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THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

M. Woolsey Ayler

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CHICAGO.

✓
THE



SONG OF MIRIAM

AND OTHER

HYMNS & VERSES

Translated and Original

BY



M. WOOLSEY STRYKER

Chicago

BIGLOW & MAIN
1888

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By M. Woolsey Stryker.*

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Two Hundred and Forty Copies.*

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THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

EXODUS XV.

SING, *Israel!* for the Lord, your strength,
Hath triumphed gloriously!
Rider and horse your fathers' God
Hath thrown into the sea!

The floods were parted at Thy word
Before th' uplifted rod,
And thro the depths, as by dry land,
Thy ransomed millions trod.

Foes hot with haste and clamoring wrath,
Outstretched their angry hands:
God from His fists the gathered winds
Flung forth across the sands.

O'er Pharaoh's host the upright walls
Flowed back,—they sank as stone!
Lord,—holy, fearful, wondrous,—Thou
Art God! and Thou alone.

*Trembling, the nations bear and dread
The greatness of Thine arm.
They shall be still till Israel pass
Secure from threatened harm;—*

*Till all the purchased people pass
Up to Thy citadel,—
The saints' inheritance in light,
Where they with Thee shall dwell.*

*With voice of many waters, there
Shall Israel sing again,
The Lord, who triumphs gloriously,—
Who evermore shall reign!*

1878.

OVERVIEW.

THY KINGDOM COME! O Everlasting Lord!
 Fullfilling all the promise of Thy word.

Cover with Thy majesty

The Earth, as waterfloods o'erspread the sea!

Let anarchy and lust and falsehood yield
 To signs and wonders of Thine Arm Revealed;

Wide world kingdoms all be one,—

The kingdom of our God and Christ His Son.

The winds Thy sandals and the tides Thy path,
 Smite down oppressions with Thy rod of wrath.

Everlasting righteousness

Bring in, Thou Prince, the waiting years to bless.

Bid tears of joy to long-expectant eyes.

Broader than noonday let Thy light arise.

Far and wide Thy truth advance,

And take Thine uttermost inheritance.

Thine unseen sceptre hath Thy reign begun,
 Amid the candles walks the Living One:

Oh! reveal Thy wondrous way,

Still brighter, brighter, to Thy perfect day!

*Aflame from east to west, where all was dark,
Send Thy white lightnings hurtling to their mark.*

*Every empire make Thee room,—
The splendor of Thy gospel banish gloom!*

*Burst forth, O Bridegroom! from Thy chambers bright,
That, Time's deep shadows swallowed up of light,*

*Forth may stand Thy holy Bride,
And Thy soul's travail all be satisfied!*

*Fair as the Moon, and clear as Thou her Sun,
Apparelled in the robes her faith hath won,*

*Thou wilt take her then and own
The love nor waters quenched nor floods could drown!*

*Long hath she waited, watched and mourned apart:
But now is set a seal upon Thy heart,*

*Joyful reads the way she trod,
Submissive to the righteousness of God!*

*Rejoice, ye saints, redemption's day is near!
Tho we know not the hour He shall appear,*

*Yet shall evening-time be light,
And glorious noonday follow heavy night.*

*Ah! cloudless morn, when Christ, our Sun, shall rise,
And Heaven's great daybreak fill th' unfolding skies!*

*None shall say, 'Lo! here!'—or 'there!'
For lo! the shining dawn is everywhere.*

1880.

THE ENDLESS ALLELUIA.

WHEN the Everlasting Lord
 Waked Creation by His word,
 Gathered Earth from out the sea,
 Sowed the void and lit the day,—
 Then, from every holy sphere,
 While the morning stars chimed clear,
 Shouts of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with Alleluias rang.

When the Everlasting Word,
 Cradled Babe,—‘Arm of the Lord,’
 Led a brighter, holier, day,
 ‘By the Star-of-Bethlehem’s ray,—
 Then again the heavenly throng,
 Poured a flood of thrilling song;
 “Praise the God of Peace!” they sang,
 Earth with Alleluias rang.

With a glad, harmonious voice,
 All adoring hearts rejoice!
 Heaven-taught, evermore they raise
 Hymns of faith and love and praise;
 Till shall break that purest morn,
 When, the Heavens and Earth new-born,
 Angel songs with saints’ shall blend
 Alleluias without end.

THE LAST CRADLE.

MY Lord, who trod this path alone,
 Yet not alone, still leads the way,
 And guides His pilgrims one by one,
 Within the gates of cloudless day.

My sins are lost in Love's release.
 He stays my heart, who did redeem.
My soul is kept in perfect peace;
 Because my trust is fixed on Him.

Affured forever of my Friend,
 Upon His word my faith can stand,
Who, having loved, loves to the end;
 And naught shall pluck me from His hand!

His everlasting arms beneath
 Of love and life, how can I weep?
I do not die;—there is no death!
 In Jesus' clasp, I'm laid to sleep.

1881.

A SONG OF ASCENTS.

THE tribes of faith, from all the Earth,
 Press up to Thee, O Zion!

For God hath broke our captive yoke,
 And burst the gates of iron!

Within thy land our feet shall stand,
 In spite of Satan's malice;

Our conq'ring King His Church shall bring,
 Triumphant, to His palace.

Our thirsty hearts cry out to God,—
 The living Rock is riven!

Our hungry souls believe the Word,
 And eat the bread of Heaven!

Sun shall not smite, nor Moon by night;
 The Lord doth stand beside us.

'T is He that keeps, who never sleeps,
 And home His hand shall guide us.

We shout for joy as on we march,
 With Christ our Captain glorious;

In Him the promise standeth sure
 That we shall be victorious!

Mid flame and flood, 'neath calm and cloud,
 Thro wilderness and river,

We tread the road that leads to God,
 To dwell with Him forever.

A CRY.

*M*IGHTY God! Thy Church recover!
 Bid the sleep of death be over.
 Purge our hearts, Thou Holy Ghost!
 Light the flames of Pentecost.

By the Saviour's intercession,
 Blot in mercy our transgression!
 Thou, O God! wilt not despise
 Broken-hearted sacrifice!

Turn Thy people's desolation
 To the joy of Thy salvation!
 So our tongues aloud shall sing
 Of Thy righteousness, our King!

FULFILLMENT.

*E*TERNAL day hath owned
 The Prince of Life enthroned!
 Thro gates of amethyst,
 To the great Eucharist,
 The Church of Christ,—
 Purchase unpriced!—
 Streams in, a ransomed throng,
 Uplifting endless song.
 Each brow One Name doth gem,
 Brighter than diadem.

These that confest the Name,
 These that despised the shame,
 They walk with Him in white;
 For well they fought the fight.
 Kept they the faith,
 Won sorrow's graith.
 Now by Immanuel's grace,
 Transformed beneath His face,
 Long as eternity,
 The Blessèd One they see!

God hath wiped every tear,
 Ended all doubt and fear.
 Crying and pain are o'er,
 And death shall be no more.

All things are new!

Faithful and True,
 The King of Kings hath come,
 Fetched all His banished home.
 Jesus hath kept His word;
 The Bride is with her Lord.

Perfected peace at last!
Earth's tribulation past.
There is no longer night;
The Lamb doth give them light.

Every whit whole
Each ransomed soul!
For every heart athirst
Celestial fountains burst.
Along the heavenly meads
His flock their Shepherd leads.

A GREAT LIGHT.

*R*ING again, ye starry chime!
 'Tis the fulness of the time.
 Shadows of the ages fly,
 Love's broad banner fills the sky!
 Earth's new birthday! Tell it out,
 Sons of Heaven, with joyful shout!

Let God's Israel from the moil
 Of death's battle gather spoil;
 Joy, as when the reapers come
 Bearing high the harvest home;
 Broken is th' oppressor's rood,
 Burned the garments rolled in blood.

Unto us a Child is born,
 Given to us the Son of Morn!
 His shall throne and sceptre be,
 Father of Eternity!
 Let Thy government increase
 Endlessly, O Prince of Peace!

Wonder, Counsel, Mighty Lord!
Henceforth ever be adored.
Thou didst put Thy glory down,
Thou dost wear the ages' crown.
Grant us in Thy realms to be,
By that strange nativity.

1881.

FAITH.

BASED UPON A HYMN BY JAMES UPHAM, 1870.

THE WAY is dark. I cannot see at all.
 My Jesus! guide!

Oh, let me feel the clasping of Thy hand,
 Close by my side!

Lord, stay the heart Thy tender love hath won,
 Upbraid me not while yet Thou leadest on.

The way is long. I fear I yet may fall.
 My Jesus! keep!

Oh! let my faith outlast the weary road,
 No more to weep!

Lord, let me lean upon Thy strength alone,
 Till in Thy light I know as I am known.

The wayfare ends. The radiant gates appear.
 All trials past!

My spirit hastes, and bounds with joy to be
 Safe home at last!

Darkness and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er.
 My thankful life is Thine for evermore.

JEHOVAH NISSI.

*G*OD save our land! Be this our steadfast prayer.
 Thy Kingdom come with power and glory every-
 where.

Let all our souls invoke Thine awful care.

God save our land!

Keep Thou our flag! Avert unboly wars.
 Let tears of godly sorrow cleanse each stain that mars.
 Thro stripes lead upward to the brightening stars.

God save our land!

"In God we trust." O Lord, Thine arm make bare.
 By Thy pure word smite pride, hate, lust, and lies
 that dare,

Nor let Thy faithful rod our evil spare.

God save our land!

Guide them that rule! Our blood-bought freedom keep.
 Let union, love, and law, their happy harvest reap,
 Till in thanksgiving deep shall answer deep.

God save our land!

*Full with Thy blessing, counselled 'neath Thine eye,
Who ridest for our help upon the bending sky;—
What nation is there who hath God so nigh?
God save our land!*

*Let Jesus reign! and every heart consent.
Of Him, by Him, for Him, be all the government.
Sign with His Cross a ransomed continent.
God save our land!*

1881.

LOYALTY.

*U*P and on, ye true three hundred!
 Faith is more than odds.

Do the doing ye are bidden,
 And the day is God's.
 Wake the trumpet! Shout the watchword!
 Lift the flaming lamp!
 Bare the sword of God and Gideon!
 Truth shall rout their camp.

Jericho fell down in ruin,
 Midian's host shall flee,
 Out shall Israel's Prince before us
 Thrust the enemy.
 Thine the cause, O God of armies!
 Gird us for the fight.
 With the glory of the morning
 Whelm the hosts of night.

God, that rides the sky to help us,
 GOD! whose majesty
 Clave the Sea and paved the Jordan,
 Pledges victory.
 Yesterday, to-day, forever,
 Right shall hold the field.
 Everywhere the truth shall rally,—
 Powers of darkness yield.

TWILIGHT.

"Der goldnen Sonnen Licht,"

M. CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, (1629-1693).

THE golden Sun has now fulfilled
 His course of light and splendor.
 While all the Earth to rest has stilled,
 My soul, thy duty render.
 Step forth to Heaven's door,
 And sing thy carol o'er.
 Thine eyes and heart and mind upraise
 To Jesus, with thine evening praise.

Despise not Thou the lowly chant
 That now, O Lord, I sing Thee;
 For peace my heart doth ever want,
 Till I her tribute bring Thee.
 Tho' what I bring is least,
 Oh, take it as my best!
 And all I heartily intend
 Discern, O Christ! my soul's true Friend.

With Thee I take me to my couch,
 My soul to Thee commending.
 Thou wilt, my Shepherd, slumber vouch,
 All wisely still befriending.

*I nothing fear on Earth,
 Not pain, nor Hell, nor death;
 For who in Jesus' arms hath lain,
 At morn, with joy shall rise again.*

*Now, weary frame, thy rest prepare.
 In holy slumber closing,
 Ye burdened eyes, shut out your care,
 Give all to God's disposing:
 But one word curtain in,
 "Lord Jesus, I am Thine!"
 So endeth all my day aright.
 Now, dearest Lord, good-night,—good-night.*

Tr. 1882.

THE INCARNATION.

“Fröhlich sol mein Herze springen.”

PAUL GERHARDT (1606-1676) *Abr.*

JOYFUL shall my heart, upspringing,
Hear this night, with delight,
All the angels singing.

Hark! how full the choirs of glory,
Far and high, thrill the sky
With the Christmas story!

Forth to-day from Heaven's portal
Comes a King, conquering,
Bringing life immortal.
For thy good, O sinful creature!
God's dear Child, undefiled,
Wears thy human nature.

Ye with heavy burdens bending,
See the near door appear,
To a rest unending!
Enter in! the life beginning,
Which, by grace, giveth peace
Evermore from sinning.

Tr. 1882.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

"Ach Gott, verlass mich nicht."

SALOMON FRANCK, (-1725).

O GOD! forsake me not!
 Thine hand to me extending,
 Until, in steady faith,
 My pilgrimage is ending.
 Here in this vale of night,
 Be Thou my glorious Light!
 Be Thou my Staff and Rod,
 Forsake me not, my God!

O God! forsake me not!
 Teach me Thy way to ponder;
 And let me nevermore
 In sin and folly wander.
 Give me the Holy Ghost,
 Grant an all-conquering trust,
 And if my footing slide,
 Then, Lord, be at my side!

*O God! forsake me not!
In danger and in trial,
Stand Thou to strengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.
When fierce temptations near,
And courage turns to fear,
Do all that Thou hast willed,
But ne'er forsake Thy child!*

Tr. 1882.

GOD'S FIDELITY.

"Gott ist und bleibt getreu."

JOHANN CHRISTERN WILHELMI.

GOD is forever true!
 His loving changes never.
 Tho oft and deep thy heart
 Beneath His hand may quiver;
 He makes thee to endure,
 That faith may be more pure,
 And patience stedfast grow.
 Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
 Tho grievously it pain thee,—
 The thorn His wisdom leaves,
 His strength will still sustain thee.
 His discipline is good,
 And all His Fatherhood
 Thou yet shalt fully know.
 Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
 The bondage of thy grieving
 He will not overdo:
 But haste to thy relieving.

*He shakes thy prison door,
And brings thee forth once more,
And makes thee still to show
That God is ever true.*

God is forever true!

*He comes to end thy mourning.
Behind the night of woe*

*His star of peace is burning.
The winds shall, at His word,
Cleanse every stormy cloud.*

*O Soul, take comfort now!
Thy God is ever true.*

Tr. 1882.

PRAISE.

"Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König."

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679.

PRAISE to the Lord, the Omnipotent King of
Creation!

Join ye the choral of Heaven, O great congregation.

My soul! partake.

Jubilant psalmody wake.

Pour forth thy glad invocation!

Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His
splendor:

Yet as on eagle-wing beareth thee upward so tender!

He hath decreed

Bountifully to thy need;

Deeply thy gratitude render.

Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath
made thee,

Healed thee, and guided thee,—never neglected to
aid thee.

In bitter pain,

Over and over again,

God, 'neath His covert, hath stayed thee.

*Praise to the Lord! To that Name Alleluia forever!
Sing, all ye people, the Holy One strong to deliver!*

He is your Light!

Never forget ye His right.

Amen! forever and ever.

Tr. 1882.

*Angels and archangels! shouts of redemption we're
blending*

*With your high music, as up to your ranks we're
ascending!*

Onward we go,

Conquerors o'er the last foe,

Swelling a chorus unending.

1880.

THE UNVARYING.

"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.

SHOULD I not, in meek adoring,
 Thank my gracious God above,
 Whom I see on all things pouring
 Forth the sunshine of His love?
 For 't is naught but Love's own loving,
 In His constant heart, doth care
 Endlessly to love and bear
 Those their love, in service, proving.
 All things last their portioned day,—
 God's love to Eternity.

O'er her young the eagle hovers,
 Spreading wide her wings' defense;
 So, each day, my soul God covers
 Under His omnipotence.
 Out of naught began my living,
 When the mighty Father bade,
 And the life that then He made
 Still hath shared His changeless giving.
 All things last their portioned day,—
 God's love to Eternity.

*All-compassionate, the Father
For us gave His dear Firstborn,
In that Life-gift aye to gather
Home the orphaned and forlorn.
O Thou vast immeasured Kindness!
Deep unfathomable Sea!
Who can bound Thy mystery?
Human wisdom owns her blindness.
All things last their portioned day,—
God's love to Eternity.*

Tr. 1882.

INAUDIBLE ECHOES.

REST on the oars, and call! Across the water,
 Eight times, from far and further, magic answers
 Call back and back, in clear diminuendo,
 As if were thrilled the throats of some great organ,
 Bourdon and diapason, flute and hautboy,
 Each chiming rank obedient to one pressure,
 One throbbing heart and every pulse responding.
 The weird reverberation flatters softly
 One's quick conceit, to fancy, for an instant,
 That granite hills and terraced wildernesses
 Make him their centre. Such are life's successes
 That sense gets echo of. For as these sweetest
 Returning peals are not the first nor loudest,
 But gain in music while the ear awaits them,
 Till listening for that just beyond the last one;
 So, richest antiphons of word and doing
 Are inarticulate, and, unreplying,
 Tide on across an unconfined horizon.
 Each cadence here reflects its self-same accent,
 Question is ever answering by question.
 All is restored again; for naught is cherished,—
 With tossing back our words the echo ceases.
 Nothing it tells of other silenced voices,
 And will not speak of ours to them that follow.

Echo is interruption, silence—motion.
 The hasty sickle gives a scanty garner:
 The precious fruit must come by patient waiting.
 The napkin rots that hides too cautious treasure;
 Spend and be spent and lose thy life to find it!
 The wider world provokes the nobler voyage.
 Better unfathomed sky than shallow mirror.
 The praise of the terrestrial is one,
 The peace of the celestial is another.
 Things heard are temporal,—unheard eternal!
 God's space is full of life-waves unimpeded,
 Where better voice than sound bears on the rhythm,
 In floods that beat in tremulous harmonics
 To Heaven's gates. There, high above the hill-tops,
 Our raptured souls the harmony shall hear
 Of overtones too fine for mortal ear.

Jerseyfield Lake, N. Y., June, 1882.

THE PARACLETE.

O THOU final Revelation
 Of the perfect Trinity,
 Hear my needy supplication,—
 Help with love's infinity.
 Fill me with Thy vital current,—
 Pledge of Jesus' risen oath!
 By that dear Redeemer's warrant,
 Trust I Thee to keep His troth.

Move my soul with godly sorrow
 For Thy grieving o'er and o'er.
 Fit me for a different morrow,
 Let me never vex Thee more.
 Change my frowardness and folly,
 Hold me to the heavenly road.
 Lead me, O Thou Spirit Holy!
 I would be a child of God.

Give me for these ashes beauty,
 Turn my heaviness to praise.
 Gird me for each daily duty,
 Calm and hallow all my ways.
 Quench the fiery darts of Satan,
 Plead my cause and bear my part.
 Speak to faith, when fears dishearten,
 "God is greater than thy heart."

Power Most High! Brood Thou above me,
 End confusion with Thy light.
 Search and chasten, purge and prove me,
 Sure that all Thou dost is right.
 Bid me grow in grace and knowledge,
 Re-created from above.
 Make me bear, with patient courage,
 Fruits of joy, of peace, of love.

All-controlling, all-enfolding,
 Ever-present Paraclete,
 Thou hast, all my want beholding,
 Guided me to Jesus' feet.
 Make a burdened world to hear it,
 Testify the changeless word;
 Save by Thee, Thou Holy Spirit,
 None can call the Saviour, "Lord."

He, when enmity defiled me,
 Ended by His death, my strife;
 Much more, now He's reconciled me,
 Shall He save me by His life!
 Full-delivered from all evil,
 Unto glorious liberty,
 Victor over doom and Devil,
 I, at last, the Christ shall see!

*But amid that adoration,—
Bride and Bridegroom face to face,—
When the day of coronation
Dawns, with shoutings to His grace,
When salvation's song is swelling,
Thro the age-long heavenly rest,
Still my heart shall be Thy dwelling,
Unseen and eternal Guest!*

1882,

FATHERDOM.

O THOU! *Eternal, Changeless, Infinite!*
First, Last and Only,—filling all in all,
Hiding Thy glory in th' abyss of light,
Majestic in Thy mercy as Thy might,
My God! with perfect trust Thy name I call.

I dare, unfrightened, lift mine eyes above;
Within Thy house, my Father! can I fear?
My heart's deep answer needeth not to prove
The pulses of Thine omnipresent love;—
My spirit's cry Thy Spirit bends to hear.

Thou, who the number of the stars dost tell,
Bow, Lord, to order all my destiny!
As seeing Thee, who art invisible,
Let me amid these awful grandeurs dwell,
Forever Thine obedient child to be.

1882.

THE HEM OF HIS ROBE.

"These are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him." Job., 26; 14.

I BLESS Thy beauties, Lord, that bloom
 About mine earthly path,
 Denying gloom,
 Each twice-aglow, like dawn's first ray,
 For prophecy it bath
 Of perfect day.

The matin music, filling skies
 Of May and rapturous June,
 Saith,—'Soul, arise!
 Thy summer-light shall never dim,
 And voice of thine shall tune
 A better hymn.'

For Thy love, Lord, is nature glad,
 Gemmed at Thy kingly cost,
 At Thine hand clad,
 And wears, by grace, the peace she smiled
 Ere Paradise was lost,
 Or man beguiled.

*Open mine eyes, that I may see,
Creation's clue thus given,
In all things—Thee!
Assure me that these glories wide
But shadows are of Heaven,
And underside.*

*So may I tread my happy road,
Touching, the while I fare,
Thy skirts, my God!
Then still with Thee, take morning's wing,
On thro the upper air
To soar and sing.*

1882.

COLUMBIA.

*WE lift our hearty cry
 To Thee, O Lord, on high,
 For our dear land.*

*No other king have we;
 Thou must our Refuge be!
 Uphold our liberty!*

Stretch forth Thine hand!

*Tho envy mock,
 We are Thy flock.*

God save America!—be Thou her Rock!

*Plead Thou the righteous cause,
 Write Thou the nation's laws,
 Our peace maintain.*

*Oh! make us wise and good,
 In holy gratitude,*

And happy brotherhood,

Beneath Thy reign!

*From Sea to Sea,
 In Christ made free,*

God save America her unity!

*Lord, break oppression's rod!
Proclaim the truce of God
To all mankind!
If Thou our borders blest,
Save us from selfishness,
To bear the world's distress,
And share Thy mind.
Oh, condescend!
Be Thou our Friend!
God save America, till time shall end!*

1883.

THE MORNING STAR.

“Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.”

PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1598.

*HOW brightly glows the Morning Star,
With God's full grace and truth afar,
Our day's irradiant blossom!*

*O tender Shepherd, David's Son,
My King, the heavenly throne upon,
Thou shinest in my bosom,—*

*Precious, gracious,
Light-resplendent, all-transcendent,
Boundless Giver,
High and wonderful forever!*

*O Gem! with which no gem can vie,
God's Son! beyond all praises high,
Our Father's dear Bestowal,*

*My soul dissolves in ecstasies,
My life Thy sweet evangel is,—
My being's whole avowal!*

*Thy word, my Lord,
Will I ever keep, and never,
Never, lose Thee.*

Life-Bread! not in vain I choose Thee.

*Shed in mine inmost heart abroad,
Thou heavenly Ray! Thou Light of God!*

Thy love's illumination.

*That I may evermore remain
Thy Body's member, Lord, ordain*

My very heart's pulsation!

No rest my breast

Can discover, heavenly Lover!

Till it claimeth

Thee, whose love my love enflameth.

*From God there falls the light of peace,
When full on me Thy holy face*

Is turned in benediction.

O Jesus, Lord, my dearest good!

Thy word, Thy Spirit, life and blood,

Uplift me from affliction.

Hold me, fold me

'Neath Thy kind arm, ne'er to find harm

In Thee hiding!

Lord, I come, Thy word abiding.

My Father, God and Champion!
Or ere creation was begun,
Thou didst, in Jesus, love me.
Thy Son did me to Him betroth;
With thankful heart I bless that oath;
From Him can nothing move me.
Thy wealth my health!
Life from Heaven He hath given;
Here and yonder,
Ever will I praise and wonder.

Strike, to our God, the sounding string!
With joy our sweetest choral bring,
A world of gladness voicing!
I'll go with my dear Lord, to-day,
To-morrow, to Eternity,
In steadfast love rejoicing.
Singing, ringing,
Jubilation, adoration!
Laud the story,—
He, the Christ, is King of Glory!

*Lord Jesus! how I hail Thy name!
The First and Last and still the same,
The End as the Beginning.
Thou, who with life atoned my price,
Shalt take me to Thy Paradise,
Thy piercéd hand-clasþ winning.
Yea, Lord; aye, Lord;
Come to meet me, rapt to greet Thee.
Sound the warning
Soon, of love's eternal morning!*

Tr. 1883.

THE WONDER.

WONDERFUL love hath God the Father shown,
 Forth sending the Belovèd from His breast and
 throne,

That Life! bestowed to lighten realms unknown,—
 Wonderful love!

Wonderful love hath come with Christ the King,
 His one true Israel from their sin and doom to bring,
 And bid a lost and wayworn world to sing—
 Wonderful love!

Wonderful love of God the Holy Ghost,
 So long to plead with pride and bear with folly's
 boast,
 And grace to urge that seeketh least as most,—
 Wonderful love!

Wonderful love! and yet the half ne'er told,
 Until we wake our God's full beauty to behold!
 And ever, while th' immortal years unfold,
 Wonder and love!

1883.

THE CORNERSTONE.

OUR God and our Redeemer,
 Accept the house we build,
 And let it with Thy blessing,
 While e'er it stands, be filled.
 From corner up to capstone,
 Provide, direct, sustain;
 That so, Thou Heavenly Builder,
 We labor not in vain.

Here, Lord, receive the praises
 To Thine Incarnate Truth,
 Of old men and of children,
 Of maiden and of youth.
 Amid Thy happy worship,
 Let care and doubting cease,
 Bestow Thy royal plenty,
 And in this place give peace.

Let loneliness and sorrow,
 The stranger and the poor,
 Find here, forever open,
 Thy great effectual door.

*Fetch home again Thy banished,
 O King! and give to them
 Who thirst for childhood's waters,
 The well of Bethlehem.*

*Here let Thy Spirit hover
 In Pentecostal flame.
 Make beautiful these gateways,
 In Christ of Nazareth's name!
 Till He shall come, to gather
 The Church of the First-born,
 And all the bells of glory
 Ring in the Bridal morn!*

1883.

THE EFFECTUAL DOOR.

O GOD, Thy judgments give the King, Thy Son!
 Now let the handful's harvest shake like Leb-
 anon;
 Lead forth Thy scattered flock, and make them one;
 Thy Word abide.

Uplift that Cross where Love did sin atone;
 The Lord our Righteousness, — none other name be
 known!
 Salvation's anthem swell from every zone,
 One joyful tide!

To Him the gathering of the people be,
 From height and valley, wilderness and utmost sea,
 All nations bow before His sovereignty,
 For man who died.

Thy years, Thou King of Ages, shall not fail.
 The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail,
 And they that pierce His love shall see and wail
 The Crucified!

*Thou art a King! Oh, let Thy Kingdom come!
 Before Thy sceptre all Thine enemies be dumb!
 Throw wide the gates of Thy Millenium,
 And claim Thy Bride!*

*Rebuke for us the foe that would devour!
 Reveal the radiant hidings in Thine hand of power;
 Robe the King's daughter with her glorious dower,
 At Thy dear side.*

*Ye forests, sing! Ye oceans, clap your hands!
 Like mountains round Jerusalem her Saviour stands.
 Amen and Amen! Triumph, all ye lands,
 Afar and wide!*

1883.

ALTARWARD.

SOUL, art thou tired of endeavor
 And discipline?

Sad wondering if thy cross will ever
 Its crowning win?

Does e'er thy going seem unguided,
 Thy wayfare long?

Are thy God's providences chided,
 As they were wrong?

Do glooms that may be felt brood o'er thee?
 Is the path rough?

Thy Master's footmarks are before thee,—
 That is enough!

Go thou thy way until the end be,
 Stand in thy lot,
 Still bend thy will whate'er He send thee,
 And murmur not.

Honor thy work, nor covet neighbor,
 Nor vaunt, nor fret;

Who sets thy task thy loving labor
 Will not forget.

The humblest part need never falter
 Beneath His eye.

The lowliest gift the holy Altar
 Will sanctify.

Who fashioned us, each use can measure
 And place us where

*The earthen vessel shall the treasure
Of Heaven bear.*

*Make thou His statutes songs, and duty
Thy joy shall be;*

*So shall the King desire thy beauty
Of loyalty.*

*His plan, like hills that compass Zion,
Naught shall displace;*

*Nor frustrate, more than loose Orion,
His tender grace.*

*To eat with thee the paschal supper,
Thy Lord would come;*

*So make thy ready heart an upper
And furnished room.*

*Do what He saith, O son, O daughter,
He will divine*

*Thine instant want, and change the water
To the best wine.*

*Thy sins are seventy times seven?
He will forgive,*

*Cast out the old unballowed leaven,
And in thee live.*

*For thee shall Israel's horsemen harness
Their chariot,*

*And tho the seven-times heated furnace
Blaze ne'er so hot,*

Thy Saviour ('t is a faithful saying!)
 Shall bear thee thence.
 Or with thee bless thine undismaying
 Obedience.
 Hold that thou hast and serve Him truly
 A little more;
 The Judge, who only rendereth duly,
 Is at the door.
 No trustful one is e'er forsaken;
 He will redeem
 His promises, and thou shalt waken
 As from a dream.
 Soon thou shalt have the happy guerdon
 Of evil years,—
 'Be glad according to thy burden,—
 Joy for thy tears.
 What God doth thou shalt know hereafter,—
 Thy gleaning bring,
 And then thy mouth be filled with laughter
 And thy tongue sing!
 Then all the days of toil and trial
 Peace will requite.
 No shadow falleth on the dial,
 Beneath that Light!
 For He, who in their number telleth
 The starry rounds,—

'T is He the broken-hearted healeth,
 And binds their wounds,
 His palm shall leave no grieving traces,
 Upon their eyes;
 Their lifetime's Love, with glowing faces,
 They recognize.
 'T is only till that hastening morrow
 Thine heart can ache;
 Pour faith's sweet sky-song thro thy sorrow,—
 The day shall break!
 A day of glad transfiguration,
 No change can dim;
 Hope in the Lord! thine expectation
 Is all from Him.
 Forget thy former, lack and falling,
 Stretch forth, my soul!
 Press toward the prize of the high calling!
 On, to thy goal!
 Thy God will own thy full oblation,
 Bend from His throne,
 And crown thee with His salutation,
 "My child, well done!"

"THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Ἄγνωστω Θεῷ, ὃν ἀγνοοῦντες εὐσεβεῖτε.

THEY tell me that I must no longer pray,
 That supplication is impertinence,
 And be bereft of scientific sense,
 Who thinks to move eternal Law's array!
 A Saviour? They have taken Him away,—
 I know not where. Orphaned and all alone
 I cry: but God is frozen to His throne,
 Too great to listen to my poor dismay,
 Serene, vast, inaccessible, unknown!
 All-wise, all-strong He is: but never feels
 The pangs of men who writhe and wrench and
 moan,
 Craunched in the cogs of order's changeless wheels.
 I turn aghast from life, where all is death,—
 MERCY—lie noisomer than charnel's breath!

II.

But as I totter forth, amid the dews
 Of night and grief that presently must scorch
 Of the hot Sun, (already at the porch
 Of the long day my steps may not refuse)
 There standeth Some One, who mine anguish woos,
 With such a tone as if a heart did speak!
 And saith, "Why dost thou sob? Whom dost
 thou seek?"

Whereat I turn, importunate for news
 Of Him I loved, whom they have crucified
 Afresh and buried twice. Clear, kind and strong,
 The voice saith "CHILD!" and my soul's very
 tongue
 Saith back "RABBONI!" Thou art at my side!
 Thy God is my God! Pray I while I live!
 With Thee shall God not all things freely give?

III.

This is the condemnation, that the Light
 Is lit, and truant wills prefer eclipse,
 Rather than own that great Apocalypse!
 Yea, by the very Day, presume to cite
 God's works against God, reaching up to write
 UNKNOWN on rainbow, to renounce for Fate
 That Life with which all life doth palpitate!
 So doth the purpose its bad self indict,
 Not God. Men have not found the seven green
 withes
 To bind the Word that taught in Galilee!
 No hate can turn that Cross and grave to
 myths,
 Nor foil God's pre-established harmony
 Of love and law. Ah, blinded guides, refrain
 Longer to take the name of Truth in vain!

IV.

*The tenuous logic-spinnings snap, like flax,
 Thrust in the flame of conscience' argument,
 As she confesses Him whom God hath sent,—
 Incarnate Grace! last answer to attacks
 Of captious enemies, who turn their backs
 On birthright! By the Christ of Nazareth,
 The heart of man and heart of God are kith!
 Sowing and sheaf, dawn, starshine, moons that wax
 And wane, Ocean's incessant pulse, the ebb
 And flow of changeless change,—I bow, I kneel;
 There sits a Weaver at this splendid web!
 Who formed my heart, shall He not also feel?
 Empty broad noon of light, then hope of Him,
 Whose presence doth Creation's chalice brim!*

V.

*Who waits for better sign of Sun, than morn?
 Or plies the telescope beneath closed roof,
 Blaming the stars that they withhold their proof?
 What callous tact,—what deaf, shortsighted scorn
 Can find out God? And what inverted lens
 The constellations of the heart e'er kens,
 Ablaze with Him who aye keeps faith untorn?*

*HE wears, who heard and waked and curbed the sea,
 This seamless robe, that covers, not conceals.
 His hand sustains and steers this enginery.
 His loving Spirit throbs amid these wheels.
 And He said—"If thou canst! ASK and receive;
 All things can be to him that will believe."*

VI.

*Who will not crave God's grace can never see!
 Who will not stretch the withered hand, must still,
 By his refusal, wait incapable!
 Unfaith's deep retribution aye must be
 To give delusion strong credulity!
 All God-forsaken were this universe,
 With no right of petition! Life a curse,
 With praying stifled! (Never unbowed knee
 Hath found it other!) Laws, ingenious traps!
 Earth one huge Golgotha,—one yawning grave!
 Were there no antidote for sin's mishaps,
 No Eye to pity, and no Arm to save!
 The heart knows better, and darts up its cry
 To the great Fatherheart enthroned on high!*

VII.

Poor bird, no longer wander from thy nest!
By all which thankful memory doth board,
God bath, for them that seek Him, sure reward.
Straightway return, sad foul, unto thy rest!
Pluck Doubting's dungeon-key from out thy breast!
Exceeding great and precious promises,
Against life's ills and death's catastrophes,
Are thine!—What wilt thou? What is thy request?
Back to its self-invented promise crush the lie,
That summoned thee to Law's idolatry!
Strain not too far to bear;—the word is nigh,—
“Lo! always, to the end, I am with thee.”
Lord, that I e'er could question is my grief!
Christ, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!

1883.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

A TOWER of Refuge is our God!
 A goodly ward and weapon.
 He 'll help us free, tho' force or fraud
 To us may now mishappen.
 That old Arch-enemy
 Would our undoing be;
 Grofs might and vast device
 His dreadful armor is.
 On Earth can none withstand him.

By our might could we do no more
 Than vainly to have striven:
 But for us the right Man will war,
 Whom God Himself hath given.
 Dost ask, who this can be?
 Christ Jesus! It is HE!
 The Lord of Sabaoth,
 None other God, in troth.
 The field He holds forever.

For tho the world with demons swarmed,
 All minded to devour us,
 Not greatly were our souls alarmed;
 They cannot overpower us.

This world's dark Prince may still
 Lur sullen as he will;
 For he can harm us naught.
 'T is past. His doom is wrought.
 One word can bring his downfall!

That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
 No thank to them that jeer it!
 Yea, on the plain He's at our hand,
 By His own Gift and Spirit.

And should they take our life,
 Fame, fortune, child and wife,—
 Let them all this begin:
 But nothing can they win,
 And God gives us the kingdom.

Tr. 1883.

PSALM LXXX.

O THOU Shepherd of Thine Israel, bear us!
 Thou that Joseph like a flock dost lead,
 From the cherubim shine forth and cheer us,
 Stir Thy strength and come to help our need.

Wilt Thou bear Thy people's prayer with anger,—
 Measure them the bread and drink of tears?
 Visit strife and scorn upon our languor,—
 Grant no more the grace of other years?

Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
 Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
 Break and waste and fall and burn and perish,
 While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?

Turn us, Lord, again! In mercy, hearken.
 All our waywardness and shame forgive!
 Leave us not unfought, while shadows darken:
 Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
 By Thine hand once more our strength maintain;
 We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
 We will never leave Thy love again.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!

THOMAS DE CELANO, A. D. 1250.

*O THAT DAY! that day of wrath!
When this Earth the fire shall scath,
David so with Sybil hath.*

*What alarm there is to be,
When the Judge is come, to see
All with strictest scrutiny.*

*Sounds the trumpet's awful blare
'Mong the buried everywhere,
Bids all at the throne appear.*

*Death and Nature shall appall,
When uprise the creatures all,
Answering the judgment call.*

*Now the volume is explained,
Wherein all things are contained
Whence this world shall be arraigned.*

*Sits the Holy Magistrate,
All disclosing, small and great.
Nothing unavenged shall wait.*

*What shall I, a wretch, reply?
To what Mediator cry,
When the just scarce lift the eye.*

*King of majesty untold,
Who of grace the saved dost hold,
Source of mercy, me enfold!*

*Christ, in pity think, I pray,
'T was I caused Thine earthly way;
'Doom me not upon that day.*

*Seeking me, Thou sat'dst o'erwrought,
Bore the Cross my soul that bought,
Can such labor be for naught?*

*O just Judge of penalty!
Absolution grant to me,
Ere that day of sentence be.*

*God! my ill desert I know,
Guilty blushes dye my brow;
Mercy to Thy suppliant show.*

*Thou didst Mary's sorrow cheer,
Thou the robber's prayer didst bear,
Thou to hope hast changed my fear.*

*All my pleas no worth can claim:
But, Thou Good One, hide my shame,
Thrust me not in endless flame!*

*Mid Thy sheep my place command,
Not among the goats to stand:
Give me part at the right hand.*

*When the doomed accurst shall be,
Sent to burning misery,
With the blessed call Thou me.*

*Suppliant, prone, I urge my prayer,—
Heart abased to ashes bear;
Oh, at last, make me Thy care!*

*Oh, that day of piteous cries!
When from dust he shall arise
To be judged, a man undone,—
God! divinely spare that one!*

Tr. 1883.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!

In the rhythm of the Latin.

DAY OF WRATH, THAT DAY impending!
All the world in ashes ending;
Told by Psalm with Sybil blending.

What shall be the swift dismaying,
When the Judge, no more delaying,
Comes! all things with strictness weighing.

Shriil the trumpet blasts awaken,
Now the world-wide graves are shaken,
All before the throne are taken.

Lo, Death's—Nature's consternation!
While upriseth the Creation,
Biding each his judgment station.

Opened is the solemn writing,
Wherein, everything reciting,
Earth shall meet her last indicting.

When the Judge is therefore seated,
What was hid shall be repeated,
No due vengeance go unmeted.

*How shall I make supplication,—
Whom implore for mediation,
When the just scarce have salvation?*

*King of might that ne'er can waver,
Who dost save the saved of favor,
Save Thou me, O Mercy-Laver!*

*Reckon, Jesus, with compassion,—
Found for me in mortal fashion,
Give me not, that day, perdition!*

*Seeking me, Thou tired wast seated,—
Crucifixion's ransom greeted;
Such toil may not be defeated!*

*O Thou Judge of just decision,
Grant the gift of Thy remission
Ere that day of inquisition!*

*As a criminal appealing,
Guilt my face with crimson sealing,
Spare me, God, a suppliant kneeling.*

*Thou who Mary's grief regarded,
 Nor the robber's cry discarded,
 Even my hope hast rewarded.*

*Worthless these my prayers ascending:
 But, Thou Good One, kindly bending,
 Pluck me from the fire unending!*

*With Thy flock let place await me.
 From the goat-herd separate me.
 With the right-hand part instate me!*

*While the lost have malediction,
 Driven to the flames' infliction,
 Call me 'neath Thy benediction!*

*Pray I still, tho shame abashes
 All my contrite heart to ashes;
 Care for me when doomday crashes!*

*Oh, that day of bitter weeping,
 When from dust awake the sleeping!
 Man adjudged and past entreaty;
 Wherefore, Lord, grant that one pity!*

Tr. 1883.

THAT GREAT DAY.

First five stanzas based upon the preceding translations.

THAT great day of the Lord draws nigh,
 With wrath and desolation,
 When swift shall break the bitter cry,
 Thro all Earth's habitation,
 A day of trouble, cloud and gloom,
 Of trumpet blast and rending tomb,—
 The judgment of Creation.

The world-wide millions, quick and dead
 Now meet the last arraiging.
 The open volume wide is spread,
 All things of time containing.
 Before that Holy Magistrate
 Stand manifested small and great,
 Naught unadjudged remaining.

Ah! what shall I, a wretch, reply?
 Whom sue for mediation,—
 While e'en the just for mercy cry,
 And all is lamentation?
 O King of boundless majesty,
 Heed, pity, rescue, pardon me,
 Thou Fountain of Salvation!

Remember all Thy mortal woe,
 Thou Judge of just decision,—
 The Cross that Thou didst undergo,
 O Christ, to give remission;
 For I that holy ransom claim;
 Absolve my sins by Thy great name,
 And pluck me from perdition!

Unworthy is my very prayer,—
 A criminal appealing:
 But, Thou Good One, benignly spare
 A guilty suppliant kneeling!
 Thou Mary's grief didst well regard,
 Nor didst the robber's cry discard;—
 My contrite soul give healing!

So lift we up our hearts, O Lord;—
 Redemption's day is nearing.
 We hide in Thee, we trust Thy word,
 We wait for Thine appearing,—
 With boldness face Eternity;
 Because as Thou art, so are we;—
 Thy love hath cast out fearing!

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ONCE, in Galilee, a lowly
 Maiden did dwell.
 Came to her a message holy,
 By Gabriel.

This the word the Seraph gave her,
 "Hail! thy Lord doth show thee favor:"
 But her troubled heart did quaver,
 What this might tell.

Spake th' archangel, "Fear not, Mary;
 Thou hast found grace.
 Thou the Babe of God shalt carry;
 Uplift thy face.
 The Most High, with thy life blending,
 Forth His own Messiah sending,
 Heir of Kingdom never ending,
 Shall bless thy race."

Said the Virgin, "God hath spoken
 In mystery:
 But according to thy token
 Be it to me."
 So, by power the Holy Spirit's,
 Came the Christ-child's royal merits,
 So that maiden's faith inherits
 Earth's high degree.

'BARTHOLDI'S "LIBERTY."

NEW YORK EISTEDDFOD, FEBRUARY 22, 1884.

SISTER REPUBLIC, beautiful France!
 Grateful the greeting we answer thee.
 Aye let thy constant love enhance
 The gift of thy noble courtesy.
 At the continent's gate,
 At the ocean's edge,
 Place we thy pledge,
 Ever to wait,
 In thy name to meet,
 And to greet
 With BENEDICITE!
 With hope's felicity,
 Peoples that pour
 Thro the open door.

While these twin currents run,
 The land of Washington
 Shall reckon loving debt
 To the land of Lafayette.
 Hand unto hand,
 Friend unto friend,
 While the rivers blend,
 Let our compact stand.

*Up! Lift it high!
Far toward the sky!
Stand, and abide,
With thy glowing torch,
At the nation's porch,
While each new tide
Kisses the hem of thy robe
With message from o'er the globe,
While all the winds, that sing
At thy forehead, errands bring
Of broadest amity
From France, the fair and free.*

*Fronting the sea and the dawn,
Stand! With thine iron brawn
Thy blazing cresset lift
High over storm and drift.
Firm as thy rocky base,
Clear as thy sky-lit face,
Swear! by God's throne,
And Him thereon,
By the Liberty and the Light
That we boast,
That His is the right
And the might!*

Stand at our coast
 To beacon,
 To beckon,
 Piloting the throng,
 Telling weak and strong,
 "Liberty greets you!
 Freedom meets you!
 But liberty under law,
 Freedom, with holy awe
 Of Him who alone makes free,
 Whose truth is liberty."
 So let our ensign be unfurled,
 In the name of the Lord,
 To the swelling horde
 A-climbing over the ridge of the world.

Back, ye outworn spites and hates!
 Leave unmarred these peaceful gates,
 Leave behind the storm-set skies;
 Welcome happier centuries.
 Underneath this tent of stars
 End the unfraternal wars.
 Here, to heal a world's distress,
 Peace shall wed with righteousness.
 Orient and Occident
 Crown this ark of covenant.

*Liberty that we applaud
Is the benison of God.
Better far is that defense
Than all iron armaments.
Let the statue symbol be,
Not a bare idolatry!*

*So we hail you, from afar,
To this last great theatre.
Here, for aye to demonstrate
That the people is the state;
That self-government is worth
Not to perish from the Earth.*

*Who first the deep foundation quarried out
Shall bring the topstone forth, mid myriad
shout!*

*What God hath wrought naught shall undo
nor minish;*

*'T is He began, and it is He shall finish.
Therefore, O Liberty, hold forth thy light,
And His be mercy, majesty and might!
Flash thy bright lantern all the waters o'er,
And point mankind to harbor evermore!*

CONSTANCY.

*F*OR that ye, young men, are strong,
 Lift the banner of God's Son.
 Make His mighty word your song,
 Overcome the Evil One.

Ye are all the sons of light!
 Consecrate the powers of youth;
 Loyal to your Maker's right,
 War the warfare of the truth.

Suffer hardship. Fear no fear.
 Courage! Quit you manfully.
 Heedful that your Lord is near,
 Keep His law of liberty.

Ye His soldiers are enrolled!
 Unto blood resisting sin,
 Disentangled, self-controlled,
 Love His power and discipline.

Shout the shouting of the King!
 Turn the aliens! Battle-scarred,
 Thro the gates, with honor, bring
 That committed you to guard.

PASCHA.

*L*O! where that spotless Lamb, for sin provided,
 Thorned, bruised, abandoned, tortured and
 derided,
 Pours out His soul for human ransom yonder,
 While angels wonder!

*Jesus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
 For God hath laid our chastisement upon Thee,
 From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows,—
 Thou Man of Sorrows!*

*Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal passion,
 By the dark travail that hath wrought salvation,
 Hear, Lord, a sinner, all his shame deploring,
 Thy grace adoring!*

*Christ, I have wronged Thee! Penitent, heart-broken,
 Justly condemned:—yet be Thy mercy spoken!
 O Prince of Life, let this Thy strange enthronement
 Be mine atonement!*

*Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
 Whose name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
 To God, thro Thee, in constant sacrifices,
 Her praise uprises!*

UNITAS FRATRUM.

UNITE them all one cause to make,
 O God, who Christ confests;
 On new horizons then shall break
 The Sun of Righteousness!

The Gos̄pel hath for him no ban
 Who doth the Saviour's word.
 Who loveth God and serveth man
 Is one with Christ his Lord.

For this to Him our knees we bow
 And pray Thy kingdom come,
 From whom in Heaven and Earth below,
 Is named one Fatherdom;

That thro His Spirit's inward might,
 He richly would impart
 That Christ may dwell, of only right,
 Thro faith, in every heart;

That we filled full with God's own strength,
 With all the saints, may prove
 The breadth and height and depth and length
 Of all-surpassing love.

DONEC DIES.

COURAGE, doubting heart, be braver!
 All God's angels are thy league,
 If thou hold fast hope, nor waver,
 Thou shalt baffle Hell's intrigue.
 As a son thy faults chastising,
 With His baptism thee baptizing,
 By His name, the victor Christ
 Bids thee all thy foes resist.

N^eer let Satan's taunt deter thee,
 That thou art imperfect yet.
 Grieve not for the past unworthy:
 Things which are behind forget.
 Clouds of witnesses are o'er thee;
 Stretching forth to things before thee,
 Onward, upward press, my soul,
 Thou shalt touch the blessed goal.

He who sought and found and won thee,
 His bright presence still hath lent;
 That His power may rest upon thee,
 Make thy strife a sacrament.
 God thro life shall be thy warden,
 Thro the swellings of the Jordan,
 Ending soon faith's last eclipse
 In Love's great apocalypse.

REQUIEM.

TRANQUILLY, *slowly,*
Solemnly, *lowly,*

Bring the precious earth that sleep hath kist.
Soul to its Maker,
Dust to God's acre,
Quiet biding resurrection tryst.

With eyes bedimming,
Requiems hymning,
Smite we music from these broken chords:
Yet smile in grieving,
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die we are the Lord's.

The form is buried:
But angels ferried
Bear up safe the spirit homeward called.
High o'er these dirges
Heaven's anthem surges,
Praising God one more is disenthralled.

Glad transformation!
Perfect salvation,
Mortal shadows merged in glowing day.
Heart no more weary,
Answered each query;
All the former things are past away.

Lambs He doth cherish
Never shall perish,
Naught can pluck them from the Saviour's
hand;
Love efficacious,
Tenderly gracious,
Still shall lead them in that holy land.

Loosed Earth's last fetter!
Sure 't is far better
To depart and be for aye with Christ.
So come, Lord Jesus,
Soon to release us,
Join us with the souls emparadised!

THE RESURRECTION.

*WHILE all the night-stars fade and wane,
 And early dawn is breaking,
 With life-pangs death could not restrain
 The joyful Earth is quaking.
 In dew of youth, from morning's womb,
 All-beauteous from that holy tomb,
 The Royal One is waking.*

*Behold, the stone is rolled away!
 While eastern skies are glowing.
 At last is come the first Lord's day,
 Immortal light bestowing.
 By dazzled guard and open door,
 God's Son, alive forevermore,
 The path of life is showing.*

*In snowy raiment angels twain
 Their radiant watch are keeping,
 While they who loved are drawn again
 Where last they left Him sleeping.
 But, lo, what news of joy and fear,—
 "Your Lord is ris'n, He is not here."—
 Forever ends their weeping!*

*With happy haste they tread the sward,
 The wondrous charge repeating.
 "All hail!" saith One. It is the Lord!—
 Himself their rapture greeting.
 They clasp His feet. They doubt no more.
 'T is Jesus whom their souls adore,
 Their faith, in fight, completing.*

*Peal forth the high victorious psalm,
 With shouts of joy unbounded!
 The song of Moses and the Lamb
 Thro either world be sounded!
 For us the grave shall voided be,
 And trusting, Lord, for aye in Thee,
 We ne'er shall be confounded.*

*With triumph soon we'll keep the feast
 That shineth in perfection,
 With fear's long lifetime bondage ceased,
 By Jesus' strong protection.
 Eternal arms are underneath;
 We'll share the likeness of His death,
 And of His resurrection.*

1884.

A CHILD'S MATIN.

*N*OW the light begins to break,
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
Keep me this day from every ill,
Help me to know and do Thy will,
With Jesus' love my spirit fill.

By and by, when, one by one,
These days and nights of Earth are done,
With those I love, redeemed from guile,
May I awake beneath His smile,
Whom I have prayed to all the while.

1884.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

LATIN OF 9TH CENTURY. THE SIXTH STANZA A LATER INSERTION.

COME, O Creator Spirit, come!
 And all these minds of Thine invest.
 With grace supernal fill the home
 Which Thou hast built in every breast.

Thou, who art called the Paraclete,
 The Gift of God most high Thou art,
 The Font of life, love's Light and Heat,
 And Unction of the inmost heart.

Thou seven-fold Bounty, ever new,
 Thou Finger of the hand divine,
 Thou Promise of the Father due,
 Enriching all our speech by Thine!

Light Thou a flame in every sense;
 Upon our hearts Thy love inflow;
 And, for our bodies impotence,
 Confirm us with perpetual good.

Further repel the enemy;
 Right soon Thy gift of peace begin;
 So then, if Thou our Vanguard be,
 Safe shall we shun each hateful sin.

Bestow the full rewards of joy.

The numbers of Thine helps increase.

The bondages of strife destroy.

Draw close the covenants of peace.

Thro Thee to know the Father teach,

The knowledge of the Son outpour;

For Thou the Spirit art of each,

And thus believe we evermore.

Be praise to Father and to Son

And Holy Paraclete, in One.

So may the Son on us confer

The blessings of the Comforter!

Tr. 1884.

THE CHRIST.

"Liebster Immanuel, Herzog du Frommen."

AHASUERUS FRITZSCH, 1668.

*D*EAREST Immanuel, Prince of the lowly,
 Thou my soul's confidence, soon come to me!
 Thou my heart's treasury takest so wholly,
 All its love ardently flows out to Thee.
 Naught that is earthy
 Seemeth me worthy,
 So I but ever my Jesus may see.

Name sweet and wonderful,—KING! As I listen,
 Lovely, most graciously, as fresh with dew
 'Neath the cool morning-tide fields of bloom glisten,
 So falleth Jesus' name, whom trust I true.
 Thus my heart parteth
 From all that smarteth,
 When in adoring faith my Lord I view.

And if my earthliness the cross appalleth,
 That e'en a Saviour's lot it was to share,
 If my soul earnestly on Jesus calleth,
 Already can the heart o'er roses fare.
 No storm's wild riot
 Shall work disquiet;
 Gladly will I with Christ its raging bear.

When Satan's stout device fain would devour me,
 When tells my conscience-book of broken laws,
 When with her myrmidons Hell would o'erpower me,
 When Death's corroding tooth the heart begnaws,
 Stand I unfearing,
 With Jesus nearing;—
 All of them by His blood Christ overawes.

If the world's bitterest hate overtake me,
 Even tho everyone despiseth me,
 Tho to bewilderment friends all forsake me,
 Still for me Jesus' love cares heartily,
 Weariness strengthens,
 Hopefulness lengthens,
 Saith, "I thy helper, thy best friend, will be!"

Hence then, ye vanities, leave me forever!
 Thou Jesus, Thou art mine, and I am Thine.
 From the world, all for Thee, now will I sever,
 For Thee my voice and heart shall e'er combine.
 All of my being
 To Thee decreeing,
 Till they, one day, this form to death resign.

Tr. 1884.

THE SHEPHERD.

“Ya, fürwahr, uns führt mit sanfter hand.”

FRIED. ADOLPH KRUMMACHER, 1805.

YEA! our Shepherd leads, with gentle hand,
 Along this pilgrim-land—
 This night-enshadowed wold,
 His little flock safe to their fold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When His carelings wander in the dark,
 This Shepherd true doth mark,
 And, of His grace divine,
 He bids a friendly star to shine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Safe He leads us, out from deadly gloom,
 To greenest meadow-bloom,
 To waters flowing free,
 Life-welling to eternity.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Down on us His eyes with pity look.
His gentle shepherd-crook
Doth trust and comfort bring.
Himself keeps watch unwearying.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Yea! He is the faithfullest and best.
Our fold itself doth rest
Within those arms of His,
Whose very name Compassion is.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Tr. 1884.

AGNUS DEI.

"O Lamm Gottes unschuldig."

NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1523.

O LAMB of God, unspotted,
 Whose life that Cross hath taken,
 All-calm in grief allotted,
 Howe'er Thou wert forsaken,
 All sin Thou hast endured,
 Else were no hope assured;
 Have mercy upon us, O Jesus!

Thy name the full heart blesses,
 That Thou relief so thoro
 Hast wrought for our distresses.
 Give us a godly sorrow,
 That we our sins may vanquish,
 Remembering Thine anguish;
 Have mercy upon us, O Jesus!

Our confidence embolden
 Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
 That, steadfastly upholden,
 And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
 We die at last unshaken,
 And safe in Heaven awaken;
 Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

Tr. 1884.

ALLA MARCIA.

QUICKEN, Lord, our pilgrim going,
 Mindful of that fatherland,
 Whence Thy promised light is glowing,—
 Where Thy true confessors stand.
 Love's banner before us,
 Truth's firmament o'er us,
 Such faith Thou hast granted,
 Our hope is undaunted.
 Our boast is right royal,—
 The Godhead Triune!
 The land of the loyal
 Will welcome us soon.

Take, O Christ, our full confession!
 Thou that city hast prepared
 For the Church's sure possession,
 Who Thy wayfare now have shared.
 Thy pain-path we're wending:
 But shadows are rending.
 We drink of Thy chalice,—
 We'll stand in Thy palace.
 To Thee yield our laurels,
 One jubilee blend
 In Heaven-wide chorals,
 That world without end.

*On we press with steady marches,
Sober vigils, joyful cheers.
Nearer gleam those jewelled arches,
Just before are Heaven's frontiers.
Hell's armies may mock us,—
Their hate shall not baulk us;
We fear not their leaguer:
But ON! true and eager.
Exalted each valley,
Each mountain made low,
In confident rally
Right homeward we go.*

1884.

A DOXOLOGY.

*T*HE songs of glory here begun
Let Heavenly songs complete,
To Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Paraclete.
We are as all Thy servants were,
And as they are shall be,—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter,—
Forever one in Thee.

1884.

A PILGRIM SONG.

GOD of Thine Israel, none is like Thee!
 Great are Thy mercies, mighty Thy laws;
 Let Thy word, pray we, verified be,
 Hear Thou in Heaven, plead Thou our cause.

Faithful Creator, Thee will we trust!
 Thy God, O Zion, shall be thy Rock,
 Out from before thee all thy foes thrust,
 Shelter thee, lead thee,—beautiful flock!

Girded with gladness, steady and strong,
 Straight thro the sea-path Wisdom hath plowed,
 Changing the voices, changeless the song
 Mightily sounding out from the cloud.

Gath'ring His sheep-flock from every fold,
 Christ, their one Shepherd, shall His Church seal.
 Were it not so, Lord, Thou wouldst have told;—
 What Love hath spoken naught can repeal!

Darkness is passing,—twilight withdrawn,
 Weeping endureth only a night.
 Tender rejoicing ushers the dawn,—
 Perfected promise,—faith merged in sight!

DISCIPLESHIP.

"Jesu Meine Freude."

JOHANN FRANCK, 1653.

*J*ESUS, Thou art nearest
 To my soul, and dearest,
 All my grace Thou art.
 Ah, how long and lonely,
 Longing for Thee only,
 Waits this eager heart!
 God's dear Lamb,
 Thy bride I am.
 From Thee parted, Earth could never
 Cheer my soul, forever.

Under Thy protection,
 Mid all insurrection
 Of my foes, I'm free.
 Wrath let Satan utter,
 Let the demons mutter,
 Jesus stands by me.
 Still the same
 'Neath bolt and flame,
 E'en tho' sin and Hell dismay me,
 Still will Jesus stay me.

Spite of shapes unreal,
 Spite of death's ordeal,
 Spite of heart distrest;
 Worlds may rage and quarrel,
 Here stay I and carol
 In unwonted rest.
 God's own might
 Dispels my fright;
 Earth and e'en th' abyfs He quelleth,
 Tho their anger swelleth.

Hence with all your treasure;
 For Thou art my pleasure,
 Jesus,—my desire!
 Empty honors, speed ye!
 Care I not to heed ye,
 Nor your help require.
 Trial, los,

 Shame, death and cross.
 Howso'er I suffer, never
 Shall from Jesus sever.

*Life that this world chooses,
Thee my soul refuses,—*

*Get thee from my sight!
Mem'ry disenchanting,
Far, ye sins, remaining,
Come no more to light.*

*Night betide
Thee, pomp of pride!
To the wrong whence life hath striven
Long farewell be given.*

*Yield, thou sorrow-spirit!
Joy's own Lord inherit;
Jesus enters in.
Those whom God well loveth
Chastisement but proveth;
Purer joys they win.*

*Here I 've borne
Reproach and scorn:
Yet mid grief is Jesus plainest,
Thou my joy remainest!*

Tr. 1885.

BETHLEHEM.

ALL the hosts of morning sing.
All the chimes of Heaven are swinging.
All the air is quavering.

All the starry depths are ringing.
 O'er the Shepherds with their flocks
 God's eternal world unlocks.

Swiftly down the lustrous skies,
 Angels troop with salutation,—
 Mid unearthly minstrelsy,
 Tell the Saviour's incarnation!
 "Fear no longer, HE is come,
 Judah's heir, in David's home."

Birth-night of the Son of man!
 Virgin's Child, yet Lord Almighty,
 Still toward Bethlehem's crowded khan
 Sings the world its glad VENITE!
 Star-led where the Christ-babe lies,
 Throng with gifts the heavenly wise.

*Who His humble vigils keep
Christ doth bless with new evangel.
They who feed the Saviour's sheep,
Oft shall hear the song of angels!
God's high glory yet fulfills
Peace, to men of gentle wills.*

1885.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHRIST.

*HAIL! great Redeemer, high ascended—
Thine humbling mortal travail ended,
Enthroned Thou art forevermore.
Yet, led by Thee in holy fitness,
Still greater things Thy Church shall witness,
Thou Galilean Conqueror!*

*With triple cords Thine own are banded
To teach the words Thy lips commanded;
For Thine is all authority.
The centuries go. New harvests whiten!
Toward perfect day the ages brighten!
New lands stretch forth their hands to Thee!*

*No more we gaze where clouds are woven,
But trust that pledge the years have proven—
“Lo! I am with you to the end.”
We ask no more Thine holy reasons—
Our God knows well His times and seasons;
His bow of love will ne'er unbend.*

O King! Thy cloudless morning hasteth.
Ride gloriously, while darkness wasteth,
With all Thy white-clad armies' train!
The word shall change to open vision,
And all Thine own, with glad transition,
Behold Thy beauteous face again!

1885.

WORSHIP.

O THOU Omnipresent!
God! of life the centre,
Thankfully Thy gates we enter,
Joining these our praises,
With that hymn incessant,
Which the Church celestial raises.
In sweet fear
Draw we near;
Thro Thy worlds so spacious
To each child Thou 'rt gracious.

Hushed the Earth before Thee!
Valley, plain and highland,
Every continent and island,
All things, large and lowly,
Silently adore Thee,
Present in Thy temple holy!
Void of speech,
Yet they teach,
Wide their mute word goeth,
And Thy wisdom showeth.

Ever-blesséd Maker!

*While Thine whole Creation
Sounds an endless jubilation,
O great God and Saviour,
Once with man partaker,
Hear our voice with tender favor!
By and by,
There on high,
In Thine heavenly places,
Perfect Thou our praises.*

1885.

THE LAMBHERD.

“**F**ORBID ye not the children :”
Said Christ, “but let them come !”
Of such is Heaven’s kingdom,
Their loving Father’s home.

In gracious arms He took them,
And drew them to His breast ;
And children still are carried
By Him, and still are blest.

So come to Him and welcome,
As long ago they came ;
This good and tender Shepherd
Knows every lamb by name !

1885.

DECLARATION DAY.

A GAIN amid the summer air,
 Our deep dependence to declare,
 We bare our brows and bend to Thee,
 Who only makest nations free.

Thou hast, O God, done all things well,
 Thy mercies are unsearchable,
 With goodness' cup flowed o'er the brim,
 We sound to Heaven our happy hymn.

We thank Thee for our history,
 And for to-day's tranquillity,
 And what may come we humbly dare,
 Safe in the affluence of Thy care.

Let many a shining sun be sent
 To our bright flag's blue firmament,
 Those clustered Pleiads firmly bind—
 A central light for all mankind.

And while that constellation grows,
 And far its astral beauty shows,
 Still guide Thou us from that pure throne
 Where liberty and law are one.

*Save the Republic! Be our God!
On holy ground, with feet unshod,
We stand to learn Thy full decrees,
And bear Thy world-wide messages.*

1885.

CONSIDER.

SEE the lilies, how they grow!
 Ne'er was king apparelled so.
 Never yet was vocal tune
 Like their melodies of June.
 Yet they neither toil nor spin,
 God's good care they flourish in.
 All our faithlessness He quells,
 In these summer bridal bells.

God, who clothes the lilies white,
 In their music hath delight,
 Heeds their pure and whispered chimes,
 Listens to their silent rhymes.
 From their lowly belfries rise
 Hymns that touch the open skies.
 Majesty with meekness dwells
 In the valley's lily bells.

So would we, in fragrant stoles,
 Raise to God our simple souls,
 Knowing well that He desires
 White-clad hearts to join His choirs.
 Not the loudest, but the pure
 Songs of Heaven's ear are sure;
 Surely this the lily tells
 In its peal of happy bells.

N^AZARETH.

*S*ING, every boy and maiden,
 To Him, with gratitude,
 Whose youth, tho heavy laden,
 Was one beatitude; .
 For Jesus, meek and purely,
 Thro boyhood's duties trod,
 As Mary's child, tho surely
 The very Son of God.

The helper of His mother,
 A faithful Hebrew lad,
 For sister and for brother
 Christ wrought with spirit glad;
 And made that cottage lowly,
 That work-bench by the door,
 A labor-lesson holy
 To love forevermore.

All rev'rently obeying,
 He bore His daily part
 Toward her who kept each saying
 Safe in her wond'ring heart.
 Along the ways where nature
 Spake low, by hill and glen,
 He grew in wisdom, stature,
 And grace with God and men.

*Oh sing! ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let serving hands fly faster,
New years new burdens bring,—
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King!*

1885.

THE DISCIPLES PRAYER.

OUR Father, we pray
 What Christ taught to say,
 And hallow Thy name
 That from Heaven He came.

O wonderful King,
 Thy blessed rule bring,
 Till Earth does that will
 Which the angels fulfill!

Oh, give us alway
 Our bread for each day.
 Forgiveness renew,
 And let us forgive too.

Keep us in Thy way,
 Lest evil betray;
 Power and glory to Thee,
 Our dear King, ever be!

1885.

THE NEIGHBOR.

*R*OBBED, bruised and dying, once I lay
 Upon a lonely road;
 When One came journeying on His way,
 And wondrous mercy showed.

He saw me, pitied, came and bound
 And bore me to an inn;
 Cared wisely for my every wound,
 As He were very kin!

He watched beside me all the night,
 Till dawn did comfort bring;
 Went only when 't was fully light,
 And paid my reckoning.

And now, to keep the vows I made,
 Beneath those glowing eyes,
 I would my fallen fellow aid,
 And go and do likewise.

A TOAST.

*THE merry hours of boyhood love are gone,
 Strong youth's full pulse beats calmer at the wrist,
 Manhood's stern duties grind their steady grist.
 Age's slow retrospect draws surely on.
 But still the mellow dream-light once that shone
 Upon those halcyon and happy days,
 Shines on, 'neath noon or moon, with amber rays,
 Across the changeless memories we won
 Mid those dear groups that gather as we gaze,
 And circle with the magic grasp and song,
 To fade again as in the autumn haze.
 Alack, good friends, 't is very, very long!
 With whispered word and overbrimming eyes,
 Pledge we the Auld Lang Syne that never dies.*

1886.

COVENANT.

*T*O Thee, our God, these babes we bring,
 Their birthright blessing claim,
 And as a living offering
 We name them in Thy Name.

Of Christian faith and wedlock born,
 Now are they holy, Lord;
 The promise to our children sworn
 Rests on Thy covenant word.

These bright baptismal drops we pour
 About their tender brows;
 Cleanse Thou their spirits more and more,
 And seal our joyful vows.

By Thy regenerating choice,
 Draw all their hearts to Thee,
 To recognize the Saviour's voice,
 And God's dear children be.

Faithful Creator, Holy Child,
 And gracious Paraclete,
 Fold safe Thy lambs amid this wild,
 And homeward guide their feet.

STORMSHINE.

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the Heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

Ecclus. 43: 11, 12.

I.

A *GAINST* the sombre marches of the skies,
 Thou scarf of opal fire, whereon is spelled,
 In amber, amethyst and emerald,
 God's covenant that floods shall not o'errise,
 What hopes gleam from thy blue and beryl dyes,
 O foster-symbol! gonfalon of love!

Thy truth shines thro the sorrow-storms, whereof
 Man's dreadings only God can tranquillize,
 And smites the clouds with iridescent light.
 Abroad the East, gloomed now by wrack and wraith,
 Bends thy celestial paradox of faith.

Beautiful bow! abide in strength, and bright
 Thy lustrous arch span all the widening way,
 Where next shall burn the foreglow of the day.

II.

Yet, fain to watch with tender gratitude,
 From out this day of rain, whose clouds are dense,
 We see but half thy pearled circumference.
 Our sad horizon ever doth intrude
 To break across thy golden, purple-hued
 And turquosed zone. Thy brilliant mystery
 Goes as it came. The clouds disprinted be,
 And the last glimmering traces fight elude.
 God's quiver-full of mercies is not spent!
 We caught the flash of half His chariot wheel,
 Who rides the storms, who speaks in thunder-peal,
 Who reigns above the sapphire firmament.
 Thy ravelled light completes, where naught is dark
 About His throne, its interrupted arc.

1886.

HEART OF MAINE.

*F*AR in New England woods I lie
 In unmolested revery,
 While mantled soft in Sunday grey
 The sober August glides away.
 The turquoise sky is mirrored in
 The deeper blue of Chamberlain,
 Where, wide along as eye can reach,
 Mysterious forests crowd the beach.

Swift as true purpose to its home,
 Disputed but not overcome,
 In musical persistent flow,
 To dream-set Eagle Lake below,
 With silver-bubbled swirl and flash,
 Whirls on the laughing Alleguash,
 Thro rocky pools where alders nod,
 And reaches fringed with golden-rod.

Far sound the loons their lonely cry.
 The great hawk swims, or poisseth, high,
 Until, wide-circling, he is flown
 Where clouds horizonward are blown.
 Change everywhere! All passeth by,
 River and summer, bird and sky.
 As thistle blow and shadow went,
 The day spends,—and the mood is spent.

THE VICAR.

THY grace is all of grace,
 Thou Merciful and Just!
 The light that shines in Jesus' face
 Is all my trust.

It found me in my sin,
 Will-driven and wide astray,
 And placed my periled feet within
 Life's narrow way,

From God no more estranged,
 In Christ's dear blood made nigh,
 My alienage forever changed,
 A child am I.

Thro love's unearned release,
 Submissive at Thy side,
 Thou, Lord, my Righteousness and Peace,
 My heart dost guide.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

*F*ATHER, as here we bow,
 Hark to our praises now,
 Hear Thou our prayer.
 While this new page we turn,
 More of Thy grace to learn,
 Our souls united yearn
 To bless Thy care!

Lord Christ, our minds uplift
 To covet Thy best gift,
 Unselfish love!
 Great Shepherd of the sheep,
 Our flock and pastor keep,
 By fields and fountains deep
 Lead all above.

O Living Spirit! rule
 Our hearts in this life-school,
 Its little while.
 Then call us home, to dwell
 Where each Nathanael
 Of one great Israel,
 Stands clean of guile.

*God! glorious and Triune,
Our lips and lives attune
For constant praise.
Creator, Ransom, Guide,
Guard us on every side,
All that we need provide,
To endless days.*

1886.

A PRAYER.

L ORD, every day and everywhere,
 In every way, or large or least,
 Let faithful service be increased,
 And Thine approval be my care.

Let all my plans be simplified
 To follow Thee at small remove,
 To catch the secret of that love
 Which drew the needy to Thy side.

Oh, that my lips might learn that word!
 That living gift of gracious touch,
 Which thrilled the burdened overmuch,
 Which lonely souls with rapture heard!

Thou Living One! Oh, live in me!
 My dullness so transfiguring,
 My dumb voice making so to sing,
 That men may know I've been with Thee.

Control the quick, impatient speech,
 Curb my fierce pride and selfishness,
 Enjoin my thought to heal and bless,
 First let me learn the thing I teach.

*I would not bring Thee what is lame,
Unseemly, torn, what cost me naught:
But, by Thy patient grace besought,
Would mark my best with Thy dear name.*

*Put mine with Thine in perfect chord.
Forgiveness let me ne'er forget.
Bend Thine ear lower!—Love me yet!
I ask no more; what could I, Lord?*

1887.

MILITANCY.

AROUSE Thy Church, Almighty God,
 To do the service of to-day!
 Stretch forth again the budding rod,
 Divide the depths, disclose the way!

Thou Captain of Jehovah's host,
 With sword in hand Thy purpose show;
 Appoint our armies to their post,
 As Thou didst leaguer Jericho.

Let the long trumpet-peal resound!
 With one great shout Thy people cry!
 The stubborn barriers kiss the ground,
 And the good cause have victory.

With Love's red cross aloft unfurled,
 Let every man before him straight
 Go up, for Christ to storm the world,
 And turn the battle to the gate.

*Let arms and arts and plans of men,
Disposed by Thee, the dawn begin,
And e'en their plots of wrath Thy ken
O'errule to bring the kingdom in.*

*Let sin's black shadows flee away,
Immanuel's presence shine again!
Thy promises in Him are Yea,
And all Thy people say Amen.*

1887.

THE LIFE-SAVER.

I DO not know the deadly depths within,
 Where lurk my heart's capacities of wrong.
 I cannot fathom what I might have been,
 (Abandoned to myself to drift along
 The seething floods, whose cruel undertow
 Clutches unwary souls), had not the hand
 Of the strong Swimmer, buffeting the flow
 Of death, upheld my life and drawn to land.
 I only know that from my fatal self
 One who is strong preserved me! and I owe
 My rescuing to Him, who treads the shelf
 Where sea meets shore along this treacherous coast,
 To watch the over-bold, who dare the woe
 Of waters, lest their powers give up the ghost.
 1887.

MY REAL ESTATE.

NEATH these broad skies,
 Somewhere there lies
 A little plot,
 A quiet spot,
 To me unshown,
 Yet all mine own.
 No deed nor fee
 Is granted me;
 No title claim
 Bears seal and name
 To show that bit
 Of earth;—to wit:
 Eight feet by three.
 No warranty,
 No man's attest,
 Makes manifest
 My freehold quit.
 To measure it
 I have not spanned;
 I know the land

*Is quite enough,
For all the stuff
With me I'll bear
When I build there.
It is secure
Past forfeiture.
By sure mortmain
I shall retain
My real estate;
So let it wait,
Where'er it lies
Neath the cool skies.*

1887.

DE PROFUNDIS.

*THOU Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said,
I bring Thee the burdens that pain me;
Deep waters of sorrow close over my head,
Unless Thy good hand shall sustain me.*

*O Help of the stricken! O Hope of the lost!
Where else can I go with my crying?
Thou One all-acquainted with grief to Thy cost,
My soul to Thy mercy is flying.*

*Almighty Redeemer, give ear to my prayer!
Uphold me! Abandon me never!
Forgive me my doubts of Thine infinite care.
Enfold me forever and ever.*

1887.

ITHACA.

*N*ESTED within the crotch of three great hills,
 And terraced up their vined and flowered sides,
 Broad to the Sun, the lovely village hides
 'Neath the cool trees, or wanders where it wills
 By wayside, or where water overspills
 Down the split rocks, from deep and fragrant dells.
 Out on the Autumn air the college bells
 Float their faint chimes. Valeward the sleepy mills
 Murmur their monotones. Home to their cells
 The drowsy bees go leisurely. Of rest
 And unmolested dreams the landscape tells.
 The blue Cayuga curves into the west
 By palisaded shores, its plashing croon
 Lulling the soft September afternoon.

1887.

A MEMORY.

*H*ERE where Aurora winds along the lake
 Its mile of beauty, by the land careffed
 Within its curved arm, where the breeze blows best
 Across the rustling waters, and no wake
 Is left of them whose sails are furled, who take
 With better wings their voyage past the Sun,
 Sadly I tread the ways that speak of one
 I loved and love, so plain as if to make
 It seem impossible his work is done
 Here among men. That quiet hillside mound!
 The music of that manhood silenced! None
 Ever to win the welcome here he found—
 Stranger and angel,—nor until the end
 Displace the heartache for a vanished friend!

1887.

RECESSION.

*WE close Thy bleſſèd word,
 Where power and promiſe meet;
 What faith with rapture heard
 May blameleſs lives complete.*

*Here hath heartſickneſs learned
 Who makes the ſad to ſing,
 And ſtrife-tossed reaſon turned
 To love, unqueſtioning.*

*Receive our twilight hymn,
 Take, Lord, our evening prayer;
 Our ſouls, while day grows dim,
 Surrender to Thy care.*

*Home to their fold, Thy breaſt,
 Thy ſheep return once more;
 Thou, who doſt guide to reſt,
 Thyſelf ſhalt guard the door.*

1887.

MENDELSSOHN.

FEBRUARY 3, 1809,—NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

"RES SEVERA VERUM GAUDIUM EST."

I.

*NOT two-score years, as mortals reckon years:
 But years enough to write a deathless word
 On that clear scroll, where but a few preferred
 And lofty souls are held,—the august seers
 Of music's mighty world. Peer among peers
 At large thou goest now where the heart-throe
 Of Beethoven finds rest, where Berlioz
 And Palestrina meet. Thy spirit bears
 Words for thy songs! Thy days were scant on Earth.
 The voice of Handel spake across to thee,
 And great Sebastian from eternity
 Reached thee his wand: but to its better birth,
 Thou February child! thy spirit went,
 A flame of harmony that Heaven but lent.*

II.

*Now years two-score are gone since thou didst go
 To those pure realms whose sounds were overheard
 By thy keen sense. But still man's pulse is stirred
 By wistful-mellow tones that overflow
 From thy wide wealth. And still men better know,
 For thee, Paul's gleaming path, the Baal queens,
 Carmel's weird day and sombre Horeb's scenes,
 The whirlwind and the whisper, and the glow
 Of God's own chariot, for him sent down,
 Who strove with passionate sincerity,
 Hard hungering (as thou!) for sympathy,
 And won thro toil for truth the fadeless crown.
 Thy faith, O eager Mendelssohn! we ask,
 To find "the truest joy in sternest task."
 1887.*

A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

MY Maker, at Thy holy throne,
 In full surrender here I bow;
 What Thou hast made is all Thine own;
 Accept Thy glad new creature now!

Thou Master, Christ, alone ordained
 My Mediator, Thy decree
 Of grace hath cleansed this heart all-stained,
 Henceforth may I Thy namesake be!

These waters, like Thy flowing love,
 O Holy Ghost, apply to me!
 Grant, undivided, from above,
 Truth, mercy, power, O Trinity!

So let the childhood of my soul
 The Heavenly Kingdom now declare,
 Thought, love and choice, His will control,
 Who called me thus His name to wear.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Fit the same intellect to a man, and it is a bowstring: to a woman, and it is a harpstring."

O. W. H.

*AS the dilemma of the crescent Moon
 To one full sphere of perfect beauty tends,
 So in thy mind each grace with other blends
 In keen and kindly light, and all in tune
 Thy words with tears or twinkling smiles are strewn.
 Bowstring and harpstring too, for song or shaft
 Thy wit was strung. Perhaps we cried, or laughed:—
 We ever loved! With mellow afternoon
 Thy path still lengthen toward the slanting Sun.
 The Nautilus hath chambers yet to build.
 The staunch Chaise must its hundred summers run.
 And then,—and then what Love Divine hath willed!
 Up, all ye guests! Dear Autocrat, at last
 When thou art gone, who then shall break our fast?*

1888.

REMEMBRANCE.

FOUR hundred years their course have sped
 Since first San Salvador
 Above the waste of waters dread
 Revealed its unknown shore.

The slow-paced ages startling heard
 The wide new world proclaimed.
 Hope clarioned forth the bounteous word,
 Till Time's cold pulses flamed.

Thro bitter days of doubt and strife
 Thou madest us to dwell
 Between Thy shoulders. Lord, our life,
 Thou hast done all things well!

Wrought by Thy wise and wondrous hand,
 This great effectual door,
 Of Liberty with Law, doth stand
 Set wide for evermore.

From outward threat and inward throe,
 By want and wealth and rod,
 As Thou hast led, lead on! we know
 Thou art Columbia's God.

A COLLEGE SONG.

TWILIGHT comes soon!
 Then sing, boys, sing,
 While sunny mornings last.
 Love's music bring,
 Before the day is past;
 Twilight comes soon!

Twilight comes soon!
 The Sun burns high,
 The dusty way is long,
 Man's strength goes by:
 But love hath yet a song.
 Twilight comes soon!

Twilight comes soon!
 Our greetings fail,
 The shadows longer grow,
 Youth-light is pale:
 But sing we, tho we know
 Twilight comes soon!

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