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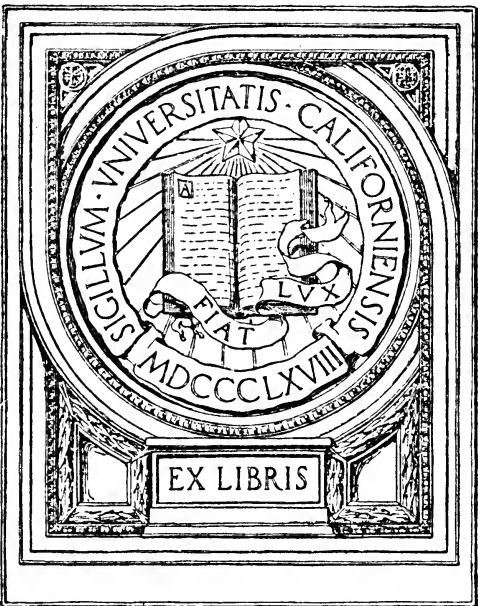


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Savonarola

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

and

John Knox



BY

Donald Cameron

San Francisco, Cal.
1912

NO. 1111
ABSTRACT

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ruptions, nevertheless in both cases the truth was preserved and began a new life with the impulse of its immortality.

Savonarola resembled the reformers in his appeal to Scripture. He is modern also in his appeal to personal religious experience as opposed to the authority of the ancients. He lived during the Italian Renaissance and protested against the Paganism that it brought with it in making the profane writers authorities in the pulpit instead of Christ and His apostles. He held that men in his day were as capable of being directly taught of God with the light of Scripture as those of former times and thus asserted our great Protestant principle that men should think for themselves in matters of religion with the proviso, of course, of heedfulness and divine help. A true revival must be the result of ripening forces and the culmination of spiritual agencies.

Savonarola was born September 21, 1452, in Ferrara, Italy, and died at Florence, May 23, 1498, aged 45 years. He was both prophet and statesman rebuking the worldliness and selfishness of the priests, speaking the truth in love to high and low, showing a noble disregard of personal gain in his work as pastor and patriot.

The following dialogues present a brief, realistic sketch of the main features of his life and character.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAVONAROLA

Charles VIII.—King of France.

Savonarola—Prior of Saint Marks.

Arrabratti—(Furies literally)—Savonarola's political enemies.

Pignoni—(weepers, literally)—Savonarola's political friends.

Piero—Deposed head of Florentine state.

Capponi and Valori—Members of Florentine Government.

Salviati—Captain of the guard.

Domenico—A friar and friend of Savonarola.

F. Cini—A member of the Eight.

Signory, Commissioners, Messengers.



Act I. Scene 1. Florence.

Officer:

The signory since you have been away
Have turned your enemies and boldly say
You are unfit to rule.

Piero:

But I have made the King of France my friend
His amity is pledged and he will soon
In conquest march through Florence.

Officer:

You have indeed won Charles, King of France,
By gifts, of money and surrendering
Of three stout fortresses into his hands.
But you have lost the people's love and flamed
The fire of liberty that smothered lay
Beneath the fuel of your tyranny.
Another Potentate in Florence reigns,
Shrined in the people's heart whose word is law
Over the populace and signory.
I mean Savonarola whom with gifts
Of fortresses or worlds you cannot buy.
I well remember in your father's time
How oft your father in the convent grounds
Would walk that he might win a gracious smile
From the monks' lips and when all measures failed
I carried gold your father gave to me
To win the friar's favor, who replied
He had enough; plain raiment and plain food
And the blessed privelege of doing good;
But on the poor by good Saint Martin's guild
He would bestow the gold; and so the gift
Went to the poor. Before your father died
He called him to restore the liberties
Of Florence. Thus o'er people he hath gained
An empire tha still grows from less to more.

Piero:

But when the King of France in victory
Rides through the streets of Florence and declares
His friendship for me then the signory
Will find that I am stronger than they deem.

Officer:

'Tis by Savonarola's prophecy,
The King of France invadeth Italy;

But whether he can turn the hostile flood
To his own will and purpose time will prove.

Act I. Scene 2. Florence

Second Piagnoni:

The Signory in council hath declared
Piero is unfit to rule.

Second Piagnon:

Passing the palace even now I saw
Piero driven from the door. I trow
The Medici have suffered overthrow.

(The great bell of the Signory peals the alarm.)

Hark the bell sounding, calling us to arms,
Hasten, betake ye to the palace all,
Florence for aid in dire distress doth call.

Valori:

Need have ye citizens to rush and throng
To rescue Florence from the dreaded foe.
I have but now come from the King of France,
To whom they sent me as ambassador.
Piero went before and stole away
The King's goodwill. Three of our fortresses
He weakly yielded the invading foe.
'Tis now long time the Medici have robbed
Our Florence of its precious liberties.

Third Piagnoni:

Forth from the city gates your enemy
Piero with a few attendants fled,
And is declared to be an enemy,
Exiled from Florence by the Signory.

Valori:

Then half our task is done, the next must be
To build the walls that guard our liberty.

Act I. Scene 3. Florence. The Palace.

Signory, King Charles and Savonarola

Capponi:

We have extended to our utmost strength
The terms of treaty with the King of France.

King Charles:

Piero made more generous promise
Than doth the Signory.

Capponi:

Piero can fulfill no promise made
To Charles, King of France: he is expelled,
And never shall return. We shall fulfill
Our promise as we can, but you impose
More than our burdened citizens can bear.

Charles:

Refuse, and you will hear our trumpets sound.

Capponi:

And we will quickly sound our city bells.

Charles:

See my cuirassers and my cavalry,
Such sight was ne'er before in Florence seen
Of armed host. Behold the flower of France,
On their brave steeds caparisoned: behold

My Scottish archers, my Swiss infantry
Bright with their burnished steel.

Savonarola:

King, beware! The Signory have tried
To meet with your demands, be merciful.
I prophesied that like the king of old,
King Cyrus, you would override your foes:
But if you be unmerciful, unjust,
You yet may meet defeat.

Charles:

Conclude the treaty and in peace join hands,
The King of France doth yield you your demands.

Savonarola:

Delays are dangerous, no longer stay,
But lead your army forth upon its way.
Begone from Florence ere your good thoughts die,
Drowned in the river of your revelry.

Act I. Scene IV. Florence. Signory and Savonarola

Capponi:

The Signory return thee heartfelt thanks,
Savonarola, for thine aid to them.
But for thine aid, the King of France would still
Hold midnight revels in our Palace hall.
Such awe thy prophecies in him inspired,
He harked to thee when other voices failed
To move him hence. We joy that he is gone.
Thy further counsel we desire to heal
The sickness that besets our commonweal.

Savonarola:

Kindness and common reason will supply

For present needs a timely remedy,
With Venice for your pattern, keep the reigns
Of office firmly in the peoples' hands.
Trust not your liberty to senators,
Who yield to you the name of liberty,
But rob you of its power. A council great
Must be the head and centre of your state,
To which all officers must give account.
The Pope eyes Florence that he may secure
Abundance for his children, while Milan
And Naples and Piero seek to make
Of Florence slaves. O, let the heavens reign;
Beware of priests, who, with imposing show
Of chants, processions, ornaments, displace
The worship of the heart. In former days,
The chalice was of wood, the prelate gold,
But now the chalice gold, the prelate wood.
Let Christ be King of Florence and anon
Joy will appear and misery be gone.

Act I. Scene 5. Florence Street.

First Arrabiati:

Savonarola bravely mounts aloft
The signory, his servants, while the king
Who reigns o'er France, trembles before his frown.

Second Arrabiati:

He truly hath attained to lofty state,
But there are dangers that surround the great.
In league with Florence and Milan, the Pope
Regards the friar as an enemy
To his desires. His potent enemies
We shall employ to further our design
Of revolution and the friar's fall.

Act II. Scene 7. Saint Marks.

Savonarola:

Meekly obedient to authority
Upon receipt of orders sent from Rome,
That I should go from Florence and proceed
To Lucca, I resolved to go when, lo,
Another message came that said, remain.
Methought that Papal briefs more weighty were
Than like a gossamer that floats in air,
To be thus blown away by people's breath.
Then why should I esteem of heavy weight,
What seemeth of itself to be so light?

Domenico:

It joyeth me that you shall still remain.

Savonarola:

But where, Domenico, the fount and head,
Of the authority that rules our lives?
With God or Rome, with truth or flattery?
But the Arrabiatti and their wrath
Shall not divert my feet from virtue's path.

Act II. Scene 2. Florence.

First Arrabiatti:

Clouds gather deeply o'er the friar's head,
A summons from the Pope called him to Rome,
And he replied that the affairs of state
Pressed on his shoulders with such grievous weight,
That he was sick and might, besides, be killed
By dagger or by poison if he dared
Essay the journey. Now, a brief hath come,
That bids him silence: should he violate

By public speach the order thus enjoined,
He will more fast be caught within the toils.

Second Arrabiatti:

There are so many darts thrown thick and fast,
His foes so many are that he must fall.

Act II. Scene 3. Florence. Saint Marks.

Savonarola, in his room; enter a servant.

Servant:

A priest, arrived from Rome, would speak with you.

Savonarola:

Bid him come in.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio:

Antonio, my name, a priest, from Rome,
A messenger I come, sent by the Pope,
Expressly to hold friendly conference;
For he hath heard of your consuming zeal,
And your obedience to your holy vows.
He would approve and honor and reward
All generous service of the brotherhood.

Savonarola:

I am surprised; he put me under bond,
And straitly charged me that I hold my peace.

Antonio:

'Tis true, your enemies have said hard things
Regarding you at Rome, yet wishing not
To harm the innocent, he hath enquired
To know the truth, that so he might reward
Your service, and, therefore, hath sent me here.

Savonarola:

I wrote what learned fathers wrote before,
And taught the doctrines of the church,—no more.

Antonio:

Your writings by a Cardinal at Rome,
Reported, were as learned, good and wise.
In charity forgotten be the past;
I have come here to make to you amends,
And set you high among Rome's chiefest friends,
An honor many covet, few receive,
A gift so great the world would scarce believe
In the Pope's name I offer.

Savonarola:

Offer what?

Antonio:

Can you conceive?

Savonarola:

I cannot.

Antonio:

In the Pope's name, in token of esteem,
I proffer you a Cardinal's crimson crown.
Hail, Cardinal Savonarola, hail.

Savonarola:

I seek not wealth and honor, but so strange,
The gift you proffer that I shall reply
In my next sermon in the Duomo.
Come there for my reply. Meanwhile, farewell.
Exit Antonio.

O mockery! Profanity more deep

Unfolds itself to my beholding eyes.
Priests, princes traffic with the sacred things,
Briefs, dispensations, and the papal throne,
Favors of priests and princes, all are sold
Unto the highest bidder in Rome's mart.
One day an excommunicate, and banned,
For speaking truth, the next a Cardinal,
Bribed to betray it; what the consequence
Of being either when the slightest cause
Can make or unmake both? They ill divine
Savonarola and his heart who think
That he for gold or honor can be bought.
When next I speak, I trow they then shall find
How far their plummet failed to reach my mind.

Act II. Scene 4. Duomo.

Savonarola:

How is it, friar, that you have been so long?
Hath fear detained you? What hath been amiss?
Listen and I will speak. A youth left home,
And in a bark went sailing by the shore,
When lo, the master of the ship steered forth
Into the darkness, and tempestuous night,
Far from the sight and safety of the shore.
That youth now stands before you. Such am I.
The master let me forth upon the sea,
And like the fishermen of Galilee,
I toss on darkling billows. Towering high
The wrath of Rome is o'er me as a flood.
The citizens of Florence seek my blood;
They offer me a Cardinal's red hat,
But I prefer my worn, time-tattered gown,
A life unstained, a martyr's blood-red crown,
Mine enemies shall slay me by and by,
But from the battle I shall never fly.

Act III. Scene 1. Church of the Badia.

Messenger:

Here is a brief from Rome. You are informed,
You must proclaim the prior of Saint Marks,
Savonarola, excommunicate.

He hath despised the Pope's authority;
For when an order summoned him to Rome,
He disobeyed, and when to silence bound,
He broke his silence.

Priest:

It shall be done as it hath been enjoined.
With torchlight and the pealing of our bells,
The excommunication shall be read.

Act III. Scene 2. Duomo.

Savonarola:

I care not for their torches and their bells,
By which with hollow pomp they advertise
A cause unholy. Light no Pope can quench.
Is a good conscience in a Christian heart.
To do a wrong none have a right divine;
No law condemns the right; my righteous cause
Hath the support of earth's and heaven's laws,
When a Pope errs and doeth grievous ill,
And worketh not the potter's blessed will,
An instrument divine no more is he,
But a base tool, marred, broken and despised.

Act III. Scene 3. Florence Street.

First Arrabiatti:

The Pope a broken tool! This word will go
To Rome and more increase the friar's woe.

Second Arrabiatti:

Piero, Pope, Milan, all Italy
Do battle with the friar and his friends,
He battles bravely, but the end draws near.

Act IV. Scene 1. Saint Marks. Florence.

Savonarola:

According to a custom heretofore
Whereby the church when grave occasion was
Convened in council to deliberate
On its affairs, these letters to the Kings
Of England, Germany and France and Spain
We have addressed requesting them that they
Should call a council to deliberate
On present evils and their just reform.
Should they convene there will be such a stir,
As when the Master drove the trafficker
With whip and mandate from the sacred courts.
Enter friar.

Friar:

A messenger would see Domenico.

Domenico:

Let him come in.

Messenger:

I am commanded Fra Domenico,
To bear a message from the Signory,
And from some friars of the Minorites,
They say to terminate this long dispute,
Between Savonarola and the Pope,
They challenge you to ordeal of fire.
Our champion, a Minorite and friar,

Doth challenge you Domenico to come
To ordeal of fire in public view,
That all may know if ye be false or true.
He will go through the fire and if unscathed,
He shall return, his cause shall stand approved;
You, too, shall pass through flame, should you consent
To meet his challenge. If unsinged, you come
Forth from the fire, your cause shall be held just,
But if you perish, all the world shall know
Savonarola is a prophet false.

Domenico:

Tell thou the friar and tell the Signory,
Domenico doth champion the cause
Of truth Savonarola doth maintain,
And through the flaming fire shall fearless go.
If I return from the fierce fire unscathed,
Savonarola is a prophet true;
If false, I shall be burned.

Messenger:

I shall your message so communicate,
And when the time arrives we shall set forth
The terms of our dispute in order due.

Act IV. Scene 2. Florence. The Piazza.

Two hundred friars of Saint Marks enter the Piazza with a crucifix in front, followed by Fra Domenico, dressed with a cope of red velvet and bearing a crucifix, followed by Savonarola.

Behind them a crowd with torches singing, "Rise, Lord, and Let Thine Enemies be Scattered." The Signory and the champion of the Minorites, who is to go through the ordeal of fire with Domenico, are in the palace. Domenico and Savonarola take their place near a brick platform where the fire is

to be placed. A company of soldiers control the crowd and act as guard to the friars under Salviati.

Domenico:

Bring out your champion to essay the fire.

Savonarola:

Along the stage the friars both shall pass,
Before a burning torch shall be applied,
Behind another torch shall close the way,
And cut off their retreat.

Messenger:

The Signory would know why ye delay?

Savonarola:

The two must pass together, are the terms.

Messenger:

Is there not some enchantment in the cope
Domenico hath on?

Savonarola:

We deal not in enchantments.

Messenger:

The Signory would have Domenico,
Remove the crimson mantle that he wears.

Domenico:

I lay aside the cope. Without delay,
Bring forth your champion.

Messenger:

The signory, not satisfied, still fear

Savonarola hath enchantment wrought
Upon the clothing of Domenico.

Savonarola:

Change garments, then no more delay, but haste
To the fulfillment of the ordeal.

(Domenico changes garments).

Savonarola:

I observe your whispering.

Messenger:

Savonarola, you must stand away,
And come not nearer to Domenico,
Lest you again enchant him.

Citizen:

'Tis past the hour set for the miracle,
It is the miracle that we would see.

(The Arrabiatti crowd in to kill Savonarola.)

Salviati:

Back, dare to cross the line, and you shall feel
The whetted point of Salviati's steel.

Messenger:

By false delay the time hath been consumed
So that the ordeal can not take place.
So says the Signory.

Salviati:

Back, clear a pathway so that to their home
Safely, my soldiers may the friars guide.

Act IV. Scene 3. Saint Marks.

A riot proceeding. The mob, composed of Arrabiatti, assault the convent which is defended by some friendly Piagnoni.

Arrabiatti:

Open your gates and lead the friars forth.
They have kept Florence and all Italy
In storm and turmoil with their prophecy.

Piagnoni:

We, with our lives, defend the convent wall.

Domenico, within:

Cease friends to further fight in our defense,
We go, Savonarola and myself,
To give ourselves up to the Signory.

Piagnoni:

Forsake us not; you will be torn to death.

Savonarola:

Then marching to the chapel let us there
Take in our hands the mighty shield of prayer
And cry, Lord, save thy people.

(Enter Messenger.)

Messenger:

The Signory require that you appear
Before them at the palace to account
For this night's deeds.

Savonarola:

We yield ourselves, lead on.

Girolino Gini:

Full oft Savonarola have I asked
To be admitted to your holy house,
And you have oft refused. Behold the blood
Flows from my wounds sustained in your defense;
Let this red stream prove my sincerity,
Give thou the robe whereby I pledge myself
A soldier of the cross.

Savonarola:

Bring forth the robe and let him be received.
Macebearer lead us to the Signory.

Act V. Scene 1. The Palace, Florence.

Commissioner:

We are appointed by authority,
To question you that we may truly know
Your prophecies, seditions, heresies.

Savonarola:

I taught none other than the church hath taught.

Commissioner:

We are empowered by Rome to wring the truth,
By force of rack and pulley from your mouth.
Lead the obdurate friar to the rack;
Let that persuade him,
(They apply the rack).
Will you confess what base accomplices
Have aided and encouraged your revolt?

Savonarola:

Against iniquity I made revolt
My ally was the truth.

Commissioner:

Lead him away, another time mayhap
He will confession make of his offense.

Act V. Scene 2. Florence.

First Arrabiatti:

Thus far by rack and pulley, they have failed
To doom the friar, but from Rome have come
Commissioners resolved to see him die.

Second Arrabiatti:

Will they succeed?

First Arrabiatti:

As they passed through the street the people cried,
Death to the friars, and they then replied,
Be sure the friar dies.

Second Arrabiatti:

Twice they have tried him: What more can they do?

First Arrabiatti:

A robber band seized on a messenger
Savonarola sent the King of France,
In which he made complaint against the Pope,
And priests as men of evil lives,
And calling for a council to reform
The grievances. The robber band observed
The contents were of import, and forthwith
Despatched the letter to Milan and thence
It was forwarded to the Pope in Rome.
Be sure the friar dies.

Act V. Scene 3. Palace, Florence.

Commissioners from Rome and Signory.

Commissioner:

We thank the Signory that they have brought
The prior of Saint Marks to punishment,
In recognition of fidelity,
The Pope remits to Florence payment due
For tithes of three full years.
We have a full and faithful trial held,
Touching Savonarola and his friends,
We find them guilty and decide they die.

Signory:

The eight whose custom and whose office is
Sentence upon the guilty to pronounce,
Shall publicly their confirmation give
To this your voice.

Cini:

When from your darkened chambers shall go forth
To the white light of day, your sentence dark,
Cry that I Cini, member of the Eight,
Am absent from your company.

Signory:

Record his protest but the sentence holds.

Act V. Scene 4. Florence, Piazza.

Stage for execution.

Priest:

Put off your robes; your hands must now be bound.

Bishop :

Clothe them again that they may be unfrocked,
And from their office formally deposed,
From the church militant I here declare,
That thou art separate.

Savonarola :

Not from the church triumphant; 'tis not thine,
From that no earthly power can separate.
How dearly did I long to wear this gown,
I lay it off to take the martyr's crown.

The Eight :

There being absent from our company,
Francisco Cini; we, The Eight, decree,
That ye be hanged and then be burned with fire.

Domenico :

Te Deum laudamus.

Savonarola :

In earth's last hour my comfort is in God.

Priest :

Tell Rome Savonarola's soul hath fled.

Piagnoni :

Around this sacred spot sweet flowers to spread,
Let us return at dawning of the day.

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born in Scotland in 1515 (or as some say, 1505), seventeen years after the death of Savonarola. There was a striking resemblance between the two men. Both were fearless champions of the truth, lovers of their country, and leaders of men. Both distinguished themselves in popular oratory and statesmanship. Both upheld high standards of morality and were plain and fearless in the denunciation of unrighteousness, with a vein of tenderness running through the understrata of their lives. What Savonarola was to the Signory and the Italian princes, Knox was to the Parliament and the Scottish Queen. Luther, bearing a striking resemblance to both men, was born seventeen years before the death of Savonarola. We have thus a cluster of three suns appearing in the ecclesiastical firmament about the same time, and shedding a lustre o'er the world.

Knox has left his imprint on Scotland and seemed a type of his nation, but he is a colossal figure casting his influence over England, France, Switzerland, in all of which countries he labored as an evangelist. While giving out much he also received much, for he was not a pioneer thinker like Luther and Savonarola, but coming later in the day to his task he was rather a mighty warrior wielding the weapons that others had sharpened for his hands. To Calvin, with whom he was personally acquainted and associated, he was indebted in a measure for his theology, but he was himself a scholar speaking French fluently and acquainted with ecclesiastical lore. The unity of the church and the Divine origin of the Reformation is strikingly apparent in the interdependence of the nations on each other for its truths and impulses. England, Switzerland, France, Germany, Scotland, were all moved upon at the same time by the same truths, surely an evidence that the move-

ment was of more than human origin and human wisdom or power.

Educated for the priesthood he finally ranged himself on the Protestant side and was soon noted as one fitted to be a leader in the church. Before Knox's day the Scottish Reformation had received a start from the followers of the English Reformer Wyclif. About 1400, Wyclif's followers succeeded in sowing the seed of evangelical truth in Scotland. Even the preaching and martyrdom of Hus, the Bohemian, spread its influence there. By 1525 Lutheran books were circulated, and in 1526, Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was distributed in the seaport towns. The Reformation in Scotland, therefore, was not of man, but of God, through many instruments and by seeds of immortal truth that had been carried from Bohemia, Germany and England. It was demonstrated then, as at the first age of gospel history, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The immediate predecessor of Knox, as a reformer, was Patrick Hamilton. He learned the Lutheran doctrine at Paris and returning to his native land he preached it and sealed the testimony with martyrdom.

But such was the effect of his testimony that they said the smoke of the martyr's fire had infected the people on whom it blew with the same doctrine.

After his conversion, Knox spent some time as an evangelist in England under Archbishop Cranmer, and the patronage of the young King Edward VI. to whom he acted as chaplain. On the death of Edward, with premonitions of coming persecution, he passed over to the continent, finally returning to Scotland to take up his gigantic struggle in the evangelization and political defense of his native land. In addition to his character as a Christian, he affords us a striking example of unselfish self-sacrificing patriotism.

The two striking figures in the history of Scotland at this time are Knox, and Mary, Queen of Scots, the one reigning in

Holyrood, a chequered reign, the other reigning from his pulpit in Saint Giles, his spiritual as well as civil battle. Mary represented the passing Romanism, Knox, the new-born Reformed faith and practice.

By reason alike of his scholarship and his seniority in age he had an advantage that more than compensated for the exalted station of the young queen. Had Mary's policies prevailed the handles of civilization would have been long delayed on the dial of time, but Knox's energy and intrepidity won the day. He overcame turbulent nobles as he overcame the queen and secured political as well as religious liberty.

While Knox was certainly an organizer in church and state, it was not till later that the Presbyterian Church assumed its present form of government. Beneath Knox, the ruler and hero, we must look for Knox, the evangelist, and behind Knox, the evangelist, we must look for the other witnesses of the faith, Wyclif and Luther, Savonarola and Hus, and behind them all we must look for Christ. He is the beginning and end, the all in all, the seed from whom all are sprung the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning star. Principles are before politics and the Prince from whom our principles are drawn is Christ. Inspirations are before and above institutions as a political force, and character is more potent than charters. Knox and other reformers inspired men with a sense of Jesus Christ as the king of men in church and state, and this was above all forms and methods of government. The Scottish covenanters were Knox's natural successors. Their motto was, "Christ's crown and covenant." Even the Parliament and nation of England became subject to their imperial theocracy, the price they were obliged to pay for their military services in their war against the impositions of King Charles.

As recently as 1844 the disruption of the free church in a protest against ecclesiastical patronage was an outgrowth of the Reformation. We must not allow our view of the polity of Presbyterianism to obscure our view of its theology if we would

estimate it aright as a spiritual force in the Kingdom of God among men. Christ is King is the banner of the Presbyterian church today as of the covenanters of yesterday; King of the whole man, heart and reason, life and destiny, individual and national, international and world-wide.

The King of Reason is not science but Christ, and the probe of the chemist has been as incapable to dethrone Him as the sword of the tyrant. As He becomes Supreme King in the church's heart, church unity will increase and schism cease.

Having then a great High Priest, who hath passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our confession. Let us, therefore, draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and may find grace to help in time of need. Hebrews 4:14, 16.

KING IMMANUEL

IN Bethlehem's royal city was born the King of love,
Prince of Peace, whose ensign royal was the meek and
gentle dove;

And His coming was in silence, to the world yet unknown,
Low His lot, devoid of splendors, that surround an earthly
throne.

In the common life He mingled, quiet home, and busy mart,
And the conquest He aspired to was the Empire of the Heart.

From his throne the great Augustus spread his sceptre o'er the
world,

Over distant fields in triumph Roman eagles were unfurled.

Which shall conquer? Sword or spirit? Reign of law or reign
of love?

Shall it be the Roman eagle? or the Galileean dove?

Caesar, with his Roman sword girt, standing o'er a prostrate
foe?

Christ with towel girt for service, as a servant stooping low?
Let the ages that have risen since that early Christmas morn
When the angels to the shepherd's sang with joy that Christ
was born.

Answer with their flood of voices, voice of age succeeding age,
While unrolls the sacred story from the long historic page,
Let the nations, let the martyrs, make the world's echoes ring
With the spirit stirring answer, loud and joyful, Christ is King.
Let the maiden martyr, dying firm, heroic, at the stake
Seal in blood and fire the power of the prophet word he spake
Let the sage, the king, the peasant, all in one their tribute
bring,

That for heart and home and nation o'er the world Christ is
King.

He will make our earth a heaven; God hath come with us to
dwell,

Life immortal to us given! Prince of Peace, Immanuel.
Broader, brighter, gladder, fuller, as time's current forward
rolls,

Grows the splendor of His Kingdom, Lord of glory, King of
souls,

Let us hail Him King and Savior, let us of His glory sing
In our hearts and lives we throne thee, we adore thee, Christ
our King.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

The Latin version of this hymn was written according to some by Gregory the Great in the sixth century; according to others by Rabanus Maurus, a German bishop, in the ninth century. It was sung at the recent coronation of George V in Westminster Abbey and is always sung at the coronation of kings, consecration and ordination of bishops and priests, association of synods and other ecclesiastical assemblies.

Creator spirit, come, impart,
Celestial grace within our heart.
Fountain of life, of light, of love,
The gift of God most high,
Anointing spirit from above,
To Thee our voices cry.
Arm of Omnipotence Divine,
A perfect power of grace is Thine,
Come spirit sent from heaven,
Boon of our Father given,
Unto us now Thy word impart,
Touch with Thy light
Our inner sight,
Thy love pour in our heart,
Fall on us in reviving dew,
Comfort our souls, our strength renew.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

The Latin version of this hymn is by some attributed to Robert II., King of France, and by others to Hermann, the cripple, both belonging to the eleventh century. It is classed among the foremost of Latin hymns:

Spirit from the heavenly height,
Bring to us the life, the light,
Fill us with a holy fire,
Purge our hearts from earth's desire
Till to heaven they aspire.

Shaded from the world's heat,
In our Lord's refreshment sweet,
Be our cup of joy complete.

Spirit be our bosom guest
To the weary heart give rest.

MATIN

Bright morning breaks, herald of coming day,
Darkness is thinning, shadows flee away,
Mid morning dews we turn a suppliant eye,
To Him whose glory gilds the morning sky.

O Thou, whose sunbeams make the heavens bright,
O Thou, who art Thyself the light of light,
Dawn on our souls in day that hath no night.

Dawn, and with still increasing glory rise,
To fill our hearts, as daylight fills the skies;
O fill them till from earthly shadows free,
They are transformed in glory like to Thee.

VESPER

Daylight is fading, falling eventide,
The day is spent, my Lord, with me abide;
While darkness turns the traveler to his home
My heart returns to Thee, no more to roam.

O life's abiding rock, I hide in thee;
Mid changing time my changeless refuge be,
Hush earthly care and set my spirit free.

While evening casts its shadows be my guest,
Almighty love the pillow of my rest,
Staff of my soul, let love make fear to cease,
Abide with me, my Lord, my life, my peace.

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