

PS 3505  
.U43 S6  
1890  
Copy 1



SONGS  
OF THE  
CATHOLIC YEAR.

FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

105 3505  
Chap. Copyright No.

shelf 214356

= = 1890

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













# SONGS

OF

# THE CATHOLIC YEAR

BY

FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM

3

17  
110685

BOSTON

FLYNN AND MAHONY

18 AND 20 ESSEX STREET

1/2

7-11-1890  
178-2-24  
1890

COPYRIGHT,  
FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM,  
1890

## CONTENTS.

PRELUDE . . . . .	5
SONGS OF THE CATHOLIC YEAR . . . . .	7
THE EPIPHANY . . . . .	9
SAINT AGNES . . . . .	10
SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES . . . . .	12
THE PURIFICATION . . . . .	13
ASH WEDNESDAY . . . . .	16
SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS . . . . .	17
SAINT PATRICK . . . . .	19
GOOD FRIDAY . . . . .	23
EASTER . . . . .	24
SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENNA . . . . .	26
MAY . . . . .	28
THE ASCENSION . . . . .	29
PENTECOST . . . . .	31
THE SACRED HEART . . . . .	34
CORPUS CHRISTI . . . . .	35
SAINT ALOYSIUS . . . . .	38
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD . . . . .	39
SAINT MARY MAGDALEN . . . . .	40
SAINT IGNATIUS . . . . .	42
THE ASSUMPTION . . . . .	43
SAINT AUGUSTINE . . . . .	46
THE NATIVITY OF MARY . . . . .	47
SAINT JEROME . . . . .	51
THE ROSARY OF YEARS . . . . .	52
SAINT FRANCIS ASSISI . . . . .	53
ST. TERESA . . . . .	54
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL . . . . .	55
ALL SOULS . . . . .	56
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION . . . . .	57
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	60



## PRELUDE.

Our Saviour sometimes says :

- .. Thy heart is heavy? — Let it be!  
Dear soul, thy sorrows I shall share,  
For one sweet hour thou may'st be free  
From greedy Earth's engrossing care,  
If thou wilt come to me."

Our Saviour often speaks :

- .. Come, rest beneath some shady tree;  
The grass shall be thy cushioned seat;  
Thy soul shall more than sated be  
In the silence of this dear retreat,  
If thou wilt come with me."

And then our Saviour says :

- .. And there, when Peace broods over thee,  
Thy soul shall rise on spirit wings  
To penetrate the mystery  
That lies concealed in holy things,  
If thou wilt come with me."

Our Saviour still invites :

- .. What part of God's designs are we?  
Whence come we? Whither bound? What fate  
Awaits hereafter, we shall see,  
Or happy, or unhappy state,  
If thou wilt come with me."



## SONGS OF THE CATHOLIC YEAR.

### THE NEW YEAR.

PAUSE, yet awhile, departing year!  
We may not let thee steal away,  
Like spirit forms, to memory dear,  
That haunt the dreams of waning day.

Pause, yet awhile! and show again  
The visions of the hours gone by  
Or clouded by the tears of pain,  
Or beaming bright on Fancy's eye.

No? Gone forever? Be it so!  
The good or evil thou hast done,  
For endless peace or endless woe,  
Is past, and thou art lost or won.

From looking backward Folly's brow  
With dull remorse is overcast.  
Now life begins. A moment now  
Is worth a million of the past.

Thy life was squandered? Idly spent  
Mayhaps in haunts of hideous sin?  
Arise! 'tis time that thou repent:  
No age too hoary to begin.

From out the deeps of midnight gloom  
The New Year steals with silent feet,  
The Past sinks sadly in its tomb,  
Wrapt in the snows, its winding sheet.

## THE EPIPHANY.

NÓ eye in Israel opened to the light  
That beamed above from stranger star. Alone  
The Gentile followed to the humble throne  
Of Heaven's New Born. His was the future right  
To Israel's honors. Out of moral night  
To daylight led, by Heaven's directing shown,  
The Gentile world should learn to kneel and own  
That God whom Israel banishes from sight.

Bow down the knee! Thy hoarded treasures bring!  
Not baubles, as these Sages' presents were;  
But give the soul, man's noblest offering,  
Will, intellect and memory. Prefer  
To own him rightly, God and priest and king  
By Heaven's true gold and frankincense and myrrh.

## SAINT AGNES.

A FLOWER its fluttering life hath yielded,  
 But not to withering winds or gales ;  
 Their rough, rude pity might have shielded,  
 Where gentler human feeling fails.  
 A simple flower ! The blade in taking  
 All of its blushing comeliness,  
 Hath left the root in death, awaking  
 Hearts that know her but to bless.

Who hath not heard thy story stealing  
 Through the silence of the soul  
 Softly, waking pious feeling,  
 Causing surging thoughts, to roll  
 Through mind and heart, of love and pity,  
 Pity not so much as love ?  
 Thou honor of thy cruel city !  
 Thou angel sent us from above !

They come to thee with words of wooing ;  
 Offer wealth of mint and mart.  
 They little know what hand is doing  
 Wonder works to win thy heart.  
 The angel forms that o'er thee hover  
 Make thee to their folly blind ;  
 Thou hast a nobler, kindlier lover,  
 Jesus, Lover of mankind.

"Thou wilt not bid thy infant fingers  
 Cast the incense on the flame?"  
 The tyrant: "Modesty still lingers?  
 Get thee to the house of shame!"  
 But this hath harmed thee none!—When even  
 Sin affronts thee more and more,  
 Thou lookest in the face of Heaven  
 Fairer, purer than before.

Ah, look! the flames leap crackling, hissing!  
 Hot?—To refreshing breeze they turn,  
 Like loving lips of dear ones kissing  
 Where they seemed to scald and burn.  
 And still she liveth, lovelier seeming  
 Through the torture and the strife,  
 Until the sword above her gleaming  
 Falls, and sets her free from life.

Oh, heart to sin and shame a stranger!  
 Had no mortal hand could gain!  
 Proven in the hour of danger!  
 Rising glorious o'er thy pain,  
 Up from the world's unloved carousals  
 Peacefully thy spirit soared,  
 Thou who couldst scorn the earthly spousals  
 Found thy spousals with the Lord.

## SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.

WE may not all be saints? He said not so,  
This grand, this simple soul; but only said,  
That love of God and love of neighbor wed,  
As one great whole, to aid us, here below,  
To merit. Love, and Love alone, can throw  
The aureole of glory o'er the head.  
None is so weak, no sinner yet so dead,  
But in his heart a hope through Love may grow.

God's love was his to melt the modern mind  
Grown icy cold in wanderings of the night,  
The dark, deep night whose clammy fingers wind  
Around the sinking soul that seeks the light,  
Nor finds it, seeing not the loves that bind  
Our human weakness with the living might.

THE PURIFICATION.

THE sunlight gleams, at early day,  
Soft, through the Temple's outer gate  
Hushed and deserted. Only a stray,  
Lone pilgrim seems to pause and wait,  
And he looks about and adown the way  
As a soul that seeks expected Fate,  
Then enters and kneels to pray.

The light falls purely, meekly there,  
Softened by surrounding gloom,  
Like a halo upon that snow-white hair  
Of an age that was ripe for the tomb,  
On an eye with an anxious, hopeful stare  
At each form that enters the room  
From the city ripe for its doom.

The light grows dim from the outer door  
As a worshipper enters in and kneels,  
And her anxious glance behind, before,  
Expectant hopefulness reveals :  
Each aged heart will silent pour  
In Heaven's ear the hope it feels  
That from human ken it seals.

And the day still young is deserted, hushed,  
    Again the shadow falls, and shows  
A maid whose young cheek rose-red flushed  
    For the burden she bears. Her arms enclose,  
A babe and two young dovelets crushed  
    In her anxious grasp, as she goes  
    Where the light on the altar glows.

She is purified who hath known no stain :  
    She turns away with a murmured prayer,  
And the rays of a strange, bright sunlight rain  
    About her, till she seems more fair  
With her Babe divine. Alone the twain  
    Will pass, and leave the worshippers there,  
    Going back to the world of care.

But Simeon rises and takes the Child,  
    Tears like dew on the aged oak  
Filling his furrowed cheek, and his mild,  
    Soft eye grows bright, and his rough hands stroke  
The sunny hair, and his lips a wild,  
    Sweet anthem chant through tears that choke  
    A voice that the long years broke.

And the aged woman that, fourscore years,  
    Looked forth to see this blessed sight,  
Breaks into song prophetic, fears  
    And hopes commingling. Out of the light  
Of heaven a sign of hope appears,  
    A sign of ruin too, to blight  
    Or bless, for wrong or right.

And the calm light leaves the Temple's door,  
As mother and child depart. The gloom,  
More gloomy now than ever before,  
Comes out of the shadows, and the bloom  
Of early day fades more and more,  
And sinful souls flit through that room  
Like presages of doom.

## ASH WEDNESDAY.

THE revels cease. The carnival is done.  
Out of the halls of sin and dissipation  
The sated passions steal, and one by one  
Seek slumbering rest. The time is now begun  
When mirth must yield to brooding Meditation.

Hast thou bethought thyself, whose eye dilates,  
Whose blood throbs red and rich with wondrous beauty.  
The time is nigh when Death's unpitied gates  
Shall ope to prison thee with Him who waits  
To judge thy faithfulness to God and Duty?

Pause then awhile! His soul is truly blessed  
Who from his cheek the tear of penance dashes,  
Thinks of his soul in prison garment dressed,  
The dust, his body's birth and final rest,  
And strews his head with penitential ashes.

## SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.

## I.

WE walked the vast cathedral aisles. Around,  
Above, below we heard its wall resound  
The note of grandest harmony, attuned  
To Gothic art, where arch with arch communed  
To tell its tale of labor and of love.

Mosaic-lined from floor to high above,  
Along the vaulted ceiling and adown  
The clustered columning, each tiny stone  
Important where it was, each little square  
Contributing to all the whole its share,  
Its perfect note to transept, nave and apse,  
Where traceried reredoes seem to lapse

Each into each, and mullioned windows threw  
Across the aisles long bars of sombre hue,  
And all the mighty structure seemed to shiver  
Deep to its heart and felt its great walls quiver  
Like human bosom swelling, as the sound  
Of deep, full organs filled the space around,  
And hushed, transfixed by all we heard and saw,  
Bowed we our heads and prayed in reverent awe.

## II.

But where is the fane sublime,  
 Cathedral Gothic or Roman,  
 Fashioned of stone and lime  
 And the labor of burgher and yeoman,  
 The fairest that art can design  
 From the wealth of the prince and nation,  
 Compared with a work like thine,  
 Thy Summa of God's inspiration?

## III.

We love to hear thy blessed story told,  
 Thomas of Aquin, *circling* in our thought  
 The triune God whose life majestic rolled  
 Through forms analogous by Fancy caught  
 Within the eye, as mountain forms are wrought  
 Within the compass of the artist's mould.

Then venturing forth upon the path *direct*  
 Of God's essential self to other things,  
 We led our fretful fancy to reflect  
 The vaulted heavens, the harmony that sings  
 Through God's creative Providence, that springs  
 From Love that lives to fashion and protect.

But in the *Consummation*, thoughts we bore  
 In *Contemplation* vanished, nor afar  
 Their passage winged from heavenly shore to shore,  
 But tarried, where the guiding of a star  
 Betrayed a glimpse, through cavern door ajar,  
 Of God and Man made one forevermore.

SAINT PATRICK.

WHAT gave the bard to Erin? Song!  
The harp, the pipe and the dance!  
We trample the meadows; the mountains we throng;  
Our melodies shorten the nights that are long;  
The beauties of day they enhance.

What gave the monarch to Erin? War!  
To ravish the people's right.  
Ah, fearful the ruin that country saw,  
When her chiefs forgot what they struggled for!  
Death was the guerdon of might.

What gave the schoolmen to Erin? Fame!  
A breath that was wafted o'er,  
From Erin's coast, to bear her name  
To distant France or Rome; but it came  
Back again to die on her shore.

What gave the merchant to Erin? Gold!  
Her markets were filled to the doors;  
But the merchants squandered her riches untold;  
What they hoarded they lost; what they purchased they sold;  
And Trade now shrinks from her shores.

The Patron gave Erin her faith in God.  
To Erin? Aye, to the world.  
To flourish anew like the prophet's rod,  
To flower on the breast of a foreign sod,  
Wherever her flag is unfurled.

## THE ANNUNCIATION.

**R**OUND thee the silence closes,  
 No interlude  
 Breaks on the solemn solitude.  
 The studied poses  
 Of prophet and king in the niches,  
 The long dark lines,  
 Where column with column entwines  
 In untold riches,  
 Are dumb as the shadows stealing  
 Over them all  
 In the Temple's great hall,  
 Where thou art kneeling.

Out of the gloom of the dawning  
 A brightness grew,  
 And around about thee threw  
 The glory of morning,  
 An angel of startling beauty  
 Appeared to stand,  
 With reverent face and clasped hand,  
 A minister of duty,  
 To give thee glorious greeting :  
 "Thou art the one  
 To bear thy God's begotten Son  
 For the world's entreating !"

Silent and calmly kneeling,  
 Thou hearest not  
 Or hast perhaps forgot,  
 The angel stands appealing.  
 Oh, were the message given  
 To some proud queen !  
 Then would the world have seen  
 The majesty of Heaven  
 Enkindled in her every gesture !  
 Thou lookest down,  
 And meekness hides the rising frown  
 As in a vesture.

A prophetess would take the glory,  
 And loud and long,  
 Would publish in exultant song  
 The wondrous story.  
 Thy cheek no glory shows, but blushes  
 Of puzzled shame,  
 That Heaven should greet thy humble name :  
 But even as rushes  
 The modest blood thy face suffusing,  
 As humble still,  
 Thou'rt handmaid of the Lord. Thy will  
 Shall be His choosing.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

NO theme for words !  
 Christ alone can speak,  
 In riven cave and yawning grave  
 And hills that rock and creak,  
 In pain that racks the cords  
 Of Nature. Words are weak.  
 Let Christ the fact attest !  
*Consummatum est !*

The work is done !  
 Ye cannot harm Him more.  
 His head at rest hangs on His breast ;  
 His agony is o'er,  
 His victory won,  
 That opened Heaven's door  
 To the weary and oppressed.  
*Consummatum est !*

Back to your lanes and streets,  
 Who have wrought this fearful thing,  
 And leave Him here with hearts that are dear !  
 Let riven Nature sing  
 A requiem that repeats  
 In notes of love and fear  
 The anthem of His rest !  
*Consummatum est !*

## EASTER.

A GOLDEN glory gleams upon the brow  
 Of morning mingling mellow tints with fire  
 Of flashing brilliancy, with flames aglow  
 In beauty, beaming on the funeral pyre  
 Of night, and all the waking hills around  
 With glorious note of victory resound:  
*Surrexit, non est hic!*

Arisen! Christ has risen! Whose the tongue  
 To flash the tale to all the waking world?  
 Scarce had the smoke of Jewish morning curled  
 Above the city's housetops, then there rung  
 Down through the stricken town's most crowded street,  
 The voice of woman resonant and sweet,  
*Surrexit, non est hic!*

A woman, Mary! Not that favored soul  
 That wrought the resurrection of our race,  
 The stainless-born, the reservoir of grace.  
 She silent hoped. Another's tongue should roll  
 The gladdening echo. Penance went before.  
 Her lips the burden of his triumph bore,  
*Surrexit, non est hic!*

A woman! Magdalen rose ere the morn  
Flashed on the Cross of Golgotha, and sped  
To meet Him anxious till the angel said:  
“He is not here.” The victory was won,  
And Penance sang the paon first, and stirred  
Creation by the echo of the word,  
*Surrexit, non est hic!*

## SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENNA.

F AIR are the fields of Avignon  
 And verdant mountains looking down  
 On rural cot or bustling town ;  
     But higher, fairer still  
 Its palace rising like a dream  
 Amid a wealth of wood and stream,  
 Whose cross-topped towers and steeples gleam  
     Like stars upon the hill.

But Sorrow shares the Pontiff's throne,  
 And whispers tidings, with a groan,  
     Of ties that soon must part.  
 Florence, Romagna, Milan rise  
 In armed revolt to burst the ties  
     That bind them to his heart.

A cloud is on the Pontiff's brow,  
 The hoary head that learned to bow  
 To wasting age, more weary now,  
     Hangs on his breast :  
 For prince and priest and cardinal,  
 To council called, are powerless all  
 To aid him. Round him hangs a pall  
     Of anguish and unrest.

Who is it comes in humble guise,  
 Cowled like a monk from heel to eyes?  
 A nun from some Italian cell  
 Enters the council hall to tell  
 To pope and cardinal a plan  
 To bring the union back again.

Pale is her cheek and thin and spare,  
 Her hidden eyes and modest air,  
 Fitter for scenes of praise or prayer,  
 Bespeak a soul that oft hath soared  
 To close communion with the Lord.

“ My child,” the pontiff said, and laid  
 His sacred blessing on the maid:  
 “ Return once more to Italy,  
 Charged with Religion’s embassy :  
 Subdue the warring factions there  
 Rather with pleading and with prayer  
 Than carnage or the bitter sword,  
 And Heaven enrich thee with reward.”  
 The saint went forth with courage fired  
 Upon her mission heaven inspired,  
 And raised the pontiff’s banner high  
 Over the lands of Italy,  
 And all the angered people came,  
 In admiration of her name,  
 To greet her, and to show once more  
 That all the land, from shore to shore,  
 Would still to love and duty cling,  
 Proud of their sainted Pontiff King.

## MAY.

WHILE yet the year in maiden days rejoices,  
And blooms from April mists, fresh, young and fair,  
Unsullied yet by Summer's feverish air,  
Nor choked by soft luxuriance, heavenly voices  
Proclaim the union of a million choices  
For patron of the May united where  
The form of Mary bends in holy prayer,  
And earth re-echoes in exultant noises,  
For Spring is purity, and May the season  
Fittest for Purity to live and reign,  
When Nature yet is innocent of stain,  
Of touch unclean, of June's deceitful treason,  
If Heaven's queen, the pure, is chosen then,  
As Queen of May, be this sufficient reason.

THE ASCENSION.

A MINUTE may a life comprise :  
For thought is swift,  
Years, in a moment's time, may drift  
Before our eyes.

What moment could comprise the years  
That end to-day,  
Not by the body's death, the way  
Of mortal tears,  
But as an eagle soars alone  
To kindred skies,  
Freed from the strain of earthly ties  
That held him down ?

A life whose every moment told  
Eternities,  
Filled with its several mysteries :  
A life that rolled,  
Majestic, through the scanty years,  
A God on earth,  
Too weary for its shallow mirth,  
A man of tears.

Now is the pain forgotten all,  
No lingering grief  
Pleads to the Father for relief.  
Only the call  
Of longing Love, that bids Him rise  
From loved ones yet,  
Waiting in hope on Olivet,  
Can dim his eyes ;  
For Time is dead, and Sin and Pain  
Have gone to rest,  
Eternal joy, so long suppressed,  
Shall live again, .

“ Why do ye weep? Why anxious glance  
Into the deeps  
Where God his ceaseless vigil keeps?  
Is it perchance,  
Ye men of Galilee, in fear  
That all is o'er,  
That guilty earth shall see no more  
A love so dear?

“ This Jesus, rising from your eyes,  
Ye holy men,  
Shall come, as he hath said, again,  
As ye have seen him rise.”

PENTECOST.

WHAT heart so brave? What love so strong  
To cast the venture of their lives  
Where angry public passion strives  
To kill the Right and save the Wrong?

Better to lie in nerveless sloth,  
And wait the event of sure success,  
Than gain a moment's happiness,  
Thy friend's and thine, by wasting both.

Better to wait as waited they,  
The chosen twelve, in safe repose,  
Till Heaven its choosing might disclose,  
Better than night the light of day.

So sat they praying trembling all,  
As hoping Heaven or fearing doom,  
The shadows of the Upper Room  
Seeming like spectres on the wall.

The sounds of traffic on the street  
Seemed like the cries of angry Jews  
Calling for blood. They could not choose  
But feel their hearts with terror beat.

But Mary's eyes are calm and clear  
In expectation of the hour ;  
Her faith too sure, too great her power,  
To feel the pall of haunting fear.

And as the silence deeper grew,  
And prayer went up from every heart,  
Fear from their souls began to part,  
And trusty Hope sprang up anew.

And like the sound of hurricane  
Sweeping adown the mountain side,  
And like the roaring storms that ride  
Raging across the mighty main,

The winds rushed down like sound of doom,  
The suppliant's heads in prayer were reared ;  
Over them all a light appeared,  
Filling the vastness of the room.

A moment in suspense it hung,  
A shapeless mass of living light,  
Then clearly parting gleamed as bright  
On every head a fiery tongue.

Where is the fear, the trembling now ?  
Filled with a courage Heaven alone  
Could shatter, let the worst be known  
Of angry Jew with knitted brow,

Of Pharisee or canting Scribe  
Or Roman, dare they now the worst !

What though their souls be held accursed,  
They court the sneer, they love the jibe.

The light of martyrdom makes death  
A triumph rare. The truth and right  
Are vested with eternal might  
When Faith absorbs their dying breath.

They are not orphans. At the most  
The Church is widowed of her spouse,  
But One still guards the Holy House  
Brooding o'er all, the Holy Ghost.

## THE SACRED HEART.

JESUS is all God. Even the earthly part  
Due adoration claims as that bestowed  
Upon the personality that glowed  
In Light eternal, ere the matchless art  
Of that great Architect designed this Heart  
Combining God and Man, out of which flowed  
That Love, to whose designs mankind has owed  
That out of Sin to God its path might start,

What time it seemed most fallen. Never yet  
Was invitation sweeter than He gives  
In silent visions deigned to Margaret.  
Nor Faith more sure than Jesus' Heart supplies,  
Nor Hope more bright than takes from Him to rise,  
Nor loving Charity that longer lives.





## CORPUS CHRISTI.

**F**LOWERS? Ah, yes, for a bridal feast.  
 Who weds? Ah, one thou countest least  
 Among thy friends for years are past  
 Since thou wert down to see him last.  
 His dwelling place? If thou but follow  
 The road that leads down through the hollow  
 Between the hills, thou'lt find the place.  
 See where the road and river trace  
 Their course beside the straggling town,  
 Just where they part, and one goes down  
 To meet the sea; the other still  
 Winding its way around the hill.  
 There lives the bridegroom, and the bride  
 Will soon be standing at his side.

Flowers for a bridal feast? ah, yes!  
 And thou wilt come! The happiness  
 Belongs as well to thee to share  
 If to be present thou but care.  
 There, too, thy old-time Friend invites.

Nay, frown not! These I wis are sights  
 Long beggared to thine eyes; but now  
 Thy time is come, and thou shalt bow  
 As reverent as the faithful there,  
 And murmur somewhat of a prayer.

And dash the moisture from thine eye  
As the procession passes by.

Flowers for a bridal feast to-day?  
Christ is the bridegroom, and His way  
I go to strew with summer leaves,  
Ah, how the Heart of Jesus grieves  
That thou art heedless! Come with me!  
Only an hour and thou shalt see  
How much He dares for love of men.  
Yes? God be thanked! Come, brother, then!

Give me flowers of fairest hue,  
Gentle white and modest blue,  
And rose and heliotrope, and set,  
Just here and there, a mignonette,  
Let tulip, pink and lily show  
The fairest of their kind that grow.  
It may be costly, yet I fear  
'Twill be too cheap for one so dear.

Now, brother, take the broken flowers  
And cast them down in sparkling showers  
Along the aisles, a fragrant spray  
Of perfume for the Master's way.

See how He comes, a throned king!  
Hark how the vaulted ceilings ring  
In jubilant song! and mark the long  
Processions! How the people throng,  
And priests around the King are ranged!

Ah, brother! now thy heart is changed!  
Now weep! Now kneel! nor leave the place  
Till Christ hath sealed thy heart with grace,  
Now is thy long estrangement ceased,  
This is indeed thy bridal feast.

## ST. ALOYSIUS.

THE touch that brings the withering to the leaf,  
 To blot the beauty of the flower,  
 The cold north wind that kills the budding sheaf,  
 Hath not disturbed this holy bower.  
 The three flowers breathed the freshening breath of grace,  
 Snatched from the colder northern clime  
 To bloom in God's eternal city, face  
 To face with all the flowers of time.

The firm, uncompromising sinlessness  
 Of Aloysius; all the mild  
 Humility of Berchmans, and not less  
 Sweet love of Stanislaus, the child.  
 A lily for the altar of our God,  
 A violet budding at the Shrine,  
 A fair white rose, a garland round the Rod  
 Of Aaron, breathing prayer divine.

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

ALL men must bear the saving bath  
Poured in baptismal stream  
Upon the soul, that the treasured wrath  
Of God may seem  
Forgotten. Thy baptismal flood,  
O Jesus, was thy streaming blood,  
Not for a moment flowing,  
But ever strewing  
The path thy poor tired feet had tried  
From birth until thy sad heart died,  
That Precious Blood still flows  
Upon the path thou treadest in the heart ;  
The watered soil a harvest grows  
If men but deign to do their little part.

## ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

## I.

THE angels veiled their faces, looking down  
 Upon thee, Magdalen, whom Pleasure's chain  
 Bound as a slave, and tripping to the strain  
 Of luscious music, honored with the crown  
 Of hideous Sin; but when the sneer and frown  
 Of outraged Justice took the place again  
 Of courting Adulation, all in vain  
 Thy bosom hoped its shame in rest to drown.  
 Art thou then weary? Take thy treasured oils,  
 And pour them out upon His holy feet:  
 He will release thy spirit from the toils  
 Of grinding Sin. See how he bends to greet,  
 To love thee, perfumed by the spoils  
 Of Penance, odorous, rich and sweet!

## II.

We dare not murmur. Whose the tongue to blame,  
 When all are fallen? Not the publican.  
 Blame thou thyself unhappy man!  
 Shall I'harisee the damning sentence frame?

Look to thyself, proud man! thou other name  
For secret sinning! Cry not thou the ban  
Upon her, lest a Christ thy heart may scan,  
And write in sand the record of thy shame!

Poor child of Sin! Are we not sinners all?  
That one should pity thee, nor yet deplore  
His own deep ulcer? Friend of them that fall,  
Make Magdalens of us; and bending o'er  
Our shamed confessions, hear us when we call  
On thee, and bid us go and sin no more.

## SAINT IGNATIUS.

WHY fear the rising storm? Did ever cloud  
More dismal menace cast upon the sky  
Of Mother Church than that which met the eye  
Of Europe when the spirit dark and proud  
Of Luther sounded on the tempest loud  
And dangerous? Yet our God stood watchful by  
And saved the Church he promised should not die,  
Upheld by Grace with Godlike strength endowed.

Were Pampeluna, aye and all proud Spain  
Forgotten thou would'st still recall the age  
Of God-appointed saints, the Church's gain  
From Luther's loss, — the noble heritage  
Of centuries, — whose lives erase the stain  
Left by the traitor on her history's page.

## THE ASSUMPTION.

A GREAT King lived in haunts of sin and death  
And pining poverty, and breathed the breath  
Of foul disease, and listened to the cries  
Of victims writhing in their agonies.

An exile self-condemned, his Heart of hearts  
Burned with a pain that only Love imparts  
To him that mourns the children erring Pride  
Lured by its smiling falseness from his side.  
Contented he in foreign lauds to roam  
If he but bring the erring children home.

Out of the land of sin and death and crime  
He passed away unsullied by the slime  
That stained all others, all save her alone,  
The Mother of the King. The work was done.  
The children once again restored to power,  
And only she was left to bide her hour.

## II.

Who is it comes from the desert,  
Out of the desert of death,  
Leaning upon her Beloved,  
Yielding an odorourous breath,

Breathing of myrrh and of honey  
 And spices of infinite worth?  
 Who is it comes from the desert  
 Out of the desert of earth?

Rise, ye eternal portals  
 Guarding the King's domain!  
 Princes and priests of the Palace  
 Lift up your eyes again!  
 Arise, for the Queen returning!  
 Greet her with welcome song!  
 Revels of angels shall greet her  
 Who hath looked to this hour so long.

## III.

The king that honors not the womb  
 That bore him is no king.  
 Better she lived in peace to sing  
 A canticle of doom,  
 The doom of those that live and die,  
 And dying leave no fruit  
 To bear their image! Better mute  
 Than speaking speak a lie.

The King shall think no earthly good  
 So precious, to be prized  
 As that his young eyes idolized,  
 His Mother's motherhood.

The King shall think no love too dear,  
No honor yet too great  
For her who shared his humble state :  
Mourned with Him tear for tear.

The King shall loose the golden gates  
That guard the halls of morning,  
And send His angels forth with warning  
To tell her that He waits.  
He waits with honor, love and power  
To crown her virgin queen,  
Not even Heaven such bliss hath seen  
As fills this blessed hour.

## ST. AUGUSTINE.

O H soul that seeks the light, march on !  
Thy seeking in itself will lead.  
Thou canst not stray, though one by one  
The helps that urged thy anxious speed  
Prove phantoms. Onward ! At the close  
The light will stream across the gloom.  
Each hour that darkens darker grows.  
Press on ! Delay will be thy doom.

Like him, whose star more glorious gleams  
On shrine and altar for the quest  
That led him wading through the streams  
Of foul untruth to learn the best ;  
Learn we like him ! Ah, if we shrink  
From peril He will give us strength.  
The soul that seeks can never sink,  
For God will give him light at length.

## THE NATIVITY OF MARY.

I SAW the spectacle sublime  
Of glorious morning  
Out of lowering darkness dawning  
Like beauty born of crime.  
The darkness like a shroud is spread  
Across the silent earth.  
No sunny smile ; no laughing mirth ;  
But all is sad and dead.  
A veil of shade on flower and tree ;  
No guiding light is seen,  
Save here and there the glimmering sheen  
Of stars that fitfully,  
As jewels set upon the brow  
Of dusky night, would gleam  
One moment, till the sparkling beam  
In the darkest depths would drown.

Then, in the very darkest hour,  
The faintest tinge of light  
Comes shivering through the gloom of night,  
Like the feeble pulse whose power  
In dead hands wakes returning motion,  
And the great earth feels the shock  
Down to her deepest heart of rock,  
Down to the depths of ocean ;

And slowly hill by hill appears,  
    Upon the vision breaking,  
    Like new created forms awaking  
From the heavy sleep of years.  
A belt of light across the east ;  
    The dawn is gathering

Its glorious hues, only to fling  
    Their radiance thrice increased  
Along the ridge of western hills.  
    A moment hangs the spell  
Broke by the sound of morning bell,  
    As morning thrills,  
Thrills through the air ; for night is done ;  
    Night with its gloom and strife,  
And into the glorious light of life  
    Springs up the living sun.

Time was when shrouding midnight hung  
    A pall of blackest gloom,  
A boding shadow of death and doom,  
    Over the nations flung ;  
And men grew blind, and crept and groped  
    In haunts of hideous sin,  
And died in striving to begin,  
    Despairing ere they hoped.

For men had strayed from the dazzling blaze  
    Of God's eternal day,  
And wandered more and more away  
    Into the darker ways

Where star nor moon no longer shone ;  
    But chill, cold sin instead  
Crept in their souls, and still and dead,  
    They perished one by one.  
No hope to light the angry night,  
    No faith to steer their course,  
No love to give them strength and force,  
    But only fear and fright ;  
The spectral forms of prophecy  
    Across their pathway flitting,  
The demon of Injustice sitting  
    Upon the throne of Right.  
But when the brow of God most seemed  
    Shrouded in brooding anger,  
When earth seemed deafened by the clangor  
    Of the hordes of Hell that streamed  
Out of Rome's eternal gate,  
    And swarmed upon the world,  
    And smoke from sacrifices curled,  
From altars of Sin and Hate ;  
In the darkest hour blazed forth a star  
    Upon the brow of Heaven,  
    A message to the nations given,  
That light was not too far  
To brighten hope ; and day by day  
    Brightened the star apace,  
    And men began again to trace  
The ever swelling ray  
Of purest light that grew and grew  
    Till Night had disappeared,

And out of the star the great sun reared  
Its presence to the view.

Star of the morning of our souls,  
Mary, the glorious fame,  
Announcing to the world thy name,  
Along the ages rolls  
A paean of glorious victory,  
The message of a king,  
The sound of canticles that ring  
Over the land and sea.  
The rising sun, the dawn of day,  
The coming of the Christ,  
A hope too precious to be priced,  
Bliss passing not away,  
But lingering with the noonday glare  
Of faith and hope and love,  
The answer whispered from above  
To persevering prayer.  
Not less to us a star of dawn  
Piercing the chilly air  
And darksome midnight of despair,  
And telling of our dawn,  
To faith and hope and love and grace!  
Oh, light us on our way,  
That we may see at break of day  
The Vision face to face!

## SAINT JEROME.

SAINT of the solitudes ! the brush of art  
Is yet untutored till it strives to give  
The canvas master-lines with power to live,  
And counts it triumph, if his skill impart  
Thy portrait to the world. — Oh, in the heart  
We need no painted effigy to tell  
The wonders of thy solitary cell !

A hero thou ! — We may not heroes be,  
But imitate the deeds by heroes done,  
Better to have the battle bravely won,  
Though others point the way, than see  
Our self-conceit despoiled of victory  
Because we feared to imitate. — No shame  
To weave our laurels from another's fame.

Set then the solitude within thy soul,  
The skull of penance and the cross of pain,  
The lion of unflinching truth, the gain  
Of freedom and of prayer, the daily dole  
Of abstinence. — These will alone enroll  
Thy name among the names whose priceless worth  
Eclipses all the glory of the earth.

## THE ROSARY OF YEARS.

L IKE beads that slip the fingers' grasp,  
The years go by ;  
A moment lingering in the clasp  
Of feeble hands, to pass  
Into the countless mass  
Of them that cry  
Out of the past that is no more,  
Our restless fingers wander o'er  
The present hour that soon must cede  
Its life to some succeeding bead.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

HE honored Poverty as some sweet saint  
Pleading to God and pleading with success.  
He loved her as the lover the caress  
Of lady love, and called her, queen. — His plaint  
Poured out unceasingly, without restraint  
Of ardent words. He knew no weariness,  
But ever sang, that Poverty might bless  
His heart, lest in the fight with sin it faint.

Sweet Poverty, we may not feel thy worth,  
Clad in thy garb the world knows but to hate;  
But God hath chosen thee. — How then can earth  
Insult a modesty that Christ would mate  
With Mary, binding round the humble hearth  
Of Nazareth, love of thy lowly state?

## SAINT TERESA.

THE world has need of souls that live to pray.  
The turmoil ceaseless eating out the heart  
Of men, the hurrying commerce of the mart.  
The rush of trade impatient of delay  
Would only rob the starving soul away  
From God if no one set his life apart  
To plead with God for men. And such thou art,  
Teresa, pleading for souls gone astray.

Would we could leave the mad world at the door,  
Passing the hour communing, heaven inspired  
With Jesus, meditating o'er and o'er  
The awful mysteries of God, and fired  
With zeal like thine! If we but kneel to pour  
Our sinful tears, our fainting hearts grow tired.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WHEN Conscience speaks of right or wrong  
Not all alone our nature speaks :  
A voice more sweet, a hand more strong  
Our downward inclination breaks,  
And leads us to the path of duty,  
Lured by the shadow of the beauty  
Of God and truth and faith and grace,  
Lures us away from the maddening race  
For lesser things, and points with rod  
Unwavering the path to God.

## ALL SOULS.

OUT of the depths, O Lord, I cried to thee.  
Oh hearken, Lord, my humble prayer!  
Oh, let thy listening ear attentive be  
To hear the wail of my despair!  
If thou wilt note our wanderings, O Lord,  
How can we bear thy angry mood?  
Thou art the fount of mercy! for thy word  
I held to thee, great Lord, and good!  
My spirit bore thy law; my spirit hoped  
In thee, O Lord. From watchful morn  
Even until night my spirit groped  
Through dark to thee. For thou art born  
The Lord of Mercy, potent to redeem.  
And thou wilt sure redeem the race  
Of Israel, though her children's sins may seem  
A door to shut them out from grace.

## THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

I LOOKED, and over heaven a sign was seen—  
 A woman vested with the shining sun,  
 Beneath her feet the moon, and on her head  
 A crown of twelve great stars.”

Who was this one?

This woman?—Hark! again the people cry—  
 “And lo! to her a Son is born, a child  
 To rule all nations with a royal rod.”  
 The queen was Mary, pure and meek and mild,  
 That stainless gave the world the Son of God.

Time was when Nature revelled in the charms  
 Of perfect beauty, perfect harmony,  
 “Twixt soul and body. . . All that hurts or pains  
 Was but a dream of what perfection might be,  
 A perfect origin, a destined hope  
 Of all a full eternity might give,  
 A perfect freedom and a strength to cope  
 With all temptations, and a right to live.

It was a time, alas! that had long fled  
 When Death was ushered in, and Innocence  
 Was poisoned by the sin, that *as a Victim*  
 First breathed of hope: then *as a Victim*

Thrust in the dart that killed, and left the soul  
 Distigured past recall, and all of good  
 And gracious dead. The soul, men's nobler part  
 And reason hence were slaves of flesh and blood.

Not for the fallen only. All the race  
 Was signed in sin, bearing the damning stain  
 Of conquered Innocence, naught could replace  
 Unless that God should bring it back again.  
 Great was the love that from the Fount of Love  
 Streamed outward to despair, and sent a ray  
 Of purest hope descending from above,  
 Changing the night of shame to glorious day.

Eternal Love, in love of erring flesh,  
 Took on the form of man, and thus once more  
 The earth beheld an innocence as fresh  
 In sweet integrity as beamed before  
 Upon a stainless Eve, and man arose  
 Again to something of his former state.  
 Earth could one stainless soul again disclose  
 Unnumbered in the universal fate.

Why should it not be thus? Can purest Grace  
 From tainted wretchedness and sin arise?  
 Better our God had scorned our deep disgrace,  
 Better a human race that cursed lies  
 In banishment and misery and pain,  
 Than God should lift the ban from us away  
 By taking to himself the fouling stain  
 That makes the soul the under spirits' prey.

Better the flesh He took, the gentle blood  
He drank were innocent of shame and sin,  
Better his chosen Mother stainless stood  
Amid the foul corruption that had been!

Why should it not be thus? Oh, God! what men  
Can still refuse to love whom thou did'st love?  
Till they can stand beside her, let them wait!  
Till they have candor spotless as the dove,  
Of snowy whiteness: aye! till they can dare  
Regard Thee face to face, nor blush for shame,  
Till they are perfect, let them pause and bear  
A thing they have not known, a stainless name.

Mother of God! Oh, when the heart is sad  
We call on thee to bear our poor petition  
To Love incarnate, waiting, hoping, glad  
One soul has power to execute our mission.

## CHRISTMAS.

**A**LL outgoing natures have their signs  
 Premonitory, heralding  
 Her coming greatness. Comets fling  
 Their trails in sweeping lurid lines  
 Across the skies as Nature groans  
 In agony of some great birth,  
 And oft the heart of frightened earth  
 In mystic anguish throbs and moans  
 Ere earthquakes rend her mighty breast.  
 Who has not seen the crested wave  
 Frothing the sea, and darkness fall  
 Dark as the fold of corpse's pall,  
 And heard the hoarse winds shriek and rave  
 As storms come on? When night is done  
 The stars of morning dot the sky,  
 Ere early dawn, when day is nigh:  
 Signs of the coming of the sun.

Such signs the Hebrew Prophet saw  
 When Israel scanned with anxious look  
 The pages of the Holy Book  
 That held the doctrines of the Law:

Figures of Isaac bending low  
 Beneath the sacrificial knife,  
 Of David risking all his life  
 To save a race from overthrow ;  
 Figures of Noah's saving zeal,  
 Of Abraham and Jacob, Lot  
 And Samuel ; all who beget  
 The rise of Israel's common weal ;  
 Figures of Joseph's kingly power,  
 Melchisedech, the primal priest,  
 Prefiguring the sacred Feast  
 Christ left the altar for a dowry .  
 Of Gideon too and Daniel, all  
 Or victim, prophet, priest or king,  
 What are they all but signs that show  
 The rise of Christ with Satan's fall .

When Time was young upon the earth  
 The prophets sang the Saviour's birth :  
 " A woman shall conceive and bear  
 A son, Emmanuel, the heir  
 Of God, - " A thousand sounding time  
 Each His Divinity proclaims,  
 And Daniel, fired with holy zeal,  
 Spoke words of promise that reveal  
 The holy time, the seventy weeks  
 Of years ; and hark ! the Sybil speaks  
 In oracles of Pagan power,  
 The land, the nation and the hour  
 Sound from the Heavens e'er yet the earth  
 Dreamed of the Saviour's coming birth .

Kings rule by wealth and power and gaudy show,  
 The armaments of land and sea, like walls  
 Surround them, and their haughty mien appalls  
 The cringing subject. Rebel blood must flow  
 To irrigate their harvests. Lash and blow  
 And bitter word are theirs in all the halls  
 Of Justice where the tyrants' will forestalls  
 The claims of Right. Their weal the subjects' woe.

Christ is a king, a king by right divine,  
 A king of power and wealth, magnificence  
 And all that makes men great. His the design  
 That framed the Heavens from out the darkness dense  
 Of nothingness. A monarch, yet benign  
 And merciful to pardon an offence.

Oh, why are kings so cold? and why the gates  
 Of palace, hall and inn so tightly barred?  
 Is he not king? Why is his welcome marred,  
 Aye, ruined thus? Lo! how He helpless waits,  
 A stranger knocking. Why? For Herod hates  
 The truth of Right. Ah, truly is it hard  
 That Wrong should revel where the Right, ill-starred  
 Is forced to lap the refuse of the plates.

Christ is a king; but not a king like these,  
 Better the bed of stone, the ox and ass;  
 Better the chill, right air His bones should freeze  
 Than live in homes like theirs. He feels, alas!  
 The pangs of Poverty. Yet doth it please  
 His Heart for us to smile and let them pass.















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 119 5

