

CARMINA MARIANA

BY THE SAME EDITOR.

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## **Annus Sanctus**

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
YEAR

Translated from the Sacred Offices by Various Authors, with  
Modern, Original and other Hymns, and an Appendix  
of Earlier Versions.

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# Carmina Mariana

AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY IN VERSE

IN HONOUR OF OR IN RELATION TO

The Blessed Virgin Mary

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

*ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.*

Editor of 'Annus Sanctus · Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year'

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*Nihil obstat.*

A. B. GURDON,  
*Censor Deputatus.*

*Imprimatur.*

HERBERTUS CARDINALIS VAUGHAN,  
*Archiepiscopus Westmonasteriensis.*

*Die Januarii 18, 1893.*

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## SECOND HOMILY ON ST. LUKE I. 36.

*SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX : XII. CENT.*

From the IV. V. and VI. Lessons in the Second Nocturn of Mattins, for the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, in the Roman Breviary.

*Translated (1879) by John, Marquess of Butc.*

'And the Virgin's name was Mary.' Let us speak a few words upon this name, which signifieth 'Star of the Sea,' and suiteth very well the Maiden-Mother, who may meetly be likened unto a star. A star giveth forth her rays without any harm to herself ; and the Virgin brought forth her Son without any hurt to her virginity. . . . O thou, whosoever thou art, that knowest thyself to be here not so much walking upon firm ground as battered to and fro by the gales and storms of this life's ocean, if thou wouldest not be overwhelmed by the tempest, keep thine eyes fixed upon this Star's clear shining. . . . In danger, in difficulty, or in doubt, think on Mary, call on Mary. . . . If thou follow her, thou wilt never go astray. If thou pray to her, thou wilt never have need to despair. If thou keep her in mind, thou wilt never wander. If she hold thee, thou wilt never fall. If she lead thee, thou wilt never be weary. If she help thee, thou wilt reach home safe at the last : and so, thou wilt prove in thyself how meetly it is said, 'And the Virgin's name was Mary.'

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF  
*CARDINAL MANNING,*

PRELATE, PHILANTHROPIST, PATRIOT.

To whom, amongst other Gifts and Graces, was granted to be

IN HIS FRIENDSHIPS KIND, FAITHFUL, AND TRUE :

Who encouraged the idea of

**Our Blessed Lady's Anthology**

And counselled its development ;

*THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.*

Hail, Mary, Full of Grace,  
The Lord is with thee  
Blessed art thou among Women,  
And Blessed is the Fruit of thy Womb,

**Jesus.**

Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
Pray for us, Sinners,  
Now and at the Hour of our Death. Amen.



## Preface

'*CARMINA MARIANA*' is the result of some years' labour in collecting, choosing and arranging materials for an Anthology of English Poetry, in a wide sense of the words, from Chaucer to Tennyson—both poets being included—in honour of, or having for its main theme, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The plan and wish of the Compiler, however imperfectly he may have been able to fulfil them, can be briefly described as two-fold :

I. To exhibit, within the compass of a single volume, a considerable body of English Verse written in the past, in connexion with the name of Mary ; and

II. To present translations from foreign languages, of poetry concerning our Blessed Lady, either of classical reputation in itself, or representative of a numerous class, or which bears the special 'imprimatur' of the Church.

The materials which have been employed to these ends may be specified more in detail, as follows :

1. Selections of moderate length from the works, original or translated, of the greater English poets, in which reverence for, or devotion to, Mary is united with high and true poetic achievement.

2. Shorter poems, mostly lyrical, many of which have been contributed by writers—English, Irish, and American—of the present and the past generation.

3. Examples, or paraphrases from Early English sources, verbally modernised, or printed in modern spelling—although, in a few instances, the old spelling has been retained.

4. Translations, old and new, mostly of marked devotional character, from foreign tongues—hymns from the Syriac and Armenian, odes from the Greek, sequences from the Latin, ‘laude’ from the Italian, and sonnets from the Spanish and Portuguese, together with gleanings from other languages. And here have been included certain poems of very ancient date, little known, but of exceptional value, as offering early testimony to the veneration of the Mother of God.

5. Quotations of, or from, legendary poetry, ballads, carols, elegies, dramatic scenes, passion-plays and Laments of our Lady, cradle-songs and lullabies, descriptions of celebrated pictures, together with songs, hymns and prayers in metre, not meant for public use.

6. Short pieces of poetry from many sources, extracts and fragments, prologues and dedications, and the like—some from authors whose works do not afford suitable passages for longer quotation.

Certain special materials of value which have been made available for this Anthology may be named :

i. Contributions have been obtained from the unpublished remains of two devout and skilful writers, who were early translators of hymns from Office-books of the Church.

ii. A manuscript collection of English and Latin verse, made nearly half-a-century ago, in view of a design similar to the present attempt, has been generously placed at the disposal of the Editor.

iii. Much material, anonymous and acknowledged, has been found imbedded, and in some cases forgotten, in

periodical literature of various dates, published in America and Ireland, as well as in England—especially in the ‘Ave Maria’ and ‘Catholic World’; the ‘Irish Monthly’; and ‘Merry England’ and the ‘Month,’ Catholic magazines belonging to the three countries respectively.

Three further points require notice. (1) As a rule, no devotional poetry, which has become familiar in our hymn-books and books of prayer, will be found in the collection. (2) Apart from the new translations, no original poetry, with few exceptions, appears for the first time in the volume. And (3) ‘English Verse’ includes poetry in our common mother-tongue, wheresoever written, all the world over.

An Anthology framed upon these lines, even if carefully planned and systematically matured, can hardly be expected to prove exhaustive, with whatever diligence all likely sources have been searched. Hence, it is probable that not a few poems, and perhaps even a few names of poets deserving a place, may here be found wanting. But, in spite of many omissions, the present selection, as a repertory of English ‘Carmina Mariana,’ though not indeed complete, is more copious and varied than any other known to the Editor.

A Bibliographical List of authors, poems, and sources, has been prepared and circulated, which affords more definite and exact information than can here be given on the literary materials from which the collection has been derived. It indicates all the available matter, known to the compiler at the date when he gathered it together, which may be acceptable for quotation in an Anthology of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Although the catalogue be long, yet the student of English literature will probably wonder that the list is not still longer; and the Editor, upon the representation of any reader,

will gladly add to it fresh authors, new poems, or unknown sources, which may have been forgotten or overlooked by him. The List will be forwarded to anyone who may be at the pains to apply to the Printers for a copy ; and it is intended to form the basis of a less imperfect catalogue which may be published in the future.

From this Bibliographical List a selection has been made, to as wide an extent as the limits of the book permitted—for, the List contains references to a far larger amount of material than could be included in the volume now completed. The method of quotation adopted in the selections which have been made, speaking generally, is as follows. As a rule that governs the majority of cases, the whole of each poem—especially of the shorter poems—is quoted at length. In poems capable of contraction, the length of which precludes the whole from being inserted, a portion only is given ; and omissions are indicated—where the context may be affected—by the employment of typographical marks of hiatus. In cases where the requirements of the subject-matter of any poem demanded a longer extract than one containing the point of the quotation—namely, a reference to our Blessed Lady—another plan has been adopted. Here, the context of the quotation is extracted, at more or less length, in order to set before the reader's eye, as it were, a picture in verse, wherein Mary stands as the central figure.

\* \* \*

The above statement formed the main portion of a circular which was widely distributed before 'Carmina Mariana' was sent to the press, and little need be added to it. The result of a suggestion it contained, that those who sympathised with the purport of the book should combine together for its production, at a slight cost to each one, was successful. The proposal met with a

response sufficiently far extended to enable the Editor, seconded by the liberal business arrangements of the Printers, to produce 'Carmina Mariana' by subscription ; and his best thanks are returned to the many friends, known and unknown, on either side alike of the Atlantic and St. George's Channel, who have thus enabled him to publish the book.

The Editor's thanks are also heartily offered to many personal friends and others who have co-operated with him, in many various ways, to produce this composite volume. Without their valuable aid, his task could hardly have been accomplished. It is needless to particularise by name ; but, a record in general terms of obligations graciously accorded will severally convey to each one concerned an implicit avowal of gratitude. Some Authors have allowed the reproduction of their original poems ; others have given time and thought to translations from living and dead languages ; and others, again, have modernised, for the first time, early poetry in our own mother-tongue. Editors—English, Irish, and American—have freely permitted their magazines to be searched, and the contents of them to be utilised in honour of Mary. Publishers have liberally sanctioned the use of their copyright property ; and executors have been not less willing to aid the work. As a rule, the utmost generosity and kindness have been extended to the Editor by writers, owners and publishers. Many friends have assisted in the way of suggestion and criticism ; and four of them have been unweariedly open to approach for counsel and advice, on special points of difficulty as they arose. One friend has carefully read through the whole of the proofs, with great advantage to exactitude in the printing of the poetry. Another charged himself with the not less labour of verifying the printed copies

with their original, or other texts, in the Library of the British Museum. An official 'Censor,' too, has been found—as a preliminary measure to the volume securing an 'Imprimatur'—not unwilling to perform the necessary and sometimes, though not in this case, thankless task. Nor may the Printers be forgotten, who not only made it materially easy for the volume to be issued, but also, did much to secure its issue in an artistic and workman-like style : nor, again, several Booksellers, who have effectually assisted in securing the success of this venture. To all and to each of these coadjutors, in the work for our Lady's honour, the Editor is grateful ; and he commends them for their reward to her, and through her, to her Divine Son.

The principle on which the selection of verse has been attempted in the following pages requires explanation. In contra-distinction to some collections, poetical merit has not been made the first, nor the main, qualification for admission to this Anthology. Merit is only one of the factors which combinedly have guided the choice here exhibited of verse in honour of, or in relation to, our Blessed Lady. 'Carmina Mariana' professes to be a work of piety ; but, it may be regarded also as a work of art : and the attempt to combine merit with edification constitutes its claim to existence. And this two-fold design of the book will, it is hoped, insure a certain amount of intelligent appreciation for its acceptance. For, whilst some of the most beautiful poems in the language, having Mary for their central idea, appear in this volume, nothing has been printed which may justly be said to be wanting in edification. Of course, the merit displayed by so large and varied a collection of verse, old and new, must be different in degree. But, whilst a phrase, or a rhyme, of which severe criticism might complain, has

been insufficient to deprive the collection of an otherwise meritorious and edifying poem ; no amount of depth of thought, or felicity of expression, has been allowed to condone for verse that is distasteful to the moral sense, or is erroneous in religious belief. In short, the simplest form of verse, and the highest efforts of poetical talent, in connection with the sacred Person commemorated, appear side by side in this Anthology.

In the compilation of the work, an effort has been made to secure the exact reproduction of the text of the poems quoted. Where such a course has been practicable, proofs have been sent, often more than once, even across the Atlantic, to every writer, or to his representative ; and the selections from deceased authors have been subjected to careful verification. The quotations have been given 'verbatim'—printers' and other errors excepted—and with full acknowledgment of source and authorship in each case in the text. The only license which the Editor begged—and not always begged successfully—from all concerned, to be granted to him, was to a large extent mechanical. He has striven, however vainly, to secure uniformity throughout the Anthology, in the matter of punctuation and spelling, in the use of capitals, and in the avoidance of italic letters and symbols which tend to disfigure the page, without enhancing the lucidity of the text.

The arrangement which has been followed in the position of the poems in 'Carmina Mariana,' as a rule, is alphabetical. No other method, though it is by no means faultless, seemed open to so few objections. But, the alphabetical order has been applied, according to convenience and circumstances, both to the names of the authors and translators, and to the title, or subject matter of the verse. Practically, it proved difficult to

adopt any order with rigid uniformity; and the plan followed has generally speaking secured variety in the topics, as well as in the metre of the poetry here offered. With the help of the Indexes, it is hoped that no difficulty will be experienced in learning the contents of the book, nor in finding any given poem which it may include.

It only remains for the Editor to mention the Publishers to whom he is indebted for the use of their copyright poetry—the names of their clients being enclosed within brackets: Mr. George Allen, of Orpington (Miss Francesca Alexander); Messrs. Bell (Miss Anna Swanwick); Messrs. Blackwood (George Eliot); Messrs. Ellis & Elvey (D. G. Rossetti); Messrs. Macmillan (Lord Tennyson); Messrs. Masters & Co. (Gerard Moultrie); Messrs. Matthews & Lane (Michael Field); Messrs. Parker (John Keble); Messrs. Pickering & Chatto; and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. (Mr. and Mrs. Browning). In addition to the above, the following firms have generously allowed the reproduction of many poems, published by themselves, which find a place in these pages—Messrs. Burns & Oates; Messrs. Longman; Mr. John Murray; and Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. If any copyrights, belonging to other publishers or authors, have been unwittingly infringed, and in a few cases the owners of such rights could not be discovered, the Editor apologises beforehand, and trusts to their courtesy for pardon.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

39, THURLOE SQUARE, S.W.  
*Christmas Eve, 1892*



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CARMINA MARIANA

AD BEATAM VIRGINEM MARIAM.

*LEO PP. XIII.*

I

Ardet pugna ferox ; Lucifer ipse, videns,  
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit.  
Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem ;  
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum ;  
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.  
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram :  
Diffugient hostes ; te duce, victor ero.

II

Auri dulce melos, dicere, Mater, Ave.  
Dicere dulce melos, O pia Mater, Ave.  
Tu mihi Deliciæ, Spes bona, castus Amor ;  
Rebus in adversis tu mihi Præsidium.  
Si, mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,  
Tristitiæ et luctus anxia sentit onus ;  
Si, natum ærumnis videris usque premi,  
Materno refove Virgo benigna sinu :  
Et, cum instante aderit morte suprema dies  
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,  
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

# Anthology

IN HONOUR OF

*THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.*

## Sequences of the Church

*ADAM OF ST. VICTOR: XII. CENTURY.*

*TRANSLATED (1892) BY 'A.'*

### I. FOR THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

*Salve, Mater Salvatoris.*

HAIL, the Saviour's Blessed Mother,  
Vase elect, above all other,  
Full of honour, Full of grace ;  
Fore-ordained from years eternal,  
And, by Wisdom's hand supernal,  
Wrought from Adam's ruined race.

Hail, the Heavenly Word forth-bringing,  
Flower from the thorns up-springing,  
Of the thorn-brake Glory born ;  
We, with many thorn-wounds redden,  
'Thou, the sinless other Eden,  
Knowest not a single thorn.

Portal folded, Fount of garden,  
 Cell, of sweetest unguents Warden,  
     Fairest coloured Fragrancy ;  
 Frankincense and myrrh excelling,  
 Kinder than the solace welling  
     From the beauteous balsam tree.

Hail, the Virgins' Glory brightest,  
 Who to pray for men delightest,  
     Who didst bear the Child for us :  
 Hail, compassion's Myrtle-flower,  
 Rose, with patience for thy dower,  
     Nard, all odoriferous.

Vale, among the mountains lying,  
 Field, where no man plough is plying—  
     Oh, the harvest of that sod :  
 Lily of that valley lowly,  
 Blossom of that field all-holy,  
     Thence, Incarnate, springs our God.

Eden of the new creation,  
 Riftless Mount, whose exhalation  
     Is undying chastity :  
 Thou of whiteness, thou of sweetness,  
 Thou of beauty art completeness—  
     Tenderness abounds in thee.

In fair art and fair material,  
 O'er thrones earthly and aërial,  
     Throne of Solomon art thou :  
 Ivory of pureness telling,  
 Gold of charity's indwelling,  
     Mysteries that throne endow.

O'er all palms the Palm up-bearing,  
None in heaven thy place is sharing,  
None on earth is peer of thine :  
Praise of every generation,  
Thy preëminent vocation  
Makes thee all, in all, outshine.

To the lunar beam like noonlight,  
To the stars like queenly moonlight,  
Things create thou shinest above :  
Light, that knows not obscuriation,  
Heat, that knows not deflagration—  
That, thy pureness ; this, thy love.

Hail, of holiness the Mother,  
Full of grace above all other,  
Three-fold Godhead's three-fold Rest ;  
Yet, with providence maternal,  
Waiting for the Word Eternal,  
Special Guest-chamber for Guest.

Star, upon the blue sea shining,  
Other stars at day declining,  
Fairer far than angels lining  
Heavenly places, nine-fold Ray ;  
From thy throne above the waters,  
Pray for us, thy sons and daughters,  
So, nor wile, nor threat of slaughters  
Make us stumble on the way.

Warriors of the high election,  
Marshalled under strong protection,  
May we see our flag's erection  
And the crafty foe's dejection,  
Through thy Mother-potency :

Jesu, Word of God Most-highest,  
 Who to suppliants nought deniest,  
 Who free grace to souls suppliest—  
 Those who stand thy Mother nighest  
 Thou preserve and make like thee.

## II. FOR FEASTS OF THE B. V. M.

### *Ave, Virgo Singularis.*

AVE, Mary, Life's fair Portal,  
 Star of Ocean, Orb immortal,  
 Virgins' Glory, Virgins' Prime ;  
 Heart and flesh one whiteness sharing ;  
 Perfect Maidenhood, yet, bearing  
 Jesus Christ our Lord, in time.

He, the Mover of creation,  
 Loveliness and separation  
 Giving earth and sky and sea,  
 Lives and reigns and all things orders,  
 With no term, nor bound, nor borders  
 To his kingdom's majesty.

Heavenly mysteries unwinding,  
 For his name fit language finding,  
 Where is now the tongue of earth ?  
 Thought on thought man vainly masses,  
 Everlasting God surpasses  
 Thought, in greatness, beauty, worth.

Where are now thy laws, O Nature,  
 Time-coeval Legislature ?

Fruitful is a Virgin's womb :  
 Him, the Verity, conceiving ;  
 Her, the Virgin, not bereaving  
 Of dear honour's lily-bloom.

In the wondrous parturition,  
As before the angel's mission,  
    Pure was Mary as the morn ;  
With no mother of his glory,  
With no sire, in mortal story,  
    God, the Word, in time was born.

Almond-blossom Rod adorning,  
Star dilated to the Morning,  
    Lo, a Virgin bears a Son ;  
Morn, with light and beauteous favour.  
Bloom, with fruit and pleasant savour,  
    There, where light and fruit were none.

He, the Witness all unerring,  
Him the True Light came averring,  
    Bread unfailing from above ;  
Bread to sons of destitution  
Asking life in absolution,  
    Bread refreshing faith and love.

By the sin of Eva Mother,  
Every flesh-descended brother  
    Is despoiled of Life's true Breath ;  
By the love of Mother Mary,  
Life and health and sanctuary  
    Come, replacing guilt and death.

O thou strong in deed and blessing,  
Thou, whom angels come confessing,  
    Mary, full of heavenly grace ;  
Thee we laud, with supplication  
That thy mighty mediation  
    May our many stains erase.

Penitence our weakness nerving,  
 We confess the deeds deserving  
     Wrath of God retributive ;  
 O grief-soothing, O crown-wearing  
 Mother of the King cross-bearing,  
     Through thy pleadings we would live.

Orisons for sad ones say thou,  
 For the sinful pardon pray thou,  
     Queen, who art to God so dear :  
 So, may he who, not abhorring  
 Virgin's womb, came life-restoring,  
     Life-restoring reappear.

Mother of the mighty Maker  
 Of all being ; meek Partaker  
     In the new life of the Cross :  
 Be thy Son the Breach-repairer,  
 Be thy Son the Comfort-bearer  
     To the sons of grief and loss.

He the character vouchsafe us—  
 Patient, when misfortunes chafe us,  
     Lowly, in the sunshine hours ;  
 Faith and hope, the heavenly purest ;  
 Charity, with life-flame surest—  
     Charity the dower of dowers.

Chastity's undying beauty,  
 And the loyal fruit of duty,  
     Set within, without, our shrine ;  
 Let our life be blossom fairest,  
 Let our death be incense rarest  
     To the heart of Love Divine.



Father, Son, and Time-exceeding  
 Spirit, from the Twain proceeding,  
     Triune God—from heart and tongue,  
 To thy Name, with hope's elateness,  
 Praise, dominion, glory, greatness,  
     Now and evermore be sung.

## Divina Commedia

*DANTE ALIGHIERI: 1265-1321.*

*TRANSLATED (1797-1812) BY H. F. CARY.*

### VISION OF PARADISE: CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT: 'Saint Bernard shows Dante, on their several thrones, other blessed souls, and tells him that, if he would obtain power to descry what remained of the Heavenly Vision, he must unite with him in supplication to Mary.' (Cary.)

FREELY the Sage, though wrapt in musings high,  
 Assumed the teacher's part, and mild began:

'The wound that Mary closed, she opened first  
 Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet  
 The third in order; underneath her, lo,  
 Rachel with Beatrice; Sarah next;  
 Judith, Rebecca, and the gleaner-maid,  
 Meek ancestress of him, who sang the songs  
 Of sore repentance in his sorrowful mood.  
 All, as I name them, down from leaf to leaf,  
 Are, in gradation, thronèd on the Rose.  
 And from the seventh step, successively,  
 Adown the breathing tresses of the flower,  
 Still doth the file of Hebrew dames proceed.  
 For these are a partition wall, whereby

The sacred stairs are severed, as the faith  
 In Christ divides them. On this part, where blooms  
 Each leaf in full maturity, are set  
 Such as in Christ, or, e'er he came, believed.  
 On the other, where an intersected space  
 Yet shows the semicircle void, abide  
 All they who looked to Christ already come.  
 And, as our Lady on her glorious stool,  
 And they who on their stools beneath her sit,  
 This way distinction make; e'en so on his,  
 The mighty Baptist that way marks the line  
 (He who endured the desert, and the pains  
 Of martyrdom, and, for two years, of hell,  
 Yet still continued holy), and beneath,  
 Augustine, Francis, Benedict, and the rest;  
 Thus far from round to round. So, heaven's decree  
 Forecasts, this garden equally to fill  
 With faith in either view, past or to come.  
 Learn too, that, downward from the step which cleaves  
 Midway the twain compartments, none there are  
 Who place obtain for merit of their own,  
 But have, through other's merit, been advanced  
 On set conditions; spirits all released,  
 Ere for themselves they had the power to choose.  
 And, if thou mark and listen to them well,  
 Their childish looks and voice declare as much.

\* \* \*

Now, raise thy view  
 Unto the visage most resembling Christ:  
 For, in her splendour only shalt thou win  
 'The power to look on him.'

Forthwith, I saw  
 Such floods of gladness on her visage showered,  
 From holy spirits winging that profound,

That, whatsoever I had yet beheld,  
 Had not so much suspended me with wonder,  
 Or shown me such similitude of God.  
 And he, who had to her descended once  
 On earth, now hailed in heaven ; and on poised wing,  
 ‘ Ave, Maria ; Gratia Plena,’ sang :  
 To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court,  
 From all parts answering, rang : that holier joy  
 Brooded the deep serene.

‘ Father revered,  
 Who deignst, for me, to quit the pleasant place  
 Wherein thou sittest, by eternal lot,  
 Say, who that angel is, that with such glee  
 Beholds our Queen, and so enamoured glows  
 Of her high beauty, that all fire he seems.’

So I again resorted to the lore  
 Of my wise teacher, he, whom Mary’s charms  
 Embellished, as the sun the morning star ;  
 Who thus in answer spake :

‘ In him are summed  
 Whate’er of buxomness and free delight  
 May be in spirit, or in angel, met :  
 And so beseems ; for, that he bare the palm  
 Down unto Mary, when the Son of God  
 Vouchsafed to clothe him in terrestrial weeds.  
 Now, let thine eyes wait heedful on my words ;  
 And note thou of this just and pious realm  
 The chiefest nobles. Those, highest in bliss,  
 The twain, on each hand next our Empress throned,  
 Are, as it were, two roots unto this Rose :  
 He to the left, the parent, whose rash taste  
 Proves bitter to his seed ; and, on the right,  
 That ancient father of the holy Church,

Into whose keeping Christ did give the keys  
 Of this sweet flower ; near whom, behold the Seer  
 That, ere he died, saw all the grievous times  
 Of the fair bride, who, with the lance and nails,  
 Was won. And, near unto the other rests  
 The leader, under whom, on manna, fed  
 The ungrateful nation, fickle and perverse.  
 On the other part, facing to Peter, lo,  
 Where Anna sits, so well content to look  
 On her loved Daughter that, with moveless eye,  
 She chants the loud Hosanna : while, opposed  
 To the first father of your mortal kind,  
 Is Lucia, at whose hest thy lady sped,  
 When on the edge of ruin closed thine eye.

But (for the vision hasteneth to an end),  
 Here we break off, as the good workman doth,  
 That shapes the cloak according to the cloth ;  
 And to the primal love our ken shall rise ;  
 That thou mayst penetrate the brightness, far  
 As sight can bear thee. Yet, alas, in sooth,  
 Beating thy pennons, thinking to advance,  
 Thou backward fallest. Grace, then, must first be gained—  
 Her grace, whose might can help thee. Thou in prayer  
 Seek her : and, with affection, whilst I sue,  
 Attend, and yield me all thy heart.'

## NOTES.

Line 1 : The Sage ; St. Bernard. Line 3 : She ; Eve. 'Eve wounded ; Mary healed' : words attributed to St. Augustine.  
 Line 7 : Gleaner-maid ; Ruth, the ancestress of David. Line 8 : Him ; David. Line 11 : The Rose ; The Company of the Blessed.  
 Line 23 : Stool ; Throne. Line 28 : Two years ; The time that elapsed between the death of the Baptist and his liberation from Hades, after the resurrection of Christ. Hell ; Hades. Line 43 : The visage ; i.e. Of our Blessed Lady. Line 52 : He ; Gabriel.  
 Line 83 : The Seer ; St. John, the Apostle. (Mainly from Cary.)

## Sacred Poetry of St. Alphonsus

*ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI:*

1696–1787.

*TRANSLATED BY EDMUND VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R.*

FROM 'HYMNS AND VERSES ON SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS,' 1863.

### I. MARY, OUR HOPE.

MARY, thou art Hope the brightest,

Love most pure and sweet ;

Life and peace I find, reposing

At thy blessed feet.

When I call on thee, O Mary,

When I think on thee,

Joy and pleasure all-entrancing

Fill my heart with glee.

If anon the clouds of sadness

Rise within my heart,

When they hear thy name, O Mary,

Quickly they depart.

Like a star on life's dark ocean

Shining o'er the wave,

Thou canst guide my bark to harbour,

Thou my soul canst save.

Under thy protecting mantle,

Queen beloved, I fly ;

There, I wish to live securely ;

There, I hope to die.

When I come my life to finish,  
 Mary, loving thee,  
 Then, I also know, dear Lady,  
 Heaven is gained for me.

Cast thy gentle bonds around me,  
 And my heart enchain,  
 Prisoner of love for ever  
 Safe will I remain.

Thus, my heart, O sweetest Mary,  
 Is not mine, but thine :  
 Take it ; give it all to Jesus ;  
 Ne'er shall it be mine.

## II. ASPIRATIONS TO MARY.

KNOWEST thou, sweet Mary,  
 Whereto I aspire ?  
 'Tis my hope to love thee—  
 This is my desire.  
 I would e'er be near thee,  
 Queen most fair and sweet ;  
 Do not, do not drive me  
 From my Mother's feet.  
 Then, O Rose most lovely,  
 Let me hear from thee ;  
 Loving Mother, tell me,  
 What thou wilt of me.  
 More I cannot offer—  
 Lo, I bring my heart ;  
 Lovingly I give it,  
 Ne'er from thee to part.  
 Lady, thou didst take it  
 'Tis no longer mine ;  
 Long since thou didst love it  
 And its love was thine.

Do not then forsake me,  
 Mother of sweet Love,  
 Till one day thou greet me  
 Safe in heaven above.

### III. ON THE LOVELINESS OF MARY.

RAISE your voices, vales and mountains,  
 Flowery meadows, streams and fountains,  
 Praise, oh, praise the loveliest Maiden  
 Ever the Creator made.

Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing,  
 Little birds with joyful singing,  
 Come with mirthful praises laden—  
 To your Queen be homage paid.

Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee,  
 Say, what beauty God sheds o'er thee :  
 Praise and thanks to him be given,  
 Who in love created thee.

Like a sun with splendour glowing,  
 Gleams thy heart with love o'erflowing ;  
 Like the moon in starry heaven,  
 Shines thy peerless purity.

Like the rose and lily blooming,  
 Sweetly heaven and earth perfuming,  
 Stainless, spotless, thou appearest—  
 Queenly beauty graces thee.  
 But, to God, in whom thou livest,  
 Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,  
 When to him in beauty nearest,  
 Yet, so humble thou canst be.

American Verse from 'the Catholic  
World,' New York, 1868-1888.

*VARIOUS WRITERS.*

I. ROSARY BEADS.

WHITE BEADS.

FROM loving fingers drop the Ave-beads—  
 White, as the lilies Gabriel doth bear,  
 Greeting the Angels' Queen, whose maiden prayer  
 Pleads with Jehovah her loved Israel's needs :  
 White, as the snow that lieth Christmas morn,  
 Unbroken yet by footstep falling o'er :  
 White, as the doves the humble Mother bore  
 Unto the temple, with her pure First-born :  
 White, as her soul to whom we trustful call,  
 Mindful of life that sudden perisheth,  
 'Ave, Maria ; hold us dear in death,  
 Loosen with thy pure touch from earthly thrall  
 Our struggling prayers, so poor and faint of breath'—  
 So, each white bead grow perfect act of faith.

GREEN BEADS.

DROP one by one the beads of malachite,  
 By martyr-pontiff blessed—'Cross of the cross,'  
 Brave hope uplifted in night's hour of loss,  
 Strong light unfailing in wrong's night of might.  
 Thoughts steeped in tears fall with each rounded gem—  
 The bitter chalice of Gethsemani ;  
 The rabble's choice of Cæsar's sovereignty ;  
 Rome seeming shadow of Jerusalem,



Saint-trodden city still more blessed grown  
 Through gentle presence of a wounded heart—  
 Of heavenly model earthly counterpart—  
 Bearing the cross 'mid mockery from its own ;  
 Blest cross, that shineth in tear-clouded eyes,  
 E'er-budding hope of opening paradise.

## RED BEADS.

AND last, from lingering fingers fall the prayers  
 Of triumph, on blood-red cornelian told ;  
 Of love, that doth its heavenly glow unfold  
 To light the cross the Lamb-redeeming bears,  
 The shadow of the prisoned souls to break ;  
 Each prayer enkindled by the touch of love—  
 The Fire Divine descended from above  
 True life to give, pale embers to awake ;  
 Each bead a blossom of that marvellous bloom  
 That filled its Mistress' barren place of rest ;  
 The stony petals, with her dear name blest,  
 Breathing sweet charity's most rich perfume,  
 Burning with love of tender soul bent down  
 To kiss Christ's cross, his Mother's roses-crown.

## NOTE.

No. I. Green Beads. Line 2 : ' Cross of the cross ' ; the symbolical motto ascribed to Pope Pius IX. by the prophecy attributed to St. Malachi.

## II. FULL OF GRACE.

FLOWERS in the field and odours on the air,  
 The spring-time everywhere ;  
 Music of singing birds and rippling rills,  
 Soft breezes from the hills ;  
 So, broke the sweetest season, long ago,  
 Far from this death-cold snow



Walk this brief, sin-surrounded tract of life,  
     Wage this short, sharpest strife,  
 Which must be passed and won before the rest,  
     The triumph of the blessed.  
 And when the hour supreme of fate shall come,  
     And at our promised home  
 We wait in breathless and expectant dread,  
     Between the quick and dead—  
 Then, may the angel-warders of the place  
     Welcome us, 'full of grace.'

### III. ECHOES TO MARY : A SPANISH POEM.

Who gently dries grief's falling tear? Maria.  
 Of fairy flowers, which fairest blows? The rose.  
 What seekest thou, poor plaining dove? My love.  
     Rejoice, thou mourning Dove :  
     Earth's peerless Rose, without a thorn,  
     Unfolds its bloom this natal morn—  
     Maria, Rose of Love.

What craves the heart of storms the sport? A port.  
 And what, the fevered patient's quest? Calm rest.  
 What ray to cheer when shadows slope? Hope.  
     O Mary, Mother blest,  
     Through nights of gloom, through days of fear,  
     Thy love the ray by which to steer,  
     Bright Hope, to Port of Rest.

Desponding heart, what gift will please? Heart of ease.  
 What scent reminds us of a hidden saint? Jessamine  
     faint.  
 What caught its hue from the azure sky? Violet's-eye.  
     O Mary, peerless Dower,

A balm to soothe, love's odour sweet,  
 A glimpse of heaven, in thee we greet—  
 Heart's-ease, Jessamine, Violet-flower.

Of Mary's love, who most secure? The pure.  
 What lamp diffuses light afar? A star.  
 When is light-wingèd zephyr born? At morn.  
 Mine eyes, with watching worn,  
 Will vigil keep till day returns;  
 To see thy light my spirit yearns,  
 Mary Pure, Star of Morn.

What name most sweet to dying ear? Maria.  
 On heavenly hosts who smiles serene? Their Queen.  
 What joy is perfected above? Love.  
 Welcome, thou spotless Dove :  
 Awake, my soul ; celestial mirth  
 This day brings purest joy to earth—  
 Maria, Queen of Love.

#### IV. NOT YET.

METHOUGHT the King of Terrors came my way,  
 Whom all men flee, and none esteem it base.  
 But lo, his smile forbidding me dismay,  
 I stood—and dared to look him in the face.  
 'So soon,' the only murmur in my heart :  
 For I had shaped the deeds of many years —  
 Ambitioning atonement ; and in part,  
 To reap in joy what I had sown in tears.  
 Then, turning to our Lady : 'O my Queen,  
 'Twere very sweet already to have won  
 My crown, and pass to see as I am seen,  
 And never more offend thy blessed Son :  
 Yet, would I stay—and for myself, I own—  
 To stand, at last, the nearer to thy throne.'

## V. THE ANNUNCIATION.

'I. D.'

*Ave, Gratia Plena.*

POISED on the well's mossed brink the unfilled ewer :  
 And one dropped lily at her whiter feet  
 Unnoted. Does she listen? What sound so sweet,  
 Her soul from out the bosom's coverture  
 Into those raptured eyes, could so allure ?  
 Or, with some vision unfolded there where meet  
 Wan sands and sky-line, is her sense replete ?  
 Nay, but not these ; but lo, God's time mature.  
 I.o, the lit air, the sudden glory poured  
 And fragrance shed ; and, from the splendid space  
 Forth-issuing, as a passion freighted chord  
 Midst some vast minster's echoing arches waking,  
 A voice, in wave on wave of sweetness, breaking  
 Upon her spell-bound soul, ' Hail ; Full of grace.'

*Fiat Mihi.*

WHAT tremor of delight thrills earth and sky,  
 And wakes the nested birds, and turns the air  
 From violet to gold? And hark, what rare  
 Sphere-music mingles with the numerous sigh  
 Of wind-swayed palms? And mark, how crimsoned lie  
 The lone and glimmering sands. Ah, grown aware  
 Of God, the quickened earth is loth to fare  
 Into the joyless night. Thou shalt not die,  
 O crown of all days risen. For, ne'er since broke  
 The primal dawn, when stars of morning heard  
 God's voice and sang together, ne'er since woke  
 Its myriad life, has Nature so been stirred  
 To the great soul's deeps, as when this Maiden spoke,  
 And in her womb Incarnate lay the Word.

*Ecce, Ancilla Domini.*

HANDMAIDEN—but Queen crowned and throned above  
 God's kingdoms and all hearts—hence, nevermore  
 Shall one in dreams the hidden realms explore  
 Of absolute loveliness, and know not of  
 This perfect face now radiant with new love—  
 Thy rare face unrecorded—and before  
 Thy beauty shall not all his heart outpour  
 Transfigured, e'en as now, beneath the Dove,  
 Beside thy ewer, beside the brimming well,  
 The bending palm o'erhead, and at thy feet,  
 In the well's imaged heavens, one tremulous star ;  
 While, at thy heart, that song oracular  
 Gathers to fulness, and inviolable  
 Sweet Maidenhood and Motherhood first meet.

## VI. LE REPOS EN ÉGYPTE : THE SPHINX.

*AGNES REPPLIER.*

ALL day I watch the stretch of burning sand ;  
 All night I brood beneath the golden stars ;  
 Amid the silence of a desolate land,  
 No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.  
 Built by the proudest of a kingly line,  
 Over my head the centuries fly fast ;  
 The secrets of the mighty dead are mine ;  
 I hold the key of a forgotten past.  
 Yet, ever hushed into a rapturous dream,  
 I see again that night. A halo mild  
 Shone from the liquid moon. Beneath her beam  
 Travelled a tired young Mother and her Child.  
 Within mine arms she slumbered, and alone  
 I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide  
 Lay stretched o'er-wearied. On my breast of stone  
 Rested the Crucified.

## VII. MOTHERHOOD.

*GEORGE ROTHSAY.*

'BEHOLD thy Mother, Son,' he said whose word  
     His mystic presence to our altars gave,  
     Whose holy feet trod Galilee's dark wave.  
 The gentle voice whose whispers he had heard  
 Where Egypt's breezes the palm branches stirred,  
     John, the beloved, from grief's despond to save,  
 The hand that oft his infant brow did lave,  
 Henceforth to minister to him preferred.  
 Oh, be it Motherhood, like Bethlehem's, sweet,  
     Or, of Golgotha's sorrow-freighted hour,  
 God hath ordained it, to his mind most meet,  
     Made woman's heart the agent of his power.  
 Though other loves man's trust through life may cheat,  
     These will remain, through all unchanged, of strength  
     a tower.

## VIII. JEANNE D'ARC.

*THOMAS EWING STEELE.*

FULL many a time in earth's eventful day  
     A virgin's strength hath made the people free,  
 A virgin's hand the tyrant dared to slay,  
     A virgin's soul hath bowed to fate's decree.  
 Saved by a Virgin—runs the Jewish tale;  
     Homeric echoes chant the monody;  
 The Roman sibyls' wild, prophetic wail  
     Sang of 'the Virgin' that was yet to be.  
 So, in that sunny land beyond the sea,  
 When savage warfare bade the folk despair,  
 A maiden, dauntless as her fame is fair—  
     A virgin clad in heaven's panoply—  
 Drove the oppressor to the further shore,  
 And freed the ungrateful people evermore.

## ‘Students’-day’ in the National Gallery

*SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.*

FROM ‘IN MY LADY’S PRAISE,’ 1890.

Written when she was copying the Madonna of Perugino, 1868.

OUT of all the hundred fair Madonnas  
 Seen in many a rich and distant city—  
 Sweet Madonnas, with the mother’s bosoms ;  
 Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish ;  
 Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds to heaven  
 (Clouds of golden, glad, adoring angels)—  
 She of Florence in ‘the Chair,’ so perfect ;  
 She that was the ‘Grand Duke’s’ wealth and glory ;  
 She that makes the picture of ‘the Goldfinch’ ;  
 Ghirlandajo’s with the cloak and jewels ;  
 Guido’s Queen, whom men and angels worship ;  
 Della Robbia’s best ; and that sweet ‘Perla,’  
 Seville’s bright boast, Mary of Murillo  
 (Painted, so they vow, with milk and roses) ;  
 Guido Reni’s ‘Quadro’ at Bologna ;  
 Munich’s masterpiece, grim Dürer’s Goddess ;  
 Yes, and thy brave work, Beltraffio mio—  
 Many as the lessons are I owe them,  
 Thanks and wonder, worship, grateful memories,  
 Oftenest I shall think of Perugino’s.

Do you know it? Either side a triptych  
 Stands an armed archangel, as to guard her,  
 Glorious, with great wings and shining armour :  
 In the middle panel, pure and tender,  
 Clasp close her hands, with adoration,  
 (All the mother’s love, the mortal’s worship,



In their yearning, in their reverence, painted)  
Gazes Mary on the Child. A seraph  
Holds him, smiling, at her knees ; and smiling,  
Looks she down with spirit humbly-happy,  
Full, to the heart's brim, of the peace of heaven.  
Reverence mingles with the Mother's passion,  
But, no touch of sadness, or of doubting.  
Far away a river runneth seaward,  
(Little now, like truth ; like truth, to widen)  
Leads the light across a blue dim country,  
Under peaks, by forests, to the ocean :  
Soft and warm, a pearly sky broods over  
Where three-winged ones, at the Father's footstool,  
Sing the 'peace and goodwill' song to mortals.  
If you ask me, why that Perugino  
Of the rest can never be forgotten,  
Let this serve : I learned a lesson by it,  
Watching one whose light and faithful fingers—  
Following touch by touch her lovely labour—  
Caught the master's trick and made him modern.  
While she bent above her new Madonna,  
Laid the lucid smalts and touched the crimsons,  
Swept the shadows under the gilt tresses,  
Smoothed the sinless brows, and drooped the eyelids  
(What the master did, so also doing).  
I bethought me : True and good the toil is ;  
Noble thus to double gifts of beauty ;  
Yet, alas, this 'peace and good-will' anthem—  
If the dear Madonna knew what ages,  
Slowly following ages, would creep o'er us,  
And those words be still as wind that passes,  
Breathing fragrance from a land we know not,  
Sighing music to a tune we catch not,  
Stirring hearts, as leaves, in the night, a little

Shake, and sleep again, and wait for sunlight  
(Sweet, glad sunlight, oh, so long a-coming),  
Would she smile so? I had painted rather  
(While she listened to those singing angels)  
Mary, with a sword-blade in her bosom  
(Sword that was to pierce her heart, of all hearts) ;  
I had shown her with deep eyes of trouble,  
Half afraid to credit that evangel ;  
I had limned her 'pondering all those sayings,'  
All our later agonies foreseeing,  
After all our years have heard 'the tidings.'

But the artist, painting bold and largely ;  
Washing soft and clear the broadening colours ;  
With a liberal brush, at skilful working,  
Linking lights and shadows on the visage,  
Dropped by hazard there one drop of water.  
Lo, a tear, I thought, that teaches Pietro ;  
That is wiser than the master's wisdom ;  
Now the picture's meaning will be perfect ;  
For she could not be so calm, Christ's Mother,  
Could she? even though archangels kept her,  
Could she? even though those sang in heaven,  
Knowing how her world would roll beyond them,  
Twenty centuries past this sacred moment,  
Out of sound of this angelic singing ;  
Loaded with the wrongs Christ's justice rights not,  
Reddened with the blood Christ's teachings stanch not,  
Reeking with the tears Christ's pity stays not.  
Let the tear shine there : it suits the story :  
Tear and smile go wondrous well together,  
Seeing that this song was sung by angels,  
Seeing that the foolish world gainsays it.  
That one lustrous drop completes the picture :  
You forgot it, Peter of Perugia.

Ah, I did not know an artist's wisdom ;  
 I had still to learn my deepest lesson :  
 She I watched, with better thought inspired,  
 Took some tender colour in her pencil  
 (Faint dawn-colour, blush of rose, I marked not),  
 Touched the tear and melted it to brightness ;  
 Spread it in a heavenly smile all over ;  
 Magically made it turn to service ;  
 Till that tear, charged with its rosy tintings,  
 Deepened the first sweet smile, and left it lovelier—  
 Like the master's work, complete, sufficient.

Then, I thought : Pietro's wise Madonna  
 Was too wise to weep at little sorrows :  
 Christ and she and heaven and all the angels  
 Last—'tis sin, and grief, alone which passes.  
 Roses grow of dew, and smiles from weeping ;  
 Sweetest smile is made of saddest tear-drop ;  
 She hath not forgotten we shall suffer ;  
 In her heart that sword, to the heft, is planted :  
 But, beyond the years, she sees time over ;  
 Past the Calvary, she counts the 'mansions.'  
 Dear Madonna, wise to be so happy,  
 Should you weep, because we have not listened ?  
 We shall listen : and his Mother knows it.  
 This is why, of many rare Madonnas,  
 Most of all I think on Perugino's,  
 I, who know so many more and love them ;  
 This is why I thank my gentle artist,  
 She who taught me that, a student's wisdom.

## NOTES.

Lines 7, 8, and 9 : By Raphael, at Florence. Line 10 : At Florence. Line 11 : Guido da Siena, a predecessor of Cimabue, xiii. century, at Florence. Line 12 : At Florence. Line 17 : In the Louvre, Paris. Line 20 : In the National Gallery, London.

## Art Studies

### I. HYMN XV. OF NOVALIS—

G. F. P. VON HARDENBERG : 1772-1801.

*HENRY CURWEN.*

FROM 'SORROW AND SONG,' 1875.

I HAVE seen thee in the visions of the master-minds of  
time,  
In a thousand pictured glories of a loveliness sublime ;  
And with these, and sweet brain-fancies, would my long-  
ing fondly weave thee ;  
But, to mortal eyes thou comest not, as my soul did once  
perceive thee :  
And, since then, the roar and turmoil of the weary world  
is stilled,  
And with harmonies of heaven hath my daily life been  
thrilled.

### II. ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN : A PICTURE BY VAN DER WEYDEN.

*EDWARD DOWDEN.*

FROM 'POEMS,' 1876.

IT was Luke's will : and she, the Mother-Maid,  
Would not gainsay ; to please him pleased her best.  
See, here she sits, with dovelike heart at rest,  
Brooding, and smoothest brow ; the Babe is laid  
On lap and arm, glad for the unarrayed  
And swatheless limbs he stretches. Lightly pressed  
By soft maternal fingers, the full breast  
Seeks him, while half a sidelong glance is stayed

By her own bosom, and half passes down  
 To reach the Boy. Through door and window-frame  
 Bright airs flow in ; a river tranquilly  
 Washes the small, glad Netherlandish town.  
 Innocent calm : no token here of shame,  
 A pierced heart, sunless heaven, and Calvary.

### III. RELIQUARIES : A FRAGMENT.

*DAVID GRAY* : 1836-1888.

FROM 'LIFE, POEMS, ETC,' BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1888.

I THINK—while softer fancies sleep—  
 Of those old altar-pictures quaint,  
 Which pure-souled Memm'ling loved to paint :  
 Or, those that in fair Florence keep  
 His fame, as limner and as saint,  
 Who, kneeling, painted heaven—and so,  
 Was named of men Angelico.

All shut, such reliquaries stand,  
 Rich paintings on each folded lid  
 That keeps the inner beauty hid,  
 And almost one is stopped to gaze,  
 And half—before the doors expand—  
 Would lift the censer of his praise.

But, open ; and there straightway beam  
 Such glories of the fairer dream,  
 All other light is quenched than its.  
 Unclouded glows the golden air,  
 And ringed with heaven's own aureole,  
 The very deep of beauty's soul  
 Throbs visible, where the Virgin sits.

IV. ON A PICTURE OF THE ASSUMPTION:  
AFTER FRAY LUIS PONCE DE LEON:  
1528-1591.

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW:*  
1807-1882.

LADY, thine upward flight  
The opening heavens receive with joyful song;  
Blest who thy mantle bright  
May seize among the throng,  
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee;  
They that have served thee from thy birth are there;  
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;  
Thou, peerless Queen of Air,  
As sandals to thy feet, the silver moon dost wear.

V. ON A HOLY FAMILY:  
BY J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE: 1749-1832.  
*W. EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN:* 1813-1865.

FROM 'POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE,' 1859.

O CHILD of beauty rare—  
O Mother, chaste and fair—  
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare.  
She, in her Infant blest,  
And he in conscious rest,  
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast.  
What joy that sight might bear  
To him who sees them there,  
If with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye  
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

VI. FOR 'OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS':  
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

*DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*: 1828-1882.

FROM 'POEMS,' 1870.

MOTHER, is this the darkness of the end,  
The shadow of death? And is that outer sea  
Infinite, imminent eternity?  
And does the death-pang, by man's seed sustained  
In time's each instant, cause thy face to bend  
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he  
Blesses the dead, with his hand silently,  
To his long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult,  
Keen as these rocks; and the bewildered souls  
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.  
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,  
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue,  
Amid the bitterness of things occult.

VII. LINES FOR A DRAWING OF 'OUR  
LADY OF THE NIGHT.'

*FRANCIS THOMPSON*.

FROM 'THE USHAW MAGAZINE,' 1890.

THIS, could I paint my inward sight,  
This, were our Lady of the Night:  
She bears on her front's lucency  
The starlight of her purity:  
For, as the white rays of that star  
The union of all colours are,  
She sums all virtues that may be  
In her sweet light of purity.

The mantle which she holds on high  
 Is the great mantle of the sky.  
 Think, O sick toiler, when the night  
 Comes on thee, sad and infinite,  
 Think, sometimes, 'tis our own Lady  
 Spreads her blue mantle over thee,  
 And folds the earth, a wearied thing,  
 Beneath its gentle shadowing :  
 Then, rest a little ; and in sleep  
 Forget to weep, forget to weep.

VIII. THE VIRGIN MARY LOOKING THROUGH  
 A WINDOW AT THE CROSS, WHICH  
 IS ONLY SUGGESTED : A PICTURE BY  
 PAUL DELAROCHE.

*RICHARD WILTON, M.A.*

FROM 'WOOD-NOTES,' 1873.

AWE-STRUCK, she gazes through an open space,  
 Or lattice, at that mystery of woe,  
 Which art abashed attempts not here to show :  
 But, every tragic circumstance we trace  
 Reflected in the anguish of her face.  
 The sight, unseen by us, we darkly know  
 From those affrighted eyes, that Form bent low,  
 On which the last rays fall of sinking grace.  
 Thus, through faith's lattice, as I daily gaze  
 On that sad vision veiled from worldly eyes,  
 May the great sight control my words and ways,  
 And all my life transform and solemnise ;  
 That eyes, which see not him, may see in me  
 Some reflex of the saving tragedy.



## Ave, Maria; a Breton Legend, 1877.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

FROM 'SOLILOQUIES IN SONG,' 1882.

IN the Ages of Faith, before the day  
 When men were too proud to weep, or pray,  
 There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,  
 Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,  
 A chapel for simple souls to meet  
 Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

'Ave, Maria.'

There was an Idiot, palsied, bleared,  
 With unkempt locks and a matted beard,  
 Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,  
 And whose head kept rolling from side to side ;  
 Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,  
 Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,

'Ave, Maria.'

But, when they up-got and wended home,  
 Those up the hill-side, these to the foam,  
 He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,  
 Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;  
 On as he hobbled, chanting still,  
 Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

'Ave, Maria.'

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,  
 And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,  
 And ran up the sail, and trimmed his craft,  
 While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,  
 The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
 Then, suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,

'Ave, Maria.'

Others might plough and reap and sow,  
 Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
 Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
 Or trundle their dead in a winding sheet ;  
 But he, through rapture and pain and wrong,  
 Kept singing his one monotonous song,

‘Ave, Maria.’

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,  
 And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
 And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,  
 And tore through the forest with jagged teeth ;  
 Then, leaped and laughed o’er the havoc wreaked,  
 The Idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

‘Ave, Maria.’

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,  
 As he slouched, or sidled, along the street ;  
 Maidens shrank as he passed them by,  
 And mothers with child eschewed his eye ;  
 And half in pity, half scorn, the folk  
 Christened him, from the words he spoke,

‘Ave, Maria.’

One year, when the harvest feasts were done,  
 And the mending of tattered nets begun,  
 And the kittiwake’s scream took a weirder key,  
 From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,  
 He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,  
 Frozen and faint and crooning low,

‘Ave, Maria.’

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,  
 And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,  
 Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,  
 And strove to quiet his chattering chin ;  
 But, ebbing with unreturning tide,  
 He kept on murmuring, till he died.

‘Ave, Maria.’

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,  
 He could not be buried in sacred earth ;  
 So, they laid him afar, apart, alone,  
 Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,  
 Senseless clay unto senseless clay,  
 To which none ever came nigh, to say,  
‘ Ave, Maria.’

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,  
 And the lark bore his music out of sight,  
 And the swallow outraced the racing wave,  
 Up from the lonely, outcast grave  
 Sprouted a lily, straight and high,  
 Such as she bears to whom men cry,  
‘ Ave, Maria.’

None had planted it ; no one knew  
 How it had come there, why it grew ;  
 Grew up strong, till its statcly stem  
 Was crowned with a snow-white diadem—  
 One pure lily, round which, behold,  
 Was written by God, in veins of gold,  
‘ Ave, Maria.’

Over the lily they built a shrine,  
 Where are mingled the mystic Bread and Wine—  
 Shrine you may see in the little town  
 That is snugly nestled ’twixt deep and down :  
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,  
 And it bears the unshriven Idiot’s name,  
‘ Ave, Maria.’

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,  
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,  
 Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,  
 The gentle’s pity, the cruel’s scorn—  
 Who shall bar you the Gates of Day,  
 So you have simple faith to say,  
‘ Ave, Maria ’?

## Authors' Invocations to Mary

### I. AUTHOR'S PRAYER FOR HIMSELF AND HIS READER.

*EDWARD CASWALL, OF THE  
ORATORY, M.A.: 1814-1878.*

FROM THE SECOND EDITION OF A 'TALE OF TINTERN,'  
CANTO VI., 1873.

O THOU, dear Glory of the Skies,  
And Queen of our new Paradise,  
Who ever wert so good to me  
And art so high in dignity,  
That it transcendeth human heart  
So to conceive thee as thou art,  
Thus far my bark has safe been steered —  
But now, the risk I long have feared  
Approaching, much I feel dismay,  
Lest I should aught unworthy say  
Of that sweet Majesty so great,  
Which men and angels venerate.  
Ah then, true Poetess divine,  
By that high canticle of thine  
Whose words enchant the world, my need  
Assist, nor less of those who read,  
That, while beneath an outward guise  
I shadow hidden verities,  
They of my parable aright  
May judge, nor, unobservant quite,  
A lower meaning bear away  
Where it a higher would convey.

## II. AUTHOR'S ENTREATY FOR HIS LAY.

*BROTHER EYSTEIN, REGULAR*

OF THE MONASTERY OF THYKKVIBGER.

*TRANSLATED (1870) BY EIRIKR MAGNUSSON.*FROM 'LILJA (THE LILY)'; AN ICELANDIC RELIGIOUS POEM OF  
THE XIV. CENTURY.

THEE, May and Mother, I entreat  
That, by thine intercession sweet,  
From out my mouth a truthful lore,  
In verses smoothly wrought, may pour ;  
That, from my lips both soft and bright,  
As if in glowing gold bedight,  
The words proclaimed of old may ring ;  
To God that gift I needs must bring.

\* \* \*

This Mary is our Mother bright,  
With honour decked, a Flower of might,  
And bloometh like a ruddy rose,  
Which by a living fountain grows ;  
A fragrant Root of lowliness ;  
A Ray of the Spirit's holiness ;  
She loves but God and who are good ;  
In virtue is she like to God.

\* \* \*

Thou, Mary, art our Mother bright ;  
Thou, Mary, art with honour dight ;  
Thou, Mary, beamest bright with love—  
O Mary, baleful sin remove ;  
O Mary, by our faults and fears,  
O Mary, heed our flowing tears ;  
O Mary, our great afflictions calm ;  
Pour, Mary, o'er our wounds thy balm.

\* \* \*

With loving kindness, Mary, deign  
 My heart to fill, as I would fain,  
 That, if I might still farther bring  
 My lay, thy praise therein should ring ;  
 But, higher praise, in verses made  
 On Christ's dear Mother could ne'er be said,  
 Than, that thou art by God alone,  
 O May, in purity outshone.

III. TO ASK OUR LADY'S PATRONAGE FOR  
 A BOOK ON COLUMBUS : A FRAGMENT.

*THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE*: 1825-1868.

STAR of the Sea, to whom, age after age,  
 The maiden kneels whose lover sails the sea ;  
 Star, that the drowning death-pang can assuage,  
 And shape the soul's course to eternity ;  
 Mother of God, in Bethlehem's crib confined,  
 Mother of God, to Egypt's realm exiled,  
 Thee do I ask to aid my anxious mind,  
 And make this book find favour with thy Child.

Of one, who lived and laboured in thy ray,  
 I would rehearse the striving and success ;  
 Through the dense past I ne'er shall find my way,  
 Unless thou helpest, holy Comfortress :  
 A world of doubt and darkness to evade ;  
 An ocean all unknown to Christian kind ;  
 Another world by nature's self arrayed,  
 O'er the wide waste of waves, I seek to find.

## IV. APPEAL FOR ILLUMINATION.

*LUIGI PULCI: 1431-1487.**TRANSLATED BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD  
BYRON: 1788-1824.*

FROM THE 'MORGANTE MAGGIORE,' CANTO I. STANZA 2.

AND thou, O Virgin, Daughter, Mother, Bride  
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key  
 Of heaven and hell, and everything beside,  
 The day thy Gabriel said 'All hail' to thee,  
 Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,  
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free—  
 Be to my verses, then, benignly kind,  
 And to the end illuminate my mind.

## V. PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

*SINCERUS SANNAZARIUS: 1458-1530.**TRANSLATED (1839) BY JOHN C. EUSTACE.*

FROM 'THE DELIVERY OF THE VIRGIN,' BOOK III.

## CELESTIAL Queen,

Thou on whom men below and saints above  
 Their hopes repose ; on whom the bannered hosts  
 Of heaven attend—ten thousand squadrons armed,  
 Ten thousand cars self-moved, the clarion shrill,  
 The trumpet's voice—while round in martial pomp,  
 Orb within orb, the thronging seraphs wheel :  
 If on thy fane, of snow-white marble reared,  
 I offer yearly garlands ; if I raise  
 Enduring altars in the hollowed rock  
 Where Mergyllina, lifting her tall head,  
 Looks down upon the foamy waves beneath—  
 A sea-mark to the passing sailor's eye ;  
 If, with due reverence to thy name, I pay  
 The solemn rites, the sacrificial pomp,  
 When each returning year we celebrate

The wondrous mystery of the Birth Divine—  
 Do thou assist thy feeble bard, unused  
 To tasks so great and wandering on his way :  
 Guide thou my efforts and inspire my song.

## VI. THE POET'S PETITION FOR HIS SONG.

*PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY*: 1792-1822.

FROM 'EPIPSYCHIDION,' 1821.

SERAPH of Heaven, too gentle to be human,  
 Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
 All that is insupportable in thee  
 Of light and love and immortality :  
 Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse ;  
 Veiled Glory of this lampless universe ;  
 'Thou Moon beyond the clouds ; thou living Form  
 Among the dead ; thou Star above the storm ;  
 'Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror ;  
 'Thou Harmony of nature's art ; thou Mirror  
 In whom, as in the splendour of the sun,  
 All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on ;  
 Aye, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
 Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow—  
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song  
 All of its much mortality and wrong,  
 With those clear drops which start like sacred dew  
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,  
 Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :  
 'Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

### NOTES.

No. II. Lines first and last : May ; May is the true Middle-English form of Maid, Maiden, or Virgin. (Translator.) No. V. Line 11 : Meryllina ; Villa Meryllina, the gift to the poet by his patron, Frederick, King of Naples. No. VI. Line 9 : Terror ; 'Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?' (Ant. vi. 9. Opinions are divided on Shelley's intention in the personal object of his invocation. (Editor.)



## Hymns from the Little Office of Our Lady

ATTRIBUTED, EXCEPT TWO STANZAS,  
TO VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS: VI.  
CENTURY.

TRANSLATED (1845) BY J. A. DOMINIC AYLWARD,  
O. P.: 1813-1872.

### I. AT MATINS :

*Quem terra, pontus, æthera.*

WHOM earth and sea and sky proclaim  
The Ruler of their triple frame,  
He, unto whom their praises rise,  
Within the womb of Mary lies.  
Her womb, the seat of every grace,  
Is now the Lord's abiding place ;  
That Lord to whom the sun by day,  
The moon by night, their homage pay.  
O happy Mother that thou art,  
Close underneath thy beating heart  
Lies the Creator-God, who planned  
The world he holds within his hand.  
Blest by the herald-angel's tongue,  
O'er thee God's shadowing Spirit hung  
And filled thy womb—whence issued forth  
The Long-desired of all the earth.  
O Mary, Mother of all Grace  
And Mercy to our sinful race,  
Drive back the foe ; and to thy Son  
Lead thou our souls when life is done.  
All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, by all adored ;  
And equal praise for ever greet  
The Father and the Paraclete.

## II. AT LAUDS :

*O Gloriosa Domina.*

O GLORIOUS LADY, throned in light,  
 Sublime above the starry height,  
 Whose arms thine own Creator pressed,  
 A Suckling at thy sacred breast.  
 Through the dear Blossom of thy womb,  
 Thou changest hapless Eva's doom ;  
 Through thee to contrite souls is given  
 An opening to their home in heaven.  
 Thou art the great King's Portal bright,  
 The shining Gate of living light ;  
 Come then, ye ransomed nations, sing  
 The Life Divine 'twas hers to bring.  
 Mother of Love and Mercy mild,  
 Mother of graces undefiled,  
 Drive back the foe, and to thy Son  
 Lead thou our souls when life is done.  
 All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
 A Virgin's Son, by all adored,  
 With Sire and Spirit, Three in One,  
 While everlasting ages run.

## III. AT PRIME, TERCE, SEXT, AND NONE :

*Memento, Salutis Auctor.*

AUTHOR of Grace, sweet Saviour mine,  
 Remember that thy flesh divine  
 From the unsullied Virgin came,  
 In likeness of our mortal frame.  
 Mother of Love and Mercy mild,  
 Mother of graces undefiled,  
 Protect us now from Satan's power,  
 And take us at life's closing hour.

All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
 A Virgin's Son, by all adored,  
 And equal praise for ever greet  
 The Father and the Paraclete.

## IV. AT VESPERS :

*Ave, Maris Stella.*

HAIL, thou brightest Star of Ocean ;  
 Hail, thou Mother of our God ;  
 Hail, thou Ever-sinless Virgin,  
 Gateway of the blest abode.  
 Ave ; 'tis an angel's greeting—  
 Thou didst hear his music sound,  
 Changing thus the name of Eva—  
 Shed the gifts of peace around.  
 Burst the sinner's bonds in sunder ;  
 Pour the day on darkling eyes ;  
 Chase our ills ; invoke upon us  
 All the blessings of the skies.  
 Show thyself a watchful Mother ;  
 And may he our pleadings hear,  
 Who for us a helpless Infant  
 Owned thee for his Mother dear.  
 Maid, above all maids excelling,  
 Maid, above all maidens mild,  
 Freed from sin, oh, make our bosoms  
 Sweetly meek and undefiled.  
 Keep our lives all pure and stainless,  
 Guide us on our heavenly way,  
 'Till we see the face of Jesus,  
 And exult in endless day.  
 Glory to the Eternal Father ;  
 Glory to the Eternal Son ;  
 Glory to the Eternal Spirit :  
 Blest for ever, Three in One.

## Ballad and Legends

### I. THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

A LEGEND OF INCHIDONY ISLAND.

*JEREMIAH J. CALLANAN: 1795-1829.*

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
 As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,  
 And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's  
     mellow fall ;  
 But, the bank of green, where Mary knelt, was brightest  
     of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,  
 And her joyous crew looked from the deck, as to the  
     land she neared ;  
 To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,  
 And her wings of snow o'er the waves below, in pride  
     and beauty shone.

The master saw our Lady, as he stood upon the prow,  
 And marked the whiteness of her robe, and the radiance  
     of her brow ;  
 Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless  
     breast,  
 And her eyes looked up among the stars to him her soul  
     loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a  
     cheer ;  
 And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and  
     jeer ;  
 And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;  
 And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept  
     them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,  
And up its wrathful billows rose, to vindicate their  
    Queen ;  
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er  
    the land,  
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the  
    strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped  
    about,  
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a  
    shout,  
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with  
    thundering shock,  
And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's  
    rock.

Then, loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild  
    and high :  
But the angry surge swept over them and hushed their  
    gurgling cry ;  
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed  
    away,  
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant  
    waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high  
    Dunmore,  
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's  
    shore ;  
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers  
    sank,  
And still he calls that hillock green, ' the Virgin Mary's  
    Bank.'

## II. THE VIRGIN MARY'S KNIGHT.

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES.

*THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE: 1825-1868.*

BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing  
 stood,  
 But, not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of  
 blood ;  
 Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see  
 The hill where Christ's atoning Blood poured down the  
 penal tree :  
 Their theme was old, their theme was new ; 'twas sweet  
 and yet, 'twas bitter—  
 Of noble ladies left behind, spoke cavalier and ritter ;  
 And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron  
 breast,  
 For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed  
 west.

Towards the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by  
 his birth,  
 And ten times nobler than his blood, his high out-shining  
 worth,  
 His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a  
 word he spoke,  
 'Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke :  
 'What aileth thee, O Constantine, that solitude you  
 seek ?  
 If counsel, or if aid you need, we pray thee do but  
 speak ;  
 Or dost thou mourn, like other frères, thy lady-love afar,  
 Whose image shineth nightly through yon European  
 star ?'

Then, answered courteous Constantine : ‘ Good Sir, in  
simple truth,  
I chose a gracious Lady in the hey-day of my youth ;  
I wear her image on my heart and, when that heart is cold,  
The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told.  
For, her I love and worship well by light of morn or even :  
I ne’er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in  
heaven ;  
But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but one  
Such Lady as my holy love, beneath the blessèd sun.’

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive  
grove,  
And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the Lady of  
his love ;  
And many a cavalier whose lance has still maintained  
his own  
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth’s unequalled one,  
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the  
fight ;  
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the  
lightning light  
Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers’  
ranks,  
As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his  
banks.

‘ He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for  
his love,  
And fain would find some sudden path to where she  
dwells above—  
How should he fear for dying, when his Mistress dear is  
dead ?’  
Thus, often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said :

Until it chanced from Sion's wall the fatal arrow flew,  
 That pierced the outworn armour of his faithful bosom  
 through ;  
 And never was such mourning made for knight in  
 Palestine,  
 As thy loyal comrades made for thee, belovèd Con-  
 stantine.

Beneath the royal tent, the bier was guarded night and  
 day,  
 Where, with a halo round his head, the Christian champion  
 lay ;  
 That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be,  
 Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error  
 free ?  
 Approach, behold, nay, worship there the image of his  
 love—  
 The Heavenly Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts  
 above ;  
 Nor wonder, that around his bier there lingers such a  
 light,  
 For, the spotless one that sleepeth, was the Blessed  
 Virgin's Knight.

### III. LA ZINGARELLA : FROM THE ITALIAN.

*FRANCIS S. MAHONY* : 1804-1866.

FROM 'THE RELIQUES OF FATHER PROUT,' 1878.

THERE'S a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt  
 In the land where the Pyramids be ;  
 And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
 With devices, right wondrous to see :



And she lived in the days when our Lord was a Child  
On his Mother's immaculate breast ;  
When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt exiled,  
He went down with Saint Joseph the Blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
And the future was given to her gaze ;  
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
On her threshold kept vigil always.  
She was pensive, and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd ;  
But, communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,  
Or, with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old Man from the desert one day,  
With a Maid on a mule, by that road,  
And a Child on her bosom reclined—and the way  
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode ;  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
From their home, many, many a league—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath—  
Spent with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile ;  
And she offered her couch to that delicate Maid  
Who had come many, many a mile ;  
And she fondled the Babe with affection's caress,  
And she begged the old Man would repose ;  
'Here the stranger,' she said, 'ever finds free access,  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.'

Then, her guests from the glare of the noonday she led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool,  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,  
With a manger, was found for the mule ;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with the dates newly culled,  
All the toil of the road she beguiled ;  
And, with song in a language mysterious, she lulled  
On her bosom the wayfaring Child.

When the gipsy, anon, in her Ethiop hand  
Placed the Infant's diminutive palm,  
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the Babe in his slumber so calm.  
Well she noted each mark, and each furrow that crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's line :  
'Whence came ye ?' she cried, in astonishment lost,  
'For this Child is of lineage divine.'

'From the village of Nazareth,' Joseph replied,  
'Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew ;  
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew ;  
We were told to remain, till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return ;  
But till then, we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn.'

'Then, ye tarry with me,' cried the gipsy in joy,  
'And ye make of my dwelling your home ;  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite Boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come.'  
And she kissed both the feet of the Infant, and knelt,  
And adored him at once—then, a smile  
Lit the face of his Mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

## Birth and Passing of Mary

*SIR JOHN CROKER BARROW, BART.*

FROM 'MARY OF NAZARETH; A LEGENDARY POEM,' 1889.

### I. MARY'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

At dawn of day, the day of Mary's birth,  
 There fell a golden cloud upon the earth,  
 Down-curtained from the Throne of God above,  
 The mystic shadow of his earth-drawn love—  
     On all the Holy Land, tradition saith,  
     Between Jerusalem and Nazareth,  
 Between the temple of the cherubim,  
 And humble home of Anne and Joachim—  
     Uniting thus, whilst angels thither trod,  
     The house of Mary to the house of God.  
 For, though it seemed to eyes of men a haze  
     Of sun-mists, gathered in a golden sheen,  
     Yet was it full of angels, who, unseen  
 By mortal eye, yet shone beneath the gaze  
     Of God, resplendent, like the crystal gems  
     That sparkle in the snow-drift as it lies;  
 Or, like the stars, that fill with diadems  
 The milk-white arch that spans the purple skies.

The mystic shadow of God-giving love,  
 It settled, like the Spirit of his Breath,  
 Now, on the purple vines of Nazareth,  
 Now, on the crests of Thabor's slopes above;  
 Whence, drifting down from peak to peak it sank  
 From vale to vale, to Jordan's river bank;

Where, lighting on the water, like a gleam  
 Sun-launched, it floated down the sacred stream—  
 First southwards and towards the dread Dead Sea ;  
 Then, westward to the breast of Olivet ;  
 Last, like a halo of the sun not set,  
 To Sion's gates, all way from Galilee.

All through that cloud-land, angel-guarded, lay  
 The path, by which the feet of Mary trod,  
 As childhood grew from babyhood, to pay  
 Her yearly visit to the shrine of God :  
 A path by sleepless spirits ever swept ;  
 A path by watchful angels ever kept ;  
 A path to each bright spirit made more sweet  
 By yearly passing of her pilgrim feet—  
 As, to and fro, across the sand and sward  
 She came and went with unseen angel-guard ;  
 And year by year, with Anne and Joachim,  
 Within the Holy City bowed her head,  
 Before the altar of the cherubim,  
 And sacred ark of Ever-living Bread—  
 First borne by them, then led, then leading them  
 With humble hands clasped child-like into theirs ;  
 Yet longing to pray, ever there, her prayers,  
 Nor leave again her loved Jerusalem.

For Mary had been vowed to God by them,  
 So soon as she should be of riper years,  
 And to his temple in Jerusalem—  
 A vow unspoken yet to outward ears,  
 But, hidden in the heart of Joachim,  
 And treasured up in Anne's maternal breast—  
 Until, presenting her before their priest,  
 They spoke their thoughts—her mother thus to him,

'I give to God the gift he gave to me':  
 Then, after scarce a pause, her father thus,  
 'We give to God the Child he gave to us,  
 He wills it; and we will it; let it be.'

And Mary grew in beauty, day by day;  
 And grew in grace—albeit, full of grace—  
 In grace and beauty; knowing no decay,  
 Ingrafted by her soul upon her face.  
 Like some fair lily, on a water lap,  
 Which spotless in its baby-bud from first,  
 Yet, more and more from day to day athirst,  
 Draws from some unseen source its daily sap;  
 And daily throws out leaves, new leaves, more full,  
 Though not more pure, nor yet, more beautiful:  
 So Mary, pure and fair, yet grew apace,  
 From beauty unto beauty, grace to grace,  
 From day to day, and daily, from her birth—  
 Till none was pure, or fair, as she on earth.

## II. MARY'S DEATH AND PASSING.

THEN, blessing each and all, with hands outspread,  
 She closed her eyes upon the world beneath,  
 And, passing through the open gates of death,  
 To Christ, the King of living and of dead,  
 Ascended, by the path he once had trod,  
 To him, enthroned upon the Throne of God.  
 They light the lamps of death, the while they weep;  
 They weep their loss—they cannot weep for her;  
 They weep their loss of Mother-Comforter—  
 Oh, not for her who seems but one asleep:  
 They kneel, and kiss once more her hands and feet;  
 Then, cover them with spices and with myrrh—  
 Though sweetest scent from such is not so sweet  
 As that which rises, incense-like, from her.

Then, forth from thence, on flower-o'erladen bier,  
 They bear away the Mother of their love :  
 They know her spirit is no longer here,  
 But gone for ever to her Son above ;  
 Yet virtue flowed to such as held the faith,  
 E'en from that lifeless form—tradition saith—  
 Not power to raise herself, but, power instead  
 To heal the sick, and raise to life the dead ;  
 Full power from Heaven the sick and dead to save,  
 Whilst borne towards the garden of her grave.

Last, lay they her, who bore from virgin womb  
 The Lord of Life, within a virgin tomb ;  
 'Neath cypress sad and weeping olive tree  
 And sighing shadows of Gethsemani ;  
 And, o'er her shroud of frankincense and myrrh,  
 Raise flower on flower, around and over her :  
 Then, closing all the fragrance with a stone,  
 Keep, day and night, death-watches, one by one.

There, whilst they watch, they hear all angels sing  
 Triumphant welcomes to their Queen and King—  
 Such melodies as, from eternal yore,  
 Had never living being heard before—  
 Till three days after—so tradition says—  
 One came who was not witness of her death,  
 And had not seen her give to God her breath,  
 Nor thought she would have ended thus her days :  
 He, Thomas, scarce believing she had died,  
 His wish once more to see her signified ;  
 All doubt of death to set at rest thereby,  
 He scarce believing yet that she could die.

At whose request they roll the stone away—  
 The flowers lie fresh and fragrant where she lay—

Yet nought but flowers—and voices in the air  
 From far-off angels—but, she is not there ;  
 Then knew they, given by God to understand,  
 As Jesus no corruption saw, that he—  
 Lest Mary should by death corruption see—  
 Had raised her body to that spirit-land  
 Where, high above the nine-fold choirs of heaven,  
 And high above the great archangel-seven,  
 He had prepared for her the highest throne  
 Of all, but that of God, and of his own.

There, as they gaze far into heaven on high,  
 As who would pierce the blue veil of the sky,  
 A wondrous vision is vouchsafed to them,  
 As by the angels of Jerusalem—  
 They see the glory of the great White Throne  
 And Jesus claiming Mary for his own,  
 As worthy to have given him birth alone,  
 And worthy only to receive that crown—  
 That crown which he had won for her by death,  
 And she, by all she suffered here beneath.

Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet,  
 Crowned with twelve stars, and throned on mercy-  
 seat—

Crowned, Queen of all the angel-hosts of heaven ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all the patriarchs of old ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all the prophets, by God given ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all apostles of his fold ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all his martyrs done to death ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all confessors of his faith ;  
 Crowned, Queen of all the virgins of his love ;  
 Crowned, Queen by him of all his saints above—  
 Doth she, by grace of God, reign now, as then,  
 The Queen of angels and the Queen of men.

## Salernese Hymn to the Virgin

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. : 1793-1875.

FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF 'THE PILGRIM IN  
ITALY,' 1825.

AVE, Maria, Glory's Queen,  
Our Load-star and Defender—  
Homage to thee, on shore and sea,  
Our grateful spirits render ;  
To thee who guid'st the fisher's bark  
And lead'st the wildered stranger,  
When all behind is drear and dark,  
And all before is danger :

CHORUS : With fervent vow to thee we bow,  
The Friend that never faileth ;  
When storms appear, thou still art near  
To succour him that saileth.

Our wives are watching on the shore,  
Our children call their fathers ;  
They quake to hear the tempest roar,  
And tremble as it gathers ;  
The leven flashes on our bows—  
Yon mountain, rent asunder,  
Writhes like a giant in his throes  
And weeps in molten thunder :

CHORUS : To thee, to thee, we bow the knee—  
Our Friend who never faileth,  
When tempests sweep the yawning deep,  
To succour him that saileth,



No lingering star illumes our path ;  
 The night scowls drear and drearer ;  
 But, smiling through the tempest's wrath,  
 We know that thou art nearer ;  
 We know our wives and children keep  
 Their fast before thine altar ;  
 Thou wilt not leave their eyes to weep,  
 Their faithful hearts to falter :

CHORUS : To thee, to thee, we bow the knee,  
 Our Friend who never faileth,  
 When tempests sweep the yawning deep,  
 To succour him that saileth.

Ave, Maria, glorious Star,  
 Where midnight horrors muster,  
 Thou givst the moon her silver car,  
 The sky its holy lustre ;  
 At thy behest the billows roar,  
 At thy command they slumber ;  
 Oh, softly guide our helm ashore  
 Whom night and storm encumber.

CHORUS : With fervent vow to thee we bow,  
 The Friend that never faileth,  
 When tempests sweep the foaming deep,  
 To succour him that saileth.

## NOTE.

Line 18 : Yon mountain ; Mount Vesuvius, in the neighbourhood of Salerno.

## Carol, Song and Romance

### I. CAROL OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

*FOUND AMONGST THE ROYAL MSS., BRITISH MUSEUM, BY G. R. WOODWARD, M.A.; AND MODERNISED (1892) BY WILLIAM J. BLEW, M.A.*

FROM 'CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE,' SERIES II, 1893.

CHORUS : THIS other night I saw a sight,  
 A star as bright as day,  
 And ever among a Maiden sung :  
 'By by, Baby, lullay.'  
 This Virgin clear, withouten peer,  
 Unto her Son 'gan say :

MOTHER : 'My Son, my Lord, my Father dear,  
 Why liest thou in hay?  
 Methink be right, that king and knight  
 Should lie in rich array ;  
 Yet, nevertheless, I will not cess  
 To sing, By by, lullay.'

This Babe full fain answered again,  
 And thus, methought, he said :

SON : 'I am a King, above all thing,  
 In hay if I be laid :  
 For, ye shall see that kingès three  
 Shall come on twelvè-day ;  
 For this behest give me your breast,  
 And sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

MOTHER : 'In fay I say, withouten nay,  
 Thou art my Darling dear ;  
 I shall thee keep while thou dost sleep,  
 And make thee goodè cheer :

And all thy will I will fulfill,  
Thou wottest it well, in fay ;  
Yet, more than this, I will thee kiss  
And sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

SON : ' My Mother sweet, when I have sleep,  
Then, take me up at loft  
Upon your knee, that ye set me  
And handle me full soft :  
And in your arm lap me right warm,  
And keep a-night a-day ;  
And if I weep and cannot sleep,  
Sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

MOTHER : ' My Son, my Lord, my Father dear,  
Sith all is at thy will,  
I pray thee, Son, grant me a boon,  
If it be right and skylle,  
That child, or man, or may, or can,  
Be merry on this day,  
To bliss them bring ; and I shall sing,  
By by, Baby, lullay.'

SON : ' My Mother sheen, of Heaven Queen,  
Your asking shall I speed ;  
So that this mirth displease me not  
In word, neither in deed ;  
Sing what ye will, so that ye fulfill  
My ten commandments aye ;  
You for to please let them not cease  
To sing, Baby, lullay.'

CHORUS : This other night I saw a sight,  
A star as bright as day,  
And ever among a Maiden sung,  
' By by, Baby, lullay.'

## II. SONG OF THE TIME OF HENRY VI.

*CONTRIBUTED BY A. H. BULLEN.*

I SING of a Maiden  
     That is makeless ;  
 King of all kings  
     To her Son she chess.  
 He came also still,  
     There his Mother was,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the grass.  
 He came also still  
     To his Mother's bower,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the flower.  
 He came also still,  
     There his Mother lay,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the spray.  
 Mother and Maiden  
     Was never none but she ;  
 Well may such a Lady  
     God's Mother be.

## III. ROMAUNT OF BLESSED JOHANN.

*CONTRIBUTED BY THOMAS P. BULLIVANT.*

STRAIGHTWAY I gat me to our Ladyes shrine  
     For to intreat her grace, who hath full oft  
     Holpen her servaunt in his hour of need,  
     And of sore grievous sorrow him hath freed ;  
     So kind a Ladye is she and so soft,  
 And doth to misery her heart incline.

' O Ladye, chosen Vessel of the Lord,  
Who didst thy God a silly Babe give suck ;  
    O Mother-Maid, more pure than whitest snow,  
    No stain in thy concepcioun didst thou know ;  
Thou broughtest to yfallen men good luck,  
Whose womb was tabernacle of the Word.

' Lo, now thy servant travaileth right sore,  
And all his flesh is weary unto death ;  
    Dark is the sun to him and pleasaunt light ;  
    Dark, what the world of winsome has and bright—  
For, cold her lips, and hushèd is her breath,  
And silent is her tongue for evermore.

' But yestermorn, she baked the wastel-bread,  
And chid the idle hound which turned the spit ;  
    But yestere'en, fine woof and rare she spun,  
    For swaddling bands to wrap the little one ;  
And in great Goddès sight is now her spirit,  
And the little life she brought forth is yfled.

' O Ladye, thou hast felt this worldès teen—  
    Ladye of Sorrows, thou art yclept of men—  
    Seven sacred sorrows reft in twain thine heart ;  
    A murtherous sword did work it grievous smart,  
When that thy bleeding Son did meet thy ken,  
Afresh ensanguined from the lashes keen.

' O Ladye, by the sorrows of thine heart,  
And by thy Sonnès sacred woundès five,  
    Cast down one crumb of comfort, yea, but one,  
    From thy bright throne above the golden sun ;  
So, that I may not pine away, but thrive,  
And have assuagement of mine heartès smart.'

Whereat, ywaxèd strong the ruddy flame,  
 'The which had flickered weakly in his bowl :  
 And sudden, was I ware of marvel straunge,  
 And all my body felt a wondrous chaunge ;  
 The sorrow clean was lifted from my soul,  
 An unction holy stole thörough my frame.

'Johann, thou hast found favour in mine eyes,  
 And Io, the Holy Child is gracious eke ;  
 Come, comfort take, and blithesome be thy face,  
 For, thou hast surely found with us great grace ;  
 Thy wife it is not meet for thee to seek—  
 She hath the vision blest in Paradise.

'For thee, Johann, I have this grace to give,  
 My very knight to be in chivalry ;  
 And bruit my fame in sundry landès ferne,  
 That men of my Conception may learn,  
 Therefore, to praise God ; and, in chastity  
 Abiding alway, blameless lives to lead.'

Thus spake the Gracious Ladye ; and straightway  
 She buckled on my thigh a mystic sword,  
 Whose sheath doth bear this high inscriptioun,  
 'For Marye, and her pure Conception :'  
 And, in my darkest hour I pray the Lord,  
 Our Ladyes pure Conception be my stay.

## NOTES.

No. I. Line 11 : Cess ; Cease. Line 40 : Skyll ; Reason.  
 No. II. Line 2 : Makeless ; Matchless. Line 4 : Chess ; Chose.  
 Lines 5, 9, and 13 : Also ; As. No. III. Line 8 : Silly ; Innocent.  
 Line 19 : Wastel-bread ; A coarse kind of home-made bread. Line  
 25 : Teen ; Sorrow. Line 51 : Ferne ; Distant.

## Ode and Legend

EMILY BOWLES.

FROM 'THE MONTH,' 1870; AND 'THE THREE KINGS,' 1874.

### I. COMPLINE.

Down drops the red sun in the burnished sea,  
 Down in rejoicing might  
 Into the trembling deep :  
 And while his hot rim slowly vanisheth  
 As if all drowned in sleep,  
 Soft swaying o'er the fragrant lea,  
 The Ave-chime forewarns the night,  
 And every care and labour banisheth.

Ave, Maria : so it saith.

Slowly the red herd follows in a line,  
 The sheep-bell fainter falls,  
 The corncrake's wooden note  
 Creaks through the green ears, rustling, waving  
 slowly—  
 Like swaying, wind-tost boat ;  
 Then, hallowing the day's decline,  
 Christ's coming thrice the bell recalls,  
 And bids us hail the Maiden, great and lowly.

Ave, Maria : Mother holy.

As sheaves of lilies lift their stately heads  
 Beside an alley green,  
 In queen-like, stainless pride,  
 So, the great multitude thy fair head crowneth  
 The golden throne beside :

Yet, violet in the fresh spring meads  
 Was never meeker, lowlier seen,  
 Which in the smiling rain the April drowneth.  
 Ave, Maria : Gabriel saith.

'Thou art the 'mighty Mother' of the Greeks ;  
 Thy womb the earth enfolds ;  
 Thy flesh, the germ of life ;  
 From the mind of God Athenè leaping,  
 Armed for the deathless strife ;  
 'Thou art Demeter, when she seeks  
 Her child among the doomful holds ;  
 Mother of harvests, sheaves of souls still reaping.  
 Ave, Maria : Joying, weeping.

'Then, dreamt they thee, O bright and moon-crowned  
 Maid,  
 As Huntress of the wild,  
 Chastiser of the proud ;  
 Thy light from all base earthly churls concealing,  
 The false-tongued, loose-lived crowd ;  
 But, in the fresh and hidden shade,  
 To hearts still undefiled,  
 Thy heavenly moon-bright face revealing.  
 Ave, Maria : Name of healing.

'Thou art the Mother of the fallen in fight :  
 Where their dead bodies lie  
 Thou keepest watch and ward,  
 Spreading thy sackcloth, scaring the birds of prey,  
 In sleepless, loving guard ;  
 'True Rispah, mother Israelite,  
 Thou seest the years go by,  
 Unfailing still, unknowing of decay.  
 Ave, Maria : Maid alway.



Thou too, the Mother of earth's sad and reft,  
 Widowed and Childless Maid,  
 Thou by the cross must stand ;  
 E'en when thy risen Lord to heaven ascending,  
 Not placed at his right hand,  
 But, on the wild hill-side still left,  
 Thy rest for years delayed,  
 Still all thy bread with tears of longing blending.  
 Ave, Maria : Love unending.

Then, when the red sun quenches in the wave,  
 And all the earth lies still,  
 Let us kneel down and pray—  
 Lifting our praying hands and thankful voices :  
 ' Mother, be thou our stay ;  
 Strength we must plead for ; love we crave ;  
 Light for our warped and darkened will—  
 Until our soul, full-ripe, in heaven rejoices.'  
 Hear our voices, Mother-Maid.

## II. GOSSAMER THREADS : FIL DE LA SAINTE VIERGE.

Lines suggested by a drawing of Mr. Armitage (1869), which  
 illustrated the legendary name of the Gossamer.

RED lay the rustling leaves along the lane,  
 Ripe chestnuts smote the grass with sullen blows  
 From russet oaks rained dropping, fruity cups,  
 And scarlet berries hung in every brake.  
 The sun had scarcely risen from earth's rim,  
 And all the western sky was purple dark,  
 When, gleaming through the level bars of cloud,

I spied a Lady floating on the air,  
 In robes of colour flecked with orient pearl.  
 Most fair, most pure, most wondrous bright was she :  
 Her hair, like ripening wheat-ears fell adown  
 Her Virgin-face. Her large eyes, softly fixed,  
 Showed neither blue, nor brown, so veiled their lids.  
 So thick their shady fringe of darkened gold.  
 Her mantle floated like a deeper sky ;  
 Her small hands bore a staff of milk-white wool,  
 And spun it softly waving to and fro ;  
 'Till falling, falling, ever falling down,  
 The meshy web did cover all the earth,  
 And weft o'er field and hedgerow, wold and lawn :  
 Meseemed it bound the world in one wide net  
 Of love, and silken bond of brotherhood.  
 The while I gazed, rapt, wondering at this sight,  
 I saw the heavenly Weaver knit full fast  
 Her myriad threads with waving, fitting hands,  
 And knot each mesh, and twine the glistening threads  
 From every circle in concentric rings,  
 'Till every part she shaped in perfect growth,  
 And spread the mazy pattern o'er the world.  
 And while she laboured, like a rhythmic chime  
 Of far-off bells, came through the air this song :

' Twine the spotless thread  
     From milk-white staff and hand ;  
 Ne'er shall earth-stained web  
     Be spun from stainless strand.

' Bathe the twisted thread  
     Within the crystal sea ;  
 Thence, the woven web  
     Shall clean and spotless be.

‘ Weave the air-borne thread,  
Mother and Maid in one :  
Thus, thy fragile web  
Shall bind us to God’s throne.’

As ceased the song, I faintly, faintlier heard,  
As if updrawn, an ‘ Alleluia ’ clear,  
In voice so sweet that all my sense was drowned.  
But, when the silence fell, I looked again ;  
Then, saw the Lady beg, with upraised hands,  
A gift of dew from airy mist and cloud,  
Earth-born, and stored from earth’s own radiate heat,  
To scatter grateful moisture on its breast.  
This kindly shower she poured upon her web,  
Then smiled to see it changed to woven pearl ;  
And, as she smiled, the iridescent light  
Burst forth with dazzling gleam, and smote the woof,  
And every pearl became a rainbow gem.

Then, many voices ‘ Alleluia ’ sang,  
Far off and farther through the fields of air,  
To him who rides the clouds and stormy winds,  
And casts his ice in morsels ; giveth snow,  
Or hail, to smite ; and then, lets drop the dew  
In gentle showers of pitying love ; and while  
He decks the spring and summer with rich joy,  
Spreads tender beauty round the dying year,  
And failing strength, and loss, and sharpest grief,  
And counts each falling hair of wintry life.



## II. FÆDERIS ARCA.

HOLY of holies, rend the veil  
Before thy throne of gold ;  
Ark of the Covenant, all hail,  
The Virgin we behold :  
Bright cherubim and seraphim,  
In one mysterious crowd,  
Expand the everlasting hymn  
That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odours, in folds of fragrant fumes  
Pervade the ravished skies ;  
Whilst angels form, with arching plumes,  
A firmament of eyes :  
They gaze ; and as they gaze, they shine ;  
And as they shine, admire,  
With adoration all divine,  
All love—all life—all fire.

No temple there is made with hands,  
By human priesthood trod ;  
Alone, the once-slain Victim stands,  
The living Lamb of God :  
To him the blessed Mary prays ;  
With him she intercedes ;  
The Church, around her, homage pays  
For whom her mercy pleads.

## III. JANUA CÆLI.

GATE of immortal Bliss,  
Whose sweet celestial ray  
Comes shining o'er the vast abyss  
That severs night from day.

My soul unfurls her wings  
To soar aloft to thee—  
And, far removed from earthly things,  
Adores thy Mystery.

The prophet saw that Fane  
Of heavenly beauty fair,  
Where Deity itself would deign  
To find a dwelling there.

One Portal stood alone,  
Of peerless pearl its frame ;  
There, would the Lord ascend his throne—  
And Mary was its name.

All hail, thou matchless Maid,  
An entrance make for me,  
Where he in glory is displayed,  
Who came to us through thee.

By all, and more than mothers know,  
In their maternal state ;  
By all thy vigils, tears and woe,  
Thyself immaculate ;

Thou, Virgin-Queen of earth and heaven,  
Present me to thy Son—  
That every sin may be forgiven,  
And a fresh trophy won.

#### IV. DOMUS AUREA.

LIGHT, light, infinite light—  
The mountains melted away ;  
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright  
Were lost in a blaze of day :

For, God was there, and beneath his feet  
 A pavement of sapphires glowed,  
 As the mirrors of glory transcendently meet  
 To reflect his own abode.

Love, love, infinite love—  
 The lowly Lady of Grace  
 Bows, underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,  
 Her eternal Son to embrace :  
 For, God is there, the Ancient of Days,  
 An Infant of human years ;  
 Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,  
 And nature is wrapt in tears.

Peace, peace, infinite peace—  
 A Golden House hath it found,  
 Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase  
 With immortality crowned :  
 For, God was there, the Lord of the skies,  
 Whose loud Alleluias ran  
 From heaven to earth—as Emmanuel lies  
 In the arms of Mary, for man.

## NOTES.

No. II. Line 12: Firmament of eyes ; see Ezechiel i. 18. 'The whole body was full of eyes.' Also, Apoc. iv. 8. No. III. Line 13: One Portal stood alone ; see Ezechiel xliv. 2. 'This Gate shall be shut . . . because the Lord hath entered in by it.' No. IV. Line 6: Sapphires ; see Exodus xxiv. 10. 'Under his feet as it were a work of sapphire stone.'

## King Solomon's Mother, Mary's Power and other Verse, 1873-1891.

*T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.*

### I. KING SOLOMON'S MOTHER.

'Go forth, and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the joy of his heart.' Cant. iii. 11.

COME, see King Solomon : the glorious youth  
Is seated on his father's throne, his heart  
With joy o'erflowing, and with gratitude  
To Bethsabee, his mother, by whose prayer  
He wears the diadem of kingly power.  
His mother comes, and rising on his throne  
He bows in reverence, and the courtiers place  
The mother's throne upon her son's right hand.  
'One little grace, O King, refuse me not.'  
'My mother, ask ; for 'tis not meet that I  
Should turn away thy face,' her son replies.  
Such was the filial reverence of the King.

But come, behold a Monarch greater far  
Than Solomon : at Cana's marriage feast  
He sits, and words of grace from off his lips  
Fall copiously for all ; when, in his ear  
A gentle whisper sounds, from One whose voice  
Had brought him down on earth, whose voice had given  
For thirty years the law to all his life.  
'My Son, they have no wine,' his Mother says



With thoughtful love for men, with boundless trust  
In his almighty power and loving heart.

'What is there, Woman, between me and thee?  
Mine hour is not yet come,' her Son replies.  
Thus, Jesus seems to turn away her face.

Oh, mystery : 'His hour is not yet come.'  
Wait, Mother, wait, until thou see the throne—  
That throne of David of which Gabriel told,  
The royal cross, whence o'er the hearts of men  
Thy Son shall reign in majesty of love.  
That is the throne thy prayer did win for him,  
When he took flesh within thy virgin womb.  
When he shall sit upon that throne of shame  
His heart in love exulting, and shall taste  
The vinegar with which they mock his thirst,  
Then, is his nuptial hour ; then, at his side  
Thy throne of dolours shall be placed ; and then,  
Shall he confess thy true maternity,  
And men shall cry : 'Great Queen of Martyrs, hail.'

'His hour is not yet come' : yet, Mary knows  
The hour ne'er came when she could be refused,  
And bids the servants wait upon his word.

Oh, wiser thou than Solomon, dear Lord ;  
Thy Mother too, more honoured far than his.  
For Bethsabée soon hid her face in shame,  
When Solomon, indignant at her prayer,  
Despite his royal word, swore speedy death  
Upon the man whose cause she undertook :  
While Jesus, seeming to refuse, does all  
And more than all, his Mother's prayer had asked.

## II. MARY'S POWER : A DIVINE PARADOX.

'All things obey the commands of God, even the Virgin; and all things obey the commands of the Virgin, even God.' Saint Bernardine.

WELL knew that captain, who of old  
 Bade sun and moon stand still,  
 That God will hear the bold command  
 Of an obedient will.

Faith triumphed over God—he served  
 The servant of his grace ;  
 And still, the word of faith could pluck  
 The mountain from its base.

Then, say not, 'It is blasphemy,'  
 When Christian hearts grow bold,  
 And bid God's Mother with her Son  
 Her Mother's rights uphold.

For, Mary's faith did more than move  
 The mount, or check the sun,  
 When to her womb the Incarnate God  
 Her lowly answer won.

God's will she loved ; and subject he  
 To her commands became ;  
 Giving a Mother's rights to one  
 Who chose the Handmaid's name.

Subject he was, because he reigned  
 Within his Mother's heart ;  
 And Mary, while her God she ruled  
 Played still the Handmaid's part.

So now, the Almighty reigns supreme  
O'er Mary's docile will ;  
But, what he moves her to command,  
He scorns not to fulfil.

Or, think you, Mary must in heaven  
Her earthly power resign ?  
And dares not guide that sceptered hand  
Which used in hers to twine ?

Nay, jealousy exists not there,  
Where human pride has ceased ;  
There, Jesus girds his robes divine  
And tends his servants' feast.

There, first are last, and last are first ;  
God leaves, yet keeps his throne ;  
And joys to do the will of those  
Who fear to do their own.

God's jealousy is zeal for truth  
Which only pride offends ;  
His Majesty to lowly souls  
Unsullied condescends.

Let men who know their nothingness  
On empty pomp rely ;  
To stoop is God's prerogative,  
The pomp of the Most High.

The humblest Maid e'er knelt on earth  
Is Queen in heaven above—  
Ruling the universe by right,  
And ruling God by love.

## III. SHELL-FOSSILS.

By happy choice, within the marble base  
 Whereon our Lady's altar rests, there lie,  
 Conspicuous to the kneeling suppliant's eye,  
 Shell-fossils strange of lost archaic race.

O Lord our God, how wonderful to trace  
 In ocean's depths, on earth, in circling sky,  
 Thy hand life-giving to both low and high—  
 But most to man, crowned with thy heavenly grace.

Above the altar, in the tryptic old,  
 The Queen of men and angels to her breast  
 The Infant-God, with tenderest love, has pressed.

Here stands the priest, by faith and hope made bold ;  
 Here, offers up the Blood of priceless worth—  
 How wonderful, O God, thy name in all the earth.

## IV. REGINA CLERI : A PRIEST'S PRAYER.

MOTHER of God, in thy surpassing grace  
 The Christian priest his glorious type may trace ;  
 His functions study in thy life divine,  
 And sigh to thee for virtues like to thine.  
 What holy orders to his soul might be  
 Was thy conception's sanctity to thee :  
 A sacramental fount, a living well,  
 Whence all thy mighty stream of graces fell—  
 That purest love which in thy lowly womb  
 Made heaven's great Exile find a royal home—  
 That thrill of rapturous joy when Jesus pressed  
 His infant lips upon thy virgin-breast—

That strength to bear thy more than martyr's sword  
And murmur still, 'the Handmaid of the Lord.'  
Then, Lady, look with pity upon one  
Who bears the priestly image of thy Son ;  
By whose unworthy hands and trembling breath  
The Victim-Priest renews his mystic death—  
Whose functions bind him to thy highest care,  
While conscience cries, 'Presumptuous man, beware.'  
O Glorious Queen, thy lamp was kindled bright  
In thy conception : yet, through all the night,  
Waiting the King of kings, thy prudent toil  
Trimmed and replenished it with purest oil.  
My priestly lamp burns dim ; Oh, pray thy Spouse,  
Within my sluggish spirit to arouse  
The grace the priestly character demands,  
Pledged by the pontiff's venerable hands.

## V. THE HOLY FAMILY.

Bow down, ye angel hierarchies,  
And see, how human charities  
Diviner bonds on earth can tie,  
Than those which your bright ranks ally.

Ye, whose immortal being's flame  
Full-kindled from the Eternal came,  
Behold, the world's Creator rest—  
A Babe upon a Mother's breast.

And, while your eyes enraptured see  
The Equal, Undivided Three,  
Learn from that vision to admire  
God subject to an earthly sire.

Ye know no parents, child, nor bride ;  
 No homes your love with God divide ;  
 Yet, angel-lips may humbly bless  
 This Virgin-Mother's fruitfulness :

And angel-hearts may glow with pride  
 To minister at Joseph's side,  
 Who knows no earthly cares but these—  
 God's Mother and her Son to please.

Now, heaven and earth are reconciled  
 Around the crib of Mary's Child ;  
 And flesh and blood shall emulate  
 The glories of the angelic state :

While, those whom marriage-bonds unite  
 The Virgin-spouses shall invite,  
 To win from Jesus by their prayers,  
 A blessing on their household cares.

## VI. TWO MAGNIFICATS.

' HE that is Great hath done great things for me '—  
 So sang our Lady ; so, the Pharisee :  
 But she, blest Singer, tells of mercy poured  
 From age to age on all who fear the Lord ;  
 While he girds scornfully at all ' the rest '  
 And flouts yon sinner smiting on his breast.  
 What wonder then—though Pharisees may rail—  
 ' The rest of men ' should bid our Lady ' Hail ' ;  
 Should call her Queen of Mercy, trust her prayers,  
 And feel that all her blessedness is theirs.

## The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus

*ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING :*

1809-1875.

FROM 'POEMS,' 1850.

SLEEP, sleep, mine Holy One,  
My flesh, my Lord—what name? I do not know  
A name that seemeth not too high, or low,  
Too far from me, or heaven :  
My Jesus, that is best—that word being given  
By the majestic angel whose command  
Was softly, as a man's beseeching, said,  
When I and all the earth appeared to stand  
In the great overflow  
Of light celestial from his wings and head.  
Sleep, sleep, my saving One.

And art thou come for saving, baby-browed  
And speechless Being—art thou come for saving?  
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed  
By treadings of the low wind from the south,  
A restless shadow through the chamber waving :  
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun ;  
But thou, with that close slumber on thy mouth,  
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary.  
Art thou come for saving, O my weary One ?

Perchance this sleep, that shutteth out the dreary  
Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul  
High dreams on fire with God ;

High songs that make the pathways where they roll  
 More bright than stars do theirs ; and visions new  
 Of thine Eternal Nature's old abode.

Suffer this Mother's kiss,  
 Best thing that earthly is,  
 To glide the music and the glory through,  
 Nor narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings  
 Of any seraph wing.

Thus, noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One.

The slumber of his lips meseems to run  
 Through my lips to mine heart, to all its shiftings  
 Of sensual life, bringing contrariousness  
 In a great calm. I feel I could lie down,  
 As Moses did, and die—and then live most.  
 I am 'ware of you, heavenly presences,  
 That stand with your peculiar light unlost,  
 Each forehead with a high thought for a crown,  
 Unsunned in the sunshine. I am 'ware. Ye throw  
 No shade against the wall. How motionless  
 Ye round me with your living statuary,  
 While, through your whiteness, in and outwardly,  
 Continual thoughts of God appear to go,  
 Like light's soul in itself. I bear, I bear  
 To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,  
 Though their external shining testifies  
 To that beatitude, within which were  
 Enough to blast an eagle at his sun :  
 I fall not on my sad clay face before ye—

I look on his. I know  
 My spirit, which dilateth with the woe  
 Of his mortality,  
 May well contain your glory.  
 Yea, drop your lids more low.  
 Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me.  
 Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One.



We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem ;  
The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,  
    Softened their hornèd faces  
    To almost human gazes  
    Toward the Newly-born :  
The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks  
    Brought visionary looks,  
As yet, in their astonied hearing, rung  
    The strange sweet angel-tongue :  
The Magi of the east, in sandals worn,  
    Knelt reverent, sweeping round,  
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the ground  
    The incense, myrrh and gold  
These baby-hands were impotent to hold :  
So, let all earthlies and celestials wait  
    Upon thy royal state.  
    Sleep, sleep, my kingly One.

I am not proud—meek angels, ye invest  
New meeknesses to hear such utterance rest  
On mortal lips—‘ I am not proud ’—not proud :  
Albeit, in my flesh God sent his Son ;  
Albeit, over him my head is bowed  
As others bow before him ; still, mine heart  
Bows lower than their knees.

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I often wandered forth, more child than maiden,  
Among the midnight hills of Galilee  
    Whose summits looked heaven-laden,  
Listening to silence, as it seemed to be  
God’s voice, so soft yet strong, so fain to press  
Upon my heart, as heaven did on the height,  
And waken up its shadows by a light,

And show its vileness by a holiness.  
 Then, I knelt down most silent like the night,  
     Too self-renounced for fears,  
 Raising my small face to the boundless blue  
 Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears :  
 God heard them falling after, with his dew.

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Ah, King ; ah, Christ ; ah, Son :  
 Sleep, sleep, my kingly One.

Art thou a King, then ? Come, his universe,  
     Come, crown me him a King.  
 Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling  
     Their light where fell a curse,  
 And make a crowning for this kingly brow.  
     Each empyreal star  
     Sits in a sphere afar  
     In shining ambuscade :  
     The child-brow, crowned by none  
     Keeps its unchildlike shade.  
     Sleep, sleep, my crownless One.

Unchildlike shade. No other babe doth wear  
 An aspect very sorrowful, as thou.  
 No small babe-smiles my watching heart has seen  
 To float like speech, the speechless lips between ;  
 No dovelike cooing in the golden air ;  
 No quick short joys of leaping babyhood :  
     Alas, our earthly good  
 In heaven thought evil, seems too good for thee :  
     Yet, sleep, my weary One.

And then, the drear sharp tongue of prophecy,  
 With the dread sense of things which shall be done,

Doth smite me inly, like a sword : a sword ?  
 'That, 'smites the Shepherd.' Then, I think aloud  
 'The words 'despised,' 'rejected'—every word  
 Recoiling into darkness, as I view

The Darling on my knee.

Bright angels, move not—lest ye stir the cloud  
 Betwixt my soul and his futurity.

I must not die, with Mother's work to do,  
 And could not live—and see.

It is enough to bear  
 This Image still and fair ;  
 This Holier in sleep  
 Than a saint at prayer ;  
 This aspect of a Child  
 Who never sinned, or smiled ;  
 This Presence in an Infant's face ;  
 This Sadness most like love,  
 This Love than love more deep,  
 This Weakness like omnipotence—

It is so strong to move.

Awful is this watching place ;

Awful, what I see from hence—

A King, without regalia,

A God, without the thunder,

A Child, without the heart for play ;

Aye, a Creator, rent asunder

From his first glory, and cast away

On his own world—for me alone

To hold in hands created, crying, 'Son.'

That tear fell not on thee,

Beloved ; yet, thou stirrest in thy slumber.

'Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number

Which, through the vibratory palm-trees, run  
 From summer-wind and bird,  
 So quickly hast thou heard  
 A tear fall silently?  
 Wak'st thou, O loving One?

## NOTES.

Line 37 : As Moses did, and die ; It is a Jewish tradition, that Moses died of the kisses of God's lips. (Author.) Line 118 : No small babe-smiles ; and Line 141 : Who never smiled ; A thought which can be traced to Saint Chrysostom, who defends the tradition. (Editor.)

## Four Sonnets from the Portuguese

*LOUIS DE CAMOENS : 1524-1580.*

*TRANSLATED BY J. J. AUBERTIN.*

### I. SONNET CXCVII. : CONCEPTIO B. V. M.

To truly love the Being he created,  
 Thee, sacred Phœnix, God pure Virgin made ;  
 Behold, what creature thus must be displayed,  
 E'en to the Maker's own self consecrated :  
 Thee, in his lofty thought, he separated  
 First from the first ; and their creation stayed,  
 That all alone thou mightest be arrayed,  
 By him for so long ages contemplated.

I know not if in any words, my own,  
 I may express those shining qualities  
 Which he, whom thou didst make, in thee made known—  
 Mother, Spouse, Daughter, thou : if thou alone  
 Shone one in three such lofty dignities,  
 'Twas that thou didst so please the Three in One.

