

Latin Hymns  
with  
Original Translations.  
Dr. Coles.

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DIES IRÆ.







THE LAST JUDGMENT

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IN

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL VERSIONS

✓ BY

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

*With Photographic Illustrations*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In conversion to God this veil is rent from top to

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

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

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









## HISTORY OF THE HYMN.

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

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

Meditatio Vetusta et Venuſta  
 de Noviffimo Judicio  
 quæ Mantuæ in æde D. Franciſci in  
 marmore legitur.

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

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

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

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

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

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

4. Seria contritione,  
 Gratiā apprehensione,  
 Vitæ emendatione.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* See Appendix—Origin of Latin Rhyme.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## TRANSLATIONS OF THE HYMN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lo! He comes in clouds descending,"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ET STATUET OVES QUIDEM  
A DEXTRIS SUIIS

HÆBUNA ARTEFACTA ET PICTA  
ET PICTA ET PICTA



CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.







DE NOVISSIMO JUDICIO.

**D**IES iræ, dies illa  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

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

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

Mors stupebit et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura  
Judicanti responsura.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Iuste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





I.

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

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

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

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

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

When shall fit the Judge unerring,  
He'll unfold all here occurring,  
No just vengeance then deferring.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



II.

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

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

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

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

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

Volume shall be brought, whose pages  
Register the deeds of ages,  
Whence the world shall have just wages.

When that Court shall hold its session,  
Every mouth shall make confession,  
Left unpunished no transgression.

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

Awful King, who nothing cravest,  
Since Thyself full ransom gavest,  
Save Thou me, who freely savest!

Me, for whom, with love so tender,  
Thou didst leave Thy throne of splendor,  
Jesus, do not then surrender!

Wearily for me Thou toiledst,  
Diedst for me and Satan spoiledst:  
Let not triumph whom Thou foiledst!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



III.

**D**AY of Vengeance and of Wages,  
Fiery goal of all the ages,  
Burden of prophetic pages !

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

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

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

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

Who, unmocked and unmistaken,  
Shall pronounce the doom unshaken,  
And long slumbering vengeance waken.

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

King of Holiness unspotted,  
By Thy merit me allotted  
Let my guilt be freely blotted!

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

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

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

Filled with shame and consternation,  
Lifting hands of supplication,  
Spare me, God of my Salvation!

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

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

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

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

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

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



IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



V.

**D**AY of vengeance, end of scorning,  
World in ashes, world in mourning,  
Whereof Prophets utter warning!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## VIII.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



IX.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



X.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



XI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



XII.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



XIII.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## APPENDIX.—SEQUENCE.



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

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

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

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

most approved authorities give the following explanation of its origin.

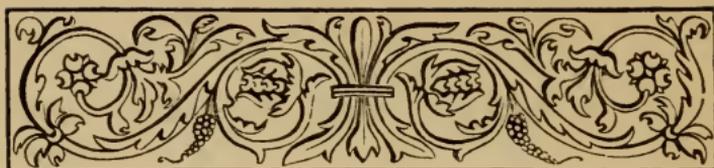
From an early period, it was the custom of the Latin Church to sing the Gradual with the Alleluia between the Epistle and the Gospel; the Gradual being completed, the Alleluia followed; and in order to give to the officiating priest or deacon sufficient time to prepare and ascend the ambon or pulpit,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

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

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

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

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



## ORIGIN OF LATIN RHYME.

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

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

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

Of middle rhyme, we have in Ennius :—

Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes ;

In Virgil :—

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit ;

In Ovid :—

Quem mare carpentem, substrictaque crura gerentem ;

Where also is found this example of leonine pentameter :—

Quærebant flavos per nemus omne favos.

Of final rhyme, we have, in Virgil :—

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

Also :—

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

In Horace : —

Non satis est pulcra esse poëmata ; dulcia sunt,  
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto ;

Also . —

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

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

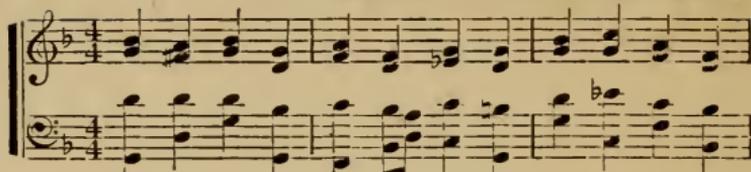
Rhyme being thus shown to have been a thing known to the language from the earliest times, it may be thought surprising, that what at a later period was so highly prized, and so fondly and so laboriously cultivated, should have been, during so many centuries, to such an extent, neglected ; having been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

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

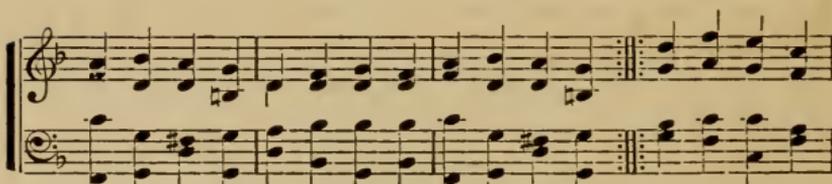


# Gregorian Chant.

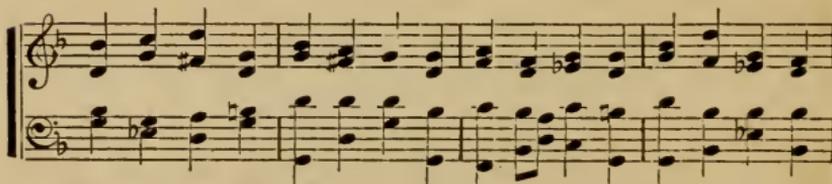
From the "Graduale Romanum."



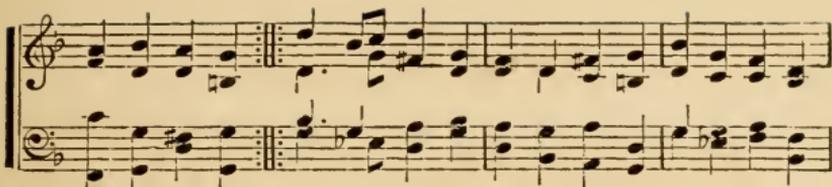
1. Di - es i - ræ, di - es il - la Sol - vet sæ - clum  
 2. Quantus tre - mor est fu - tu - rus. Quan - do Ju - dex  
 7. Quod sum mi - ser tunc dic - tu - rus, Quem pa - tro - num  
 8. Rex tre - men - dæ ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van - dos  
 13. Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la -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



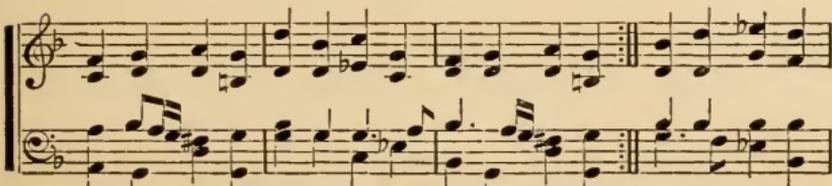
- in ta - vil - 'â. Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - lâ. 3. Tu - ba mi - rum  
 est ven - tu - rus, Cuncta stric - te dis - cus - su - rus. 4. Mors stu - pe - bit  
 ro - ga - tu - rus, Cum vix justus sit se - cu - rus? 9. Re - cor - da - re  
 sal - vas gra - tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis!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



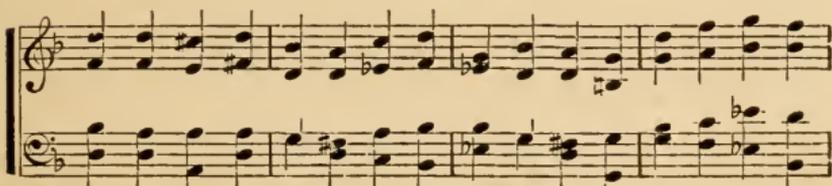
- spargens so - num Per se - pul - chra re - gi - o - num, Co - get om - nes  
 et na - tu - ra, Cum re - sur - get cre - a - tu - ra. Ju - di - can - ti  
 Je - su pi - e. Quod sum cau - sa tu - æ vi - æ, Ne me per - das  
 dis - ti las - sus Re - de - mis - ti cru - cem pas - sus: Tan - tus la - bor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



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



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



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



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



OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS.



## CORRIGENDA.

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- Page 22, line 17 from top, read 'minaciter' for 'menaciter.'
- " 26, line 3 " " " " " "
- " 30, line 5 " " " 'tunc' (recreatio,) for 'nunc.'
- " 45, line 10 " " omit 'But' at beginning of line.
- " 64, line 2 " " read 'Mentes' for 'Mens.'
- " 83, line 6 " " read:  
'This glory of the world, so much estimated.'







24. Augustine and his Mother  
(By Scheffer.)





MAR 8 1891  
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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IN NEW SETTINGS

COMPRISING THE

CHOICEST OF MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

WITH

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS

✓ BY

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

*With Photographic Illustrations*



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## URBS CŒLESTIS SYON;

OR,

THE BETTER COUNTRY.



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

Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, an accomplished

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The extreme simplicity of style affected by the translator, which makes his poetry but one remove from prose, may account, perhaps, for such careless expressions as "The sun-lit land that *recks* not," "Of flowers that *fear* no thorn," "And *smiles* have no *alloy*," "Peace, endless, *strifeless, ageless*," "The only *art* thou needest, thanksgiving for thy lot," "And *passionless* renown," "Shall shew Him us, and shewing, shall *satiare evermo*," "And shadows shall *decay*," "O *lovelier* far than gold," "And safe *victorious fold*," and others that could be cited; but

they are blemishes and solecisms nevertheless, which ought to be pointed out, only the more because the version is so much of a favorite, has found its way into so many hymn-books, is enshrined in the hearts and memories of a multitude of Christian people, recited by children, and sung to accompanying music expressly prepared for it, authoritatively spoken of in a recent work "as the sweetest and dearest religious poem in our language," and by reason of its artless and childlike diction invested with a charm not belonging to the original. There is danger left, by too indiscriminate an admiration, even defects will come to be regarded as beauties, and lead to vicious imitations, perhaps to corruptions of taste in many readers to whom a popular hymn like this is a means of education not to be despised.

Such considerations, we think, more than justify some freedom of criticism, even at the risk of wounding the sensibilities of that class of admirers to whom it has already become a thing quite sacred. The claim set up that it is superior to the original we cannot allow ; not even in the rendering of those parts, in which, in the estimation of the translator himself,

as well as the public, he has been most successful, for example : —

“ Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora,” &c.,  
forming the text of those well-known lines : —

“ Jerusalem the golden,  
*With milk and honey blest,*  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there !  
*What radiancy of glory,*  
*What light beyond compare.*  
\* \* \*

“ There stand those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
*The pastures of the Blessed*  
*Are decked in glorious shene.”*

These lines contain some things which are not in the original. That affords no warrant for making “milk and honey” (honey is supplied) stand for the

heavenly blessedness. To specify is to limit; and we think it is a fault that, instead of leaving it undefined, the writer undertakes to figure and represent it under so poor an image as milk and honey.

“With milk and honey *blest*”

is given as the last and culminating conception, that particular one which is supposed to fill the mind and overwhelm it at the time when “heart and voice sink oppressed.” Milk and honey are good, but however figuratively understood, there is nothing in their contemplation, one would say, to produce such overpowering effects.

Without remarking on the more or less tautological character of the lines, —

“What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare,”

we venture to think that the translator misses or mistakes the meaning, by making the specialness of the heavenly glory to consist, not in a higher *kind* than any known, which is a fresh and beautiful thought, but in a higher *degree*, which is comparatively trite and commonplace. The distinction may

be a delicate one, but it is a material one, nevertheless. The language of the original is :

Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis.

The last line of the extract, besides being supplemented, evidently for no other purpose than to complete the rhyme, is also, we think, inelegant and without appropriateness as applied to "pastures." The abrupt turn, moreover, in the scenic representation from the royal palace to the grazing meadow, is not relieved, as it is in the original, by any word calculated to reconcile the mind to the sudden change, or prevent its being startled by it. The needed word in the Latin is "mitibus," which instantly serves to identify the sainted multitude with God's dear flock, mild and gentle, led by the Good Shepherd into "green pastures and beside still waters." This is very different from saying baldly, suggestive of a repulsive literalness, "the pastures of the Blessed," as if what constituted the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar was to form a part of the rewards of the righteous. In other parts of the version, by reason of the omission as here of some linking or suggestive word,

so unexpected and violent seems the transition, it gives the reader somehow an unpleasant sense of falling headlong down precipitous places. The mind is not a ball that it can be tossed to and fro from hand to hand.

While employed in this ungracious, but not, we trust, unwarranted, work of censure and vindication, we shall crown our presumption under this head by venturing to differ from the distinguished translator in regard to the rendering of the two concluding lines of the cento, the meaning of which, we are compelled to think, he has strangely misconceived. They are these —

“ O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus,  
Cui sua pars Deus: O miser, O reus, hâc viduatus ”—

which Dr. Neal translates thus :

“ Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His forever  
Thou shalt be and thou art.”

To our mind nothing can be plainer than that there are two classes of persons referred to in the original. The one class, having chosen God for

their part, are holy, dear, and thrice blessed ; whereas the other class, having separated themselves from this part, not caring to have God for their portion, are miserable, condemned, the wrath of God still abiding on them. In the above translation, " O dust and ashes " stands evidently for " O miser, O reus," as well as for " O sacer " and the rest, making no distinction. To favor this false rendering a comma is put after " Deus " instead of a colon ; and in place of a period after " Retinebis " in the preceding line, there is no stop at all ; thus most erroneously connecting " Retinebis " immediately with what follows.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Money is needed, if that has preceded, rise, follow, and enter ;  
 Bars of the gateway removed shall be straightway, now fear no preventer ;  
 Give but the penny, then nigh thee is any Pontifical favor ;  
 Far off or faileth this thing that availeth, thy case is much graver.”

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

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

## DE NOVISSIMIS.

“ Hōră nōvīssimă, || tēmpōră pēsīmă || sūnt ; vīgīlēmūs !  
 Ecce ! menaciter || imminet Arbiter || ille supremus !  
 Imminet, imminet || et mala terminet || æqua coronet,  
 Recta remuneret || anxia liberet, || æthera donet,  
 Auferat aspera || duraque pondera || mentes onustæ,  
 Sobria muniat || improba puniat || utraque juste,  
 Ille piissimus, || ille gravissimus, || ecce ! venit Rex !  
 Surgat homo reus ! || Instat Homo Deus || a Patre Judex.”

## OF THE LAST TIMES.

Lāst hoŭrs nŏw tŏlling āre, || wŏrft tīmes ũnrŏlling āre ; ||  
wāтч ! thĕre ĩs dāngĕr.

Lŏ ! in sublīmity, || threātēning proxīmity, || hŏver'th th' Avēn-  
ger !

Hŏvereth, hŏvereth, || ēvil uncŏverē.h. || ēquity crŏwneth ;  
Rīght He rewārdeth then, || cŏmfort affŏrdeth then, || hĕirs of  
heaven ōwneth ;

Frŏm the mind, ōnerous || bŭrdens and pŏnderous || beāreth He  
līghtly ;

Rīghteous protĕcteth He, || wīcked rejĕcteth He || bŏth alike  
rīghtly ;

Kīng in His clēmency || āwful suprēmacy || cŏmeth to gāther —  
Mān disēntŏmbing, the || Gŏd-Man him dŏoming, the || Jŭdge  
frŏm the Fāther.

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

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

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

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

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



URBS CŒLESTIS SYON.



ORA novissima, tempora pessima  
sunt ; vigilemus !

Ecce ! menaciter imminet Arbiter  
ille supremus !

Imminet, imminet et mala terminet  
æqua coronet,  
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet,  
æthera donet ;  
Auferat aspera duraque pondera  
mentes onustæ  
Sobria muniat, improba puniat  
utraque iuste,



### THE BETTER COUNTRY.



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



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

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



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

Now live we in hope, and Zion must cope

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

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

Chase doubt and chase fear, and enigmas make  
 clear—

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

All free from the foe and his master shall go

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

He henceforth held free shall keep jubilee,

No more to be bound in affliction and iron.

A Country of light, unacquainted with night,

Where of tempest and strife nothing breaks the  
 deep slumber,

With inhabitants free it replenished shall be —

Enlarged with true Israelites countless in number.

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

Country splendid and grand, and a flowery land  
That 's free from all thorns and free from all  
dangers,

Is there to be given to the free born of heaven —  
The faithful, who here are now pilgrims and  
strangers.

Shall then be unrolled, to all that behold

The face of the Thunderer, and to such solely,  
The utmost extreme of power supreme,

Full knowledge, the unutterable peace of the holy :  
A peace by the tongue of slander unstung ; [cor,  
A peace without storm, without wrangling or ran-  
To labors a goal, and to billows that roll

And tumults a fixed immovable anchor.

My King is my part, God Himself in my heart,

In His own proper beauty august and endearing,  
I shall see and enshrine and challenge as mine, —

My Author and Saviour, — in His presence ap-  
pearing.

Then the Israel of grace shall Jacob displace,

And Leah be Rachel in form and affection ;

Then Zion shall stand, a beautiful land,

In all the completeness of God-like perfection.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria  
te speculantur,  
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria  
collacrymantur ;  
Est tua mentio pectoris unctio,  
cura doloris,  
Concipientibus æthera mentibus  
ignis amoris.  
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus  
es paradisus,  
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima  
gaudia, risus.  
• Est ibi confita laurus, et infita  
cedrus hysopo ;  
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia  
clara pyropo :  
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius,  
hinc amethystus ;  
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica  
gemmaque Christus.





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore,  
fons modò rivus,  
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis  
undique vivus.  
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea,  
sponsa decora,  
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis,  
inspicias ora :  
Candida lilia, viva monilia  
sunt tibi, sponsa,  
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi,  
lux speciosa ;  
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia  
dulce tonare,  
Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita  
conjubilare.  
Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea,  
cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis  
et cor et ora.

Without shore, without time, everlasting, sublime,  
Thou, fountain and stream late hitherward flowing,  
To the good tasteft sweet, living rock at their feet  
That all through the wilderness gladdened their  
going. [never brown ;  
Thine 's the laurel's green crown with its leaf  
Rich dower all golden, fair spouse, is thee given ;  
Thine 's the exquisite bliss of the Prince's first kiss,  
And the sight of His face like a vision of heaven.  
Fair lilies and white, living gems flashing bright,  
Compose, happy spouse, thy bridal adorning ;  
Sits the Lamb by thy side, and beams on His bride,  
Like the sun when he breaks through the gates  
of the morning ;  
Thy whole sweet employ, in triumph and joy,  
Sweet anthems of praise to warble forever ;  
Evils merited tell, blessings granted as well,  
With shoutings to grace that terminate never.  
City golden and blest, from thy fields' teeming breast  
Flow rivers of milk, — fair people, fair dwellings ;  
Thou the whole heart dost overwhelm, such the  
charms of thy realm,  
Choked is the voice with the heart's mighty  
swellings.



Confined here below, I pretend not to know  
 What forms this rejoicing, the kind of light given,  
 Nor how lofty the heights of those social delights,  
 Nor how special the glory that constitutes heaven.  
 These striving to raise in an effort of praise,  
 My mind overmastered, lo! fainteth and faileth;  
 O glory unknown, I am conquered I own,  
 Thy superior praise in all things prevaieth.  
 There are shoutings and calls in thy echoing halls  
 With the martyr host full, a glorious muster,  
 With the citizen, bright, with the Prince aye in fight,  
 Serene evermore with a soft, sacred lustre.  
 There sweet pastures around for the gentle abound,  
 For the saints a dear flock by the water-brooks  
 grazing;  
 There's the throne of the King, there the palace-  
 walls ring  
 With the sound of a multitude feasting and praising.  
 Nation glorious and grand, through the conquering  
 hand  
 Of the Leader, a host in white vestments shining,  
 Through the long rolling years they remain with-  
 out tears; [ing.  
 In the dwellings of Zion there is rest from repin-

Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine,  
sunt sine lite.

In Syon ædibus editoribus  
Israëlitæ.

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita  
glorificandis,

Tu bona visibus interioribus  
intima pandis :

Intima lumina, mentis acumina  
te speculantur,

Pectora flammea spe modò, postea  
sorte luçantur.

Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica,  
condita cælo,

Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo,  
tristor, anhele :

Te quia corpore non queo, pectore  
sæpe penetro,

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

The Israelites blest in their lofty homes rest, —

The olive of peace intertwined with the laurel.

O illustrious name, Zion, highest in fame,

Whose glory is that to the glorified owing,

Thou dost knowledge dispense to the innermost  
sense,

Thy innermost good thus secretly showing.

My innermost eyes, thus piercing the skies,

From the mind's highest peaks delighted behold  
thee ;

Now my breast, all on fire with hope and desire,

Transported expects sometime to enfold thee.

Thou Zion art one, beside thee is none, —

Upreared in the skies a mystical dwelling, —

Now in thee I am glad, now in me I am sad,

I sob and I sigh with breast heaving and swelling.

Since the body's dull clod keeps me back from my  
God,

Thee to pierce I oft try with spiritual pinion,



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

And I quickly fall back to the senses' dominion.  
No mortal may dare with his mouth to declare —

The task were presumptuous and desperate the  
duty —

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

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

O Zion! O Peace beyond all conceiving!  
City blest, without time, dear, tranquil, sublime,  
No possible praise can e'er be deceiving.

No delights vain and lewd, and no sorrows intrude,

No strife with its wasting, its burning and blasting;

Home happy and high, flowery land of the sky,

Land native to bliss and the life everlasting.

City, seen from afar, where the glorified are,

On a safe and high shore, lo! thy towers are  
soaring;

Thee I sue, I admire, thee I love, I desire,

Sing hymns unto thee, and salute thee adoring.



Not on merit, but grace, I rest solely my case,  
For, measured by merit, condemned my condition ;  
Not dumb and perverse do I cover the worse —

I own I'm a child of wrath and perdition.

My life 's a life spilt, void of good, full of guilt,  
A life like to death, without vital expressions,  
Its innocence quenched, from its proper life  
wrenched,

Destroyed by reason of deadly transgressions.

But notwithstanding in hope I walk softly and grope,

In hope and in faith heavenly guerdons beseeching ;

I trembling and weak, eternal joys seek,

By night and by day imploring hands reaching.

Our Father above, whose nature is love,

The best and the dearest, He made and He  
saved me,

With my vileness He bore, from my vileness He  
tore,

From my sin and uncleanness He graciously  
laved me.

Grace celestial alone is the only means known,

The sovereign provision of God's own appointing,



The sordid of soul to save and make whole,  
 For inward diseases the potent anointing.  
 Grace washes away all pollution far age, —

The Fountain of David, as free as redundant,  
 Makes pure all within, makes clean from all sin,  
 To all alike flows in measure abundant.

O excellent grace! in an excellent place

Me raise as discern stately palaces gleaming,  
 At a distance, at least, see the heavenly feast  
 With holiest music and melody teeming.

Thou Zion! O mine, my hope all divine!

Like gold, but far nobler, 't' our dazzled eyes  
 loazing,

Most brilliant thy host, but thine Leader 's thy host,  
 Brave legion with laurel perpetually blooming.

O Country most sweet, shall my eyes ever greet  
 Thy turrets and towers, and know thy enjoy-  
 ments?

O Country most best, e'er in thee shall I rest,

Posseß thy rewards and share thy employments?

Tell me, I pray, render answer, and say:

— Thou shalt hereafter most surely behold me —

Spem solidam gero ; remne tenens ero ?

dic, Retinebis.

O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius

ille beatus,

Cui sua pars Deus : O miser, O reus

hâc viduatus.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS.



I solid hope grasp, what I hope shall I clasp?

O say: In thy arms thou forever shalt hold me.

Advanced to that sphere, O holy, most dear,

O blessed, thrice blessed and blessed forever,

Who with cleaving of heart, chose God for his part:

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

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (XII. Century.)





## VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* See *DIES IRÆ*, p. 61.



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.



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

II.

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



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.

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

II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

ROBERTUS REX FRANCIAE,

\* The seven gifts of the Spirit.

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

(Beginning of XI. Century.)



## VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.



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

“ from the first

Was present, and with mighty wings outspread

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Da gaudiorum præmia,  
Da gratiarum munera,  
Dissolve litis vincula,  
Adstringe pacis fœdera.

The final verse is sometimes given thus :

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

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



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

I.



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

II.

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

III.

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



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

1.



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

II.

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

III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

CHARLEMAGNE. (Beginning of IX. Century.)

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

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

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



## ALPHABETIC JUDGMENT-HYMN.

(HYMNUS ALPHABETICUS DE DIE JUDICII.)

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



HYMNUS DE DIE JUDICII.

**A**PPAREBIT repentina Dies Magna  
Domini  
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos oc-  
cupans,

**B**revis totus tum parebit prisci luxus sæculi,  
Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.

**C**langor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens,  
Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.

**D**e cœlesti Judex arce, majestâte fulgidus  
Clarîs angelorum choris comitatus aderit :

**E**rubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,  
Stella cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus ;

**F**lamma, ignis anteibit justî vultum Judicis,  
Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.

**G**loriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,  
Angelorum temebunda circumstabant agmina,



## JUDGMENT-HYMN.



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

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

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

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

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

Stars paling shall fall, and the world be afraid ;

**F**ore the face of the Judge, lo ! a fire shall sweep  
Devouring the heavens, the land and the deep.

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

**H**ujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,  
Pravi pavent a sinistris hædi velut fœtidi:

**I**te, dicit Rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,  
Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum,

**C**aritate qui fraterna me juvistis pauperem,  
Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.

**L**æti dicent: quando, Christe, pauperem te vidimus,  
Te, Rex magne, vel egentem miserati juvimus:

**M**agnus illis dicet Judex: cum juvistis pauperes,  
Panem, domum, vestem dantes, me juvistis  
humiles.

**N**ec tardabat et sinistris loqui justus Arbiter:

In Gehenna maledicti flammæ hinc discedite;

**O**bscrantem me audire despexistis mendicum,  
Nudo vestem non dedistis, neglexistis languidum.

**P**eccatores dicent: Christe, quando te vel pauperem,  
Te, Rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes  
sprevimus.

**Q**uibus contra Judex altus: mendicanti quamdiu  
Opem ferre despexistis, ne sprevistis improbi.

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

**R**etro ruent tum injusti ignes in perpetuos,  
Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec restin-  
guitur,

**S**atan atro cum ministris quo tenetur carcere,  
Fletus ubi mugitusque, strident omnes dentibus.

**T**unc fideles ad cœlestem sustollentur patriam,  
Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia,

**U**rbis summæ Hirusalem introibunt gloriam  
Vera lucis atque pacis in qua fulget visio.

**X**PM regem jam paterna claritate splendidum  
Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina —

**Y**dri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,  
Aurum temne, fuge luxus si vis astra petere,

**Z**ona clara castitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,  
In occursum Magni Regis fer ardentem lampades.

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

**S**atan in chains shall there hold them beneath,  
Where are weeping and wailing and gnawing of  
teeth.

**T**hen the faithful, upborne to the heavenly land,  
Shall partake of the joys at Jehovah's right hand ;  
**U**shered shall be in that Salem above  
Where shines the true vision of light, peace, and  
love ;

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

**Y**ou the Serpent's wiles shun, you the weak ones  
sustain,

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

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

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



## ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

(CARMEN JACOPONI DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.)

**T**HIS Hymn was first printed in Paris, 1496. It has been ascribed to various persons, among the rest to St. Bernard; also to Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, England, who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century. But Wadding, in his “Annals of the Minorites,” points to Jacopone as the true author of this as well as of the *Stabat Mater*; and this now would seem to be the received opinion. Du Meril collates the third and fourth verses with the following lines taken from another part of the same poem as “The Better Country,” — Bernard’s “De Contemptu Mundi.” The reader will readily recognize the rhyming hexameter with which he was made familiar in the former extract :

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

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

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



## DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.

### I.

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

### II.

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

### III.

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



ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

I.



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

II.

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

III.

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

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

Or beautiful Absalom, with aspect uncommon?  
Or Jonathan sweet, more loving than woman?

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

How vain this world's glory, a brief banquet its  
measure,  
As is a man's shadow so also its pleasure,  
Which forever of endless rewards make deduction,  
And lead in the hard devious paths of destruction.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.



## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

Thou ſhould'ſt call nought thy own which is loſt  
ere one knoweth,  
The world taketh back the good it beſtoweth :  
On ſupernal joys think ! let thy heart be in heaven !  
Contemn thou the world, and beware of its leaven.

JACOPONE. (XIII. Century.)







Stabat **MATER DOLOROSA**  
Juxta Crucem Lachrymosa

Paul Delacroix





MAR 9 1867  
ZOOLOGICAL

 tabat  ater

HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY .

TRANSLATED BY

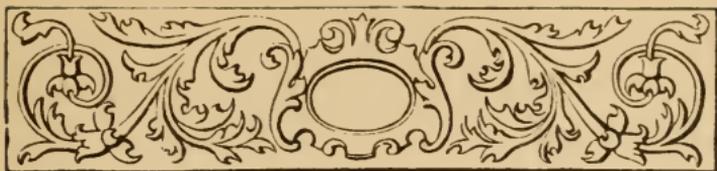
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*With Photograph*



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## PROEM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christe, cum sit hinc exire  
 Da per matrem me venire  
 Ad palmam victoriæ.

The change made in some copies of the seven-

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





SEQUENTIA DE SEPTEM DOLORIBUS  
BEATÆ VIRGINIS.

I.

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

II.

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



## HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY.

### I.

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

### II.

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

## III.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,  
Matrem Christi si videret

In tanto supplicio ?

Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari

Dolentem cum Filio ?

## IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis

Vidit Jesum in tormentis

Et flagellis subditum ;

Vidit suum dulcem natum

Morientem, desolatum,

Dum emisit spiritum.

## V.

Pia Mater, fons amoris !

Me sentire vim doloris

Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum

In amando Christum Deum

Ut Sibi complaceam.

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## X.

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



## IX.

Wound for wound be there created ;  
With the Crofs intoxicated  
    For thy Son's dear sake, I pray —  
May I, fired with pure affection,  
Virgin, have through thee protection  
    In the solemn Judgment Day.

## X.

Let me by the Crofs be warded,  
By the death of Christ be guarded,  
    Nourished by divine supplies.  
When the body death hath riven,  
Grant that to the soul be given  
    Glories bright of Paradise.





## REMARKS.

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

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

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

Per te, Virgo, sum defensus

In die Judicii, —

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

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

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

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

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

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

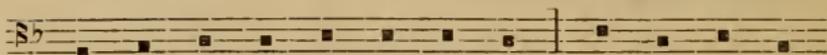


# STABAT MATER.

(SUNG ON EVERY FRIDAY DURING LENT.)

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

GREGORIAN CHANT.  
*From the "Catholic Psalmist."*



1. Sta - bat ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa, Jux - ta cru - cem  
2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men - tem, Con - tris - tan - tem



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

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

# STABAT MATER.—Chant for Four Voices.

No. 2.

NOVELLO. From "Evening Service."

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

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

No. 3.

"Rohr's Collection."

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

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



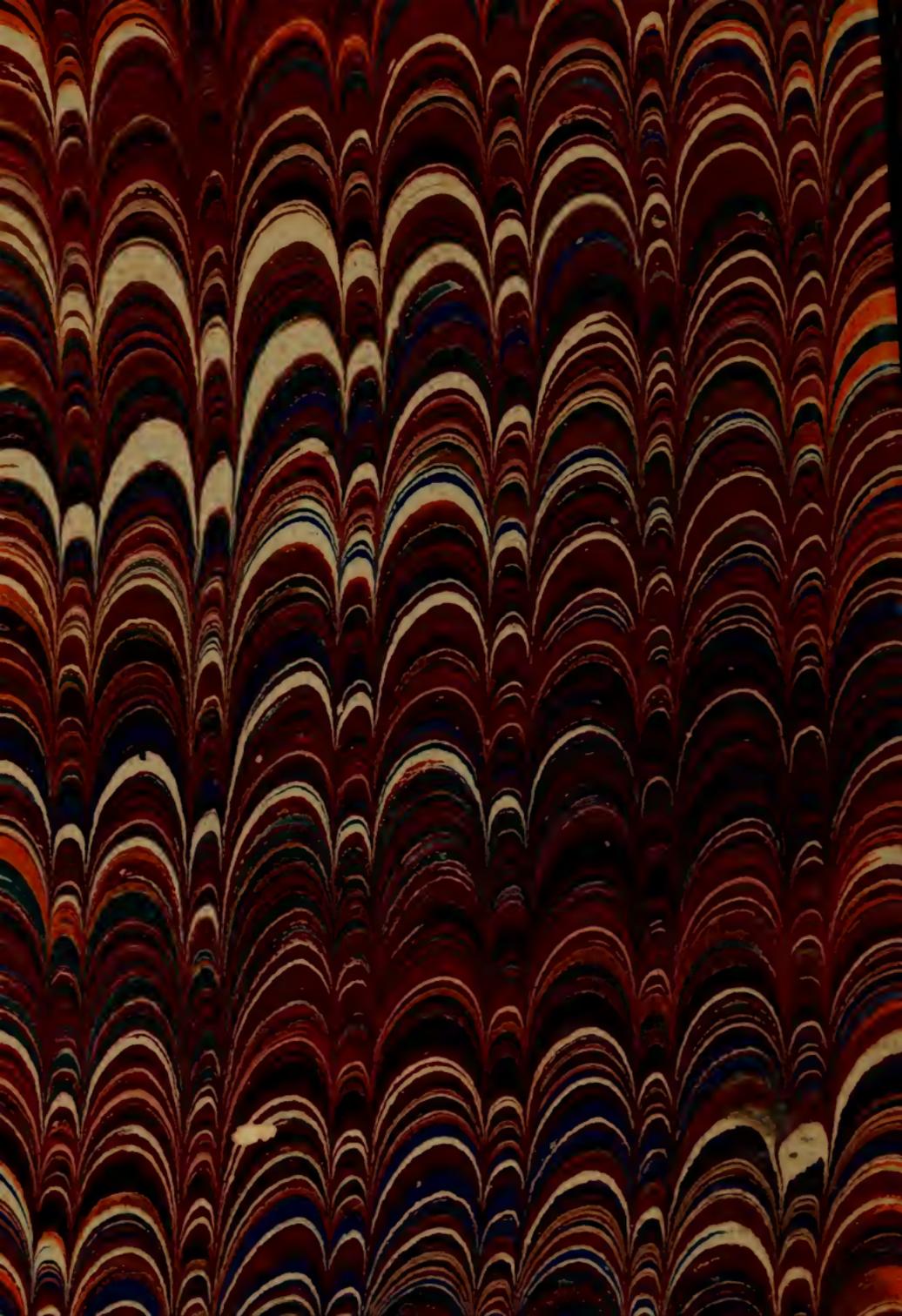














Latin Hymns  
with  
Original Translations.  
Dr. Coles.