

LYRA ECCLESIASTICA :

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

Ancient & Godly Latin Hymns

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

IN CORRESPONDING METRE.

BY

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PREFACE.

IN better and holier ages than this, when the sacred flame inkindled by the faith of CHRIST, the hope of heaven, and the love of GOD and man, burned brighter and steadier in men's hearts, the fathers gave way to the warmth of their devotion in hymns of such surpassing beauty and such deep and glowing feeling, that I believe there is none that bears the shape and soul of man, but who will speedily find on them the stamp of unfeigned and all-embracing charity, the marks of a "heart that GOD has touched," and lips that have been cleansed by fire from off the altars of the heaven of heavens.

Latin, the consecrated language of all Christendom, farther beautified with the sparkling ornament of rhyme, was the appropriate garb

wherein to clothe their hallowed thoughts; but this, while it gives to their compositions eternity and universality, goes to shut out very many from reaping ghostly advantage therefrom. With a view to helping such persons to partake in the sweet songs of the saints, many most worthy men have from time to time made translations of these hymns into the tongue of their respective countries, and divers excellent versions have come out in English. It seems however to me that the metre is a very marked feature in all poetical writing, and this seems to have been too often overlooked by translators.

Some of these hymns moreover have been chosen by the Church for the service of the sanctuary, and have been adapted to music of peculiar loveliness and fitness. Of course when the metre is changed in translating, the music must be sacrificed.

It has been my endeavour then in the following pages, to preserve in all cases the metre of the original, and at the same time to translate

as closely as I was able, so as to make each line of the English, as far as might be, answer both in sense and measure to the corresponding line of the Latin: and to the gaining of this end I have never shrunk from sacrificing what might seem to me a more elegant and effective rendering of a passage; for I hold that in translating the words of men so highly gifted with the Divine Spirit as the fathers of the Middle Ages, any unnecessary deviation from the text were presumption savouring of profaneness.

I will only add in conclusion, that if this little book should by God's blessing be made the means of raising in the breast of any reader one feeling akin to the hallowed devotion of the ages of faith, I shall indeed rejoice in having put it forth, and feel encouraged to add to its extent.

A. D. W.



CCWATERSHED.ORG/CAMPION

The only congregational hymnal for the Traditional Latin Mass.

TO
ARTHUR DAVID WHITE, ESQ.

IN WHOSE DISPOSITION
THE WARMTH OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

IS HAPPILY BLENDED WITH
THE GENTLENESS OF ST. BERNARD,

THESE GEMS OF THE PIETY OF BETTER AGES

ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS EVER DEVOTED FRIEND

A.D.W.

Lyra Ecclesiastica.

S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS HYMNUS DE CORPORE CHRISTI.

1. PANGE lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.
2. Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.
3. In supremæ nocte cœnæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,

Lyra Ecclesiastica.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS'S HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

1. Of the glorious body bleeding
O! my tongue the mystery sing,
And the blood all price exceeding,
Which for this world's ransoming
From a noble womb proceeding
JESUS shed, the Gentiles' King.
2. Given for us, for us descended
Of a maid from evil freed,
And His life on earth expended
Scattering the word's blest seed,
His career at length He ended
Wonderful in word and deed.
3. At the last sad supper seated,
Circled by His chosen band,
Moses' law in full completed
In the food it doth command,

Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

4. Verbum caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis CHRISTI merum:
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Et cum exponitur SS. Sacramentum in Choro.

5. Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui,
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6. Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

AMEN.

To the twelve as food He meted
Forth Himself with His own hand.

4. At the Incarnate Word's high bidding
Bread to very flesh doth turn,
Wine becometh CHRIST's blood-shedding;
And if sense cannot discern,
Guileless spirits never dreading
May from faith sufficient learn.

*And when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed
in the Choir.*

5. To the sacred Host inclining
In adoring awe we bend,
Ancient forms their place resigning
Unto rites of nobler end;
Faith the senses dark refining,
Mysteries to comprehend.

6. Sire and Son all power possessing,
God, to Thee all Glory be,
Might, salvation, honour, blessing,
Unto all eternity,
Holy Ghost from both progressing
Equal Glory be to Thee.

AMEN.

S THOMÆ AQUINATIS HYMNUS,
VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS.

1. VERBUM supernum prodiens,
Nec patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens,
Venit ad vitæ vesperam.
2. In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus æmulis,
Prius in vitæ ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.
3. Quibus sub bina specie
Carnem dedit et sanguinem :
Ut duplicis substantiæ
Totum cibaret hominem.
4. Se nascens dedit socium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in præmium.

Et cum exponitur SS. Sacramentum in Choro.

5. O! salutaris hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

HYMN OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS,
VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS.

1. THE Word supernal forth proceeds,
Nor leaves the right hand of His Sire,
To execute His lofty deeds
With life's sad even drawing nigher.
2. By His disciple unto death
Unto His enemies betrayed,
He first the sustenance of breath
Himself to His disciples made.
3. To whom He gave in either kind
The sacred flesh, the pretious blood,
That unto man of both combined
He might become celestial food.
4. Man's friend He's born in human guise,—
And dwells with him his food to be,—
As his redemption's price He dies,—
And reigns his crown of majesty.

*And when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed
in the Choir.*

5. O! Victim of Salvation's cause,
Who Heaven's gates hast open laid,
While overwhelm'd with hostile wars,
Afford us strength and grant us aid.

6. Uno, Trinoque Domino
 Sit sempiterna gloria,
 Qui vitam sine termino
 Nobis donet in patria.

AMEN.

AVE VERUM.

Ave verum corpus natum
 De Maria Virgine,
 Vere passum, immolatum
 In cruce pro homine;
 Cujus latus perforatum
 Fluxit unda et sanguine,
 Esto nobis prægustatum
 Mortis in examine.

O! clemens, O! pie
 O! JESU, fili Mariæ.

AMEN.

DOMINICI CARTHUSIANI EXHORTATIO AD
 PCENITENTIAM.

HOMO DEI creatura,
 Cur in carne moritura,
 Est tam parva tibi cura,
 Pro æterna gloria?

6. To great JEHOVAH, one and three,
 Be everlasting glory given:
 A life of endless bliss may He
 Award us in the realms of Heaven.

AMEN.

AVE VERUM.

HAIL, true body born, to suffer,
 Of the blessed Virgin's womb,
 Who upon the cross didst offer
 Man's hilastic hecatomb;
 Wounded heart whence flowing over
 Mystic blood and water come.
 Comfort to our souls recover
 In the hour of death and gloom.

Merciful and gentle One
 JESU, Mary's blessed Son.

AMEN.

DOMINIC THE CARTHUSIAN'S EXHORTATION
 TO PENANCE.

MAN, of GOD erewhile created,
 And to die by nature fated,
 Why so little agitated
 For eternal glory's prize?

Illa quanta sit si scires
 Præter eam nil sitires,
 Nec mundana sic ambires
 Vana transitoria ;

Et si pœnas infernales
 Agnovisses, quæ et quales,
 Tuos utique carnales
 Appetitus frangeres :

Et innumera peccata,
 Dicta, facta, cogitata,
 Mente tota consternata
 Merito deplangeres.

Tot sunt gaudia sanctorum,
 Tot tormenta reproborum,
 Quod immensitas eorum
 Nullo sensu capitur,

Donec anima post mortem
 Aut bonorum sumat sortem
 Aut malorum ad cohortem
 Improvise rapitur.

Quando caro sepelitur,
 Heu ! de spiritu nil scitur,
 Utrum gaudet an punitur,
 Non fit magna mentio.

Hadst thou of its worth the notion,
 Thou wouldst seek no other potion,
 Nor pursue with such devotion
 Earth's poor passing vanities.

Couldst thou realize the presence
 Of Hell's deep and dark horrescence,
 All thy fleshly concupiscence
 Thou to master wouldst not fail :

And thy sins past calculation,
 Word, and deed, and cogitation,
 With a soul in consternation
 Thou wouldst worthily bewail.

With such joys are saints surrounded,
 Sinners with such wrath confounded,
 That their vastness all unbounded
 Human sense can never span,

Till the clay the spirit leaveth,
 And the palm of joy receiveth,
 Or for ever wildly cleaveth
 To the sinner's cursed clan.

When to earth the body goeth,
 Of the soul man nothing knoweth,
 Little saith and little showeth
 Of its joy or misery.

Luctus quidem simulatur,
Sed substantia vastatur,
In propinquis generatur
Zelus et contentio.

Mors est bonis, mors est malis,
Sed sors nimis inæqualis,
Subinfertur æternalis
Vitæ vel interitus.

Exequiæ si celebrantur,
Si vel noti convivantur,
Nil defuncto suffragantur
Si tunc est immeritus.

Nullum tempus pœnitendi:
Nulla mora revertendi,
Nec tunc locus fugiendi
Miseris supererit.

Si vis sursum, detraheris,
De abyssis extraheris,
Judici ut præsenteris,
Nihil tibi proderit

Si JESUM non dilexisti
Nec Mariæ servivisti
Nec patronum quæsiisti
Tibi in subsidium,

Grief indeed is simulated,
But the wealth is dissipated,
And contention generated
'Mongst the consanguinity.

Death on good and bad attending,
But to lots far different sending,
Yet alike in never ending,
Be it bliss or be it bale:

Be the death-mass celebrated,
Or the friends in banquet sated,
Nought is on the dead collated
Save he be in mercy's pale.

There no time is for repenting,
There no season for relenting,
There, no place escape presenting
For the sinner will remain.

Up thou strainest, down they chace thee,
From the dark abyss they raise thee,
And before the Judge they place thee,
All will be, alas ! in vain,

From CHRIST's love if thou hast swervéd
Nor His Holy Mother servéd,
Nor thy patron's aid deservéd
Thee to shield in trouble's hour,

Quis orabit pro delicto?
 Quis spondebit pro convicto?
 Quis iudicio tam stricto
 Fiet in præsidium?

Pacis angeli astabunt,
 Sicut scriptum est, plorabunt,
 Justam tamen approbabunt
 Iudicis sententiam.

Et, quod sonat magis dure,
 Omnes Dei creaturæ
 Aggravabunt justo jure
 Ream conscientiam.

Sed hæc factis ex scelestis
 Est sui ipsius testis,
 Nullam iudicis in gestis
 Intuens injuriam.

Tunc horribiles tortores
 Tot incutiunt terrores
 Ut, jam sentiens dolores,
 Vertatur in furiam.

Tunc a bonis reprobata,
 In seipsa desperata,
 Anima sic desolata
 In profundum mergitur,

Who shall pray for thy transgression?
 Who for thee make intercession?
 In the last and dreadful session
 Who shall be thy refuge tower?

Peaceful angels round thee soaring,
 As 'tis written; tho' deploring,
 Yet acknowledge all adoring
 That the Judge's doom is just.

And what harder yet appeareth,
 God's creation all upreareth
 And with wrath redoubled teareth
 Wretched sinner's conscience curst.

Conscience bearing attestation
 To her own prevarication,
 Can in heaven's condemnation
 Nought but even justice find.

Then such forms of wrath address her,
 And with pains so sore distress her,
 That the soul, such griefs oppress her,
 Maddens into fury blind.

By the blessed reprobated,
 And to hopeless sorrow fated,
 Ruin'd, blighted, desolated,
 Down she sinks for ever lost,

Ubi chaos obfirmatur,
 Ut nunquam egrediatur,
 Sicut Abraham testatur,
 Huc illuc non pergitur.

O ! quæ lingua vel narrare,
 Vel quis sensus cogitare,
 Quis vel audet numerare
 Mala multiplicia ?

Quæ damnandis sunt parata,
 Et diversis deputata,
 Proüt singula peccata
 Exigunt et vitia.

Ignis, frigus procellarum,
 Sulfur, foëtor tenebrarum,
 Jugis luctus animarum
 Pars earum calicis.

Sempiterna mors, dracones,
 Fames, dæmones, bufones,
 Amarissimos agones
 Superaddunt miseris.

Tot sunt loca tenebrosa,
 Tot tormenta monstruosa,
 Quot hæc terra spatiosa
 Atque visibilia,

Where wild chaos' dungeon burneth,
 Whence no captive e'er returneth,
 For as Abraham decerneth,
 Never may the gulf be crosst.

Who can give a full narration,
 Picture in imagination,
 Who can make enumeration
 Of the wrath and torments dire ?

Spirits of the damn'd assailing,
 And to divers tortures hailing,
 As each sin and mortal failing
 May in justice strict require ?

Fire and frosty tempest roaring,
 Dark and sulphury vapour soaring,
 Damned souls their fate deploring,—
 Such their poison'd cup of woe.—

Dragons, death without conclusion,
 Famine, demons, toads, delusion,
 Bitter suffering and confusion
 Ever fresh upon them throw.

There so many gloomy places,
 There such torments and disgraces,
 That the world's remotest spaces,
 And whate'er is visible,

Quasi parum sint miranda,
Nec ad illa comparanda ;
Ista quippe enarranda,
Hæc indicibilia.

Sic lætitia sanctorum,
Jucunditas angelorum,
DEI gloria deorum,
Est inenarrabilis.

Eris clare DEUM videns,
Fruens, et amore tenens,
Potens, sciens, placens, gaudens,
Fulgens, liber, agilis.

Ubi Conditoris tui
Vultu semper possis frui,
Felix ille prorsus cui
Visio conceditur :

A qua nunquam separatur,
Sed perpetuo lætatur,
Mali nihil formidatur
Nec quis ibi læditur.

Illic angelorum chori,
Sancti, facie decori,
Vivere et nunquam mori
Mortis nec memoria.

Are but little to be feared,
Nor may be with them compared ;—
These to wit may be declared,
Those are indescribable.

But the joy by saints possessed
And the bliss of angels blessed,
And the praise to God addressed,
Ne'er can earthly lips declare ;

There thou 'lt see the heav'nly vision,
And embrace in love's fruition,
Full of sweetness, might, cognition,
Swift and shining, free and fair.

Where God's face in glory splendid
Ever is toward thee bended,
Blest to whom it is extended
Such a vision to enjoy :

Never dreading separation,
In unbounded exultation,
Without fear or trepidation,
Without suffering or alloy.

Angels their soft chorus swelling,
Beauteous, and in good excelling,
In existence endless dwelling,—
Death is unremembered there.

In æternum sed gaudere,
Summo bono inhærere,
Cuncta bona possidere
In æterna gloria.

Nunquam auris hic audivit,
Nec videre quisquam scivit,
Solum qui in cœlis vivit
Scit experientia,

Quid a malis liberati,
Et in gloria locati,
Ipsi possident beati
In CHRISTI præsentia.

Sed his paucis propalatis,
Partim tactis, et narratis,
Quæ tum sanctis tum damnatis
Præparata legimus.

Jam prudentius agamus,
Sanctam vitam eligamus,
In hoc mundo defleamus
Mala quæ peregrimus.

Non vivamus ut jumenta,
Ne post mortem ad tormenta,
Veniamus et lamenta
Intolerabilia.

Merst in everlasting blessing,—
With the Holy coalescing,—
Ev'ry good in full possessing,—
In eternal glory fair.

Ear hath never known the story,
Eye the scene consolatory,—
Heaven's denizens of glory
By experience know alone,

How, from sorrow liberated
Saints in glory elevated
Are with bliss and honours sated
In the presence of the Son.

But these few things being stated,
Partly touch'd on and narrated,
Which to sinners destined
And to saints we plainly read,

Take we rede of wisdom's giving,
Choose we holiness of living,
And, while yet on earth, with grieving
Wail our ev'ry evil deed.

Live we not like brute creation,
Lest, when dead, to desolation
We should come, and lamentation,—
God's intolerable ire ;

Modo veniam precemur,
Mortem CHRISTI meditemur,
Ad superna præparemur
Desiderabilia.

Ecce mundus evanescit,
Decor eius jam marcescit,
Et quotidie vilescit
Fallax eius gloria.

Quæ demergit ad inferna,
Ergo gloria superna,
Vita nobis sempiterna,
Jugis sit memoria,

Ut defuncti sublevemur,
Cum cœlitibus lætemur,
Et in DEO gloriemur
Summo delectabili ;

Qui solus glorificandus
Est, amandus et optandus,
Laudeque magnificandus
Est interminabili.

AMEN.

Let us pardon now entreating,
JESUS slain our spirit greeting,
Fit ourselves above for meeting
Joys that holy souls desire.

Lo ! the world is passing quickly,
Fall its beauty's blossoms thickly,
Viler daily and more sickly
Its fallacious glories grow,

Which demerge to lakes infernal ;
Let the glory then supernal,
And the bliss of life eternal
Ever thro' our mem'ry flow,

That from Death's dominion gliding,
With the saints in bliss abiding,
We may joy in God residing
The supreme delight on high :

Unto whom, all praise possessing,
Love and warmest heart's caressing,
Glory, honour, might, and blessing,
Throughout all eternity.

AMEN.

HYMNUS DE S. CRUCE.

ITA suos fortiores
Semper reddit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia.

Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem
Crux reducit omnia.

O! crux, lignum triumphale,
Mundi vera salus, vale,
Inter ligna nullum tale
Fronde, flore, germine,—

Medecina Christiana,
Salva nos ægrotos sana,
Quod non valet vis humana
Fit in tuo nomine.

HYMNUS AD B.V.M.

O! felicem genetricem,
Cuius casta viscera
Meruere continere
Continentem omnia.

HYMN ON THE HOLY CROSS.

THUS its vot'ries it assureth,
For them victory procureth,
Weakness and diseases cureth,
Keeps at bay demoniac force ;

Satan's captives liberating,
Life to sinners renovating,
All in glory reinstating
JESUS' all-resplendent Cross.

Tree, triumphal might possessing,
Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
Ev'ry other pretergressing
Both in bloom, and bud, and flower.

Med'cine of the Christian spirit,
Aid us with thy saving merit,
Thou dost might for works inherit
Overpassing human power.

HYMN TO OUR LADY.

BLESSED Mother o'er all other,
In whose womb devoid of stain
He once deignéd be containéd
Who all nature doth contain.

Felix venter, quo clementer
 DEUS formam induit,—
 Felix pectus, ubi tectus
 Rex virtutum latuit—

Felix alvus, quo fit salvus
 Homo fraude perditus—
 Felix sinus, quo divinus
 Requievit Spiritus.

Hac in domo DEUS homo
 Fieri disposuit,—
 Hac absensus pius sponsus
 Novam formam induit.

Hic natura, frangens jura,
 Novo stupet ordine :
 Rerum usus fit exclusus
 In præsentî virgine.

O! mamilla, cuius stilla
 Fuit ejus pabulum,
 Qui dat terræ fructum ferre,
 Pascens omne sæculum.

O! Maria, mater pia,
 Finis et exordium,
 Posce Natum ut optatum
 Det nobis remedium.

Womb all holy, wherein lowly
 God assumed a form of clay—
 Bosom blesséd, where caresséd
 Heaven's King almighty lay.

Womb grace-teeming, whence redeeming
 Love embraced a fallen race,—
 Breast untainted, where the Sainted
 Spirit made His resting place.

Here infanéd God once deigné
 Human nature to indue,—
 Here incloséd the Espouséd
 Did assume a figure new ;

Nature rises, laws despises,
 Rapt in overwhelming grace :
 Things preceding all unheeding
 In the present Virgin's case.

Breast adoréd, whence out-pouréd
 Food for our Incarnate Lord,
 At whose bidding fruit for feeding
 Every age doth earth afford.

Hail! thou fairest, Mother dearest,
 Love's beginning, crown, and end,
 Pray of Jesus, to release us,
 And His healing balm to send,

Quo sanati sauciati,
 Sine sorde vulnerum,
 Transferamur et ducamur
 In sanctorum numerum. AMEN.

INNOCENTII TERTII PAPÆ HYMNUS
 DE CRUCIFIXIONE.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat Filius.
 Cuius animam gementem,
 Contristatam et dolentem
 Pertransivit gladius.

O! quam tristis et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater Unigeniti;
 Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
 Pia Mater, dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Matrem CHRISTI si videret
 Tanto in supplicio?
 Quis posset non contristari
 Piam Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio?

That assuréd, whole, and curéd,
 Free from wounds and evil taints,
 We, translated, may be sated
 With the glories of the Saints. AMEN.

POPE INNOCENT THE THIRD'S HYMN
 ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

SEE the Mother stands deploring,
 By the Cross her tears out-pouring,
 Where her son expiring hangs.
 For her gentle spirit groaning,
 Anguish-smitten and bemoaning
 Rend the sword's most cruel pangs.

O! how downcast and distressed
 Was the Mother ever-blesséd
 Of the sole-begotten One,
 Who lamented and who grievéd,
 Mother mild, as she perceivéd
 Torments rack her heav'nly Son.

Who could keep from tears of anguish,
 Could he see CHRIST'S Mother languish
 Thus in grief and suffering wild?
 Who his agony could smother,
 Could he see the gentle Mother
 Sorrowing with her holy child?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Vidit JESUM in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum—
 Vidit suum dulcem Natum
 Morientem desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando CHRISTUM DEUM
 Ut sibi complaceam.

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

Fac me vere tecum flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero ;
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Et me tibi sociare
 In planctu desidero.

For His people sacrificéd
 She beheld CHRIST agonizéd,
 And beneath the scourger's rod,—
 She beheld her off-spring blesséd
 Die forsaken and distresséd
 As He gave His soul to God.

Grant, O ! Mother, love's out-springing,
 Me to feel thy sorrows wringing,
 Bid me share thy cup of woe :
 Make my heart for ever fervent,
 CHRIST my God's adoring servant,
 That his pleasure I may do.

Bid me bear, O ! Mother blesséd,
 On my heart the wounds impresséd
 Suffered by the crucified ;
 And thy Son's most bitter passion,
 Racked in so remorseless fashion
 All for me, with me divide.

With Thee weeping in communion,
 With the Crucified in union,
 Long as life within me plays.
 By the Cross with Thee remaining, -
 Joined with Thee in grief and plaining;
 Such the boon thy servant prays.

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

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Cruce fac inebriari,
 Et cruore Filii.
 Inflammatus et accensus,
 Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
 In die judicii.

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

Queen of Virgins heav'n-adornéd,
 Let me not of Thee be scornéd,
 Let me share thy grief and woe.
 Jesus' death my study making,
 In His agony partaking
 Make me all His tortures know.

All His bitter torments feeling,
 In the cross my spirit reeling,
 In His blood my senses drown ;
 That all glowing with affection
 I may find in Thee protection
 When to judgement He comes down.

In the Cross salvation yield me,
 And in Jesus' passion shield me,
 Cherish me with mercy's aid.
 When my earthly frame shall perish,
 Grant around my soul to flourish
 Eden's joys that never fade. AMEN.

LYRA ECCLESIASTICA :

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Ancient & Godly Latin Hymns

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

IN CORRESPONDING METRE.

BY

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SECOND SERIES.

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TO
ARTHUR DAVID WHITE, ESQ.

IN WHOSE DISPOSITION
THE WARMTH OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA
IS HAPPILY BLENDED WITH
THE GENTLENESS OF ST. BERNARD,
THESE GEMS OF THE PIETY OF BETTER AGES
ARE INSCRIBED
BY HIS EVER DEVOTED FRIEND

A.D.W.

PREFACE.

MANY may be likely to ask me, why I bring out another series of the *Lyra Ecclesiastica* when nearly all that were printed of the first series lie uncalled for in the hands of the bookseller? Surely, they will say, this alone is enough to show that neither the hymns themselves, nor the way wherein they have been done into English, have met the people's taste. To any who may put such a question to me, I can only answer, that I have not written these books with a view to suiting the taste of men generally, still less those of this country, where the views of most men, even on the weightiest of all matters, the Christian faith to wit, and the Christian Church, are as wide of mine as the east is of the west, as numberless and strange, as the dialects of

Babel, and as opposite to each other as to truth and the Church. My book has been written for those who love the old Church of our Fathers in all its hoary beauty; whose hearts burn in pondering on the deep and awful mysteries of our Faith; and whose souls, filled with reverential and adoring love, wander often in fellowship with the cloistered saints of by-gone times, to enjoy for awhile the warmth of unbroken devotion in the lone loveliness of those spots which so often surrounded our Abbeys, and served to call heavenly things to every mind, till the merciless tornado of the Reformation swept all that was holy and all that was beautiful from the land, one mighty offering to selfishness, industrialism, and gain. And there are many men of this stamp in the land; nay, even within the pale of the Protestant Establishment; and these will look with gladness on every endeavour to aid the devotion of their fellow-men by bringing them more acquainted with the hearts and feelings of our Fathers who lived in holier and

better ages, before the fiends of heresy and schism had been let loose for the scourging of the Church.

To this I will only add that as I have the satisfaction to know that some have found pleasure and edification in my first series, if this also should raise one good thought, or one holy feeling in any reader's breast, it's end will be more than answered, and I shall find therein further encouragement to go on.

A. D. W.

P.S. Words or letters inclosed thus [] have been put in by me on guess.

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The only congregational hymnal for the Traditional Latin Mass.

Lyra Ecclesiastica.

HYMNUS AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM.

**VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus,
 Lucis Tuæ radium.
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
 Veni, lumen cordium.**

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

**O! Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium.
Sine Tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
 Nichil est innoxium.**

Lyra Ecclesiastica.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

**COME, O! Holy Spirit down,
Send from Heaven Thy sacred throne,
 Thy irradiation bright ;
Come, the needy's Sire benign,
Come, who givest grace divine,
 Come, the heart's celestial light.**

**Sweet consoler of the breast,
Contrite spirit's gentle guest,
 Soft refreshment of the heart,
In our labour solace sweet,
Coolness midst oppressive heat,
 Comfort under sorrow's smart.**

**Light of blessing all divine,
E'en the spirit's inmost shrine
 Of thy faithful people fill :
If Thy Godhead absent be,
Man is nought but vanity,
 Nothing is devoid of ill.**

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus,
In Te confidentibus,
Sacrum Septenarium.
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium,
AMEN.

S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS HYMNUS DE CORPORE
CHRISTI.

LAUDA Sion Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis.
Quantum potes, tantum aude;
Namque maior omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur;

Cleanse our souls from evil's stains,
Water all that dry remains,
What is wounded heal and save.
Bend the rigid to Thy will,
Cherish what is cold and chill,
Right what error doth deprave.

To Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy mercy for their guide,
Grant Thy sevenfold gifts of grace;
Virtue's palm to them extend,
Grant to them a happy end,
Grant perennial delight.

AMEN.

S. THOMAS AQUINAS HIS HYMN ON CORPUS
CHRISTI.

ZION, thy Redeemer praising,
Songs of joy to Him upraising,
Laud thy pastor and thy guide:
Swell thy notes most high and daring;
For His praise is past declaring,
And thy loftiest powers beside.

'Tis a theme with praise that gloweth,
For the bread that life bestoweth
Goes this day before us out;

Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ
 Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
 Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
 Sit jucunda, sit decora,
 Mentis jubilatio.
 Dies enim solennis agitur,
 In qua mensæ prima recolitur
 Hujus institutio.

In hac mensa novi regis,
 Novum pascha novæ legis,
 Phase vetus terminat.
 Vetustatem novitas,
 Umbram fugat veritas,
 Noctem lux eliminat.

Quod in cœna CHRISTUS gessit,
 Faciendum hoc expressit,
 In Sui memoriam.
 Docti sacris institutis,
 Panem vinum in salutis
 Consecramus hostiam.

Dogma datur Christianis,
 Quod in carnem transit panis,
 Et vinum in sanguinem.

Which, His holy supper taking,
 To the brethren twelve His breaking
 None hath ever called in doubt.

Full then be our praise and sounding,
 Modest and with joy abounding
 Be our mind's triumphant state,
 For the festal's prosecution,
 When the first blessed institution
 Of this feast we celebrate.

In the new King's new libation,
 In the new law's new oblation
 Ends the antient Paschal rite ;
 Antient forms new substance chaceth,
 Typic shadows truth displaceth,
 Day dispels the gloom of night.

What He did at supper seated,
 CHRIST enjoined to be repeated,
 When His love we celebrate.
 Thus, obeying His dictation,
 Bread and wine of our salvation
 We the victim consecrate.

'Tis for Christian faith asserted,
 Bread is into flesh converted,
 Into blood the holy wine.

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides
Præter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res eximiæ.
Caro cibus, sanguis potus,
Manet tamen CHRISTUS totus
Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumtus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali,
Sorte tamen inæquali
Vitæ vel interitus;
Mors est malis, vita bonis,
Vide, paris sumtionis
Quam sit dispar exitus.

Fracto demum sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento
Quantum toto tegitur.

Sight and intellect transcending,
Nature's laws to marvel bending,
'Tis confirmed by faith divine.

Under either kind remaining,
Form, not substance, still retaining,
Wondrous things our spirit sees.
Flesh and blood thy palate staining,
Yet still CHRIST intire remaining,
Under either species.

All untorn for eating given,
Undivided, and unriven,
Whole He's taken and unrent;
Be there one or crowds surrounding,
He is equally abounding,
Nor, tho' eaten, ever spent.

Both to good and bad 'tis broken,
But on each a different token
Or of life or death attends.
Life to good, to bad damnation:
Lo! of one same manducation
How dissimilar the ends.

When the Priest the victim breaketh,
See thy faith in nowise shaketh,
Know that every fragment taketh
All that 'neath the whole there lies.

HYMNUS AD CHRISTUM.

CHRISTUM ducem, Qui, per crucem,
 Redemit nos ab hostibus,
 Laudet cœtus Noster lætus;
 Exultet cœlum laudibus.

Pœna fortis Tuæ mortis,
 Et sanguinis effusio,
 Corda terant, Ut Te quærant,
 JESU, nostra redemptio.

Per felices Cicatrices,
 Sputa, flagella, verbera,
 Nobis grata Sint collata
 Æterna CHRISTI munera.

Nostrum tangat Cor, ut angat
 Tuorum sanguis vulnerum,
 In quo toti Simus loti,
 Creator alme siderum.

Passionis Tuæ donis,
 Salvator, nos inebria,
 Qua, fidelis, Dare velis
 Beata nobis [g] audia.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

LAUD we JESUS, who did ease us
 From foes on the accurséd tree,
 Joyous raising voice of praising,
 Exult the Heavens with praises free.

May Thy dying sorrows trying,
 And spilling of Thy pretious blood,
 Our desiring to inquiring
 For Thee our sole Redemption goad.

By His blesséd wounds impresséd,
 The spittle, scourges, agony,
 Be conceded, e'en as needed,
 CHRIST's endless gifts of charity.

Swell our grieving, on perceiving
 The blood that pours from out Thy scars,
 Wherein mergéd, be we purgéd,
 O! mild Creatour of the stars.

Saviour pretious, O! refresh us
 With those good gifts Thy passion bought,
 In whose power Thou wouldst shower
 Blessed joys with heavenly glories fraught.

PARS II.

Qui, pressura Mortis dura,
 Solvisti nexus criminum,
 Nos ad pacem Duc veracem,
 JESU, Corona virginum.

In flagellis Potum fellis
 Bibisti amarissime,
 Pro peccatis Perpetratis,
 Æterne rex altissime.

Nostræ genti, Recolenti
 Tuæ mortis supplicium,
 Da virtutem Et salutem,
 JESU, Redemptor, omnium.

In amara Crucis ara
 Fudisti rivos sanguinis,
 JESU digne, Rex benigne
 Consors Paterni luminis.

Sanguis CHRISTI, Qui fuisti,
 Peremptor hostis invidi,
 Fac sitire, Da venire
 Ad cœnam Agni providi.

AMEN.

PART II.

Who untyedst, when Thou dyedst,
 The bonds of sin and Satan's thrall,
 Gently tend us, quiet send us,
 O! JESUS virgins' coronal.

Scourges tearing cruel bearing,
 Thou drank'st Thy bitter cup of gall,
 For transgression our commission,
 Thou everlasting king of all.

While we ponder, full of wonder,
 The torments of Thy death our theme,
 Virtue send us, safety lend us,
 O! CHRIST, who all men didst redeem.

Down the Cross's altar courses
 Thy blood in agonizing streams,
 CHRIST divinest, king benignest,
 Bright partner of Thy Father's beams.

CHRIST's blood purest, that procurest
 Our fiendish persecutor's fall,
 O! concede us thirst, and lead us
 Unto the Lamb's high festival.

AMEN.

PETRI DAMIANI S.R.E. CARD. HYMNUS DE GLORIA
PARADEISI.*

Ad perennis vitæ fontem
Mens sitivit arida,
Claustra carnis præsto frangi
Clausula quærit anima,
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur,
Exul frui patria.

Dum pressuris et ærumnis
Se gemit obnoxiam,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam;
Præsens malum aget boni
Perditi memoriam.

Nam quis promat summa pacis
Quanta sit lætitia;
Ubi vivis margaritis
Surgunt ædificia,
Auro celso micant tecta,
Radiant triclinia.

Solis gemmis pretiosis
Hæc structura nititur,
Auro mundo tanquam vitro
Urbis via sternitur,

* Some persons may hold the rimes of this hymn faulty,
but it is likely that by Pet. Dam. *us*, *um*, and *unt*, were all

CARDINAL PETRUS DAMIANUS HIS HYMN ON THE
GLORY OF PARADISE.

At the fount of life eternal
Faints the parchéd soul with thirst,
For the imprisoned spirit restless
Seeks the flesh's gates to burst,
Struggling, yearning, for the country
Whence it has been banished erst.

While it wails it's sad condition,
Pressed by grief, by sorrow crossed,
Sad it looks upon the glory
It's delinquency has cost;
Present misery increases
Memory of the blessings lost.

For of everlasting quiet
Who the joyousness can tell?
Where in edifices splendid
All of living pearl they dwell,
While with burnished gold the buildings
And the couches gleam as well.

Gems alone of countless value
Are the town's foundation seat,
Polished gold like beaming crystal
Forms the paving of the street;

pronounced o, and in like wise *as*, *am*, *at*, *ant*, all as *a*, and
other syllables in the same way.

Abest limus, deest fimus,
Lues nulla cernitur.

Hyems horrens, æstas torrens,
Illic nunquam sæviunt,
Flos perpetuus rosarum
Ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit
Crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirat odor,
Liquor et aromatum,
Pendent poma floridorum
Non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol, vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicis urbis
Lumen in occiduum ;
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut,
Sol præclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati,
Mutuo conjubilant,

Mud there smears not, dirt appears not,
No diseases do we meet.

Winter braming, summer flaming,
There relax their blustering,
And sweet roses ever blooming
Make an everlasting spring,
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

Pasture growing, meadows blowing,
Honey streams in rivers fair,
While with aromatic perfume
Grateful glows the balmy air ;
Luscious fruits that never wither
Hang in every thicket there.

There nor waxing moon, nor waning,
Sun, nor stars in courses bright ;
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light.
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
Joy in unison secure,

Et prostrati pugnæ hostis
Jam secreta numerant.

Omni labe defecati
Carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro factus spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt,
Pace multa perfuentes
Scandala non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti,
Repetunt originem,
Et præsentem veritatis
Contemplantur speciem,
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper iidem
Exeuntes capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jucundi,
Nullis patent casibus :
Absunt morbi semper sanis
Senectus juvenibus.

Hinc perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit ;
Inde virent, vigent, florent,
Corruptela corrui,

And in safety tell their battles
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done,
For the flesh to spirit turned
And the soul agree in one,
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Stript of changefulness, united
To primæval being's spring,
And the present form and essence
Of the Truth contemplating,
Lo ! they quaff the vital sweetness
Of the well of quickening.

Thence departing, aye in sameness
They their lofty state engage,
Beauteous, keen, and gay, and noble,
Unexposed to chance's rage ;
Health is theirs untouched by sickness,
Endless youth unmarred by age.

Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away,
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay,

THIS
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Inhiantes semper edunt,
Et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonias
Vox meloda concrepat,
Et in jubilum prolata
Mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores
Regi dant præconia.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem
Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat alta
Orbis volvi machinam,
Solem, lunam, et globosa
Cum planetis sidera.

CHRISTE, palma bellatorum,
Hoc in municipium
Introduc me, host solutum
Militare cingulum,
Fac consortem donativi
Beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto
Laboranti prælio,
Ut quietem post præcinctum,
Debeas emerito
Teque merear potiri
Sine fine præmio.

AMEN.

Hungering still, they eat ; and eating,
Still the sacred food require.

Lovely voices make a concert
Ever new and ever clear,
And in never-ending festal
Organs sooth the ravished ear ;
Worthily their king they honour
Who obtained them victory's cheer.

Who shall see Heaven's Monarch present,
O ! how blessed that happy soul,
And, beneath its throne of glory,
Watch the orbs of nature roll,
Sun, and Moon, and Stars, and Planets,
As they course around the pole.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,
Unto this Thy city free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me,
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour,
In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou mayst, the conflict over,
Grant me everlasting rest,
And I may at length inherit
Thee my portion ever blessed.

AMEN.

O MARIA. HYMNUS LORETANUS.*

HUC cum domo advenisti,
 Ut, [O!] pia mater CHRISTI,
 Dispensares gratiam.
 Nazarethum tibi ortus
 Sed Tersanctum primum portus
 Petenti nunc patriam.

Ædem quidem hinc tulisti
 Attamen [tu] permansisti
 Regina clementiæ.
 Nobis inde gratulamur,
 Digni quod hic habeamur.
 Maternæ præsentia.

AMEN.

**PROSA DE CONCEPTIONE B. V. Mariæ,
 FORTASSE AB ADA DE S. VICTORE CONSCRIPTA.**

DIES iste celebretur,
 In quo pie recensetur
 Conceptio Mariæ.
 Virgo mater generatur
 Concipitur et creatur
 Dulcis vena veniæ.

* I owe this hymn to the kindness of George White, Esq.
 Jun. of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, from whose
 forthcoming work on the passage of the Holy House of Lo-

O MARIA. HYMN OF LORETTO.

HERE thy sacred house thou broughtest,
 Holy Mother, when thou soughtest
 To dispense thy heavenly grace.
 Nazareth thy birth illuméd,
 But Tersanctum thee assuméd
 Seeking for a resting place.

Here thy house no more resideth,
 But thy presence still abideth,
 Queen of heavenly mercy fair.
 O! may grateful love possess us,
 That thou still dost deign to bless us
 With thy fond maternal care.

AMEN.

**PROSE ON THE CONCEPTION OF OUR LADY,
 PROBABLY BY ADAM DE S. VICTOR.**

FESTAL honours crown the morning,
 The Conception for adorning
 Of the blesséd Queen of Heaven.
 Virgin Mother she's created,
 And conceived and generated,
 Vein of grace to man forgiven.

retto I feel sure that the faithful will gain much injoyment
 and much sound teaching.

Adæ vetus exilium,
 Et Joachim opprobrium.
 Hinc habent remedia.
 Hoc prophetæ præviderunt,
 Patriarchæ præsenserunt,
 Inspirante gratia.

Virga prolem conceptura,
 Stella solem paritura,
 Hodie concipitur.
 Flos de virga processurus,
 Sol de stella nasciturus,
 CHRISTUS intelligitur.

O! quam felix et præclara,
 Nobis grata, DEO cara,
 Fuit hæc conceptio.
 Terminatur miseria,
 Datur misericordia,
 Luctus cedit gaudio.

Nova mater novam prolem,
 Nova stella novum solem,
 Nova profert gratia.
 Genitorem genitura,
 Creatorem creatura,
 Patrem parit filia.

Adam's exile long and dreary,
 Joachim's reproach all weary,
 Find the remedy desired.
 This the prophets had detected,
 This the patriarchs expected,
 By cœlestial grace inspired.

Rod to holy budding fated,
 Star the sun that generated,
 She is on this day conceived ;
 But the bud the rod has rendered,
 And the sun of star ingendered,
 Are of CHRIST to be believed.

O! how glorious, how propitious,
 Sweet to us, to GOD how pretious,
 Is this bless'd conception held :—
 Human misery is ended,
 Mercy is to man extended,
 Sorrow is by joy expelled.

Mother with new offspring teeming,
 Star with nascent sun fresh beaming,
 Bright she moves in grace's fire ;
 Child, her father's generator,—
 Creature, mother of Creator,—
 Daughter, parent of her sire.

O! mirandam novitatem,
 Novam quoque dignitatem,
 Ditat matris castitatem
 Filii conceptio.

Gaude Virgo gratiosa,
 Virga flore speciosa,
 Mater prole generosa,
 Vere plena gaudio.

Quod præcessit in figura,
 Nube latet sub obscura,
 Hoc declarat genitura
 Piæ Matris. Virgo pura
 Pariendi vertit jura,
 Fusa, mirante natura,
 Deitatis pluvia.

Triste fuit in Eva væ,
 Sed ex Eva format Ave,
 Versa vice sed non prave,
 Intus ferens in conclave
 VERBUM bonum et suave ;
 Nobis, Mater Virgo, fave,
 Tua frui gratia.

Omnis homo sine mora,
 Laude plena solvens ora,

Wonder new that thought confoundeth,
 Honour new that all astoundeth,
 That her offspring's birth redoundeth
 To the Mother's purity.
 Virgin, be thy joys assuméd,
 Rod with holy buds that blooméd,
 Mother by thy son illuméd,
 Full of joy and verity.

That in antient types digested,
 Which in cloudy darkness rested,
 Marye's birth hath manifested,
 Who, all nature's laws arrested,
 Bare in pureness uncontested,
 (Act in awful wonder vested).
 Through her God's bedewing grace.

Woe full sore in Eva caught us,
 This of Eva Ave wrought us,
 With a change all blameless sought us,
 And to dwell amongst us brought us,
 That sweet WORD and good, that bought us,
 Virgin Mother shed athwart us
 Thy sweet grace's cheering rays.

Let each man, supineness chacing,
 Lips and tongue with praises gracing,

Ipsam cole, ipsam ora,
 Omni die, omni hora :
 Sit mens supplex, vox sonora,
 Sic supplica, sic implora,
 Hujus patrocinia.

Tu spes certa miserorum,
 Vere mater orphanorum,
 Tu levamen oppressorum,
 Medicamen infirmorum,
 Omnibus es omnia.
 Te rogamus voto pari,
 Laude digna singulari,
 Ut errantes in hoc mari
 Nos in portu salutari
 Tua sistat gratia.

AMEN.

Marye blessing, Marye praising,
 As each day and hour is pacing,
 Voice elating, mind abasing,
 Prayer and supplication raising,
 Seek her aid and ask her grace.

Thou, the hope of the distressed,
 Orphans' mother ever blessed,
 Comfort to the sore oppresséd,
 Medicine for all sickness dresséd,
 All in all to every sort ;
 We in unison adore thee,
 Who hast every glory o'er thee,
 Wandering o'er the waves before thee,
 By thy mercy we implore thee,
 Guide us to salvation port.

AMEN.



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