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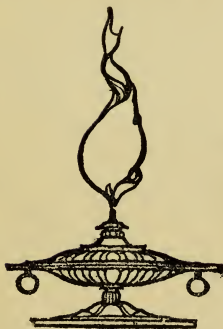


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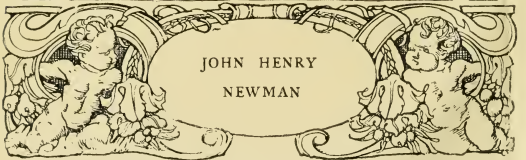





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JOHN HENRY
NEWMAN





THE
POEMS
of
**JOHN HENRY
NEWMAN** ^H _W

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WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LTD., LONDON AND BECCLES.

IN HOMAGE
TO THE COMPOSER WHO
HAS WEDDED NEWMAN'S NOBLEST POEM
TO EQUALLY NOBLE MUSIC
THIS EDITION OF NEWMAN'S POEMS
IS DEDICATED TO
SIR EDWARD ELGAR

[Faint, illegible text]

INTRODUCTION

“ AM not a poet,” wrote Newman in 1879. The passage occurs in his reply to a letter asking him to explain exactly what he meant in his poem “Lead, kindly Light” by the expression “angel faces,” and, in full, it runs, “I think it was Keble who when asked [a similar question] answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written ; and although I am not like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years.” What exactly Newman meant by his disclaimer, it is somewhat difficult to decide. The implication may have been that he had long since abandoned claims which he at one time was inclined to prefer. Or it may have been that he felt his work as a poet had been merged in work of such infinitely greater moment to himself, that his experiments in verse might be relegated to a position so subordinate, in comparison with his work in other directions, as to be properly esteemed merely a recreation. Yet

that he was a poet, and a poet of no mean order, few students of nineteenth-century literature would deny. Although his productive period in the strict sense was of short duration, and many of the volumes in which his verse was contained were merely compilations from and rearrangements of earlier writings, he was responsible from 1821 to 1868 for eight separate volumes of verse, and the retouching and repolishing to which he subjected his poems can perhaps only be paralleled in the case of Tennyson.

A guess may be hazarded as to how far Newman deliberately resisted his natural impulse to express himself in verse, for his was not a case of—

“Rafael made a century of sonnets.

* * * *

Dante once prepared to paint an angel.”

The popular imagination has in later years come to think almost exclusively of Newman as a prince of the Church. His name instantly evokes a mental picture of a scholarly recluse, whose native dignity can yet support undaunted the purple splendours of the Sacred College, so that to turn afresh to his verses is to experience something of the amazement of a child who suddenly discovers hitherto unsuspected powers in a senior whose abilities he has long supposed incapable of yielding a fresh surprise. But with

Newman verse-writing was never a *tour de force*.

To speculate about the probable achievement of a man great in one walk of life had he pursued another, which at one time seems to have allured him very persistently, is perhaps idle, if fascinating. In Newman's case it is at any rate pardonable, for the evidences he has left us of his poetical equipment are such as would have justified his contemporaries in anticipating his eventual arrival at the highest rank. Poetry has, however, always been an exacting mistress, and the work done by a poet in other directions usually eclipses, or is eclipsed by, his poetry. Of the thousands who know "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," how many know "Areopagitica"? What proportion of the readers of "Alastor" and "The Sensitive Plant" is acquainted with Shelley, the pamphleteer? Of the innumerable aspirants to culture who hang their walls with photographs of "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" or "Dante's Dream," how many know even the names of "The House of Life" and "The White Ship"? And is not Mr. Swinburne the critic altogether overlooked in Mr. Swinburne the poet?

The first of Newman's poetical works that has been preserved to us dates from 1818, and consists of a poem in two cantos, entitled "St. Bartholomew's Eve," written at Oxford

in collaboration with his friend, J. W. Bowden. This poem in its completed state was published in 1821, and is of the utmost rarity. When in 1868 Newman published his "Verses on Various Occasions," he preserved from it the twenty-two lines beginning "There is in stillness oft a magic power," but except for a small edition issued by his brother, Francis William Newman, through Mr. Gill, of Weston-super-Mare, in 1899, the complete poem has been hitherto inaccessible. Professor Newman's reprint differs in innumerable minute points from the original edition which has been followed here, a copy in the British Museum, formerly the property of the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, having been consulted, in which Newman himself had pencilled in the margins the initials of himself and Bowden against those portions assignable to each contributor. The poem is much of the kind that the average undergraduate produces for the Newdigate, and its interest is mainly confined to its authorship. One can imagine Newman's amusement in after years when he recalled such expressions as the "dark-stoled fathers," or the "crosiered priest," or the description of the monks as "piously false or credulously good." The fragment which he preserved was not allowed to remain unpolished. Many slight modifications were made, not all felicitous. For instance, in the line "No mortal measure swells that silent sound," the word

“silent” was changed to “mystic,” as though his feeling had been against the retention of the paradox. Of course his original inspiration was the better, and, curiously enough, it was a thought which we find recurring at intervals in other passages of his verse. One thinks instantly of “*Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.*” One little point is worthy of note. The general knowledge of America was in those days so slight that *Niagára* was written for *Niagara*, just as Heber wrote *Céylon* for *Ceylon*. To distinguish the work of the two contributors, Bowden’s portions have here been printed in italics.

Eleven years passed before Newman again ventured on the publication of poetry, and then appeared a little volume to which, despite the personal character of the larger part of the contents and the comparative youth of the author, the suggestive title “*Memorials of the Past*” was given. From one of the poems in this volume, addressed to a sister, the meaning of the title may probably be deduced. In so entitling it the author was definitely putting behind him the temptation to expend, in the making of verse, time which he considered might be more profitably devoted to other employments. The passage runs—

“*Ill ’seems it the devoted hand
That has touched the plough, to trifle now
With the toys of verse again.*”

Already it would seem that the "stern daughter of the voice of God" had arrested the feet from a path that appeared to the young poet to be merely a path of dalliance. Toys should no more distract. So the harp was hung up, and not again tuned until, during the memorable Mediterranean trip, in the company of Hurrell Froude, the idea of the "Lyra Apostolica" was conceived. For the service of his great cause he could sing anew, and the songs themselves are evidence that while he had been musing the fire had kindled.

In the "Apologia" we find the account of the inception in the following words: "It was at Rome that we began the 'Lyra Apostolica.' The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference now that I am back again.'" Why it was decided that the sword of the Lord should take the form of verse, after Newman's recent summarizing of it as a "toy," is not easily accounted for. Probably it was Hurrell Froude's doing. He does not seem himself to have been gifted with particular facility as a verse-writer, but his must have been a singularly discriminating intellect, and he no doubt discerned that for Newman's hands no keener weapon could be forged. The sections of the "Lyra Apostolica"

began to appear in the *British Magazine*, under the editorship of Hugh James Rose, in June, 1833, and of the grand total Newman provided almost three times as many poems as the next considerable contributor, John Keble. Isaac Williams, Hurrell Froude, and J. W. Bowden wrote barely more than half a dozen each, and Robert Isaac Wilberforce but one. When the poems came to be reprinted Froude was dead, and it was decided, in order that his poems might be designated his beyond possibility of future doubt, to mark the authorship of each poem by a letter of the Greek alphabet. The letter allotted to Newman was Delta, a circumstance which was recalled thirty years later, when, republishing two of his early poems from the 1832 volume in *The Month*, in 1865, he adopted the signature "Daleth." In the poems of Newman, at least, as reprinted in the volume, changes were in places made from the *British Magazine* versions, but the text followed in the present reprint is that of the book and not of the magazine, the only instance in which it has been deemed advisable to depart from the rule of using the earliest printed version.

After the appearance of "Lyra Apostolica" seventeen years passed before Newman again published a volume of poems, and it almost seemed as though he had completely abandoned his muse. A possible explanation of this long

silence is to be found in the autobiography of Isaac Williams. He says—

“When Newman published the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*,’ he got Samuel Wilberforce—now the Bishop of Oxford—to review it, as one who would do it in a popular manner. Newman was then much annoyed with the reflections of the review on himself, and this was the cause, I consider, of his never writing a verse afterwards. [Williams, though his autobiography was not published until many years later, wrote in 1851.] Indeed, I have heard Miss Keble observe that it appeared to have stopped in Newman what Providence seemed to have designed as a natural vent to ardent and strong feelings; whereas, had it not met with that untimely discouragement, he would probably have continued to write poetry, as he had then begun, to the profit of himself and us all. For, she said, *her* brother would never have written verses were it not for the encouragement he met with in his own family.” Wilberforce’s strictness amounted to a charge of involved construction, and obscurity of language, a charge which a man of Newman’s critical powers would acknowledge as in a measure just, and it is more than doubtful whether the conjectures of Williams and Miss Keble had any foundation beyond the momentary pique to which Newman had given expression when the review first appeared. Far more probable

is it that the weapon, having served its purpose, was again laid aside, not to be unsheathed until need arose ; that Newman's aim was to be a serviceable soldier rather than to display his skill as a swordsman.

The translations from the Roman breviary, and from St. Gregory Nazianzen, which appeared respectively in Tract 75 and in "The Church of the Fathers," were of course made about the same time as the "*Lyra Apostolica*."

In 1853, at Dublin, eight years after his submission to the Holy See, Newman issued his "Verses on Religious Subjects," in the prefatory note to which he says, "The following compositions are selected from a larger number, and have, nearly all of them, already been put into print. They are brought together by the writer in the present form, in the hope that they may be acceptable and useful to his immediate friends, penitents, and people." The volume contains a number of the poems from "*Lyra Apostolica*," the breviary translations with considerable additions, and, most noteworthy of all, a group of poems which he entitles "Songs," mainly in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and of the founder of the oratorians, St. Philip Neri, these being his principal output in verse subsequent to the transfer of his allegiance to Rome. It is impossible to allow to the majority of these poems anything

like the magic of those of his more youthful days, though they have a lightness of touch, and what one might almost call a sparkle, foreign to his verse after the early domestic poems. To display their merits, however, it is only necessary to compare the poems on St. Philip with those on the same subject by F. W. Faber, when it will be at once observed that if they do not move with the stateliness of the older poems, they are at least far removed from the over-sentimentality of the Catholic hymns then most popular, and unburdened by the saccharine vocabulary then too freely indulged in.

The copy of this 1853 volume, which has been employed for the purposes of the present edition, has exceptional interest from its having formerly been the property of John Keble, whose autograph it contains.

In 1860 a small volume, entitled "Verses for Penitents," was privately printed. It has proved impossible to obtain a sight of this opusculum, but, according to Mr. W. S. Lilly, it contained nothing which did not reappear in "Verses on Various Occasions."

In 1866 Newman's last and greatest poem appeared. In "The Dream of Gerontius" it would seem as though there had been gathered up all the forces that had for so many years been restrained, and the poet, when he is already approaching rapidly his three score and

ten years, shows us, in a sudden blaze of almost intolerable light, the high and awful thoughts that devout meditation and self-suppression have stored up in a mind compounded of reverence and imagination, for which poetic expression was the only natural outlet. The copyright of "The Dream of Gerontius" being still unexpired, it is not possible to include it in the present edition, although, apart from that poem, the present is a more complete edition of Newman's verse than any hitherto published, including, as it does, over thirty poems not contained elsewhere. Amongst these are the three long Eclogues, experiments in a form little exploited in England, and not again employed by any writer of distinction until during the last few years Mr. Davidson produced his "Fleet St. Eclogues."

In 1868 Newman published his "Verses on Various Occasions," for which on December 21, 1867, he wrote a dedicatory letter to his friend, Edward Badeley. In this letter he states that it would never have occurred to him to bring together effusions which he has ever considered ephemeral had he not found from publications of the day, what he never suspected before, that there were critics, strangers to him, who think well both of some of his compositions and of his power of composing. He goes on to say that, being in despair of discovering any standard by which to discriminate between one poetical

attempt and another, he is thrown upon his own judgment, which is disposed either to preserve all or to put all aside. Yet in the end his 1868 volume was a selection merely, and so anxiously did its author watch its reception that within a brief space after its appearance a privately printed addendum appeared, of twenty pages, which later on was incorporated in the published volume. Slight modifications and additions occurred in succeeding editions up to the last issued in the lifetime of the author.

It is worthy of notice here that although the 1832 volume had its dedication signed with initials, like that of 1868, and none of the intervening volumes was, in the generally accepted sense, anonymous, not one of them bore Newman's name upon its title-page.

No attempt at serious criticism of Newman's poems is here made. It has been thought that a cheap reprint of them would place them in the hands of many to whom they are unknown, and, in the course of compilation, so little presented itself that seemed inappropriate to the series for which the volume was designed that it was decided to make it as complete as possible, and, by the chronological arrangement, representative also of Newman's poetic development. All changes indicating developments of opinion have been regarded as unimportant on the

strength of a note of the poet's own, in which he expresses his determination finally, after some vacillation, not to attempt to reconcile opinions which he no longer held with opinions adopted later, by the modification, from a doctrinal standpoint, of poems already given to the public. As remarked on the half-title of the poems from "Callista," the song of Juba is here printed as indicative of a possible development of Newman's muse in a secular direction had he permitted it free play.

The poem on page 257, from Tract 75, is included, despite the fact that Newman never himself acknowledged it, for this reason. The whole of the poems in the tract, with two exceptions, are translations of ancient office hymns, the one in question being a translation of *Invicte Martyr unicum*. The two exceptions are two excerpts from poems in "The Christian Year." But as Newman acknowledged the authorship of all the other translations, and this particular poem was followed by one for the same feast, which he afterwards reprinted, it was concluded that he merely rejected it through some personal fastidiousness. It is a much finer poem than Caswall's translation of the same Latin original, in "Lyra Catholica."

The portrait which forms the frontispiece is reproduced by kind permission of H. E. Wilberforce, Esq., from the original drawing made by George Richmond, R.A., in 1844. In

nearly all previous reproductions the details of the costume, which was what Newman wore as an Anglican, have been modified by the engraver. So far as is known the only reproduction of the portrait as Richmond drew it, previous to the one here presented, appeared in Miss Anne Mozley's "Letters and Correspondence of Cardinal Newman."

FREDERIC CHAPMAN.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE

[1821]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

AND

JOHN WILLIAM BOWDEN

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE ; / A TALE / OF /
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. / IN
TWO CANTOS. /

Oxford : / Printed and Published by Munday and Slatter,
Herald Office, / High-Street : sold by G. and
W. B. Whittaker, / Ave-Maria-Lane,
London. / 1821. /

THE two cantos appear to have been issued separately ; and Professor F. W. Newman assigned the first canto to 1818, and the second to 1820. Probably in 1821 what stock remained of the separate issues was published with a new title-page, worded as above.

In the copy from which this reprint is made Newman has initialled in the margins the portions contributed by himself and Bowden respectively. For the sake of clearness, Bowden's parts are here printed in italics.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE

CANTO I



*THE sun has risen o'er Belleville's lengthen'd
height ;
Thy spires, fair Paris, catch his early
light—*

*Mid Seine's blue waves his beams reflected play,
And Earth reviving greets the new-born day.—*

*Fast by the northern shore of that fair stream,
Deck'd with new glories by the orient beam,
Their height reliev'd against the brightening skies,
The princely Louvre's palace piles arise ;
Seat of the royal Charles,* whose powerful sway
Extended Gallia's vine-clad hills obey,
From Britain's seas and Belgium's fruitful plain,
To Rhone's broad current, and the inland main.*

*Lo ! where the river parts his silver tides
And round yon isle in circling eddies glides,
In solemn grandeur soaring from the plain,
Stand the vast turrets of the Virgin's fane ;
Majestic work, which ages toil'd to raise,
The matchless monument of elder days.*

* Charles the Ninth.

—Hark! the slow summons from its echoing tower
 With sullen peal proclaims the matin hour;
 Now through each massive aisle and long arcade
 The dark-stol'd fathers move in dull parade;
 Count the slow bead; or kiss the sacred wood,
 Piously false, or credulously good.

Its sacred notes the full-ton'd organ pours,
 Till the rapt soul on bolder pinions soars;—
 Soft strains ascending from the swelling choir
 Float on the gale, and breathe seraphic fire;
 While clouds of incense curling toward the sky
 Roll over head, a fragrant canopy.

—High in the midst before yon taper'd shrine
 The crosier'd priest displays the mystic sign;
 With reverent awe adoring myriads see,
 Bow the meek head, and drop the humbled knee.

Amid that group, with heart full fraught with
 woe,

Where some for worship bow'd and some for show,
 Fair Florence knelt; Oh! little might he guess
 Who view'd that sylph-like form of loveliness,
 Who mark'd that blue eye fix'd as tho' in prayer,
 That thought of earth had dimm'd the lustre there!
 For such she was, as fancy loves to paint
 Some cloister'd vot'ress, or sequester'd saint,
 Gazing on night's pale queen, with raptur'd eye,
 And thoughts that mount toward their native sky.
 No purer form th' enamour'd artist chose
 When Grecian Venus from his chisel rose;
 No purer form, in angel robes of light,
 Seems to descend to suff'ring martyr's sight,

*With Heav'n's own joys, to chase his pains away
And greet his entrance to the realms of day.*

*Now all is hush'd—no more the organ's sound
Thro' the arch'd nave re-echoing rolls around.
The crowds disperse—but still that fair one knelt,
As tho' she still on things celestial dwelt.
Alike unheeded by her vacant eye
The incense fail'd ; the pageant flitted by ;
Still as some form of monumental stone,
She saw not, mark'd not, there she knelt alone.
Then as awaken'd from a wildering dream
She seem'd to muse o'er some uncertain theme,
Gaz'd for a moment round, while short surprise
With beauteous wildness lit her azure eyes ;
Then slowly sought her ag'd instructor's cell,
The secret sorrows of her heart to tell.*

'Mid the recesses of that pillar'd wall
Stood reverent Clement's dark confessional.
Here Rapine's son with superstition pale
Of't thro' the grated lattice told his tale ;
Here blood-stain'd Murder falter'd, tho' secure
Of absolution from a faith impure.—

Mistaken worship ! can the outward tear
Make clean the breast devoid of godly fear ?
Shall pomp and splendour holy love supply,
The grateful heart, the meek submissive eye ?
Mistaken worship ! where the priestly plan
In servile bondage rules degraded man,

Proclaims on high in proud, imperious tone
 Devotion springs from ignorance alone ;
 And dares prefer to sorrow for the past
 The scourge of penance or the groans of fast !
 —Where every crime a price appointed brings
 To sooth the churchman's pride, the sinner's
 stings,
 Where righteous grief and penitence are made
 An holy market and a pious trade !

*The Father view'd Count Albert's child advance,
 And scann'd her mien with scrutinizing glance;
 " Daughter," he said—and as he spoke he tried
 T' unbend the stiffness of his cloister'd pride—
 " Daughter, all hail ! The grief those sighs disclose,
 " Say, from what cause unknown its torrent flows ;
 " Whate'er it be, declare at once thy grief,
 " When thine to ask, 'tis mine to grant relief."*—

The maid was speechless—for his tone repress
 The dawning hope that warm'd her fluttering
 breast ;
 In seeming mockery of her birth and name
 The coldness of his condescension came.
 There was a time, she thought, no voice austere
 Fell chill and comfortless on Florence' ear ;
 When kind prevention spar'd the suppliant's
 part,
 And bound with kind surprise the grateful heart.
 —Slowly she sunk and, prostrate at his feet,
 Seem'd his compassion breathless to entreat :

“ Sure to a heart like thine,” the Sire rejoined,
 “ Corroding guilt can never entrance find—

“ Sin stains the cheek with red—some latent
 woe

“ That paler hue and wilder aspect show.

“ And who so well can claim a right to share

“ Joy in thy joy and sorrow in thy care ?

“ But speak, my child ”—The maid with frantic
 eye

Gaz'd on his furrow'd face imploringly—

Tears chok'd her voice—she clung with wild
 affright,

And feebly breath'd the words—“ To-night,
 to-night ! ”

*The Monk was vers'd his feelings to controul
 And hide the subtle workings of his soul ;
 But when those words with fever'd accents came,
 Dark deadly fury fill'd his eye with flame ;
 His pale and quivering lips refus'd to speak,
 And ebbing life-blood left his wither'd cheek.
 At length with vain endeavour to conceal
 The consciousness he seem'd asham'd to feel—
 “ To-night ? What mean thy words ? ”*

“ Oh ! Father, well,

“ Too well, thou know'st the secret I would tell ;

“ But yesternight a strange and fearful chance

“ Disclos'd the woes that wait on fated France—

“ Told how to-night the good, the great, the brave

“ Are doomed by royal mandate to the grave ;

*“How streams of blood thro’ Paris’ streets must
flow,*

“And civil discord wave her torch of woe.—

*“Priests should have softer breasts—how many a
sire*

“Must see his offspring, pierc’d with wounds, expire!

“How many a wife in solitude must mourn

“And hope in vain a husband’s glad return!

“How many an orphan miss a father’s care,

“In life’s first entrance sentenc’d to despair!”

“To aid the virtuous and sustain the weak,

“Is what high Heaven inspires our souls to seek;”—

Replied the priest—“The laws of God demand

“The pitying heart, the charitable hand.

“Our foes may injure us and be forgiven,

“Vengeance awaits the enemies of Heaven.

“What! when apostates, glorying in the name,

“Trample each law that God or man can frame,

“With impious mirth our mystic rites deride,

“And scorn the image of the crucified!

“When o’er their heads the hand of wrath impends,

“When the red thunderbolt in air descends,

“Wilt thou for these with tears of pity sue,

“Defrauding Justice of the vengeance due?

“Unworthy daughter of a noble race,

“Shame to thy faith, thy name’s, thy Sire’s disgrace!

“Hence to thy chamber! For each pitying thought

“By fervent prayer forgiveness must be sought,

“Sighs, heartfelt sighs, and penitence must pay,

“And tears must wash each sinful word away!”

“ Yet one—e’en tho’ the deed of blood be done—
“ Is it too much to spare the life of one?
“ Oh! let him live—but live—and he shall fly
“ To barbarous climes ’neath some remoter sky—
“ What tho’ he bless these tearful eyes no more,
“ Yet shall he ever shun his native shore
“ But must he fly?—Oh! Father, did’st thou ne’er
“ Feel the keen pangs that hearts united tear?—
“ Oh! he was once to better prospects born,
“ His King to serve, his country to adorn—
“ Sage in the senate, dreaded in the field,
“ In peace her ornament, in war her shield!—
“ Yes, Julian”—

“ Julian!” stern the Monk exclaim’d,
“ Whom have those lips, rash girl, in madness nam’d!
“ Julian, Montauban’s son? Is this thy plea?
“ Thy faith’s,* thy country’s direst enemy?
“ No more!—in silence wait th’ approaching deed,
“ Thy hopes are vain—the renegade must bleed!—
“ ’Mid the dark morn, when from St. Germain’s
 tower
“ The thrice repeated bell declares the hour,
“ Each Christian champion knows th’ appointed sign,
“ And owns the summons to the work divine.
“ No mercy then our impious foes may know.
“ ’Tis Justice calls, Religion strikes the blow.
“ For, as of old, in Egypt’s palmy clime,
“ In just atonement of a monarch’s crime,

* “Faith” in original edition; corrected to
“faith’s” by F. W. N.

"Unseen and shrouded in the dark'ning blast,
 "Thro' Memphis' streets thy angel, Vengeance, past;
 "Yet once again, a suffering Church to aid,
 "And heal the wounds by proud apostates made,
 "All-righteous Heaven inspires our daring plan;
 "But delegates the work of wrath to man!
 "Woke from their dream of fancied joy and ease,
 "Their minds what horror, what despair will seize,
 "When the deep tolling of the midnight bell
 "Sounds to their ears, their last, their funeral knell,
 "When flickering torches scare the lowering shade,
 "And Christ's true soldiers wave the glittering
 blade!

—"Hence! if to mortal man thou dar'st reveal
 "The deed my words have warn'd thee to conceal,
 "No more expect in earthly ills to share
 "The fostering grace of Heaven's paternal care;
 "For as the Saint on Malta's rugged strand
 "Shook the loath'd reptile from his sacred hand,
 "The church forsakes thee, casts thee off with shame,
 "And lasting infamy attends thy name.
 "Sever'd from all by virtuous spirits priz'd,
 "Barr'd from all rites, unpitied and despis'd,
 "Long may'st thou live, to wait in fear thy doom,
 "No hope on earth, no prospect in the tomb!"—

He ceas'd, and rose—the maid with quivering
 thrill

Before his fancied presence trembled still,—
 And breathless knelt, as if in dread to hear
 That fearful curse return upon her ear—

In silent agony she shrunk to feel
How fierce his soul, how bigotted his zeal—
For he had been to her from early youth
From vice her guardian and her guide to truth ;
Her memory told her that he once was kind,
Ere the Monk's cowl had chang'd his gentler
mind ;

But now of late his holy call had thrown
A haughty coldness o'er him not his own.
Yet still she paid him reverence, tho' no more
She told her bosom secrets as before.
True he was stern, but they who knew him
best,

Said fast and penance steel'd that holy breast ;
She knew him harsh t' avenge Heaven's injur'd
laws,

But deem'd superior sanctity the cause ;
She knew him oft mysterious, wild, and strange,
But hop'd that heav'nly converse wrought the
change.—

*With brow of gloom that half his mind pour-
tray'd—*

*The musing Clement sought his convent's shade ;
Cursing the chance which told—what none should
hear—*

*The dark, dread secret to a woman's ear.
What should he do?—Say, did some fiend inspire
The thought which thro' his bosom shot like fire?—
'Twas but a moment—no, it could not be—
She who had smil'd on him from infancy,*

*She who had found, when friendless and alone,
In him a father, in his faith her own.—*

*—It could not be—but Julian—he might bleed—
And Heaven itself would sanctify the deed!*

“Yes! he shall fall! ere from his noon-tide height

“The Sun declining seeks the shades of night,

“Fit act of prologue to th’ impending blow;

*“This day, this hour, Montauban’s blood must
flow!”*

*Fill’d with these thoughts, amid the cloister’s gloom,
He sought th’ assembled votaries of Rome—*

’Midst the pale towers in which his years
were spent,
Which once receiv’d him young and innocent,
When first the venerable paths he trod,
Shunning the world for converse with his God,
—Ere zeal misguided and ambition blind
Had marr’d the youthful promise of his mind,—
A lonely chapel rose; the voice of prayer,
Or anthem-peal no longer sounded there;
Yet, tho’ forsaken, still might stranger deem
That place well suited to celestial theme.

*’Twixt tapering mullions there the noon-tide ray
Thro’ darken’d panes diffus’d a softer day;
From time-worn walls each pillar seem’d to start,
In rich luxuriance of Gothic art;
While crumbling shafts with flowery chaplets crown’d
In mournful grandeur strew’d the hallow’d ground.*

*In this lone spot secure, to mortal ear
Save Rome's true sons their dire debates might hear,
The leaguers met, to chide the tardy Sun
And wish the work of massacre begun.—*

Different in temper, bigotry had join'd
The haughty spirit and the crafty mind ;
There were who wish'd to sanctify the sword
By the proud title, "Champions of the Lord" ;
And those whom hopes of plunder urg'd to
rear

The gainful fury of the sacred spear.

*—But now the portal's opening sound was heard,
And Clement's form beneath its arch appeared ;*

All rose with one accord ; the saintly man

Cast one keen glance around and thus began :

"Warriors of God ; foredoom'd by Heaven's decree

"To right its violated majesty ;

"Well pleas'd I see your martial spirits pine

"For full completion of the wrath divine ;

"Nor pine in vain ; the white-rob'd queen of night

"O'er the dread scene shall shed her fav'ring light ;

"Yet but few hours, the wish'd-for signal tolls—

"A peal of terror to apostate souls—

"Yet but few hours, the long, long gathering cloud,

"With wrath o'ercharg'd, in thunder speaks aloud.

"Then on, true servants of your Saviour's will,

"His cause to aid, his mandates to fulfil ;

*"To drown in blood their faith, their pow'r, their
name,*

"To whelm Heaven's outcasts in eternal flame ;

- “ *And gain for ever, by one glorious deed,*
 “ *The praise of those in God’s own cause who*
 bleed.
 “ *No tears this night your fury must assuage ;*
 “ *The cries of youth, the impotence of age*
 “ *Alike in vain must sue ; the hoary brow,*
 “ *The smile of infancy avails not now.*
 “ *One sweeping vengeance, deaf to every plea*
 “ *That sways the children of mortality,*
 “ *Our cause demands ; one great, one final blow,*
 “ *Approv’d by powers above, and fear’d by fiends*
 below !
- “ *Yet, ere the Sun shall gild the western skies,*
 “ *Must our primitival offering arise ;—*
 “ *Some luckless chance, I know not what, betray’d*
 “ *Last night our secret to a babbling maid ;*
 “ *And, lest some fate unseen discover all,*
 “ *This hour must Julian of Montauban fall !” —*

He ceas’d ; when swift, by maddening zeal in-
 spir’d,

With hope of blood and hasten’d vengeance fir’d,
Bertrand, a soul to every ill inclin’d,
Of all that murderous crew the fiercest mind,
With transport cried—“ To me alone be given
 “ *The envied task to aid the will of Heaven—*
 “ *Be mine the deed, by one avenging blow,*
 “ *To lay this hour our first, great victim low.*
 “ *Farewell !—yet ere I part attend my vow ;*
 “ *If Heaven shall crown its votary’s project now,*

*“ My sword, yet reeking with the clotted gore
“ Of him who soon shall injure us no more,
“ With pious awe before yon hallow’d shrine,
“ A grateful record of the aid divine,
“ This hand shall consecrate ; there long to rest
“ And Bertrand’s zeal to latest times attest—
“ Farewell ! ” he said, and sheath’d the gleaming
brand,
And clench’d with fierce resolve his iron hand ;
Then strode in haste, as tho’ one moment’s stay
Were Heaven’s imperious call to disobey ;
As though each breath the fated Julian drew
With seven-fold fury fir’d his hate anew.*

*With looks of wonder, not unmix’d with awe,
The silent band his steps departing saw.
Now they behold them thro’ the portal’s gloom,
His visage shaded by the sable plume ;
Now thro’ the fretted cloisters, deep and dread,
The vaulted roof returns his heavy tread.
Faint and more faint the lessening echoes thrill,
Then, lost in distance, cease—and all is still.—*

*“ Now sainted brethren, till the fated hour,”
Exclaimed the priest, “ we meet again no more.
“ Yet ere we part, with hearts from passion free,
“ Before you altar meekly bow the knee.
“ To him who ever makes his Church his care,
“ To him whose cause ye serve address your pray’r ;
“ His saving grace implore, your deeds to bless,
“ And shield the vent’rous sons of righteousness.”*

Then low before the shrine in concert bow'd
The fierce, the wild, the crafty and the proud.
Infatuate men ! shall He who reigns above,
Father of all, the God of peace and love,
Shall he be honour'd by the murderer's blade ?
Shall he accept the prayers in vengeance made ?
And thou, misguided Ruler of the land,
Weak to comply, or cruel to command,
Hop'st thou in peace to pass a length of days,
Happy in virtue's love, and wisdom's praise ?—
Lo ! tho' success thy scheme of blood may
 gain,
Remorse and suff'ring follow in its train,
The sleepless couch, the day of wild affright,
And spectres flitting thro' the shades of night.

 Meanwhile exhausted, feeble, trembling,
 slow,
With terror pallid, stupefied with woe,
The maid in secret mourn'd her hapless fate,
Her Julian's peril and the churchman's hate.
Her shrinking spirit knew not how to bear
The rankling dart of slow-consuming care ;
On her, a father's hope and only child,
Prosperity's warm beams had ever smil'd ;
Prop of his age, his solace, and his pride,
For her he liv'd, nor reck'd the world beside ;
But he alas ! was dead ; the burning tear
Was scarcely dried she dropp'd upon his bier,
And Albert's dying accents had consign'd
To Clement's care the maid he left behind.

—She kneels in pray'r, and views with glist'n-
ing eyes

The emblem of th' atoning sacrifice,
Her fluttering bosom holy soothings calm,
And o'er her wounds distil celestial balm.

“ Angelic guardians, natives of the sky,
“ Who, seeming distant, hover ever nigh,
“ To aid the virtuous, cheer the sad, delight,—
“ Too blest to feel our woes, too good to slight,
“ With holy anger for what crime of France
“ Relax ye thus your wonted vigilance ?

“ And thou, blest Saint and Martyr to the
faith,

“ Scorn'd in thy life, victorious in thy death,

“ Let not the carping world in mockery say

“ This deed of massacre disgrac'd thy day.

“ Forbid it, Heav'n !—Oh God ! my heart is
faint—

“ Shall true religion mourn so foul a taint ?—

“ Shall persecution doom her foes to bleed ?

“ In God's own vineyard, Oh ! how rank a
weed ! ”

Thus while the powers of prayer her tears
controul

To send for Julian struck her calmer soul—

She knew not why— or how she might
prevent

The sad conclusion, if for him she sent ;

It was a wild and desperate hope, which though

It promis'd nothing cheer'd her depth of woe—

Perhaps she wish'd to take one last farewell,
One last sad parting ere that fire-bolt fell—
Perhaps she hop'd her arms might guard his
breast,

Or she, at least, might sink with him to rest.

Swift went the bearer of the maid's desires,
And now fear chills, now hope her bosom fires ;
In vain he speeds, in vain attempts to earn
His lady's favour by his quick return ;
His swiftest course is slowness to her eye,
He seems to loiter when he hopes to fly.

Once more his foot resounds—she hears his tread
With beating heart and cheek of livelier red ;
She starts ! no Julian's eye, with passion bright,
In silence eloquent, transports her sight.

Fear chains her tongue—the cause she dreads
to hear

When these glad words surprise her anxious
ear :—

“ Few hours have past since Julian rais'd his
shield,

“ And pois'd his lance, and hurried to the field ;

“ A sudden mandate came, which ill could spare

“ Time for adieus or any softer care.

“ Exploits of valour now his thoughts employ,

“ He glows with chivalry and martial joy,

“ Clasps thy white scarf across his ardent breast,

“ And wears thy colour in his towering crest ! ”

End of the First Canto.

CANTO II



*ILL-FATED France! still reckless of
repose,*

*Say, must again thy festering wounds
unclose?*

*When white-rob'd Peace descending hastes to shed
Her choicest blessings on thy war-worn head;
Shall all those blessings be bestow'd in vain,
And must the Seraph seek her skies again?*

*Yes! all in vain through many a ling'ring year
Thy children's fall hath claim'd thy pitying tear;
In vain thy bravest strew'd Moncontour's shore,
And Jarnac's plain was dyed with Condé's gore:
Again by interest led, or fir'd by zeal,*

*Lo! fell Ambition grasps his crimson'd steel,
Insatiate Murder mounts his blood-stain'd car,
To crown with perfidy the woes of war!—
Land of the chivalrous and mighty dead!*

Was it for this thy crested warriors bled?

Was it for this, when Yemen's locust horde

*O'er thy rich plains and winding valleys pour'd,
Triumphant victor o'er unnumber'd foes,*

To avenge thy wrongs Austrasian Charles arose?

Was it for this, on Gihon's sedgy side,

Thy sainted Louis dar'd the Moslem's pride?

O'er Barca's deserts spread thy sceptre's fame,

And wav'd 'neath Afric's skies thy orisflamme?

—*In vain victorious o'er invading power,
Mid thy clear sky no foreign tempests lower ;
In vain the fav'ring heav'ns their frowns assuage,
If thine own sons will bid the whirlwind rage !*

*But are there none, ere yet the blow descend,
In mercy's cause their generous aid to lend ?
Can superstitious awe the valiant bind,
And zeal attune to blood the gentle mind ?
Alas ! in vain is bleeding pity's prayer—
All, all are steel'd—e'en Florence bids despair—
Silence her faith, and tears her feelings show,
She mourns, but thinks not to avert the blow ;
And, as in Eastern tales, the enchanter's skill
Bows the bright spirit to his tyrant will,
So fancied crimes her timorous bosom fright,
And each kind thought ideal duties blight.—*

*Sweet is the hour, when o'er th' ethereal plain
The star of eve extends her tranquil reign—
When all the sweets the rival blossoms lend,
In one soft mellow'd soothing fragrance blend ;
When now no more the rudeness of the breeze
Shakes their green honours from the quiv'ring trees,
But 'twixt the leaves in whispers loves to play,
And sighs in sorrow for the close of day.—*

There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions
lower ;
Touch'd by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.

Through this the Arab's kindling thoughts
expand,

When circling skies on all sides kiss the
sand ;

For this the hermit seeks the silent grove
To court th' inspiring glow of heavenly love.

—It is not solely in the freedom given,
T' abstract our thoughts and fix the soul on
heaven ;

There is a spirit singing aye in air,
That lifts us high above each mortal care ;
No mortal measure swells that silent sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones
around ;—

—The angels' hymn—the melting harmony
That guides the rolling bodies through the sky—
And hence perchance the tales of saints who
view'd

And heard angelic choirs in solitude.
By most unheard, because the busy din,
Of Pleasure's courts the heedless many win ;
Alas ! for man ; he knows not of the bliss,
The heav'n, attending such a life as this !

*And Florence gazes on that heavenly sight,
The silent beauty of approaching night ;
Amid her garden's shade her form reclin'd,
Her tresses curling to the wanton wind—
Where she in happier time, had rear'd each flow'r
That glows in spring or scents th' autumnal hour ;
Train'd up the sides the thickening branches grew,
Shade after shade, scarce pervious to the view ;*

*Above, the lattice clust'ring roses bound
And clematis had wreath'd its circlets round.*

*Pensive she sits—and views the orb of day
Mid clouds of radiance bend his western way—
On spire and turret rests his golden beam,
And glows in ripples on the redden'd stream ;
Alas ! when next that lord of light shall rise,
In glory bursting from the orient skies,
Far different cause that lucid flood shall stain
Chok'd with the ghastly corpses of the slain ;
One sheet of blood those sanguin'd waves shall glide,
And roll pollution to the ocean's tide !*

*There as she rests, her wand'ring thoughts employ
The wild vicissitudes of grief and joy ;
The thankful meaning of that heavenward eye
Betrays the thought—Montauban shall not die—
That quiv'ring lip and deep-drawn sigh disclose
How numerous still, how resolute his foes !*

*“ All-pitying heaven, and is it thy decree,
“ Canst thou this scene of blood approving see ?
“ Shall man in arms against his brother rise
“ And dare to plead commission from the skies ?
“ It cannot be ! ”—“ Who then,” she heard exclaim
A low deep voice, whose accents shook her frame—
“ Who then disputes in sacrilegious tone
“ The right of heaven to vindicate its own ? ”—
With dark'ning brow, that told of deeds of blood,
His fix'd eye glaring on her Clement stood—*

*So in the land where Niagara's roar
Wakes the lone echoes of Ontario's shore,
The venom'd monarch of the forest eyes
The trembling prey, his helpless sacrifice,*

*"Lost, hapless girl"—he cried, "thy tender youth
"In vain I nurtur'd in the paths of truth—
"Too long, in rev'ence to thy father's shade,
"My pitying soul thy rightful doom delay'd—
"But it must be—ere yet yon planet pale,
"Now rising beauteous from her cloudy veil,
"Her beam renews, in dark sequester'd cell
"A solitary vestal shalt thou dwell,
"Or mid the choir the chant united raise
"And tune thy wayward lips to notes of praise!"*

*She spoke not, for she read in that fix'd eye
No ling'ring love, no beaming clemency—
Prone at his feet she fell, his knees she press'd,
And bade her silent anguish speak the rest—
"And for thy Julian," fury in his eyes
The sire rejoin'd, "despair! this night he dies!
"No thought of him shall e'er again controul,
"Or wean from virtue's purer joys thy soul;
"Despis'd, unfriended, hopeless, unforgiven,
"He dies—so perish all the foes of heaven!"—*

*—"Hold! all good pow'rs will shield my husband's
life;*

*"Yes! start not, tyrant! Florence is—his wife!—
"Our fates are join'd, and let not priestly pride
"Annul the bonds which God hath ratified!*

*“ My plighted vow is register’d on high,
“ With him to prosper, or with him to die ! ” —*

Mark ye the glimm’rings yonder chamber’s
light

Flings o’er the bosom of the silent night ?
Doth sleep no more the eyes of Florence seal,
Shed balm around and ev’ry suff’ring heal ?
Oh ! while the span of one short day flits by,
How many cares may cloud life’s sun-bright
sky !—

Or is it hope, in airy falsehoods dress’d,
Plays o’er her bosom and dissuades from rest ?
The soothing hope, that treachery points her
dart

With vain despatch against Montauban’s heart ?
That soft glad thought her sinking bosom
cheers,

And calms the ling’ring conflict of her fears.—

Whose voice is that, so low, the breezes bear
Through the still midnight of the startled air ?
Whose form is that the taper’s rays illumine,
So dimly shadow’d from encircling gloom ?
The glitt’ring morion and the sheathed blade,
Signs of the warrior, gleam amid the shade.—
He mounts—and now, as if by custom taught,
The winding corridor his steps have sought—
And Florence knows—see ! see ! the quick-
drawn breath,

The cold cheek sick’ning with the hues of
death—

The starting eye—the feeble tott’ring frame—
The faint wild shriek with which she sounds
his name—

“Julian!”—“My wife, my dearest, then again

“I see thee, love! and have not pray’d in vain!

“Oh! kind, blest mandate! cares of diff’rent
kind

“I thought must wean all softness from my
mind—

“The tented field, the ranks with armour
bright,

“The distant skirmish, and the closing fight—

“Kind mandate! yes, my Florence! didst
thou mourn

“My hasty flight, and sigh for my return?

“The army’s sudden call allow’d no stay—

“The need was urgent, fatal were delay;

“But now, beyond all hope, the royal word

“Allows short respite to my thirsty sword.

“Florence! that eye so wild?”—

“Fly, Julian, fly!

“Delay not, ask not—for a foe is nigh!—

“Hark! heardst thou not that sound, that
moaning sound,

“Which fell so heavily and deadly round?

“He comes! alas, that blade in murder dyed!

“Craft veils his steps, and power hath arm’d
his side!

“Fir’d with abhorrence, yet enslaved with awe,

“I shrink from dwelling on the scenes I saw:

“I dare not tell!—but fly—’tis I entreat—
“Thy wife, thy lov’d one, prostrate at thy
feet!”

“Florence!”—he could not more—the
eventful whole

In that short moment flash’d upon his soul—
The army’s call—the leader’s urgent need—
His flight o’ertaken by the warrior’s steed—
The signet to return—the pretext fair—
The wily kindness of the stranger’s air—
The brook—the beetling rocks—the torrent’s
roar—

The narrow plank that cross’d from shore to
shore—

Th’ uplifted dagger, threat’ning treacherous
death—

The mortal struggle o’er the gulf beneath—
The bandit’s corpse, which, hurrying down the
flood,

Ting’d the blue curling of the waves with
blood—

His fears for Florence, which the traitor,
fir’d

With mad incautious fury, had inspir’d—
And then his transport, when he saw her
here,

Burst on his sight and chas’d away each tear—
Sad wither’d hopes! and dreams of fancied
rest!

And false assurance of a flattering breast!

But Florence, she the while, with trembling
 eye,
 Survey'd the keenness of his agony.
 The phrensy of her soul was o'er, the flow
 Of tears had lull'd th' intenseness of her
 woe—
 "Oh! knew'st thou, Julian, half this bosom's
 strife,
 "Clement hath conquer'd, and . . . thy life
 . . . thy life . . .
 "'Twas no kind mandate—'twas thy death
 decreed—
 "Nor thou alone, but all thy sect must bleed—
 "Too much I've said—each moment on its
 wings
 "More certain death and nearer ruin brings!
 "While yet escape is granted—fly, oh, fly!
 "The very air doth breathe of treachery!
 —"Thou wilt not—and thy Florence sues in
 vain—
 "Too weak to act—too sensitive of pain!"—

"Daughter of Albert," said the youth, "for
 thee
 "Have heav'n and man for ever destin'd
 me—
 "And must I fly? and leave thee here alone,
 "No friends to aid—midst enemies unknown—
 "To crouch before a bigot's despot sway,
 "To waste in tears the long, slow, burden'd
 day,

“Thy free soul chain’d, compell’d to frame
 each thought,
 “By the drear rules a Monk’s stern tongue
 hath taught ;
 “To shrink from sinful mem’ry’s busy powers,
 “And find a prison in thine own proud
 towers ?—
 “Think on that hour, when to his fate resign’d,
 “Our trembling hands thy dying father join’d—
 “’Twas twilight—we alone—‘My friend,’ he
 said,
 “‘To thee I leave this helpless orphan maid’—
 “And shall a priest, whom holy vestments
 shield,
 “Cancel the bond a father’s lips have seal’d ?
 “No ! fly with me, mid fav’ring shades—the
 while
 —“Thy father’s ghost upon our flight will
 smile !”

*Swift thro’ the garden’s shade, with falt’ring
 tread,
 His trembling bride the anxious Julian led ;
 ’Mid fleeting clouds the vestal lamp of night,
 Shed o’er their pallid forms a fitful light ;
 Now, wrapt in darkest shades, their flight conceal’d,
 Then in her fullest blaze their forms reveal’d.
 He might have thought, who gaz’d on Florence then,
 No feeble daughter of the sons of men,
 But wand’ring spirit of the night was there—
 If wand’ring spirit own a form so fair !—*

'Tis silence all—no undulating sound
Disturbs the deep repose which reigns around,
Save where, with graceful bend, those aspen trees
Sigh to the murmurs of the southern breeze ;
Save where, reflecting yon pure planet's rays,
In silver show'rs the rippling fountain plays.
No thought of scenes like these, alas ! had power
O'er the sad victims of that trying hour !
In vain for them yon lucid orb on high
Pour'd her full tide of glory from the sky ;
In vain for them shone heav'n's high vault serene,
And mildest zephyrs fann'd the silver scene—
—They marked them not—but shrank at ev'ry
 sound
Of their light footsteps on the echoing ground.

There is a calm which fav'ring skies dispense,
Hush'd as the sleep of infant innocence—
When nought disturbs that wild, that nameless
 thrill,
The heart's mute language, when all else is still—
When not a night-breath mars creation's rest,
And nature's peace reflected warms the breast.—
Far other stillness o'er that tranquil plain
In treach'rous beauty held her midnight reign—
Soon low'ring tempests shall those skies deform,
—'Tis but the calm that heralds in the storm !—
And the storm comes—what awful sound of fear
Peals its deep thunders on the startled ear !
—The hour—the fated hour—yon echoing bell
In notes discordant strikes a people's knell !

*The die is cast—no hope of mercy now
Th' assembled murd'ers' eager swords allow—
No chance hath flight—and what can force avail?
Shall one the banded multitudes assail?—*

*Soon as she heard the dreaded signal made
Her onward step the breathless Florence stayed—
No feature mov'd—fix'd grew that ampler eye,
As if it strained to gaze on vacancy—
No flutt'ring tremor told her heart opprest—
No half-heav'd sigh reliev'd her suff'ring breast—
Pale, cold, and tearless, stood the conscious fair,
The pow'rless, nerveless, statue of despair!*

*But hark! the volleys, thund'ring from afar,
And nearer horrors of a midnight war;
The clash of arms, th' uplifted threat'ning hand;
The victim shrinking from the murd'rer's brand;—
The lurid waving of the torch's glow
Denotes the acting of that scene of woe.—
“Florence,” the youth exclaim'd, “for thee I fear,
Oh my vain folly which has led thee here!”—*

*He said—when issuing from the tangled shade
The sudden glare a murd'rous hand bewray'd.
But who their leader? o'er whose locks of white
The varying torches cast a deeper light—
'Tis he—'tis Clement—dripping now with gore,
'Mid their bright blades the cross profan'd he bore—
Ill-minded man! too well thy wiles succeed,
Thy toils are laid—the helpless prey must bleed—*

*Feast with thy victim's blood thy longing eyes,
And glut thee with the murd'rous sacrifice!*

*Fir'd at the sight, upon his ready blade
Th' impetuous youth his hand in vengeance laid;
Deign'd not to wait until the nearer foe
In clos'd attack anticipate his blow—
But with one glance towards her he lov'd in vain,
Sprung like the lion on the hunter train.
—Now sword meets sword with equal fury driven,
The targe is broke—the crested helm is riv'n—
The willing dagger leaves its idle sheath—
The whizzing carbine wings the bolt of death.
But though alone against a host the might
Of Julian's arm maintains th' unequal fight.*

*Now prone on earth his first opponent lies,
In death a second seals his swimming eyes—
The right prevails—and now the ruffian band
Shun the rous'd fury of his vengeful hand;
No more to trust the chance of fight presume,
But seek the friendly covert of the gloom—
Heedless what course they took, the victor's eye
Turn'd towards his Florence' form instinctively—
He saw her not—perchance the flitting light
Mock'd the imperfect wand'ring of his sight—
“Florence!” he call'd—perchance the clamour round,
With louder din his whisper'd accents drown'd*

*There, where a ball had pierc'd her, Florence lay
On earth's chill lap—her soul had past away!—*

*O'er her pale cheek the moonbeam sought to dwell ;
From her cold temple trickling life-drops fell ;
A lily blighted by the tempests' power,
She lay, a drooping melancholy flow'r.*

*But where is Julian ?—groan, nor tear, nor sigh,
Told the full pressure of his agony—
That fix'd, but mute despair—that more than grief—
That burden'd heart, too full to seek relief,
Denied him utterance—Lo ! once more around
The rallying murd'ers press the nearer ground,
And Clement leads them—more than mortal ire
Lit in that glance the warrior's eye of fire,
For one last blow he pois'd his thirsty sword,
In one last effort all his fury pour'd—
The steel descends : the miscreant shrinks in vain,
His heaving limbs bestrew the gory plain—
One phrensied look of rage and hate he cast,
His lips essay'd to speak—and all was past.—*

*In closer combat round their sinking foe,
With ceaseless rage the thick'ning bandits glow ;
Hemm'd in by numbers, vain the practis'd might,
Which oft had turn'd the current of the fight—
Each ready poignard drinks the victim's gore,
The crimson torrent streams from ev'ry pore ;
His blade drops useless from his palsied hand,
He reels—he falls extended on the sand—
Toward his dead Florence turns his wand'ring eyes,
Half rears his feeble hand to heaven—and dies !*

NOTES

CANTO THE FIRST

Note 1, page 3, line 1

“The sun has risen ”

I take this opportunity of introducing a short sketch of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It may be thought by many an unnecessary task, and some will not fail to deem it as presuming, to suppose that our learned University is unacquainted with the full particulars. This I thought myself, when I published the First Canto ; but an earnest and attentive canvassing of the opinions of those who have done me the honour to peruse my publication has convinced me of my mistake ; and since I have done my best to please, I hope I shall be pardoned if I be in error.—The year of our Lord 1572 will ever be branded with infamy and recollected with horror, as the date of this most barbarous and cold-blooded massacre. The Queen mother, Catherine de' Medici, actuated by zeal or ambition, conceived this design, so pleasing to the Court of Rome ; and her weak and ill-fated son, Charles the Ninth, was made the tool of her blood-thirsty intentions. The hour of twelve, according to Voltaire, of three, according to Sully, was the time appointed for the commencement of the assassination, and the clock of the church of St.

Germain l'Auxerrois awakened the pious Catholics of Paris to deeds of treachery and murder. Coligny, Lord High Admiral of France, was one of the first that were * martyred, 30,000 Huguenots shared his fate throughout the Empire, and it was only a motive of policy that spared the Protestant King of Navarre, afterwards the famous Henry the Fourth, who had lately married the King's sister. Charles died, not long after, a victim to a most miserable disease ; his dying moments were haunted with the visions of a distempered imagination or a guilty conscience, and he seemed to wish to atone for his conduct towards the Protestants by appointing his brother-in-law of Navarre his successor. The poetry of Voltaire, and the prose of Sully, exhibit two Frenchmen speaking in abhorrence of the deeds of their countrymen ; and this single circumstance is perhaps more convincing, in respect to the atrocity of the massacre, than the most laboured declamation of the historian.

[J. H. N.]

Note 2, page 3, line 1.

“Belleville's lengthen'd height.”

The heights of Belleville are situated on the east of Paris. It was from this place that Sir Charles Stewart dated the despatches which announced the surrender of Paris to the allied forces.

[J. W. B.]

* Corrected in pencil to “was” in Dr. Bloxam's copy in British Museum.

CANTO THE SECOND

Note 1, page 19, line 9.

“In vain thy bravest strew’d Moncontour’s shore,
And Jarnac’s plain was dyed with Condé’s gore :”

In the long civil wars which preceded the massacre, Moncontour and Jarnac were the scenes of two most bloody battles between the Catholics and Protestants.—*Vide* Notes to “Henriade.”

[J. W. B.]

Note 2, page 19, line 20.

“Austrasian Charles arose”

Charles, surnamed Martel, or “the hammer,” also defeated the Arabian army near Jours, and drove them beyond the Pyrenees.—*Vide* Gibbon, vol. x. p. 23.

[J. H. N.]

Note 3, page 19, line 22.

“Thy sainted Louis dar’d the Moslem’s pride ?
O’er Barca’s deserts spread thy sceptre’s fame,
And wav’d ’neath Afric’s skies thy oriflamme ?”

“In complete armour, the oriflamme waving before him, Louis leaped foremost on the beach” (Gibbon). For a fuller account of this hero, *vide* that historian. The oriflamme was the sacred standard of the French monarchy.

[J. H. N.]

Note 4, page 21, line 1.

“Through this the Arab’s kindling thoughts
expand,
When circling skies on all sides kiss the sand.”

“The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans will be found detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable” (Notes to the “Bride of Abydos”). It may be said that, in the above instance, it was the sublimity of the waste, rather than the stillness of the solitude, that produced the rapturous feelings; perhaps it will be more just to pronounce them as proceeding from both together. Paley, in his “Moral Philosophy,” supposes that the happiness of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, as of oysters, periwinkles, etc., consists in perfect health; I should prefer to say, it consists in the silence they enjoy. And I am in part borne out by that author himself, who seems to be of opinion that happiness is independent of any particular outward gratification whatever, and a feeling of which we can give no account.

[J. H. N.]

MEMORIALS OF THE
PAST

[1832]

The Title-page of this volume reads as follows—

MEMORIALS / OF / THE PAST. /

Procul O procul este profani ! / The voices of the
dead, and songs of other years. / Oxford /
MDCCCXXXII. /

And on the back of the title are these lines—

Strains, framed in youth, in our life's history
Stand as Antiquities ; and so we love them.—
Each has its legend, and bespeaks its times.

J. H. N.

MEMORIALS OF THE
PAST

SUMMER

AN ECLOGUE

DAMON.



My breath is spent ;—Menalcas, check
your pace !

Must I incessant urge this noon-tide
chase ?

From yonder hill I saw you cross the mead,
And mount the stile ;—hence all this toilsome
speed.

MENALCAS.

'Tis well :—the face of nature blooms so fair,
I sought a friendly mind, my thoughts to share.
See richest green yon hanging wood adorn,
And the ripe fields stand thick with golden
corn.

The clear blue skies to bright Italia given
We envy not, so radiant smiles our heaven.

DAMON.

How hot the day ! a lassitude invades
My sinking limbs, e'en mid these sylvan
shades.

MENALCAS.

'Tis meet your voice should fail, your step
should lag ;
A chase at noon is wont the limbs to fag !
There, where the hill a steeper fall displays,
And its sweet scent the latent thyme betrays,
Where beeches ranged in clumps to grace the
scene
Cherish the freshness of the grass's green,
There sit we down.

DAMON.

Agreed. How swift has past
The time since I this calm view greeted last !
Yet nine whole weeks their lengthened course
have run,
In which fair Athens held her duteous son.

MENALCAS.

Athens your theme ! in dull and tiresome
sound
Her eager praises from your mouth resound.

DAMON.

City of Attic fame and Attic grace,
Fit seat for sages of Cecropian race,
Nurse of the brave, the wise, the good, the
 great,
A fairer Athens in a happier state !—
He who can view thy awe-inspiring towers,
Thy solemn halls, thy academic bowers,
Nor feels his breast with secret ardour glow,
—A thrill how sweet, who feel alone can
 know—
Is kindred to the surge that sweeps the shore,
Or the hard rock which stems that surge's roar.

MENALCAS.

Yet while you praise the art-ennobled plain,
Where bright Athena holds her learned reign,
The candid verse let green Arcadia share ;
Clear are her streams, her dells for ever fair.
What, tho' no tasselled cap and formal gown
Roam o'er our fields, or loiter in our town ?
We have not, safe from academic strife,
The cares, the contests of a lettered life ;
The brilliant prize, the effort to be great,
Envy from rival, from the vanquished hate.
No pallid student walks the unvaried round,
No footstep falls with big proctorial sound ;
The ruddy ploughboy whistles as he goes,
He knows no Don, no despot Proctor knows.

DAMON.

True :—choicest gifts a country life adorn ;
Do any scorn them ? idiots ! let them scorn.
Not great Olympia's self, tho' famed she be,
Shall be preferred, dear rural cot, to thee !
Truer the joys that lowly Scyllus crown
Than all the splendours of the neighbouring
town.

MENALCAS.

O blest retreat ! where, bursting on the eye,
The vine-clad cot detained the passer-by.
By groves embellished, sheltered in the dale,
Scenting with endless sweets the sportive gale,
It was a place that might have soothed the
breast,
By gloomy thought and feverish cares opprest.
How oft have we upon the lawn displayed
Our frolicks, changed as changing humour
bade !
Or thro' the fields prolonged the breathless
race,
Or thro' the shrubberies wound the joyous
chase,
Now hid and hushed, now hallooing from our
lair,
Now starting sudden into open air !

DAMON.

Fresh in my mind that last sad morn I view,
When to its lowly walks I bade adieu.—
“No more,” thought I, “shall Damon see
these bowers,
“And say, with beating heart, ‘that cot is
ours.’
“Ne’er, as thro’ Scyllus’ dear retreats I stroll,
“Behold our smoke from yonder chimnies
roll ;
“Nor see the sheep, that range yon hills’ green
side,
“Bear N upon their fleecy honors dyed !”
Well, ’tis all o’er ! yet will not I repine,
Tho’ Scyllus’ lawns for me no longer shine.
Her scenes were fair—but fairer far the mead,
Where vagrant Ophis feeds her waving reed ;
And grander views and richer copses rise,
And hills of bolder swell, and clearer skies.
O ! what could Scyllus boast, that might
compare
With this cool wood, so large, so lone, so fair !
So prodigal of hill and silent dale,
Of clumps of trees that court the balmy gale,
Of sloping stair, straight terrace, winding
walk,
And hazel shades for philosophic talk,
That in gay fancy’s vision may be seen
Shy Fauns and Dryads peeping thro’ the green,

Or merry Comus and his jovial crew
Starting upon the unwary stranger's view.

MENALCAS.

Enough ! let's rise, and wind our homeward
course,
Where reedy Ophis finds its humble source.

ALTON, *July*, 1818.

AUTUMN

AN ECLOGUE



HILL blows the wind ;—the Sun's
enfeebled power

Warms with its radiance but the
noon-tide hour.

Autumn has tanned the flaunting summer-hues ;
Spent is the nightly store of drenching dews ;
The early sportsman summons me to yield
Words to his music of the wood and field.—
Such suits me not ;—and, though to such con-
signed,
On calmer themes falls back my lagging mind.

Not far from lowly Maera's rural nest,
There swells a mount, conspicuous o'er the rest.
Climb to the top, and on the stroller's eyes,
Hills, clustering woods, and sacred spires will
rise.

With oaks its brow is crowned ; and O ! how
gay

Their foliage glitters in the autumnal ray !
When all the colours of the varying bow
Upon the leaves in quick succession glow.
Here mid the shrubs the squirrel loves to spring,
And here the pheasant plumes his golden wing,

And here the furtive noose, with wiry snare,
Cuts short the boundings of the heedless hare.

Along the path, which up the slanting plain
Long lingers onward, ere the height it gain ;
What time the red sun shot his western ray,
Two youths I spied drag on their weary way.
The first's keen eye, and vest in rustic sort,
And murderous tube, bespoke the man of sport.
His friend, in studious garb, strange sight,
arrayed,

Boasted no weapons of the deadly trade.
A bag, with strap across his shoulders braced,
Laden with spoils, depended from his waist.
E'en his right hand with sylvan deaths was
stored,—

A future banquet for the festive board.
True to the scent, in many a mazy round,
Two dogs in front surprise the tainted ground.
Lone was the spot, the winds in frolic mood
Conveyed their converse through the echoing
wood ;

And, as they paced along the hill's steep side,
Thus Damon spoke, and Thyrsis thus replied :

DAMON.

Yes—so it is—inconstant as this wind,
Light as these feathers, is the human mind.
Each, his own good, as Horace sings, forgot,
Sighs for the blessings of his neighbour's lot ;

From what he is, in fancy loves to roam,
Regrets the past, or sighs for the to-come.
Around the past fond memory's soft tints play,
And hope's gay falsehoods gild the future day.
So to our minds in lovelier garb appears
The faded landscape of departed years ;
On happy hours at school we pensive dwell
On those we fought so brave, or loved so well.

THYRSIS.

Then, while we muse on pleasures now gone by,
No vain regret shall dim the clouded eye ;
We'll hope to be, in life's succeeding scene,
As happy as we are, and we have been.
—Sad thoughts, away ! rather let memory smile,
Painting that hospitable hall the while,
Where Greeks, Scots, Romans, and the tuneful
 Nine,
Spoke the same tongue, and shared the same
 design ;
Where laughing Swaran uttered his last joke,
And dark Ulysses vanished into smoke,
And Clio marked the royal eagle's flight,
And Oscar mounted in his car of light.

DAMON.

Or let us celebrate the real debate,
The chair of office and the throne of state ;
The siege, the tussle, and our remnant hope
Snapped in the snapping of the treacherous rope.

THYRSIS.

There is a fragment fame to you assigns,
My shallow head but ill retains the lines.
It sang, "how hostile tumult dared profane
"Awful St. Laurence mid his client train ;
"Aimed at the sacred tools, the treasured store,
"The purple cushion with its tassels four ;
"The mace, the tomes in which recorded lay
"The strange events of many a well-fought day ;
"E'en the saint's gridiron, and the ribbons blue,
"Meet furniture of that mysterious crew."

DAMON.

I know one portion of those fragment strains,
My tongue shall utter what my mind retains.
"First he, the Treasurer, rears his awful form,
"And moves the mighty semblance of a storm ;
"Frowns angrily upon the snarling foe,
"And feels his bosom for the conflict glow.
"And next, more noted in the wordy war,
"Marches the chief, conspicuous by the star ;
"The downcast look, dissembling proud disdain,
"Bespeaks the leader of the undaunted train.
"Then comes the hero of the yellow hair,
"The glossy curl his solitary care.
"And then, far blazing in the lists of fame,
"He who from 'Mild' derives his peaceful
name ;

“ With prudent skill he calms the Treasurer’s
rage,
“ A man in wisdom, while a youth in age.
“ Next from Ierne’s meads, their birthplace dear,
“ The brothers haste, and raise the associate spear.
“ His dark hair notes the first, our constant
grief ;
“ His floating gold proclaims the younger chief,
“ And last their gallant warriors march behind ;
“ Various in lineage they, but one in mind,
“ With steady gaze the hostile bands they view,
“ True to their secret, to their party true ! ”

THYRSIS.

Enough ! yon cloud with gold and purple
bright
Heralds the near approach of dusky night.
Yon peeping star disturbs this idle talk,
And chides the slowness of our homeward
walk.
Between yon trees the pale moon casts her ray,
And seems to warn us, “ Loiterers, haste away.”

ALTON, *September*, 1818.

SPRING

AN ECLOGUE

DAMON.



NOW that the dreary cold of winter
flies,
And Taurus reigns the monarch of
the skies,
And earth, inviting song, in fairest vest,
And richest gems, as Maro tells, is drest,
Come let us play the rhymster's part, and sing
The opening beauties of the verdant spring.
That look pleads inability ;—such plea
May weigh with others, but is lost on me.
For erst you tuned your lyre, nor tuned in vain ;
And larks and robins have adorned your strain.
A brother's wish what sister can refuse ?
The plaintive mastered, dare the pastoral muse.

AMARYLLIS.

Hard task ! for who but sings the spring by
rule ?
Its “ verdant views ”—its “ fountains clear and
cool ”—

“The lark’s brisk carol” — “Philomela’s trill” —

“The painted mead” — “the gently-purling rill” —

“The industrious bee” — “the silken butterfly” —

“The frisking lambkins” — and “the smiling sky.” —

Hail ! commonplaces of the pastoral strain !
Which, once endured, we ne’er endure again ;
Where down the stanza tuneful dulness flows,
Or ponderous truisms stalk in measured prose.
Leave them ! the flippant toil let others take,
Feel without heart, and talk for talking’s sake.

DAMON.

True ; — blame the folly, but the purpose spare ;
Praise we or not, the Spring *is* passing fair.
’Tis we, who feebly read, or ill express,
Her chastened mirth, her thoughtful tenderness.
From sober truth your tasteless rhymster flies
To read romance and soft monstrosities.
Strange fearful feats in every verse are done,
And earth is dazzled with an Eden’s sun.
The crocus flames while jasmine scents the air,
Tulips and lilies grace the same parterre ;
Mid ripening ears the heedless rustic ploughs,
And bulbuls sigh on grape-enclustered boughs.
For us, albeit we own our colours faint,
The scenes before us we may *try* to paint ;

Be unambitious truth alone our pride,
Nature our pattern, common-sense our guide.

AMARYLLIS.

You then begin ;—while I attempt to frame
The verse responsive, such my humbler aim.

DAMON.

Spring ! fairest season of the sunborn four,
Gifts of the year, dispensers of its store :—
The young prefer thee, for the smiles they see
Give back the image of their own light glee.
The old prefer thee, for thy bloom displays,
To memory dear, the scenes of former days ;
When hope poured brightest visions on their
view,
And all things pleased, for all things then were
new.

AMARYLLIS.

The sportive Zephyr, rousing with the spring,
In viewless frolics fans his odorous wing ;
Sighs o'er the modest violet's mild perfume,
And drinks the teardrops from the rose's bloom ;
See how those soft thin limes, with golden hair,
Shrink from the rudeness of the busy air ;
While yon slight ash and willow-flowrets white
Sleep in the hollow, in the wind's despite.

DAMON.

Mark the gay varying of the cloud, as chance
Curls its bright form, or smooths its dark
 expanse ;

First calm and soft, when soberest colours tinge,
Then waving fleecy with translucent fringe,
Now a bright robe flung o'er the orb of day,
And last impassive to the searching ray.

So change,—unless comparisons may seem
To mar the line and dim the glorious theme,
And critics frown and shake the head, and
 name

The great Martinus and his sinking fame,—
So change, as some astonished peasant views,
The gay calidoscope's transparent hues ;
In endless dance the melting colours glide,
Till fancy's every whim is gratified.

AMARYLLIS.

Nor shall the tale be hid, these columns tell,
If Amaryllis may interpret well ;
Whether true scenes in the blue distance rise,
Or brain-born splendours deck the unconscious
 skies.

There wondrous castles frown with shadowy
 towers,
And magic domes the toil of fairy powers ;
The skiff winds up the visionary rill,
And nodding forests glitter on the hill ;

Or long processions wind their airy train,
And coursers prance, impatient of the rein ;
Or warring armies, fearful sight, advance,
Shake the thin shield and hurl a phantom
lance.

DAMON.

Calm mid the vale reclines our lowly town,
Safe from the thousand perils of renown.
No solemn mace, the portent of the Mayor,
No awe-inspiring Aldermen are there ;
Not e'en that first big requisite of state,
The well-lined stomach of a magistrate.
Smile not, ye strangers, nor with listless eyes
Our gabled roof and ill-paved streets despise.
What though your city boasts in massive stone
Wonders of art and greatness all her own ?
Tho' proud Olympia glitter from afar,
The mart of nations and the queen of war,
With ceaseless anger bid her thunders roll,
And spread dismay at will from pole to pole ?
Think of your lives, to care and strife a prey ;
Prove, ere from joys like ours you turn away.

AMARYLLIS.

Yes, here the boor contented runs his race,
Too proud to wander from his native place.
Peace to their honest souls ! tho' at four score
They scarce have passed two furlongs from
their door ;

Some barbarous shape and voice to strangers give,
—If men in truth in foreign countries live—
And deem a hero in his small abode,
Whoso has roughed it on the King's high-road,
With bosom steeled * left Maera's green retreats,
Nor stopped till lost in vast Olympia's streets.

DAMON.

But see how Corydon, with many a bound,
Darts thro' the shrubs and mounts the crumbling ground.

The slender plants, his rapid passage shakes,
Startling and trembling track the path he takes.
—Poor honest Argus! thou with greater speed
Hast climbed the ascent and gained the level mead;

And has[t] thou, faithful servant, hastened here,
To tell the news that Corydon is near?

That panting side, those limbs with toil opprest,
Bespeak thy age, and thou shouldest give it rest.

CORYDON.

What winning theme enchains you grave and still,

Like two stiff statues stuck upon the hill?
With rude forgetfulness the hour you slight,
When hunger and the fragrant board invite;
Not without cause this unaccustomed stay,
Some secrets have beguiled the time away.

ALTON, *April*, 1819.

* Illi robur et aes triplex, etc.

ON MY BIRTHDAY



ET the sun summon all his beams to
hold

Bright pageant in his court, the
cloud-paved sky ;

Earth trim her fields and leaf her copses cold ;
Till the dull month with summer-splendour
vie.

It is my birthday ;—and I fain would try,
Albeit in rude, in heartfelt strains to praise

My God, for He hath shielded wondrously
From harm and envious error all my ways,
And purged my misty sight, and fixed on heaven
my gaze.

II.

Far be that mood, in which the insensate crowd
Of wealthy folly hail their natal day,—

With riot throng, and feast, and greetings loud,
Chasing all thoughts of God and heaven away.

Poor insect ! feebly daring, madly gay,
What, joy because the fulness of the year

Marks thee for greedy death a riper prey ?
Is not the silence of the grave too near ?

Viewest thou the end with glee, meet scene for
harrowing fear ?

III.

Go then, infatuate ! where the festive hall,
The curious board, the oblivious wine invite ;
Speed with obsequious haste at pleasure's call,
And with thy revels scare the far-spent night.
Joy thee, that clearer dawn upon thy sight
The gates of death ;—and pride thee in thy
sum
Of guilty years, and thy increasing white
Of locks ;—in age untimely frolicksome,
Make much of thy brief span, few years are yet
to come !

IV.

Yet wiser such, than he whom blank despair
And fostered grief's ungainful toil enslave ;
Lodged in whose furrowed brow thrives fretful
care,
Sour graft of blighted hope ; who, when the
wave
Of evil rushes, yields,—yet claims to rave
At his own deed, as the stern will of heaven.
In sooth against his Maker idly brave,
Whom e'en this creature-world has tossed and
driven,
Cursing the life he mars, “a boon so kindly
given.” *

* “Is life a boon so kindly given ?” etc., *vide*
“Childe Harold,” Can. ii.

v.

He dreams of mischief ; and that brainborn ill
Man's open face bears in his jealous view.
Fain would he fly his doom ; that doom is still
His own black thoughts, and they must aye
pursue.

Too proud for merriment, or the pure dew
Soft glistening on the sympathising cheek ;
As some dark, lonely, evil-natured yew,
Whose poisonous fruit—so fabling poets speak—
Beneath the moon's pale gleam the midnight
hag doth seek.

vi.

No ! give to me, Great Lord, the constant soul
Nor fooled by pleasure nor enslaved by
care ;
Each rebel-passion (for Thou can'st) control,
And make me know the tempter's every
snare.

What, tho' alone my sober hours I wear,
No friend in view, and sadness o'er my mind
Throws her dark veil?—Thou but accord
this prayer,
And I will bless Thee for my birth, and find
That stillness breathes sweet tones, and loneli-
ness is kind.

VII.

Each coming year, O grant it to refine
All purer motions of this anxious breast ;
Kindle the steadfast flame of love divine,
And comfort me with holier thoughts possess ;
Till this worn body slowly sink to rest,
This feeble spirit to the skies aspire,—
As some long-prisoned dove toward her
nest—
There to receive the gracious full-toned lyre,
Bowed low before the throne mid the bright
seraph choir.

OXFORD, *February 21, 1819.*

PROLOGUE

TO THE MASQUE OF AMYNTOR



IN times of old, ere Learning's dawning
beam
Roused slumbering Genius from her
Gothic dream,
Magic, of Ignorance and Fancy born,
With wonders peopled every waste forlorn,
And told how soft the sprightly fairy trod
The dewy verdure of the midnight sod.

Taught in her love, the traveller-knight
descried
The unearthly castle vaunt its portal wide,
While the gay flood of hospitable light
Blazed high and low, and scared the gazing
wight,
And festive voices floating on the gale
In full accordance bade the stranger hail !

To those, who thus, in measure rich and full,
Feasted on wonders till the truth was dull,
The smiling word of Chawton might appear
A haunted grove of Magic's orgies drear,

This home a fort, fenced round with cautious
ditch,
Yon dames enchanted, and myself a witch.

Ah ! were it true ! so might I earn the power
To fix you mine one fa[s]cinating hour !
So might the scene yon curtain furled will
show
Spellbind each care and charm to sleep each
woe,
Win the dull spirits with sweet-mannered art,
And be a mightier magic o'er the heart !

ALTON, *July*, 1819.

PARAPHRASE

OF ECCLESIASTES, CH. XII. VV. 1-7



WHILE life's young dawns o'er the
 meads diffuse
 Hope's radiant mist and pleasure's
 fragrant dews,
 Ere angry frowns the sunbright sky deform,
 And cloud on cloud prolongs the unyielding
 storm,
 Remember God.—There comes an awful hour,
 When bows each guardian of the ancient
 tower,
 The strong ones faint, the vassals lose their
 might,
 And each dim window yields a fading light,
 The unsocial door sends forth no festive train,
 And music's daughters hush their wonted
 strain.

Poor helpless being! his straggling locks
 assume
 The chilling whiteness of the almond's bloom.
 Mark how he dreads, his frame with sickness
 bent,
 The tedious effort of the steep ascent.

Unstrung each nerve, he starts! he has but
heard

The whizzing locust, or the warbling bird.

Desire has failed; the world's choice pleasures
seem

As some dull jest, or scarce-remembered dream.

He sinks—he fails—he quits this mortal state—

The home of ages opes her silent gate,

And marshalled mourners, while the bier moves
slow,

Display the tearless pomp of studied woe.

Weep! for the silver chord has loosed its hold,

For ever broken lies that bowl of gold,

No more the urn will search the deep-lodged
rill,

The fount is dried, the busy wheel is still.

The body crumbles to its ancient clay,

The soul to God, who gave it, wings its way.

OXFORD, *May*, 1821.

PARAPHRASE

OF ISAIAH, CH. LXIV.



THAT Thou wouldest rend the
breadth of sky,
That veils Thy presence from the
sons of men !

O that, as erst Thou camest from on high
Sudden in strength, Thou so wouldest come
again !

Tracked out by judgments was Thy fiery path,
Ocean and mountain withering in Thy wrath !

Then would Thy name—the Just, the Merciful—

Strange dubious attributes to human mind,
Appal Thy foes ; and kings who spurn Thy rule
Then, then would quake to hopeless doom
consigned.

See, the stout bow, and totter the secure,
While pleasure's bondsman hides his head
impure !

Come down ! for then shall from its seven
bright springs
To him who thirsts the draught of life be
given ;

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the things

Which He hath purposed for the heirs of heaven ;—

A God of love, guiding with gracious ray
Each meek rejoicing pilgrim on his way.

Yea, tho' we err, and Thine averted face
Rebukes the folly in Thine Israel done,
Will not that hour of chastisement give place

To beams, the pledge of an eternal sun ?
Yes ! for His counsels to the end endure ;
We shall be saved, our rest abideth sure.

Lord, Lord ! our sins . . . our sins . . . un-
clean are we,

Gross and corrupt ; our seeming-virtuous
deeds

Are but abominate ; all, dead to Thee,
Shrivel, like leaves when summer's green
recedes ;

While, like the autumn blast, our lusts arise,
And sweep their prey where the fell serpent lies.

None, there is none to plead with God in
prayer,

Bracing his laggart spirit to the work
Of intercession ; conscience-sprung despair,
Sin-loving still, doth in each bosom lurk.
Guilt calls Thee to avenge ;—Thy risen ire
Sears like a brand, we gave and we expire.

But now, O Lord, our Father ! we are Thine—
Design and fashion ; senseless while we lay,
Thou, as the potter, with a hand divine,
Mouldest Thy vessels of the sluggish clay.
See not our guilt, Thy word of wrath recal,
Lo, we are Thine by price, Thy people all !

Alas for Zion ! 'tis a waste ;—the fair,
The holy place in flames ;—where once our
sires
Kindled the sacrifice of praise and prayer,
Far other brightness gleams from Gentile
fires.
Low lies our pride ;—and wilt Thou self-deny
Thy rescuing arm unvexed amid Thine Israel's
cry ?

BRIGHTON, *September*, 1821.

TO M. S. N.

ON HER BIRTHDAY



MY sister, on a day so dear,
That ushers in the thirteenth year
Of life to one I love,
Permit a brother's heart to pay
The tribute of a humble lay,
Thinking of thee, tho' far away,
In learning's classic grove.

“ Pay ” was my word ;—it is a debt ;
For I have not forgotten yet,

When last thy birthday came.

My purpose was to write to Strand,

But other cares were then on hand

—Philosophers, a crabbed band,

Grave annalists from ancient land,

Bards, waving high the spell-fraught wand,

All joined that purpose to withstand,

Forbad the letter I had planned

And urged a sovereign claim.

That time is past ; I groan no more

Chained to the literary oar.

In midnight dreams before my eyes

No ghosts of mangled metres rise,

No limping anapaests advance,
No dochmees trail the doleful dance ;
E'en critics lose their power to scare,
Schneider, Bos, Erfurdt, Wesseling, Valckenaer,
Brunck, Schutz, Schweighaeuser,—no for none
I care !

Young Isis timorously pours
Her slender stream thro' Oxford's bowers ;
Yet soon her waters broader grow,
Deepen and swell, and proudly flow ;
I see them now their course pursue
To Richmond's heights and royal Kew,—
Passing the well-known windows, as they gleam
A watch-tower on the Strand, high-jutting o'er
the stream.

See, I have whispered, as they flow,
A message for my sister's ear,
And their bright ripple laughs, as though
In token they that message hear ;
So when the light wave lifts its head
Impatient from the river's bed,
Or close at hand is seen to leap,
And chafe the bank's opposing steep,
Deem it a tongueless messenger to be,
That longs to wish thee joy from me.

How shall we keep this glad birthday ?
Shall mirth unveil her sparkling eye ?
Shall pomp her waving plumes display ;
And pleasure weave a crown of flowers,
which die,

Leaving no fruit to grace their memory?
—No! to affection's hallowed shrine I bear
A purer offering than the world can boast,
Kind serious thoughts of love, the full heart's
prayer,
Which speaks the least whene'er it means
the most.

All grace, all blessing on thy head
May He rain down, the Mighty One;
By His good Spirit onward led,
Until the holy prize be won.
O! may faith fix thy brightening eye
On blissful scenes beyond the sky;
May sacred love be seen to speak
In the warm transport of thy cheek;
And hope so sweet a smile inspire,
That e'en the angels might admire.
May gentle peace, and joy divine,
Content, and charity, be thine,
And each fair grace, whose mounting flame
Points to the heaven from whence it came.

Bold heart forbear!—a strain so high
Needs angel's voice, or prophet's tongue of
fire;
Think o'er its music silently,
Lest thou prophane it by a tuneless lyre.
I cease. Adieu till next I see
Thy face, dear Mary, smile on me.

Time speeds ; the post will soon demand
This letter from my hurrying hand ;
And all my labours would be lost,
Were I to miss this evening's post.

OXFORD, *November 9, 1821.*

TO C. R. N.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY



YEAR and more has fled,
Since first, dear Charles, I read
Your lines set forth to grace my
natal day ;

Yet from me no answer came,
—I own it to my shame,—

To thank the kindness and applaud the lay.

Yet deem it not neglect,
The ready pen that checked,
Nor dull reluctance, nor unkind disdain ;
Free tho' my heart, my mind
In studious cell confined
Felt the long rigor of a tightened chain.

But now my thoughts are free,
Farewell, constraint, to thee !
Seize on the lyre, and tune each jarring string ;
And, sure, that slighted lyre
Much tuning will require,
So long a while debarred its vibrating.

And, say, what happier time
To fit the pliant rhyme,
With merry fingers searching the sweet wires,
Than when your star of birth,
The beacon of our mirth,
Darts the sly twinkling of its annual fires ?

“ Annual ” is not the word ;
Our tongue does not afford
Some compound adjective of twenty-one ;
Which neatly may express,
What I mean should have the stress,
“ O'er Charles's head, years three times seven
have run ! ”

Why not in bathos strive
Of Helicon to dive ?
Come, let us revel—no cold-hearted slave
To crouch before the chaste
And peevish rules of taste—
In its dark depth, the vast poetic wave !

March winds have moaned away,
Wet April had his day,
Now the young year, in gaily plaited bower,
Her greenest garment weareth,
While every slim bough beareth
The juicy fruit or sweetly breathing flower.

What month along the year
More kindly might appear
To hold remembrance of our day of birth,
Than when the summer-sun,
Fresh armed his course to run,
Unsheaths his beams and strikes the new-
fledged earth ?

Snow-bleached is December's morn,
When H. E. N. was born ;
Chill fog and drizzle is November's best ;
And the sun amid the Fishes
Unquestionably wishes
To leave the sea and dry his dripping vest.

But this dainty month of June
All nature puts in tune,
Winning true concord from the sounding
spheres ;
No ill-tempered minor third
Is in hail or thunder heard,
No blast's diminished seventh wails on our
shrinking ears.

O ! may the lark this morn,
On heaven's own pinion borne,
Chant gratulation mid the aerial plain !
O ! may the rose bloom sweetest,
When thou, Philomela, greetest
Dim Hesper's presence with thy melting
strain !

O ! may the stars dispense
Their holiest influence,
Their silent-sinking dew's of soothing balm !
O ! may to-day's sun bring
A blessing on its wing,
The pledge of good in store, the gift of present
calm !

OXFORD, *June* 16, 1823.

TO H. E. N.

ON HER BIRTHDAY



THE Muse has sway in the truant mind,
And the heart from care set free,
In the thoughts that wanton un-
confined,
That range o'er the earth, and float on the wind,
And dive in the boundless sea.

To the Muse alone Nature's stores are known,
And she compounds them well ;
For she can draw from the scenes around
That nameless charm, which is never found
Out of the range of the magic ground
In which she loves to dwell.

The Muse is Nature's Alchemist,
And she fashions it at her will,
And 'tis hers to mould the sunset gold,
And the draught of life distil.

—Why then resume her fairy wand,
And why renew the strain ?
Ill 'seems it the devoted hand,
That has touched the plough, to trifle now
With the toys of verse again.

Yet be there a time may claim a rhyme,
 'Tho' weightier thoughts engage,
It is, dear Harriet, when away
From home and thee upon the day
When thou art . . . hold ! I must not say
 Aloud a lady's age.

Some there are born to ample lands,
 And mansions tall and fair,
And fortune stands with laden hands
 To greet the eager heir.

Thro' youth's long grove and the vista green
 Of summers twenty-one,
Is dimly seen the bounteous queen
 Beckoning her favourite son.

Wealth's golden key displayeth she,
 And robes of state she weareth,
And the jewelled star of high degree
 Fixed at her bosom flareth.

But others find a nobler lot
 Than earthly heirs obtain ;
The sons of pleasure court them not,
 Nor fashion's painted train.

Their food is sent them from above,
 And they drink of the morning dew ;
No mortal loom their raiment wove,
 Nor fading is its hue.

For them the earth to sights gave birth
The many cannot know ;
All things combine on them to shine,
And rude forms melt into groups divine,
Where'er their footsteps go.

Tales from the East of cities tell,
Which start to view at the potent spell
Gained from the wizard's teaching,
Where the dull hind discerns alone
The silent pool, and the desert stone,
And the dusky heath far-reaching.

And the Muse, I said, had learned to shed
(As poets oft have shown)
O'er Nature's face a nameless grace
And a radiance all her own.

But vain is Magic's fabled power,
And vain the Muse's skill,
To charm the heart in its gloomy hour,
Or to fix the vagrant will.

But souls, from off whose grosser sight
The film is cleared away,
Thrive on the pure and strange delight
Of that bright inward day.

Before their eyes high domes arise,
With spacious halls within,
To skreen the heat of summer skies,
Or the storm's tumultuous din.

And there they rove in the balmy grove
And to fountains clear repair ;
Or pace the flower-entwined alcove,
While the plaintive note of the lonely dove
Floats on the listening air.

So high a call, so rich a prize,
So blest a lot is thine ;
Mayest thou the birthright ne'er despise,
And ne'er thy hope resign !

So when the great day comes at last,
And life's long infancy is past,
Thou mayest securely go,
Thine own inheritance to claim,
Pleading the all-prevailing Name
Thou servedst here below.

OXFORD, *December* 30, 1824.

TO J. C. N.

ON HER BIRTHDAY



I AM a tree, whose spring is o'er,
Whose summer is not come ;
My viol must be struck no more,
My voice of song is dumb.

Flowers deck the spring ; and fruits instead
Summer's rich hand supplies ;
But fancy's blossoms, they are shed
Ere years proclaim me wise.—
Green fruit and faded flower,
Shrub unfit for lady's bower !

And thou, sweet May, art young and gay,
Thy life is in its bloom ;
Bright are the hues thy gown display,
Sense-piercing their perfume,
Taste, genius, fancy, all are thine
Which nature can bestow ;
Meekness and goodness, plants divine,
Deep in thy garden grow.—
Hail, dearest, for to-day
Is thine own, my merry May !

Thy sisters, they will join with me
In this my deed of courtesy,
For they have been on former days
Meet subjects of a brother's praise ;
And verse has told, by truth inspired,
How much I loved, how much admired.
But thou hast had, my sister fair,
No wreath of song to deck thy hair ;
'Tis tardy justice now to bring
This poor but honest offering.

Yet have I chosen happier time
To send to thee, dear May, my rhyme.
Clouds there have been and storms, but
they
Had April course, and past away.
Bright Harriet's, gentle Mary's, strain
Was saddened by a recent pain ;
But now it moves in different mood,
My verse, the harbinger of good.
Its wings they play, as it skims its way
From the groves of Rhedycine ;
And glancing bright in the clear sun-light,
Its glorious feathers shine.
A name it knows ; but it must wait
E'er it has leave to intimate
The secret it would tell ;
Yet sign and gesture may supply
Some silent hint at victory
And trial answered well.

“ Well done ! the prize is won !
“ A budding wreath behold !
“ Some flowers full grown, some partly blown—
“ Last but this fair and favoring sun,
“ And all will soon unfold.”

* * * *

. . . Ah ! whence is this ? . . . Why fails
my hand,

Why falters on the ready string ? . . .

My time of song is past. . . . I stand

’Twixt summer’s fruit and flowers of spring.

Rest thou, my lyre, thy day is o’er ;

Not often shall I task thy skill ;

And yet thy tones, tho’ heard no more,

On memory’s ear will linger still.—

Fleeting pleasures ! place give

To works that last and joys that live !

. . . What, Muse, impatient ? nay, but why

That burning cheek, that flashing eye ?

For shame ! compose with modest care

Thy tresses of disordered hair.

Thy decent vest will start aside ;

Its curious flounces, erst thy pride,

Now mark thy perturbation.

Enough ! resume thy task begun ;

—Thy sister, May, is looking on—

Come, end thy gratulation.

All hail, all hail, my light of May,
Queen of the early spring !
The wide world's store, I will run it o'er
For a birthday offering.
Rich to thy soul as the fruitful earth ;
And as the wild wind free ;
As the sun's ray bright, in the noontide height ;
And pure as the summer sea.
Keen as the lightning on its way,
When the red tempest lours ;
Yet mild as is the morn of day,
Fresh banquetted on flowers.
Thy birthday dress be the soft rainbow,
If mercy pledged the sign ;
And the gracious stars upon thy brow
As a diadem shall shine.
Farewell, farewell, my merry May,
Light of the young spring be !
The world's choice store, from its quarters four,
In blessing I pour,—on thee.

OXFORD, *May* 19, 1826.

TO F. W. N.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY



DEAR Frank, this morn has ushered in
The manhood of thy days ;
A boy no more, thou must begin
To choose thy future ways ;
To brace thy arm, and nerve thy heart,
For maintenance of a noble part.

And thou a voucher fair has[t] given,
Of what thou wilt atchieve,
Ere age has dimmed thy sun-lit heaven,
In weary life's chill eve ;
Should Sovereign Wisdom in its grace
Vouchsafe to thee so long a race.

My brother, we are link'd with chain
No time shall e'er destroy ;
Together we have been in pain,
Together now in joy ;
For duly I to share may claim
The present brightness of thy name.

My brother, 'tis no recent tie
 Which binds our fates in one ;
E'en from our tender infancy
 The twisted thread was spun ;—
Her deed, who stored in her fond mind
Our forms, by sacred love enshrined.

In her affection all had share,
 All six, she loved them all ;
Yet on her early-chosen Pair
 Did her full favour fall ;
And we became her dearest theme,
Her waking thought, her nightly dream.

Ah ! brother, shall we e'er forget
 Her love, her care, her zeal ?
We cannot pay the countless debt,
 But we must ever feel ;
For thro' her earnestness were shed
Prayer-purchased blessings on our head.

Tho' in the end of days she stood,
 And pain and weakness came,
Her force of thought was unsubdued,
 Her fire of love the same ;
And e'en, when memory fail'd its part,
We still kept lodgment in her heart.

And when her Maker from the thrall
Of flesh her spirit freed,
No suffering companied the call.

—In mercy 'twas decreed,—
One moment here, the next she trod
The viewless mansion of her God.

Now then at length she is at rest,
And, after many a woe,
Rejoices in that Saviour blest,
Who was her hope below ;
Kept till the day when He shall own
His saints before His Father's throne.

So it is left for us to prove
Her prayers were not in vain ;
And that God's grace-according love
Has fallen as gentle rain,
Which, sent in the due vernal hour,
Tints the young leaf, perfumes the flower.

Dear Frank, we both are summon'd now
As champions of the Lord ;—
Enrolled am I, and shortly thou
Must buckle on thy sword ;
A high employ, nor lightly given,
To serve as messengers of heaven !


Deep in my heart that gift I hide ;
I change it not away,
For patriot-warrior's hour of pride,
Or statesman's tranquil sway ;
For poet's fire, or pleader's skill
To pierce the soul and tame the will.

O ! may we follow undismayed
Where'er our God shall call !
And may His Spirit's present aid
Uphold us lest we fall !
Till in the end of days we stand,
As victors in a deathless land.

STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN, *June 27, 1826.*

NATURE AND ART

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM

“AN goeth forth” with reckless trust
 Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
 Creative skill might find ;
He schemes and toils ; stone, wood, and ore
Subject or weapon of his power.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
 He would his boast fulfil ;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
 Yet lacks one secret still ;
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live ?

O take away this shade of might,
 The puny toil of man,
And let great Nature in my sight
 Unfold her varied plan ;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls.

Art's labour'd toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb ;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb ;
Well suit, when sense is past away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

Here let me sit where wooded hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain ;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain ;
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air ;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear ;
In colour, scent, and taste, and sound
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird chants forth her song ;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along ;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin shroud ;
I care not, tho' with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder-cloud ;

Let hail-storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work, and has its charm.

Ah ! lovely Nature ! others dwell
Full favoured in thy court ;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report,
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway ;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day ;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well.

Yet so His high dispose has set,
Who binds on each his part ;
Though absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart ;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
And suns of peace, and scenes of heaven ;—

—A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do ;
Not laboured into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.—
So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.

ULCOMBE, *September*, 1826.

INTRODUCTION

TO MY SISTERS' ALBUM



I AM a harp of many chords, and each
Strung by a separate hand ;—most
musical
My notes, discoursing with the mental
sense,
Not the outward ear. Try them, for they
bespeak
Mild wisdom, graceful wit, and high-wrought
taste,
Fancy, and hope, and decent gaiety.
Come, add a string to my assort of sounds ;
Widen the compass of my harmony ;
And join thyself in fellowship of name
With those whose courteous labour and fair
gifts
Have given me voice, and made me what I am.

BRIGHTON, *April*, 1827.

SNAPDRAGON

A RIDDLE FOR A LADY'S FLOWER BOOK



I AM rooted in the wall
Of buttressed tower or ancient hall ;
Mortared in an art-wrought bed,
Cased in cement, cramped with lead ;
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gives me birth ;
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew ;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.
Choice are such,—and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect ;
Humble I—can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,

And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom. *

Life's gay gifts and honors rare,
Flowers of favor win and wear !
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene.
Ivy, venturous plant, ascend
Where lordly oaks a bold stair lend.
Vaunt, fair lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.
Miser crocus, starved with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travell'd dahlia, thine the boast
Of knowledge brought from foreign coast.
Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower ;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.

Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint ;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own,

* Snapdragon fringed the wall opposite the rooms
in which I spent my first solitary three weeks at
College in June, 1817.

So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine, the Unseen to display
Where crowds choke up truth's languid ray,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah ! no more a scentless flower,
By approving heaven's high power,
Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah ! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of Heaven !
May it be ! then well might I
In College cloister live and die.

ULCOMBE, *October 2, 1827.*

TIME ENTRANCED

FOR MY SISTERS' ALBUM

“Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari !”



IN childhood, when with eager eyes
The season-measured year I viewed,
All, garbed in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven ; the summer flowers
Let me gaze on, and did not fade ;
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

They came and went, the short-lived four,
Yet, as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ;—the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring?
Long days are fire-side nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine,
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

O princely lot! O blissful art!
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Thus to forecast in heart
Heaven's age of fearless rest.

HIGHWOOD, *October*, 1827.

[This poem, to which no title was assigned in the "Lyra Apostolica," bore, in the 1853 volume, the title "Changes," and was eventually styled "The Trance of Time." The quotation at the head, from the Georgics, gave place in 1853 to the text "cum essem parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus; quando factus sum vir, evacuavi quae erant parvuli," but the author eventually reverted to the Virgilian quotation.]

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT



DEATH was full urgent with thee,
 Sister dear,
 And startling in his speed ;
 —Brief pain, then languor till thy
 end came near—
 Such was the path decreed,
 The hurried road
 To lead thy soul from earth to thy own God's
 abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet girl, im-
 patiently :—
 Yet merciful the haste
 That baffles sickness ;—dearest, thou didst die,
 Thou wast not made to taste
 Death's bitterness,
 Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce
 distress.

Death came unheralded :—but it was well ;
 For so thy Savior bore
 Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
 On His eternal shore ;
 All warning spared,
 For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
 change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery ; both complaint
and cure

To human skill unknown :—

God put aside all means, to make us sure

It was His deed alone ;

Lest we should lay

Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast
caught away.

Death urged as scant of time :—lest, Sister
dear,

We many a lingering day

Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,

The ague of delay ;

Watching each spark

Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky
was dark.

Death came and went :—that so thy image
might

Within our fond hearts glow,

Associate with such pleasant thoughts and
bright,

As health and peace bestow ;

No theme of sorrow

From thy soft comforting name ought like
itself can borrow.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !

Dearest thou art enshrined

In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Kindle our sluggish souls, from care and gloom
set free.

OXFORD, *April*, 1828.

A PICTURE

“The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth.”



HE is not lost ;—still in our sight
That dearest saint shall live,
In form as true, in tints as bright,
As breath and health could give.

Still, still is ours the modest eye ;
The smile unwrought by art ;
The glance that shot so piercingly
Affection's keenest dart ;

The thrilling voice, I ne'er could hear
But felt a joy and pain ;—
A pride that she was ours, a fear
Ours she might not remain ;

Whether the page divine called forth
Its clear, sweet, tranquil tone,
Or cheerful hymn, or seemly mirth
In sprightlier measure shown ;

The meek inquiry on that face,
Musing on wonders found,
As 'mid dim paths she sought to trace
The truth on sacred ground ;

The thankful sigh we witnessed rise,
When ought her doubts removed,
Full set the explaining voice to prize
Admiring while she loved ;

The pensive brow, the world might see
When she in crowds was found ;
The burst of heart, the o'erflowing glee
When only friends were round ;

Hope's warmth of promise, prompt to fill
The thoughts with good in store,
Matched with content's deep stream, which still
Flowed on, when hope was o'er ;

That peace, which with its own bright day
Made cheapest sights shine fair ;
That purest grace, which track'd its way
Safe from ought earthly there.—

Such was she in the sudden hour
That brought her Maker's call,—
Proving her heart's self-mastering power
Blithely to part with all,

Her eye e'er loved, her hands e'er pressed
With true affection's glow,
The voice of friends, all pleasures best
All dearest thoughts below.

From friend-lit hearth, from social board,
All duteously she rose ;
For weal or suffering, on His word
Faith found assured repose.

Gay dress, bright trinkets, braided hair,
She put them all aside,—
E'en nature's garb of beauty rare
'Seemed not heaven's chosen bride,—

Then waited for the solemn spell,
Her tranced soul to steep
In blissful dreams of breaking well
That brief-enduring sleep.

Such was she then ; and such she is
Shrined in each mourner's breast ;
Such shall she be, and more than this
In promised glory blest ;

When in due lines her Savior dear
His scattered saints shall range,
And knit in love souls parted here,
Where cloud is none, nor change.

OXFORD, *August*, 1828.

REVERIE ON A JOURNEY

TO MY MOTHER



HE coachman was seated, with ribbons
in hand,
And they cried me to haste in a
tone of command ;

The porter I paid ; and plunged thro' the
coach door

In a cold bath of faces I ne'er saw before.

A dip in the morning will brace, if you please ;
But to dawdle six hours, is to stay till you
freeze.

And the sluggard's down bed has its charms
for another,

But these huge living bolsters press close till
they smother.

Well, in bath or in bed, nestled up, or plunged
deep,

I will dive from myself, or I'll dream as I sleep.
From all notice of sight my mind's tablet I'll
clear,

The *then* shall be *now*, and the *there* shall be
here.

When once a man gains philosophical views,
 Between coach and coach there is little to
 choose ;

And oft have I proved, seen in truth's purest
 beam,

That space is a name, and that time is a dream.

This dark stifling closet expands on my eyes !
 Its sides they recede, and its windows they rise !
 Its seats become chairs ; and a table is made
 Of the shawls and great coats, on our knees
 that are laid !

That gentleman opposite melts into you,
 The fat dame rolls into Jemima and Lou ;
 Two Harriets arise where there nobody sat,—
 I am brother to this, and I'm cousin to that.

We travel with speed ! 'tis the sun as it goes ;
 —'Twas breakfast,—'tis noon,—now 'tis lunch,
 I suppose.

(That child is Tinpot,)—who's for walking
 to-day ?

The large woman snores ! so time passes away.

'Tis dinner,—'tis tea,—hear the coach's dull
 drone !

'Tis the reading that humdrums its equable tone.
 The wheels, how they rumble ! that rumbling
 must be

Beethoven's Quintette, or Mynheer's Zuyderzee.

We speed it ! we speed it ! the town-fogs are
rising !

Our love-lighted converse the night is sur-
prising ;

The stones, how they clatter ! the crowds, how
they hum !

Our journey is o'er, chamber-candles are come.

BRIGHTON COACH, *January 23, 1829.*

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS

GIVEN TO MY SISTERS



ADIES, well I deem, delight
In comely tire to move ;
Soft, and delicate, and bright,
Are the robes they love.

Silks, where hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay,
Gold, and gems, and crisped hair,
Fling their light o'er lady fair.
'Tis not waste, or sinful pride,
—Name them not, nor fault beside,—
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress ;
While her holy * thoughts still roam
Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she ? she glitters there ;—
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

* *Vide* 1 Pet. iii. 5 ; and cf. Gen. xxiv. 22, 28-30.

Nature loves, as lady bright,
 In gayest guise to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of light,
 Fringe her robe divine.
Sun-lit heaven, and rain-bow cloud,
Changeful main, and mountain proud.
Branching tree, and meadow green,
All are deck'd in broidered sheen.
Not a bird on bough-propp'd tower,
Insect slim, nor tiny flower.
Stone, nor spar, nor shell of sea,
But is fair in its degree.
'Tis not pride, this vaunt of beauty ;
Well she 'quits her trust of duty ;
And, amid her gorgeous state,
Bright, and bland, and delicate,
Ever beaming from her face
Praise of a Father's love we trace.

Ladies, shrinking from the view
 Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue
 Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,
Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
'These they love, in these they live.—
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too.

Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears ;
Cheating sage's vexed pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,
And, her deft hand still concealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

Ladies love to laugh and sing,
 To rouse the chord's full sound,
Or to join the festive ring
 Where dancers gather round.
Not a sight so fair on earth,
As a lady's graceful mirth ;
Not a sound so chasing pain,
As a lady's thrilling strain.—
Nor is Nature left behind
In her lighter moods of mind ;
Calm her duties to fulfil,
In her glee a prattler still.
Bird and beast of every sort
Hath its antic and its sport ;
Chattering brook, and dancing gnat,
Subtle cry of evening bat,
Moss uncouth, and twigs grotesque,
These are Nature's picturesque.

Where the birth of Poesy ?
 Its fancy and its fire ?
Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,
 Fervid thoughts inspire.

Where do wealth and power find rest,
When hopes have failed, and toil opprest ?
Parks, and lawns, and deer, and trees,
Nature's work, restore them ease.—
Few are gifted, few are great !
Where shall guileless souls retreat,
Unennobled, unrefined,
From the rude world and unkind ?
Who shall friend their lowly lot ?
High-born Nature answers not.
Leave her in her star-gemmed dome,
Seek we lady-lighted home.
Nature mid the spheres has sway,
Ladies rule where hearts obey.


OXFORD, *February*, 1829.

OPUSCULUM

To H. F.

FOR A VERY SMALL ALBUM

[N.B.—These lines are jointed in five, according to a new patent, and folded up for easy packing.]

1.  AIR Cousin, thy page
is small to engage
the vast thoughts which
engage
the mind of a sage,
such as I am ;
2. 'Twere in teaspoon to take
the whole Genevese lake,
or a lap-dog to make
the white Elephant sac-
-red in Siam.
3. Yet inadequate tho'
to the terms strange and so-
-lemn that figure in po-
-lysyllabical row
in a treatise ;
4. Still, true words and plain,
of the heart, not the brain,
in affectionate strain,
this book to contain
very meet is.

5. So I promise to be
a good Cousin to thee,
and to keep safe the se-
cret I heard, although e-
-v'ry one know it ;
6. With a lyrical air
my kind thoughts I would dare,
my joy, and whate'er
beseems the news, were
I a poet.

BRIGHTON, *April*, 1829.

A VOICE FROM AFAR



NEEP not for me :—

Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with
gloom

The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !

Joy in the gifts heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—

Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;

Now too I hear

Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before

The Throne is spread :—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,

Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

HORSEPATH, *September 29, 1829.*

THE HIDDEN ONES

FOR A LADY

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."



HID are the saints of God ;—
 Uncertified by high angelic sign ;
 Nor raiment soft, nor empire's golden
 rod

Marks them divine.

Theirs but the unbought air, earth's parent sod
 And the sun's smile benign ;—
 Christ rears His throne within the secret heart,
 From the haughty world apart.

They gleam amid the night,
 Chill sluggish mists stifling the heavenly ray ;
 Fame chants the while,—old history trims his
 light,
 Aping the day ;
 In vain ! staid look, loud voice, and reason's
 might
 Forcing its learned way,
 Blind characters ! these aid us not to trace
 Christ and His princely race.

Yet not all-hid from those
 Who watch to see ;—'neath their dull guise of
 earth,
 Bright bursting gleams unwittingly disclose
 Their heaven-wrought birth.
 Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene repose ;
 And the soul's tutor'd mirth,
 Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her
 power
 O'er self in its proud hour.

These are the chosen few,
 The remnant fruit of largely scatter'd grace,
 God sows in waste, to reap whom He foreknew
 Of man's cold race ;
 Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
 Of boundless time and space,
 He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
 To fill the thrones of heaven.

Lord ! who can trace but Thou
 The strife obscure, 'twixt sin's soul-thralling spell
 And Thy sharp Spirit, now quench'd, reviving
 now ?
 Or who can tell,
 Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's brow,
 Why Saul and Demas fell ?
 Oh ! lest our frail hearts in the annealing break,
 Help, for Thy mercy's sake !

HORSEPATH, *September*, 1829.

A THANKSGIVING

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”



ORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
 First quicken'd love divine ;
 I am all Thine,—Thy care and
 choice,
 My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
 In childhood frail I trace,
 For blessings given, ere dawning sense
 Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
 Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
 Blessings, when reason's awful power
 Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
 Unask'd, unhop'd, have come ;
 And, choicer still, a countless store
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
Grace-tokens in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy loving force be still,
Mid life's fierce shifting fray,
Shaping to truth self's froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

OXFORD, *October*, 1829.

MONKS

To L. E. F.

FOR A VERY SMALL ALBUM

[N.B.—These lines are put on hinges on a rival patent to the former, so as to fold up and pack closely, if required.]



DEAR Louisa, . . why
 Ask for verses, . . when a poet's . .
 fount of song is . . dry?
 Or, if ought be . . there,
 Harsh and chill, it . . ill may bathe the . .
 hand of lady . . fair.
 Who can . . perfumed waters . . bring
 From a convent . . spring?

“ Monks in the olden . . time,
 “They were rhymsters?”— . . I will own
 it, . . but in latin . . rhyme.
 Monks in the days of . . old
 Lived in secret, . . in the church's . . kindly
 sheltering . . fold;
 No bland . . meditators . . they
 Of a courtly . . lay.

“They had visions . . . bright?”—
Well I wot it, . . . yet not sent in . . . slumbers
soft and . . . light.

No! a lesson . . . stern
First by vigils, . . . fast, and penance, . . . ’twas
their choice to . . . learn.

This their . . . soul-ennobling . . . gain,
Joys wrought out by . . . pain.

“When from home they . . . stirred
“Sweet their voices?”— . . . still, a blessing
. . . closed their merriest . . . word;
And their gayest . . . smile

Told of musings . . . solitary, . . . and the
hallowed . . . aisle.

“Songsters?”— . . . hark! they answer!
. . . round

Plaintive chantings . . . sound!”

Grey his cowed . . . vest,
Whose strong heart has . . . pledged his service
. . . to the cloister . . . blest.

Duly garbed is . . . he,
As the frost-work . . . decks the branches . . .
of yon stately . . . tree.

’Tis a . . . danger-thwarting . . . spell,
And it fits me . . . well!

EPIPHANY-EVE

A BIRTHDAY OFFERING

“God said, Let there be light : and there was light.”

“Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead ; and Christ shall give thee light !”



MEMORY gifts, with the early year,
 Lo ! we bring thee, Mary dear !
 First to thee kind words I sent,
 As a birthday ornament ;
 First to thee my verse is given
 Hymning thy second birth in heaven.
 Christmas snow, for maiden's bloom
 Blenched in winter's sudden tomb ;
 Christmas berries, His red token
 Who that grave's stern seal hath broken ;
 These to thee the thoughtful heart,
 Symbol-offerings, set apart.

'Twas a fast, that Eve of sorrow,
 Herald veiled of glorious morrow.
 Speechless we sat ; and watched, to know
 How it would be ;—but time moved slow
 Along that day of sacred woe.

. . . A pause . . . then faith in mystery
viewed
Christ's Epiphany renewed.

Dearest, gentlest, purest, fairest !
Strange half-being now thou sharest ;
Wrapt around in peaceful bed
Conscience-whispered hope hath spread,
Mid those other gems, that shine
Paradised in the inmost shrine.
There thou liest, and in thy slumber
Times and changes thou dost number ;
Deeds and joys of earth o'er summing
Visioning forth the glories coming
When thy soul shall re-awaken
Those soft looks and form forsaken.

Thinkest of us, dearest, ever ?
Ah ! so be it nought can sever
Spirit and life, the past and present,
Still we yield thee musings pleasant.
—God above, and we below ;—
So thought ranges, to and fro.
We at times ; but He always
Prompts the full chant of thy praise,
He, in sooth, by tutorings mild,
From the rude clay shaped His child,
Fiery trial, anguish chill,
Served not here His secret will ;
But His love in whispers drew,
And thy vigorous soul so grew,

That the work in haste was done,
Grace and nature blent in one.—
Harmless this, and not unmeet,
To kiss the dear prints of thy feet,
Tracing thus the narrow road
Saints must tread, and Christ has trod.

Loveliest, meekest, blithest, kindest !
Lead ! we seek the home thou findest !
Though thy name to us most dear,
Go ! we would not have thee here.
Lead, a guiding beacon bright
To travellers on the Eve of Light.
Welcome aye thy Star before us,
Bring it grief or gladness o'er us ;—
Keen regret and tearful yearning,
Whiles unfelt, and whiles returning ;—
Or more gracious thoughts abiding,
Fever-quelling, sorrow-chiding ;—
Or, when day-light blessings fail,
Transport fresh as spice-fraught gale,
Sparks from thee, which oft have lighted
Weary heart and hope benighted.

I this monument would raise,
Sacred from the public gaze.
Few will see it ;—few e'er knew thee ;
But their beating hearts pursue thee,—
And their eyes fond thoughts betoken,
Tho' thy name be seldom spoken.

Pass on, stranger, and despise it !
These will read, and these will prize it.

OXFORD, *January* 5, 1829.

Manibus date lilia plenis ;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

Πάυετε θρήνων, παῖδες· ἐν οἷς γὰρ
χάρις ἢ χθονία νῦν ἀπόκειται,
πενθεῖν οὐ χρὴ· νέμεσις γάρ.

THE WINTER FLOWER

(For Music)

LOOM, beloved Flower!—
Unknown;—'tis no matter.
Courts glitter brief hour,
Crowds can but flatter.

Plants in the garden
See best the Sun's glory;
They lose the green sward in
A conservatory.


—PRIZED WHERE'ER KNOWN.—
Sure this is a blessing,
Outrings the loud tone
Of the dull world's caressing.

OXFORD, *December 30, 1830.*

KIND REMEMBRANCES

To A. M. F.

(From an Unknown Friend)

 IS long, dear Annie, since we met,
Yet deem not that my heart,
For all that absence, can forget
A kinsman's pious part.

How oft on thee, a sufferer mild,
My kindly thoughts I turn,
He knows, upon whose altar piled
The prayers of suppliants burn.

I love thy name, admiring all
Thy sacred heaven-sent pain ;
I love it, for it seems to call
The Lost to earth again.

Can I forget, She to thy need
Her ministry supplied,
Who now, from mortal duty freed,
Serves at the Virgin's side ?

What wouldest thou more? Upon thy head
A two-fold grace is pour'd ;—
Both in thyself, and for the dead,
A witness of thy Lord !

OXFORD, *March*, 1831.

STRAY SEEDS OF POESY

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM

Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo
Seminibus.



WOULD I hit on a theme
To fashion my verse on,
Not long would I seem
A lack-courtesy person.
But I have not the skill,
Nor talisman strong,
To summon at will
The Spirit of song.—
Bright thoughts are roaming
Unseen in the air ;
Like comets, their coming
Is sudden and rare.
They strike, and they enter,
And light up the brain,
Which thrills to its centre
With rapturous pain.
Where the chance-seed
Is piously nursed,
Brighter succeed
In the path of the first.—

One sighs to the Muse,
One speaks to his heart,
One sips the night-dews
Which moon-beams impart.
All this is a fiction ;
I never could find
A suitable friction
To frenzy my mind.
What use are empirics ?
No gas on their shelf
Can make one spout lyrics
In spite of oneself !

DARTINGTON, *July* 18, 1831.

THE PILGRIM



HERE strayed awhile, amid the woods
of Dart,
One who could love them, but who
durst not love.

A vow had bound him, ne'er to give his heart
To streamlet bright, or soft secluded grove.
'Twas a hard humbling task, onwards to
move

His easy-captured eyes from each fair spot,
With unattached and lonely step to rove
O'er happy meads, which soon its print forgot;—
Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim-
lot.

DARTINGTON, *July* 21, 1831.

*The following dedication, printed in capitals, appears
at the end of "Memorials of the Past":—*

TO MY DEAREST MOTHER,
TO MY SWEET SISTERS,
HARRIET AND JEMIMA,
WHO REMAIN,
THESE ;—
THE SHADOWS OF PAST BLESSINGS,
WHICH SHALL ONE DAY RETURN
MORE GLORIOUS
TO ABIDE WITH US FOR EVER.

J. H. N.

Jan. 25, 1832.

From LYRA APOSTOLICA

[1836]

LYRA / APOSTOLICA. /

Γνοίεν δ', ὡς δὴ δῆρον ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι.

Derby :/ Henry Mozley and Sons, / and J. G. and
F. Rivington, / St. Paul's Church Yard, and
Waterloo Place, London. / 1836. /

THE "Lyra Apostolica" was largely the work of Newman, but contained also contributions from John Keble, Isaac Williams, Richard Hurrell Froude, J. W. Bowden, and Robert Isaac Wilberforce. Naturally, only the contributions of Newman appear in the present volume.

From LYRA APOSTOLICA

HOME



HERE'ER I roam in this fair English
land,
The vision of a temple meets my
eyes :

Modest without ; within, all glorious rise
Its love-enclusted columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive-plants they
stand,

Each answering each, in home's soft sym-
pathies,

Sisters and brothers. At the Altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
The same and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams ! ten thousand shrines, all one.
Dear fertile soil ! what foreign culture bears
Such fruit ? And I through distant climes
may run

My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.



ERE yet I left home's youthful shrine,
My heart and hope were stored
Where first I caught the rays divine,
And drank the Eternal Word.

I went afar ; the world unrolled
Her many-pictured page ;
I stored the marvels which she told,
And trusted to her gage.

Her pleasures quaff'd, I sought awhile
The scenes I priz'd before :
But parent's praise and sisters' smile
Stirred my cold heart no more.

So ever sear, so ever cloy,
Earth's favours as they fade,
Since Adam lost for one fierce joy
His Eden's sacred shade.

MY home is now a thousand mile
away ;
Yet in my thoughts its every image
fair

Rises as keen, as I still lingered there,
And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
And so upon Death's unaverted day,
As I speed upward, I shall on me bear,
And in no breathless whirl, the things that
were,
And duties given, and ends I did obey.
And, when at length I reach the Throne of
Power,
Ah ! still unscared, I shall in fulness see
The vision of my past innumerable deeds,
My deep heart-courses, and their motive-seeds,
So to gaze on till the red dooming hour.
Lord ! in that strait, the Judge ! remember me !



HOW can I keep my Christmas feast
In its due festive show,
Reft of the sight of the High Priest
From whom its glories flow ?

I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessed towers I see ;
A stranger on a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.

O Britons ! now so brave and high,
How will ye weep the day
When Christ in judgment passes by,
And calls the Bride away !

Your Christmas then will lose its mirth,
Your Easter lose its bloom :—
Abroad, a scene of strife and dearth ;
Within, a cheerless home !

BANISHED the House of sacred rest,
Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confessed,
And knelt the Saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorned,
Who spoke Christ's message there ;
But what at home I might have scorned,
Now charmed my famished ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and Sons to know,
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow !

SHAME



BEAR upon my brow the sign
Of sorrow and of pain :
Alas ! no hopeful cross is mine,
It is the mark of Cain.

The course of passion, and the fret
Of godless hope and fear—
Toil, care, and guilt—their hues have set,
And fixed that sternness there.

Saviour ! wash out the imprinted shame ;
That I no more may pine,
Sin's martyr, though not meet to claim
Thy cross, a Saint of Thine.

BONDAGE



H, prophet, tell me not of peace,
Or Christ's all-loving deeds ;
Death only can from sin release,
And death to judgment leads.

Thou from thy birth hast set thy face
Towards thy Redeemer Lord,
To tend and deck His holy place,
And note His secret word.

I ne'er shall reach Heaven's glorious path ;
Yet haply tears may stay
The purpose of His instant wrath,
And slake the fiery day.

Then plead for me, thou blessed saint,
While I in haste begin,
All man e'er guessed of work or plaint
To wash away my sin.

TERROR



FATHER, list a sinner's call !
 Fain would I hide from man my
 fall—
 But I must speak, or faint—
 I cannot wear guilt's silent thrall :
 Cleanse me, kind Saint !

“ Sinner ne'er blunted yet sin's goad ;
 Speed thee, my son, a safer road,
 And sue His pardoning smile
 Who walked woe's depths, bearing man's load
 Of guilt the while.”

Yet raise a mitigating hand,
 And minister some potion bland,
 Some present fever-stay !
 Lest one for whom His work was planned
 Die of dismay.

“ Peace cannot be, hope must be thine ;
 I can but lift the Mercy-sign.
 This wouldst thou ? It shall be !
 Kneel down, and take the word divine,
 ABSOLVO TE.”

RESTLESSNESS



NCE, as I brooded o'er my guilty state,
 A fever seized me, duties to devise
 To buy me interest in my Saviour's
 eyes :

Not that His love I would extenuate,
 But scourge and penance, and perverse self-hate,
 Or gift of cost, served by an artifice
 To quell my restless thoughts and envious sighs
 And doubts, which fain heaven's peace would
 antedate.

Thus, as I tossed, He said :—" Even holiest
 deeds

Shroud not the soul from God, nor soothe its
 needs ;

Deny thee thine own fears, and wait the end ;"

Stern lesson ! Let me con it day by day,

And learn to kneel before the Omniscient Ray,

Nor shrink, while Truth's avenging shafts
 descend !

THE PAINS OF MEMORY



WHAT time my heart unfolded its fresh
leaves,

In spring-time gay, and scatter'd
flowers around,

A whisper warned of earth's unhealthy
ground,
And all that there faith's light and pureness
grieves ;

Sun's ray and canker-worm,

And sudden-whelming storm :—

But, ah ! my self-will smiled, nor recked the
gracious sound.

So now defilement dims life's morning springs ;

I cannot hear an early-cherished strain,

But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—

Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings :

Tears lull my grief to rest,

Not without hope, this breast

May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom
again.

DREAMS



H! miserable power
To dreams allowed, to raise the
guilty past,
And back awhile the illumined spirit
to cast

On its youth's twilight hour :—
In mockery guiling it to act again
The revel or the scoff in Satan's frantic train !

Nay, hush thee, angry heart !
An Angel's grief ill fits a penitent ;
Welcome the thorn—it is divinely sent,
And with its wholesome smart
Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's home serene,
And warn thee what thou art, and whence thy
wealth has been.

CONFESSION



MY smile is bright, my glance is free,
My voice is calm and clear ;
Dear friend, I seem a type to thee
Of holy love and fear.

But I am scanned by eyes unseen,
And these no saint surround ;
They mete what is by what has been,
And joy the lost is found.

Erst my good Angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill ;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
Scar-seamed and crippled still.

AWE



IBOW at Jesus' Name, for 'tis the Sign
 Of awful mercy towards a guilty
 line.—
 Of shameful ancestry, in birth defiled,
 And upwards from a child
 Full of unlovely thoughts and rebel aims,
 As hastening judgment flames,
 How can I lightly view my Means of life?—
 The Just assailing sin, and death-strained in
 the strife !

And so, albeit His woe is our release,
 Thought of that woe aye dims our earthly
 peace ;
 The Life is hidden in a Fount of Blood !—
 And this is tidings good,
 But in the Angel's reckoning, and to those
 Who Angel-wise have chose
 And kept, like Paul, a virgin course, content
 To go where Jesus went ;
 But for the many laden with the spot
 And earthly taint of sin, 'tis written, "Touch
 Me not."

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

“Ad omnem progressum atque promotum, ad omnem aditum et exitum, ad vestitum ad calciatum, ad lavacra, ad mensas, ad lumina, ad cubilia, ad sedilia, quacunq̄ue nos conversatio exercet, frontem Crucis signaculo terimus.”—Tertull. de Corona, § 3.



WHENE'ER across this sinful flesh of
mine

I draw the Holy Sign,
All good thoughts stir within me,
and collect

Their slumbering strength divine :
Till there springs up that hope of God's elect,
My faith shall ne'er be wrecked.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits around,
For their brief hour unbound,
Shudder to see, and wail their overthrow ?
While on far heathen ground
Some lonely Saint hails the fresh odour, though
Its source we cannot know.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

“Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love
of women.”



HEART of fire ! misjudged by wilful
man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race !
What woe was thine, when thou and
Jonathan

Last greeted face to face !
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride ;
With battle scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah ! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory ;
Paul's strife unblest * its serious lesson gives,
He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who
lives.

* Acts xv. 39.

“Blessed be ye poor.”



HAVE been honoured and obeyed,
I have met scorn and slight ;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
Of duty and a snare ?
What meanness, but with happier fate
The Saviour's Cross to share ?

This my hid choice, though not from heaven,
Moves on the heavenward line ;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from sinful leaven,
And make it simply Thine.

MOSES



MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quicken-
ing flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show where grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest!

“And we indeed justly ; for we receive the due
reward of our deeds.”




MORTAL ! if e'er thy spirits faint,
By grief or pain opprest,
Seek not vain hope, or sour com-
plaint,
To cheer or ease thy breast ;

But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
A shadow of that doom,
Which is thy soul's just punishment
In its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own judge : hate thy proud heart ;
And while the sad drops flow,
E'en let thy will attend the smart,
And sanctify thy woe.

DAVID NUMBERING THE PEOPLE

“I am in a great strait : let me fall now into the
hand of the Lord.”

F e'er I fall beneath Thy rod,
As through life's snares I go,
Save me from David's lot, O God !
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues ?—which scare,
And haunt, and stun, until
The heart or sinks in mute despair,
Or names a random ill.

If else . . . then guide in David's path,
Who chose the holier pain ;
Satan and man and tools of wrath,
An Angel's scourge is gain.

ABRAHAM



HE better portion didst thou choose,
Great Heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge
of Gentile-grace !

Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves
depart ;

Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,

He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,—

Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,—

Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,

Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.

O happy in their soul's high solitude,

Who commune thus with God and not with
earth !

Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,

A ready prey, as though in absent mood

They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered
mirth.

“Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness.”



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

“It is I : be not afraid.”*



WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
 Hope blighted or delayed,
 Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall
 cheer,
 “’Tis I : be not afraid !”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,
 If fretful thoughts I feel,
 “Fear not, it is but I !” shall flow,
 As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
 Some onward pass defend ;
 From each rough voice the watchword goes,
 “Be not afraid ! . . . a friend !”

And O ! when judgment’s trumpet clear
 Awakes me from the grave,
 Still in its echo may I hear,
 “’Tis Christ ! He comes to save.”

* *Vide* Bishop Wilson’s “*Sacra Privata*” for Friday. The above lines were written before the appearance of Mr. Lyte’s elegant Poem on the same text.

“The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me.”



SAY not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read ; this earth He
trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con His sacred lore ;
Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen
He enters through the unopened door.

And, when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes ;
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

JAMES AND JOHN



TWO brothers freely cast their lot,
With David's royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard ; and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage ;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne ;
Thus God grants prayer ; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

“Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now,
but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.”



WID we but see,
When life first opened, how our
journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing
day ;

Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would
break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear Lord !
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were
to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful
word ;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

GUARDIAN ANGELS



ARE these the tracks of some unearthly
Friend,
His footprints, and his vesture-
skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought ;—or stoops him to
attend
My doubtful-pleading grief ;—or blunts the
might
Of ill I see not ;—or in dreams of night
Figures the scope in which what is will end ?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real ; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His
face ;
But when on common men such shadows fall,
These dare not make their own the gifts they
find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

WARNINGS

(For Music)



WHEN Heaven sends sorrow,
 Warnings go first,
 Lest it should burst
 With stunning might
 On souls too bright
 To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
 To the hid springs
 Of human things?
 Why may not dream,
 Or thought's day gleam,
 Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
 While faith disowns
 Dread of earth's tones,
 Recks but Heaven's call,
 And on the wall
 Reads but Heaven's letters?

DISCIPLINE



WHEN I look back upon my former
race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward
Ray

More brightly burned, or guided some new
way ;

Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace,
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.




HENE'ER I seek the Holy Altar's
 rail,
 And kneel to take the grace there
 offered me,

It is no time to task my reason frail,
 To try Christ's words, and search how they
 may be ;
 Enough, I eat His Flesh and drink His Blood,
 More is not told—to ask it is not good.

I will not say with these, that bread and wine
 Have vanish'd at the consecration prayer ;
 Far less with those deny that aught divine
 And of immortal seed is hidden there.
 Hence, disputants ! The din, which ye admire,
 Keeps but ill measure with the Church's choir.

“He is not the God of the dead, but of the living ;
for all live unto Him.”

“HE Fathers are in dust, yet live to
God :”

So says the Truth ; as if the
motionless clay
Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
Smouldering and struggling till the judg-
ment-day.

And hence we learn with reverence to esteem
Of these frail houses, though the grave con-
fines ;
Sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
That they are earth ;—but they are heavenly
shrines.

“The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”



HERE is not on the earth a soul so
base

But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace ;

So that forthwith his prayer of faith obtains
Release of his guilt-stains,

And first-fruits of the second birth, which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at length the
eternal prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that heavenward
tower

Aim at a wider power,
Gifts on the world to shower.—

And this is not at once ;—by fastings gained,
And trials well sustained,

By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

JOSEPH



PUREST semblance of the Eternal
Son!

Who dwelt in thee as in some
blessed shrine,

To draw hearts after thee and make them
thine;

Not parent only by that light was won,
And brethren crouched who had in wrath
begun,

E'en heathen pomp abased her at the sign
Of a hid God, and drank the sound divine,
Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was done.
Then was fulfill'd Nature's dim augury,
That, "Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be
So fair, that all must love and bow the knee;"*
Lest it might seem, what time the Substance
came,

Truth lacked a sceptre, when It but laid by
Its beaming front, and bore a willing shame.

* Η φρόνησις οὐχ ὁράται· δεινούς γὰρ ἂν παρεῖχεν
ἔρωτας, εἰ τοιοῦτον ἑαυτῆς ἐναργές εἶδωλον ταρείχετο
εἰς ὄψιν ἰόν.

THE HAVEN



HENCE is this awe, by stillness
spread
O'er the world-fretted soul?
Wave reared on wave its boastful head,
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,
Dash'd fiercely through the ocean bed,
And chafed towards its goal.

But now there reigns so deep a rest,
That I could almost weep.
Sinner! thou hast in this rare guest
Of Adam's peace a figure blest;
'Tis Eden seen, but not possessed,
Which cherub flames still keep.

THE DESERT



WO sinners have been grace-endued,
Unwearied to sustain
For forty days a solitude
On mount and desert plain.

But feverish thoughts the breasts have swayed,
And gloom or pride is shown,
If e'er we seek the garden's shade,
Or walk the world, alone.

For Adam e'en, before his sin,
His God a help-meet found ;
Blest with an Angel's heart within,
Paul wrought with friends around.

Lone saints of old, of purpose high !
On Syria's sands ye claim,
Mid heathen rage, our sympathy,
In peace ye force our blame.

DEATH



HENE'ER goes forth Thy dread
 command,
 And my last hour is nigh,
 Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
 As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be
 Or kindred standing by ;
 Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee,
 To give me, or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
 My mother's smile recline ;
 My name in sickness and in death
 Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
 In its meet emblems rest ;
 And may the absolving words be said,
 To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord ! where'er we lie, canst aid ;
 But He, who taught His own
 To live as one, will not upbraid
 The dread to die alone.

“Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth
himself in vain.”



HEY do but grope in learning's
pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow
low

Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring or still on man's brief trial ground ;
As if such shapes and moods, which come
and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor
show,

To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.
Son of immortal Seed, high destined Man !
Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a cause ;
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

MELCHIZEDEK

“Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life.”



THRICE blest are they who feel their loneliness ;

To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant scene

Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean ;

Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest dress Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,

Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high :

Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly, Seeking His presence, who alone can bless.

Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace

When, passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line, He forms the vessel of his vast design ;

Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place, Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,

Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

SIREN ISLES



EASE, Stranger, cease those piercing
notes,

The craft of Siren choirs ;
Hush the seductive voice, that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given,
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away.

Weak self ! with thee the mischief lies,
Those throbs a tale disclose ;
Nor age nor trial have made wise
The Man of many woes.

MESSENA



HY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns
my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient
heathen fame ?

Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came
Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore their
part

In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,
So fret my memory here,—ah ! is it blame—
That from my eyes the tear is fain to start ?
Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise ;
'Tis but the sympathy with Adam's race,
Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So, let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
Be named man's tomb and splendid record-
stone,
High hope pride-stained, the course without
the prize.

TAUROMINIUM

“And Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of
God met him.”



AY, hast thou tracked a traveller's round
Nor visions met thee there,
Thou couldst but marvel to have found
This blighted world so fair ?

And feel an awe within thee rise,
That sinful man should see
Glories far worthier Seraph's eyes
Than to be shared by thee ?

Store them in heart ! thou shalt not faint
'Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a Saint
For fourteen trial years.

CORCYRA



SAT beneath an olive's branches grey
And gazed upon the site of a lost
town,
By sage and poet chosen for renown ;
Where dwelt a Race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
That multitudinous stream we now note down,
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
Yet, is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in his self-formed sphere of light or
gloom ?
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds
then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress,
As though I corpses saw, and walked the tomb.

REMOVAL



DEAR sainted Friends, I call not you
 To share the joy serene
 Which flows upon me from the view
 Of crag and steep ravine.

Ye, on that loftier mountain old,
 Safe lodged in Eden's cell,
 Whence run the rivers four, behold
 This earth, as ere it fell.

Or, when ye think of those who stay,
 Still tried by the world's fight,
 'Tis but in looking for the day
 Which shall the lost unite.

Ye rather, elder Spirits strong !
 Who from the first have trod
 This nether scene, man's race among,
 The while ye live to God.

Ye hear, and ye can sympathize—
 Vain thought ! those eyes of fire
 Pierce thro' God's works, and duly prize ;
 Ye smile when we admire.

Ah, Saviour Lord ! with Thee my heart
 Angel nor Saint shall share ;
 To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art,
 To soothe each tumult there.

REST



THEY are at rest :

We may not stir the heaven of their
repose

By rude invoking voice, or prayer
address

In waywardness to those

Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep

In distance down the dark and savage vale ;

But they at rocky bed, or current deep,

Shall never more grow pale ;

They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know

How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
shall flow.

And soothing sounds,

Blend with the neighbouring waters as they
glide ;

Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,

Angelic forms abide,

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove

The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant
above.

PRAYER



WHILE Moses on the Mountain lay,
Night after night, and day by day,
Till forty suns were gone,
Unconscious, in the Presence bright,
Of lustrous day and starry night,
As though his soul had flitted quite
From earth, and Eden won ;

The pageant of a kingdom vast,
And things unutterable, past
Before the Prophet's eye ;
Dread shadows of the Eternal Throne,
The fount of Life, and Altar-stone,
Pavement, and them that tread thereon,
And those who worship nigh.

But lest he should his own forget,
Who in the vale were struggling yet,
A sadder vision came,
Announcing all that guilty deed
Of idol rite, that in her need
He for the Church might intercede,
And stay Heaven's rising flame.

ISAAC



MANY the guileless years the Patriarch
spent,

Blessed in the wife a father's fore-
sight chose ;

Many the prayers and gracious deeds which
rose,

Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.

Yet these, though written in the heavens, are
rent

From out truth's lower roll, which sternly
shows

But one sad trespass at his history's close,
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment.
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.

Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace ;

So we move heavenward with averted face,

Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains ;

And Saints are lowered, that the world may rise.

THE CALL OF DAVID

“And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him : for this
is he.”



IATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.

We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go ! and mid thy flocks awhile,
At thy doom of greatness smile ;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended ;
Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain ;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness ;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Glams of wisdom sin-beguiled,

Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness ;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame.—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

“They glorified God in me.”



SAW thee once, and nought discerned
For stranger to admire ;
A serious aspect, but it burned
With no unearthly fire.

Again I saw, and I confessed
Thy speech was rare and high ;
And yet it vexed my burdened breast,
And scared, I knew not why.

I saw once more, and awe-struck gazed
On face, and form, and air ;
God's living glory round thee blazed—
A Saint—a Saint was there !

“I fear, lest, when I come, I shall not find you such as I would, and that I shall be found unto you such as ye would not.”



DREAMED that, with a passionate
complaint,
I wished me born amid God's deeds
of might ;

And envied those who saw the presence
bright
Of gifted Prophet and strong-hearted Saint,
Whom my heart loves, and fancy strives to
paint.

I turned, when straight a stranger met my
sight,

Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was, and grave,—so meek in mien,
It seemed untrue, or told a purpose weak ;
Yet in the mood, he could with aptness speak,
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden
pride :

Then came a voice—“ St. Paul is at thy side ! ”

“Him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall
Elisha slay.”



CHRIST bade His followers take the
sword,
And yet He chid the deed,
When Peter seized upon His word,
And made a foe to bleed.

The Gospel Creed, a sword of strife,
Meek hands alone may rear ;
And ever Zeal begin its life
In silent thought and fear.

Ye, who would weed the Vineyard's soil,
Treasure the lesson given ;
Lest in the judgment-books ye toil
For Satan, not for heaven.

“Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.”



THOU to wax fierce
In the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce
With the heavenly sword ;
Anger and Zeal,
And the Joy of the brave,
Who bade *thee* to feel,
Sin's slave.

The Altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars ;
Faith meetly may blame,
For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest !
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—
Thine own.



HY words are good and freely given,
As though thou felt them true ;
Friend, think thee well, to hell or
heaven
A serious heart is due.

It pains thee sore man's will should swerve
In his true path divine ;
And yet thou ventur'est not to serve
Thy neighbour's weal nor thine.

Beware ! such words may once be said,
Where shame and fear unite ;
But, spoken twice, they mark instead
A sin against the light.

DEEDS NOT WORDS



RUNE thou thy words, the thoughts
control

That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

“ I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest
Thou to me ? ”



OW didst thou start, Thou Holy
Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless
Brow !

Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid
Beneath the Ascetic's port and Preacher's fire,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst
desire
He might be chief, not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we fear, or dare some forward
part ;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep ;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and
keep
Our secret in our heart.

SLEEP



UNWEARIED God ! before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms, o'er life's
brief race

Now creep, and now delay ;
We with death's foretaste alternate
Our labour's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain and care hold sway.

Dread Lord ! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease in man :
Oh ! hence upon our hearts impress
Our place in the world's plan !
Pride grasps the powers by Heaven displayed ;
But ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of nature's withering ban.

THE ELEMENTS

πολλὰ τὰ δεῖνα, κοῦδεν
 ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.




MAN is permitted much
 To scan and learn
 In Nature's frame ;
 Till he well-nigh can tame
 Brute mischiefs, and can touch
 Invisible things, and turn
 All warring ills to purposes of good.
 Thus as a God below,
 He can control,
 And harmonize what seems amiss to flow
 As severed from the whole
 And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
 One Hand alone,
 One Hand has sway.
 What influence day by day
 In straiter belts prevents
 The impious Ocean, thrown
 Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?

Or who has eye to trace
How the Plague came ?
Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race ?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore !

Thus God has willed
That man, when fully skilled,
Still gropes in twilight dim ;
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfulest powers
Inflexible to him ;
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the Keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

“Freely ye have received : freely give.”

“IVE any boon for peace !
 Why should our fair-eyed Mother
 e'er engage
 In the world's course and on a
 troubled stage,
 From which her very call is a release ?
 No ! in thy garden stand,
 And tend with pious hand
 The flowers thou findest there,
 Which are thy proper care,
 O man of God ! in meekness and in love,
 And waiting for the blissful realms above.”

Alas ! for thou must learn,
 Thou guileless one ! rough is the holy hand ;
 Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
 A sword to sever, and a fire to burn ?
 If blessed Paul had stayed
 In cot or learned shade,
 With the priest's white attire,
 And the saints' tuneful choir,
 Men had not gnashed their teeth, nor risen to
 slay,
 But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.



TIME was, I shrank from what was
right,
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;
Men count my haltings o'er ;—
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΜΙΜΗΤΗΣ



LORD ! when sin's close marshalled
line

Urges Thy witness on his way,
How should he raise Thy glorious
Sign,

And how Thy will display ?

Thy holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars'-hill a soldier lone ;
Shall I thus speak the Atoning Name
Though with a heart of stone ?

“Not so,” He said :—“hush thee, and seek,
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak,
And use them as they rise.”

THE SAINT AND THE HERO



AGED Saint ! far off I heard
The praises of thy name ;
Thy deed of power, thy skilful word,
Thy zeal's triumphant flame.

I came and saw ; and, having seen,
Weak heart, I drew offence
From thy prompt smile, thy simple mien,
Thy lowly diligence.

The Saint's is not the Hero's praise ;—
This have I found, and learn
Nor to profane Heaven's humblest ways,
Nor its least boon to spurn.

JONAH

“But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord.”



DEEP in his meditative bower,
The tranquil seer reclined ;
Numbering the creepers of an hour,
The gourds which o'er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit
Which soothes the languid sense,
He deemed a safe refined pursuit,—
His Lord, an indolence.


The sudden voice was heard at length,
“Lift thou the prophet's rod !”
But sloth had sapped the prophet's strength,
He feared, and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,
He threatens the offending race ;
God spares ;—he murmurs, pride-inflamed,
His threat made void by grace.

What ?—pride and sloth ! man's worst of foes !
And can such guests invade
Our choicest bliss, the green repose
Of the sweet garden shade ?

JEREMIAH

“Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place
of wayfaring men ; that I might leave my people,
and go from them.”

“OE'S me!” the peaceful prophet
cried,
“Spare me this troubled life ;
To stem man's wrath, to school his
pride,
To head the sacred strife !”

“O place me in some silent vale,
Where groves and flowers abound ;
Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues that rail,
Vex the truth-haunted ground !”

If his meek spirit erred, opprest
That God denied repose,
What sin is ours, to whom Heaven's rest
Is pledged to heal earth's woes ?

ST. PAUL AT MELITA

“ And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks,
and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of
the heat.”



SECURE in his prophetic strength,
The water peril o'er,
The many-gifted man at length
Stept on the promised shore.

He trod the shore ; but not to rest,
Nor wait till Angels came ;
Lo ! humblest pains the Saint attest,
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,
Then instant aid was given :
Christian ! hence learn to do thy part,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

“ Am I my brother’s keeper ? ”



THE time has been, it seemed a precept
 plain
 Of the true faith, Christ’s tokens
 to display ;
 And in life’s commerce still the thought
 retain,
 That men have souls, and wait a judg-
 ment-day ;
 Kings used their gifts as ministers of heaven,
 Nor stripped their zeal for God of means which
 God had given.

’Tis altered now ;—for Adam’s eldest born
 Has trained our practice in a selfish rule ;
 Each stands alone, Christ’s bonds asunder
 torn,
 Each has his private thought, selects his
 school,
 Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
 Of fellowship with those who count it blas-
 phemy.

Brothers ! spare reasoning ;—men have settled
long

That ye are out of date, and they are wise ;
Use their own weapons ; let your words be
strong,

Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster
flies ;

Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
They argued not, but preached ; and conscience
did the rest.

ZEAL BEFORE LOVE



AND wouldst thou reach, rash scholar
mine,
Love's high unruffled state ?
Awake ! thy easy dreams resign :
First learn thee how to hate.

Hatred of sin, and Zeal, and Fear,
Lead up the Holy Hill ;
Track them, till Charity appear
A self-denial still.

Feeble and false the brightest flame
By thoughts severe unfed ;
Book-lore ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts, where Faith was dead.

THE WRATH TO COME



WHEN first God stirred me, and the
Church's word
Came as a theme of reverent search
and fear,

It little cost to own the lustre clear
O'er rule she taught, and rite, and doctrine
poured ;

For conscience craved, and reason did accord.

Yet one there was that wore a mien austere,
And I did doubt, and, troubled, asked to
hear

Whose mouth had force to edge so sharp a
sword.

My Mother oped her trust, the Holy Book,
And healed my pang. She pointed, and I found
Christ on Himself, considerate Master, took
The utterance of that doctrine's fearful sound.
The fount of Love His servants sends to tell
Love's deeds ; Himself reveals the sinner's hell.

THE COURSE OF TRUTH

“ Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God.”



WHEN royal Truth, released from
mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claimed to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from
learned school.

But, robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould ;
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted.
While the brute many heard His mysteries
high,
As some strange fearful tongue, they crouched
they knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been :
Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen.
 Reared on lone heights, and rare,
 His Saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad world sees the wide-circling
 blaze,
Vain-searching whence it streams, and how to
 quench its rays.

THE WATCHMAN

“Quit you like men, be strong.”



FAINT not, and fret not, for threatened
woe,

Watchman on Truth's grey
height !

Few though the faithful, and fierce though the
foe.

Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
Ill-attuned pair, unite ;

Some work for love, and some work for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might !

Eli's feebleness, Saul's black wrath,
May aid Ahitophel's spite :

And prayers from Gerizim, and curses from
Gath . . .

Our weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight ;

Turn thee to question the days of old,

When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, yet he stayed the sin
Of the host, in the Presence bright ;
And Elias scorned the Carmel-din,
When Baal would scan Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite ;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

VEXATIONS



EACH trial has its weight ; which
 whoso bears,
 Knows his own woe, and need of
 succouring grace ;
 The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
 Of flowing blood ; the while life's humblest
 cares
 Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ
 no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief
 Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
 Apart from Him if not a sparrow fail,
 May not He pitying view, and send relief
 When foes or friends perplex, and peevish
 thoughts prevail ?

Then keep good heart ; nor take the self-
 wise course
 Of Thomas, who must see ere he would
 trust.
 Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly
 just
 To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
 But walking by its light amid earth's sun and
 dust.

THE GREEK FATHERS



LET others sing thy heathen praise,
Fallen Greece! the thought of holier
days
In my sad heart abides ;
For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
Were tongues and weapons of his power,
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page ;
And Dionysius, ruler sage
In days of doubt and pain ;
And Origen, with eagle eye ;
And saintly Basil's purpose high
To smite imperial heresy,
And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious preacher came
With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
A court's stern martyr-guest ;
And thine, O inexhaustive race ;
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace ;
And royal-hearted Athanase,
With Paul's own mantle blest.

ATHANASIUS



WHEN shall our northern Church her
champion see,
Raised by divine decree,
To shield the Ancient Truth at his
own harm? . . .

Like him who stayed the arm
Of tyrannous power, and learning's sophist-tone,
Keen-visioned Seer, alone.

The many crouched before an idol-priest,
Lord of the world's rank feast.
In the dark night, mid the saints' trial sore,
He stood, then bowed before
The Holy Mysteries,—he their meetest sign,
Weak vessel, yet divine.*

Cyprian is ours, since the high-souled primate laid
Under the traitorous blade
His silvered head. And Chrysostom we claim
In that clear eloquent flame
And deep-taught zeal in the same woe, which
shone
Bright round a Martyr's throne.

* *Vide* the account of Syrianus breaking into his Church, Theodoret Hist., ii. 13.

And Ambrose reared his crosier as of old,
 Less honoured, but as bold,
When in dark times our champion crossed a
 king :—
 But good in everything
Comes as ill's cure. Dim Future ! shall we
 need
 A prophet for Truth's Creed ?

GREGORIUS THEOLOGUS



PEACE-LOVING man, of humble
heart and true !

What dost thou hear ?

Fierce is the city's crowd ; the lordly
few

Are dull of ear !

Sore pain it was to thee, till thou didst quit
Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for
power unfit.

So works the All-wise ! our services dividing
Not as we ask :

For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.

See in king's courts loth Jeremiah plead ;
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of
deed !

Yes ! thou, bright Angel of the East, didst rear
The Cross divine,

Borne high upon thy clear-voiced accents, where
Men mocked the Sign ;

Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirred, and deemed a Pentecost
was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not
rule :—

So, gentle one,

Heaven broke at last the consecrated tool

Whose work was done ;

According thee the lot thou lovedst best,—

To muse upon times past, to serve, yet be at
rest.



WHEN I would search the truths that
 in me burn,
 And mould them into rule and
 argument,

A hundred reasoners cried :—" Hast thou to
 learn

" Those dreams are scattered now, those fires
 are spent ? "

And, did I mount to simpler thoughts and
 try

Some theme of peace, 'twas still the same
 reply.

Perplexed, I hoped my heart was pure of
 guile,

But judged me weak in wit, to disagree ;

But now I see, that men were mad awhile,

And joy the age to come will think with
 me ;

'Tis the old history ;—Truth without a home,
 Despised and slain—then, rising from the
 tomb.

“I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep
that have not a shepherd.”

Poor wanderers, ye are sore distress
To find that path which Christ has
blest,
Tracked by His saintly throng ;
Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol !—so ye languish still,
All wranglers, and all wrong.

He saw of old, and met your need,
Granting you prophets of His creed,
The throes of fear to suage ;
They fenced the rich bequest He made,
And sacred hands have safe conveyed
Their charge from age to age.

Wanderers ! come home ! when erring most
Christ's Church aye kept the faith, nor lost
One grain of Holy Truth :
She ne'er has erred as those ye trust,
And now shall lift her from the dust,
And reign as in her youth !

PATRIARCHAL FAITH



WE are not children of a guilty sire,
 Since Noe stepped from out his
 wave-tossed home,
 And a stern baptism flushed earth's
 faded bloom.

Not that the heavens then cleared, or cherub's
 fire

From Eden's portal did at once retire ;

But thoughts were stirred of Him who was
 to come,

Whose rainbow hues so streaked the o'er-
 shadowing gloom,

That faith could e'en that desolate scene
 admire.

The Lord has come and gone ; and now we
 wait

The second substance of the deluge type,
 When our slight ark shall cross a molten
 surge ;

So, while the gross earth melts, for judgment
 ripe,

Ne'er with its haughty turrets to emerge,

We shall mount up to Eden's long lost gate.

HEATHENISM



WID Balak's magic fires
The Spirit spake clear as in Israel ;
With prayers untrue and covetous
desires

Did God vouchsafe to dwell ;
Who summoned dreams, His earlier word to
bring
To holy Job's vexed friends and Gerar's
guileless king.

If such o'erflowing grace
From Aaron's vest e'en on the Sibyl ran,
Why should we fear the Son now lacks His
place,
Where roams unchristened man ?
As tho', when faith is keen, He cannot make
Bread of the very stones, or thirst with ashes
slake.

JUDAISM



PITEOUS race !
Fearful to look upon ;
Once standing in high place,
Heaven's eldest son.

O aged blind
Unvenerable ! as thou fittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend ; *
Wronged, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end.

O Abraham ! sire
Shamed in thy progeny ;
Who to thy faith aspire,
Thy hope deny.
Well wast thou given
From out the heathen an adopted heir,
Raised strangely from the dead, when sin
had slain
Thy former-cherished care.

* *Vide* the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles.

O hoily men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven !
Polluted in your kin,
Come to our founts, your lustre to regain !
O Holiest Lord ! . . . but thou canst take no
stain
Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
Proffer of precious cost
Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
Ere all was lost.
The first prevailed ;
Moses was outcast from the promised home
For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer
To change his people's doom.
Close on their eve, one other asked and failed,
When fervent Paul was fain
The accursed tree, as Christ had borne, to bear ;
No hopeful answer came—a Price more rare
Already shed in vain.

SUPERSTITION



LORD, and Christ, Thy Churches
of the South
So shudder, when they see
The two-edged sword sharp-issuing
from Thy mouth,
As to fall back from Thee,
And seek to charms of man, or saints above,
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of
grace and love!

But I before Thine awful eyes will go,
And firmly fix me there
In my full shame ; not bent my doom to know,
Not fainting with despair ;
Not fearing less then they, but deeming
sure,
If e'en Thy Name shall fail, nought my base
heart can cure.

SCHISM



H, rail not at our brethren of the
North,
Albeit Samaria finds her likeness
there ;
A self-formed Priesthood, and the Church cast
forth
To the chill mountain air.

What though their fathers sinned, and lost the
grace
Which seals the Holy Apostolic Line ?
Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His Prophets
trace
In His revealed design.

Israel had Seers ; to them the Word is nigh ;
Shall not that Word run forth, and gladness
give
To many a Shunamite, till in His eye
The full Seven thousand live ?

LIBERALISM

“Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.”



Ye cannot halve the gospel of God's
grace ;

Men of presumptuous heart ! I
know you well.

Ye are of those who plan that we should
dwell,

Each in his tranquil home and holy place :
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs ;
Ye heard it speak of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more ;
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass them by.

And so ye halve the Truth ; for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or sages. O new-ventured art
Of the ancient Foe !—but what if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends ?

APOSTACY



RANCE ! I will think of thee, as what
thou wast,
When Poitiers showed her zeal
for the true creed ;
Or in that age, when holy truth, tho' cast
On a rank soil, yet was a thriving seed
Thy schools within, from neighbour countries
chased ;
E'en of thy pagan day I bear to read,
Thy Martyrs sanctified the guilty host,
The sons of blessed John, reared on a western
coast.

I dare not think of thee, as what thou art,
Lest thoughts too deep for man should trouble
me.

It is not safe to place the mind and heart
On brink of evil, or its flame to see ;
Lest they should dizzy, or some taint impart,
Or to our sin a fascination be.
And so by silence I will now proclaim
Hate of thy present self, and scarce will sound
thy name.

CONVERSION



NCE cast with men of language strange
And foreign-moulded creed,
I marked their random converse
change,
And sacred themes succeed.

O how I coveted the gift
To thread their mingled throng
Of sounds, then high my witness lift !
But weakness chained my tongue.

Lord ! has our earth of faith and prayer
Lost us this power once given ;
Or is it sent at seasons rare,
And then flits back to Heaven ?

“Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.”



HERE is one only Bond in the wide
earth
Of lawful use to join the earth in
one ;

But in these weary times, the restless run
E'en to its distant verge, and so give birth
To other friendships, and joint-works to bind
Their hearts to the unclean whom there they
find.

And so is cast upon the face of things
A many webs to fetter down the Truth ;
While the vexed Church, which gave in her
fair youth
Prime pattern of the might which order brings,
But dimly signals to her distant seed,
There strongest found, where darkest in her
creed.

O shame ! that Christian joins with Infidel
In learned search and curious-seeming art !
Burn we our book, if Christ's we be in heart,
Sooner than heaven should court the praise of
hell !
Self-flattering age ! to whom shall I not seem
Pained with hot thoughts, the preacher of a
dream ?

“I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce My servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols.”



WEEP, Mother mine, and veil thine eyes with shame !

What was thy sin of old,

That men now give thy awful-sounding name

To the false prophet's fold ?

Whose flock thy crozier claim.

Sure thou hast practised in the tongues unclean
Which Babel-masters teach ;

Slighting the Paraclete's true flame serene,
The inimitative speech,

Which throned thee the world's queen.

But, should earth-dust, from court or school of men,

Have dimmed thy bridal gear,

When Wrath next walks his rounds, and in Heaven's ken

Thy charge and works appear . . .

Ah ! thou must *suffer* then !

THE BEASTS OF EPHESUS

“My soul is among lions ; and I lie even among the children of men that are set on fire, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.”



HOW long, O Lord of grace,
 Must languish Thy true race,
 In a forced friendship linked with
 Belial here ;
 With Mammon's brand of care,
 And Baal pleading fair,
 And the dog-breed who at thy Temple jeer ?

How long, O Lord, how long
 Shall Cæsar do us wrong,
 Laid but as steps to throne his mortal power ?
 While e'en our Angels stand
 With helpless voice and hand,
 Scorned by proud Haman, in his triumph-hour.

'Tis said our seers discern
 The destined bickerings stern,
 In the dim distance, of Thy fiery train.
 O nerve us in that woe !
 For, where Thy wheels shall go,
 We must be tried, the while Thy foes are slain.

“I will give power unto My two witnesses, and they shall prophesy.”



HOW shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in ritual white,
And holy tempered Nazarite ?

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice ;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
First he will lose his hate of ill ;
Next, fear of sinning ; after, hate ;
Small sins his heart then desecrate,
And last, despair persuades to great.

AUTUMN



NOW is the Autumn of the Tree of
Life ;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthank-
ful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds'
strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of
dearth
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful
hearth,
Self-trusting still ; and in his comely gear,
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf ;
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
Unanswered here ; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my country, now gross-hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's
throne.

“ Quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei â terra.”



WHEN first earth's rulers welcomed home
 The Church, their zeal impressed
 Upon the seasons, as they come,
 The image of their guest.

Men's words and works, their hopes and fears,
 Henceforth forbid to rove,
 Paused, when a Martyr claimed her tears,
 Or Saint inspired her love.

But craving wealth, and feverish power,
 Such service now discard ;
 The loss of one excited hour
 A sacrifice too hard !

And e'en about the holiest day,
 God's own in every time,
 They doubt and search, lest aught should stay
 The cataract of crime.

Where shall this cease ; must Crosiers fall,
 Shrines suffer touch profane,
 Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
 The Heaven-sent Heir is slain ?



CHRIST'S Church was holiest in her
youthful days
Ere the world on her smiled ;
So now, an outcast, she would pour
her rays

More keen and undefiled ;
Yet would I not that hand of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient
shrine.

'Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust ;
But who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been ?

Dear Brothers !—hence, while ye for ill prepare,
Triumph is still your own ;
Blest is a pilgrim Church !—yet shrink to share
The curse of breaking down.
So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Still calmly looking for the spoiler's hand.

UZZAH AND OBED-EDOM

Μη κίνει Καμαρίναν ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἄμεινων.



THE ark of God has hidden strength,
Who reverence or profane,
They, or their seed, shall find at length
The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
Of old its destined place,
A blessing on the home it brought
Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all
The holy-vestured band,
Who laid on it, to save its fall,
A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the Church would cleanse, and mark
How stern the warning runs :
There are two ways to aid her ark,
As patrons and as sons.

PROSPERITY

“When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them.”



WHEN mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be ;
When haughty power mounts high,
The watcher's axe is nigh :
All growth has bound : when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Builds court and palace vast,
And vaunts,—it shall not last !
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend,—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

FAITH AGAINST SIGHT

“As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man.”



THE world has cycles in its course,
when all
That once has been, is acted o'er
again :

Not by some fated law, which need appal
Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a
chain ;

But by men's separate sins, which blended still
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true
hearts !

These are the fig-tree's signs ; rough deeds must
be,

Trials and crimes ; so learn ye well your
parts :

Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

ENGLAND



IYRE of the West, and glorying in the
name

More than in Faith's pure fame !

O trust not crafty fort nor rock
renowned

Earned upon hostile ground ;

Wielding Trade's master-keys, at thy proud will
To lock or loose its waters, England ! trust
not still.

Dread thine own power ! since haughty Babel's
prime

High towers have been man's crime.

Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay
bare,

Strongholds have been man's snare.

Thy nest is in the crags ; ah ! refuge frail !

Mad council in its hour, or traitors will prevail.

He who scanned Sodom for His righteous men,
Still spares thee for thy ten ;

But should vain hands defile the temple wall,

More than His Church will fall :

For, as Earth's kings welcome their spotless
guest,

So gives He them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

“Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children,
whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.”



AY, who is he in deserts seen,
Or at the twilight hour ;
Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower ?

My holy Mother made reply,
“Dear Child, it is my priest.
The world has cast me forth, and I
Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky ;
He bears to men my mandates high,
And works my sage behest.

Another day, dear Child, and thou
Shalt join his sacred band.
Ah ! well I deem, thou shrinkest now
From urgent rule and severing vow ;
Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow ;—
Time hath a taming hand ! ”

THE AFFLICTED CHURCH

τλῆθι, λέων, ἄτλητα παθῶν, τετληότι θυμῶ.



BIDE thou thy time !

Watch with meek eyes the race of
pride and crime

Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's
jest,

Smiling and self-possess.

O thou, to whom is pledg'd a victor's sway,

Bide thou the victor's day !

Think on the sin

That reaped the unripe seed, and toiled to win
Foul history-marks at Bethel and at Dan,

No blessing, but a ban ;

Whilst the wise Shepherd * hid his heaven-told
fate,

Nor recked a tyrant's hate.

Such need is gain ;

Wait the bright Advent that shall loose thy
chain !

E'en now the shadows break, and gleams divine
Edge the dim distant line.

When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat
ones quail,

True Seed ! thou shalt prevail !

* David.

THE BACKWARD CHURCH

“Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.”



WAKE, Mother dear, the foes are near,
 A spoiler claims thy child ;
 This the sole refuge of my fear,
 Thy bosom undefiled.

What spells of power, in this strange hour,
 My Mother's heart enslave ?
 Where is thy early bridal dower,
 To suffer and to save ?

Thee then I sue, Sleepless and True,
 Dread Maker reconciled !
 Help ere they smite, Thy shrine in view,
 The Mother with the child.

THE CHURCH IN PRAYER

“Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in Thy ways.”



WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,
 Hard by the barren sea,
 Thou Saint! when many a sinner calls
 To preach and set him free?

Can this be he, who erst confessed
 For Christ affection keen,
 Now truant in untimely rest,
 The mood of an Essene?

Yet He who at the sixth hour sought
 The lone house-top to pray,
 There gained a sight beyond his thought—
 The dawn of Gentile day.

Then reckon not, when perils lower,
 The time of prayer mis-spent;
 Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,
 Without its heavenward bent.

THE CHURCH IN BONDAGE

“Remember my bonds.”



COMRADE bold of toil and pain !
Thy trial how severe,
When severed first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labour-sphere.

Say, did impatience first impel
The heaven-sent bond to break ?
Or couldst thou bear its hind'rance well,
Loitering for Jesu's sake ?

O might we know ! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal
Or foes block up our way.

Lord ! who Thy thousand years dost wait,
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal a patient heart !

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH

“ And He said, It is finished.”



CHRIST only, of God's messengers to
man,
Finished the work of grace which
He began ;
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's height,
Though loth to leave the fight
With the doomed foe, and yield the sun-bright
land
To Joshua's armed hand.

And David wrought in turn a strenuous part,
Zeal for God's house consuming him in heart ;
And yet he might not build, but only bring
Gifts for the heavenly King ;
And these another reared, his peaceful son,
Till the full work was done.

List, Christian warrior ! thou, whose soul is fain
To rid thy Mother of her present chain ;—
Christ will unloose His Church ; yea, even now
Begins the work, and thou
Shalt spend in it thy strength ; but, ere He save,
Thy lot shall be the grave.

ROME



FAR sadder musing on the traveller falls
 At sight of thee, O Rome !
 Than when he views the rough sea-
 beaten walls

Of Greece, thought's early home ;
 For thou wast of the hateful Four, whose doom
 Burdens the Prophet's scroll ;
 But Greece was clean, till in her history's gloom
 Her name and sword a Macedonian stole.

And next a mingled throng besets the breast
 Of bitter thoughts and sweet ;
 How shall I name thee, Light of the wide West,
 Or heinous error-seat ?
 O Mother erst, close tracing Jesus' feet !
 Do not thy titles glow
 In those stern judgment-fires, which shall com-
 plete
 Earth's strife with Heaven, and ope the
 eternal woe ?

THE CRUEL CHURCH



MOTHER Church of Rome ! why
has thy heart
Beat so untruly towards thy
northern child ?

Why give a gift, nor give it undefiled,
Drugging the blessing with a step-dame's art ?
Why bare thy sword ? beneath thy censure's smart
Long days we writhed, who would not be
beguiled ;

While thy keen breath, like blast of winter
wild,

Froze, till it crumbled, each sublimer part
Of rite or work, devotion's flower and prime.
Thus have we lain, thy charge, a dreary time,
Christ's little ones, torn from faith's ancient
home,

To dogs a prey. And now thou sendest foes,
Bred from thy womb, lost Church ! to mock
the throes

Of thy free child, thou cruel-natured Rome !

THE GOOD SAMARITAN



THAT thy creed were sound !
For thou dost soothe the heart, Thou
Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied
round

Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's
unthankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The homesick solitary finds a friend :
Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech,
outpour
Their tears ; and doubts in resignation end.
I almost fainted from the long delay,
That tangles me within this languid bay,
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and
wine to tend.



WHEN I am sad, I say,
 “What boots it me to strive,
 And vex my spirit day by day
 Dead memories to revive ?

Alas ! what good will come,
 Though we our prayer obtain,
 To bring old times triumphant home,
 And Heaven’s lost sword regain ?

Would not our history run
 In the same weary round,
 And service, in meek faith begun,
 One time in forms be bound ?

Union would give us strength,—
 That strength the earth subdue ;
 And then comes wealth, and pride at length,
 And sloth, and prayers untrue.”

Nay, this is worldly wise ;
 To reason is a crime,
 Since the Lord bade His Church arise,
 In the dark ancient time.

He wills that she should shine ;
 So we her flame must trim
 Around His soul-converting Sign,
 And leave the rest to Him.

MOSES SEEING THE LAND



MY Father's hope ! my childhood's dream
The promise from on high !
Long waited for ! its glories beam
Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay ;
Not eye nor mind is dim ;
The keenness of youth's vigorous day
Thrills in each nerve and limb.

Blest scene ! thrice welcome after toil—
If no deceit I view ;
O might my lips but press the soil
And prove the vision true !

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,
Its many-tinted groves,
They call ! but He my steps restrains
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah ! now they melt . . . they are but
shades . . .
I die !—yet is no rest,
O Lord ! in store, since Canaan fades
But seen, and not possesst !

ISRAEL

“And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him : but he refused to be comforted.”



SPECIOUS sin, and Satan's subtle
snare,

That urges sore each gentlest,
meekest heart,

When its kind thoughts are crushed and its
wounds smart,

World-sick to turn within and image there
Some idol dream, to lull the throbbing care !

So felt reft Israel, when he fain would part
With living friends ; and called on memory's
art

To raise the dead and soothe him by despair.
Nor err they not, although that image be
God's own, nor to the dead their thoughts be
given—

Earth-hating sure, but yet of earth enthralled ;
For who dare sit at home, and wait to see
High Heaven descend, when man from self is
called

Up through this thwarting outward world to
Heaven ?



O not their souls, who 'neath the
Altar wait
Until their second-birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
By Eden's Angel flame,
But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
That crown, which was his aim.
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
And Hope and sacred Fear.
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
Hope raised her chalice high,
And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
Viewed in the mourner's eye.

So day by day for him from earth ascends,
As dew in summer-even,
The speechless intercession of his friends,
Toward the azure heaven.
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.

And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest ! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain :
It were not good ; a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

From
TRACTS FOR THE TIMES

[1836]

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. /

By / Members of the University of Oxford. / Vol. III. /
for / 1835-6. / "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound,
who shall prepare himself to the / battle?" / London : /
Printed for J. G. & F. Rivington, / St. Paul's Church Yard,
and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall ; / & J. H. Parker, Oxford. /
1836. /

No. 75, from which the following poems are ex-
tracted, was by Newman, and was entitled "On the
Roman Breviary as embodying the Substance of
the Devotional Services of the Church Catholic."

From
TRACTS FOR THE TIMES

MATINS—SUNDAY

Nocte surgentes.



ET us arise, and watch by night
And meditate always ;
And chant, as in our Maker's sight,
United hymns of praise.

So singing with the Saints in bliss,
With them we may attain
Life everlasting after this,
And heaven for earthly pain.

Grant it to us, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

LAUDS—SUNDAY

Ecce jam noctis.



DEEPER have grown the shades of night,
And nearer draws the day,
Checkering the sky with streaks of
light,
Since we began to pray :

To pray for mercy when we sin,
For cleansing and release,
For ghostly safety, and within
For everlasting peace.

Grant this to us, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

PRIME—SUNDAY



HE star of morn to night succeeds,
 We therefore meekly pray,
 May God in all our words and deeds
 Keep us from harm this day.

May He in love restrain us still
 From tones of strife and words of ill,
 And wrap around and close our eyes
 To earth's absorbing vanities.

May wrath and thoughts that gender shame
 Ne'er in our breasts abide,
 And painful abstinences tame
 Of wanton flesh the pride ;
 So when the weary day is o'er
 And night and stillness come once more,
 Blameless and clean from spot of earth,
 We may repeat, with reverent mirth,

Praise to the Father as is meet,
 Praise to the only Son,
 Praise to the Holy Paraclete
 While endless ages run.

[The last two lines of the second stanza were altered in the 1853 volume to—

Strong in self-conquering purity,
 We may proclaim with choirs on high,]

TERCE—SUNDAY

Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.



COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son,
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let mouth, and heart, and flesh combine
To herald forth our creed divine ;
And love so wrap our mortal frame,
Others may catch the living flame.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

SEXT—SUNDAY

Rector potens, verax Deus.



GOD, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently,
Brightening with beams the opening
prime,
And burning in the mid-day sky,

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart :
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

NONE—SUNDAY

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.



GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Life and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour,

Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

VESPERS—SUNDAY

Lucis Creator optime.



FATHER of Lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made,
didst lay
Their rudiments in light ;
Thou, who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us with life in view ;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at Heaven's door,
And strive the prize of life to win,
Continually and evermore
Guarded without and pure within.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

COMPLINE—SUNDAY

Te lucis ante terminum.



NOW that the daylight dies away,
Ere we lie down and sleep,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To own us and to keep.

Let dreams depart and visions fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

THE TRANSFIGURATION— MATINS

Quicumque Christum quæritis.



YE who seek the Lord,
Lift up your eyes on high,
For there He doth the Sign accord
Of His bright majesty.

We see a wondrous sight
That shall outlive all time,
Older than depth and starry height,
Limitless and sublime.

'Tis He for Israel's fold
And heathen tribes decreed,
The King to Abraham pledged of old
And his unfailing seed.

Prophets foretold His birth,
And witnessed when He came,
The Father speaks to all the earth
To hear, and fear His name.

To Jesus, who displays
To babes His beaming face,
Be, with the Father, endless praise,
And with the Spirit of grace.

THE TRANSFIGURATION— LAUDS

Lux alma Jesu.



IGHT of the anxious heart,
 Jesu, Thy suppliants hear,
 Bid Thou the gloom of guilt depart,
 And shed Thy sweetness here.

Happy the man, whose breast
 Thou makest thy residence ;
 From God's right hand a radiant guest ;
 Unseen by fleshly sense.

Brightness of God above !
 Unfathomable grace !
 Vouchsafe a present fount of love
 To cleanse Thy chosen place.

To Thee whom children see,
 The Father ever blest,
 The Holy Spirit, One and Three,
 Be endless praise address.

FIRST VESPERS — FEAST OF
ST. LAURENCE



MARTYR of Christ, thy fight is won,
Following the Father's only Son ;
O'er thy fall'n foes thou triumphest
In heavenly courts a risen guest.

Use thou for us thy gift of prayer
To cleanse thy brethren's sin,
To sweeten earth's infectious air,
And gain us peace within.

For ever broken is the chain
That bound thy body's hallowed fane ;
As God hath given thee, break the tie
Which links our hearts to vanity.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Paraclete,
Be praise, while circling ages run
Beneath the Eternal's feet.

MATINS—FEAST OF ST.
LAURENCE

Deus tuorum militum.



GOD, of Thy soldiers
the Portion and Crown,
Spare sinners who hymn
the praise of the Blest ;
Earth's bitter joys,
its lures and its frown,
He scann'd them and scorn'd,
and so is at rest.

The Martyr he ran
all valiantly o'er
A highway of blood
for the prize Thou hast given.
We kneel at Thy feet,
and meekly implore,
That our pardon may wait
on his triumph in heaven.

Honour and praise
To the Father and Son,
And the Spirit be done
Now and always.

From
THE CHURCH OF THE
FATHERS

[1840]

THE CHURCH / OF / THE FATHERS. /

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, / fair as the
morn, clear as the sun, and terrible as an / army with
banners? / London : / Printed for J. G. F. & J. Riving-
ton, / St. Paul's Church Yard, / and Waterloo Place, Pall
Mall. / 1840. /

THE translations, all from St. Gregory Nazianzen,
occur in the sections entitled respectively "Basil
and Gregory" and "Rise and Fall of Gregory."

From THE CHURCH OF
THE FATHERS

[Gregory thus describes, in after life, his early intimacy with Basil.]



THESE and letters followed on my
stage ;
Others may tell how I encountered
them ;—
How in the fear of God, and foremost found
Of those who knew a more than mortal lore ;—
And how, amid the venture and the risk
Of maddened youth with youth in rivalry,
My tranquil course ran like some fabled spring,
Which bubbles fresh beneath the turbid brine ;
Not drawn away by those who lure to ill,
But drawing dear ones to the better part.
There, too, I gained a further gift of God,
Who made me friends with one of wisdom high,
Without compeer in learning and in life.
Ask ye his name ?—in sooth, 'twas Basil, since
My life's great gain,—and then my fellow dear

In home, and studious search, and knowledge
earned.

May I not boast how in our day we moved
A truest pair, not without name in Greece ;
Had all things common, and one only soul
In lodgement of a double outward frame ?
Our special bond, the thought of God above,
And the high longing after holy things.
And each of us was bold to trust in each,
Unto the emptying of our deepest hearts,
And then we loved the more, for sympathy
Pleaded in each, and knit the twain in one.

[Gregory describes the life which was the common choice of Basil and himself.]



FIERCE was the whirlwind of my
storm-toss'd mind,
Searching, 'mid holiest ways, a holier
still.

Long had I nerved me, in the depths to sink
Thoughts of the flesh, and then more strenu-
ously.

Yet, while I gazed upon diviner aims,
I had not wit to single out the best :
For, as is aye the wont in things of earth,
Each had its evil, each its nobleness.
I was the pilgrim of a toilsome course,
Who had o'erpast the waves, and now look'd
round,

With anxious eye, to track his road by land.
Then did the awful Tishbite's image rise,
His highest Carmel, and his food uncouth ;
The Baptist wealthy in his solitude ;
And the unencumbered sons of Jonadab.
But soon I felt the love of holy books,
The spirit beaming bright in learned lore ;
Which deserts could not hear, nor silence tell.
Long was the inward strife, till ended thus :—
I saw, when men lived in the fretful world,
They vantaged other men, but wrong'd the
while

Their own calm hearts, which straight by
storms were tried.

They who retired held an uprighter port,
And raised their eyes with quiet strength
towards God ;

Yet served self only on moroser plan.

And so, 'twixt these and those, I struck my
path,

To meditate with the free solitary,

Yet to live secular, and serve mankind.

[Gregory passed the whole of one Lent without speaking, with a view of gaining command over his tongue, in which he felt his deficiency. The following passages allude to this or to similar infirmities.]



LOST, O Lord, the use of yesterday ;
Anger came on, and stole my heart
away.

O may I find this morn some inward-
piercing ray !

* * * * *

The serpent comes anew ! I hold thy feet.
O David ! list, and strike thy harp-strings
sweet !
Hence ! choking spirit, hence ! for saintly minds
unmeet.

MORNING



RISE and yield my clasped hands to
Thee !

Henceforth, no deed of dark shall
trouble me,

Thy sacrifice this day ;

Calm, stationed at my post, and with free soul
Stemming the waves of passion as they roll.

Ah ! should I from thee stray,

My hoary head, Thy table where I bow,

Will be my shame, which are mine honour now.

Thus I set out ;—Lord ! lead me on my way !

EVENING



HOLIEST Truth ! how have I lied
to Thee !

This day I vowed Thy festival should
be ;

Yet I am dim ere night.

Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem
That I could keep me in Thy morning beam,
Immaculate and bright.

But my foot slipped, and, as I lay, he came,
My gloomy foe, and robbed me of heaven's flame.
Help Thou my darkness, Lord, till I am light.

[Gregory refers to his priesthood.]



IN service o'er the mystic feast I stand,
I cleanse Thy victim-flock, and bring
 them near
In holiest wise, and by a bloodless rite.
O bounteous blaze ! O gushing Fount of Light !
(As best I know, who need Thy cleansing hand,)
Dread office this, bemired souls to clear
Of their defilement, and again make bright.

[Gregory contrasts the spirit and the letter.]



S viewing sin, e'en in its faintest trace,
 Murder in wrath, and in the wanton
 oath
 The perjured tongue, and therefore
 shunning them,
 So deem'd I safe a strict virginity.
 And hence our ample choir of holiest souls
 Are followers of the unfleshy seraphim,
 And Him who 'mid them reigns in lonely light.
 These, one and all, rush towards the thought of
 death,
 And hope of second life, with single heart,
 Loosed from the law and chain of marriage-vow.
 For I was but a captive at my birth,
 Sin my first being, till its base discipline
 Revolted me towards a nobler path,
 Then Christ drew near me, and the Virgin-born
 Spoke the new call to join His virgin-train.
 So now towards highest heaven my innocent
 brow
 I raise exultingly, sans let or bond,
 Leaving no heir of this poor tabernacle
 To ape me when my proper frame is broke ;
 But solitary with my only God,
 And truest souls to bear me company.

[Gregory contrasts the married and the single estates.]



When the hand some mimic form
would paint,
It marks its purpose first in shadows
faint,

And next its store of varied hues applies,
Till outlines fade, and the full limbs arise ;
So the Lord's holy choice, the virgin heart,
Once held in duty but a lesser part,
When the Law swayed us in Religion's youth,
Tracing, with lustre pale, the angelic truth,
But, when the Christ came by a Virgin-birth,—
His radiant chariot-course from heaven to
earth,—

And, spurning father for His mortal state,
Did Eve and all her daughters consecrate ;
Solved fleshly laws, and in the letter's place
Gave us the Spirit and the Word of Grace,
Then shone the glorious Celibate at length,
Robed in the dazzling lightnings of its strength,
Surpassing spells of earth and marriage vow,
As soul the body, heaven this world below,
The eternal peace of saints life's troubled span,
And the high throne of God the haunts of
man.

So now there circles round the King of Light
A heaven on earth, a blameless court and bright,

Aiming as emblems of their God to shine,
 Christ in their heart, and on their brow His
 Sign,—

Soft funeral lights in the world's twilight dim,
 Seeing their God, and ever one with Him.

Ye countless brethren of the marriage-band,
 Slaves of the enfeebled heart and plighted hand,
 I see you bear aloft your haughty gaze,
 Gems deck your hair, and silk your limbs arrays ;
 Come, tell the gain which wedlock has conferred
 On man ; and then the single shall be heard.

The married many thus might plead, I ween ;
 Full glib their tongue, full confident their
 mien :—

“ Hear, all who live ! to whom the nuptial rite
 Has brought the privilege of life and light.
 We who are wedded, but the law obey
 Stamped at creation on our blood and clay,
 What time the Demiurge our line began,
 Oped Adam's side, and out of man drew man.
 Thenceforth let children of a mortal sod
 Honour the law of earth, the primal law of God.

“ List, you shall hear the gifts of price that lie
 Gathered and bound within the marriage-tie.
 Who taught the arts of life, the truths that sleep
 In earth, or highest heaven, or vasty deep ?
 Who raised the town ? who gave the type and
 germ

Of social union, and of sceptre firm ?
Who filled the mart, and urged the vessel brave
To link in one far countries o'er the wave ?
Who the first husbandman the glebe to plough,
And rear the garden, but the marriage vow ?

“Nay, list again ! Who seek its kindly chain,
A second self, a double presence gain ;
Hands, eyes, and ears, to act or suffer here,
Till e'en the weak inspire both love and fear,—
A comrade's sigh, to soothe when ears annoy,
A comrade's smile, to elevate his joy.

“Nor say it binds to an ungodly life,
When want is urgent, prayers and vows are rife.
Light heart he bears, who has no yoke at home,
Scant need of blessings, as the seasons come ;
But wife, and offspring, and the treasured hoard,
Raise us in dread and faith towards the Lord.
Take love away, and life would be defaced,
A ghastly vision on the mountain-waste,
Heartless and stern, bereft of the soft charm
Which steals from age its woes, from passion's
sting its harm.
No child's sweet pranks, once more to make
us young ;
No ties of place about our heart-strings flung ;
No public haunts to cheer ; no festive tide
Where harmless mirth and smiling wit preside ;
A life which scorns the gifts by heaven assign'd,
Nor knows the sympathy of human kind.

“Prophets and teachers, priests and victor
 kings,
 Decked with each grace which heaven-taught
 nature brings,
 These were no giant offspring of the earth,
 But to the marriage-promise owe their birth :—
 Moses and Samuel, David, David’s Son,
 The blessed Tishbite, and more blessed John,
 The sacred Twelve in apostolic choir,
 Strong-hearted Paul, instinct with seraph fire,
 And others, now or erst, who to high heaven
 aspire
 Bethink ye ; should the single state be best,
 Yet who the single, but my offspring blest ?
 My sons, be still, nor with your parents
 strive :
 They coupled in their day, and so ye live.”

Thus marriage pleads. Now let her rival
 speak—
 Dim is her downcast eye, and pale her
 cheek ;
 Untrimm’d her gear ; no sandals on her feet ;
 A sparest form for austere tenant meet.
 She drops her veil her modest face around,
 And her lips open, but we hear no sound.
 I will address her :—“ Hail, O child of Heaven,
 Glorious within ! to whom a post is given
 Hard by the Throne where angels bow and
 fear,
 E’en while thou hast a name and mission here,

O deign thy voice, unveil thy brow and see
Thy ready guard and minister in me.
Oft hast thou come heaven-wafted to my breast,
Bright Spirit ! so come again, and give me rest."

. . . " Ah, who has hither drawn my back-
ward feet,
Changing for worldly strife my lone retreat ?
Where, in the silent chant of holy deeds,
I praise my God, and tend the sick soul's needs ;
By toils of day, and vigils of the night,
By gushing tears, and blessed lustral rite.
I have no sway amid the crowd, no art
In speech, no place in council or in mart.
Nor human law, nor judges throned on high,
Smile on my face, and grant my words reply.
Let others seek earth's honours ; be it mine
One law to cherish, and to track one line ;
Straight on towards heaven to press with single
bent,
To know and love my God, and then to die
content."

[These stanzas give an account of the place and circumstances of Gregory's retirement.]



OME one whispered yesterday
Of the rich and fashionable,
“Gregory, in his own small way,
Easy was, and comfortable.

“Had he not of wealth his fill,
Whom a garden gay did bless,
And a gently trickling rill,
And the sweets of idleness?”

I made answer, “Is it ease,
Fasts to keep, and tears to shed?
Vigil hours and wounded knees,
Call you such a pleasant bed?”

“Thus a veritable monk
Does to death his fleshly frame;
Be there who in sloth are sunk,
They have forfeited the name.”

From

VERSES ON RELIGIOUS
SUBJECTS

[1853]

VERSES / ON / RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. /

Dublin : / James Duffy, 7, Wellington Quay. /
MDCCLIII.

The dedication is as follows ;—

FAMILIARIBUS SUIS
NUGARUM SERIARUM SCRIPTOR.

From VERSES ON
RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

GUARDIAN ANGEL



My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath ;
My faithful friend, that shall be
mine,
Unfailing till my death ;

Thou hast been ever at my side ;
My Maker to thy trust
Consigned my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, informed aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font ;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Oh ! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh ! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
'To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet !

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low ;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge ;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burned away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come ;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

TEMPTATION



HOLY Lord, who with the Children
Three

Didst walk the piercing flame,
Help, in those trial-hours, which,
save to Thee,

I dare not name ;

Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

Thou, who didst once Thy life from Mary's
breast

Renew from day to day,

O might her smile, severely sweet, but rest

On this frail clay !

Till I am Thine with my whole soul ; and fear,
Not feel a secret joy, that Hell is near.

MODESTY

Sacramentum regis abscondere bonum est ; opera
autem Dei revelare honorificum.

[These verses are paraphrased from St. Bede. St. Ethelwald was the successor of St. Cuthbert at Farne.]



ETWEEN two comrades dear,
Zealous and true as they,
Thou, prudent Ethelwald, didst bear
In that high home the sway.

A man, who ne'er, 'tis said,
Would of his graces tell,
Or with what arms he triumphed
Over the Dragon fell.

So down to us hath come
A memorable word,
Which in unguarded season from
His blessed lips was heard.

It chanced, that, as the Saint
Drank in with faithful ear
Of Angel tones the whispers faint,
Thus spoke a brother dear :

“ Oh, why so many a pause,
Thwarting thy words' full stream,
Till her dark line Oblivion draws
Across the broken theme ? ”

He answered : “ Till thou seal
To sounds of Earth thine ear,
Sweet friend, be sure thou ne'er shalt feel
Angelic voices near.”

But then the hermit blest
A sudden change came o'er ;
He shudders, sobs, and smites his breast,
Is mute, then speaks once more :

“ Oh, by the Name Most High,
What I have now let fall,
Hush till I lay me down to die,
And go the way of all ! ”

Thus did a Saint in fear
His gifts celestial hide ;
Thus did an Angel standing near
Proclaim them far and wide.

PURGATORY

Nec possum in monte salvari, ne moriar; est civitas hæc juxta, ad quam possum fugere, et salvabor in eâ.



NEE not for me, when I am gone,
Nor spend thy faithful breath
In murmurs at the spot or hour
Of all-enfolding death;

Nor waste in idle praise thy love
On deeds of head or hand,
Which live within the living Book,
Or else are writ in sand;

But let it be thy best of prayers,
That I may find the grace
To reach the holy house of toll,
The frontier penance-place,—

To reach that golden palace bright,
Where souls elect abide,
Waiting their certain call to Heaven,
With angels at their side;

Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments
The transitory guest,
But in the willing agony
He plunges, and is blest.

And as the fainting patriarch gained
His needful halt mid-way,
And then refreshed pursued his path,
Where up the mount it lay,

So pray, that, rescued from the storm
Of Heaven's eternal ire,
I may lie down, then rise again,
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

HYMNS

MATINS—SUNDAY *

Primo die, quo Trinitas.



O-DAY the Blessed Three in One
 Began the earth and skies ;
 To-day Death's Conqueror, God
 the Son,
 Did from the grave arise ;
 We too will wake, and, in despite
 Of sloth and languor, all unite,
 As Psalmists bid, through the dim night,
 Waiting with wistful eyes.

So may He hear, and heed each vow
 And prayer to Him address ;
 And grant an instant cleansing now,
 A future glorious rest.
 So may He plentifully shower,
 On all who hymn His love and power,
 In this most still and sacred hour,
 His sweetest gifts and best.

* These Hymns are all translations from the Roman Breviary, except the last, which is a *Com-mune Episcoporum*.

Father of purity and light !
Thy presence if we win,
’Twill shield us from the deeds of night,
The burning darts of sin ;
Lest aught defiled or dissolute
Relax our bodies or imbrute,
And fires eternal be the fruit
Of fire now lit within.

Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,
The ever-gushing spring
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer
Souls sick and sorrowing.
Thee, bounteous Father, we entreat,
And Only Son, awful and sweet,
And life-creating Paraclete,
The everlasting King.

MATINS—MONDAY

Somno refectis artubus.



LEEP has refreshed our limbs, we
 spring
 From off our bed, and rise ;
 Lord, on Thy suppliant, while they
 sing,

Look with a Father's eyes.

Be Thou the first on every tongue,
 The first in every heart ;
 That all our doings all day long,
 Holiest ! from Thee may start.

Cleanse Thou the gloom, and bid the light
 Its healing beams renew ;
 The sins, which have crept in with night,
 With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburthen Thou,
 Let nothing there offend ;
 That those who hymn Thy praises now
 May hymn them to the end.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
 And Spirit, God of grace,
 To whom all worship shall be done
 In every time and place.

MATINS—TUESDAY

Consors Paterni luminis.



GOD from God, and Light from
Light,
Who art Thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of
night ;

Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,
The thronging shades of hell,
The sloth and drowsiness that bind
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,
Who, in this hour forlorn,
By faith in what they do not see,
With songs prevent the morn.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

MATINS—WEDNESDAY

Rerum Creator optime.



HO madest all and dost control,
 Lord, with Thy touch divine,
 Cast out the slumbers of the soul,
 The rest that is not Thine.

Look down, Eternal Holiness,
 And wash the sins away,
 Of those, who, rising to confess,
 Outstrip the lingering day.

Our hearts and hands by night, O Lord,
 We lift them in our need ;
 As holy Psalmists give the word,
 And holy Paul the deed.

Each sin to Thee of years gone by,
 Each hidden stain lies bare ;
 We shrink not from Thine awful eye,
 But pray that Thou wouldst spare.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

MATINS—THURSDAY

Nox atra rerum contegit.



ALL tender lights, all hues divine
The night has swept away ;
Shine on us, Lord, and we shall
shine
Bright in an inward day.

The spots of guilt, sin's wages base,
Searcher of hearts, we own ;
Wash us and robe us in Thy grace,
Who didst for sins atone.

The sluggard soul, that bears their mark,
Shrinks in its silent lair,
Or gropes amid its chambers dark
For Thee, who art not there.

Redeemer ! send Thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in Thee.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

MATINS—FRIDAY

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.



MAY the dread Three in One, who sways
 All with His sovereign might,
 Accept us for this hymn of praise,
 His watchers in the night.

For in the night, when all is still
 We spurn our bed and rise,
 To find the balm for ghostly ill
 His bounteous hand supplies.

If e'er by night our envious foe
 With guilt our souls would stain,
 May the deep streams of mercy flow,
 And make us white again ;

That so with bodies braced and bright,
 And hearts awake within,
 All fresh and keen may burn our light,
 Undimm'd, unsoiled by sin.

Shine on Thine own, Redeemer sweet !
 Thy radiance increate
 Through the long day shall keep our feet
 In their pure morning state.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

MATINS—SATURDAY

Summæ Parens clementiæ.



FATHER of mercies infinite,
Ruling all things that be,
Who, shrouded in the depth or height,
Art One, and yet art Three ;

Accept our chants, accept our tears,
A mingled stream we pour ;
Such stream the laden bosom cheers,
To taste Thy sweetness more.

Purge Thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,
Its sores and wounds profound ;
And with the watcher's girdle bind
The limbs which sloth has bound.

That they who with their chants by night
Before Thy presence come,
All may be filled with strength and light
From their eternal home.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

LAUDS—SUNDAY

Æterne rerum conditor.



FAMER of the earth and sky,
 Ruler of the day and night,
 With a glad variety,
 Tempering all, and making light;

Gleams upon our dark path flinging,
 Cutting short each night begun,
 Hark ! Thy herald-cock is singing,
 Hark ! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,
 And unlocks the imprisoned day ;
 And the godless bandit flies
 From his haunt and from his prey.

Shrill it sounds, the storm relenting
 Soothes the weary seaman's ears ;
 Once it wrought a great repenting,
 In that flood of Peter's tears.

Rouse we ; let the blithesome cry
 Of that bird our hearts awaken ;
 Chide the slumberers as they lie,
 And convince the sin-o'ertaken.

Hope and health are in his train,
To the fearful and the ailing ;
Murder sheathes his blade profane,
Faith revives when faith was failing.

Jesu, Master ! when we sin,
Turn on us Thy healing face ;
It will melt the offence within
Into penitential grace :

Beam on our bewildered mind,
Till its dreamy shadows flee ;
Stones cry out where Thou hast shined,
Jesu ! musical with Thee.

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on Earth be ever given.

LAUDS—MONDAY

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.



F the Father Effluence bright,
 Out of Light evolving light,
 Light from Light, unfailing Ray,
 Day creative of the day :

Truest Sun, upon us stream
 With Thy calm perpetual beam,
 In the Spirit's still sunshine
 Making sense and thought divine.

Seek we too the Father's face
 Father of almighty grace,
 And of majesty excelling,
 Who can purge our tainted dwelling ;

Who can aid us, who can break
 Teeth of envious foes, and make
 Hours of loss and pain succeed,
 Guiding safe each duteous deed,

And infusing self-control,
 Fragrant chastity of soul,
 Faith's keen flame to soar on high,
 Incorrupt simplicity.

Christ Himself for food be given,
Faith become the cup of Heaven,
Out of which the joy is quaff'd
Of the Spirit's sobering draught.

With that joy replenished,
Morn shall glow with modest red,
Noon with beaming faith be bright,
Eve be soft without twilight.

It has dawned ;—upon our way,
Father in Thy Word, this day,
In Thy Father Word Divine,
From Thy cloudy pillar shine.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

LAUDS—TUESDAY

Ales diei nuntius.



DAY'S herald bird
 At length is heard,
 Telling its morning torch is lit,
 And small and still
 Christ's accents thrill,
 Within the heart rekindling it.

Away, He cries,
 With languid eyes,
 And sickly slumbers profitless !
 I am at hand,
 As watchers stand,
 In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear
 The hearts to cheer
 Of suppliants pale and abstinent ;
 Who cannot sleep
 Because they weep
 With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,
 The fetters break,
 Jesu ! which night has forged for us ;

Yea, melt the night
To sinless light,
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
To the Most Holy Trinity,
All praise be given,
In Earth and Heaven,
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

LAUDS—WEDNESDAY

Nox et tenebræ et nubila.



HAUNTING gloom and flitting shades,
 Ghastly shapes, away !
 Christ is rising, and pervades
 Highest Heaven with day.

His bright spear the dazzled night
 Chases and pursues ;
 Earth wakes up, and glows with light
 Of a thousand hues.

Thee, O Christ, and Thee alone,
 With a single mind,
 We with chant and plaint would own :
 To Thy flock be kind.

Much it needs Thy light divine,
 Spot and stain to clean ;
 Light of Angels, on us shine
 With Thy face serene.

To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Holy Ghost,
 Here be glory, as is done
 By the angelic host.

LAUDS—THURSDAY

Lux ecce surgit aurea.



SEE, the golden dawn is glowing
While the paly shades are going,
Which have led us far and long,
In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene ;
May it cleanse, as it is clean ;
Plain and clear our words be spoke,
And our thoughts without a cloak ;

So the day's account, shall stand,
Guileless tongue and holy land,
Stedfast eyes and unbeguiled,
Flesh as of a little child.

There is One who from above
Watches how the still hours move
Of our day of service done,
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

LAUDS—FRIDAY

Æterna cœli gloria.



GLORY of the eternal Heaven,
 Blessed Hope to mortals given,
 Of the Almighty Only Son,
 And the Virgin's Holy One ;
 Raise us, Lord, and we shall rise
 In a sober mood,
 And a zeal, which glorifies
 Thee from gratitude.

Now the day-star, keenly glancing,
 Tells us of the Sun's advancing ;
 While the unhealthy shades decline,
 Rise within us, Light Divine !
 Rise, and, risen, go not hence,
 Stay, and make us bright,
 Streaming through each cleansèd sense,
 On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread
 In the heart new fashionèd ;
 Gladsome hope shall spring above,
 And shall bear the fruit of love.
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Holy Ghost,
 Here be glory, as is done
 By th' Angelic host.

LAUDS—SATURDAY

Aurora jam spargit polum.



THE dawn is sprinkled o'er the sky,
The day steals softly on ;
Its darts are scattered far and nigh,
And all that fraudulent is, shall fly
Before the brightening sun ;
Spectres of ill, that stalk at will,
And forms of guilt that fright,
And hideous sin, that ventures in
Under the cloak of night.

And of our crimes the tale complete,
Which bows us in Thy sight,
Up to the latest, they shall fleet,
Out-told by our full numbers sweet,
And melted by the light.
To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
Whom we adore and love,
Be given all praise now and always,
Here as in Heaven above.

VESPERS—MONDAY

Immense cœli conditor.



ORD of unbounded space,
 Who, lest the sky and main
 Should mix, and heaven should lose
 its place,
 Didst the rude waters chain ;

Parting the moist and rare,
 That rills on earth might flow
 To soothe the angry flame, whene'er
 It ravens from below ;

Pour on us of Thy grace
 The everlasting spring ;
 Lest our frail steps renew the trace
 Of the ancient wandering.

May faith in lustre grow,
 And rear her star in heaven,
 Paling all sparks of earth below,
 Unquenched by damps of even.

Grant it, O Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit of grace,
 To whom be glory, Three in One,
 In every time and place.

VESPERS—TUESDAY

Telluris alme conditor.



ALL-BOUNTIFUL Creator, who,
 When Thou didst mould the
 world, didst drain
 The waters from the mass, that so
 Earth might immovable remain ;

That its dull clods it might transmute
 To golden flowers in vale or wood,
 To juice of thirst-allaying fruit,
 And grateful herbage spread for food ;

Wash Thou our smarting wounds and hot,
 In the cool freshness of Thy grace ;
 Till tears start forth the past to blot,
 And cleanse and calm Thy holy place ;

Till we obey Thy full behest,
 Shun the world's tainted touch and breath,
 Joy in what highest is and best,
 And gain a spell to baffle death.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
 And Holy Spirit, God of Grace ;
 To whom all glory, Three in One,
 Be given in every time and place.

VESPERS—WEDNESDAY

Cœli Deus sanctissime.



LORD, who, throned in the holy
height,
Through plains of ether didst
diffuse
The dazzling beams of light,
In soft transparent hues ;

Who didst, on the fourth day, in heaven
Light the fierce cresset of the sun,
And the meek moon at even,
And stars that wildly run ;

That they might mark and arbitrate
'Twixt alternating night and day,
And tend the train sedate
Of months upon their way ;

Clear, Lord, the brooding night within,
And clean these hearts for Thy abode,
Unlock the spell of sin,
Crumble its giant load.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of Grace,
To whom all praise be done
In every time and place.

VESPERS—THURSDAY

Magnæ Deus potentiæ.



GOD, who hast given
 the sea and the sky
 To fish and to bird
 for a dwelling to keep,
 Both sons of the waters,
 one low and one high,
 Ambitious of heaven,
 yet sunk in the deep ;

Save, Lord, Thy servants,
 whom Thou hast new made
 In a laver of blood,
 lest they trespass and die ;
 Lest pride should elate,
 or sin should degrade,
 And they stumble on earth,
 or be dizzied on high.

To the Father and Son
 And the Spirit be done,
 Now and always,
 Glory and praise.

VESPERS—FRIDAY

Hominis superne conditor.



W^{HOM} all obey,—
 Maker of man ! who from Thy height
 Badest the dull earth bring to light
 All creeping things, and the fierce
 might
 Of beasts of prey.

And the huge make
 Of wild or gentler animal,
 Springing from nothing at Thy call,
 To serve in their due time, and all
 For sinners' sake ;

Shield us from ill !
 Come it by passion's sudden stress,
 Lurk in our mind's habitual dress,
 Or through our actions seek to press
 Upon our will.

Vouchsafe the prize
 Of sacred joy's perpetual mood,
 And service-seeking gratitude,
 And love to quell each strife or feud,
 If it arise.

Grant it, O Lord !
To whom, the Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
In heaven and earth all praise be done,
With one accord.

VESPERS—SATURDAY

Jam sol recedit igneus.



THE red sun is gone,
Thou Light of the heart,
Blessed Three, Holy One,
To Thy servants a sun
Everlasting impart.

There were Lauds in the morn ;
Here are Vespers at even.
Oh, may we adorn
Thy Temple new born
With our voices in Heaven.

To the Father be praise,
And praise to the Son
And the Spirit always,
While the infinite days
Of eternity run.

ADVENT—VESPERS

Creator alme siderum.



CREATOR of the starry pole,
Saviour of all who live,
And light of every faithful soul,
Jesu, these prayers receive.

Who sooner than our foe malign
Should triumph, from above
Didst come, to be the medicine
Of a sick world, in love ;

And the deep wounds to cleanse and cure
Of a whole race, didst go,
Pure Victim, from a Virgin pure,
The bitter Cross unto.

Who hast a Name, and hast a Power,
The height and depth to sway,
And angels bow, and devils cower,
In transport or dismay ;

Thou too shalt be our Judge at length ;
Lord, in Thy grace bestow
Thy weapons of celestial strength,
And snatch us from the foe.

Honour and glory, power and praise,
To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, be paid always,
The Eternal Three in One.

ADVENT—MATINS

Verbum supernum prodiens.



UPERNAL Word, proceeding from
The Eternal Father's breast,
And in the end of ages come,
To aid a world distrest ;

Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire
Our spirits with Thy love,
That, dead to earth, they may aspire
And live to joys above.

That, when the judgment-seat on high
Shall fix the sinner's doom,
And to the just a glad voice cry,
Come to your destined home ;

Safe from the black and yawning lake
Of restless, endless pain,
We may the face of God partake,
The bliss of heaven attain.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
As heretofore, when time is done,
Unending glory be.

ADVENT—LAUDS

En clara vox redarguit.



MARK, a joyful voice is thrilling,
 And each dim and winding way
 Of the ancient Temple filling ;
 Dreams, depart ! for it is day.

Christ is coming !—from thy bed,
 Earth-bound soul, awake and spring,—
 With the sun new-risen to shed
 Health on human suffering.

Lo ! to grant a pardon free,
 Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven ;
 Sad and tearful, hasten we,
 One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again He comes in light,
 Girding earth with fear and woe ;
 Lord ! be Thou our loving Might,
 From our guilt and ghostly foe.

To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, who in Heaven
 Ever witness, Three and One,
 Praise on earth be ever given.

ON THE FEAST OF A
CONFESSOR BISHOP



THOU, of shepherds Prince and Head
Now on a Bishop's festal-day
Thy flock to many a shrine have sped
Their vows to pay.

He to the high and dreadful throne
Urged by no false inspirings, prest,
Nor on hot daring of his own,
But Thy behest.

And so, that soldier good and tried,
From the full horn of heavenly grace,
Thy Spirit did anoint, to guide
Thy ransomed race.

And he becomes a father true,
Spending and spent, when troubles fall,
A pattern and a servant too,
All things to all.

His pleading sets the sinner free,
He soothes the sick, he lifts the low,
Powerful in word, deep teacher, he
To quell the foe.

Grant us, O Christ, his prayers above,
And grace below, to sing Thy praise,
The Father's power, the Spirit's love,
Here and always.

SONGS

CANDLEMAS



THE angel-lights of Christmas morn,
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,
Although it be divine ;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then for eight long weeks and more,
We wait in twilight grey,
Till the tall candle sheds a beam
On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer ;
While song is hushed, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent
And Alleluias o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
And Jesus light in store.

THE PILGRIM QUEEN



THERE sat a Lady
 all on the ground,
 Rays of the morning
 circled her round,
 Save thee, and hail to thee,
 Gracious and Fair,
 In the chill twilight
 what wouldst thou there?

"Here I sit desolate,"
 sweetly said she,
 "Though I'm a Queen,
 and my name is Marie :
 Robbers have rifled
 my garden and store,
 Foes they have stolen
 my heir from my bower.

"They said they could keep Him
 far better than I,
 In a palace all His,
 planted deep and rais'd high.
 'Twas a palace of ice,
 hard and cold as were they,
 And when summer came,
 it all melted away.

“ Next would they barter Him,
 Him the Supreme,
For the spice of the desert,
 and gold of the stream ;
And me they bid wander
 in weeds and alone,
In this green merry land
 which once was my own.”

I looked on that Lady,
 and out from her eyes
Came the deep glowing blue
 of Italy's skies ;
And she raised up her head
 And she smiled, as a Queen
On the day of her crowning,
 so bland and serene.

“ A moment,” she said,
 “ and the dead shall revive ;
The giants are failing,
 the saints are alive ;
I am coming to rescue
 my home and my reign,
And Peter and Philip
 are close in my train.”

THE MONTH OF MARY



GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the
 flowers,
 And rich the hues of May ;
 We see them in the gardens round,
 And market-paniers gay :
 And e'en among our streets, and lanes,
 And alleys, we descry,
 By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,
 The blue transparent sky.

Chorus.

O Mother maid, be thou our aid,
 Now in the opening year ;
 Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,
 And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
 'Twill grow, and then will wither ;
 The flowrets, brightly as they smile,
 Shall perish altogether :
 The merry sun, you sure would say,
 It ne'er could set in gloom ;
 But earth's best joys have all an end,
 And sin, a heavy doom.

Chorus.

But Mother maid, thou dost not fade ;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
For ever throned art thou.

The green green grass, the glittering grove,
The Heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home ;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

Chorus.

O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the Queen of May ;
Our garlands wear about thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay.

MARY, THE QUEEN OF THE
SEASONS*(For an inclement May)*

ALL is divine
which the Highest has made,
Thro' the days that He wrought,
till the day when He stayed ;
Above and below,
within and around,
From the centre of space,
to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
like an innocent child.
Or like the rich bloom
of some gorgeous flower ;
And the Father rejoiced
in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again,
He had made, had He chose ;

And you never could name
that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
the Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
ever must stand ;
So perfect, so pure,
and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
cannot do more.

The freshness of May,
and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months
and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
when they are gone ;
And we give to thee May,
not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
and is pledge of the rest.

PETER AND PHILIP



IN the far north our lot is cast,
Where faithful hearts are few ;
Still are we Philip's children dear,
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire ! to mighty Rome,
Beneath St. Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of loyal love
And ministry was paid.

The ample porch, and threshold high,
Of Peter was thy home ;
The world's apostle he, and thou
Apostle of his Rome.

And first in the old catacombs,
In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock,
And slept their glorious sleep,

Through the still night in silent prayer,
Thou tarriedst, till there came,
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,
The Pentecostal flame.

Then in that heart-consuming love,
Thou, through the city wide,
Didst wile the noble and the young
From Babel's pomp and pride ;

And, gathering them within thy cell,
Unveil the lustre bright,
And beauty of thy inner soul,
And gain them by the sight.

And thus to Rome, for Peter's faith
Far known, thou didst impart
A rule of life, and works of love,
And discipline of heart.

And the apostle, on the hill
Facing the imperial town,
First gazed upon his fair domain,
Then on the cross lay down,

So thou, from out the streets of Rome,
Didst turn thy failing eye
Unto that mount of martyrdom,*
Take leave of it, and die.

* On the day of his death, Philip, "at the beginning of his Mass, remained for some time looking fixedly at the hill of St. Onofrio, which was visible from the chapel, just as if he saw some great vision. On coming to the Gloria in Excelsis, he began to sing, which was a very unusual thing for him, and he sang the whole of it with the greatest joy and devotion," etc.—"Bacci's Life."

THE REGULAR SAINTS AND
PHILIP

THE holy Monks, conceal'd from men,
In midnight choir, or studious cell,
In sultry field, or wintry glen,
The holy Monks, I love them well.

The Friars too, the zealous band
Of Francis and of Dominic,
They gather, and they take their stand
Where foes are fierce, or souls are sick.

And then the unwearied Company,
Which bears the name and sacred might,
The Knights of Jesus, they defy
The fiend, full eager for the fight.

Yet there is one I more affect
Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar,
'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,
I love him more, I more admire.

I know him by his head of snow,
His ready smile, his keen full eye,
His words which kindle as they flow ;
Save he be rapt in ecstasy.

He lifts his hands, there issues forth
A fragrance virginal and rare,
And now he ventures to our North,
Where hearts are frozen as the air.

He comes, by grace of his address,
By the sweet music of his face,
And his low tones of tenderness,
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

O sainted Philip, Father dear,
Look on thy little ones, that we
Thy loveliness may copy here,
And in the eternal Kingdom see.

MARY AND PHILIP



THIS is the Saint of sweetness and
compassion,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept
winning,
Beckoning and luring in a holy fashion
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the bad world
vaunteth
Her many coloured wares and magic treasures,
Outbids her, and her victim disenchanteth
With heavenly pleasures.

This is the Saint, with whom our hearts, like
Moses,
Find o'er the waste that Tree, so bright and
beaming,
Till 'neath her shade the sobered soul reposes,
After its dreaming.

And then he shakes the boughs where it is
lying,
Nor of their fruit are those sweet branches chary,
Mary the tree, Jesus the fruit undying—
Jesus and Mary ;

Jesu and Mary, Philip, and high Heaven,
 Angels, of God the glorious reflexion,
 To you be praise, to us from you be given
 Peace and protection.

JESUS AND PHILIP



PHILIP, on thee the glowing ray
Of heaven came down upon thy
prayer,
To melt thy heart and burn away
All that of earthly dross was there.

Thy soul became as purest glass
Through which the Brightness Increate
In undimmed majesty might pass,
Transparent and illuminate.

And so, on Philip when we gaze,
We see the image of his Lord ;
The Saint dissolves amid the blaze
Which circles round the Living Word.

The Mæek, the Wise, none else is here,
Dispensing light to men below ;
His awful accents fill the ear,
Now keen as fire, now soft as snow.

As snow, those inward pleadings fall,
As soft, as bright, as pure, as cool,
With gentle weight and gradual,
And sink into the feverish soul.

The Sinless One, He comes to seek,
The dreary heart, the spirit lone,
Tender of natures proud or weak,
Not less than if they were His own.

He takes and scans the sinner o'er,
Handling His scholars one by one,
Weighing what they can bear, before
He gives the penance to be done.

Jesu, to Philip's sons reveal
That gentlest wisdom from above,
To spread compassion o'er their zeal,
And mingle patience with their love.

THE HOLY TRINITY



THE one true Faith, the ancient Creed,
 Martyrs for it were fain to fight and
 bleed ;
 The holy Sign, our awful spell,
 It is the Cross, triumphant over Hell ;
 The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest,
 They sanctify our brow, and lips, and breast ;
 The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest,
 Are on our brow, and lips, and breast.

The Church of God, the world-wide name,
 Found in all lands, yet everywhere the same ;
 Love with its thrilling unison
 Knows how to knit ten thousand hearts in one.
 Behold a triple bond where'er we rove,
 'Tis one, 'tis Catholic, 'tis strong in love ;
 O triply blest, 'tis ours, where'er we rove,
 One, Catholic, and strong in love.

God's Mother dear, sweet lily flower,
 And Saints on high, creations of His power ;
 While to and fro the Church is driven,
 Angels descend and rivet her to heaven ;
 The warring Church below, the Church on high,
 A golden chain unites the earth and sky ;
 Angels, the Church below, the Church on high,
 O triply blest, to us are nigh.

The eternal Sire, the gracious Son,
And the dread Spirit, the Heavenly Three in
One ;

On earth, the fair, the wondrous Child,
Joseph the meek, the Mother undefiled ;
Three are in heaven above, on earth are three,
Bright images of heaven in their degree ;
Three are in heaven above, on earth are Three,
O blest, and triply blest are we !

From
CALLISTA

[1856]

CALLISTA, / A SKETCH OF THE THIRD
CENTURY. /

Love thy God and love Him only,
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely.
In that one great spirit meet
All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of our kind ;
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined ;
For the deepest still is single.
An impalpable resistance
Holds like natures still at distance.
Mortal ! love that Holy One,
Or dwell for aye alone.

DE VERE.

London : / Burns and Lambert, 17, Portman Street. /
Cologne : J. P. Bachem. / 1856. /

THE two earlier songs, "Where are the Islands of the Blest?" and "I wander by that river's brink," only the former of which Newman reprinted in his "Verses on Various Occasions," have little in common with the remaining contents of this volume. Still less has the fragmentary "Juba's Song." But the last, in especial, is here printed as representative of Newman's appreciation of and power of employing the old ballad form, where additional emphasis was gained by repetitions in which minute changes occurred. This song of Juba is the one thing preserved to us which gives a clue to what the development of Newman's muse might have been had he employed it upon secular subjects.

From CALLISTA

SONG



HERE are the Islands of the Blest ?
They stud the Ægean Sea ;
And where the deep Elysian rest ?
It haunts the vale where Peneus
strong

Pours his incessant stream along,
While craggy ridge and mountain bare
Cut keenly through the liquid air,
And in their own pure tints arrayed,
Scorn earth's green robes which change and
fade,
And stand in beauty undecayed,
Guards of the bold and free.

For what is Afric, but the home
Of burning Phlegethon ?
What the low beach and silent gloom,
And chilling mists of that dull river,
Along whose bank the thin ghosts shiver,—

The thin wan ghosts that once were men,—
 But Tauris, isle of moor and fen,
 Or dimly traced by seamen's ken,
 The pale-cliff'd Albion.

SONG



WANDER by that river's brink
Which circles Pluto's drear domain ;
I feel the chill night-breeze, and think
Of joys which ne'er shall be again.

I count the weeds that fringe the shore,
Each sluggish wave that rolls and rolls ;
I hear the ever-splashing oar
Of Charon, ferryman of souls.

HYMN



THE number of Thine own complete,
Sum up and make an end ;
Sift clean the chaff, and house the
wheat,—
And then, O Lord, descend.

Descend, and solve by that descent,
This mystery of life ;
Where good and ill, together blent,
Wage an undying strife.

For rivers twain are gushing still,
And pour a mingled flood ;
Good in the very depths of ill,
Ill in the heart of good.

The last are first,—the first are last,—
As angel eyes behold :
These from the sheep-cote sternly cast,—
Those welcomed to the fold.

No Christian home, no pastor's eye,
No preacher's vocal zeal,
Moved Thy dear Martyr to defy
The prison and the wheel.

Forth from the heathen ranks she stept,
The forfeit throne to claim
Of Christian souls who had not kept
Their birthright and their name.

Grace formed her out of sinful dust ;
She knelt, a soul defiled ;
She rose in all the faith, and trust,
And sweetness of a child.

And in the freshness of that love
She preached, by word and deed,—
The mysteries of the world above,—
Her new-found, glorious creed.

And running, in a little hour,
Of life the course complete,
She reached the Throne of endless power,
And sits at Jesu's feet.

Her spirit there, her body here,
Make one the earth and sky ;
We use her name,—we touch her bier :—
We know her God is nigh.

JUBA'S SONG



HE little black moor is the chap for me,
 When the night is dark, and the earth
 is free,
 Under the limbs of the broad yew-tree.

'Twas Father Cham that planted that yew,
 And he fed it fat with the bloody dew
 Of a score of brats, as his lineage grew.

Footing and flaunting it all the night,
 Each lock flings fire, each heel strikes light ;
 No lamps need they whose breath is bright.

* * * * *

Gurta the witch would have part in the jest ;
 'Tho' lame as a gull, by his highness possessed,
 She shouldered her crutch, and danced with
 the rest.

Sporting and snorting, deep in the night,
 Their beards flashing fire, and their hoofs
 striking light,
 And their tails whisking round in the heat of
 their flight.

* * * * *

Sporting and snorting in shades of the night,
His ears pricking up, and his hoofs striking
light,
And his tail whisking round in the speed of
his flight.

* * * * *

Gurta the witch was out with the rest ;
'Tho' lame as a gull, by his highness possessed,
She shouldered her crutch, and danced with
the best.

She stamped and she twirled in the shade of
the yew,
Till her gossips and chums of the city danced
too ;
They never are slack when there's mischief to
do.

She danced and she coaxed, but he was no
fool ;
He'd be his own master, he'd not be her
tool ;
Not the little black moor should send him to
school.

* * * * *

She wheedled and coaxed, but he was no fool ;
He'd be his own master, he'd not be her tool ;
Not the little black moor should send him to
school.

She foamed and she cursed—'twas the same
thing to him ;
She laid well her trap ; but he carried his
whim :—
The priest scuffled off, safe in life and in limb.

* * * * *

She beckoned the moon, and the moon came
down ;
The green earth shrivelled beneath her frown ;
But a man's strong will can keep his own.

* * * * *

From
HYMNS FOR THE USE OF
THE BIRMINGHAM
ORATORY

[1857]

HYMNS / FOR THE USE OF / THE / BIR-
MINGHAM ORATORY. /

Dublin : / Printed by John F. Fowler, / 3, Crow Street,
Dame Street. / 1857. /

From
HYMNS FOR THE USE OF
THE BIRMINGHAM
ORATORY

ST. PHILIP NERI



HIS is the Saint of gentleness and
kindness,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept
winning ;
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness,
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us,
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic
coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare
him,
Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a
minute ;

Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,
Sin is not in it.

Thus he conducts by holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls, and sinful souls forgiven,
Towards the bright palace where our God is
present,

Throned in high heaven.

[This poem, although apparently a revised version of the "Mary and Philip" in "Verses on Religious Subjects," diverges so widely from it as to be essentially a different poem, and contains phrases so exquisite that it has been decided to reprint both in the present volume.]

PURGATORY



HELP, Lord, the souls which Thou hast
made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.

For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

O by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain,

O by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
O by their very helplessness,
O by Thy own great Name,

Sweet Jesu, help, sweet Jesu, aid,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

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Known the world over by his exquisitely beautiful "Lead, kindly light," Newman's standing as a poet is not at all generally recognised. Yet his verse had as much to do with the success of the Oxford movement as had "The Christian Year" of his friend Keble. He first collected it in 1868, and but few additions were subsequently made. The present volume contains, besides a number of early poems now first brought together, of the utmost interest as throwing light on Newman's family life and early influences, a long poem in two cantos, entitled "St. Bartholomew's Eve," written during his first years at Oxford, in collaboration with his friend, F. W. Bowden, and of such extreme rarity that only two or three copies are known to exist. With one or two unimportant exceptions, the contents of the 1868 volume are also here included.

DIVINE CONSIDERATIONS. By JOHN VALDESSO. The English Translation of Nicholas Ferrar. With George Herbert's Prefatory Epistle and a Portrait

Juan de Valdes, the author of the "Hundred and Ten Divine Considerations," was one of the most notable of the Spanish Reformers of the sixteenth century. The correspondent of Erasmus, the twin brother of the secretary of the Emperor Charles V., and for a time the chamberlain of a pope, his exalted connections alone probably saved him from persecution on account of his opinions, and, as it was, he had to leave his native land to ensure his safety. His writings were condemned, and the greater part of them so effectually suppressed that some of them remain to this day introuvable, whilst others have only come to light during the past fifty years. The present volume attracted the attention of the famous Nicholas Ferrar during his travels in Italy, and from an Italian version he made an English translation, which he submitted for the approval of his friend George Herbert, just as Herbert handed to Ferrar the manuscript of "The Temple," to suppress or print as he thought fit. Ferrar's translation was published at Oxford in 1638, and a distorted version of it appeared at Cambridge in 1646, but this is the first time that an edition of it, as Ferrar left it, has been prepared since the original publication at Oxford. Ferrar is perhaps best known to the modern reader from the prominence given to the description of his community at Little Gidding in the romance "John Inglesant."

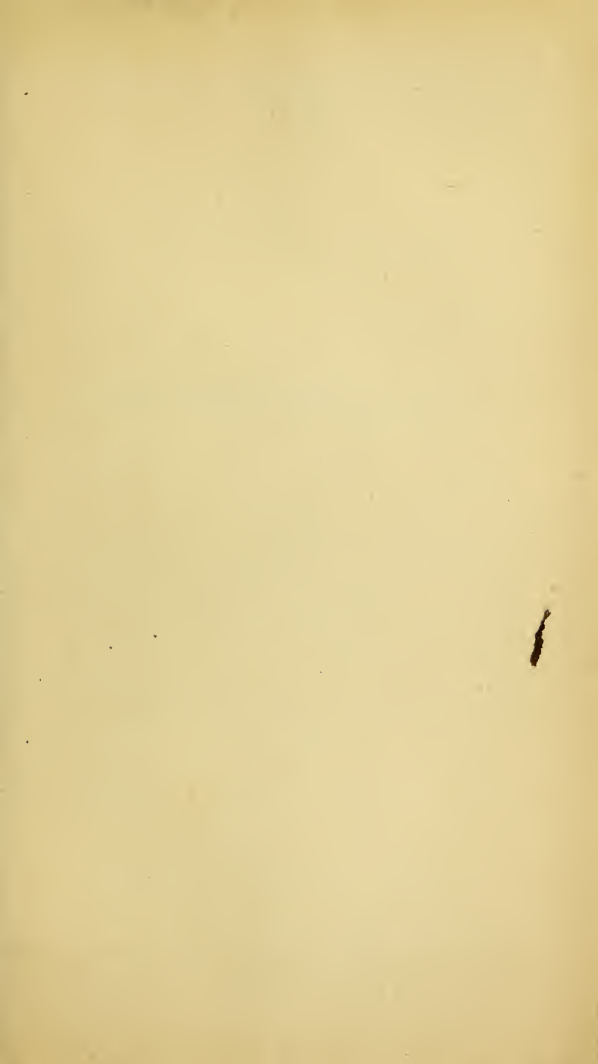
THE HUNDRED BEST POEMS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY. With Portraits

If John and Charles Wesley had not been the sons of a poet and poets themselves, it is hardly too much to say that the spread of Wesleyan Methodism could never have been as world-wide as it has. Their hymns were even more influential than their sermons, and in them the dead evangelists yet speak wherever the English language prevails. Such universal favourites as "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Hark! how all the welkin rings" (generally perverted into "Hark! the herald angels sing"), however, though they may have kindled a love of verse in households where poetry was quite unknown, do not prepare one to learn that the complete poetical works of the brothers extend to thirteen volumes of about five hundred pages each. From this immense mass of verse it has been the editor's endeavour to select one hundred poems, which, judged purely by poetical standards, may legitimately be described as "The Hundred Best Poems of John and Charles Wesley."

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE. By WILLIAM LAW, Author of the "Serious Call." With Portrait

William Law had the misfortune through the extraordinary popularity of one of his works, the famous "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," to find all his other writings thrown into comparative obscurity. Yet from time to time there have been editors to call attention to one or other of his beautiful religious treatises. The temper of his mind, which trended towards mysticism, was probably further urged in that direction from the circumstance that conscience forced him into the ranks of the non-jurors. He was for long a kind of private chaplain to the aunt of Gibbon the historian, who in some sort was probably himself indebted to him. The treatise here reprinted is amongst the most interesting and beneficent of his writings, filled with a piety that does not pall, and free from rancour, as its title, "The Spirit of Love," befits. But Law could on occasion show himself a fighting parson, as his controversy with Hoadly (the celebrated Bangor controversy) shows; and his reply to Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" proved to his opponents that they had a skilled controversialist to defend themselves against. Law, however, is of most value to us nowadays in his capacity of gentle teacher and soother "when sleep comes to close each difficult day," and it is certain that many will gladly place this edition of "The Spirit of Love" beside their "De Imitatione," and their "Holy Living and Holy Dying."

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD,
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