  
 Her Rachel's dearer heart :  
 To Martha, when the strife is done,  
 Her Mary's better part.

The parallel symbol of Martha and Mary is, however, in this sense, far more common : and is even found in Epitaphs, as in that to Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror.

A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love,  
 And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's  
 lives above.

Bernard, in the passage we are considering, has a double propriety in the changes of which he speaks. Israel, according to S. Augustinc's rendering, means,

*he that beholds God.* Rachel, according to the unwarrantable mediæval explanation, *that beholds the Beginning*: i. e. CHRIST. Thus the change spoken of is from earth to the Beatific Vision:—and has a reference also to the New Name and White Stone of the Apocalypse.—The second allegory of Leah and Rachel expounds them of the Synagogue and the Church:—to this we shall have occasion to allude in a poem of Adam of S. Victor.—The third makes them to represent earthly affliction patiently endured, succeeded by joy. So a contemporary poem on the Martyrdom of S. Thomas.

Post Agar ludibrium, Saræ natus datur:

Post Lyam, ad libitum Jacob uxoratur.

<sup>3</sup> It is not without a deep mystical meaning that these stones are selected by the poet: as the reader will see by referring to pp. 43—47.

## Patris Sapientia, Bonitas Divina.

This is one, and the best, of the many efforts of mediæval poets to recite our LORD'S Passion in connexion with the Canonical Hours. It may probably be of the twelfth century.

CIRCLED by His enemies,  
 By His own forsaken,  
 CHRIST the LORD at *Matin* hour  
 For our sakes was taken :  
 Very Wisdom, Very Light,  
 Monarch long expected,  
 In the garden by the Jews  
 Bound, reviled, rejected.

See them at the Hour of *Prime*  
 Unto Pilate leading  
 Him 'gainst Whom with lying tongues  
 Witnesses are pleading.

There with spitting and with shame  
Ill for good they render,  
Marring of That Face which gives  
Heaven eternal splendour.

“Crucify Him!” for His Love  
Is their bitter payment,  
When they lead Him forth at *Tierce*  
Clad in purple raiment :  
And a crown of woven thorns  
On His Head He weareth :  
And the Cross to Calvary  
On His Shoulder beareth.

He upon that Cross at *Sexts*  
For man's sake was mounted ;  
By the passers by reviled,  
With transgressors counted :  
Mocking, vinegar and gall  
To His thirst they proffer :  
To the Holy Lamb of God  
Such the taunt they offer.

At the Hour of *Nones* the strife,  
Long and sharp, was ended :  
Gently to His FATHER'S Hands  
He His Soul commended :

And a soldier pierced His Side  
 With a spear unbidden ;  
 And Earth quaked exceedingly,  
 And the Sun was hidden.

When it came to *Vesper* time,  
 From the Cross they take Him,  
 Whose great love to bear such woes  
 For our sakes could make Him :  
 Such a death He underwent,  
 Sin's alone Physician,  
 That of Everlasting Life  
 We might have fruition.

At the holy *Compline* tide  
 Holy hands array Him  
 In the garments of the grave,  
 Where the mourners lay Him ;  
 Myrrh and spices have they brought,  
 Scripture is completed ;  
 And by death the Prince of Life  
 Death and Hell defeated.

Therefore these Canonical  
 Hours my tongue shall ever  
 In Thy Praise, O CHRIST, recite  
 With my heart's endeavour :

That the Love which for my sake  
 Bare such tribulation  
 In mine own Death-agony  
 May be my Salvation !<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> It is not to be wondered at that the above hymn should have received many applications to S. Mary : for example : one begins,

Mary, Mother of the poor  
 And their hope unshaken,  
 Heard about the matin hour  
 That her Son was taken ;  
 By the Apostolic band  
 Utterly forsaken, &c.

More worthy of quotation are the following verses of Hildebert's on the same subject : the rudeness of the translation imitates that of the original :

In twice twelve hours the sun goes through the  
 heaven :  
 And sacred to the LORD of all are seven.  
 The first is *Prime*. In this the Sun was placed  
 On high, and Heaven with all his splendour graced ;  
 In this we praise our King, the world's True Light,  
 And pray Him to defend from error's night.  
 Adam at *Tierce* was made : and given the Law :  
 Tierce the Redeemer's condemnation saw

And the Blest SPIRIT's Advent. Here we raise,  
 The Vessels to the Potter, prayer and praise :  
 That casting off the old, that Adam now  
 We may put on, in Death Who deigned to bow  
 As at this very hour : and Heavenly Flame  
 May purge from sin, and fire with love, our frame.  
 At *Sexts* man fell : and CHRIST his sentence bore,  
 And the noon fiend is raging evermore.  
 Whoe'er thou art, for whom CHRIST deigned to bleed,  
 Fall on thy knees, and thank Him for the deed ;  
 Pray that the dragon, who in this same hour  
 Adam destroyed, o'er thee may have no power :  
 That GOD, at noon for man a sacrifice,  
 May shield thee from the flesh, and fiend's surprise.  
 At *Nones* by Adam Paradise was lost :  
 CHRIST on the Cross at Nones gave up the ghost,  
 And visited the faithful, to reveal  
 His marvellous light in shade. Thou therefore kneel,  
 And pray to join their band, and see their LORD  
 In the bright realms now lost, and now restored.  
 At *Vesper* tide the moon and stars, displayed  
 In their bright course, the Firmament arrayed.  
 For these fair signs we yield their Author praise,  
 For the cheered darkness and the lovely rays.  
 At *Vespers*, wretched now, and doomed to ills,  
 Adam first saw the sunset touch the hills,  
 And prayed, as darkness gathered in apace,  
 With horror struck, for GOD's defending grace.  
 So thou, who at the Font hast seen new light,  
 Pray that thy Sun may never sink in night.  
 No certain hour hath *Compline* : yet to GOD  
 Render we thanks for that day's journey trod :

Forgiveness ask from grace : from grace request  
That Satan with no phantasm break our rest.  
O'er earth, at midnight hour, the deluge burst,  
The fearful Baptism of its sin accursed :  
Moses, exulting, passed the Red Sea wave,  
Where Pharaoh and his thousands found their grave :  
David arose to Psalms ; at this same tide  
Shall the last fire the good and bad divide.  
These things of mercy and of judgment teach :  
The hymns and prayers of David mercy preach :  
That Moses passed in safety, when his foes  
Were whelmed like lead, judicial sentence shows.

## Cœnam cum Discipulis.

The following prose is from the Salisbury Missal :— and occurs in the Mass of the Five Wounds. Daniel found it in the same Mass in a Missal of the Augustinian hermits. In both editions it is exceedingly corrupt. It may safely be referred to the twelfth century. The very great difficulty of the measure, taken in connexion with the exquisite simplicity of the original, (which under any circumstances it would have been difficult, and in these it is almost impossible to preserve,) made me hesitate as to including it in the present collection. But though much of the melody, and more, I fear, of the simple fervour may have been lost, I still think that it may not be without its value to English readers.

AT the Supper with the Twelve  
 Thou, O CHRIST, wast seated ;  
 And hadst prophesied Thy Death  
 Soon to be completed ;

And hadst pointed Judas out  
 By the morsel meted :  
 And unto Gethsemane,  
 After, hadst retreated.

Prostrate fell the LORD of all  
 Where He had proceeded ;  
 That the cup might pass away  
 Earnestly He pleaded :  
 But unto His FATHER'S Will  
 That His Own conceded :  
 And forthwith a Sweat of Blood  
 O'er His Members speeded.

After that the Traitor's Kiss  
 Judas came to proffer :  
 "Wherefore com'st thou, friend ?" the

LORD

Saith unto the scoffer :  
 "Thou to Him Whom thou hast sold  
 Salutation offer ?  
 Thou, who hadst the price of Blood  
 From His murderers' coffer ?"

All the weary livelong night  
 Neither rest nor sleeping :  
 Armed bands of soldiery  
 Watch round JESUS keeping :

Priests and Scribes upon His Head  
Foul reproaches heaping :  
Who might see the Spotless Lamb,  
And refrain from weeping ?

Pilate strives to free the LORD  
From the bands that tie Him ;  
But the voices of the Jews  
More and more defy him ;  
And the tumult waxes still  
Loud and louder by him :  
And the people's fiercer cry  
Thunders,—“ Crucify Him !”

With the soldiers, straitly bound,  
Forth the SAVIOUR fareth :  
Over all His holy Form  
Bleeding Wounds He beareth ;  
He a Crown of woven thorns,  
King of Glory, weareth :  
And each one, with bended knee,  
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They Thy mild and tender Flesh,  
O Redeemer, baring,  
To the column bind Thee fast  
For the scourge preparing :

Thus the Ransom of our peace  
Cruel stripes are tearing,  
As the streams that flow therefrom  
Meetly are declaring.

After passed He through the street  
As the morn grew older :  
And the heavy bitter Cross  
Bare He on His Shoulder :  
Thronged the windows and the doors  
Many a rude beholder ;  
But He found no comforter  
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men  
Manifestly shaming,  
To the wind and cold they bare,  
Utmost insults framing :  
Guiltless, on the Cross they lift  
With transgressors naming,  
Him, as midmost of the three,  
Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood His Arms are stretched  
And His Hands are riven :  
Through the tender Flesh of CHRIST  
Mighty nails are driven ;

In like wise His Blessed Feet  
Are to torture given,  
As the Hands that had so oft  
In our battle striven.

Streams of Blood are trickling down  
From those holy sources :  
Hither ! weak and sinful soul !  
And renew thy forces :  
This the medicine, that shall cure  
Terrors and remorse ;  
This the writing, that for us  
Freedom's deed endorses.

Then the LORD exclaimed,—“ I thirst !”  
(Meet did Scripture make it :)  
On a reed they raise the sponge  
To the lips that spake it :  
Vinegar and gall they give  
To His thirst to slake it :  
Which when He had tasted of,  
He refused to take it.

JESU, wondrous to the last !  
What was Thine intention ?  
Thou wast silent of the Cross,  
But of thirst mad'st mention :

Not that this Thou feltest more  
Than Thy bitter tension :  
But that thirst Thou wouldst express  
For lost man's invention.

Calling on Thy FATHER'S Name  
Thy last breath was spendèd :  
And Thy Spirit in His Hands  
Gently was commended :  
With a loud and mighty cry  
Then Thy Head was bended :  
And the work, that brought Thee down,  
Of Salvation ended.

But by heart and soul of man  
That is past conceiving  
How the Virgin Mother's soul  
Inmosty was grieving  
When the soldier's bitter lance  
That dear Side was cleaving :  
Cruel mark upon His frame  
Of its passage leaving.

That blest form could feel no more  
Whence had life departed :  
'Twas the mother's anguished soul  
'Neath the wound that smarted :

When she marked how through His Side  
That sharp lance was darted ;  
And the streams of Water thence  
And of Blood that started.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these  
Fountains of salvation :  
Life thou mayest draw therefrom  
And illumination :  
Cure thou mayest find for sin,  
Strength to meet temptation :  
Refuge may'st thou gain against  
Satan's condemnation.

## Jucundare, plebs fidelis.

We now proceed to Adam of S. Victor : of whom it is not necessary to say anything in this place, because I have already spoken of him in the Preface. The sequence that follows is on the Four Evangelists.

FAITHFUL flock, in whose possessing  
Is your Heavenly Father's blessing,  
Gladness, in His lore progressing,  
From Ezekiel's Vision draw :  
John the Prophet's witness sharing,  
In the Apocalypse declaring,  
" This I write, true record bearing  
Of the things I truly saw."

Round the Throne, 'midst Angel natures<sup>1</sup>  
Stand four holy living creatures,  
Whose diversity of features  
Maketh good the Seer's plan :  
This an Eagle's visage knoweth :  
That a Lion's image showeth :  
Scripture on the rest bestoweth  
The twain forms of Ox and Man.

These are they, the symbols mystic  
Of the forms Evangelistic,  
Whose four Gospels, streams majestic,  
Irrigate the Church of GOD :  
Matthew first, and Mark the second :  
Luke with these is rightly reckoned :  
And the loved Apostle, beckoned  
To the shore his Master trod.

Matthew's form the man supplieth,  
For that thus he testifieth  
Of the LORD, that none denieth  
Him to spring from man He made ;  
Luke's the ox, in figure special,  
As a creature sacrificial,  
For that he the rites judicial  
Of Mosaic law displayed.

Mark the wilds as lion shaketh,  
And the desert hearing quaketh,  
Preparation while he maketh  
That the heart with GOD be right ;  
John, love's double<sup>2</sup> wing devising,  
Earth on eagle plumes despising,  
To his GOD and LORD uprising  
Soars away in purer light.

Symbols quadriform uniting  
 They of CHRIST are thus inditing ;  
 Quadriform His acts, which writing  
     They produce before our eyes :  
 Man, — Whose birth man's law obeyeth :  
 Ox, — Whom victim's passion slayeth :  
 Lion, — when on death He preyeth :  
     Eagle, — soaring to the skies.

These the creature forms ethereal  
 Round the Majesty imperial  
 Seen by prophets ; but material  
     Difference 'twixt the visions springs :  
 Wheels are rolling, — wings are flying, —<sup>3</sup>  
 Scripture lore this signifying ; —  
 Step with step ; as wheels, complying,  
     Contemplation by the wings.

Paradise is satiated,<sup>4</sup>  
 Blossoms, thrives, is fœcundated,  
 With the waters irrigated  
     From these streams that aye proceed :  
 CHRIST the fountain, they the river,  
 CHRIST the source, and they the giver  
 Of the streams that they deliver  
     To supply His people's need.

In these streams our souls bedewing,  
 That more fully we ensuing  
 Thirst of goodness, and renewing,  
     Thirst more fully may allay :  
 We their holy doctrine follow  
 From the gulf that gapes to swallow,  
 And from pleasures vain and hollow  
     To the joys of heavenly Day.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Evangelistic Symbols offered, as might be expected, a favourite theme to mediæval poets. Adam of S. Victor has himself another sequence on the same subject. It is no part of my design to dwell on the different adaptations of these symbols ; how the lion is given to S. John, and S. Luke, and S. Matthew : the man and the eagle to S. Mark, &c. I quote some of the verses of the Christian poets on the subject.

Juvenius,—if the lines are indeed his,—

Matthew of virtue's path is wont to tell,  
 And gives the just man laws for living well.  
 Mark loves to hover 'twixt the earth and sky  
 In vehement flight, as eagle from on high.  
 The LORD'S Blest Passion Luke more fully writes,  
 And, named the ox, of priestly deeds indites.  
 John as a lion, furious for the strife,  
 Thunders the mysteries of Eternal Life.

S. Mark's flying between the earth and sky is explained by the gloss thus;—that he neither describes the temporal nativity of our LORD,—represented by earth,—nor His eternal generation, symbolised by heaven;—but, so to speak, avoids both.

Sedulius, a hundred years later, after speaking of our LORD's true manhood, says :

This Matthew writes, and then the human face :  
 Mark roars a lion in a desert place ;  
 While priestly Luke the ox for symbol names,  
 And John, who towers to heaven, the eagle claims.

Later poets carried out,—as we shall see that Adam does,—the symbolism still further, and made the LORD to be in Himself all that His servants were separately. Thus a mediæval epigram :

Luke is the ox,—Mark lion,—eagle John,—  
 Matthew the man : but GOD is all in one.  
 The Man in birth, the Ox in death, to rise  
 The Lion, —and the Eagle seek the skies.

Hildebert of Mans, after going through these symbols, adduces another :

The fountain yet distils : increase thy store :  
 Each righteous man contains these symbols four.  
 For human sense he claims the human face :  
 The ox in self-denial finds a place :  
 Lion is he, as conqueror in hard straits :  
 Eagle, for oft he seeks the heavenly gates.

<sup>2</sup> That is, of love to GOD, and love to his neighbour.

<sup>3</sup> The poet compares the visions of Ezekiel and S. John. The wheels of the Prophet, which roll along

the earth, signify the account given by the Evangelists of the earthly Life of our LORD: the wings of the Apostle set forth their knowledge of His Eternal Deity. And again: as four wheels must necessarily keep time together, so there is the most perfect concord between the narrations of the Evangelists.

<sup>4</sup> The river that was parted, and became into four heads, is explained of CHRIST, the various acts of Whose Life on earth are divided between the four Evangelists. Mediæval symbolism represents S. Matthew by Gihon, S. Mark by Tigris, S. Luke by Euphrates, and S. John by Pison.

## Ecce Dies celebris.

This is another prose of Adam of S. Victor : composed  
for Easter.

HAIL the much-remembered Day !  
Night from morning flies away,  
    Life the chains of death hath burst :  
Gladness, welcome ! grief, begone !  
Greater glory draweth on  
    Than confusion at the first.  
Flies the shadowy from the true :  
Flies the ancient from the new :  
    Comfort hath each tear dispersed.

Hail our Pascha, That wast dead !  
What preceded in the Head  
    That each member hopes to gain ;  
CHRIST, our newer Pascha now,  
Late in death content to bow  
    When the Spotless Lamb was slain.

CHRIST the prey hath here unbound  
From the foe that girt us round :<sup>1</sup>  
Which in Samson's deed is found  
    When the lion he had slain :<sup>2</sup>  
David, in His Father's cause,  
From the lion's hungry jaws  
And the bear's devouring paws  
    Hath set free His flock again.

He that thousands slew by dying,  
Samson, CHRIST is typifying<sup>3</sup>  
    Who by death o'ercame his foes :  
Samson, by interpretation,  
Is THEIR SUNLIGHT : Our Salvation  
Thus hath brought illumination  
    To the Elect on whom He rose.

From the Cross's pole<sup>4</sup> of glory  
Flows the must of ancient story  
    In the Church's wine vat stored :  
From the press, now trodden duly,  
Gentile first-fruits gathered newly  
    Drink the precious liquor poured.

Sackcloth, worn with foul abuses,<sup>5</sup>  
Passes on to royal uses ;

Grace in that garb at length we see,  
 The Flesh hath conquered misery.  
 They, by whom their monarch perished  
 Lost the kingdom that they cherished,  
 And for a sign and wonder<sup>6</sup> Cain  
 Is set, who never shall be slain.

Reprobated and rejected  
 Was this Stone that, now elected,  
 For a Trophy stands erected  
     And a precious cornerstone :  
 Sin's, not Nature's, termination,  
 He creates a new Creation,  
 And, Himself their colligation,  
     Binds two peoples into one.

Give we glory to the Head,  
 O'er the members love be shed !

---

<sup>1</sup> This allusion is not very clear. There seems to be a reference to Saul, in the wilderness of Maon, when, having compassed David and his men round, he was only prevented from destroying them by the intelligence that the Philistines had invaded the land. The thought of the Philistines introduces the great destroyer of the Philistines—Samson.

<sup>2</sup> The victory of Samson over the lion is spiritualised in an infinity of ways. Samson overcame him without telling his father and his mother. From the eater came forth meat, as from death came forth life, or, otherwise, as from the death of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah came forth the spiritual honey which satisfies His people.

<sup>3</sup> As the dead which Samson slew in his death were more than they whom he slew in his life,—so not till after our LORD's death did the thousands of converts fall to the Church. *Samson*, according to the ungrammatical interpretation of the Fathers, means *their sun*: that is, the sun of those that belong to him.—Thus, CHRIST, though the Sun of all, yet shall bring final salvation to the Elect alone.

<sup>4</sup> The reference is to the Pole, on which the two spies carried the bunch of grapes. The pole is the Cross:—the bunch typifies the LORD, as the True Vine; the spies, the Jews and Gentiles respectively. The spy that went first, turned his back on the bunch; thus the Jews, first called, rejected our LORD. He that came last, kept his eyes on it;—thus the Gentiles, though last called, accepted the offered salvation.

<sup>5</sup> The poet refers partly to the Psalm, “Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness,”—partly to the story of the Gibeonites,—by means of whose old sacks, when received by the princes, their salvation was effected. The Sackcloth is here the Flesh of CHRIST; and the Royal Uses, its immortality of glory after His Death.

<sup>6</sup> The Vulgate is here followed: “The LORD set Cain for a sign.”

*Zyma vetus expurgetur.*

Another Easter Sequence of Adam of S. Victor.

PURGE we out the ancient leaven,  
 That the feast of earth and Heaven  
     We may celebrate aright :  
 On to-day our hope stands founded :  
 Moses teacheth how unbounded  
     Is its virtue and its might.

This day Egypt's treasures spoiled,  
 And the Hebrews freed that toiled,  
     Pressed with bondage and in chains :  
 From the mortar, brick, and stubble  
 Heaviest toil and sorest trouble  
     Had they known in Zoan's plains.

Now the voice of exultation,  
Now the triumph of salvation  
Free and wide its tidings flings :  
This is the day the LORD hath made: the day  
That bids our sin and sorrow flee away,  
Life and light and health that brings.

In the Law the types lay shaded :  
In the promised End they faded,  
CHRIST, Who all things consummates ;  
CHRIST, Whose Blood aside hath turned  
That devouring sword which burned,  
Waving wide, at Eden's gates.

Yea, that child,<sup>1</sup> our Mystic Laughter,  
For whose sake the ram fell after,  
Signifies the Joy of Life ;  
Joseph from the prison goeth :  
CHRIST, by Resurrection, showeth  
He hath conquered in the strife.

He the Dragon that, devouring  
Pharaoh's dragons,<sup>2</sup> rose o'erpowering  
All their malice and their might ;  
He, the Serpent set on high  
That the people might not die  
From the fiery serpents' bite.

He, the Hook that, hid awhile,<sup>3</sup>  
 Pierced Leviathan with guile :  
 He the Child that laid His hand<sup>4</sup>  
 On the cockatrice's den :  
 That the ancient lord of men  
 Might avoid the ransomed land.

They, whose scorn the Seer offended<sup>5</sup>  
 As to Bethel he ascended,  
 Feel the Bald-head's wrath, and flee :  
 David, after madness feigned,<sup>6</sup>  
 Scapegoat, now no more detained,  
 Ritual sparrow, all go free.

Alien wedlock first despising,  
 With a jawbone Samson rising  
 Thousand Philistines hath slain ;  
 Then, in Gaza as he tarried,  
 Forth her brazen gates he carried  
 To the mountain from the plain.

Sleeping first the sleep of mortals  
 Judah's Lion thus the portals  
 Of the grave hath borne away :  
 While the FATHER'S voice resounded,<sup>7</sup>  
 He, with majesty unbounded,  
 Sought our Mother's courts of day.

Jonah, by the tempest followed,  
 Whom the whale of old time swallowed,  
 Type of our True Jonah giving,  
 Three days past, is rendered living  
     From that dark and narrow space.  
 Now the myrrh of Cyprus groweth,<sup>8</sup>  
 Widelier spreadeth, sweetlier bloweth;  
 Law its withered blossoms throweth  
     That the Church may take their place.

Death and Life have striven newly ;  
 JESUS CHRIST hath risen truly ;  
 And with CHRIST ascended duly  
     Many a witness that He lives :  
 Dawn of newness, happy morrow  
 Wipes away our eve of sorrow :  
 Since from death our life we borrow,  
     Brightest joy the season gives.

JESU, Victor, Life, and Head ;  
 JESU, Way Thy people tread ;  
 By Thy Death from death released  
 Call us to the Paschal Feast,  
     That with boldness we may come ;

Living Water, Bread undying,  
 Vine, each branch with Life supplying,  
 Thou must cleanse us, Thou must feed us,  
 From the Second Death must lead us  
 Upward to our Heavenly Home !

<sup>1</sup> S. Hildebert, following the Fathers: "Isaac, whose name by interpretation is *laughter*, signifies CHRIST. For CHRIST is the joy of man and angels."

<sup>2</sup> So S. Hildebert again: "This Rod, thrown down on the earth and become a serpent, devoured the rods of the Egyptian magicians, because the SON of GOD made flesh, after the dignity of His glory made obedient unto death, by the very means of the death of the flesh deprived the Serpent of his deadly venom, and destroyed death, and the sting of death, according to that saying, 'O Death, I will be thy death! O Hell, I will be thy plagues!'"

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to the question, put by GOD to Job,—“Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?”—But what man was unable to do, that CHRIST could and did effect on the true Leviathan, Satan.—Thus, according to the Fathers, our LORD's humanity was the bait, His divinity the hook; Satan, unconsciously

swallowing one, was destroyed by the other. Thus in an Ambrosian Hymn :

What more sublime can be than this,  
 That very sin should end in bliss ?  
 That perfect love should cast out fear,  
 And better life from death appear ?  
 Death should the hook devour amain,  
 And self in self-made knots enchain ?  
 The Life of all men should be slain,  
 That all men's life might rise again ?

So S. Hildebert in his Epigrams (if we may so call them) named *the moral interpretation of Scripture*.

Fisher the FATHER is : this world, the sea ;  
 CHRIST'S Flesh the bait, the Hook His Deity,  
 The line His generation. Satan took  
 The offered bait ; and perished by the hook.

<sup>4</sup> The poet refers to the mediæval interpretation of Isaiah's prophecy : "The weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice's den."

<sup>5</sup> According to the mediæval explanation, Elisha, going up to Bethel, was a type of the pilgrimage of CHRIST on the Cross to the True House of GOD : and the bald head of the Prophet typified the SAVIOUR'S Crown of Thorns. The mocking children represented the taunting Jews ; and as there came two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of the former, so, after forty-two years, the two savage conquerors, Vespasian and Titus, destroyed Jerusalem.

<sup>6</sup> David's assumed madness in the court of Achish is here regarded as a symbol of the madness imputed

by the Jews to our LORD. "Many of them said: He hath a devil and is mad; why hear ye Him?"

<sup>7</sup> A reference to the mediæval belief that the whelps of the lion are born dead, and continue so for three days, when their father arouses them by roaring: as we saw in the Hymn of S. Fulbert of Chartres.

<sup>8</sup> Canticles i. 14. "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyard of Engedi;" or, as the Vulgate reads, "a cluster of Cyprus." In the preceding verse the Church says, "A bundle of myrrh is my Wellbeloved unto me." The myrrh is interpreted of our LORD's death: the wine of His Resurrection. Thus Marbodius, of Rennes, in his metrical explanation of the Song of Solomon;

Who, dying, caused my heart one hour of deepest  
gloom,  
Is wine of royal cheer, arisen from the tomb.

## Laudes Crucis attollamus.

This sequence, for the Invention or Exaltation of the Cross, is perhaps the masterpiece of Adam of S. Victor.

BE the Cross our theme and story,  
 We who in the Cross's glory  
     Shall exult for evermore.  
 By the Cross the warrior rises,  
 By the Cross the foe despises,  
     Till he gains the heavenly shore.

Heavenward raise songs and praise :  
 Saved from loss by the Cross  
     Give the Cross his honour due :  
 Life and voice keep well in chorus ;  
 Then the melody sonorous  
     Shall make concord good and true.

Love be warm, and praise be fervent,  
 Thou that art the Cross's servant,  
     And in that hast rest from strife :  
 Every kindred, every nation,  
 Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,  
     Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life !

O how glorious, how transcendent  
 Was this Altar !<sup>1</sup> how resplendent  
     In the life blood of the Lamb !  
 Of the Lamb Immaculate  
 That redeemed our ancient state  
     From its sin and from its shame.

This the Ladder Jacob saw  
 Whereby all things CHRIST shall draw  
     To Himself, both friends and foes :  
 Who its nature hath expended  
 In its limits comprehended<sup>2</sup>  
     All the world's four quarters knows.

No new Sacraments we mention ;  
 We devise no fresh invention :  
     This religion was of old ;  
 Wood made sweet the bitter current :<sup>3</sup>  
 Wood called forth the rushing torrent  
     From the smitten rock that rolled.

No salvation for the mansion  
Where the Cross in meet expansion  
    On the door-post stood not graved ;  
Where it stood, the midnight blast  
Of the avenging Angel passed,  
    And the first-born child was saved.

Wood the widow's<sup>4</sup> hands collected,  
When salvation unexpected  
    Came, the Prophet's mystic boon :  
Where the wood of faith is wanted,  
There the SPIRIT's oil is scanted,  
    And the meal is wasted soon.

Rome beheld each armed vessel  
And Maxentius vainly wrestle  
    In the deep against its might :  
This procured the bright ovation  
O'er the Persian and the Thracian  
    When Heraclius won the fight.

Types of old in Scripture hidden  
Setting forth the Cross, are bidden  
    In these days to fuller light ;  
Kings<sup>5</sup> are flying, foes are dying,  
On the Cross of CHRIST relying  
    One a thousand puts to flight.

This its votaries still assureth,  
 Victory evermore secureth,  
 Weakness and diseases cureth,  
     Triumphs o'er the powers of hell :  
 Satan's captives liberateth,  
 Life in sinners renovateth,  
 All in glory reinstateth  
     Who by ancient Adam fell.

Tree, triumphal might possessing,  
 Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,  
 Every other prætergressing  
     Both in bloom and bud and flower :  
 Medicine of the Christian spirit,  
 Save the just, give sinners merit,  
 Who dost might for deeds inherit  
     Overpassing human power.

---

<sup>1</sup> So we have seen Fortunatus address the Cross :

Hail, *Altar!* Hail, O Victim! Thee  
 Decks now Thy Passion's victory.

The Author of the glorious Ambrosian Hymn, *Ad Cœnam Agni Providi*, still more boldly :

Whose Body hath redeemed our loss,  
 Roast on the Altar of the Cross ;

which image is omitted in the Roman recast, *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*. So also Santolius Victorinus :

Arâ sub illâ, Par Deo,  
Se consecrabat Victimam :

and Adam himself repeats the thought in his second Sequence on the Evangelists.

Arâ Crucis mansuëtus  
Sic offertur, sicque vetus  
Transit observantia.

So also S. Hildebert : “ He on the Altar of the Cross made good the office both of King and Priest : of King, because He fought and conquered, of Priest because He made oblation and appeased ; but neither was the oblation which He made, nor the GOD to Whom He offered, alien from Himself.”

<sup>2</sup> So Hildebert : “ CHRIST therefore willed to be exalted on the Cross, not without a reason : but that, in accordance with the four arms of the Cross, whereby the four parts of the world be signified, He might draw all men to love, to imitate, and to reign together with, Him.”

<sup>3</sup> The reference is, of course, to the bitter waters of Marah. Daniel unaccountably applies it to the healing the waters of Jericho by Elisha.

<sup>4</sup> The “two sticks” which the widow of Sarepta was gathering, when Salvation came to her house, are expounded of the two bars which by their intersection make up the Cross.

<sup>5</sup> A very clear reference to the Crusades. The two last stanzas are slightly altered from the Translation which Mr. Wackerbarth has given of them, as a separate poem. The *Ista suos fortiores* is quoted by Archbishop Harsnett, in a Sermon preached at Paul’s Cross.

## Quam dilecta tabernacula.

A prose of Adam of S. Victor, for the dedication of  
a church.

How lovely and how loved, how full of grace,  
O LORD Thou GOD of Hosts, Thy dwelling  
place!

How elect each architect,  
How serene its walls remain  
Never moved by, rather proved by  
Wind, and storm, and surge, and rain!

O how glorious those foundations  
Which in ancient generations  
Types and shadows half display!  
From the side of Adam sleeping  
Eve<sup>1</sup> proceeded, figure keeping  
Of a band to last for aye.

Framed of wood, the Ark<sup>2</sup> effected  
Noah's salvation, while directed  
    Through the Deluge and upheld :  
Called the promise to inherit  
Sarah laughs with joy of spirit  
    O'er the infant of her eld.

From her pitcher<sup>3</sup> Bethuel's daughter  
Giveth Eliezer water,  
    And the camels slake their thirst :  
For her Bridegroom she prepareth,  
While the rings and chains she weareth  
    That Himself had sent her first.

Letter held by, spirit scanted,  
Saw the Synagogue supplanted,<sup>4</sup>  
    Wandering wide, by Jacob's hand :  
Leah's tender vision fleeth  
Much that clear-eyed Rachel<sup>5</sup> seeth  
    Wedded thence in equal band.

By the wayside as she fareth  
Tamar<sup>6</sup> twins to Judah beareth  
    After many a widowed day ;  
Here<sup>7</sup> the Royal Maid, revealing  
What the rush-ark was concealing  
    Beareth Moses safe away.

Here the Lamb is immolated  
Whereby Israel may be sated  
    Sprinkled with the atoning blood :  
Here we pass the Red Sea surges,  
While the rising billow urges  
    Egypt's host beneath the flood.

Here the urn of manna standeth,  
Here the Tables GOD commandeth  
    In the Ark of Covenant rest.  
Here the ornaments of beauty,  
Here the robes of priestly duty,  
    Chief of all the fair long vest.

Here, the Hittite<sup>s</sup> warrior perished,  
Bathsheba is dearly cherished  
    And made partner of the Throne :  
Here in raiment wrought and golden,  
By the King is she beholden,  
    As a Royal Princess known.

Hither Sheba's queen proceeded  
By the love of Wisdom speeded,  
    As to Solomon she bowed :  
Black, but comely, she ascendeth,  
As when myrrh with incense blendeth  
    In a dark and fragrant cloud.

She whose glory ancient story  
Shadowed faintly, bright and saintly  
    Opens here the Day of Grace.  
Now on our Beloved's breast,  
Sing we of Him, as we rest,  
    For the nuptial comes apace :

The feast, at whose beginning blend  
The louder notes that trumpets<sup>9</sup> send,  
While gentler Psalteries hail the end.  
Ten thousand thousand choirs on high  
The Bridegroom in one melody  
Exalting, sing eternally  
    Alleluia : Amen.

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<sup>1</sup> The poet here, after his manner, heaps together the Old Testament types of the Church. The first of these is Eve. As she was formed from the side of her husband while he slept, the Spotless Bride was formed from the Side of CHRIST while He slept in death on the Cross. For it was when the spear pierced His side that the Sacraments of the Church flowed forth.

<sup>2</sup> Hildebert, in one of his poems, thus expands the type:—the verses lose nothing by being put into

prose. The Ark of Noah was narrow at the top, broad at the bottom, and finished about in a cubit. The beasts were placed lowest; then the men; and the birds above them. The Ark figures the Church. Many there are in this who seem irrational as beasts;—and thence the width of the lower stage.—There are fewer in it who may properly be called men, as knowing the things that belong to their peace, and avoiding sin;—hence the comparative narrowness of the upper stage. There are fewer still who, like birds, condemn earthly things, and rise to heaven; whence they are fitly represented as at the top. And they are finished about in a cubit: for CHRIST is set forth by the cubit; and beyond Him the Church seeks and finds nothing.

<sup>3</sup> According to the mediæval allegory,—Isaac is CHRIST: Rebecca, the Gentile Church: Eliezer, the Apostles and Doctors whom He sent to betroth that Church to Himself. The servants' thirst, their ardour for souls, satisfied by the obedience of the Gentile converts; as Eliezer's by the pitcher of Rebecca.

<sup>4</sup> Esau here represents the Jews, who while wandering in seeking for the letter of the Scriptures, and careless about the Spirit, lost the blessing which Jacob obtained.

<sup>5</sup> Leah and Rachel, as we have already seen, are usually taken as types of the active and contemplative life. But they also stand for the Jewish Economy and the Church. Leah, tender eyed, *i. e.* blear eyed, represents the former, unable to see the antitype in the type. Rachel, according to the strange etymology of Hildebert, signifies, *that sees the beginning*: *i. e.*

CHRIST: hence she is called *seeing* Rachel by our poet, and therefore typifies the Church, who sees her LORD in the mysteries of the Old Testament.

<sup>6</sup> Tamar is the Gentile Church:—the garment in which she sat by the wayside, confession of sins; her becoming the mother of twins by Judah, while ignorant who she was, is explained of that text,—“a people whom I have not known shall serve Me.”

<sup>7</sup> *Here*, that is, here in the Church, those things really take place, which, in Scripture history are allegorically set forth. The Nile is the world, because it flows through Egypt, the land of darkness. Moses is the natural state of man; the Ark, his vain endeavour to work out a righteousness of his own:—Pharaoh’s daughter, the Grace of GOD: which finally makes him by adoption a son of the True King. The three next allusions are perfectly clear.

<sup>8</sup> Uriah sets forth the Jews: Bathsheba, the True Church: David represents CHRIST. Uriah would not go into his house,—nor the Jews enter into the House of Wisdom: Uriah, by carefully keeping the letters with which he was intrusted, perished;—the Jews, as we have just been reminded, by clinging too closely to the letter of Scripture, were also lost:—and CHRIST took the Church from them, and wedded her to Himself.

<sup>9</sup> According to the usual mediæval allegory,—as for instance explained by Honorius of Autun on the eightieth Psalm,—the trumpets, so usually employed in the Jewish Feasts, are the harsher Law; the sweeter Psaltery the gentler teaching of the Gospel.

## En hoc anni circulo.

The following Christmas Carol is of German origin ; and has had at least two popular translations in that language. The earliest begins : *In des Jahres Zirlichkeit*. I have omitted three stanzas, as being merely repetitions of the others.

IN the ending of the year  
 Light and life to man appear :  
 And the Holy Babe is here  
     By the Virgin Mary.  
 For the Word becometh Flesh  
     By the Virgin Mary.

What in ancient days was slain  
*This* day calls to life again :  
 God is coming here to reign  
     By the Virgin Mary.  
 For the Word becometh Flesh  
     By the Virgin Mary.

Adam ate the fruit and died :  
But the curse that did betide  
All his sons is turned aside  
    By the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

Noe shut the Ark of old,  
When the Flood came, as is told :  
Us its doors to-day enfold<sup>1</sup>  
    By the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

Every creature of the plain  
Owned the guileful serpent's reign :  
He this happy day is slain  
    By the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

'Twas the Star the Sun that bore,<sup>2</sup>  
Which Salvation should restore ;  
But pollution ne'er the more  
    Touched the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

And they circumcise the LORD,  
And His Blood for us is poured :  
Thus Salvation is restored  
    By the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

In a manger is He laid :  
Ox and Ass their worship paid :  
Over Him her veil is spread  
    By the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

And the Heavenly Angels' tongue  
Glory in the Highest sung :  
And the shepherds o'er Him hung  
    With the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

Joseph watches o'er His rest :  
Cold and sorrow Him infest :  
He, an-hungred, seeks the breast  
    Of the Virgin Mary.  
For the Word becometh Flesh  
    By the Virgin Mary.

Wherefore let our choir to-day  
 Banish sorrow far away,  
 Singing and exulting aye  
 With the Virgin Mary.  
 For the Word becometh Flesh  
 By the Virgin Mary.

<sup>1</sup> On this same subject the following lines of S. Hildebert, which are a good specimen of his rudeness and epigrammatic terseness, deserve translation.

Two Suns appear to man to-day : one made,  
 One Maker : one eternal, one to fade.  
 One the stars' King : the King of *their* King, one :  
 This makes,—that bids him make,—the hours to run.  
 The Sun shines with the True Sun, ray with ray,  
 Light with light, Day with Him That makes the day.  
 Day without night, without seed bears she fruit,  
 Unwedded mother, flower without a root.  
 She than all greater : He the greatest still :  
 She filled by Him Whose glories all things fill.  
 That night is almost day, and yields to none,  
 Wherein God flesh, wherein flesh God, put on.  
 The undone is done again ; attuned the jar :  
 Sun precedes day : the morn, the morning star.  
 True Sun, and Very Light, and Very Day :  
 God was that Sun, and God its Light and ray.  
 How bare the Virgin, ask'st thou, God and man ?  
 I know not : but I know God all things can.

The reader can hardly fail to be reminded of Dr. Donne, in these compositions of Hildebert.

The reference in the first line is to the increased length of the days from Christmas, to which the Ecclesiastical poets constantly refer. So Prudentius :

Quid est quod arctum circum  
Sol jam recurrens deserit ?  
Christusne terris nascitur  
Qui lucis auget tramitem ?

So S. Peter Chrysologus :—“The days begin to lengthen, because CHRIST, the True Day, hath arisen.”

S. Notker, also, or one of his followers, in a Christmas sequence :—“This the present shining day testifies ; increased in its length, because the True Sun, born on earth, hath with the ray of its light dispersed the darkness.”

<sup>2</sup> The poet is imitating S. Bernard. See p. 49.

## Ⓒ Filii et Filiae.

The eight following hymns, the authors of which are unknown, explain themselves. They may all be referred to about the same date, namely the thirteenth century. The first has more than once been translated: but it seemed to me that its rude simplicity might perhaps be more successfully caught by another effort. It is scarcely possible for any one not acquainted with the melody to imagine the jubilant effect of the triumphant *Alleluia* attached to apparently less important circumstances of the Resurrection: *e. g.*, S. Peter's being outstripped by S. John. It seems to speak of the majesty of that event, the smallest portions of which are worthy to be so chronicled. I have here and there borrowed a line from preceding translations.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Ye sons and daughters of the King  
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,  
To-day the grave hath lost its sting !

Alleluia.

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

Alleluia.

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

Alleluia.

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

Alleluia.

When John the Apostle heard the fame,  
 He to the tomb with Peter came :  
 But in the way outran the same.

Alleluia.

That night the Apostles met in fear :  
 Amidst them came their LORD most dear,  
 And said ; " Peace be unto all here !"

Alleluia.

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

Alleluia.

" Thomas, behold My Side," saith He ;  
 " My Hands, My Feet, My Body see :  
 And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Alleluia.

No longer Thomas then denied :  
 He saw the Hands, the Feet, the Side :  
 " Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.

Alleluia.

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

Alleluia.

On this most holy Day of days,  
Be laud and jubilee and praise :  
To God both hearts and voices raise :

Alleluia.

And we with Holy Church unite,  
As is both meet and just and right,  
In glory to the King of Light.

Alleluia.

## Surrexit Christus hodie.

TO-DAY the Victor o'er His foes  
For human consolation rose.

Alleluia.

Who, two days since, through torments ran  
To succour miserable man.

Alleluia.

The holy women to the tomb  
With gifts of precious ointment come.

Alleluia.

And CHRIST the LORD they seek with pain  
For our transgressions Who was slain.

Alleluia.

An Angel clad in white appears  
To bring glad tidings to their ears.

Alleluia.

“Fear not! O trembling ones!” saith he,  
“But go your ways to Galilee!”

Alleluia.

“ Make speed and tell the Apostles this,  
That He is risen—the LORD of Bliss !”

Alleluia.

To Peter then the King of Heaven  
Appeared, and after to the Eleven.

Alleluia.

In this our Paschal Joy we raise  
Unto the LORD our songs of praise.

Alleluia.

To GOD on High all praise give we ;  
The ever blessed Trinity !

Alleluia !

*Finita jam sunt proelia.*

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !  
 Finished is the battle now ;  
 The Crown is on the Victor's brow !  
 Hence with sadness :  
 Sing with gladness  
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 After sharp death that Him befell,  
 JESUS CHRIST hath harrowed hell.  
 Earth is singing,  
 Heaven is ringing,  
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 On the third morning He arose,  
 Bright with victory o'er His foes.  
 Sing we lauding,  
 And applauding,  
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

He hath closed Hell's brazen door,  
And Heaven is open evermore !

Hence with sadness !

Sing with gladness

Alleluia !

Alleluia : Alleluia !

LORD, by Thy Wounds we call on Thee  
So from ill death to set us free,

That our living

Be thanksgiving !

Alleluia !

*Im pulsa cedunt nubila.*

THE cloud of night is past away :  
Mary, rejoice, rejoice, to-day ! Alleluia.

He That abhorred not thy womb  
Hath risen victorious from the tomb. Alleluia.

The dart of death is knapped in twain,  
At JESU'S feet death's self lies slain. Alleluia.

In consolation our annoy,  
Our sorrow hath his end in joy. Alleluia.

The Face with spitting marred so late  
Is glorious now as Heav'n's own gate. Alleluia.

Graved in His Hands and Feet, the Wounds  
Are rivers whence all grace abounds. Alleluia.

Thy transverse arms, O Cross, are now  
The sceptre whereto all things bow. Alleluia.

## Veni, Veni, Emmanuel.

This Advent Hymn is little more than a versification of some of the Christmas antiphons commonly called the *O's*.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,  
And loose Thy captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the SON of GOD appear !

Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
Is born for thee, O Israel !

O Rod of Jesse's stem, arise,  
And free us from our enemies,  
And set us loose from Satan's chains,  
And from the pit with all its pains !

Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
Is born for thee, O Israel !

Thou, the true East, draw nigh, draw nigh,  
To give us comfort from on high !  
And drive away the shades of night,  
And pierce the clouds, and bring us light !  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Is born for thee, O Israel !

Key of the House of David, come !  
Reopen Thou our heavenly home !  
Make safe the way that we must go,  
And close the path that leads below.  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Is born for thee, O Israel !

Ruler and LORD, draw nigh, draw nigh !  
Who to Thy flock in Sinai  
Didst give, of ancient times, Thy Law,  
In cloud and majesty and awe.  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Is born for thee, O Israel !

Coelos ascendit hodie.

TO-DAY above the sky He soared, Alleluia.  
The King of glory, CHRIST the LORD. Alleluia.

He sitteth on the FATHER'S Hand, Alleluia.  
And ruleth sky and sea and land. Alleluia.

Now all things have their end foretold, Alleluia.  
In holy David's song of old : Alleluia.

My LORD is seated with the LORD, Alleluia.  
Upon the Throne of GOD adored. Alleluia.

In this great triumph of our King, Alleluia.  
To GOD on high all praise we bring. Alleluia.

To Him all thanks and laud give we, Alleluia.  
The Ever Blessed TRINITY. Alleluia.

## Ecce tempus est vernaie.<sup>1</sup>

An Easter sequence, published by Du Ménil from a manuscript of the thirteenth century. The poet borrows one line from the *Pange lingua* of Fortunatus, and seems, in another place, to copy Adam of S. Victor. The metre is very rare.

SPRING returns with jubilation,  
 When the Tree of our salvation,  
 Chiefest of the forest nation,  
 Wrought the work of reparation  
     Fallen man redeeming.  
 Through Judæa's rage infernal  
 From the nut breaks forth the kernel:<sup>2</sup>  
 Hangs upon the Cross the Eternal:  
 Trembles earth: the sun supernal  
     Hides in shades his beaming.  
 Accusation, condemnation,  
 Pillar, thongs, and flagellation,  
 Gall and bitter coronation,  
 This He bore, and reprobation,  
     Railing and blaspheming.

Jewish people crucify Him !  
 Torture, scourge, and mock, and try Him !  
 In that precious Blood bedye Him !  
 That our race is ransomed by Him  
     Oh, how little deeming !  
 Theme of Israelite rejection,  
 Now with joyful recollection,  
 Christians ! hail the Resurrection ;  
 With good deeds and heart's affection  
     To the Victor teeming !

---

<sup>1</sup> In Du Ménil's copy, three lines precede this. But, as they disturb the metre where they stand, and are presently repeated in other words, I take them to be merely a various reading of the third, fourth, and fifth in the finished poem.

<sup>2</sup> Thus Adam of S. Victor compares our LORD'S Humanity to the shell : His Divinity to the kernel.

CHRIST the nut ; the skin surrounding  
 Passion's bitterness expounding,  
     And the shell, His human frame.  
 But in Flesh lay hid the Eternal  
 And His Sweetness : and the kernel  
     Rightly signifies the same.

## Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas.

The following hymn of S. Thomas Aquinas to the Holy Eucharist was never in public use in the mediæval Church: but it has been appended, as a private devotion, to most missals. It is worthy of notice how the Angelic Doctor, as if afraid to employ any pomp of words on approaching so tremendous a Mystery, has used the very simplest expressions throughout.

HUMBLY I adore Thee, hidden Deity,  
Which beneath these figures art concealed from  
me :

Wholly in submission Thee my spirit hails,  
For in contemplating Thee it wholly fails.

Taste and touch and vision in Thee are deceived :  
But the hearing only may be well believed :  
I believe whatever GOD'S own SON declared ;  
Nothing can be truer than Truth's very Word.

On the Cross lay hidden but Thy Deity :  
Here is also hidden Thy Humanity :  
But in both believing and confessing, LORD,  
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.

Though Thy Wounds, like Thomas, I behold  
not now,

Thee my LORD confessing, and my GOD, I bow :  
Give me ever stronger faith in Thee above,  
Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.

O most sweet memorial of His death and woe,  
Living Bread, which givest life to man below,  
Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,  
And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give !

Pelican of Mercy, JESU, LORD and GOD,  
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in Thy Precious  
Blood :

Blood whereof one drop for humankind out-  
poured

Might from all transgression have the world  
restored.

JESU, Whom thus veiled I must see below,  
When shall that be given which I long for so,  
That at last beholding Thy uncovered Face,  
Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace ?

*Pange lingua gloriosi.*<sup>1</sup>

OF the glorious Body telling,  
 O my tongue, its mysteries sing,  
 And the Blood, all price excelling,  
 Which for this world's ransoming,  
 In a generous womb once dwelling,  
 He shed forth, the Gentiles' King.

Given for us, for us descending  
 Of a Virgin to proceed,  
 Man with man in converse blending  
 Scattered He the Gospel seed:  
 Till His sojourn drew to ending,  
 Which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last Great Supper seated  
 Circled by His brethren's band,  
 All the Law required, completed  
 In the meat its statutes planned,  
 To the Twelve Himself He meted  
 For their food with His own hand.

Word made Flesh, by word He truly  
Makes True Bread His Flesh to be :  
Wine CHRIST'S Blood becometh newly ;  
And if senses fail to see  
Faith alone the true heart duly  
Strengthens for the Mystery.

Such a Sacrament, inclining,  
Worship we with reverent awe :  
Ancient rites their place resigning  
To a new and nobler Law :  
Faith her supplement assigning  
To make good the sense's flaw.

Honour, laud, and praise addressing  
To the FATHER and the SON,  
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing  
And eternal benison :  
HOLY GHOST, from Both progressing,  
Equal laud to Thee be done !

---

<sup>1</sup> This hymn contests the second place among those of the Western Church with the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Jesu dulcis memoria*, the *Ad Regias Agni dapes*, the *Ad supernam*, and one or two others,

leaving the *Dies iræ* in its unapproachable glory. It has been a bow of Ulysses to translators. The translation above given claims no other merit than an attempt to unite the best portions of the four best translations with which I am acquainted, — Mr. Wackerbarth's, Dr. Pusey's, that of Leeds' book, and Mr. Caswall's, (which last, however, omits the double rhymes.) Chiefly where, as in the first line, and the fourth and eighth verses, all seemed to me to fail, I have ventured another attempt,—possibly to display another failure. In the latter, the two concluding lines, *Præstet fides supplementum Sensuum defectui*, are avoided by all. The versions are: "Faith the senses dark refining Mysteries to comprehend:" "Faith, thine earnest adoration, Passing eye and touch, present." Mr. Caswall's translation, unshackled by rhyme, is nearest: "Faith for all defects supplying, Where the feeble senses fail."

The great *crux* of the translator is the fourth verse. I give all the translations. 1. "GOD the WORD by one word maketh Very Bread His Flesh to be: And whoso that Cup partaketh, Tastes the Fount of Calvary: While the carnal mind forsaketh, Faith receives the Mystery." Here the *incarnation* of the Word, so necessary to the antithesis, is omitted: and so exact a writer as S. Thomas would never have used the expression *by ONE word*. 2. "At the Incarnate Word's high bidding, Very Bread to Flesh doth turn: Wine becometh CHRIST'S Blood-shedding: And, if sense cannot discern, Guileless spirits, never dreading, May from Faith sufficient learn." Here, the antithesis is utterly lost, by the substitution of *Incarnate* for *made flesh*, and *bidding* for *word*.

3. "Word made Flesh! The Bread of nature, Thou by word to Flesh dost turn: Wine, to Blood of our Creator: If no sense the work discern, Yet the true heart proves no traitor: Faith unaided all shall learn." Here the antithesis is preserved, though at the expense of the vocative case. And surely S. Thomas, in an exact dogmatical poem, would not have spoken of the Blood of our *Creator*. Mr. Caswall, following up the hint given by the last version, and substituting the apposite pronoun for the vocative, has given, as from his freedom of rhyme might be expected, the best version. "Word made Flesh, the Bread of nature, By a word to Flesh He turns: Wine into His Blood He changes: What though sense no change discerns, Only be the heart in earnest, Faith the lesson quickly learns." In both these last translations, however, the *panem verum* of S. Thomas is not given; and Mr. Caswall brings in the worse than unnecessary article—By *a* word. I am well aware that my own attempt is far from perfect;—but I think that these points are satisfied in it.

## Alleluia, dulce carmen.

The Latin Church, as it is well known, forbade, as a general rule, the use of Alleluia in Septuagesima. Hence, in more than one ritual, its frequent repetition on the Saturday before Septuagesima, as if by way of farewell to its employment. This custom was enjoined in the German Dioceses by the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 817:—but various reasons render it probable that the following hymn is not of earlier date than the thirteenth century.

✓ ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,  
 Voice of joy, celestial lay,  
 Alleluia is the glory  
 Of the choirs in heavenly day,  
 Which the Angels sing, abiding  
 In the house of God for aye.

Alleluia, joyful mother  
Of the Blest, Jerusalem !  
Alleluia is the anthem  
That full well befitteth them,  
While to sadness Babel's rivers  
Exiles on the earth condemn.

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

Wherefore supplicate we, lauding  
Thee, O Blessed TRINITY,  
We at last may keep our Easter  
In Thy Home beyond the sky,  
There to Thee our Alleluia  
Singing everlastingly.

## Dies est lactitiæ.

A German carol ;—at least it does not seem to have been used in the offices of the Church. It is perhaps scarcely worth mentioning that Luther believed it inspired.

ROYAL Day that chasest gloom !  
 Day by gladness speeded !  
 Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb  
 How the King proceeded ;  
 Whom, True Man, with praise our Choir  
 Hails, and love, and heart's desire,  
 Joy and admiration ;  
 Who, True God, enthroned in light,  
 Passeth wonder, passeth sight,  
 Passeth cogitation.

On the Virgin as He hung,  
 God, the world's Creator,  
 Like a rose from lily sprung,—  
 Stood astounded nature :

That a Maiden's arms enfold  
Him That made the world of old,  
    Him That ever liveth :  
That a Maiden's spotless breast  
To the King Eternal rest,  
    Warmth and nurture giveth !

As the sunbeam through the glass  
    Passeth but not staineth,  
Thus the Virgin, as she was,  
    Virgin still remaineth :  
Blessed Mother, in whose womb  
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,  
    GOD, the LORD of Ages :  
Blessed Maid ! from Whom the LORD,  
Her own Infant, GOD adored,  
    Hunger's pangs assuages.

*Cedant justis signa luctus.*

This Easter Hymn, which seems of French origin, must, from its subjective character, and the occurrence of one or two terms scarcely known to mediæval writers, be classed with the preceding.

HENCE with sorrow and with sighing !  
 Waves are calming, storms are flying !  
 Moses hath passed through the sea :  
 Israel's captive band is free !  
 Life by death slew death and saved us :  
 In His Blood the LAMB hath laved us,  
 Clothing us with victory. Alleluia.

Hark ! the deep abysses thunder !  
 Hark ! the chains are knapped in sunder !  
 And the unfettered Fathers rise  
 Soaring towards the opened skies :

GOD and Man, our ransom paying,  
And in Light Himself arraying,  
    Claimeth now the victory. Alleluia.

JESUS CHRIST from death hath risen !  
'Twas His Godhead burst the prison :  
    'Twas His blest Humanity  
    Struggled through our misery.  
GOD'S long patience, GOD'S rejection,  
Brought to pass our resurrection :  
    Brought to pass our victory. Alleluia.

This the law the SAVIOUR teaches :  
This the call His triumph preaches :  
    Sinner, from the grave of sin  
    Rise, eternal joy to win :  
From the death our sins decreed us  
JESUS CHRIST by death hath freed us :  
    Sing we then His Victory ! Alleluia.

Vain is Hades' indignation :  
Shines the Sun of our Salvation :  
    CHRIST'S dear children are set free :  
    Crushed is Satan's slavery.  
Now the net is rent in pieces :  
Now our woe in triumph ceases :  
    Rise we to our victory ! Alleluia.

Wherefore, O ye ransomed number,  
Shake ye off your ghostly slumber :  
    Be ye children of the day :  
    Tread in your REDEEMER'S way :  
If our SAVIOUR'S help be nigh us,  
Satan vainly shall defy us,—  
    Ours shall be the victory ! Alleluia.

## Nobí partus gaudium.

This sequence, for such it appears, was first published by Du Méril from a MS. of the fourteenth century. The writer was clearly formed in the school of Adam of S. Victor. The metre is very uncommon : and (perhaps) not very pleasing.

LET the faithful raise the lay  
 To the new-born King to-day :  
 That the Light of Light would come  
 From the Virgin's holy womb :  
 Purging Adam's guilt away,  
 Shedding joy and scattering gloom.

Long had darkness reigned around :  
 Light and freedom none were found,  
 Hope of exit none in ken  
 For the fallen tribes of men,  
 Whom the Prince of this world bound  
 Fast within his doleful den.

From the dungeon and the cave  
Had the Law no power to save :  
While the wounded traveller lay  
Breathing of his soul away,  
There the Priest<sup>1</sup> no aidance gave,  
Word of hope had none to say.

So the Levite, passing by,  
On him cast an idle eye :  
For the Law, that sin displayed,  
Showed its stain, but gave no aid,  
Till to succour she drew nigh,  
Grace, with mightier powers arrayed.

Prophet's staff was sent before,  
But the child was ne'er the more  
Raised to life, until He came  
Who had sent afore the same :  
God and man, whom Mary bore,  
Taking of an infant frame.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The poet, whether by design or not, misses the usual interpretation of the Fathers, that by the Priest was meant the Patriarchal dispensation, which "passed by on the other side," neither doing, nor professing

to do any thing, for the salvation of man ; while by the Levite, who “ came and looked on ” the Traveller, the law was typified :—which indeed showed man his sinfulness, but gave no effectual help.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is, of course, to the staff of Elisha. Our LORD’s taking the form of a child is here considered as symbolised by the Prophet’s stretching himself upon the dead son of the Shunammite, and thus, so to speak, taking his form before raising him to life.

*Om̄n̄is fidel̄is gaudeat.*

The following Hymn, from the Meissen Breviary, was appropriated to the Feast of the Face of our SAVIOUR, celebrated on January 15. This was one of the festivals which, however well suited to the simplicity of the middle ages, have been, it cannot be denied, wisely allowed to drop from the Calendar. The hymn itself, though exceedingly rude, is, to my mind, of a very sweet simplicity.

LET every faithful heart rejoice,  
 And render thanks to GOD on high :  
 And with each power of soul and voice  
 Extol His praises worthily.

Into this dark world JESUS came,  
 And all men might His Form behold ;  
 While to the limits of the same  
 He passed, that we might be consoled.

To all He showed that gentle Face :  
On good and bad alike it shone :  
Its perfect loveliness and grace  
The LORD of all concealed from none.

O love of CHRIST beyond all love !  
O clemency beyond all thought !  
O grace all praise of men above,  
Whereby such gifts to men are brought !

O Blessed Face, whose praise we sing !  
Here in the Way we worship thee :  
That in the Country of our King  
Filled with thy glory we may be !

To GOD on High be glory meet !  
Equal to Thee, Eternal SON !  
Equal to Thee, Blest PARACLETE,  
While never-ending ages run.

## Gloriosi Salvatoris.

A German Hymn on the Festival of the Holy Name of JESUS. All that can be said of its date is, that it is clearly posterior to the *Pange lingua* of S. Thomas, which it imitates.

To the Name that brings Salvation  
 Honour, worship, laud we pay :  
 That for many a generation  
 Hid in GOD'S foreknowledge lay :  
 But to every tongue and nation  
 Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 By the tongue ineffable,  
 Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 To the ear delectable,  
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
'Tis the Name of victory ;  
'Tis the Name for meditation  
In the vale of misery :  
'Tis the Name for veneration  
By the Citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches  
Finds it music in his ear :  
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches  
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :  
Who its perfect wisdom reaches  
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted  
Over every other Name :  
That when we are sore assaulted  
Puts our enemies to shame :  
Strength to them that else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

JESU, we Thy Name adoring  
Long to see Thee as Thou art :  
Of Thy clemency imploring  
So to write it in our heart,  
That, hereafter, upward soaring,  
We with Angels may have part.

Ⓞ beata beatorum.

This very elegant sequence is of German origin. Its rhymes are irregular in the original, as here.

BLESSED Feasts of Blessed Martyrs,  
 Saintly days of saintly men,  
 With affection's recollections  
 Greet we your return again.

Worthy are they worthy wonders  
 To perform, the conflict o'er :  
 We with meetest praise and sweetest  
 Venerate them evermore.

Faith unblenching, Hope unquenching,  
 Dear-loved LORD, and simple heart :  
 Thus they glorious and victorious  
 Bore the Martyr's happy part.

Carceration, trucidation,  
Many a torment fierce and long,  
Flame, and axe, and laceration  
Tried and glorified the throng.

While they passed through divers tortures,  
Till they sank by death opprest,  
Earth's rejected were elected  
To have portion with the Blest.

By contempt of worldly pleasures,  
And by mighty battles done,  
Have they merited with Angels  
To be knit for aye in one.

Wherefore made coheirs of glory,  
Ye that sit with CHRIST on high,  
Join to ours your supplications,  
As for grace and peace we cry ;

That this naughty life completed,  
And its transient labours past,  
We may merit to be seated  
In our LORD'S bright Home at last.

*Tandem fluctus, tandem luctus.*

This elegant little Advent Hymn can scarcely be earlier than the sixteenth century.

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

O true splendour, bright and tender,  
 Sun of Righteousness on high,  
 Port Thou showest, source Thou owest  
 To the Virgin's Purity.

Now Thou keepest rest and sleepest  
 In that zodiac of delight :  
 Joy hereafter shall with laughter  
 Hail the coming Monarch's sight.

Satan, gnashing, sees it flashing  
Through that cloud so pure and white :  
Thou endurest ever purest,  
Virgin Mother of the Light.

Darkness scattered, hell gates shattered,  
Victory to them draws nigh,  
Whom profession of transgression  
Justly had condemned to die.

Earth rejoices : heavenly voices  
Render praise to GOD above ;  
Now renewing and bedewing  
Every soul with fuller love.

## Attolle paululum lumina.

The following hymns are clearly of the very latest date: certainly not earlier than the sixteenth, it may be the beginning of the seventeenth, century. Their intensely subjective character would be a sufficient proof of this: and their rhythm equally shows it. Double rhyme, in all mediæval hymns, is reserved for trochaic measures;—its use, as here, in iambics, gives a certain impression of irreverence which it is hard to get over. Notwithstanding the wide difference between these and mediæval hymns, they possess, I think, considerable beauty: and perhaps will be more easily appreciated by modern readers.

✓ RAISE, raise thine eyes a little way,  
 O sinful man, discerning  
 Thy sins, how great and foul are they,  
 And to repentance turning:  
 On the Crucified One look,—  
 Thou shalt read, as in a book,  
 What well is worth thy learning.

Look on the Head, with such a Crown  
Of bitter thorns surrounded ;  
Look on the Blood that trickles down  
The Feet and Hands thus wounded !  
Let that frame thy tears engage,  
Marking how Judæa's rage  
And malice hath abounded.

But though upon Him many a smart  
Its bitterness is spending,  
Yet more,—oh how much more!—His Heart  
Man's thanklessness is rending !  
On the Cross, bewailed by none,  
Mark, O man, how Mary's Son  
His life of love is ending.

None ever bore such grief before,  
None ever such affliction,  
As when Judæa brought to pass  
His bitter crucifixion :  
He, that we might dwell on high,  
Bare the pangs that made Him die  
In oft-renewed infliction.

O therefore Satan's wiles repel,  
And yield not to temptation !  
Think on the woes that CHRIST befell  
In working thy salvation :

For, if He had never died,  
What could thee and all betide  
But uttermost damnation ?

If thus He bled, that Only SON  
The FATHER held so dearly,  
Thou wicked servant, faithless one,  
O how much more severely !  
If the green wood kindled, how  
Shall not every sapless bough  
Consume as fuel merely !

O mortal ! heed these terrors well !  
O sinner, flee from sinning !  
Consider thou the woes of hell  
Ne'er ending, still beginning :  
Render thanks to CHRIST on high :  
Thus with Him, beyond the sky  
Eternal glory winning.

*Exite, Sion Filiae.*<sup>1</sup>

DAUGHTERS of Sion, see your King !

Go forth, go forth to meet Him !

Your Solomon is hastening

Where that dear flock shall greet Him !

The sceptre and the crown by right

He wears, in robe of purple dight.

Your Solomon, the Prince of Peace,

Bears not His Mother's laurel :

But with the olive bids to cease

The long and bloody quarrel :

JESUS, the SON of GOD Most High,

Offers His peace to them that die.

It glitters fair, His Diadem,

But Thorns are there entwining :

And from the Red Sea comes each gem  
That in its wreath is shining :  
Their radiance glows like stars at night :  
With precious blood-drops are they bright.

The Royal Sceptre that He bears  
Beneath Whom nature quaketh,  
No monarch's pride and pomp declares,  
A Reed, it feebly shaketh :  
For iron sceptre ne'er possess'd  
The power to guide a human breast.

The Festive Purple of the LORD,  
Is here no garment stately :  
A vest, by very slaves abhorred ;  
—The worm hath tinged it lately :<sup>2</sup>  
“ I am a Worm,” of old, said He,—  
And what its toils have tinged, ye see.

We therefore to the King of kings  
Bow lowly, from Him learning  
The pomp and pride that this world brings  
To make our boast in spurning :  
Such love the members best adorns,  
For whom the Head was crowned with  
thorns.

<sup>1</sup> There is another, but inferior hymn, with the same commencement. The reference, it need hardly be said, is to Canticles iii. 11.

<sup>2</sup> This very, perhaps too, bold metaphor is not, so far as I am aware, employed elsewhere in the whole circle of mediæval poetry. In the Compline Hymn for Whit-Sunday in the Sarum Breviary, among other titles of our LORD, we find

Agnus, Ovis, Vitulus, Serpens, Aries, Leo, *Vermis*.

## Huc ad jugum Calvariæ.

A poem of the same character, and probably of the same date as the last. I know it only from Daniel's Hymnology. Vol. II. p. 353.

✓  
 UP to the Hill of Calvary  
 With CHRIST our LORD ascending,  
 We deem the Cross our victory  
 'Neath which His steps are bending :—  
 What soldier is of generous strain ?  
 One honour let him cherish ;—  
 With CHRIST upon that battle plain  
 A thousand times to perish !

On must the faithful warrior go  
 Whereso the Chief precedeth ;  
 And all true hearts will seek the foe  
 Where'er the banner leadeth ;—  
 Our highest victory,—it is loss :  
 No cup hath such completeness  
 Of gall, but that remembered Cross  
 Will turn it into sweetness !

Doth sickness hover o'er thy head,  
In weakness art thou lying ?  
Behold upon the Cross's bed  
Thy sick Physician dying !  
No member in the holy frame  
That there for thee must languish,  
But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,—  
But what thy sin, with anguish !

Have wealth and honour spread their wing  
And left thee all unfriended ?—  
See naked on the Cross thy King,—  
And thy regrets are ended :  
The fox hath where to lay his head,  
Her nest receives the sparrow :  
Thy Monarch, for His latest bed,  
One plank hath, hard and narrow !

Thy good name suffers from the tongue  
Of tyrants and oppressors ?  
JESUS, as on the Cross He hung,  
Was reckoned with transgressors !  
More than the nails and than the spear  
His sacred limbs assailing,  
Judæa's children pierced His ear  
With blasphemy and railing !

Fear'st thou the death that comes to all,  
And knows no interceder?—  
O glorious struggle!—thou wilt fall,  
The soldier by the Leader!  
CHRIST went with death to grapple first,  
And vanquished him before thee:  
His darts then, let him do his worst,  
Can win no triumph o'er thee!

And, if thy conscience brands each sense  
With many a past defilement,  
Here, by the fruits of penitence,  
Hope thou for reconcilment!  
For He, Who bowed His holy Head,  
In death serenely sleeping,  
Hath grace on contrite hearts to shed,  
And pardon for the weeping!

## Triumphe ! plaudant maria.

SING victory, O ye seas and lands !  
 Ye floods and rivers, clap your hands !  
 Break forth in joy, angelic bands !  
 Crown ye the King That midst you stands,  
 To Whom the Heavenly gate expands !  
     Bow before His Name Eternal  
     Things celestial, things terrestrial,  
     And infernal.

Sing victory, Angel guards that wait !  
 Lift up, lift up the Eternal gate !  
 And let the King come in with state :  
 And, as ye meet Him on the way,  
 The mighty triumph greet, and say,  
 Hail ! JESU ! glorious Prince ! to-day.  
     Bow before His Name Eternal  
     Things celestial, things terrestrial,  
     And infernal.

Who is the King of glory blest  
Effulgent in His purple vest ?  
With garments dyed in Bosrah, He  
Ascends in pomp and jubilee.  
It is the King, renowned in fight,  
Whose hands have shattered Satan's might.  
Bow before His Name Eternal  
Things celestial, things terrestrial,  
And infernal.

Right gloriously strife endeth now !  
Henceforward all things to Thee bow,  
And on the Father's Side sit Thou !  
O JESU, all our wishes' goal,  
Be Thou our joy when troubles roll,  
And the reward of every soul !  
Bow before His Name Eternal  
Things celestial, things terrestrial,  
And infernal.

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