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A scholarly edition of the poems of John Henry Newman: "Verses on Various Occasions"

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A SCHOLARLY EDITION OF THE POEMS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN:

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

by

Andrew Tucker

Bachelor of Arts
Hillsdale College
2004

A thesis submitted for partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the

**Master of Arts Degree in English
Department of English
College of Liberal Arts**

**Graduate College
University of Nevada, Las Vegas
August 2006**

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Thesis Approval
The Graduate College
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

May 24 _____, 2006

The Thesis prepared by

Andrew R. Tucker

Entitled

Verses on Various Occasions: A Scholarly Edition of the Poems of John
Henry Newman

is approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts in English

Examination Committee Chair

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Examination Committee Member

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ABSTRACT

**A Scholarly Edition of the Poems of John Henry Newman:
*Verses on Various Occasions***

by

Andrew Tucker

Dr. Richard Harp, Examination Committee Chair
Professor of English
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

This thesis is a scholarly edition of the John Henry Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions*. The poems have been annotated so as to provide readers with knowledge of selected textual variations found in other versions, cross-references to Newman's numerous other works, cross-references to biblical sources, as well as glosses for difficult terms. The textual variants presented are not exhaustive; however, they have been chosen as representing the most significant of the changes Newman made to his poems, and as being most worthy of commentary.

The introduction provides readers with an overview of Newman's life in relation to his poetry, discussion of the poems themselves, as well as the editorial methods used for this edition.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many thanks to all who have assisted me in completing this project: friends, family, my Advisor Dr. Richard Harp and Committee Members, Drs. Joe McCullough, Christopher Decker and David Fott. Thanks are due to the National Institute of Newman Studies and NewmanReader.org, as well as the many scholars whose works have made this edition possible, especially Elizabeth Noel for her thorough documentary edition of Newman's poems.

INTRODUCTION

Newman's Poetry and His Life

Newman began writing poetry as an adolescent. Much of his early work was of a very amateurish quality. It was typical for young men in Newman's time to practice versifying as an amusing distraction, and hence many of Newman's early poems were written for sketch-books of his sisters and cousins, or for his brother's birthdays. Some of these were good enough that many years later Newman decided to include them in *Verses on Various Occasions*. As a young man Newman also wrote some short pastoral poems, eclogues, passable in quality, but evidently never deemed worthy of publication. Newman's first poetry to be published was *St. Bartholomew's Eve: A Tale of the Sixteenth Century*, written with his then best-friend and Oxford classmate, John William Bowden, and published by Munday and Slatter in two volumes, the first in November 1818 and the second in 1819: the unsold copies of each were bound together and sold in 1821 with a new title page. A total of 250 copies were originally printed, and it was never reprinted. *St. Bartholomew's Eve* is a short Gothic Romance of sorts, most notable for its anti-poper. In his old age Newman described it as

a romance founded on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The subject was the issue of the unfortunate union of a Protestant gentleman with a Catholic lady, ending in the tragical death of both, through the machinations of a cruel fanatic priest, whose inappropriate name was Clement. . . . There were no love scenes, nor could there be, for, as it turned out to the monk's surprise, the parties had been, sometime before

the action, husband and wife by a clandestine marriage, known, however, to the father of the lady. (Trevor, *Pillar*, 29)

At the time this was written, Newman had little or no understanding or sympathy for Catholicism.

Newman's next volume of poetry to be published was *Memorials of the Past*, privately printed in 1832; it was addressed to his family and never printed publicly. The verso of the title page contained the following lines: "Strains, framed in youth, in our life's history / Stand as antiquities; and so we love them.-- / Each has its legend, and bespeaks its times. / J. H. N."(Noel xix). On the recto of the last sheet was printed the following dedication: "TO MY DEAREST MOTHER, TO MY SWEET SISTERS, / HARRIET & JEMIMA, / WHO REMAIN, / THESE;-- / THE SHADOWS OF PAST BLESSINGS, / WHICH SHALL ONE DAY RETURN / MORE GLORIOUS, / TO ABIDE WITH US FOREVER. / JAN. 25, 1832. J. H. N"(Noel xx). Newman remained "reticent" his entire life about *Memorials*, probably because of its private purpose (Noel xx). It was never reprinted; however, twenty of the thirty poems were included in the *Lyra Apostolica* and *Verses on Various Occasions*. The poems that he did not include were not the "most personal," according to Noel, but "simply the least poetic of the lot"(xx).

Newman's most prolific period of poetry writing came during his journey with the Froudes to the Mediterranean. Richard Hurrell Froude was an Anglican cleric and Newman's very close friend. His father was an Archdeacon (and one of his younger brothers, James Anthony Froude, would later become a famous historian). Hurrell had begun to show signs of tuberculosis early in 1832, and his father decided upon a trip to the South in hopes of restoring him to good health; they invited Newman to join them

(Noel xxxi). Perhaps this was the only time in Newman's life when he had both the leisure and the freedom from other obligations to concentrate on the sustained writing of poetry, a "season of idleness" as Newman put it; he would later write to his sister Jemima in 1837 that "When I have been doing nothing for awhile, poems spring up as weeds in fallow fields" (*Letters*, II, 223). According to Meriol Trevor also, "He could only compose when the pressure of other work was relieved" (Trevor, *Pillar*, 112). Not that Newman viewed the poetry of this period as being an intellectual escape. Quite the contrary, he wrote with a sense of deep urgency. Newman was already painfully aware of the liberalizing tendencies of his church and his countrymen, and he saw his poetry as part of a greater program to awaken them to the truth. It was largely during this trip that Newman realized his mission to reform the Church of England, to make it more "Catholic", primitive, and apostolical, and to rescue it from Erastianism. These would be the aims of the "Oxford Movement".

On December 1, 1832, he wrote to Frederick Rogers explaining the plan of verse-making that he and Froude had concocted:

The truth is that we have in contemplation to set up a verse department in Rose's [the British] Magazine for all right purposes; and I am (not beating up, but) looking for recruits. Do not mention this, but we have hopes of making an effective quasi-political engine, without every contribution being of that character. Do not stirring times bring out poets? Do they not give opportunity for the rhetoric of poetry, and the persuasion? And may we not at least produce shadows of high things if not the high things themselves? (*Letters*, I, 281)

Hugh James Rose was a high churchman, and his magazine was a high church publication which would publish many articles in support of the Oxford Movement in the years to follow. In a letter to Rose, Newman militantly expressed that the poems were "to make a front against the coming danger", their "object" being "to bring out certain

truths and facts, moral, ecclesiastical, and religious, simply and forcibly, with greater freedom, and clearness than in the Christian Year”(LD, III, 119-121). Keble had written *The Christian Year*, published in 1827, as a volume of devotional verses to be read in correspondence with the Anglican liturgical calendar. Immensely popular upon publication, it would continue to be so until the end of the 19th century. The poems bear many similarities to Newman’s, though they are lighter in tone and more reserved.

Later in his life, Newman would look back on the poetry of this period and his attitude in creating it somewhat condescendingly. He wrote to R.H. Hutton, editor of *The Spectator*, that, “I have never had practice enough to have words and metres at my command. And besides, at the time [of *Lyra Apostolica*] I had a theory, one of the extreme theories of the incipient Movement, that it was not right agere poetam [to make a poem] but merely ecclesiam agere [to make a church] . . .”(Ward 204/Burns 58). This attitude may actually have been more Hurrell Froude’s than Newman’s, however. In a letter to Isaac Williams, Newman confessed that Froude desired the “*Lyra Apostolica*” poems to be “far more political” than he did (LD, III, 98). Certainly, Newman was perfectly conscious of their militant zeal. While the poems were still being published in the *British Magazine*, he admitted to Bowden in a letter that a coming installment in the *British Magazine* would be “stinging” and “somewhat violent”. But he recognized the necessity of such zeal if anything was to be accomplished, writing “one gains nothing by sitting still. I am sure the Apostles did not sit still”(LD, IV, 26).

Newman wrote poetry spasmodically throughout the trip to the Mediterranean, sometimes very regularly, such as in the first few months of the journey, other times infrequently. Newman had already begun writing a few *Lyra Apostolica* poems before

setting off in the first week of December. Once embarked, he resolved to write a poem each day as long as he was on board, and he kept this resolve until December 30, sometimes writing more than one a day (Noel xxxi). On December 19, he wrote to his mother, “Not a day has passed without my doing a copy since I embarked—some days I have done two. When I was most qualmish I solaced myself with verse-making, and flatter myself that not my least praiseworthy were then done”(Letters, I, 307). On December 30, he wrote, “I have done two sets today, each of twenty lines, and thus complete my fortieth copy by the time I have got to the end of my voyage. I had intended not to do my last till tomorrow, in order to end the year—but they burst from me, and here they are—so I shall end with H’s [his sister Harriet’s] birthday”(Letters, I, 319). After this his poetry-writing pace slackened. In late January he wrote to his mother, “I have now completed my 54th for Mr. Rose—and am not anxious to do more. Indeed, for sometime I have been satisfied with myself—but, when thoughts come into the head, it is impossible to resist the temptation of fixing them”(Letters, I, 338). Until the end of May, Newman would write poems only occasionally. He composed sixteen in January, five in February, three in March, and four in April (Noel xxxii). During these months Newman and the Froudes traveled about Greece and Italy. After spending Easter in Rome, the Froudes returned to England, leaving Newman to visit Sicily for a second time. He had been so “enchanted” with it earlier that he could not resist returning. Later that month, Newman fell very ill in Sicily and nearly died; without the assiduous care of his servant, Gennaro, he surely would have (Trevor 137). It was while recovering on board ship off the coast of Sardinia in the Straits of Bonifacio, that Newman wrote his most famous

short poem, “The Pillar of the Cloud”(*Lead, Kindly Light*). According to Meriol Trevor, the poem was

intensely personal to Newman, and he could never quite get used to its extraordinary popularity with his English contemporaries. . . . Perhaps it was the image of finding one’s way in the dark that appealed to the Victorians, lost in a spiritual wilderness in the midst of a powerful development of material resources. But as far as Newman was concerned it expressed a new, or renewed humility, and a resignation to experience which had come to him in Sicily through his illness. (Trevor, *Pillar*, 138-9)

Ian Ker also attributes the poem’s popularity to its somewhat ambiguous nature, claiming that “its mood of thanksgiving and trust is easily applicable either to the individual believer’s present predicament or to his or her more general pilgrimage of faith through life”(Ker 79).

In the time between his recovery and his homecoming Newman was again prolific in his verse-writing. By the time he arrived in England in July 1833, he had written 109 poems for his “quasi-political engine”(Noel xxxii). Such poems as “Samaria” and “The Progress of Unbelief” were clearly directed towards the conflicts that would characterize the Oxford Movement. However, not all the poems were entirely of a polemical character; many were “simply quiet reflections of the tenor of Newman’s spiritual life, wholly personal and bearing no direct relation to the religious movement they were intended to forward”(Noel xxxii). The poems’ subjects included Biblical themes; Newman was especially proud of his sonnets on old Testament figures (“Abraham”, “Melchizedek”, “Isaac”, “Jacob”, and “Joseph”). Newman had written to his mother on January 26, 1833, “Yesterday in my solitude I finished my Patriarchal Course of Sonnets (there are but five of them), being as a whole the best thing I have done perhaps in the rhythming way”(Letters, I, 338)

The one strange thing about the poems is how little reference they contain to the places Newman visited. Writes Elisabeth Noel,

Considering the very real enchantment the sights and events of his journey had for Newman, if one is to take his letters as a guide, it is remarkable how little of that journey crept into the poems. True, a few of them, e.g., "England," "Messina," and "Apostacy," were obviously inspired by the sites at which they are written. And a number of the others reflect rather more dimly the events of the journey, "The Pillar of the Cloud," "Hora Novissima," and "The Gift of Tongues," for instance. On the whole, however, they might have been written anywhere, and seem far more likely to have come from an Oxford quadrangle than from the sea or the mountains of Sicily. (Noel xxxiii)

This makes sense, however, considering Newman's special purpose in writing poetry at this time. In his letters and journal he could relish the sights of his journey for their own sake, because he had no intention of publishing their contents. For the public, however, he intended more than a set of travel poems. It is a mistake to assume that the personal nature of many of the poems precludes their being oriented towards the public good. Quite likely Newman hoped his own spiritual example would inspire his audience with a concern for "high things".

Most of these poems appeared anonymously in the *British Magazine* from 1833 to 1836 under the heading "Lyra Apostolica," together with poems written by his fellow supporters of the Oxford Movement. Between May 1833 and October 1836, forty issues of the magazine contained the poems in a section for sacred poetry, usually three or four poems per issue (Noel xxi). In November 1836, the poems were gathered together and republished as *Lyra Apostolica* (by Henry Mozley and Sons in Derby, and by J.G. and F. Rivington in London). These poems were only a part of the Oxford Movement's literature, which was made up mainly of prose tracts on historical and theological topics; hence the name "Tractarians". There were six contributors total to the *Lyra* poems:

Richard Hurrell Froude(β), Isaac Williams(ζ), Robert Wilberforce(ϵ), John Keble(γ), John William Bowden(α), and Newman himself, who contributed the greatest number of poems and set the tone for the whole (Froude wrote eight, Williams nine, Wilberforce one, Keble forty-six, Bowden six, and Newman one hundred and eight, for a total of one hundred and seventy-eight poems). Originally, they planned not to reveal the individual authorship of the poems, but because of Froude's death in 1836, it was decided that in the volume a Greek letter would distinguish the authorship of each poem respectively (as listed above). At the beginning of the volume, Newman wrote in the advertisement:

The following compositions have been reprinted from the 'British Magazine,' where they had the advantage of originally appearing, in the humble hope that they may be instrumental in recalling or recommending to the reader important Christian truths which are at this day being forgotten. The publication, having no other object but this, would, according to the original intentions, have been strictly anonymous; but one of the writers, in whom the work originated, having been taken from his friends by death, it seemed desirable so far to depart from it, as to record what belonged to him, while it was possible to do so; and this has led to a general discrimination of the Poems, by signatures at the end of each. (Noel xxii)

It was not, however, until the 1879 edition that Newman included a post-script identifying the symbols with the authors (Blehl 110). *Lyra Apostolica* was "one of the most popular books of religious poetry to be published in the nineteenth century," according to Noel (xxii). The second edition was printed in 1837, the third in 1838; by 1843 there were six editions, by 1872 fifteen (Noel xxii). Except for two poems that were added to the third edition which had appeared in the *British Magazine*—Newman's "The Call of David" and Keble's "The Winter Thrush"—few changes were made to the text until Newman had a new edition published in 1879. In this edition he identified the authors, wrote a new post-script to the advertisement, and revised certain of his poems,

including “The Power of Prayer”, according to the MSS. of the *Lyra Apostolica* in the Oratory Collection. According to Noel, these changes were “small but significant”(xxiii). Newman had given the copyright of *Lyra Apostolica* to Keble in 1845 when he converted, but it was returned to him upon Keble’s death in 1866. In 1880, after the new edition, Newman turned over the copyright to Keble College in Oxford.

Newman’s next volume of verses, *Verses on Religious Subjects*, was published by James Duffy in 1853, eight years after his conversion. [Duffy was an Irishman whom Newman met while giving his lectures on university education in Dublin in 1852.] Many of the poems had appeared already in previous publications, such as *Memorials of the Past*, the *British Magazine*, and *Lyra Apostolica*. Besides eleven new poems written since 1849, the volume also included Newman’s translations from the Roman Breviary—thirty-four hymns—and from the Parisian Breviary—one hymn (Noel xxxii-xxiv). The new poems consisted mainly of hymns to the Blessed Virgin and St. Philip Neri.

Newman would not write a great deal of poetry during the rest of his life, but his greatest poem was still to come. In 1865, on a sudden and mysterious impulse, Newman wrote *The Dream of Gerontius*, a dramatic dream-vision poem relating a soul’s journey through death to the afterlife. The poem was first published by Fr. Henry James Coleridge, S.J., in *The Month*, a Jesuit Magazine, in two parts, the first in May and the second in June of 1865. [Coleridge was the great-grand-nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Like Newman, he was a convert from the Anglican Church. He converted in 1852 and joined the Jesuit novitiate in 1857. In 1865, he was given the editorship of the newly begun Jesuit magazine, the *Month* (Catholic Encyclopedia)] Later in 1865, both parts of *The Dream of Gerontius* were published together by Burns, Lamburt, and Oates

in a separate volume. [James Burns, originally a Presbyterian, became a Tractarian and converted to Catholicism in 1847, creating “a stir” in the public. Newman wrote his first novel, *Loss and Gain*, 1848, specifically to help Burns’ firm, out of concern that it might suffer because of his conversion. Burns published a number of Newman’s other works; his firm also published, among other things, the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, starting in 1861, and the *Dublin Review*, starting in 1863 (Blehl xxii)] Stereotypes were made for *The Dream of Gerontius* from the beginning, and they probably were not changed until 1886, when they were so worn out that new ones had to be made, so the poem probably did not change until Newman’s final revisions for the 1888 edition of *Verses on Various Occasions* (Noel xxvi). By 1890 *The Dream of Gerontius* had been reprinted twenty-seven times, and it was ordered for almost every prison in England, probably to induce criminals to penitence (Blehl xxiv). Meriol Trevor suggested in *Light in Winter* that it is “perhaps the most widely read of all his works . . .”(365). Sir Edward Elgar, one of the finest of English composers, would later set the poem to music. The public’s response to *Gerontius* far exceeded Newman’s expectations. Writes Trevor,

It was praised at great length in all the papers from *The Times* downwards. People who professed horror at the doctrine of Purgatory, read about the soul’s journey to its purification with interest, even wonder. Some felt the devils yelling ‘ha ha’ and jeering at chastity were perhaps a little bit vulgar; Newman had a realistic view of devilry and did not go in for Satanic grandeur. (Trevor, *Light*, 365)

It was the success of *Gerontius* that inspired Newman to publish a final collection of his poetry in one volume. Newman had been reticent to do so before, for he felt unable to judge the quality of his verses. Without the encouragement of friends, it is even possible that Newman might not have attempted to write the *Dream of Gerontius*. Trevor thought it

curious that before he wrote the poem [*Gerontius*], two people had unexpectedly praised him as a poet—his brother Frank, and Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*. Frank said he had always thought him more of a poet than anything and Hutton wanted the stray verses that had fascinated him rescued from oblivion. In spite of the praise he received, Newman had no illusions as to his poetry, which he always regarded as a relaxation, to be composed while shaving, or lurching, slightly seasick, on the ocean. Nevertheless he tinkered endlessly with his lines, so that every edition has its variants. (Trevor, *Light*, 365)

Verses on Various Occasions was published in 1868 by Burns, Lamburt, and Oates, and it included both the translations from the Roman Breviary and *The Dream of Gerontius*. There were originally one hundred and sixty-four poems. Eighteen of the poems were from *Memorials of the Past*, eighty-eight were from *Lyra Apostolica*, five were translations from St. Gregory Nazianzen originally made for Newman's *Church of the Fathers*, thirty five were Latin Hymns from *Verses on Religious Subjects*, one was a translation of St. Bede's "Ethelwald", and sixteen were written since his conversion. Only three of these were being published for the first time: "St. Philip in His Disciples", "For the Dead", and "The Two Worlds". Ten came from *Verses on Religious Subjects*, two from his novel *Callista*, and "A Valentine for a Little Girl" had appeared in the Month, June 1865 (Noel xxviii). The poems were a success. "In that verse-loving age," writes Trevor, the poems "found a wide public"(Trevor, *Light*, 452). Before the first edition of *Verses on Various Occasions* was fully printed, an appendix including six poems was added. Regarding it Newman explained in a cover statement, "The favour with which his Volume has been received, and the wish of friends, have led the Author to venture on the publication of the following additional compositions, which, for one reason or another, it did not enter into his mind, in the first instance, to publish"(Noel xxviii). The appendix contained "Solitude," a revised excerpt from *St. Bartholomew's*

Eve, “My Lady Nature and Her Daughters” from *Memorials of the Past*, and “Bondage”, “The Watchman”, “Absolution”, and “The Separation of Friends”, all from *Lyra Apostolica*. Four months after the first edition, a second was published with two thousand copies printed. Besides all those in the first edition plus appendix, the second edition contained two new poems, “To Edward Caswall” and “St. Michael”. The third edition was published in 1869, though no new poems were added until the 1874 edition, when Newman added “Superstition”, “Sympathy”, “Reverence” and “Samaria”; in the 1888 edition, he added “My Birthday” from *Memorials of the Past*, and also two appendices, the first containing two Latin hymns and the second containing Latin prologues for Terence’s *Phormio*, *Pincerna*, and *Andria*. Of the first of the prologues he provided a translation. Trevor notes that editions of *Verses on Various Occasions* published in Newman’s lifetime were “corrected and altered by the meticulous author”(*Light*, 452). However, according to Noel these changes were relatively minor, except for the addition of poems (xxiii-xxix). In 1874 Newman did, however, add explanatory footnotes to poems such as “Apostacy” and “The Good Samaritan”(Noel.xxix).

Many poems from *Lyra Apostolica* Newman would never include in *Verses on Various Occasions* because of their “anti-Roman Catholic sentiments” though *Lyra Apostolica* did continue to be printed. These were such as “Rome”, “Conservatism”, “The Cruel Church”, “Israel”, “Science”, “The Desert”, “The Backward Church”, “Protestantism”, “Athanasius”, and “The Eucharist”. Noel notes that in regard to a similar problem, Newman wrote to Pickering, a publisher, on December 1, 1870, “So it is not as if I hid what I have said about Catholicism; I only do not place such abuse in what

I wish to be a standard edition. Again, I have, in my volume of Poems, left out some which were in the *Lyra Apostolica* on the same ground”(Noel xxix).

It should also be noted that Newman contributed to several other verse publications throughout his life: *Hymns for the Use of the Birmingham Oratory* (1854), *Hymns for the Use of the Birmingham Oratory* (1857), *Hymn Tunes for the Oratory* (1860), and *Verses for Penitents* (1860). The latter two were privately printed and little is known of them, as extant copies are not available. Of *Verses for Penitents*, Frederick Chapman stated in the introduction to his 1905 edition of Newman’s poems that he was unable to obtain a copy, but that he was told by W.S. Lilly (an editor of Newman selections published in 1875) that “it contained nothing which did not appear in *Verses on Various Occasions*” (Chapman xv-xvi). For more specific publication information on Newman’s poems, see *John Henry Newman: A Bibliographical Catalogue of his writings* by Vincent Ferrer Blehl, S.J., Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1978.

Newman’s Early Poems

Though Newman did not include a lot of his amateur poetic compositions in *Verses on Various Occasions*, some of them stand with the best of his compositions. Since Newman read the poetry of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and Byron as an adolescent and young man, it is little wonder that his early poems are perhaps the most romantic in theme and tone. Newman shared many qualities with the Romantics; he was a great admirer of nature, emotionally sensitive, enraptured by the sublime; however, with Newman the typical romantic impulses are almost always subordinated to Christian orthodoxy. Not that Newman saw them as necessarily in conflict. Years later in an article

(also mentioned in the *Apologia*) Newman extolled Scott, Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth as having expanded their readers' minds with higher principles in a way that could prepare them for receiving the Catholic faith:

During the first quarter of this century a great poet was raised up in the North, who, whatever were his defects, has contributed by his works, in prose and verse, to prepare men for some closer and more practical approximation to Catholic truth . . . stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hopes, setting before them visions, which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas . . .

While history in prose and verse was thus made the instrument of Church feelings and opinions, a philosophical basis for the same was laid in England by a very original thinker, who, while he indulged a liberty of speculation, which no Christian can tolerate, and advocated conclusions which were often heathen rather than Christian, yet after all instilled a higher philosophy into inquiring minds, than they had hitherto been accustomed to accept. In this way he made trial of his age, and succeeded in interesting its genius in the cause of Catholic truth . . . two living poets [Southey and Wordsworth] may be added, one of whom in the department of fantastic fiction, the other in that of philosophical meditation, have addressed themselves to the same high principles and feelings, and carried forward their readers in the same direction. (*as quoted in Ker 174-5, Apologia 96-7*)

Newman did not, however, think positively about all Romantic poets, and in this he shows his primary loyalty to dogmatic Christianity. Though he admired Byron's skill, he denounced the immoral elements in his poetry ("Poetry" 124). Likewise, he despised the "sentimentalism" of Shelley, describing himself in 1833 as "up in arms against the Shelleyism of the day, which resolves religion into feeling, and makes it possible for bad men to have holy thoughts"(as quoted in Ker 72). In other words, Newman shared a romantic view of things inasmuch it accorded with Christian orthodoxy. Anything in excess must be curbed and restrained.

In “Solitude”, adapted from his play, “St. Bartholomew’s Eve”, Newman celebrates the Romantic love of calm and silence, but he does so not merely as an aesthete, but as the Christian wishing to fix his thoughts on heaven:

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

In this passage, Newman illustrates the power inherent in nature to reform the soul.

“Diviner feelings” are literally “kindred with the skies”, suggesting a connatural relationship between physical nature and moral goodness. In 1833 when Newman visited Taormini, a place of Edenic scenery in the Mediterranean, he wrote, “I felt for the first time in my life with my eyes open that I must be better and more religious, if I lived there”(LD, III, 303-4).

By this the Arab’s kindling thoughts expand,
When circling skies inclose the desert sand;
For this the hermit seeks the thickest grove,
To catch th’inspiring glow of heavenly love.

Using a kind of South-North apposition, the “Arab” in the “desert” vs. the “hermit” in his “grove”, Newman illustrates the universality of the power of silence. That is, it transcends geographic and cultural boundaries.

It is not solely in the freedom given
To purify and fix the heart on heaven;
There is a Spirit singing aye in air,
That lifts us high above all mortal care

In these lines, Newman seems almost pantheistic with his “Spirit singing aye in air”, but the next four lines quickly reorient this in a more classical light:

No mortal measure swells that mystic sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around,--
The Angels’ hymn,--the sovereign harmony

That guides the rolling orbs along the sky,--

Newman's spirit is thus "the music of the spheres" of Medieval and Renaissance cosmology, harmoniously ordering the universe. In this respect, Newman fuses together Romantic and pre-Romantic attitudes towards nature.

And hence perchance the tales of saints who view'd
And heard Angelic choirs in solitude.
By most unheard,--because the earthly din
Of toil and mirth has charms their ears to win.
Alas for man! he knows not of the bliss,
The heaven that brightens such a life as this.

The poem ends on a note of pity for those who have so wholly engrossed themselves with "getting and spending", to borrow from Wordsworth, that they are unable to access the beauty and meaning that is everywhere present in the universe.

Newman's other most Romantic poem is "Nature and Art", written in 1826 at Ulcombe, a scenic spot in Kent where his friend Samuel Rickards lived. In the poem, Newman depreciates art as "the puny toil of man", "nerveless, cold, and dumb", preferring that "Nature . . . Unroll her gorgeous plan":

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

In this stanza and in others, Newman demonstrates his ability to describe natural scenery, even if he does not quite equal the likes of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The ababcc rhyme scheme, a ballad stanza capped off by a couplet, allows him the flexibility to make both desultory observations and strong conclusions. In the next stanza, Newman strikes a Wordsworthian note and echoes his poem on "Solitude":

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

Through the metaphor of clothing, Newman cleverly reconciles what seems “pantheistic” in Romantic poetry to Christian orthodoxy. God, the “busy One”, is distinct from nature, but he does reveal himself *through* nature, as a man reveals his personality through his vestments. God’s person is thus immanent in nature without him actually being identical to it. Likewise, in the last stanza, Newman makes explicitly clear that his attitude toward nature is thoroughly Christian:

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

That is, the beauty of Nature draws the soul into harmony with God, preparing it to do God’s works and follow God’s commands. Nature may not be sufficient for salvation, but it is still necessary. If Newman seems excessively critical of “art” in this poem, it can at least be recognized that the artificial world does become a “prison” of sorts when it lacks harmony with the natural world.

Newman’s early poems also show growing disenchantment with the natural world, especially in accord with his growing sense of spiritual vocation. In “The Trance of Time”, Newman realizes that the soul, as an immortal creature, ultimately does not belong in the earthly world, but in heaven:

Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.

Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

The compression of each stanza from two lines of tetrameter at the beginning to two lines of trimeter at the end mimics the natural process of decay and loss in nature. Obviously, as other poems make clear, Newman did not despise the natural world and its beauty, but he was conscious that it could become an idol, and thus in places his attitude toward nature appears quite stoic.

Newman wrote other beautiful poems in his early years, many of an occasional nature: clever experimental verses in his cousins' scrapbooks, poems upon the birthday of his brothers, etc. Most of these, however playful, reflect a soul deeply concerned with spiritual well-being, with devotion to God. This focus on eternity was deepened, too, by the death of his sister Mary in 1828. Newman was fond of Mary, and her death of sudden illness affected him powerfully. Several of the earlier poems in *Verses on Various Occasions*, such as "A Voice From Afar" and "Kind Remembrances" are dedicated to her memory.

Newman's *Lyra Apostolica* Poems

Newman's most productive time of poetic output was by far his journey to the Mediterranean with the Froudes in 1832-33. The experience had a profound effect upon his soul in several ways, and this is reflected in his poetry. First of all, it was during this trip that his inspirations about the reform needed in the Church of England solidified. Upon departure, Newman was already cognizant that when they returned, he would be busy with a great work. According to Ian Ker, "he did not want the forthcoming holiday to be 'any thing else than a preparation and strengthening-time for future toil—rather, I

should rejoice to think that I was in this way steeling myself in soul and body for it' (*LD*, III, 123)" (Ker 54). This attitude is also reflected in the motto he and Froude chose for the *Lyra Apostolica* poems--"You shall know the difference, now that I am back"—the statement is Achilles' when he returns to fight the Trojans in the *Illiad*. In other words, Newman was gearing up for battle, and certain of the poems jab and thrust like sharpened daggers.

These poems, though polemical, are by no means lacking in poetic quality. In fact they represent some of Newman's best poetry, and they are startlingly accurate, almost prophetic, in their indictment of liberal early Victorian culture:

YE cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace;
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell,
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs;
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,---and ye heard no more;
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth; for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or Sages. O new-compass'd art
Of the ancient Foe!---but what, if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends?

Here Newman cuts right to the heart of the matter, and without pulling any punches.

Whether one ultimately agrees with him or not, there is something admirable in the bold strokes and frankness with which he attacks his opponent's views. The first line, "Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace", strikes like a lightning bolt, followed by

thunder: “Men of presumptuous heart!” The “I know you well” is a bit insinuating, but Newman did in fact know his opponents well, through interactions at Oxford, and he knew the belief that religion is merely a matter of private sentiment was becoming ever more common. In hindsight, his accusations can hardly be denied, for the future bore them out. His linking together of “tranquil home” and “holy place” anticipates to a large extent the way Dickens would exalt the home over the church as the shrine of man’s affections. “Seeing the Word refines all natures rude” anticipates Matthew Arnold’s “program” to substitute literature in place of religion (Matthew’s father, Thomas Arnold, was in fact one of Newman’s ideological opponents). In the second stanza, “Ye mark’d it spoke of peace, chastised desires, / Good-will and mercy,---and ye heard no more” seems to point ahead to George Eliot’s religion of feeling, for she was certainly one of the “doubters whether it be true”, and her kindest clerics always “pass by” “zeal and quick-eyed sanctity”.

In the last lines of “Liberalism”, Newman draws the focus towards his own camp, wondering how much they themselves may be infected with the spirit of the times. It is worth noting that for all his pugnacity towards liberalism, Newman applied plenty of scrutiny towards himself and his party as well. Newman had too sensitive a conscience ever to give himself a free-pass. In “Zeal and Purity”, Newman points his rapier thrusts back at himself:

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

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

With its quick two beat lines, this poem dances back and forth as if in a duel. At the each stanza, the dominant fighter, as it were, is suddenly disarmed with the realization that he may be fighting . . . himself. The closing two-syllable lines perfectly convey this sense of a frightening epiphany. Newman realized that any religious reform would have to begin with themselves, internally.

Not all of Newman's polemical poems exude pugnacity. One of his most beautiful poems, similar in theme to "Liberalism", is a somber lament over society's loss of faith. As Newman would use the metaphor of a growing tree to explain the development of the Church over time in *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, so in "The Progress of Unbelief" he uses the metaphor of a dying tree to illustrate the decay of society:

NOW is the Autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the wind's strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,
Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
Unanswer'd here; for she, once pattern chief

Of faith, my Country, now gross hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's throne.

This poem is perhaps even more effective than “Liberalism”, for it uses the very sort of metaphor to which his intended audience would have been drawn, a metaphor from nature, and it calls to mind popular Romantic poems such as Shelley’s “Ode to the West Wind” and Keats’ “Ode to Autumn.” But Newman’s Autumn is not a “Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness”, and as the leaves of “truth” fall, there is no consolation of an eventual spring. The spirit of the times, the “wind’s strife”, is stripping the church of her treasures, and men, idolizing domestic pleasures, are content to let them die. “Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue, / Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief”; these lines recall, though unintentionally, the destruction of icons and smashing of stain-glass windows that occurred in England during the Reformation.

Notice also how the twelfth line is enjambed such that “faith” is removed out of its proper place into the next line, as it were, while in the seventh and fourteenth lines, an alexandrine replaces the ten-syllable line, making extra room for the last feet, “Baal rear” and “idol’s throne”; in other words, while there is no room for faith, the idols are accommodated.

Newman subtly introduces himself into the poem as the solitary mourner; the image of the lone observer enduring the sleet while the rest of humanity revels indoors is a romantic and melancholy one, and it also recalls St. John the Evangelist faithfully staying at the foot of the cross. In a way, the poem blends Christian and Romantic symbolism, and such a poetic achievement is somewhat rare.

Polemics aside, the trip with the Froudes also influenced Newman in a different, though not unrelated way. Journeying to the Mediterranean allowed him to ‘realize’ his

notions about history and literature, both classical and biblical. That is, everything he had only studied about in books suddenly became real to him in an entirely new way:

What has inspired me with all sorts of strange reflections . . . is the thought that I am on the Mediterranean—for how much is implied in that one circumstance! Consider how the Mediterranean has been in one sense the seat of the most celebrated Empires and events, which have had their day upon its coasts—think of the variety of men, famous in every way in history to whom the sea has been known—Here the Romans engaged the Carthaginians—here the Phoenecians traded—here Jonah was in the storm—here St. Paul was shipwrecked—here the great Athanasius voyaged to Rome and to Constantinople. (*LD*, III, 155-6)

Hence it is that many of Newman's *Lyra Apostolica* poems are "realizations" of history, so to speak. That is, they take historical situations, mainly Biblical ones, and apply their general truths to present situations, either private or public, though sometimes only implicitly. Biblical allusion is perhaps the most defining character of Newman's poetry, and in this respect his poetry has much in common with John Milton's.

In his sonnets on the Old Testament Patriarch's, Newman looks to figures like Melchizedek, Abraham, and Joseph for examples of wisdom and virtue, or as figures of Christ. That Newman even attempted to identify with such historical figures demonstrates his magnanimity, his great-souled nature, as well as a conviction that over thousands of years, human nature has not changed. In "Melchizedek", Newman grapples with the problem of loneliness, illustrating how what is a great evil in one sense may yet lead one to a higher good:

THRICE bless'd are they, who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene
Brings aught on which the sadden'd heart can lean;
Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high;
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence, who alone can bless.

Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace;
When, passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line,
He moulds the vessel of His vast design;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Sever'd from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

The opening line of the poem is both hyperbolic and paradoxical. Those who “feel their loneliness” are not only blessed, but “thrice bless’d”. Common feeling would be that deprivation of “friends” and “pleasant scene” is something to be mourned, but Newman asserts to the contrary that the “rich earth, garbed in her daintiest dress / Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress, / Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high”. The sense of alienation expressed in these lines would almost seem to anticipate modern responses to nature, except that for Newman, solitude leads the soul to seek “His Presence, who alone can bless.” This line reminds one of St. Augustine’s “My soul finds rest in God alone”, from *Psalm 62*. Newman struggled terribly with loneliness and homesickness on his journey, especially after leaving the Froudes. No doubt it truly was painful for him, but he reconciles it to a providential plan through the example of an Old Testament figure. Not only does it draw him closer to God in existential fulfillment, but it gives him assurance of being “mould[ed]” for a the purpose of a “vast design”. It is through “long woe” that he discerns his vocation as spiritual leader.

Newman also realizes his vocation in “Jeremiah”:

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

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

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

One can see in this poem the side of Newman that would have preferred the quiet, secluded, life of leisure and study. However, as his poem illustrates, such a choice flies in the face of biblical precedent, at least for those who have devoted themselves to God's work, as Newman had. In compressed fashion, using just three ballad stanzas, Newman sets up a sympathetic plea for an ideal life of comfort and then nimbly turns it on its head. The startling aspect of the poem is that naturally, one would think that to move from the biblical past to the present moment is to move from the greater to the lesser example, but by Newman's logic, the opposite should be true. If the principle of sacrificial duty applied in Jeremiah's time, when no reward for such obedience was promised, how much more does it apply in the present time, Newman asks, when an eternal glory is given in compensation? Newman is not thinking solely of himself and his own vocation, though. The ease and comfort that so often characterized the life of well-to-do clergymen in England greatly disturbed him greatly. For Newman, a lack of sacrifice denoted a lack of faith, quite simply. In his sermon "The Ventures of Faith" (*PPS*, vol. 4, no. 20), he asks a poignant question to all Christians: "Let every one who hears me ask himself the question, what stake has *he* in the truth of Christ's promise? How would he be a whit the worse off, supposing (which is impossible), but, supposing it to fail?" (300). In other words, if one has not risked anything for the Christian faith, if one has not invested in it, one probably does not really believe in it. For Newman, the realization of the biblical past means the realization of sacrifice.

During the journey Newman did not only come to grips with biblical history, however. He also encountered the old pagan world, and it deeply moved him with wonder. In the Italian sonnet “Messina”, he grapples with the strange feeling of connection he feels to the pagan world as he views Sicily. “Why, wedded to the Lord,” he asks, “still yearns my heart / Towards these scenes of ancient heathen fame?” This questioning reaches a pathetic crescendo at the end of the octet: “—ah! is it a blame?-- / That from my eyes the tear is fain to start.” In the sestet, the poem quickly turns: “Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise; / ‘Tis but that sympathy with Adam’s race / Which in each brother’s history reads its own.” Paradoxically, Newman is able to extend sympathy beyond the boundaries of faith precisely because of Christianity’s belief in a common human ancestry. In a way, the tragedies of the pagan Greek world are only made more pathetic when considered in a Christian light, because it shows that the nobility and passion of Greek heroes need not have been spent in vain. In the last line, Newman compresses the essence of the pagan-Greek achievement: “High hope, pride-stain’d, the course without the prize.”

On their journey Newman and the Froudes also visited Rome. What Newman encountered there troubled and perplexed him greatly, for he found so much in Roman Catholicism to admire and so much to despise all at the same time. In a letter to England, he spoke of “mingled feelings” about Rome:

You are in the place of martyrdom and the burial of Apostles and Saints—you have about you the buildings and sights they saw—and you are in the city to which England owes the blessing of the gospel—But when on the other hand the superstitions;--or rather, what is far worse, the solemn reception of them as an essential part of Christianity—but then again the extreme beauty and costliness of the Churches—and then on the contrary knowledge the knowledge that the most famous was built (in part) by the sale of indulgences—Really this is a cruel place.—There is more and more

to be seen and thought of, daily—it is a mine of all sorts of excellences, but the very highest (*LD*, III, 238).

In another letter, he asks to himself of Rome, ‘How shall I name thee, Light of the wide west, or heinous error seat?’ (*LD*, III, 267-8). This ambivalence towards Rome was reflected in his poetry. Some were very negative, such as “The Cruel Church”, and after he converted, Newman would not republish these. But others show a growing sympathy with at least some aspects of Roman Catholicism. In the first stanza “The Good Samaritan”, he writes,

OH that thy creed were sound!*
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calm'd, and care's unthankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend:²
Thoughts, prison'd long for lack of speech, out-pour
Their tears; and doubts in resignation end.
I almost fainted from the long delay
That tangles me within this languid bay,
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and
wine to tend.

The relationship of the Israelites to the Samaritans, historically strained but rendered more benevolent by Christ's parable, provided a useful paradigm for Newman's attitude towards Rome. It allowed him to express a partial sympathy, but without compromising his dogmatic beliefs. Speaking in the poetic mode allows him to express his both his gratitude and his grief together; gratitude for Rome's “still retreats”, and grief that he is divided by creed.

Many of the poems Newman wrote during his journey are very personal reflections upon spiritual issues. After visiting Rome, Newman left the Froudes and voyaged back to Sicily alone. While there, Newman fell deathly ill, and if not for the faithfulness of his hired servant, Gennaro, would likely have died. Later in his life, Newman would reflect that this was one of “three great illnesses” in his life that led to religious developments (Ker 78). During his sickness, Newman felt that he was being punished for his self-will, and it chastened him into renewed humility before God (Ker 76). This is reflected in Newman’s most famous poem “The Pillar of the Cloud”:

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home---
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene---one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Newman’s Catholic Poems

Excepting the *Dream of Gerontius*, Newman wrote considerably less poetry as a Catholic than he did as an Anglican. Indeed, he would never again have such a productive poetic year as he had had in 1833. Partly this is because other intellectual

tasks and various duties consumed his life, but it also may reflect the degree to which the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church satisfied his *poetic needs*, so to speak. Speaking of Keble's *Christian Year*, Newman wrote,

He did that for the Church of England which none but a poet could do; he made it poetical. It is sometimes asked whether poets are not more commonly found external to the Church than among her children; and it would not surprise us to find the question answered in the affirmative. Poetry is the refuge of those who have not the Catholic Church to flee to, and repose upon; for the Church herself is the most sacred and august of poets. Poetry, as Mr. Keble lays it down in his *University Lectures* on the subject, is a method of relieving the over-burdened mind. It is a channel through which emotion finds expression, and that a safe, regulated expression. Now what is the Catholic Church, viewed in her human aspect, but a discipline of the affections and passions? What are her ordinances and practices, but the regulated expression of keen, or deep, or turbid feeling, and thus a "cleansing," as Aristotle would word it, of the sick soul? She is the poet of her children; full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward—wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry; every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood, or aspiration of youth. Such poets as are born under her shadow, she takes into her service; she sets them to write hymns, or to compose chants, or to embellish shrines, or to determine ceremonies, or to marshal processions; nay, she can even make schoolmen of them, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical. (Lilly 287-8)

In light of this statement, it should not be surprising that the poetry Newman did write as a Catholic falls mainly into the category of songs or hymns, and these devoted to saints such as the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Philip Neri. There is definitely a more settled quality to these poems; they do not exude the same spiritual tensions that his Anglican poems do; however, there is a soothing quality to them that is exceedingly sweet. Consider, for example, a few stanzas in "The Month of Mary", which recapitulates the themes of his earlier poems about the ephemeral quality of nature, but in a more balanced way that does not devalue natural beauty:

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
 'Twill grow, and then will wither;
 The flowrets, brightly as they smile,
 Shall perish altogether:
 The merry sun, you sure would say,
 It ne'er could set in gloom;
 But earth's best joys have all an end,
 And sin, a heavy doom.

But Mother maid, thou dost not fade;
 With stars above thy brow,
 And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
 For ever throned art thou.

The green green grass, the glittering grove,
 The heaven's majestic dome,
 They image forth a tenderer bower,
 A more refulgent home;
 They tell us of that Paradise
 Of everlasting rest,
 And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
 The sweetest, yet the best.

Nature is no longer a distraction from God *per se*, as it appears to be in some of his earlier poems such as “The Trance of Time” and “The Pilgrim”. It can indeed become that if viewed in isolation, but it also has the power to give “intimations of immortality” (perhaps in slightly different sense than Wordsworth meant). Through the experience of the immanent beauty in nature, the soul rises to contemplation of heaven.

Newman’s poems in honor of St. Philip Neri likewise emphasize the tangible sweetness of holiness and virtue. In “St. Philip in His School”, he uses a combination of dactyls and trochees to create four-beat lines with a lilting quality that perfectly image forth the gentleness of which he speaks:

THIS is the Saint of gentleness and kindness,
 Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning;
 Patiently healing of their pride and blindness,
 Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us,
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare him,
Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a minute;
Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,
Sin is not in it.

Thus he conducts by holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls, and sinful souls forgiven,
Towards the bright palace where our God is present,
Throned in high heaven.

The “richer offers” of the “bright palace” of heaven, the sweetness of prayer, and the purity of the mirth; these all emphasize the fact that the soul is drawn to transcendent goodness through the experience of immanent beauty, in this case particularly the beauty of a person whose being is alive with holy passion. As his poem “To Edward Caswall” concludes, we “see a heaven on earth”.

The Dream of Gerontius:

The Dream of Gerontius is Newman’s finest poetic work. It is not just a “metrical meditation on death”; it is the “realization by means of a loving heart and a poetic imagination of the state of a just soul after death”(Egan 1). Like many great poems, the inspiration for it came to Newman quite mysteriously, as if by the whispering of the Muse. In October 1865, Newman wrote to T. W. that ‘On the 17th of January last it came into my head to write it, I really can’t tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on

small bits of paper, and I could no longer write anything else by willing it than I could fly””(Noel 292). Strangely enough, after he finished it, Newman put the poem aside and apparently forgot about it. It was not until a few months later when Newman was asked by Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J., for a contribution to his magazine, the *Month*, that he remembered it, offering it to Father Coleridge to do what he wanted with it. As usual, Newman was perhaps excessively humble about his poetic composition. The poem appeared in *The Month* in two parts and received rave reviews. It was soon republished both in *Verses on Various Occasions*, as well as in separate book form, both of which were reprinted numerous times. It was even translated into French in 1869, and into German in 1885. Sir Francis Doyle, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, made it the subject of an inaugural address. In 1888 Gladstone said that it would take and hold its place in the literature of the world (Gliebe 5). In 1900, the Edward Elgar composed a magnificent score for the poem that increased its fame, not to mention his own.

In truth the poem can speak for itself. Its musicality, its subtle blending of a variety of verse-forms, rhythms and meters is unmatched. Throughout the poem, Newman uses up to “eight variations of verse and stanza forms” and Newman varies these perfectly in accord with the different themes and speakers (Gliebe 5). The principle actors in the drama are Gerontius (from the Greek for *elderly man*) and his guardian angel; their dialogue is interwoven with the prayers of the faithful at his bedside, the taunting of demons, and the songs of angelic choirs above. The poetry is at once dramatic and lyrical.

The poem is divided into seven sections. In the first, Gerontius lies in bed, preparing for death, with priest and friends praying for him. The prayers of Gerontius alternate

with the prayers of the assistants. Gerontius describes to his friends what it feels like to be dying: “Tis this strange innermost abandonment”(I.9). Before giving up his ghost, Gerontius affirms his faith by reciting the creed: “Firmly I believe and truly / God is three, and God is One”(I.76-7). After Gerontius dies, the priest prays for the departed soul: “Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!”(I.52).

In the second section, Gerontius describes the strange sensation of death: “This silence pours a solitariness / Into the very essence of my soul; / and the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet, / Hath something too of sternness and of pain”(II.17-20).

Eventually, Gerontius realizes he is being carried by an angel: “Another marvel: some one has me fast / Within his ample palm”(II.55-6). Gerontius listens to the angel rejoice that his charge has been rescued from hell: “My work is done, / My task is o’er, / And so I come, / Taking it home, / For the crown is won, / Alleluia, / For evermore”(II.67-73).

In the third section, Gerontius addresses his angel, and they begin a dialogue about the state of Gerontius’ soul. The angel explains that he is carrying him to “the Just and Holy Judge”(III.19). They discuss the nature of time in eternity, and how the flow of events is “measured by the living thought alone” and each mind is “standard of his own chronology”(III.37,43). Gerontius wonders why he is not afraid of his coming judgment, for he remembers being terrified at the thought of it on earth; the Angel explains, “It is because / Then thou didst fear, that now that dost not fear”(III.58-9).

In the fourth section, their discourse is interrupted by the screeching of the demons that wait outside heaven’s court, raging with envy at the souls who will be blessed for eternity: “Low-born clods / Of brute earth, / They aspire / To become gods”(IV.14-17). Despite their virulent hatred, they are powerless to harm Gerontius,

who is now immune to all temptation. When their discourse resumes, Gerontius wonders why it is that he cannot see anything, but that he still feels like he has retained his other senses; the Angel explains that he has in fact lost them all: “Thou livest in a world of signs and types, / The presentations of most holy truths”(IV.140-1). Gerontius is now a “disembodied soul”, but “lest so stern a solitude should load / And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed / Some lower measures of perception, / . . . And thou art wrapp’d and swathed around in dreams”(IV.143, 145-7, 150). Not until the Beatific Vision will Gerontius regain his sight. However, the angel does confirm that at the moment of his particular judgment, if it be granted that he is to sit among the elect, sight will come to him as in a “lightening-flash”, and he will see God for “One moment”; but “that sight of the Most Fair / Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too”(IV.193, 196-8).

In the fifth section, Gerontius and the Angel enter the court of heaven, and as they ascend, their discourse alternates with the five choirs of angelicals who “hymn their Maker’s praise continually”(V.35). Their songs tell the story of the fall and redemption of mankind. Meanwhile, the Angel tells Gerontius how the entire structure of heaven, every “Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,” even “the very pavement,” is “made up of life-- / Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings”(V.31-4). The choirs also speak of Purgatory, and the Angel explains to Gerontius that when he sees God, he will be filled with two conflicting desires: “To slink away, and hide thee from His sight” and “to dwell / Within the beauty of His countenance”(V.139-41). “And these two pains, so counter and so keen,-- / The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not; / The same of self at thought of seeing Him,-- / Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory”(V.142-5).

In the sixth section, the Angel and Gerontius enter “Into the veiled presence of [their] God”(VI.2). After listening to the song of the Angel of the Agony who strengthened Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, Gerontius, “with the intemperate energy of love, / Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel. But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity, / . . . scorch’d, and shrivell’d it; and now it lies / Passive and still before the awful Throne. / O happy suffering soul!”(VI.28-30, 33-5). Gerontius is then prepared for Purgatory: “Take me away, and in the lowest deep / There let me be”(VI.37-8).

In the seventh and last section, the Angel releases his “charge, a precious soul” to the “golden prison” of Purgatory (VII.5,1). After the souls in Purgatory sing a paraphrased version of *Psalm 90*, the Angel sings the final song: “Farewell, but not forever! brother dear, / Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow; / Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here, / And I will come and wake thee on the morrow”(VII.34-7).

Editorial Methods & Procedures

This edition of *Verses on Various Occasions* is based upon the text of the 1888 Longmans, Green, and Co. edition, the last edition to be published with additions and corrections made by Newman. Between the numerous editions of Newman’s poems and their manuscript copies, there are an abundance of textual variants. Newman tinkered with his poems throughout his life, even in 1888, two years before his death. The changes he made are of several different kinds. After he converted to Catholicism in 1845, he would make substantial alterations to his *Lyra Apostolica* poems, in some cases presumably because he wished them to conform with Catholic teachings; later in life he made mostly smaller changes, modifying diction and phraseology, as well as accidentals.

These variants are listed in their entirety (or nearly so) in Elisabeth Ann Noel's *An Edition of the Poems by John Henry Cardinal Newman*, University of Illinois, 1954. The aim in this edition has been for the most part to include in annotations only those variants that are both substantial and that suggest significantly different meanings. These are provided not as a part of an exact documentation of textual variants, but inasmuch they aid commentary on the poems.

The 1888 edition has been selected as the copy text for this edition for several reasons. First of all, there are special circumstances to Newman's life that justify privileging his final intentions over his initial ones. The changes Newman made to his *Lyra Apostolica* poems after he converted were not made simply for artistic or stylistic reasons; in certain cases they were of a serious religious character and reflect what (in his opinion, at least) was a turning from falsehood to truth. If the object of this edition were to provide Newman's poetry as Anglican or Tractarian poetry, the proper thing to do would have been to present the *Lyra Apostolica* poems, not *Verses on Various Occasions*. By 1868 when *Verses on Various Occasions* was first published, the majority of changes Newman ever made to his poems had already been made. He would indeed tinker with them till the 1888 edition, but these changes were relatively minor. The major difference between the 1868 edition (minus the appendix added midway through its printing) and the 1888 edition is that the latter contains eighteen poems that the former does not. The 1888 edition is thus preferable over the 1868 because it simply provides a more generous number of poems.

Certain variants in the poems have not been explicitly noted. After his conversion, Newman capitalized many words like "saint", "church", and "mother" that had

previously been uncapitalized. This can be considered a substantive change to the poems, as Noel points out, because the capitalization denotes increased veneration for these objects. However, it suffices to make a blanket statement of this development in the poems here in the introduction, rather than pointing out the change in capitalization in every instance.

Newman contracted words in later editions of his poems to make the metrical pattern of lines more obvious. For example, words ending in *ed*, such as “gained”, were changed to *’d* (“gain’d”), unless the *ed* was to be counted as a syllable for metrical reasons. However, it cannot be affirmed that Newman applied this rule consistently to his poems. In any case, these changes have been passed over as well, as a blanket statement has been deemed sufficient.

The changes Newman made to the poems’ titles have been noted, because these often provide clues to the interpretation of the poems. For example, poem 106, originally titled “Autumn” in *Lyra Apostolica*, became “The Progress of Unbelief” in *Verses on Various Occasions*, making more explicit the intention of the poem.

When variants are listed from manuscript copies of Newman’s poems, these have been listed generically as *OC*, from the Birmingham Oratory Collection of Manuscripts. More specific information as to manuscript variants can be found in Noel’s edition.

The major purpose of this edition is to provide illuminative commentary for the poems in annotations. An attempt has been made to identify the many biblical allusions found in Newman’s poems. (Biblical quotations in the footnotes are given in the King James Version, as this is the version Newman used for poems’ mottos) Likewise, many annotations cross-reference Newman’s other works, mainly his sermons, which contain

themes and ideas similar to those in his poems. Footnotes also indicate circumstances of the poems' composition, for example, if they were written in a letter to Newman's family. Lastly, glosses have been provided for archaic and unfamiliar terms. Those footnotes indicated by asterisks are Newman's own.

Though this edition is based upon the 1888 edition, it includes only one of the Latin poems from Newman's appendices. "Prologus in Phormionem" was the only one of five Latin poems for which Newman himself provided a translation. Because theses written for the University of Nevada, Las Vegas may not contain non-English text without also providing a translation, and because extensive translation was not the aim of this project, the four other Latin poems have been omitted.

Abbreviations

Newman's Poetry

<i>OC</i>	Birmingham Oratory Collection Manuscripts
<i>MP</i>	<i>Memorials of the Past</i> , 1832.
<i>BrMag</i>	<i>British Magazine and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, and Documents Respecting the State of the Poor, &c.</i> , III-X (1833-1836).
<i>LA</i>	<i>Lyra Apostolica</i> , 1836. Numbers after <i>LA</i> indicate the date or edition(s) in which variants appear. <i>LA</i> alone indicates that the variants appear in all editions of <i>Lyra Apostolica</i> .
<i>VRS</i>	<i>Verses on Religious Subjects</i> , 1853.
<i>VVO</i>	<i>Verses on Various Occasions</i> , 1868. Numbers after <i>VVO</i> indicate the date of editions(s) in which variants appear.

Other Works by Newman

- LD* *The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman*, ed. Charles Stephen Dessain et al.
- FP* *Faith and Prejudice and Other Unpublished Sermons*, nos.1-7 (1848), no. 8 (1870), no. 9 (1873)
- OUS* *Oxford University Sermons*, 1843
- PPS* *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. 1 (1834), vol. 2 (1835), vol. 3 (1836), vol. 4 (1839), vol. 5 (1840), vol. 6 (1842), vol. 7 (1842), vol. 8 (1843)
- SSD* *Sermons on the Subjects of the Day*, 1843
- SPVO* *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions*, 1874

Verses on Various Occasions.

by

John Henry Cardinal Newman

"cui pauca relict
Jugera ruris erant; nec fertilis illa juvencis
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec'commoda Baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circum
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animis." ¹

London
New York
Longmans, Green, and Co. 1888

TO EDWARD BADELEY, ESQ.²

My dear Badeley,

I have not been without apprehension lest in dedicating to you a number of poetical compositions, I should hardly be making a suitable offering to a member of a grave profession, which is especially employed in rubbing off the gloss with which imagination and sentiment invest matters of every-day life, and in reducing statements of fact to their legitimate dimensions. And, besides this, misgivings have not unnaturally come over me on the previous question; viz., whether, after all, the contents of the volume are of sufficient importance to make it an acceptable offering to any friend whatever.

And I must frankly confess, as to the latter difficulty, that certainly it never would have occurred to me thus formally to bring together under one title effusions which I have ever considered ephemeral, had I not lately found from publications of the day, what I never suspected before, that there are critics, and they strangers to me, who think well both of some of my compositions and of my power of composing. It is this commendation, bestowed on me to my surprise as well as to my gratification, which has encouraged me just now to republish what I have from time to time written; and if, in doing so, I shall be found, as is not unlikely, to have formed a volume of unequal merit, my excuse must be, that I despair of discovering any standard by which to discriminate aright between one poetical attempt and another. Accordingly, I am thrown, from the nature of the case, whether I will or no, upon my own judgment, which, biassed by the associations of memory and by personal feelings, and measuring, perhaps, by the pleasure of verse-making, the worth of the verse, is disposed either to preserve them all, or to put them all aside.

Here another contrast presents itself between the poetical art and the science of law. Your profession has its definitive authorities, its prescriptions, its precedents, and its principles, by which to determine the claim of its authors on public attention; but what philosopher will undertake to rule matters of taste, or to bring under one idea or method works so different from each other as those of Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar; of Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial? What court is sitting, and what code is received, for the satisfactory determination of the poetical pretensions of writers of the day? Whence can we hope to gain a verdict upon them, except from the unscientific tribunals of Public Opinion and of Time? In Poetry, as in Metaphysics, a book is of necessity a venture.

And now, coming to the suitability of my offering, I know well, my dear Badeley, how little you will be disposed to criticize what comes to you from me, whatever be its intrinsic value. Less still in this case, considering that a chief portion of the volume grew out of that Religious Movement³ which you yourself, as well as I, so faithfully followed from first to last. And least of all, when I tell you that I wish it to be the poor expression, long-delayed, of my gratitude, never intermitted, for the great services which you rendered to me years ago, by your legal skill and affectionate zeal, in a serious matter in

which I found myself in collision with the law of the land.² Those services I have ever desired in some public, however inadequate, way to record; and now, as time hurries on and opportunities are few, I am forced to ask you to let me acknowledge my debt to you as I can, since I cannot as I would.

We are now, both of us, in the decline of life: may that warm attachment which has lasted between us inviolate for so many years, be continued, by the mercy of God, to the end of our earthly course, and beyond it!

I am, my dear Badeley,
Affectionately yours,
J. H. N.
The Oratory, *December* 21, 1867.

¹“cui pauca relictis . . . regum aequabat opes animis.”] Lines 127-132 of Book IV of Virgil’s *Georgics*: “[I saw an old Sicilian], who occupied a few acres of unclaimed land, not rich enough for ploughing, nor fit for pasturage, nor suited to the vine. Even so, planting cabbages here and there among the brambles, and white lilies and vervain and fine-seeded poppies, in happiness he equaled the wealth of kings”(Translation by H. Rushton Fairclough, revised by G. P. Goold, in *Virgil: Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid I-VI*. London: Harvard University Press, 1999).

²TO EDWARD BADELEY, ESQ.] A lawyer and supporter of the Oxford Movement who converted to Catholicism. Badeley gave legal counsel to Newman in the Achilli affair in 1852. In his fifth lecture on *The Present Condition of Catholics in England*, entitled “Logical Inconsistency of the Protestant View”, Newman had refuted the outrageous claims against the Catholic hierarchy made by an apostate Italian Dominican, Giacinto Achilli. In his rebuttal, Newman castigated Achilli for his grossly immoral and scandalous behaviour, namely seducing young woman. Newman based his claims on an article previously written by Cardinal Wiseman that documented Achilli’s profligacy, and had been assured by his legal counsel that a libel suit could not be brought against him, since the accusations had already been made in print. However, Achilli, supported by his anti-Catholic English supporters, did charge Newman with libel, overlooking Wiseman’s article. Newman arranged for witnesses to be brought from Italy, but Achilli and his lawyers kept delaying the trial in hopes that the witnesses would have to return to Italy before being able to testify (keeping the witnesses nearby for this extended time proved costly to the defense). Eventually, the trial was held, with an anti-Catholic judge and all-protestant jury, and despite the numerous testimonies against him, Achilli’s side prevailed. Newman was found guilty of libel and fined £100. Nevertheless, Catholics counted it a moral victory against injustice. Ambrose St. John, Newman’s close friend and fellow Oratorian, wrote that after the trial, “We walked off in triumph amid the hurrahs of 200 Paddies. The whole outside of the court rang with their acclamations”(LD, XV, 278). Donations poured in from Catholics around the world to pay the cost of the trial, a whopping £12,000.

³Religious Movement] The Oxford Movement, spanning roughly from 1833 to 1841, was an attempt by a group of Anglican clerics such as Newman, Edward Pusey and John Keble to make the Church of England more “apostolical”, more in-line with the primitive Christian Church. The “Tractarians,” as they were called because of the historical and theological tracts they published in support of their cause, advocated the literal and supernatural truth of the Bible, in opposition to the growing skepticism and belief that the events of the bible must be sifted through the lens of “higher criticism”. They opposed not only the liberals, however. They attacked the “Establishment” as well. They saw the state-control of the church as tending to corrupt its doctrines and integrity.

The Tractarians also emphasized the importance of “Catholic” religious practices, such confession and penitential exercises. In 1841, Newman wrote Tract 90, which argued that the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England could and ought to be interpreted in the most “Catholic” sense possible. Tract 90 created such an uproar that the Tracts were discontinued by the order of the bishop. Though Newman would not convert to Roman Catholicism till four years later, the suppression of the tracts more or less ended the Oxford Movement.

³Collision with the law of the Land] The Achilli Trial. See note 1 on Edward Badeley, Esq.

1. Solitude¹

THERE is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast, when struggling passions lower;
Touch'd by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.
By this the Arab's kindling thoughts expand,
When circling skies inclose the desert sand;
For this the hermit seeks the thickest grove,
To catch th' inspiring glow of heavenly love.
It is not solely in the freedom given
To purify and fix the heart on heaven;²
There is a Spirit singing aye in air,
That lifts us high above all mortal care.
No mortal measure swells that mystic sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around,---
The Angels' hymn,---the sovereign³ harmony
That guides the rolling orbs along the sky,---
And hence perchance the tales of saints who view'd
And heard Angelic choirs in solitude.
By most unheard,---because the earthly din
Of toil or mirth has charms their ears to win.⁴
Alas for man! he knows not of the bliss,
The heaven that brightens such a life as this.

Oxford. Michaelmas Term, 1818.

¹Solitude] This poem was originally an excerpt from a poem Newman wrote in 1818 with his college friend, John William Bowden, titled, "St. Bartholomew's Eve; A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. In Two Cantos." It was published in two cantos by Munday and Slatter in Oxford. The first canto was published in 1818, the second (in which this excerpt appeared) in 1819, and in 1819 the two cantos were also sold bound together (Noel 293). This excerpt was not reprinted until 1868, when it appeared in the first edition of *VVO*.

²To purify and fix the heart on heaven] In its original context within "St. Bartholomew's Eve", in *MP*, this line read, "T'abstract our thoughts and fix our soul on heaven." This change, with its emphasis on heart rather than mind, perhaps reflects Newman's conviction that charity is more fundamental to religious devotion than knowledge. Cf. "The Self-Wise Inquirer" in *PPS*.

³sovereign] "melting" in *MP*. Newman tinkered with the diction of his poetry throughout his life, and in many instances, as in this one, the change reflects a more mature linguistic sensibility.

⁴because the earthly din] Of toil or mirth has charms their ears to win.] In *MP*, “because the busy din, / Of Pleasure’s courts the heedless many win”. The later version is noticeably less severe towards those not spiritually inclined, and also syntactically clearer.

2. My Birthday¹

1.

LET the sun summon all his beams to hold
Bright pageant in his court, the cloud-paved sky;
Earth trim her fields and leaf her corses cold;
Till the dull month with summer-splendours vie.
It is my Birthday;---and I fain would try,
Albeit in rude, in heartfelt strains to praise
My God, for He hath shielded wondrously
From harm and envious error all my ways,
And purged my misty sight, and fixed on heaven my gaze.

2.

Not in that mood, in which the insensate crowd
Of wealthy folly hail their natal day,---
With riot throng, and feast, and greetings loud,
Chasing all thoughts of God and heaven away.
Poor insect! feebly daring, madly gay,
What! joy because the fulness of the year
Marks thee for greedy death a riper prey?
Is not the silence of the grave too near?
Viewest thou the end with glee, meet scene for harrowing fear?

3.

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

4.

Yet wiser such, than he whom blank despair

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

5.

He dreams of mischief; and that brainborn ill
Man's open face bears in his jealous view.
Fain would he fly his doom; that doom is still
His own black thoughts, and they must aye pursue.
Too proud for merriment, or the pure dew
Soft glistening on the sympathising cheek;
As some dark, lonely, evil-natured yew,
Whose poisonous fruit---so fabling poets speak---
Beneath the moon's pale gleam the midnight hag doth seek.

6.

No! give to me, Great Lord, the constant soul,
Nor fooled by pleasure nor enslaved by care;
Each rebel-passion (for Thou canst) controul,
And make me know the tempter's every snare.
What, though alone my sober hours I wear,
No friend in view, and sadness o'er my mind
Throws her dark veil?---Thou but accord this prayer,
And I will bless Thee for my birth, and find
That stillness breathes sweet tones, and solitude² is kind.

7.

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

Oxford. February 21, 1819.

* "Is life a boon so kindly given," &c., *vide Childe Harold*, Canto ii.

**The diction of these Verses has been altered in some places at a later date.

¹My Birthday] First published in *MP*, 1832. In *MP*, titled, "On My Birthday". This would have been Newman's eighteenth birthday. This poem was not reprinted in *VVO* until the 1888 edition. "Before that time, it was reprinted in Dr. Frederick George Lee's *Lyrics of Light and Life* (London, 1878)"(Noel 271).

²solitude] "loneliness" in *MP*. While often carelessly used as synonyms, there is an important semantic distinction between these two terms, and Newman's change shows an awareness of this. Loneliness implies a longing for human companionship of a certain kind, it implies unwanted deprivation; but solitude might be sought (or accepted in resignation) as a desirable condition conducive to the contemplation of God, as hermits and anchorites have done over the ages. Cf. Newman's essay "The Mission of St. Benedict"(*Historical Sketches*, vol. 2), Section 5, where he quotes St. Basil:

Solitude is of the greatest use for this purpose, as it stills our passions, and enables reason to extirpate them. Let then a place be found such as mine, separate from intercourse with men, that the tenor of our exercises be not interrupted from without. Pious exercises nourish the soul with divine thoughts. Soothing hymns compose the mind to a cheerful and calm state. Quiet, then, as I have said, is the first step in our sanctification; the tongue purified from the gossip of the world, the eyes unexcited by fair colour or comely shape, the ear secured from the relaxation of voluptuous songs, and that especial mischief, light jesting. Thus the mind, rescued from dissipation from without, and sensible allurements, falls back upon itself, and thence ascends to the contemplation of God. (382-83)

3. Paraphrase of Isaiah, Chap. LXIV

O THAT Thou wouldest rend the breadth of sky,
That veils Thy presence from the sons of men!
O that, as erst Thou camest from on high
Sudden in strength, Thou so would'st come again!
Track'd out by judgments was Thy fiery path,
Ocean and mountain withering in Thy wrath!

Then would Thy name---the Just, the Merciful---
Strange dubious attributes to human mind,
Appal Thy foes; and, kings, who spurn Thy rule,
Then, then would quake to hopeless doom consign'd.
See, the stout bows, and totters the secure,

While pleasure's bondsman hides his head impure!

Come down! for then shall from its seven bright springs
To him who thirsts the draught of life be given;
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the things
Which He hath purposed for the heirs of heaven,---
A God of love, guiding with gracious ray
Each meek rejoicing pilgrim on his way.

Yea, though we err, and Thine averted face
Rebukes the folly in Thine Israel done,
Will not that hour of chastisement give place
To beams, the pledge of an eternal sun?
Yes! for His counsels to the end endure;
We shall be saved, our rest abideth sure.

Lord, Lord! our sins ... our sins ... unclean are we,
Gross and corrupt; our seeming-virtuous deeds
Are but abominate; all, dead to Thee,
Shrivel, like leaves when summer's green recedes;
While, like the autumn blast, our lusts arise,
And sweep their prey where the fell serpent lies.

None, there is none to plead with God in prayer,
Bracing his laggart spirit to the work

Of intercession; conscience-sprung despair,
Sin-loving still, doth in each bosom lurk.
Guilt calls Thee to avenge;---Thy risen ire
Sears like a brand, we gaze and we expire.

But now, O Lord, our Father! we are Thine,
Design and fashion; senseless while we lay,
Thou, as the potter, with a Hand Divine,
Didst mould Thy vessels of the sluggish clay.
Mark not our guilt, Thy word of wrath recall,
Lo, we are Thine by price, Thy people all!

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

Brighton. September, 1821

4. To F. W. N. A Birthday Offering¹

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

And thou a voucher fair hast given,²
Of what thou wilt achieve,
Ere age has dimmed thy sun-lit heaven,
In weary life's chill eve;
Should Sovereign Wisdom in its grace
Vouchsafe to thee so long a race.

My brother, we are link'd with chain
That time shall ne'er destroy;
Together we have been in pain,
Together now in joy;
For duly I to share may claim
The present brightness of thy name,

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

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

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

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

And when her Maker from the thrall
Of flesh her spirit freed,
No suffering companied the call.
---In mercy 'twas decreed,---
One moment here, the next she trod
The viewless mansion of her God.

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

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

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

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

O! may we follow undismay'd
Where'er our God shall call!

And may His Spirit's present aid
Uphold us lest we fall!
Till in the end of days we stand,
As victors in a deathless land.

Chiswick. June 27, 1826.

*Of course the allusion is not to the author's mother; a mother has no favourites.³

¹To F. W. N. [A Birthday Offering] First published in *MP*, 1832. The poem is addressed to Francis, Newman's second brother, who was twenty-one on June 27, 1826. Newman had difficult relationships with his brothers, Charles and Francis. The three did not get along terribly well, and they came to differ profoundly about philosophical and religious issues. Charles became atheistic and was for a long time irresponsible. He settled down in midlife, but he appears never to have embraced any religious system (Trevor, *Light*, 614-15). Francis went from being an enthusiastic evangelical to a "high-minded free-thinker" and tee-totaling vegetarian (Trevor, *Light*, 362, 615). Frank appears to have envied John's popularity; according to Trevor, he was happiest with him when he was "not successful"; annoyed at the tributes paid to his famous brother after Newman died, Frank even refused to attend his funeral, and he soon after published "bitter, rambling recollections of their youth" (Trevor, *Light*, 615)

²And . . . given,] "Frank had just taken a double first in his Schools at Oxford" (Noel 272).

³The allusion is to Newman's paternal grandmother, with whom the Newman children spent a great deal of time during their childhood. Newman's grandmother indeed seems to have played no small part in engendering his faith as a child. She desired that John would enter the ministry, and she died in 1825, shortly before Newman was ordained, knowing that her wish would be fulfilled (Trevor, *Pillar*, 56). Later, in 1844, when Newman had decided to convert to Rome, he wrote to his aunt in attempt to avoid any misunderstandings and to credit her and his grandmother for his faith: "Whatever good there is in me, I owe, under grace, to the time I spent in that house [Fulham] and to you and my dear grandmother, its inhabitants. I do not forget her Bible and the prints in it" (Trevor, *Pillar*, 325-6).

5. Nature and Art. For an Album¹

"MAN goeth forth"*² with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
Creative skill might find;
He schemes and toils; stone, wood, and ore
Subject or weapon of his power.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ulcombe. September, 1826.

*Psalm civ. [ciii.] 23.

¹Nature and Art. For an Album] First published in *MP*, 1832. "At the time this poem was written, Newman was filling in for his friend Samuel Rickards at Rickards' parish in Ulcombe, Kent. Harriet Newman accompanied her brother and stayed on for a visit when Rickards and his wife returned from their holiday. I do not know for whose album the poem was written; perhaps it was for Harriet's" (Noel 272-73). Meriol Trevor describes Ulcombe as "a tiny place on a ridge of hill, overlooking mile upon mile of Weald" (*Pillar*, 61). Obviously, Newman thought it quite scenic. This poem is the closest Newman comes to being Wordsworthian. Notice, however, how Newman channels nature's "energy of Life" into energy "to meet" "His will"; that is, for Newman there is no

conflict between love of nature and orthodox Christianity; the beauty of nature inspires devotion to God and exerts moral influence on the heart.

²"MAN goeth forth"] "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." Psalm 104:23. "This was the text of Newman's first sermon, preached at Warton a few days after his ordination as deacon on June 14, 1824"(Noel 273).

6. Introduction to an Album¹

I AM a harp of many chords, and each
Strung by a separate hand;---most musical
My notes, discoursing with the mental sense,
Not the outward ear. Try them, they will reply
With wisdom, fancy, graceful gaiety,
Or ready wit, or happy sentiment.²

Come, add a string to my assort of sounds;
Widen the compass of my harmony;
And join thyself in fellowship of name
With those, whose courteous labour and fair gifts
Have given me voice, and made me what I am.

Brighton. April, 1827.

¹Introduction to an Album] First published in *MP*, 1832. *MP*, the poem had a subtitle: "To My Sisters' Album"(Noel 27).

²With wisdom . . . sentiment] "Mild wisdom, graceful wit, and high-wrought taste, / Fancy, and hope, and decent gaiety" in *MP*, *VVO68-69*. At first sight it almost seems that Newman simply jumbled this catalogue of traits so that each noun would be coupled with a new adjective.

7. Snapdragon. A Riddle for a Flower Book¹

I AM rooted in the wall
Of buttress'd tower or ancient hall;
Prison'd in an art-wrought bed,
Cased in mortar, cramp'd with lead;
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gives me birth;
Nature's vast and varied field

Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.

Choice are such,---and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.²
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect;
Humble-I can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.³

Life's gay gifts and honours rare,
Flowers of favour! win and wear!
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene.
Ivy, climb and cluster, where
Lordly oaks vouchsafe a stair.
Vaunt, fair Lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.
Miser Crocus, starved with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travell'd Dahlia, freely boast
Knowledge brought from foreign coast.
Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.

Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own,
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine, the Unseen to display
In the crowded public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah! no more a scentless flower,

By approving Heaven's high power,
Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of Heaven!
May it be! then well might I
In College cloister⁴ live and die.

Ulcombe. October 2, 1827.

¹Snapdragon] First published in *MP*, 1832. Original subtitle: "A Riddle for a Lady's Flower Book" in *MP*.

²Highest he whose lot is lowest] Cf. Matthew 19:30: "But many who are first will be last, and many who are last will be first."

³Mingled with the cloister's gloom] *MP* has a note: "Snapdragon fringed the wall opposite the rooms in which I spent my first solitary three weeks at College in June, 1817."

⁴College cloister] Newman clearly had a vocation both for the religious life and for the academic; the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, with its emphasis on intellectual studies, fit well with Newman's dual vocation.

8. The Trance of Time¹

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!"²

IN childhood, when with eager eyes
The season-measured year I view'd,
All garb'd in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

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

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

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

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

Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.³

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

O priceless art! O princely state!
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Within to antedate
Heaven's Age of fearless rest.

Highwood. October, 1827.

¹The Trance of Time] First published in *MP*, 1832. Originally titled "Time Entranced" in *MP* with the quote from the *Aeneid* used in *VVO*; appeared without title in *BrMag*; in *LA*, titled "Nothingness of Matter" under the topical heading "Vanity of Vanities"; in *VRS*, appeared under heading "Changes" with the text, "Cum essem parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus; quando factus sum vir, evacui quae erant parvuli." ("When I was a child, I used to think as a child; since I have become a man, I have grown out of things which were childish"—1 Corinthians 13:11).

Noel provides an illuminating historical detail relevant to this poem: "In 1826, Newman had been appointed one of the four Public Tutors of Oriel College, where he was a Fellow. He undertook to reform the office, writing in his Private Journal, 'There is much in the system which I think wrong; I think the tutors see too little of the men, and there is not enough of direct religious instruction' (*Letters*, I, 151). He encountered a good deal of opposition to this concept of a tutor's duties, and it cost him some mental anguish. Moreover, his tutorial duties were supplemented in 1827 and 1828 by an appointment as Public Examiner in Classics for the B.A. degree. All this, together with the task he had recently set himself of reading through the Fathers of the Church, brought him close to a breakdown"(273).

In some ways this poem explains why Newman has achieved only limited success as a poet; its expression of isolation from nature, or “The Nothingness of Matter” (to use its title in *Lyra Apostolica*), puts it at odds with much of Western poetry. The poet cannot afford to scorn the forms of matter, for his knowledge of the immaterial derives from his experience of the material world. The idea that man’s immortal spirit will ultimately transcend the mutability of nature has precedent; however, as long as man remains an earthly being, he shares in the earth’s decay; there is a connatural bond between man and earth. Forsaking the world (in the sense of “the world, the flesh, and the devil”) need not include separating oneself from the natural world, for even the Psalmists testify to the knowledge of God that is revealed in nature. In any case, Newman’s response to the mutability of nature is strikingly different from Shakespeare’s Sonnet 73: “This thou perceiv’st, which makes they love more strong, / To love that well which thou must leave ere long.” Other poems of Newman’s do express a more positive view of nature, e.g., “My Lady Nature and Her Daughters”(#11 in this edition): Where the birth of Poesy? / Its fancy and its fire? / Nature’s earth, and sea, and sky, / Fervid thoughts inspire.”; also, “Nature and Art”(#5 in this edition). As always, one must be careful of judging Newman’s ideas by any given single statement, especially a poetic one.

²“Felix . . . avari!”] Trans: “Happy is he who was able to know the causes of things, and who placed all fears, inexorable fate, and the rumbling of the greedy Acheron under his feet”--Virgil’s *Georgics*, II, 490.

³Thou hast no owners part / In all its fleetingness] For an interesting contrast to this view, see Gerard Manley Hopkins’ “Spring and Fall”.

9. Consolations in Bereavement¹

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

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

Death came unheralded:---but it was well;
 For so thy Saviour bore
 Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
 On His eternal shore;

All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown:---
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time:---lest, Sister dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay;
Watching each spark
Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went:---that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
Dearest thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

Oxford. April, 1828.

¹Consolations in Bereavement] First published in *MP*, 1832. Noel provides the occasion for this poem: "Newman's youngest sister, Mary, died quite suddenly at the age of eighteen on January 5, 1828. The circumstances of Mary's death are described most vividly in a letter written to Newman many years later by Maria Giberne, a friend who was visiting the Newmans for the first time when Mary died. She reminds Newman of the first day of her visit, and then goes on to say, 'The next day Mr. Woodgate and Mr. Williams dined there [at the Newman's], and dear Mary sat next to you, and I was on the other side; and while eating a bit of turkey she turned her face towards me, her hand on her heart, so pale, and a dark ring round her eyes, and she said she felt ill, and should she go away? I asked you, and she went Soon after Jemima went after her; and then your Mother, looking so distressed; and she said, 'John, I never saw Mary so ill before; I think we must send for a doctor.' . . . Next morning Harriet came to walk with us about

one o'clock, but though she said Mary had had a very bad night, she did not seem to apprehend danger. We [Maria and her sister Fanny] went to dine with a friend, and only returned to your house about nine. I felt a shock in entering the house, seeing no one but you—so pale and so calm and yet so inwardly moved; and how, when I asked you to pray with us for her, you made a great effort to quiet your voice, sitting against the table, your eyes on the fire, and you answered, 'I must tell you the truth: she is dead already.' (*Letters*, I, 177-180).

"Few events in Newman's life touched him as this did. Two months after Mary's death, he was writing to his sister Jemima, 'Carefully take down, if you have not already, all you can recollect that dear Mary said on every subject. . . . Would it not, too, be desirable to write down some memoranda generally concerning her?—her general character, and all the delightful things we now recollect concerning her. Alas! memory does not remain vivid; the more minute these circumstances the better. To talk of her thus in the third person, and in all the common business and conversation of life, to allude to her as now out of the way and insensible to what we are doing (as is indeed the case), is to me the most distressing circumstance, perhaps, attending our loss. It draws tears into my eyes to think that all at once we can converse only about her, as about some inanimate object, wood or stone. But she shall flourish from the tomb. And, in the meantime, it being but a little time, I would try to talk to her in imagination, and in hope of the future, by setting down all I can think of about her. But I must not selfishly distress you' (*Letters*, I, 181).

"This poem ["Consolations"] is [a] reference to [her] death . . . It was originally sent by Newman in a letter to his sister Harriet, April 21, 1828, in which he says, 'It goes to my heart to think that dear Mary herself, in her enthusiastic love of me, would so like them could she see them, because they are mine. May I be patient! It is so difficult to realize what one believes, and to make these trials, as they are intended, real blessings' (*Letters*, I, 183). The sentiments of the poems were expressed again in May in a letter to Jemima. Newman had told her about riding back to Oxford from a dinner in the country, and the good effect upon him of its natural beauties. 'Yet,' he says, 'I never felt so intensely the transitory nature of this world as when most delighted with these country scenes. . . . Dear Mary seems embodied in every tree and hid behind every hill. What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! Beautiful, but still a veil' (*Letters*, I, 184). (Noel 274, 75)

10. A Picture¹

"The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth."²

SHE is not gone;---still in our sight
That dearest maid shall live,
In form as true, in tints as bright,
As youth and health could give.

Still, still is ours the modest eye;
The smile unwrought by art;

The glance that shot so piercingly
Affection's keenest dart;

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

Whether the page divine call'd forth
Its clear, sweet, tranquil tone,
Or cheerful hymn, or seemly mirth
In sprightlier measure shown;³

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

The thankful sigh that would arise,
When aught her doubts removed,
Full sure the explaining voice to prize,
Admiring while she loved;

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

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

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

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

All her eye loved, all her hand press'd
With keen affection's glow,
The voice of home, all pleasures best,

All dearest thoughts below.

From friend-lit hearth, from social board.

All duteously she rose;
For faith upon the Master's word
Can find a sure repose.

And in her wonder up she sped,
And tried relief in vain;
Then laid her down upon her bed
Of languor and of pain,---

And waited till the solemn spell,
(A ling'ring night and day,)
Should fill its numbers, and compel
Her soul to come away.

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

When in due lines her Saviour dear
His scatter'd saints shall range,
And knit in love souls parted here,
Where cloud is none, nor change.⁴

Oxford. August, 1828.

¹The Picture] First published in *MP*, 1832.

²"The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth."] *Mark* 5:39. A reference to Newman's Mary. See note on "Consolations", the previous poem.

³Whether . . . shown] "OC2 has a note written by Newman in 1877 which reads: Stanza 4—Years ago when she used to sing Watt's Hymns, her voice used to ring in my ears when I was away at College. When we had on Sunday evenings at Brighton read the Scripture round, the beautiful expression of her voice has quite pierced me, and I have waited with excited feeling to hear her read again"(Noel 35).

⁴And knit . . . nor change] "OC2 has a note written by Newman which reads: October 23, 1877. I have as vivid feelings of love, tenderness, and sorrow, when I think of our dear Mary, as ever I had since her death"(Noel 37).

11. My Lady Nature and Her Daughters¹

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

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

Ladies, shrinking from the view
Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue

Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,
Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
These they love, in these they live.---
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too:
Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears;
Cheating sage's vex'd pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,
And, her deft hand still concealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

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

Where the birth of Poesy?
 Its fancy and its fire?
Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,
 Fervid thoughts inspire.
Where do wealth and power find rest,
When hopes have fail'd, or toil oppress'd?
Parks, and lawns, and deer, and trees,
Nature's work, restore them ease.---
Rare the rich, the gifted rare,---
Where shall work-day souls repair,
Unennobled, unrefined,

From the rude world and unkind?
Who shall friend their lowly lot?
High-born Nature answers not.
Leave her in her starry dome,
Seek we lady-lighted home.
Nature 'mid the spheres bears sway,
Ladies rule where hearts obey.

Oxford. February 4, 1829.

*Vid. I Pet. iii. 5; and cf. Gen. Xxiv. 22, 28-30

¹My Lady Nature and Her Daughters] First published in *MP*, 1832. According to Trevor: “[In] 1829, [Newman] wrote for his sisters ‘My Lady Nature and her Daughters’, comparing ladies’ delight in dress and dancing and their round of homely tasks to the beauties and activities of nature. . . . In the sixties, when Newman, in answer to many requests, republished his verses in a volume, one of his converts, Father Coleridge, the Jesuit editor of *The Month*, demanded in great disappointment why he had left this one out. Newman said he had feared people would think it rather frivolous for a grey-headed priest. He put it in later editions.” (*Pillar*, 105)

12. Opusculum. For a Very Small Album¹

FAIR Cousin, thy page
is small to encage
the thoughts which engage
the mind of a sage,
 such as I am;

'Twere in teaspoon to take
the whole Genevese lake,
or a lap-dog to make
the white Elephant sacred
 in Siam.

Yet inadequate though
to the terms strange and solemn
that figure in
polysyllabical row
 in a treatise;

Still, true words and plain,
of the heart, not the brain,
in affectionate strain,

this book to contain
 very meet is.

So I promise to be
a good Cousin to thee,
and to keep safe the secret
I heard, although ev'ry
 one know it;

With a lyrical air
my kind thoughts I would dare,
and offer whate'er
beseems the news, were
 I a poet.

Brighton. April, 1829.

¹Opusculum: For a Very Small Album] First published in *MP*, 1832. This poem is addressed to Newman's cousin, Harriet Fourdrinier.

13. Voice from Afar¹

 WEEP not for me;---
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

 I still am near;---
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
 Now too I hear
Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

 A sea before
The Throne is spread;---its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
 We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

Horsepath. September 29, 1829.

Of man's cold race;
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
Of boundless time and space,
He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
To fill the thrones of heaven.

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

Horsepath. September, 1829.

¹The Hidden Ones] First published in *MP*, 1832. Titled “The True Elect” in *LA* under the topical heading “Hidden Saints.” Newman likely rejected the title because of its Calvinist implication of predestination. In the *Apologia* he would write,

Calvinists make a sharp separation between the elect and the world; there is much in this that is cognate or parallel to the Catholic doctrine; but they go on to say, as I understand them, very differently from Catholicism,-- that the converted and the unconverted can be discriminated by man, that the justified are conscious of their state of justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. . . . The notion that the regenerate and the justified were one and the same, and that the regenerate, as such, had the gift of perseverance, remained with me not many years, as I have said already. (109)

In *OC*, the poem had a motto: “Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God”; in *MP*, “Your life is hid with Christ in God.”

Noel notes that “This poem . . . was written at the Newman’s home at Horsepath. It was later transcribed by Newman into an album his friend Samuel Rickards prepared for Maria Giberne”(Noel 276). Maria Giberne was a good friend of Newman’s. She would eventually convert to Catholicism under his influence and enter a convent in Rome. They remained friends their entire lives, exchanging letters.

²Blind characters . . . princely race.] Cf. Newman’s “The Self-Wise Inquirer” in *PPS*.

15. A Thanksgiving¹

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."²

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

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

Blessings in boyhood' marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange;³
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range.

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

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

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

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens⁴ in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
And thorn-encompass'd head

And such Thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,⁵
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

From a convent	bring
	spring
"Monks in the olden	time,
"They were rhymesters?"---	
they were rhymesters,	
but in Latin	rhyme.
Monks in the days of	old
Lived in secret,	
in the Church's	
kindly-sheltering	fold.
No bland meditators	they
Of a courtly	lay.
"They had visions	bright?"---
they had visions,	
yet not sent in	
slumbers soft and	light.
No! a lesson	stern
First by vigils,	
fast, and penance	
theirs it was to	learn.
This their soul-ennobling	gain,
Joys wrought out by	pain.
"When from home they	stirr'd,
"Sweet their voices?"---	
still, a blessing	
closed their merriest	word;
And their gayest	

Told of musings solitary, and the hallow'd	smile aisle.
"Songsters?"---hark! they answer! Plaintive chantings	round sound!
Grey his cowlèd Whose strong heart has pledged his service to the cloister	vest, blest.
Duly garb'd is As the frost-work gems the branches of yon stately	he, tree.
'Tis a danger-thwarting And it fits me	spell, well!

Oxford. December, 1829.

¹For Another Small Album] First published in *MP*, 1832. "The poem is addressed to Newman's cousin Louisa Fourdrinier (later Louisa Deane)"(Noel 276). While Newman playfully experiments with versification in this poem, the theme is a serious one, the beautiful but unsentimental nature of the monastic or quasi-monastic vocation. Newman would touch upon this theme in later poems, such as "Jonah"(92) and "A Hermitage. From St. Gregory Nazianzen"(119). Cf. also Newman's Catholic essay "The Mission of St. Benedict", especially Sections 6, 8 & 9 for his views on monasticism in relation to poetry. He characterizes monastic life as "poetical" but he insists of monks (in general), "They were not dreamy sentimentalists, to fall in love with melancholy winds and purling rills, and waterfalls and nodding groves; but their poetry was the poetry of hard work and hard fare, unselfish hearts and charitable hands."

17. Epiphany-Eve. A Birthday Offering.¹

BIRTHDAY gifts, with the early year,
Lo! we bring thee, Mary dear!
Prayer and praise upon thy death
Twined together in a wreath,
Grief and gladness, such as may
Suit a solemn holiday.
Christmas snow, for maiden's bloom
Blanched in winter's sudden tomb;
Christmas berries, His red token
Who that grave's stern seal hath broken;
These for thee the faithful heart,
Due mementos, sets apart.

'Twas a fast, that Eve of sorrow,
Herald veil'd of glorious morrow.
Speechless we sat; and watch'd, to know
How it would be; but time moved slow,
Along that day of sacred woe.
Then came the Feast, and we were told
 Bravely of our best to bring,
Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold,
 As our tribute to our King.

Dearest, gentlest, purest, best!
Deep is thy mysterious rest,
Now the solemn hours are over
And the Angels round thee hover,
With the fanning of their wings
Keeping time to one who sings
Of high themes consolatory,
Of the All-loving and His glory,
Of the age that has no ending,
Of the day of thy ascending
From those shades of paradise
To the bright supernal skies.²

Thinkest of us, dearest, ever?
Ah! so be it nought can sever
Spirit and life, the past and present,
Still we yield thee musings pleasant.
---God above, and we below;---
So thought ranges, to and fro.
He, in sooth, by tutorings mild,

From the rude clay shaped His child,
Fiery trial, anguish chill,
Served not here His secret will;
But His voice was low and tender,
And so true was thy surrender,
That the work in haste was done,
Grace and nature blent in one.---
Harmless thus, and not unmeet,
To kiss the dear prints of thy feet,
Tracing thus the narrow road
All must tread, and Christ has trod.

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

I this monument would raise,
Distant from the public gaze.
Few will see it;---few e'er knew thee;
But their beating hearts pursue thee,---
And their eyes fond thoughts betoken,
Though thy name be seldom spoken.
Pass on, stranger, and despise it!
These will read, and these will prize it.

Oxford. January 5, 1830

¹Epiphany-Eve] First published in *MP*, 1832. "This poem was written on the second anniversary of the death of Newman's sister Mary"(Noel 276). In *OC*, it had Gen. 1:2-3 as a motto: "Darkness was upon the face of the deep-- / God said / Let there be light— and there was light"; in *MP*, Gen. 1:3 and Eph. 5:14 spliced together: "God said, Let

there be light . . . / and there was light. / Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; / and Christ shall give thee light.”

²Dearest . . . skies] This stanza anticipates certain passages Newman would write for *The Dream of Gerontius* thirty years later, particularly those of the Angelic Choirs.

18. The Winter Flower. A Birthday Offering.¹

(For Music.)

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

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

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

Oxford. December 30, 1830.

¹The Winter Flower] First published in *MP*, 1832. “On September 7, 1832, Newman set to music this poem, which was written for his sister Harriet’s twenty seventh birthday.”(Noel 276). Cf. Gray’s *Elegy*: “Full many a gem of purest ray serene / The dark unfathom’d caves of ocean bear: / Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, / And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

19. Kind Remembrances¹

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

How oft on thee, a sufferer mild,
My kindly thoughts I turn,
He knows, upon whose altar piled

The prayers of suppliants burn.

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

Can I forget, she² to thy need
Her ministry supplied,
Who now, from mortal duty freed,
Serves at the Virgin's side?

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

Oxford. March, 1831.

¹Kind Remembrances] First published in *MP*, 1832. "The poem is addressed to Newman's cousin Anna Maria Fourdrier"(Noel 276). In *MP*, it had the heading: Kind Remembrances. To A.M.F. From an Unknown Friend"

²she] "Anna Maria was a pupil at the 'finishing school' kept by Newman's Aunt Betsy at Strand at the same time the Newman girls were there. This reference is another to Mary Newman. The nature of Anna Maria's illness is not known to me, but she apparently was afflicted with it as a child"(Noel 277).

20. Seeds in the Air. For an Album.¹

"Igneus est ollis vigor, et coelestis origo Seminibus."²

COULD I hit on a theme
To fashion my verse on,
Not long would I seem
A lack-courtesy person.
But I have not the skill,
Nor talisman strong,
To summon at will
The Spirit of song.---
Bright thoughts are roaming
Unseen in the air;
Like comets, their coming
Is sudden and rare.

They strike, and they enter,
 And light up the brain,
 Which thrills to its centre
 With rapturous pain.
 Where the chance-seed
 Is piously nursed,
 Brighter succeed
 In the path of the first.---
 One sighs to the Muse,
 Or the sweet nightingale,
 One sips the night-dews
 Which moon-beams exhale.
 All this is a fiction;
 I never could find
 A suitable friction
 To frenzy my mind.
 What use are empirics?
 No gas on their shelf
 Can make one spout lyrics
 In spite of oneself!³

Dartington. July 18, 1831.

¹Seeds in the Air] First published in *MP*, 1832. "This poem was . . . written while Newman was visiting the Froudes at Dartington. He sent it in a letter to his mother July 20. In the letter he calls it a 'philosophical poem on the origin of poetry, tendered by me the other day for a lady's album' (*Letters*, I, 244). I do not know for whose album it was written"(Noel 277). In *MP*, it had the heading: "Stray Seeds of Poesy. For a Lady's Album."

²Igneus . . . seminibus] Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book 6, lines 724-25. In Dryden's translation: "Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same, / And every soul is fill'd with equal flame."

³ For a more melancholy poem on a similar topic, cf. Coleridge's "Dejection: An Ode".

21. The Pilgrim. For an Album.¹

THERE stray'd awhile, amid the woods of Dart,
 One who could love them, but who durst not love.
 A vow had bound him, ne'er to give his heart
 To streamlet bright, or soft secluded grove.
 'Twas a hard humbling task, onwards to move
 His easy-captured eyes from each fair spot,
 With unattach'd and lonely step to rove

O'er happy meads, which soon its print forgot:---
Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim-lot.

Dartington. July 21, 1831.

¹The Pilgrim] First published in *MP*, 1832. "This poem, too, was written on Newman's holiday at the Froudes' home. It was included in a letter to his sister Harriet written July 15. (This makes Newman's consistent dating of the poem July 21 a bit confusing. Since only an excerpt of the letter, without the poem, exists in the Oratory collection, I was unable to resolve this difficulty.) How struck Newman was with the beauties of Dartington he told his mother in a letter dated July 7. 'Really I think I should dissolve into essence of roses, or be attenuated into an echo, if I lived here. . . . What strikes me most is the strange richness of everything. The rocks blush into every variety of colour, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies. A beetle I picked up at Torquay was as green and gold as the stone it lay upon, and a squirrel which ran up a tree here just now was not the pale reddish-brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown-red. Nay, my very hands and fingers look rosy, like Homer's Aurora, and I have been gazing on them with astonishment. . . . The exuberance of the grass and foliage is oppressive, as if one had not room to breathe, though this is a fancy. . . . The scents are extremely fine, so very delicate yet so powerful, and the colours of the flowers as if they were all shot with white. . . . I have heard of the brilliancy of Cintra, and still more of the East, and I suppose that this region would pale beside them; yet I am content to marvel at what I see, and think of Virgil's description of the purple meads of Elysium. Let me enjoy what I feel, even though I may unconsciously exaggerate' (*Letters*, I, 242-243).

"Newman remembered this visit at Dartington all his life. Late in 1835, he wrote to tell Froude, who was home at Dartington in his last illness, that he would get someone to come down and spend Christmas with him, or, 'If no one comes I will come myself, which would be too great a pleasure, for I cannot put into words, or rather I do not realize to myself, how much the genus loci of Dartington Parsonage draws. I could be very foolish did I allow myself.' Many years later he noted on this letter, 'N.B.—This feeling is expressed in the verses I wrote on my first visit to Dartington in 1831. . . . I have never seen Dartington since I saw Hurrell there' (*Letters*, II, 140)." (Noel 277-78).

This poem perhaps explains Newman's seemingly contradictory attitudes towards nature. It suggests that he "devalued" nature at times, not because he lacked appreciation for its beauty, but rather because he felt quite overmastered by its charms, such that it distracted him from spiritual concerns and love for God. He denied himself not that which he loved only a little, but that which he loved too much.

22. Home¹

WHERE'ER I roam in this fair English land,
The vision of a Temple meets my eyes:
Modest without; within, all-glorious rise
Its love-encluster'd columns, and expand

Their slender arms. Like olive-plants they stand,
Each answ'ring each, in home's soft sympathies,
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
The same, and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams! ten thousand shrines, all one.
Dear fertile soil! what foreign culture bears
Such fruit? And I through distant climes may run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

Oxford. November 16, 1832.

¹Home] First published in *BrMag* in 1836. In *LA*, titled "Family Affection". "This poem was written in consequence of a visit with the family of Frederick Rogers, an old Oxford friend, at Blackheath, November 14, 1832. It refers to the affection of the Rogers' family circle and to Newman's imminent departure for the Mediterranean with Hurrell Froude and his father. Fifty seven years later, on March 22, 1889, Newman was to write to Rogers, now Lord Blackford, on the death of one of Rogers' sisters, 'I ever loved and felt attached to your home and family and think I can understand your and their sorrow. I once presumed to make a sonnet on its life.'"(Noel 279)

23. The Brand of Cain¹

I BEAR upon my brow the sign
Of sorrow and of pain;
Alas! no hopeful cross is mine,
It is the brand of Cain.²

The course of passion, and the fret
Of godless hope and fear,---
Toil, care, and guilt,---their hues have set,
And fix'd their sternness there.

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

Oxford. November 18, 1832.

¹The Brand of Cain] First published in *BrMag*, September 1834. Originally titled, "I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"; in *BrMag*, "Pardon Before Assurance", in *LA*, "Shame", in *RS*, "The Brand of Sin".

²For the story of Cain, see *Genesis* 4. After Cain killed his brother Abel out of jealousy, God banished Cain from his home. When Cain complained that his fate was too hard, and that those who found him would kill him, God placed a mark upon his forehead to protect him: "And the LORD said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him" (*Genesis* 4:15). It is difficult to understand exactly in what sense Newman understood the mark of Cain. In the context of *Genesis*, the mark is not a kind of stigmata or symbol of punishment, but rather a guarantee of God's protection. Nevertheless, it may have indicated Cain's status as a vagabond and thus been a cause of shame. It could be argued likewise that the cross has a dual status as a symbol of both shame and glory, for example. A passage from Newman's Sermon "Religious Faith Rational" indicates that he may have understood Cain's mark in a similar fashion. Speaking of those who do not listen or trust to their own consciences, Newman writes:

And are such the persons whom any Christian can in any degree trust? Surely faith in them would be of all conceivable confidences the most irrational, the most misplaced. Can we allow ourselves to be perplexed and frightened at the words of those who carry upon them the tokens of their own inconsistency, the mark of Cain? Surely not; and as that first rebel's mark was set on him, "lest any finding him should kill him," in like manner their presence but reminds us thereby to view them with love, though most sorrowfully, and to pray earnestly, and do our utmost (if there is ought we can do), that they may be spared the second death;—to look on them with awe, as a land cursed by God, the plain of Siddim or the ruins of Babel, but which He, for our Redeemer's sake, is able to renew and fertilize (*PPS*, Vol. 1, 15)

24. Zeal and Love¹

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

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

Dim is the philosophic flame,²

By thoughts severe unfed:
Book-lore³ ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts, when faith was dead.

Oxford. November 20, 1832.

¹Zeal and Love] First published in *BrMag*, May 1836. Originally titled, "Zeal before Love" in *OC*, *LA*. Motto in *OC*: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." In the Apologia, Newman said, "In the *Lyra Apostolica*, I have said that before learning to love, we must 'learn to hate'. In one of my first sermons I said, 'I do not shrink from uttering my first conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be.'" (48, as cited by Burns).

²Dim is the philosophic flame] In *LA*, this line reads, "Feeble and false the brightest flame". It is likely that Newman made this change because of recognition that dry philosophical knowledge is not necessarily "false" per se, but rather inadequate by itself for the Christian life.

³Book-lore] "Nature" in *OC*. This change, made before publication, indicates Newman wished to express the feebleness of "book-learning" rather than nature itself.

25. Persecution¹

"And the woman fled into the wilderness."²

SAY, who is he in deserts seen,
Or at the twilight hour?
Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in Heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Holy Mother³ made reply,
"Dear child, it is my Priest.
The world has cast me forth, and I
Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky;
He bears to men my mandates high,
And works my sage behest.

"Another day, dear child, and thou
Shalt join his sacred band.
Ah! well I deem, thou shrinkest now
From urgent rule, and severing vow;

Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow:
Time hath a taming hand!"

Oxford. November 22, 1832.

¹Persecution] First published in *BrMag*, May 1835. Titled "The Church in Trial" in *OC*, "Revival of the Priesthood" in *LA*. The title in *LA* reveals Newman's view, even as an Anglican, that being a priest must involve sacrifice, and his wish to inspire this self-denial in his fellow clergymen. He saw the luxurious and comfortable lifestyle that many clerics enjoyed as a sign of great decadence in the Anglican Church.

²And the woman fled into the wilderness] Revelations 12:6. In *BrMag*, "And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron . . . and she fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God"(Revelations 12:5-6). In *LA*, "Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands"(Psalm 45:16). In *VRS*, "Et mulier fugit in solitudinem"(Rev. 12:6).

³Holy Mother] "holy mother" in *BrMag*, "holy Mother" in *LA*, "Mother Mary" *VRS*. Initially, Newman would have used "holy mother" to mean the Church, for as an Anglican he saw the veneration of Mary as Romish superstition (see the *Apologia*, Ch. 4, Sect. 2, 176 in *Svagic*) and would not have intended such a meaning. Having converted to Rome, for *VRS*, Newman's changed to the more exclusively Catholic teaching (the Virgin Mary as Mother). Then, for *VVO*, he changed back to the more generic "Holy Mother", which could mean either the Virgin Mary or the Church, both being orthodox from a Catholic perspective. Perhaps Newman changed back to "Holy Mother" so as not to offend Anglican readers, while remaining perfectly orthodox from a Catholic perspective.

26. Zeal and Purity¹

"Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord."²

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

The Altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars:
Faith meetly may blame,

For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest!
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest---
Thine own.

Oxford. November 23, 1832.

¹Zeal and Purity] First published in *BrMag*, December 1834. In *LA*, titled "The Zeal of Jehu", in *OC*, "Humility Before Zeal".

Come . . . zeal for the Lord] 2 Kings 10:16. These are the words of Jehu, King of Israel, who in obedience to God and the prophet Elisha destroyed the family of Ahab and Jezebel for their wickedness. Jehu, however, ultimately "took no heed to walk in the law of the LORD God of Israel with all his heart: for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam, which made Israel to sin"(2 Kings 10:31). Jeroboam had brought golden calves to Israel as idols.

Newman realized the hypocrisy of zealously preaching high ideals to the public if he himself (and his fellow Tractarians) did not live up to them. Essentially, one must seek to restore justice in one's own soul before seeking to restore it in others. Though Newman seems to be addressing Tractarians here, in the poem "Liberalism"(83) he sees Jehu as representative of liberals who hold to some of God's commandments but ignore others.

In *OC*, the poem had Eph. 4:26 as a motto: "Be ye angry, and sin not", the second half of which is "let not the sun go down upon your wrath". The warning is that anger at injustice, if unguarded, may lead to further injustice committed by oneself.

27. The Gift of Perseverance¹

ONCE, as I brooded o'er my guilty state,
A fever seized me, duties to devise,
To buy me interest in my Saviour's eyes;
Not that His love I would extenuate,
But scourge and penance, masterful self-hate,
Or gift of cost, served by an artifice
To quell my restless thoughts and envious sighs
And doubts, which fain heaven's peace would antedate.

Thus as I tossed, He said:---"E'en holiest deeds
Shroud not the soul from God, nor soothe its needs;
Deny thee thine own fears, and wait the end!"
Stern lesson! Let me con² it day by day,
And learn to kneel before the Omniscient Ray,
Nor shrink, when Truth's avenging shafts descend!³

Oxford. November 23, 1832.

¹The Gift of Perseverance] First published in *BrMag*, March 1835. In *OC*, titled, “Selfrighteousness before Selfsurrender”; in *BM*, “Restless” and in *LA*, “Restlessness”. In *OC*, the poem had part of Philippians 3:3 as a motto: “We worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.” In *BrMag* (and another version of *OC*), this was replaced by *Psalms* 51:16, “Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee.”

²con] *to learn by repetition or to memorize*

³Nor . . . descend] *LA* reads, “And kneel in silence while Truth’s shafts descend”. The latter version’s “avenging” highlights the active and cleansing nature of truth.

28. The Sign of the Cross¹

WHENE’ER across this sinful flesh of mine
I draw the Holy Sign,
All good thoughts stir within me, and renew
Their slumbering strength divine;
Till there springs up a courage high and true
To suffer and to do.²

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

Oxford. November 25, 1832.

¹The Sign of the Cross] First published in *BrMag*, July 1834. Originally titled “The Cross” in *BM*; in *LA*, “The Cross of Christ”. The “successive titles, increase each time in definiteness; the final one contains the idea of the poem, namely, the power of the sacramental”(Burns 48). In *BrMag* and *LA*, poem also included a quote from Tertullian’s *de Corona* below the title: “*Ad omnem progressum atque promotum, ad omnem aditum et exitum, ad vestitum, ad calciatum, ad lavacra, ad mensas, ad lumina, ad cubilia, ad sedilia, quacumque nos conversatio exercet, frontem Crucis signaculo terimus.*” Trans: “In all our travels and movements, in all our coming in and going out, in putting on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, in lighting our candles, in lying down, in sitting down, whatever employment occupieth us, we mark our forehead with the sign of the cross”(C. Dodgson, *Tertullian Vol. 1. Apologetic and Practical Treatises*. (1842). 158-186. *De*

Corona.) In *OC*, the poem had a paraphrase of 1 *Cor.* 1:18 as the motto: "The doctrine of the Cross . . . unto us which are saved . . . is the power of God."

²All . . . do] In *BrMag* and *LA*, these lines read, "All good thoughts stir within me, and collect / Their slumbering strength divine; / Till there springs up that hope of GOD's elect / My faith shall ne'er be wrecked." As a Catholic, Newman would have rejected the idea of absolute assurance of salvation, held by many Protestants, especially Calvinists. For Newman's Catholic thoughts on perseverance in grace, see "Discourse 7" of his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*.

29. Bondage¹

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

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

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

Then plead for one who cannot pray,
Whose faith is but despair,
Who hates his heart, nor puts away
The sin that rankles there.*

Iffley. November 28, 1832.

*The last stanza is not as it stood originally. In this and other alterations in these compositions, care has been taken not to introduce ideas foreign to the Author's sentiments at the time of writing.

¹Bondage] First published in *BrMag*, March 1835; published only in the appendix of the first edition of *VVO*, but thereafter in all editions of *VVO*.
In *OC* titled, "Superstition before Faith"; in *BrMag*, "The Abject".

Then . . . there] In *LA36-38*, these lines read, "Then plead for me, thou blessed saint, / While I seek round, and use / All man e'er guessed of work or plaint / To cleanse sin's

deep grained hues.” *LA40-79* reads “Then plead for me, thou blessed saint, / While I in haste begin, / All man e’er guessed of work or plaint / To wash away my sin.” It is difficult to understand exactly how the later version that appears here is more consistent with Catholic teaching than the previous two versions. Perhaps he rejected the earlier versions because they display ignorance of the Catholic sacraments, but the later version does not express hope in them, as one might expect. Of course, the difficulty here is that Newman is making a poetic, not a theological statement; the Catholic Church does not teach that “faith is but despair”, but there are times when one might feel this.

30. The Scars of Sin¹

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

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

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

Iffley. November 29, 1832

¹The Scars of Sin] First published in *BrMag*, November 1833. In *BrMag*, titled, “The Penitent and Not the Righteous”; in *LA*, titled “Confession”. Cf. Newman’s sermons “Secret Faults”(Sermon 4) and “Moral Consequences of Single Sins”(Sermon 3) in *PPS*. In the former he said, “Should all the world speak well of us, and good men hail us as brothers, after all there is a judge who trieth the heart and the reins. He knows our real estate . . .” In the latter, on whether one could accurately calculate the effects of seemingly slight sins, he said, “Who can pretend to say what the effect of it is in God’s sight? What do the angels think of it? What does our own guardian Angel, if one be vouchsafed us, who has watched us, and been intimate with us from our youth up; who joyed to see how we once grew together with God’s grace, but who now is in fear for us.”. Burns notes that in a letter in 1816, Newman had admitted, “I have secret faults”(Letters and Correspondences to 1845, III, 267).

31. Angelic Guidance¹

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
His foot-prints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought;---or stoops him to attend
My doubtful-pleading grief;---or blunts the might
Of ill I see not;---or in dreams of night
Figures the scope, in which what is will end?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His face;
But, when on earth-stain'd souls such tokens fall,
These dare not claim as theirs what there they find,²
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

Whitchurch. December 3, 1832.

¹Angelic Guidance] First published in *BrMag*, November 1834. In *LA*, titled "Guardian Angels". "This poem was written while Newman was en route to Falmouth to join the Froudes for their Mediterranean voyage. The poem was included in a letter to his mother, December 16, 1832, but with no reference to its composition or subject"(Noel 279).

For Newman's thoughts on Angels, see his sermon "The Powers of Nature" in *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, Vol. 2, 29, and Part 3 of the *Apologia*, in which he writes,

I suppose it was to the Alexandrian school and to the early Church that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the Angels. I viewed them, not only as the ministers employed by the Creator in the Jewish and Christian dispensations, as we find on the face of Scripture, but as carrying on, as Scripture also implies, the Economy of the Visible World. I considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of those elementary principles of the physical universe, which, when offered in their developments to our senses, suggest to us the notion of cause and effect, and of what are called the laws of nature. I have drawn out [this doctrine] in my Sermon for Michaelmas day, written not later than 1834. I say of the Angels, "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." Again, I ask what would be the thoughts of a man who, "when examining a flower, or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and ornaments those objects were, which he was so eager

to analyze?" and I therefore remark that "we may say with grateful and simple hearts with the Three Holy Children, 'O all ye works of the Lord, &c., &c., bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'"

²But . . . find,] In *LA*, these two lines read, "But when on common men such shadows fall,
/ These dare not make their own the gifts they find".

32. Substance and Shadow¹

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and moods, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sane¹ or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined Man!
Know thy dread gift,---a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Falmouth. December 7, 1832.

¹Substance and Shadow] First published in *BrMag*, August 1835. Various titles "Man's Responsibility" and "Man's accountableness" in *OC*, "Sovereignty of Spirit" in *LA*. In *LA* it had *Psalm* 39: 6 as a motto: "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain." Newman wrote this poem while waiting to board the *Hermes* with the *Froudes*. He wrote to his sister *Jemima* on December 12, 1832, saying of it, 'I hope tomorrow to have something to tell you—but at present having nothing, I have invented something, as above—which needs (as you will see) some corrections' (*Letters*, I, 290).

Newman shows forth his Platonism in this poem, some might say a solipsistic Platonism. This is another poem, like "The Trance of Time" (8), that expresses detachment from the physical world, and thus is troubling from a poetic point of view, not to mention from a philosophical one. The actual existence of the physical world was being called into question in Newman's day, through the subjective idealism of *George Berkeley* and the empiricism of *John Locke* and *David Hume*.

Newman would deal with these issues of epistemology in his sermons and in "The Grammar of Assent". It is important to remember that though much of Newman's thought has a philosophic character, he was not strictly a philosopher, nor had he the training to be such. Thus, his ideas ought to be taken from a rhetorical point of view (See *David Whalen's The Consolation of Rhetoric: John Henry Newman and the Personalism*

of Realist Thought). Any statement that seems radical can almost always be severely qualified by other statements, and thus it can be dangerous to quote Newman out of context. In his sermon, "The Greatness and Littleness of Human Life" (*PPS*, Vol. 4, no. 14), Newman writes:

We should consider ourselves to be in this world in no fuller sense than players in any game are in the game; and life to be a sort of dream, as detached and as different from our real eternal existence, as a dream differs from waking; a serious dream, indeed, as affording a means of judging us, yet in itself a kind of shadow without substance, a scene set before us, in which we seem to be, and in which it is our duty to act just as if all we saw had a truth and reality, because all that meets us influences us and our destiny (222-23).

All that we see is destined one day to burst forth into a heavenly bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. Heaven at present is out of sight, but in due time, as snow melts and discovers what it lay upon, so will this visible creation fade away before those greater splendours which are behind it, and on which at present it depends. In that day shadows will retire, and the substance show itself (224-25)

In "The Theory of Religious Developments" (*OUS*, no. 15), Newman writes,

What is it to us whether the knowledge He gives us be greater or less, if it be He who gives it? What is it to us whether it be exact or vague, if He bids us trust it? What have we to care whether we are or are not given to divide substance from shadow, if He is training us heavenwards by means of either? Why should we vex ourselves to find whether our deductions are philosophical or no, provided they are religious? If our senses supply the media by which we are put on trial, by which we are all brought together, and hold intercourse with each other, and are disciplined and are taught, and enabled to benefit others, it is enough. We have an instinct within us, impelling us, we have external necessity forcing us, to trust our senses, and we may leave the question of their substantial truth for another world, "till the day break, and the shadows flee away." And what is true of reliance on our senses, is true of all the information which it has pleased God to vouchsafe to us, whether in nature or in grace (349-350).

The footnote on this passage reads:

The senses convey to the mind "substantial truth," in so far as they bring home to us that certain things are, and *in confuso* what they are. But has a man born blind, by means of hearing, smelling, taste, and touch, such an idea of physical nature, as may be called *substantially* true, or, on the contrary, an idea which at best is but the shadow of the truth? for, in whichever respect, whether as in substance or by a shadow, the blind man

knows the objects of sight, in the same are those things, in "which eye has not seen, nor ear heard," apprehended by us now, "in a glass darkly," *per speculum, in ænigmatæ*.

One can perhaps see, then, that Newman's ideas on epistemology are too complex to be given a simple label.

²sane] *heal, cure*.

33. Wanderings¹

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

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

Her pleasures quaff'd, I sought awhile
The scenes I prized before;
But parent's praise and sister's smile
Stirr'd my cold heart no more.

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

Off the Lizard. December 8, 1832.

¹Wanderings] First published in the *BrMag*, August 1835. In *LA*, titled the same; titled "Mortal Sins" in *VRS*. Newman wrote this poem on the first day at sea of his voyage to the Mediterranean. He sent the poem in a letter to his sister Harriet, in which he described it as "one of my follies . . . done . . . before breakfast this morning" (*Letters*, I, 289).

Newman's feelings about home were not nearly so gloomy as would appear from this poem. In 1879, when Newman returned from Rome having just been appointed Cardinal, he wrote, "To come home again! In that word 'home' how much is included. I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home life . . . But still that is given to few. The home life—the idea of home—is consecrated to us by our patron and founder, St. Philip [Neri], for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and

institute”(Ward, Wilfrid. *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, 2, 471). In 1866, Newman wrote in a letter regarding his home, “I dreamed about it . . . as if it were paradise; It would be here where the angel faces appeared ‘loved long since but lost awhile.’”(Ward, I, 29)

34. The Saint and the Hero¹

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

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

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

Bay of Biscay. December 10, 1832.

¹The Saint and the Hero] First published in *BrMag*, June 1833. Titled “Better good than great” in *OC*. Newman included this poem in a letter to his sister Jemima on December 12, 1832, but without mentioning anything of its composition. In his sermon “Faith and Love”(PPS, vol. 4, no. 21), speaking on 1 *Cor.* 13:2, “Though I have all Faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have no Charity, I am nothing”, Newman writes, “[the text] tells us that faith at most only makes a hero, but that love makes a saint; that faith can but put us above the world, but that love brings us under God's throne; that faith can but make us sober, but love makes us happy”(318). Perhaps the saint Newman refers to in this poem is St. Paul himself.

35. Private Judgment¹

POOR wand'rers, ye are sore distress'd
To find that path which Christ has bless'd,
Track'd by His saintly throng;
Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol!---so ye languish still,
All wranglers and all wrong.

He saw of old, and met your need,
Granting you prophets of His creed,
The throes of fear to swage;
They fenced the rich bequest He made,
And sacred hands have safe convey'd
Their charge from age to age.

Wand'ers! come home! obey the call!
A Mother pleads, who ne'er let fall
One grain of Holy Truth;
Warn you and win she shall and must,
For now she lifts her from the dust,²
To reign as in her youth.

*Off Cape Ortegal. December 11, 1832.*³

¹Private Judgement] First published in *BrMag*, August 1834. Titled "Scattered Sheep" in *LA*, "Protestantism" in *VRS*. In *BrMag* and *LA*, 1 Kings 22:17 served as the motto: "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd."

²Wanderers! . . . For now she lifts her from the dust] In *LA*, lines 13-17 read, "Wanderers! come home! when erring most / Christ's Church aye kept the faith, nor lost / One grain of Holy Truth; / She ne'er has erred as those ye trust / And now shall lift her from the dust." It is possible that in the later version Newman intended to give recognition to the Virgin Mary as the Mother of the Church, although in Catholic theology, the Church itself is "The Holy Mother Church".

³Newman appended this poem to a letter to his sister Jemima, written December 12, but did not mention it in the letter.

36. The Watchman¹

(A Song.)

FAINT not, and fret not, for threaten'd woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,²
Ill-fitted pair, unite;
Some work for love, and some work for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Eli's feebleness³, Saul's black wrath⁴,
May aid Ahithophel's spite⁵;
And prayers from Gerizim⁶, and curses from Gath⁷---
Our weakness shall prove Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, but he stay'd the sin
Of the host, in the Presence bright;⁸
And Elias scorn'd the Carmel din,
When Baal would match Heaven's might.⁹

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

At Sea. December 12, 1832.

¹The Watchman] First printed in *BrMag*, May 1834; published in the appendix of the first edition of *VVO*, and thereafter in all editions. In *OC*, titled, "The Churches Champion"; in *BrMag* and *LA*, titled, "Quit ye like men, be strong". Newman wrote this poem in a letter to his sister Harriet on December 18, 1832: 'I will transcribe for you a sort of ecclesiastical carol which I wrote as an experiment, but which I am by no means confident is a successful one' (*Letters*, I, 299).

²Ammon, Tyre] Enemy nations of Israel, as related in the Old Testament.

³Eli's feebleness] Eli was a priest of Israel, who failed to reign in his two wicked sons, Hophni and Phineas, causing Israel to lose a battle to the Philistines. See 1 Samuel 2-4.

⁴Saul's black wrath] Saul, the king of Israel directly before David, was particularly prone to violent anger. See 1 *Samuel* 20.

⁵Ahithophel's spite] Ahithophel gave counsel to Absalom in his attempt to seize the throne from his father David. See 2 *Samuel* 15-17.

⁶Gerizim] Mt. Gerizim is mentioned in *Deuteronomy* 27:12, *Joshua* 8:33 and *Judges* 9:7 as a place from which prophets speak.

⁷Gath] Philistine territory, home of the giant Goliath, whom David would slay.

⁸Moses . . . bright] Probably a reference to the events of Exodus 32, in which Moses comes down from Mt. Sinai to find the Israelites worshipping a molten calf.

⁹Elias . . . Carmel . . . Baal] As related in 1 *Kings* 18, the prophet Elijah stages a contest of sorts between Yahweh, the God of the Israelites, and Baal on Mt. Carmel. Both sides prepare sacrifices to be burned, but when the prophets of Baal call upon their god to ignite the fire nothing happens; when Elijah calls upon Yahweh, the offering to Yahweh is consumed in flames, despite having previously drenched in water, proving Yahweh's omnipotence.

37. The Isle of the Sirens¹

CEASE, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
The craft of Siren choirs;²
Hush the seductive voice, that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given,³
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,⁴
And purge the dross away.

Weak self! with thee the mischief lies,
Those throbs a tale disclose;
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The Man of many woes.⁵

Off Lisbon. December 13, 1832.

¹The Isle of the Sirens] First published in *BrMag*, March 1836. Titled "Ulysses and the Siren" in *OC*. In Chapter 3 of his biography of Newman, R.H. Hutton mentions a possible inspiration for this poem: "Hurrell Froude in a letter home mentions that the commander of the steamer in which they sailed sang several songs, accompanying himself on the Spanish guitar, and it must have been these songs which suggested to Newman *The Isles of the Sirens*"(39).

²Siren choirs] The sirens, mermaids whose song lures sailors from their ships, can be read of in Book 12 of Homer's *Odyssey*.

³Music's . . . given] Newman had a great appreciation for music; he played the violin, and his favorite composer was Beethoven.

⁴Promethean beams from Heaven] In Greek Mythology, Prometheus was a rebellious god who stole fire from Zeus and gave it to mortals. Prometheus is commonly used in

literature as a metaphor for man's striving for divine power or likeness. Cf. Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

⁵Man of many woes] In Book 1 of the *Odyssey*, Odysseus is described as having suffered "many woes".

38. Absolution¹

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

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

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

"Look not to me---no grace is mine;
But I can lift the Mercy-sign.²
 This wouldst thou? Let it be!
Kneel down, and take the word divine,
 ABSOLVO TE."

Off Cape St. Vincent. December 14, 1832.

¹Absolution] In *LA*, titled "Terror". First published in *BrMag*, September 1834; published in the appendix of the first edition of *VVO*, and thereafter in all editions.

²"Look . . . Mercy-sign"] In *LA*, these lines read, "'Peace cannot be, hope must be thine; / I can but lift the mercy-sign'".

¹ABSOLVO TE] Translated, "I absolve thee"; in Catholic as well as High Anglican practice, the words spoken by the priest to the penitent sinner who has made a good confession of his sins. Private confession was a controversial practice in the Anglican church, and not widely practiced in Newman's time until the Oxford Tractarians revived

it, citing the "Prayer Book" as an authority. Since the Oxford Movement, it is not unusual for High Church Anglicans to attend private confession for the forgiveness of their sins (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). "Anglo-Catholic priests often hear private confessions and anoint the sick, regarding these practices (as do Roman Catholics) as sacraments; whereas more Reformed-Protestant-minded Anglicans generally think of them as merely optional sacramental rites. (The classic Anglican aphorism regarding private confession is "*All may, none must, some should*")"(Wikipedia). In a note on his sermon "Wisdom and Innocence" in the *Apologia*, Newman writes: "the Church of England has retained Confession, nay, Sacramental Confession. No fair man can read the form of Absolution in the Anglican Prayer in the Visitation of the Sick, without seeing that that Church *does* sanction and provide for Confession and Absolution. If that form does not contain the profession of a grave Sacramental act, words have no meaning"(380)

39. Memory¹

MY home is now a thousand miles away;
Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
Rises as keen, as I still linger'd there,
And, turning me, could all I loved survey,
And so, upon Death's unaverted day,
As I speed upwards, I shall on me bear,
And in no breathless whirl, the things that were,
And duties given, and ends I did obey.
And, when at length I reach the Throne of Power,
Ah! still unscared, I shall in fulness see
The vision of my past innumerable deeds,
My deep heart-courses, and their motive-seeds,
So to gaze on till the red dooming hour.
Lord, in that strait, the Judge! remember me!

Off Cape Trafalgar. December 15, 1832.

¹Memory] First published in *BrMag*, February 1836. In *LA*, titled "Distance". Cf. "The Dream of Gerontius" and Newman's sermons "Preparation for the Judgment"(*FP*, no. 2), "Worship, a Preparation for Christ's Coming"(*PPS*, vol. 5, no. 1) and "Shrinking from Christ's Coming"(*PPS*, vol. 5, no. 4) for similar thoughts on the transition to the afterlife.

40. The Haven¹

WHENCE is this awe, by stillness spread
O'er the world-fretted soul?
Wave rear'd on wave its godless head,
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,

Dash'd fiercely through the ocean bed,
And chafed towards its goal.

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

*Gibraltar. December 16, 1832.*²

¹The Haven] First published in *BrMag*, July 1834. In *BrMag*, the poem had Revelations 8:1 as a motto: "And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." Cf. the beginning of Ch. 12 in Newman's novel *Loss and Gain*: "[Charles] loved the calm, quiet country; he loved the monotonous flow of time, when each day is like the other; and, after the excitement of Oxford, the secluded parsonage was like a haven beyond the tossing of the waves. The whirl of opinions and perplexities which had encircled him at Oxford now were like the distant sound of the ocean—they reminded him of his present security"(94).

²Newman included this poem in a letter to his mother, written December 16, 1832.

41. A Word in Season¹

O LORD! when sin's close-marshall'd line
Assails Thy witness on his way,
How should he raise Thy glorious sign,
And how Thy truth display?

Thy holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars' hill², a soldier lone;
Shall I thus speak th' Atoning Name,
Though with a heart of stone?

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

*Gibraltar. December 17, 1832.*³

¹A Word in Season] First published in *BrMag*, July 1833. Titled, "Opportunities" in *LA*.

The title comes from *Isaiah* 50:4: "The Lord GOD hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned."

²holy Paul . . . Mars' Hill] The story of St. Paul preaching to the *Athenians in the Areopagus about the altar inscribed to an "Unknown God" can be found in Acts Ch. 17.*

³This poem was written in a letter to Newman's mother, December 16, 1832.

42. Fair Words¹

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

It pains thee sore, man's will should swerve
In his true path divine;
And yet thou ventur'st nought to serve
Thy neighbour's weal nor thine.

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

Gibraltar. December 17, 1832

¹Fair Words] First published in *BrMag*, September 1836. Titled "Double-Minded" in *LA*. Cf. Newman's Sermon "Religious Emotion" (*PPS*, vol. 1, no. 14) where he says, "Let us not be content with saying "Lord, Lord," without "doing the thing which He says." The husbandman's son who said, "I go, sir," yet went not to the vineyard, gained nothing by his fair words. One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves"(189).

43. England¹

TYRE of the West², and glorying in the name
More than in Faith's pure fame!
O trust not crafty fort nor rock renown'd³
Earn'd upon hostile ground;
Wielding Trade's master-keys, at thy proud will
To lock or loose its waters, England! trust not still.

Dread thine own power! Since haughty Babel's⁴ prime,
High towers have been man's crime.
Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay bare,
Strongholds have been man's snare.
Thy nest is in the crags; ah! refuge frail!
Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, will prevail.

He who scann'd Sodom for His righteous men
Still spares thee for thy ten;⁵
But, should rash tongues the Bride of Heaven⁶ defy,
He will not pass thee by;⁷
For, as earth's kings welcome their spotless guest,
So gives He them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

At Sea. December 18, 1832.

¹England] First published in *BrMag*, September 1833. Newman was not anti-English, of course, but his country's concern for material well-being to the point of disregard for spiritual well-being disturbed him. In his biography of Newman, R.H. Hutton suggests that this poem was inspired by Froude:

There is something very strange in the connection between these classical scenes and the thoughts they excited in the travellers, for I cannot help thinking that most of these poems must have owed their origin almost as much to Froude's suggestion as to Newman's pen. The lines, for instance, on "England," in which Newman calls her "Tyre of the West," and accuses her of trusting in such poor defences as the fortified rock of Gibraltar, and such poor resources as her rich commerce supplied, look as if they had owed a good deal of their inspiration to Froude's cavalier contempt for the wealth earned by trade, as well as his scorn for any ostentatious display of power not rooted in a devout theocratic faith. (41)

²Tyre of the West] Tyre was a powerful and wealthy Phoenician city, prospering especially in the 1st millennium B.C. because of its textile industry, far-spreading colonies and trading ventures. Its wealth attracted the notice of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, who in the 6th century B.C. laid siege to the city for 13 years, and Alexander the Great, who attacked it in 322 B.C., eventually massacring most of its citizens. In 64 B.C., Tyre came under Roman Rule (www.middleeast.com/tyre).

³crafty fort . . . rock reknown'd] Noel notes, "The Hermes had left Gibraltar the day before this poem was written. The first stanza is obviously a reference to the English fortifications there. The poem was appended to a letter Newman wrote to his sister Jemima, December 18"(281).

⁴haughty Babel's] The story of how the descendants of Noah tried to build a tower leading to heaven and were thwarted by God, who mixed up their one language into diverse tongues, can be found in Genesis 11.

⁵Sodom . . . ten] In *Genesis* 18:32, God tells Abraham that he will not destroy the cities Sodom and Gomorrah if there are but ten good men in them. God had decided to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah because of their grievous sins, especially sexual ones.

⁶Bride of Heaven] The Church

⁷But . . . by] In *LA*37-39, lines 15-16 read, "But should vain hands defile the temple wall, / More than His Church will fall".

44. Moses¹

MOSES², the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quick'ning flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,³
To show, where Grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

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

At Sea. December 19, 1832.⁴

¹Moses] First published in *BrMag*, June 1834. In *VRS*, titled "Venial Sin".

²MOSES] Old-Testament Patriarch who led the Israelites out of Egypt. Newman wrote six poems for the *Lyra Apostolica* on Old-Testament patriarchal figures: "Moses", "Jeremiah", "Melchizedek", "Abraham", "Joseph", and "Isaac".

³Lost Canaan by self-will] Moses was deprived the privilege of entering Canaan, the promised land, because he disobeyed God's instructions on how to bring water miraculously from a rock. God commanded Moses to speak to the rock, but instead Moses chose to strike it twice. See *Numbers* 20:8-12.

⁴Newman wrote this poem in a letter to his mother, began December 19, 1832.

45. The Patient Church¹

BIDE thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possesst.
O thou, to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day!

Think on the sin*²
That reap'd the unripe seed, and toil'd to win
Foul history-marks at Bethel and at Dan;
No blessing, but a ban;
Whilst the wise Shepherd**³ hid his heaven-told fate,
Nor reck'd a tyrant's hate.

Such loss is gain;
Wait the bright Advent that shall loose thy chain!
E'en now the shadows break, and gleams divine
Edge the dim distant line.
When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat ones quail,
True Seed! thou shalt prevail!

*Off Algiers. December 20, 1832.*⁴

*Jeroboam

**David

¹The Patient Church] First published in *BrMag*, January 1834. Titled "The Church of England" in *OC*, "The Afflicted Church" in *LA*.

²Think on the sin] See 1 *Kings* 11-14. God promised Jeroboam that he would become king, and the people of Israel made him king in place of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, because of Rehoboam's harsh treatment to them. Rehoboam fled to Jerusalem, supported by tribe of Judah. When Jeroboam realized that the Israelites would need to travel to Jerusalem to offer sacrifices, he feared they would return their allegiance to Rehoboam, so he placed golden calves at Bethel and Dan for them to worship. For this, God cursed Jeroboam and his lineage, telling him that he had not served Him as David had. Thus, Jeroboam's sin was one of impatience and lack of trust in God. In his sermon "Jeroboam" (*PPS*, vol. 3, no. 5), Newman writes, "Jeroboam ought to have waited patiently God's time; this would have been the part of true faith" (66).

³wise shepherd] David had been anointed by Samuel to be the next King of Israel, even while Saul was still king, because Saul did evil and lost God's favor. After David slew Goliath, the people loved him, and Saul grew jealous, attempting to kill him. While being hunted by Saul, David had the chance to slay him in cold-blood, but he refused to do so, because Saul was still the Lord's anointed (1 *Samuel* 24:10). David thus had the trust in God that Jeroboam lacked. Cf. Newman's sermon "Elijah the Prophet of Latter Days" (*SSD*, no. 24):

holy David . . . cheerfully waited out the full term of years during which he was to be a wanderer on the mountains, and to cry, "When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?" So was it not with Jeroboam, but so should it have been, who lost patience, and did not wait for the promise, but seized the kingdom before the destined time, and thereby lost that communion with Jerusalem which Elijah did not attempt to restore. (376)

⁴Newman wrote this poem in a letter to his mother, December 19, 1832.

46. Jeremiah¹

"O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them!"²

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

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

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

*Off Galita. December 22, 1832.*³

¹Jeremiah] First published in *BrMag*, September 1835. Jeremiah was an Old-Testament prophet. See the book of *Jeremiah*. For Newman's thoughts on the prophet Jeremiah, cf. his sermon "Jeremiah, A Lesson for the Disappointed" (*PPS*, vol. 8, no. 9).

² “O . . . them”] *Jeremiah* 9:2: “Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them! for they are all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men.” This poem perfectly illustrates two conflicting desires in Newman: the desire for the life of leisure in a pastoral setting, and the desire to offer his earthly life to God in service.

³This poem was written in a letter to Newman’s mother, December 19, 1832.

47. Penance¹

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

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

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

Off Pantellaria. December 23, 1832.

¹Penance] First published in *BrMag*, February 1834. In *BrMag*, titled “Confession”; in *LA*, “Deservings”. It is reasonable to think that this title-change reflects Newman’s conversion, as the Catholic Church lays great emphasis on “penance” in reparation for sin, although Newman did use the term as an Anglican. In *LA*, the poem took *Luke* 23: 41, the words spoken by the penitent thief to his fellow criminal while being crucified with Christ, as its motto: “And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds.” The full verse is: “And we indeed justly [suffer], for we receive the due reward for our deeds, but this man [Christ] has done nothing wrong.”

48. The Course of Truth¹

"Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." ²

WHEN royal Truth³, released from mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,⁴

Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's⁵ eye, or claim'd to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from learned school.

But, robing Him in viewless air⁶, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould;
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted,
While the brute many heard His mysteries high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouch'd, they
knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been:
Lodged in the few⁶, obey'd, and yet unseen.
Rear'd on lone heights, and rare,
His saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad world sees the wide-circling blaze,
Vain searching whence it streams, and how to
quench its rays.

*Malta. December 24, 1832.*⁸

¹The Course of Truth] First published in *BrMag*, June 1833.

²“Him . . . God.”] *Acts* 10:40. The words are those spoken by St. Peter to Cornelius the Roman centurion, who was invited by an Angel to visit the house where St. Peter was staying. To Cornelius St. Peter relates the story of Christ's death and resurrection.

³royal Truth] Christ

⁴triumphant rose] An allusion to Christ's resurrection.

⁵Tetrach's] A tetrarch is the governor of one quarter or a province, or a subordinate ruler generally.

⁶robing Him in viewless air] Christ's ascension, cf. *Acts* 1:9.

⁷Still is the might of Truth . . . lodged in the few] This poem would seem to be a biblical justification of sorts for the relative unpopularity of Tractarian views in England.

⁸This poem was written in a letter to Newman's mother, December 29, 1832

49. Christmas Without Christ¹

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

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

O Britons! now so brave and high,
How will ye weep the day
When Christ in judgment passes by,
And calls the Bride away!²

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

*Malta. December 25, 1832.*³

¹Christmas Without Christ] First published in *BrMag*, February 1836. In *OC*, titled, "Christmas Day"; in *BM*, titled "Christmas"; in *LA*, titled "A Foreign Land".

On Christmas Day, Newman wrote to his sister Harriet, referencing the poem: 'I hardly know how I shall have spirits to tell you what little I have to say about our arrival at Malta for we are keeping the most wretched Xmas day I can conceive it to be my lot to suffer and it seems a sad return to that good Providence who has conducted us here so safely and so pleasantly. By a strange bad fortune we are again taking in coals on a holy day, and as the Captain's orders are precise about his stay at the different places he makes, there seems to be no alteration. But what provokes me is that the coals will be got in by the afternoon and when daylight is gone they are making preparations for Xmas feast, which seems to me so incongruous that I mean, if I can do so with any decency, barely to taste of it. I do think, that deprived of the comfort and order of an Established Church, it is one's duty almost as Paul and Silas to sing praises in prison, so that others may hear. But all such cases as befall one, are cases of degree—and St. Paul was absolutely unlimited in his ministerial authority. This morning we saw a poor fellow in the Lazaretto close to us, cut off from the ordinance of his Church, saying his prayers toward the House of God which lay in his sight over the water; and it is a confusion of face indeed that the humblest Romanist testifies to his Saviour in a way in which I, a minister, do not—yet I do what I can, and shall try to do more—for I am very spiteful' (*Letters*, I, 300).

²When Christ . . . Bride away] Perhaps a reference to *Matthew* 25:10, and the parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise, and five foolish. They all go out to meet the bridegroom, but the five foolish virgins fail to bring oil for their lamps, and when it is announced that he is coming, they must leave to buy some. Meanwhile the bridegroom comes and takes the five wise virgins away to the marriage feast. When the foolish virgins return, the bridegroom refuses to let them in, claiming not to know them. Christ ends the parable saying, "Watch therefore, for you don't know the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man is coming" (*Matthew* 25:13).

³This poem was written in a letter to Newman's sister Harriet, started December 18, 1832.

50. Sleeplessness¹

UNWEARIED God, before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms², o'er life's scant race
Now creep, and now delay,
We with death's foretaste alternate
Our labour's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain or care has sway.

Dread Lord! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease in man;
We to our cost our bounds transgress
In Thy eternal plan:
Pride grasps the powers by Thee display'd,³
Yet ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of nature's withering ban.

*Malta. December 26, 1832.*⁴

¹Sleeplessness] First published in *BrMag*, March 1835. In *BrMag*, titled, "The Ambitious" and in *LA*, titled, "Sleep".

²Perhaps an allusion to *Job* 25: 6, "How much less man, who is a worm, the son of man, who is a worm!" or to *Psalms* 22:6, "But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised by the people."

³We . . . display'd,] For lines 11-13, *LA* reads, "O! hence upon our hearts impress / Our place in the world's plan! / Pride grasps the powers by Heaven displayed." Essentially, a plea is replaced by a stern warning.

⁴This poem was sent by Newman in a letter to his mother started December 29, 1832.

51. Abraham ¹

THE better portion didst thou choose, Great Heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile grace!
Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves depart;
Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,
He buys in Canaan his last resting-place,--- ²
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,--- ³
Or braves the rescue, and the battle's smart,
Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved. ⁴
O happy in their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God, and not with earth!
Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor reck the unmanner'd mirth.

*At Sea. December 27, 1832.*⁵

¹Abraham] First published in *BrMag*, April 1836. Abraham became the patriarch of the Jewish people, as is recounted in the book of Genesis. For a sermon that more or less explicates the themes and allusions of this poem, cf. Newman's "Abraham and Lot" (*PPS*, vol. 3, no. 1): "THE lesson to be gained from the history of Abraham and Lot is obviously this,—that nothing but a clear apprehension of things unseen, a simple trust in God's promises, and the greatness of mind thence arising, can make us act above the world—indifferent, or almost so, to its comforts, enjoyments, and friendships; or in other words, that its goods corrupt the common run even of religious men who possess them"(1).

For a poem with a similar tone and theme, see Milton's Sonnet IX, "To a Virtuous Young Lady" ("*Lady! that in prime of earliest youth*").

²Canaan his last resting place,--] Abraham bought a cave in the land of Canaan for the burial of his family. Cf. *Genesis* 23:19.

³Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space] When Abram (Abraham) and his nephew Lot moved into Canaan, they decided to split up, and Abram let Lot settle in the rich plain of Jordan, near Sodom, which Newman understood to be the Valley of Siddim. Lot settled near Sodom despite the wickedness of its inhabitants. Cf. *Genesis* 13:8-11.

⁴Or braves the rescue . . . Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved] Cf. *Genesis* 14. In a battle in the valley of Siddim, the Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah were defeated in battle by other kings and their people and goods were taken captive. Abram (Abraham),

hearing that his nephew Lot had been captured, staged an ambush and rescued the captives as well as the stolen goods. When offered the goods by the King of Sodom, Abraham refused to accept them, except what his men had already eaten.

⁵This poem was sent by Newman in a letter to his sister Harriet begun January 2, 1833.

52. The Greek Fathers¹

LET heathen sing thy heathen praise,
Fall'n Greece!² the thought of holier days
 In my sad heart abides;
For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
Were tongues and weapons of His power
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
 Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page³;
And Dionysius, ruler sage,
 In days of doubt and pain⁴;
And Origen with eagle eye⁵;
And saintly Basil's purpose high
To smite imperial heresy,
 And cleanse the Altar's stain.⁶

From thee the glorious preacher came⁷,
With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
 A court's stern martyr-guest;
And thine, O inexhaustive race!
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace,⁸
And royal-hearted Athanase,⁹
 With Paul's own mantle blest.

Off Zante. December 28, 1832.

¹The Greek Fathers] First published in *BrMag*, June 1833. Newman had a great interest in the Greek Church fathers, and references to them can be found in much of his work.

²Fall'n Greece!]In a letter, Newman wrote, 'the thought of their [the Greeks] ancestors, not only heathen but Christian, that they were of the race which produced Nazianzen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, and then consider the fact, which no one can doubt, that as a people they are now heartless and despicable, sunk below the Turks their heathen masters, made me feel very melancholy. But the power which out of the wild olive-tree formed an Origen or Athanasius, can transform them too' (*Letters*, I, 311). Newman has numerous references in his other works to the Greek Fathers catalogued in this poem.

³Clement's varied pagé] Clement of Alexandria, d. 215, speculative theologian, teacher and writer in Alexandria, a great city of learning and philosophy in his time; influenced the young Origen. The "varied page" may refer to the fact that he knew the pagan poets and philosophers and frequently quoted them (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁴Dionysius . . . doubt and pain] Dionysius of Alexandria, b. c.190 (bishop from circa 247—circa 265). , called "the Great" by the historian Eusebius. Apart from St. Cyprian, the most eminent bishop of the 3rd century. Known for his superb administrative abilities, he helped settle many crises in his day. The "days of doubt and pain" most likely refer to the 1) Decian persecution of Christians and the issue of what to do with priests who had lapsed under pressure, 2) the conflict that arose when Novation claimed the bishopric of Rome belonged to him instead of Pope Cornelius, and 3) the issue of whether baptisms by heretics were valid (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁵Origen with eagle eye] Origen, b. 185 A.D., d. c.254. Theologian who wrote voluminous amounts of exegetical works; vastly influential in his time (Catholic Encyclopedia). The "eagle eye" must refer to the depth of his thought.

⁶saintly Basil's . . . the Altar's stain] St. Basil the Great, b. c.329, d. 379. Distinguished Doctor of the Church. With St. Athanasius, led the way in combating Arianism, "the imperial heresy"(Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁷glorious preacher came] Perhaps St. Gregory Nazianzen, but the poem's syntax makes it unclear.

⁸Nazianzen's heaven taught grace] St. Gregory Nazianzen, b. c.325, d. 389. Doctor of the Church, poet, teacher, brilliant orator. Newman translated paraphrased versions of St. Gregory Nazianzen's poems (see nos. 116-120).

⁹royal-hearted Athanase] St. Athanasius, b. c.296, d. 373. Bishop of Alexandria; given the title "Father of Orthodoxy" for his defense of the Church against Arianism. Newman translated *Select Treatises of St. Athanasius*, and he also wrote a preface and notes for *Historical Tracts of St. Athanasius*, translated by Miles Atkinson.

53. The Witness¹

HOW shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's² seed in vestment white
And holy-hearted Nazarite³?

First, let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice;

Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
First, he will lose his hate of ill;
Next, fear of sinning, after hate;
Small sins his heart then desecrate;
And last, despair persuades to great.

Off Ithaca. December 30, 1832.

¹The Witness] First published in *BrMag*, June 1834. In *LA*, the poem had a paraphrase of *Revelations* 11:3 as a motto: "I will give the power unto My two witnesses, and they shall prophecy."

²Aaron's] Aaron, the helper of Moses and Israel's first High Priest, and thus father of a priestly race. Cf. *Exodus*. 29.

³holy-hearted Nazarite] Jesus (of Nazareth)

54. The Death of Moses¹

MY Father's hope! my childhood's dream!
The promise from on high!
Long waited for! its glories beam
Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay;
Nor eye nor mind is dim;
The keenness of youth's vigorous day
Thrills in each nerve and limb.

Blest scene! thrice welcome after toil---
If no deceit I view;
O might my lips but press the soil,
And prove the vision true!

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,
Its many-tinted groves,
They call! but He my steps restrains
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah! now they melt ... they are but shades ..
I die!---yet is no rest,
O Lord! in store, since Canaan fades
But seen, and not possest?

*Off Ithaca.*² December 30, 1832.³

¹The Death of Moses] First published in *BrMag*, July 1833. In *OC*, “Moses Viewing the Land”; in *BrMag*, *LA*, “Moses Seeing the Land”; in *VRS*, “Death”. In *VRS*, the poem had a paraphrase of Deuteronomy 34:1 in Latin as its motto: “Ascendit Moyses super montem Nebo, ostenditque ei Dominus omnem terram, dixitque ad eum, Vidisti eam oculis tuis, et non transibit ad illam”; “Moses ascended Mt. Nebo, and the Lord showed to him the entire land, and said to him, You have seen it with your eyes, but you will not cross over into it”(my translation). Cf. poem 44. “Moses’.

²*Off Ithaca*] Ithaca is the home of Odysseus in Homer’s *Odyssey*, and Newman seems to have had this in mind while writing this poem. Pope’s translation of the *Odyssey* was the first book Newman “ever learned from, as a child,” so it was especially close to his heart (*LD*, III, 193). When Newman and the Froude’s set sail for Corfu, Newman had written that he was “full of joy to overflowing—for I am in the Greek sea, the scene of old Homer’s song and of the histories of Thucydides”(LD, III, 167).

In regard to this poem, it is worth noting that while Odysseus the Greek pagan is allowed after twenty years to return home, Moses the Israelite dies without entering the Promised Land. The poem beautifully fuses the Classical and Biblical strains of Newman’s thought. However, in a letter Newman wrote that it was the visions of his own earliest home that came forcefully upon him as he approached Ithaca. His feelings “were not caused by any classical association, but by the thought that I now saw before me in real shape those places which had been the earliest vision of my childhood . . . I thought of Ham and of all the various glimpses, which memory barely retains and which fly from me when I pursue them, of that earliest time of life when one seems to realize the remnant of a pre-existent state”(LD, II, 172).

³This poem was written in a letter to Newman’s mother begun December 29, 1832.

55. Melchizedek¹

"Without father, without mother, without descent; having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."²

THRICE bless'd are they, who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene
Brings aught on which the sadden'd heart can lean;
Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high;
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence, who alone can bless.³
Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace;
When, passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line,
He moulds the vessel of His vast design;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Sever'd from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

*Corfu. January 5, 1833*⁴

¹Melchizedek] First published in *BrMag*, April 1836. Melchizedek was a high priest of the Israelites—see *Hebrews 7*, and *Genesis 14:18-20*. In his sermon “Abraham and Lot” (*PPS*, vol. 3, no. 1) Newman writes, “Who Melchizedek was, is not told us: Scripture speaks of him as a type of Christ” (8). And in his sermon “Joshua a Type of Christ and His Followers” (*Sermons on the Subject of the Day*, no. 12), Newman writes, “And all this brings to mind what Scripture says about Melchizedek also, to whom I have already alluded, who was the Priest of the Most High God, and a figure of the Christ who was to come; and, being “without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually.” [Heb. vii. 3.]” (159). This theme of detachment from the earth and mortification of earthly affections is common in Newman’s poetry.

²“Without father . . . end of life.”] From *Hebrews 7:3*, pertaining to the perpetual priesthood of Melchizedek.

³Claiming . . . bless] In *BrMag*, lines 6-8 read, “Claiming return of thanks or rapture keen / Till with quick sense they pierce the shadowy screen / Which hides His presence, who alone can bless;”.

⁴This poem was written in a letter to Newman’s sister Harriet begun January 2, 1833.

56. Corcyra¹

I SAT beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By sage and poet² raised to long renown;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a hundred states to drown.³
That multitudinous stream we now note down
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
But is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-form'd sphere of light or gloom?
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
As though I corpses saw, and walk'd the tomb.

At Sea. January 7, 1833.

¹Corcyra] First published in *BrMag*, March 1836. In *OC*, variously titled, "A thought for the Historian" and "A thought for History"; in *BrMag*, "Corfu". Corcyra, or Corfu, is an Ionian island. According to Homeric legend, it was the island of Scheria, inhabited by the Phaeacians.

In respect to Froude's possible influence on this poem, R.H. Hutton wrote:

At Corcyra he [Newman] cannot forget his Thucydides, it is true, but the turn he gives to the reflections the historian had suggested to him directed his thoughts again to the political ruthlessness of maritime power, and the individual responsibility of each member of a nation for his share in its fierce and cruel deeds.

There is to me something very striking in the contrast between the class of thoughts which the old Greek and Roman localities suggest to a Whig poet like Byron, with a broad dash of license in his whiggery, to classical scholars like Clough, imbued with what is now called "the modern spirit,"—as well its moral earnestness as its intellectual scepticism,—and to grave spirits like Newman's and Hurrell Froude's, dominated not only by a religious but by a strongly-marked ecclesiastical bias. (40-41)

²poet] Homer, in the *Odyssey*

³Where dwelt a race . . . a hundred states to drown.] Newman is most likely referring to the use of Corcyra as a naval station by the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War, or perhaps to the Phaeacians. Corcyra saw many battles in the 1st millennium B.C.

57. Transfiguration¹

"They glorified God in me."²

I SAW thee once and nought discern'd
For stranger to admire;
A serious aspect, but it burn'd
With no unearthly fire.

Again I saw, and I confess'd
Thy speech was rare and high;
And yet it vex'd my burden'd breast,
And scared, I knew not why.

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

*Off Zante. January 8, 1833.*³

¹Transfiguration] First published in *BrMag*, June 1834. In *LA*, titled "The Discovery" under the topical heading, "Hidden Saints". See poem 14. "Hidden Saints" and Newman's sermon, "Personal Influence, the Means of Propagating the Truth" (*OUS*, no. 5): "First, no irreligious man can know any thing concerning the hidden saints. Next, no one, religious or not, can detect them without attentive study of them. But, after all, say they are few, such high Christians; and what follows? They are enough to carry on God's noiseless work" (96).

²"They glorified God in me.]" *Galatians* 1:24. The Saint is probably St. Paul. In this poem Newman seems to have in mind St. Paul's unprepossessing manner as shown in his letter to the Corinthians: "When I came to you, brothers, I didn't come with excellence of speech or of wisdom, proclaiming to you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, except Jesus Christ, and him crucified" (1 *Corinthians* 2:1-2).

³Sent by Newman in the letter to his sister Harriet, begun January 2, 1833.

58. Behind the Veil¹

Banish'd the House of sacred rest,
Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confess'd,

And knelt the saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorn'd,
Who spoke Christ's message there;
But what at home I might have scorn'd,
Now charm'd my famish'd ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and sons to know;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face.²
Although his speech be slow.

At Sea. January 9, 1833.

¹Behind the Veil] First published in *BrMag*, February 1836. In *LA*, titled "Return". In *LA*, several words in the poem, including "creed", "saints", "sons", and "Christ's", are entirely capitalized.

Newman wrote this poem to his sister Harriet, begun January 2, 1833. In reference to its subject, he wrote: "There are two Latin Churches in Corfu—and one English (garrison)—where the service is not such as to satisfy me—tho' the fault is not the present (occasional) chaplain's, Mr. Leeves of the Bible Society. I had not been to Church for 5 weeks (till yesterday) and it was quite a comfort to get there, tho' the service was curtailed. I had hoped there might have been the sacrament, but I suppose they cannot get a congregation" (*Letters*, I, 325).

²To pierce the veil on Moses' face] As related in *Exodus* 34, Moses' face shines so brightly after his encounters with God that when he speaks to the Israelites he must put on a veil.

59. Judgment¹

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

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

If else ... then guide in David's path,
Who chose the holier pain;

Satan and man are tools of wrath,
An Angel's scourge is gain.

*Off Malta. January 10, 1833.*²

¹Judgement] First published in *BrMag*, June 1833. In *BrMag* and *LA*, titled “David Numbering the People”; in <http://www.newmanreader.org/works/subjects/index.html> *VRS*, “Judgement”. In *LA*, the poem included 1 *Chronicles* 21:13 as a motto: “I am in a great strait—let me fall now into the hand of the Lord.” 1 *Chronicles* 21:13 relates how King David disobeys God by numbering the people of Israel (presumably to see how powerful he is, instead of relying on God). In consequence, God gives David word that he will punish Israel, but lets him choose from three options: “Either three years' famine; or three months to be destroyed before thy foes, while that the sword of thine enemies overtaketh thee; or else three days the sword of the LORD, even the pestilence, in the land, and the angel of the LORD destroying throughout all the coasts of Israel”(1 *Chronicles* 21:12). David chooses the third option, and God sends a pestilence that kills seventy thousand Israelites, but in the end spares them the Angel's destruction.

In Newman's sermon, “Sincerity and Hypocrisy”(PPS, vol. 5, no. 16), he writes,

[Sincere men] seek God in their difficulty, feeling that He only who imposes it can remove it . . . holy David, after he had sinned in numbering the people, and was told to choose between three punishments offered him, showed the same honest and simple-hearted devotion in choosing that of the three which might be the most exactly called falling into the Lord's hands. If he must suffer, let the Lord chastise him.—“I am in a great strait,” he says; “let us fall now into the hands of the Lord; for His mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man.” [2 Sam. xxiv. 14.]. (233-34)

²Another poem sent by Newman in the letter to his sister Harriet begun January 2, 1833.

60. Sensitiveness¹

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

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

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;

Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

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

*Lazaret, Malta. January 15, 1833*²

¹Sensitiveness] First published in *BrMag*, August 1834. In *LA*, titled "Fastidiousness." This poem shows, in a way, the internal conflict between Newman the refined gentleman and Newman the bold preacher.

²Starting January 11, Newman and the Froudes spent fifteen days in quarantine at Lazaret because of regulations designed to stop the spread of cholera; on January 15, Newman wrote to his sister Jemima:

We are very comfortable here. . . . I am writing in a large room twenty feet high, without furniture, opening into others far larger, and all the windows, which are casements, entirely open—that is, in fact, I am sitting in the open air. . . . The Froudes draw and paint. I have hired a violin, and, bad as it is, it sounds grand in such spacious halls. I write some verses, and get up some Italian, and walk up and down the rooms about an hour and a half daily; and we have a boat, and are allowed to go about in the harbour. This Lazaret was built by the Knights for the Turks, and many a savage fellow, I dare say, has been here, but they leave no trace behind them. . . . There is a court which opens by large gates upon a terrace over the water, where we have a small confined walk upon the flags. On this common ground all persons on quarantine may show themselves; they may sit on the same seat successively, but they must not touch. One soon gets accustomed to this; nobody touches nobody. (*Letters*, I, 331-332)

61. David and Jonathan¹

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."²

O HEART of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!³
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face!⁴
He doom'd to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stain'd holiness.

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

Ah! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high
Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory;
Paul, of his comrade reft, the warning gives,---
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives.⁶

Lazaret, Malta. January 16, 1833.

¹David and Jonathan] First published in *BrMag*, November 1833. See 1 *Samuel* for the story of David and Jonathan's friendship. Newman's sermon "The Parting of Friends"(SSD, no. 26) also provides the story:

Far different were the tears, far different the embrace, which passed between those two religious friends recorded in the book which follows, who loved each other with a true love unfeigned, but whose lives ran in different courses. If Naomi's grief was great when Orpah kissed her, what was David's when he saw the last of him, whose "soul had from the first been knit with his soul," so that "he loved him as his own soul"? [1 Sam. xviii. 1-3.] "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan," he says; "very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." [2 Sam. i. 26.] What woe was upon that "young man," "of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to," and "cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters;" [1 Sam. xvi. 12, 18.] when his devoted affectionate loyal friend, whom these good gifts have gained, looked upon him for the last time! O hard destiny, except that the All-merciful so willed it, that such companions might not walk in the house of God as friends! David must flee to the wilderness, Jonathan must pine in his father's hall; Jonathan must share that stern father's death in battle, and David must ascend the vacant throne. Yet they made a covenant on parting: "Thou shalt not only," said Jonathan, "while yet I live, show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not; but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever; no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David, every one from the face of the earth ... And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him, for he loved him as he loved his own soul." And then, while David hid himself, Jonathan made trial of Saul, how he felt disposed to David; and when he found that "it was determined of his father to slay David," he "arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month; for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame." Then in the morning

he went out into the field, where David lay, and the last meeting took place between the two. "David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times; and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, till David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the Name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city." [1 Sam. xx. 14-42.] (402-04)

²"Thy love . . . of women"] 2 *Samuel* 1:26. After Jonathan fell in battle to the Philistines, David mourned his death with this eulogy.

³flower of Jesse's race] David, the eighth and youngest son of Jesse, chosen by the prophet Samuel to be king after Saul.

⁴Last greeted face to face!] In 1 *Samuel* 20, after Jonathan ascertains that his father is bent on David's death, he and David part in tears, knowing that they may never see each other again.

⁵Ah! . . . lives. / In *BrMag*, the last two lines of this stanza (17-18) read, "Paul's strife unblest, its serious lesson gives, / He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who lives." In *LA*, however, the entire last stanza is different, reading, "Ah! Had he lost his early fated rest, / Before thy throne to stand, / Sure thy keen spirit, in sorrow memory-blest, Had snapped love's living band. / Strife-wounded Paul be now the mourner's gain, / More lives who dies, than whom our prayers detain."

62. Humiliation¹

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

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

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

Lazaret, Malta. January 16, 1833.

¹Humiliation] First published in *BrMag*, April 1834. In *LA*, titled, "Obscurity". In *BrMag* and *LA*, it had the motto, "Blessed be ye poor," from Christ's Sermon on the Mount, *Luke* 6:20.

Cf. Newman's sermon, "The Religion of the Pharisee, The Religion of Mankind" (*SPVO*, no. 2): "And what is to the Saints above a theme of never-ending thankfulness, is, while they are yet on earth, the matter of their perpetual humiliation. Whatever be their advance in the spiritual life, they never rise from their knees, they never cease to beat their breasts, as if sin could possibly be strange to them while they were in the flesh." Also cf. Newman's sermon, "The Humiliation of the Eternal Son" (*PPS*, vol. 3, no. 12).

63. The Call of David¹

"And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he." ²

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the Prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,---
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended.

Twofold praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe;
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame,---
Dust unborn may bless or blame,---
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing Fruit,³
And we mould thee hence to rise,
As our brother, to the skies.

*Lazaret, Malta. January 18, 1833.*⁴

¹The Call of David] First published in *BrMag*, November 1834. Cf. Newman's sermon, "The Call of David" (*PPS*, vol. 8, no. 4). The events of David's life as catalogued in this poem can be found in 1 & 2 *Samuel* and 1 & 2 *Chronicles*.

²"And the Lord . . . this is he."] 1 *Samuel* 16:12. God chose David, the youngest son of Jesse, to be king rather than any of David's elder brothers.

³But we mould thee for the root / Of man's promised healing Fruit] According to the gospels and the New Testament, Christ descended from David, hence the title, "Son of David" (*Matthew* 1:1, *Romans* 1:3)

⁴Newman wrote this poem in a letter to his mother, begun January 26, 1833.

64. A Blight¹

WHAT time² my heart unfolded its fresh leaves
In springtime gay, and scatter'd flowers around,
A whisper warn'd of earth's unhealthy ground,
And all that there love's light and pureness grieves;
Sun's ray and canker-worm,
And sudden-whelming storm;---
But, ah! my self-will smiled, nor reck'd the
gracious sound.

So now defilement dims life's memory-springs;
I cannot hear an early-cherish'd strain,
But first a joy, and then it brings a pain---
Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings:
Tears lull my grief to rest,
Not without hope, this breast
May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom again.

Lazaret, Malta. January, 19, 1833.

¹A Blight] First published in *BrMag*, July 1833. In *OC*, *BrMag*, *LA*, titled, "The Pains of Memory"; in *VRS*, "The Stains of Sin"

²WHAT time] archaic for *when*

65. Joseph¹

O PUREST Symbol of the Eternal Son!²
Who dwelt in thee, as in some sacred shrine,
To draw hearts after thee, and make them thine;
Not parent only by that light was won,
And brethren crouch'd who had in wrath begun,³
But heathen pomp abased her at the sign⁴
And the hid Presence of a guest divine,
Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was done.
Then was fulfill'd Nature's dim augury,
That "Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be
So fair, that all must love and bow the knee;"⁵
Lest it might seem, what time the Substance⁶ came,
Truth lack'd a sceptre, when It but laid by
Its beaming front, and bore a willing shame.⁷

Lazaret, Malta. January 20, 1833.

¹Joseph] First published in *BrMag*, April 1836. In *LA*, titled the same under the topical heading, "Holiness". The poem also included a phrase from Plato's *Phaedrus*. In *BrMag*, it had part of *Genesis* 41:43 as a motto, "And they cried before him, Bow the knee". This refers to when Pharaoh exalted Joseph to the position of second in command and took him before the Egyptians, ordering them to bow. For the full story of Joseph (as in the coat of many colors, not Joseph the foster-father of Christ), see *Genesis* 37-49.

²O PUREST . . . Son!] Newman sees Joseph as a figure of Christ.

³Not parent . . . wrath begun] *Genesis* 45:1-3. Joseph was originally sold into slavery by his brothers, who were angered by the favoritism their father Jacob showed to him. Because of his wisdom and righteousness, and especially his ability to interpret dreams, Joseph eventually wins the favor of Pharaoh, who makes him his right-hand leader. Joseph knows from interpreting Pharaoh's dream that there would soon be a drought, so he gathers a great supply of food for the kingdom in preparation. When the drought hits,

his brothers come to Egypt begging for food, and after testing them, Joseph reveals himself to them.

⁴But heathen pomp abased her at the sign] See the first note to this poem.

⁵“Wisdom . . . knee;”] A reference to the Incarnation of Christ, the Word made Flesh.

⁶Substance] Another reference to the Incarnation.

⁷bore a willing shame] The Crucifixion of Christ.

66. Superstition¹

O LORD and Christ, Thy Children of the South²
So shudder, when they see
The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from Thy mouth,³
As to fall back from Thee,
And cling to charms of man, or heathen rite⁴
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of love and light!

But I before Thine awful eyes will go
And firmly fix me there,
In my full shame; not bent my doom to know,
Not fainting wth despair;
Not fearing less than they, but deeming sure,
If e'en Thy Name shall fail, nought my base heart
can cure.

Lazaret, Malta. January 21, 1833.

¹Superstition] First published in *BrMag*, March 1835; did not appear in *VVO* until 1874 edition, but in all editions thereafter. In *OC*, titled, “The Greek and Latin Churches”; in *BrMag*, “The Distrustful”. In *OC*, the poem took *Revelations* 1:16-17 as its motto, in reference to the judgment of the various churches by Christ: “And he had in his right hand seven stars: And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last. Rev. i.16-17.”

This is one of the few obviously anti-Catholic poems that Newman decided to republish in *VVO*. In a letter to his mother written January 26, Newman wrote,

I have hitherto seen little of the Greek and Latin churches, but what I have seen fires me ‘with great admiration.’ I do not perceive that my opinion has in any respect changed about them; but it is fearful to have before

one's eyes the perversion of all the best, the holiest, the most exalted feelings of human nature. Everything in St. John's Church [at Malta] is admirable, if it did not go too far; it is a beautiful flower run to seed. I am impressed with a sad presentiment, as if the gift of truth when once lost was lost forever. And so the Christian world is gradually becoming barren and effete, as land which has been worked out and has become sand. We have lasted longer than the South, but we too are going, as it would seem. (*Letters*, I, 336)

²Children of the South] Members of the Greek and Roman Churches. As an Anglican, Newman thought the Greek and Roman churches had been corrupted by superstitions.

³The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from Thy mouth] Cf. *Revelations* 1:16-17 (and the first note to this poem)

⁴And cling to charms of man, or heathen rite] In *OC*, *BrMag*, *LA*, this line read, "And seek to charms of man, or saints above." It is somewhat confusing why Newman made this change, since as it stands the poem still seems anti-Catholic, and Newman clearly expected his readers to know that this poem predates his conversion. However, perhaps Newman still preferred that his previous objection to the invocation of saints be disguised.

67. Isaac¹

MANY the guileless years the Patriarch spent,
Bless'd in the wife² a father's foresight chose;
Many the prayers and gracious deeds, which rose
Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.
Yet these, though written in the heavens, are rent
From out truth's lower roll, which sternly shows
But one sad trespass³ at his history's close,
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment.
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace,
So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;
And Saints are lower'd, that the world may rise.

*Valletta. January 23, 1833.*⁴

¹Isaac] First published in *BrMag*, April 1836. In *LA*, titled the same under the topical heading, "Hidden Saints". For the story of Isaac's life, see *Genesis* 25-28.

²wife] Rebekah

³one sad trespass] Cf. Genesis 27. When Isaac is old, blind, and approaching death, he wishes to give his son Esau his blessing, telling him to return with savory meat. His wife Rebekah overhears, however, and as she favors their other son, Jacob, she disguises him as Esau and tricks her husband into giving his blessing to him instead. Esau then returns, and he and his father learn they have been fooled. As a result, Esau plans to kill Jacob, although after many years they are reconciled. It is difficult to understand how Newman thought Isaac, the “father”, responsible for the “sad trespass” when it was really Rebekah and Jacob who were guilty. His sermon, “Life the Season of Repentance”(PPS, vol. 6, no. 2) provides some clarification in regard to Esau, however. Esau had previously sold his birth-right as the eldest born to Jacob for a bowl of soup, and according to Newman, Esau never truly repented of this mistake; the loss of the blessing as well is thus the result of his failure to take his original sin seriously enough.

⁴This poem was written in a letter to Newman’s mother begun January 26, 1833.

68. Reverses¹

WHEN mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Upreads its pageants vast,
And vaunts---it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend---
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

*Valletta. January 30, 1833.*²

¹Reverses] First published in *BrMag*, April 1834. Titled “Prosperity” in *LA*; “Reverse” in *VRS*. In *BrMag* and *LA*, the poem had 1 *Thessalonians* 5:3 as a motto: “When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them”.

²Newman sent this poem in a letter to his sister Jemima, mentioning, 'I send two songs à la mode de Walter Scott.' The other song included was 'Warnings.' Noel 285). Scott was one of Newman's favorite writers. After reading *Ivanhoe* as a young man, Newman wrote, "O What a poet! his words are not like a novelist . . . Author of Waverley, thou art a second Shakespeare"(LD, I, 72).

69. Hope¹

WE are not children of a guilty sire,
Since Noe stepp'd from out his wave-toss'd home,²
And a stern baptism flush'd earth's faded bloom.
Not that the heavens then clear'd, or cherub's fire
From Eden's portal did at once retire;
But thoughts were stirr'd of Him who was to come³,
Whose rainbow hues so streak'd the o'ershadowing gloom,
That faith could e'en that desolate scene admire.
The Lord has come and gone; and now we wait
The second substance of the deluge type,⁴
When our slight ark shall cross a molten surge;
So, while the gross earth melts, for judgment ripe,
Ne'er with its haughty turrets to emerge,
We shall mount up to Eden's long-lost gate.

Valletta. February 5, 1833.

¹Hope] First published in *BrMag*, April 1836. In *OC* and *BrMag*, titled, "Noah"; in *LA*, "Patriarchal Faith"

²Noe stepp'd from out his wave-toss'd home] Cf. *Genesis 7*, for the story of Noah and the flood, which Newman here views a type of baptism.

³Him who was to come] Christ, the Messiah

⁴The second substance of the deluge type] The reference is to the second coming of Christ, the judgment of the world (*Matthew 24:38-39*)

70. St. Paul at Melita¹

"And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat."²

SECURE in his prophetic strength,

The water peril o'er,
The many-gifted man at length
Stepp'd on the promised shore.

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

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

Messina. February 8, 1833.

¹St. Paul at Melita] First published in *BrMag*, May 1834. Melita was the former name for the island currently known as Malta.

²“And when Paul . . . the heat.”] *Acts* 28:3. The story of the St. Paul’s shipwreck on the island of Malta and his being bitten by a viper while building a fire can be found in *Acts* 28. Paul is miraculously preserved from any harm.

71. Messina¹

"Homo sum; humani nil à me alienum puto." ²

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
Towards these scenes of ancient heathen fame?
Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came
Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore a part
In the mad deeds that set the world on flame,
So fret my memory here,---ah! is it blame?---
That from my eyes the tear is fain to start.
Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;
'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race
Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
Be named man's tomb and splendid record-stone,
High hope, pride-stain'd, the course without the prize.

Messina. February 9, 1833.

¹Messina] First published in *BrMag*, March 1836. Messina is a city in Sicily. Newman included this poem in a letter to Jemima written February 19, writing also of Sicily, 'I saw before me the most interesting (profane) country after Egypt—the history of which, beginning with the highest antiquity—united with the histories of both Greece and Rome, which had never been unknown, unrecorded place, and was the theme of every poet and every historian of antiquity and which remains in it more ancient and more perfect than those of any country. . . . Such were the feelings which suggested the following sonnet' (*Letters*, I, 348).

²"Homo . . . puto." / This Latin phrase from the Roman comedic playwright Terence is translated as, "I am a man; I reckon nothing of man alien to me".

72. Warnings¹

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

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

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters?²

*Between Calatafimi and Palermo. February 12, 1833.*³

¹Warnings] First printed in *BrMag*, November 1834.

²And on the wall / Reads but Heaven's letters?] A reference to *Daniel 5*; King Belshazzar is having a banquet when a floating hand writes a mysterious message on the wall. Daniel interprets it to mean that Belshazzar's kingdom has come to an end, he has been weighed

and found wanting, and that his kingdom will be divided between the Medes and the Persians. That night, Belshazzar is slain, and Darius the Mede receives the kingdom.

³Along with “Reverses”, this was the poem about which Newman wrote to Jemima, ‘I send two songs à la mode de Walter Scott.’

73. Dreams¹

OH! miserable power
To dreams allow'd, to raise the guilty past,
And back awhile the illumined spirit to cast
On its youth's twilight hour;
In mockery guiling it to act again
The revel or the scoff in Satan's frantic train!

Nay, hush thee, angry heart!
An Angel's grief ill fits a penitent;
Welcome the thorn²---it is divinely sent,
And with its wholesome smart
Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's palmy home,
And warn thee what thou art, and whence thy
wealth has come.

Pæstum. February 26, 1833.

¹Dreams] First published in *BrMag*, September 1834. In *VRS*, titled “Wounds of Sin”.

²thorn] Cf. *2 Corinthians* 12:7, where St. Paul writes, “And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.”

74. Temptation¹

O HOLY Lord, who with the Children Three
Didst walk the piercing flame,²
Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to Thee,
I dare not name;
Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

Thou, who didst once Thy life from Mary's breast
Renew from day to day,
Oh, might her smile, severely sweet, but rest

On this frail clay!
Till I am Thine with my whole soul; and fear,
Not feel a secret joy, that Hell is near.

*Frascati. March 28, 1833.*³

¹Temptation] First printed in *BrMag*, August 1835. In *BrMag*, this poem had part of *Isaiah* 43:2 for its motto: "When thou goest through the fire, I will be with thee."

²Children Three . . . piercing flame] Cf. *Daniel* 3. King Nebuchadnezzar built a giant golden idol and ordered that all of his people bow down and worship it. When Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego refused, he had them thrown into a fiery furnace, but they were not burned at all, and a mysterious fourth person was seen with them in the furnace.

³Newman sent this poem in a letter to his mother.

75. Our Future¹

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."²

DID we but see,
When life first open'd, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.³

Tre Fontane. April 2, 1833.

¹Our Future] First published in *BrMag*, February 1834.

²"What I do . . . hereafter.]" *John* 13:7, Christ's words to his Apostles about the suffering he will undergo. In *OC3*, the motto was *Jeremiah* 20:7 "O Lord, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived. Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed"; in *BrMag* and *LA*, *John* 13:36: "Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow me

afterwards.” In *VRS, John 13:7* in Latin: “Quod ego facio, tu nescis modo, scies autem postea.”

³Paul’s sad girdle bound] Cf. *Acts 21:11-12*: “And when he was come unto us, he took Paul’s girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles. And when we heard these things, both we, and they of that place, besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. Then Paul answered, What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.”

76. Heathenism¹

‘MID Balak’s magic fires²
The Spirit spake, clear as in Israel;
With prayers untrue and covetous desires
Did God vouchsafe to dwell;
Who summon’d dreams, His earlier word to bring
To patient Job’s vex’d friends, and Gerar’s guileless king³.

If such o’erflowing grace
From Aaron’s vest e’en on the Sibyl ran,⁴
Why should we fear, the Son now lacks His place
Where roams unchristen’d man?
As though, where faith is keen, He cannot make
Bread of the very stones, or thirst with ashes slake.

*Messina. April 21, 1833.*⁵

¹Heathenism] First published in *BrMag*, April 1835. In *BrMag*, titled, “The Heathen”.

²Balak’s magic fires] See *Numbers 23*.

³Gerar’s guileless king] Abimelech. Cf. *Genesis 20:1-15*. Abraham and Sarah moved into Gerar, a territory foreign to them, and out of fear Abraham told Abimelech the king that Sarah was his sister, not his wife. Abimelech took Sarah to be his wife, but God warned him in a dream that she was already wedded, threatening him with death if he did not restore her.

⁴Aaron’s vest e’en on the Sibyl ran] Perhaps a reference to Aaron’s sister Miriam, called a “prophetess” in *Exodus 15:20*.

⁵“Newman tells an odd story about the composition of this poem in the MS. he wrote on his illness in Sicily. ‘I think,’ he says, ‘it was on one of these early days of my illness—

no, it must be rather when I was getting well . . . that I called for a pencil and paper, and, as it were, composed the verses (since in the 'Lyra') beginning 'Mid Balak's magic fires.' When I got to Palermo (I think it was) I found to my surprise that I had already composed them at Messina' (*Letters*, I, 425). The record of his finding the verses at Palermo remains in the MS. of the 'Lyra' designated as OC110-1 in the Apparatus Criticus. This is the notebook into which Newman transcribed his poems during the journey. At the bottom of the page containing this poem, he wrote, 'At Castro Giovanni in my illness I called for pen and paper, and wrote this off, thinking I was composing it. At the same time I made the correction marked + [1.5, Who raised Him over He who raised]. I was not undeceived that it was not composed at C.G. till just now, on venturing for the first time to open this book. Palermo, May 31, 1833.'" (Noel 287).

77. Taormini¹

"And Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him."²

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

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

Store them in heart! thou shalt not faint
Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a Saint
For fourteen trial-years.³

*Magnisi. April 26, 1833.*⁴

¹Taormini] First published in *BrMag*, March 1836. In *LA*, titled, "Taurominium". Taormini, or Taormina, is a town on the island of Sicily.

"On April 27, Newman wrote to his sister Harriet from Syracuse, 'The two last miles we diverged from the road up a steep path, and soon came to the ancient stone ascent leading to Taurominium. I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot. It realized all one had read of in books about scenery—a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea (heard) in the distance. But when, after breakfast, on a bright day, we mounted to the theatre, and saw the famous view, what shall I say? I never knew that Nature could be so beautiful; and to see that view was the nearest approach to seeing Eden. O happy I! It was worth coming all the way, to endure sadness, loneliness, weariness, to see it' (*Letters*, I, 397).

Newman wrote in the letter to his sister Jemima in which he included the poem, 'I will here set down some verses which I composed last night in the boat. You will see they want ease and spirit. Anxiety is the great enemy of poetry' (*Letters*, I, 401). The 'anxiety' was caused by the boat, which he described earlier in the letter. 'A speronaro is a large boat used in these seas running e.g. from Malta to Sicily, from Sicily to Naples, &c. This was about thirty-five feet long, and in all had fourteen persons aboard. At the stern some hoops held up an awning some four feet high, the rest of the boat was open. Since our passports were made out for Syracuse, we were not allowed to land at any other place. We could, indeed, have got to Syracuse that night, but not till after sunset, and then we should not have got pratique [*clearance given an incoming ship by the health authority of a port, ed.*] till next morning. We had no provisions with us, though luckily some wine, hearing the wine of Syracuse was inferior; but the boatmen gave us a bit of bread apiece. Luckily I had taken my cloaks with me. At six o'clock we pulled to the shore about six miles off Syracuse—a lonely spot; and then for five minutes I got out upon the rocks, and saw the beautiful clearness of the water and felt the mildness of the evening, I quite congratulated myself on having an adventure with so little trouble. So we lay down, I wrapped up, and sleeping soundly a long while, very uncomfortable as everything was, including my companions—my next door neighbor being the first vulgar Italian I have met with—and miserable as was my torment from fleas. At midnight we hoisted sail, and with some little wind slowly coasted on to Syracuse, where we arrived between three and four, but could not obtain pratique till between seven and eight this morning.'" (Noel 287-88)

²"And Jacob . . . met him." Cf. *Genesis* 32:1

³As the third heaven once nerved a Saint / For fourteen trial years] Cf. *2 Corinthians* 12:2, where St. Paul says, "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) such an one caught up to the third heaven."

78. Sympathy¹

SOULS of the Just, I call not you
 To share this joy with me,
 This joy and wonder at the view
 Of mountain, plain, and sea;²

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

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

Which shall the lost unite.

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

Ye see³, and ye can sympathise---
Vain thought! their mighty ken⁴
Fills height and depth, the stars, the skies,⁵
They smile at dim-eyed men.⁶

Ah, Saviour! I perforce am Thine,
Angel and Saint apart:
Those searching Eyes are all-divine,
All-human is that Heart.⁷

Agosta. April 29, 1833.

¹Sympathy] First published in *BrMag*, October 1835; it did not appear in *VVO* until the 1874 edition, but in all editions thereafter. Titled "Removal" in *BrMag* and *LA*..

²Souls . . . sea,] Lines 1-4 in *BM* and *LA* read, "Dear sainted friends, I call not you / To share the joy serene / Which flows upon me from the view / Of crag and steep ravine."

³see] *BM* and *LA* read "hear"

⁴their mighty ken] *BM* and *LA* read, "those eyes of fire".

⁵Fills . . . skies] *BM* reads, "Pierce through God's works and duly prize;"; *LA* reads slightly differently: "Pierce thro' God's works, and skill to prize;".

⁶They . . . men] *BM* and *LA* read, "Ye smile when we admire."

⁷Ah, . . . Heart] For lines 16-20, *LA* 40-79: "Ah, Saviour Lord! with thee my heart / Angel nor Saint shall share; / To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art, / To soothe each tumult there."

³This poem was in a letter Newman wrote to his sister Jemima on April 27, 1833.

79. Relics of Saints¹

"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto Him."²

"THE Fathers are in dust, yet live to God:"---
So says the Truth; as if the motionless clay
Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
Smouldering and struggling till the judgment-day.

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

*Palermo. June 1, 1833.*³

¹Relics of Saints] First published in *BrMag*, October 1835. In *LA*, titled "The Resurrection".

²"He is . . . live unto Him."] *Luke* 20:38, Christ's words spoken in reference to the resurrection of the dead. Cf. Newman's sermon "The Resurrection of the Body" (*PPS*, vol. 1, no. 21).

³This poem was written in a letter from Newman to his mother on June 9, 1833.

80. Day-Labourers¹

"And He said, It is finished."²

ONE only³, of God's messengers to man,
Finish'd the work of grace, which He began;
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's height,
Though loth to leave the fight
With the doom'd foe, and yield the sun-bright land
To Joshua's armèd hand.⁴

And David wrought in turn a strenuous part,
Zeal for God's house consuming him in heart;
And yet he might not build⁵, but only bring
Gifts for the Heavenly King;
And these another rear'd, his peaceful son⁶,
Till the full work was done.

List, Christian warrior! thou, whose soul is fain
To rid thy Mother⁷ of her present chain;---
Christ will avenge His Bride yea, even now
Begins the work, and thou
Shalt spend in it thy strength, but, ere He save,
Thy lot shall be the grave.

*Palermo. June 2, 1833.*⁸

¹Day-Labourers] First published in *BrMag*, January 1834. In *BrMag* and *LA*, titled, "The Prospects of the Church". Cf. Newman's sermon "The Work of the Christian" (*Sermons on the Subjects of the Day*, no. 1).

²"And He said, It is finished."] *John* 19:30, Christ's last words on the cross before His death.

³One only] Christ

⁴E'en Moses . . . Joshua's armed hand] Cf. poem 44, "Moses" and *Deuteronomy* 3. Because Moses sinned in striking the rock to get water, he was not allowed to lead the Israelites into the Promised Land; God chose Joshua to succeed Moses as leader.

⁵David . . . might not build] Cf. 1 *Chronicles* 28:3. David desired to build the temple, but God would not let him because he was a man of war, not of peace. The task was given instead to his son Solomon.

⁶peaceful son] Solomon

⁷thy mother] The Church (also "His Bride" in the next line).

⁸Another poem written to Newman's mother on June 9, 1833.

81. Warfare¹

"Freely ye have received; freely give."²

"GIVE any boon for peace!
Why should our fair-eyed Mother³ e'er engage
In the world's course and on a troubled stage,
From which her very call is a release?
No! in thy garden stand,
And tend with pious hand
The flowers thou plantest there,
Which are thy proper care,

O man of God! in meekness and in love,
And waiting for the blissful realms above."

Alas! for thou must learn,
Thou guileless one! rough is the holy hand;
Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
A sword to sever, and a fire to burn?
If blessed Paul⁴ had stay'd
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire,
And the Saints' tuneful choir,
Men had not gnash'd their teeth, nor risen to slay,
But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.

*Palermo. June 3, 1833.*⁵

¹Warfare] First published in *BrMag*, June 1834. In *LA*, titled "Love of Quiet".

²"Freely ye have received; freely give."] *Matthew* 10:8, Christ's words to his apostles when he sends them out to minister. Cf. Newman's first discourse of his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, "The Salvation of the Hearer the Motive of the Preacher":

We come among you, because we believe there is but one way of salvation, marked out from the beginning, and that you are not walking along it; we come among you as ministers of that extraordinary grace of God, which you need; we come among you because we have received a great gift from God ourselves, and wish you to be partakers of our joy; because it is written, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" because we dare not hide in a napkin those mercies, and that grace of God, which have been given us, not for our own sake only, but for the benefit of others. (18)

³our fair-eyed Mother] The Church

⁴blessed Paul] St. Paul is renowned for his wide missionary travels, which eventually brought him to Rome, where he was martyred.

⁵Another poem Newman wrote to his mother on June 9.

82. Sacrilege¹

THE Church shone brightly in her youthful days,
Ere the world on her smiled;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
Keen, free, and undefiled:

Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient shrine.

'Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust;
And who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Dear brothers!---hence, while ye for ill prepare,
Triumph is still your own;
Blest is a pilgrim Church!---yet shrink to share
The curse of throwing down.
So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Watching, not dreading, the despoiler's hand.

Palermo. June 4, 1833.

¹Sacrilege] First published in *BrMag*, May 1834. In *LA*, titled "Sacred Places". This poem's concern is with the Establishment Church in England, the power of the state to control the church. Cf. Newman's Preface to Froude's *Remains*, where he says of Froude:

The view which the Author would take of his own position was probably this; that he was a minister not of any human *establishment*, but of the one Holy Church Catholic, which, among other places, is allowed by her Divine Master to manifest herself locally in England, and has in former times been endowed by the piety of her members: that the State has but secured by law those endowments which it could not seize without sacrilege, and, in return for this supposed boon, has encumbered the rightful possession of them by various conditions calculated to bring the Church into bondage. (xiv-xv)

83. Liberalism¹

"Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan."¹

YE cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace;
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell,
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs;
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,---and ye heard no more;
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth; for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or Sages. O new-compass'd art
Of the ancient Foe!---but what, if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends?

*Palermo. June 5, 1833.*³

¹Liberalism] First published in *BrMag*, April 1834. In *BrMag*, titled "The Zeal of Jehu". This poem is Newman's great indictment of the liberalism of his day, the reduction of theology and religion to a set of humanistic moral truths. Cf. Newman's sermon "Liberalism" (*PPS*, vol. 1. no. 24): "What is the world's religion now? It has taken the brighter side of the Gospel,—its tidings of comfort, its precepts of love; all darker, deeper views of man's condition and prospects being comparatively forgotten. This is the religion *natural* to a civilized age, and well has Satan dressed and completed it into an idol of the Truth"(311).

²"Jehu . . . Dan.]" Cf. poem 26, "Zeal and Purity" and 2 Kings 10:16.

³This poem was included in the letter Newman wrote to his mother on June 9, 1833.

84. Declension¹

WHEN I am sad, I say,
"What boots it me to strive,
And vex my spirit day by day,
Dead memories to revive?

"Alas! what good will come,
Though we our prayer obtain,
To bring old times triumphant home,
And wandering flocks regain?

"Would not our history run
In the same weary round,

And service in meek faith begun,
At length in forms be bound?

"Union would give us strength---
That strength the earth subdue;
And then comes wealth, and pride at length,
And sloth, and prayers untrue."

Nay, this is worldly-wise;
To reason is a crime,
Since the Lord bade His Church arise,
In the dark ancient time.

He wills that she should shine;
So we her flame must trim
Around His soul-converting Sign,
And leave the rest to Him.

*Palermo. June 6, 1833.*²

¹Declensions] First published in *BrMag*, July 1834. In *LA*, titled, "Forebodings".

²Another poem included in the letter Newman wrote to his mother on June 9.

85. The Age to Come¹

WHEN I would search the truths that in me burn,
And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried,---"Hast thou to learn
Those dreams are scatter'd now, those fires are spent?"
And, did I mount to simpler thoughts, and try
Some theme of peace, 'twas still the same reply.

Perplex'd, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree;
But now, I see that men are mad awhile,
And joy the Age to come will think with me:---
'Tis the old history---Truth without a home,²
Despised and slain, then rising from the tomb.³

*Palermo. June 9, 1833.*⁴

¹The Age to Come] First published in *BrMag*, August 1834. In Note A in the *Apologia* on “Liberalism”, Newman mentions this poem as “defining from its own point of view the position and prospects of Liberalism”(501).

²Truth without a home] Cf. *Matthew* 8:20: “And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

³Despised and slain, then rising from the tomb.] An allusion to Christ’s death and resurrection.

⁴Another poem included in the letter Newman wrote to his mother on June 9.

86. External Religion¹

WHEN first earth's rulers welcomed home
The Church, their zeal impress'd
Upon the seasons, as they come,
The image of their guest.

Men's words and works, their hopes and fears,
Henceforth forbid to rove,
Paused, when a Martyr claim'd her tears,
Or Saint inspired her love.

But craving wealth, and feverish power,
Such service now discard;
The loss of one excited hour
A sacrifice too hard!

And e'en about the holiest day,
God's own in every time,
They doubt and search, lest aught should stay
A cataract² of crime.

Where shall this cease? must crosiers³ fall,
Shrines suffer touch profane,
Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
The Heaven sent Heir is slain?

Palermo. June 11, 1833.

¹External Religion] First published in *BrMag*, May 1834. In *LA*, titled, “Sacred Seasons”. In *LA*37-39, it had “Quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos a terra”, a phrase from the English Psalter translated, “Let us abolish all the festival days from the land”.

In Newman’s sermon “Offerings of the Sanctuary”(PPS, vol. 6, no. 21), he writes:

Belief is not enough; we must confess. Nor must we confess with our mouth only; but by word and by deed, by speech and by silence, by doing and by not doing, by walk and conversation, when in company and when alone, in time and in place, when we labour and when we rest, when we lie down and when we rise up, in youth and in age, in life and in death,—and, in like manner, in the world and in Church. Now, to adorn the worship of God our Saviour, to make the beauty of holiness visible, to bring offerings to the Sanctuary, to be curious in architecture, and reverent in ceremonies,—all this external religion is a sort of profession and confession; it is nothing but what is natural, nothing but what is consistent, in those who are cultivating the life of religion within. It is most unbecoming, most offensive, in those who are not religious; but most becoming, most necessary, in those who are so. (303-04)

And in his sermon “Indulgence in Religious Priveleges”(SSD, no. 9), he writes,

They are beginning to understand that the Gospel is not a mere scheme or doctrine, but a reality and a life; not a subject for books only, for private use, for individuals, but for public profession, for combined action, for outward manifestation. Hence there is an increasing cultivation of all that is external, from a feeling that external religion is the great development and triumph of the inward principle. (115)

²cataract] an outpouring

³crossiers] a staff resembling a shepherd’s crook carried by bishops and abbots as a symbol of office

87. St. Gregory Nazianzen¹

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble heart and true!

What dost thou here?²

Fierce is the city’s crowd; the lordly few

Are dull of ear!

Sore pain it was to thee,---till thou didst quit

Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for
power unfit.³

So works the All-wise! our services dividing

Not as we ask:

For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.
See in king's courts loth Jeremias plead;⁴
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of deed!⁵

Yes! thou, bright Angel of the East! didst rear
The Cross divine,
Borne high upon thy liquid accents, where
Men mock'd the Sign;
Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirr'd, and deem'd a Pentecost
was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule:---
So, gentle one,
Heaven set thee free,---for, ere thy years were full,
Thy work was done;
According thee the lot thou lovedst best,
To muse upon the past,---to serve, yet be at rest.⁶

Palermo. June 12, 1833.

¹St. Gregory Nazianzen] First published in *BrMag*, June 1834. In *OC*, titled, "Gregory Nazianzen"; in *BrMag* and *LA*, "Gregorius Theologus".

St. Gregory Nazianzen, b. c.325, d. 389, Doctor of the Church, was a poet, teacher, and brilliant orator in his day. Born in Arianzus in Asia Minor, he would travel to Constantinople and combat the Arian heresy. Newman greatly admired him, and seems to have used him as a model.

²What dost thou here?] This refers to the journey St. Gregory Nazianzen made to Constantinople. In "Discourse 12: The Prospects of the Catholic Missioner" of his *Discourse to Mixed Congregations*, Newman writes:

In such a time as this, did the great Doctor, St. Gregory Nazianzen, he too an old man, a timid man, a retiring man, fond of solitude and books, and unpractised in the struggles of the world, suddenly appear in the Arian city of Constantinople; and, in despite of a fanatical populace, and an heretical clergy, preach the truth, and prevail—to his own wonder, and to the glory of that grace which is strong in weakness, and is ever nearest to its triumph when it is most despised. (242)

³as though for power unfit] The Emperor Theodosius determined that Gregory should be Bishop of the See of Constantinople in 380, but after meeting much opposition in the First Council of Constantinople in 381 and struggling with ill-health, Gregory retired to his home in Arianzus.

⁴Jeremias plead] Cf. *Jeremiah* 9:2 and poem 46, “Jeremiah”.

⁵Moses rule by eloquence of deed] Cf. *Exodus* 4:10 where Moses tries to evade God’s command to lead the Israelite people by claiming he is ineloquent and “slow of tongue”.

⁶to serve, yet be at rest] Cf. Milton’s Sonnet XVI “On His Blindness”, specifically the last line: “They also serve who only stand and wait”.

88. The Good Samaritan¹

OH that thy creed were sound!*
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calm'd, and care's unthankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend:²
Thoughts, prison'd long for lack of speech, out-pour
Their tears; and doubts in resignation end.
I almost fainted from the long delay
That tangles me within this languid bay,
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and
wine to tend.

Palermo. June 13, 1833.

*Of course this is the exclamation of one who, when so writing, was not in Catholic Communion. The same must be said also of “Superstition” and “Sympathy”.

¹The Good Samaritan] First published in *BrMag*, February 1836. In *BrMag*, titled “The Latin Church”. Unlike many of his Anglican poems about Catholicism, Newman retained this one in *VVO*, probably because it is largely sympathetic to Catholicism. The story of the Good Samaritan can be found in *Luke* 10:30-37.

²In the *Apologia*, Newman tells how after his illness while traveling, “I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there”(135).

89. Reverence¹

I BOW at Jesu's name, for 'tis the Sign
Of awful mercy towards a guilty line.
Of shameful ancestry, in birth defiled,
 And upwards from a child
Full of unlovely thoughts and rebel aims
 And scorn of judgment-flames,
How without fear can I behold my Life,
The Just assailing sin, and death-stain'd in the strife?

And so, albeit His woe is our release,
Thought of that woe aye dims our earthly peace;
The Life is hidden in a Fount of Blood!
 And this is tidings good
For souls, who, pierced that they have caused
 that woe,
 Are fain to share it too:
But for the many, clinging to their lot
Of worldly ease and sloth, 'tis written "Touch Me not."

Off Monte Pellegrino. June 14, 1833.

¹Reverence] First published in *BrMag*, September 1834; did not appear in *VVO* until 1874 edition, but in all editions thereafter. In *OC* and *BrMag*, titled "The Name of Jesus"; in *LA*, "Awe". Cf. Newman's sermons "Christian Reverence" (*PPS*, vol. 1, no. 23), "Reverence, a Belief in God's Presence" (*PPS*, vol. 5, no. 2), and "Reverence in Worship" (*PPS*, vol. 8, no. 1).

90. The Pillar of the Cloud¹

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home---
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene---one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

At Sea. June 16, 1833.

¹The Pillar of the Cloud] First published in *BrMag*, February 1834. Newman's most famous poem has undergone many title changes. In *BrMag*, it was titled "Faith"; in *LA*, "Light in the Darkness" under the topical heading, "Faith"; in *VRS*, "Grace of Congruity"; and lastly, the present title, "The Pillar of the Cloud". The poem is also popularly known by its first line, "Lead, kindly light". Burns cites the title in *VVO* as appropriate because "Newman's desire was 'not to go by his own judgment but by something external like the pillar of the cloud in the desert'" (*Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others*, Ed. at the Birmingham Oratory, 300). In the *Apologia*, Newman mentions the history of its composition: "We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly light," which have since become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage" (135-36). This was not long after Newman had been deathly ill.

91. Samaria¹

O RAIL not at our kindred in the North,
Albeit Samaria finds her likeness there;
A self-form'd Priesthood, and the Church cast forth
To the chill mountain air.

What, though their fathers sinned, and lost the grace
Which seals the Holy Apostolic Line?
Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His prophets trace
In His reveal'd design.

Israel had Seers; to them the Word is nigh;
Shall not that Word run forth, and gladness give
To many a Shunammite³, till in His eye
The full Seven-thousand live?⁴

Off Sardinia. June 17, 1833.

¹Samaria] First published in *BrMag*, August 1836; did not appear in *VVO* until 1874, but in all editions thereafter. In *LA*, titled, "Schism". In the Old Testament, the Samaritans and Israelites were usually at odds with each other.

Elizabeth Noel's Edition contains an interesting footnote on this poem: "This poem provoked the following letter, which appeared under 'Notices to Correspondents' in the issue of the *British Magazine* for September 1836. 'Mr. Editor—As I cannot but think the writers in the 'Record' Newspaper have mistaken the sense of one of the Poems in the 'Lyra Apostolica' for last month, I hope you will allow me to give my sense of it. The 'self-formed priesthood' surely are not prophets of Baal, but the priests whom Jeroboam made as priests of the God of Israel. Again, the parallel between the church apostolical and Judah on the one side, and the kirk [*the national church of Scotland, as opposed to the Episcopal Church in Scotland*, ed.] and Samaria on the other. Scotland is not Samaria, but the kirk is Samaria; and the episcopalian church in Scotland is not part of Samaria in the parallel, but of Judea, as being included in the church apostolical. It has both the word and the sacraments. The 'seven thousand' are in the kirk, not the episcopalians. Yours, &c., P.Q.' I do not know the identity of 'P.Q.,' but it might easily be Newman himself"(Noel 290).

²kindred] *LA* reads "bretheren". Perhaps Newman wished to be more inclusive of both genders?

³Shunammite] Cf. *1 Kings* 1-2. & *2 Kings* 4 for biblical references to Shunammites. Shunem was a resting place north of Israel.

The full seven-thousand live] Perhaps a reference to *Romans* 11:4: "But what saith the answer of God unto him? I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal."

92. Jonah¹

"But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord."²

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

To note each plant, to rear each fruit
Which soothes the languid sense,
He deem'd a safe, refined pursuit---
His Lord, an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,
"Lift thou the prophet's rod!"
But sloth had sapp'd the prophet's strength,

He fear'd, and fled from God.

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

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

Off Sardinia. June 18, 1833.

¹Jonah] First published in *BrMag*, December 1834. In *LA*, titled the same under the topical heading, "Ease". See the book of *Jonah* for the biblical story of Jonah. God calls upon Jonah to preach repentance to Nineveh, but Jonah flees on a ship to Tarshish instead. When a storm arises, the sailors cast lots, and the lots fall to Jonah. They throw Jonah overboard, and he is swallowed by a giant fish. After three days in its belly and imploring God's mercy, Jonah is cast out of the fish onto dry land. He goes to Nineveh and preaches there; the people turn from their evil, but when God spares them from punishment, Jonah is angry.

²"But Jonah rose up . . . the presence of the Lord."] *Jonah* 1:3.

93. Faith Against Sight¹

"As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be also in the day of the Son of Man."²

THE world has cycles in its course, when all
That once has been, is acted o'er again:---
Not by some fated law, which need appal
Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a chain;
But by men's separate sins, which blended still
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn³ ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true hearts!
These are the fig-tree's signs;---rough deeds must be,
Trials and crimes: so learn ye well your parts.
Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

Off Sardinia. June 18, 1833.

¹Faith Against Sight] First published in *BrMag*, April 1834.

²“As it was in the days of Lot . . .”] A paraphrase of *Luke* 17:28-30, where Christ speaks of the Apocalypse.

³Gallio’s scorn] Gallio was a Roman magistrate. Cf. *Acts* 18:12-17: “But when Gallio was proconsul of Achaia, the Jews with one accord rose up against Paul and brought him before the judgment seat, saying, “This man persuades men to worship God contrary to the law.” But when Paul was about to open his mouth, Gallio said to the Jews, “If indeed it were a matter of wrong or of wicked crime, you Jews, it would be reasonable that I should bear with you; but if they are questions about words and names and your own law, look to it yourselves. For I don’t want to be a judge of these matters. He drove them from the judgment seat. Then all the Greeks laid hold on Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat. Gallio didn’t care about any of these things.”

Of Gallio, Newman says in his sermon “Contest Between Truth and Falsehood in the Church”(PPS, vol. 3, no. 15): “I think that the worshipper of mammon will be in worse case before Christ’s Judgment-seat than the mistaken zealot. If a man must be one or the other (though he ought to be neither), but if I must choose for him, I had rather he should be Saul raging like a wild beast against the Church, than Gallio caring for none of these things”(213-14).

94. Desolation¹

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

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con His sacred lore;²
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek, unseen,
He enters through the unopen’d door.

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

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes:³
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever’s force,⁴
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave,⁵ He wings the sail,
The shore is gain'd, and thou art free.

Off Sardinia. June 18, 1833.

¹Desolation] First published in *BrMag*, July 1834. Titled "Tokens" in *LA*. In *LA* it also had 2 *Timothy* 4:17 "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me".

²Nathaniel con His sacred lore] Cf. *John* 1:45-49:

Philip found Nathanael, and said to him, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, wrote: Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathanael said to him, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip said to him, "Come and see." Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and said about him, "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no deceit!" Nathanael said to him, "How do you know me?" Jesus answered him, "Before Philip called you, when you were under the fig tree, I saw you." Nathanael answered him, "Rabbi, you are the Son of God! You are King of Israel!"

³Emmaus . . . He holds their eyes] Cf. *Luke* 24:13-16. After his resurrection, Christ meets two of his followers on the road to Emmaus and talks with them, but without revealing his identity.

⁴fever's force] "This reference is undoubtedly to the fever of which Newman had nearly died the month before in Sicily"(Noel 290).

⁵He walks the wave] Cf. *John* 6:19, where Christ walks upon the waves.

95. Zeal and Patience¹

"I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord."²

O COMRADE, bold of toil and pain!
Thy trial how severe,
When sever'd first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labour-sphere!

Say, did impatience first impel
The heaven-sent bond to break?
Or, couldst thou bear its hindrance well,
Loitering for Jesu's sake?

Oh, might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
Or foes block up our way.

Lord! who Thy thousand years dost wait
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal a patient heart.

Off Sardina. June 19, 1883.

¹[Zeal and Patience] First published in *BrMag*, September 1833. In *BrMag*, titled “St. Paul in Prison”; in *LA*, “The Church in Bondage”. In *LA*, it had part of Colossians 4:18 as its motto: “Remember my bonds”. See Acts 16:23-37 for the events Newman refers to in the life of St. Paul. Paul and Barnabas are thrown in prison for preaching in Philippi; while in chains, they sing hymns. Suddenly an earthquake breaks their bonds and opens the jail doors, and the guard prepares to kill himself, assuming the prisoners have escaped. But Paul assures him that they are all still there, and as a result, the guard converts and is baptized. Cf. Newman’s sermon “Christian Zeal”(*PPS*, vol. 2, no. 31).

²“[I, Paul . . .]” *Ephesians* 3:1

96. The Religion of Cain¹

"Am I my brother's keeper?"²

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

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

Brothers! spare reasoning;---men have settled long
That ye are out of date, and they are wise;
Use their own weapons; let your words be strong,
Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies;
Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
They argued not, but preach'd; and conscience did
the rest.

Off Sardinia. June 19, 1833.

¹The Religion of Cain] First published in *BrMag*, December 1834. In *BrMag*, titled, "Am I my brother's keeper?"; in *LA*, titled, "Indulgence". Cf. Newman's "Discourse 1: The Salvation of the Hearer the Motive of the Preacher" (*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*). Speaking of the worldly soul, he says, "He has a secret antipathy to religious truths and religious doings, a disgust which he is scarcely aware of, and could not explain, if he were. So was it with Cain, the eldest born of Adam, who went on to murder his brother, because his works were just"(12).

²"Am I my brother's keeper?"] *Genesis* 4:9, the reply of Cain to God's question of where Abel is.

97. St. Paul¹

I DREAM'D that, with a passionate complaint,
I wish'd me born amid God's deeds of might;
And envied those who had the presence bright
Of gifted Prophet and strong-hearted Saint²,
Whom my heart loves, and Fancy strives to paint.
I turn'd, when straight a stranger met my sight,
Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was, and grave,---so meek in mien,
It seem'd untrue, or told a purpose weak:
Yet, in the mood, he could with aptness speak,
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden pride:---
Then came a voice,---"St. Paul is at thy side."

Off Sardinia. June 20, 1833.

¹St. Paul] First published in *BrMag*, June 1835. In *OC*, titled, "St. Paul to the Uninitiated"; in *LA*, titled the same under the topical heading, "Hidden Saints". In *OC*, *BrMag*, and *LA*, the poem also includes as a motto *2 Corinthians* 12:20, the phrase from

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

Cf. 1 *Corinthians* 2:1, where St. Paul says, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God." Also cf. Newman's sermon "Christ Hidden from the World" (*PPS*, vol. 4, no. 16):

They do all they can to change themselves, to become like God, to obey God, to discipline themselves, to renounce the world; but they do it in secret, both because God tells them so to do, and because they do not like it to be known. Moreover, there are a number of others between these two with more or less of worldliness and more or less of faith. Yet they all look about the same, to common eyes, because true religion is a hidden life in the heart; and though it cannot exist without deeds, yet these are for the most part secret deeds, secret charities, secret prayers, secret self-denials, secret struggles, secret victories. (243)

²Saint] In *LA*, "saint" is not capitalized. After he converted, Newman changed many such words to being capitalized, due to the greater reverence of the Catholic Church for saints, etc.

98. Flowers Without Fruit¹

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

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

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

Off Sardinia. June 20, 1833.

¹Flowers Without Fruit] First published in *BrMag*, August 1836. In *OC*, *BrMag*, and *LA*, titled "Words Without Deeds."

Cf. Newman's Sermon "Surrender to God" (*FP*, no. 5):

Knowledge is very well in its place, but it is like flowers without fruit. We cannot feed on knowledge, we cannot thrive on knowledge. Just as the leaves of the grove are very beautiful but would make a bad meal, so we shall ever be hungry and never be satisfied if we think to take knowledge for our food. Knowledge is no food. Religion is our only food.

Also cf. Newman's Sermon "Religious Emotion" (*PPS*, vol. 1, no. 14). According to Ian Ker's biography, on his return trip Newman wrote in a letter that he despised 'sentimentality' and was 'up in arms against the Shelleyism of the day, which resolves religion into feeling, and makes it possible for bad men to have holy thoughts. Doubtless no religious emotion is worth a straw, or rather it is pernicious, if it does not lead to *practice*' (72).

99. Zeal and Meekness¹

CHRIST bade His followers take the sword;
And yet He chid the deed,
When Peter seized upon His word,²
And made a foe to bleed.³

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

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

Off Sardinia. June 20, 1833.

¹Zeal and Meekness] First published in *BrMag*, June 1835. In *LA*, titled, "The Gospel Sword". In *LA*, there is 1 *Kings* 19:17 for the motto: "Him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu, shall Elisha slay".

Cf. Newman's sermons "Christian Zeal" (*PPS*, vol. 2, no. 31) and "Jewish Zeal, a Pattern for Christians" (*PPS*, vol. 3, no. 13).

²Peter seized upon His word] Cf. *John* 18:10; When the High Priest has come to the Garden of Gethsemane, Peter takes a sword and strikes the ear off of the High Priest's servant, but Christ rebukes him for it.

³Christ . . . bleed] For lines 1-4, *OC* is strikingly different, "Christ's lot true-hearted Martha shares, / For us a type of sin; / Of souls who boast of sacred cares, / Yet love earth's dust and din."

100. Vexations¹

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

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fail,²
May not He pitying view, and send relief
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts prevail?

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard course
Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.³
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

Off Sardinia. June 21, 1833.

¹Vexations] First published in *BrMag*, July 1834.

²sparrow fail] Cf. *Matthew* 10:29

³Of Thomas . . . trust.] Cf. *John* 20:25-29. The apostle Thomas doubts when told that Christ is risen. Not until he sees Christ and puts his hands into his side does he believe. Cf. Newman's sermon "Faith Without Sight" (*PPS*, vol. 2, no. 2).

101. The Church in Prayer¹

WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,
Hard by the barren sea,
Thou Saint! when many a sinner calls
To preach and set him free?

Can this be he, who erst confess'd
For Christ affection keen,

Now truant in untimely rest,
The mood of an Essene?²

Yet he who at the sixth hour sought
The lone house-top to pray,
There gain'd a sight beyond his thought,
The dawn of Gentile day.

Then reckon not, when perils lour,
The time of prayer mis-spent;
Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,
Without its heavenward bent.

Off Sardinia. June 21, 1833.

¹The Church in Prayer] First published in *BrMag*, January 1834. In *OC*, titled "St. Peter at Joppa". In *BrMag* and *LA*, it had *Isaiah* 64:5 as a motto: "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in Thy ways."

Cf. *Acts* 10 for the story of the vision St. Peter had while praying on the roof-top. Also cf. Newman's sermon "The Daily Service" (*Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. 3, no. 21):

[St. Peter] had learned from his Saviour's pattern not to think prayer a loss of time. . . . And, in one memorable passage of his history, he received a revelation of a momentous and most gracious truth, when he was at his prayers. Who would not have said that he was wasting his time, when he retired to the house of Simon at Joppa, for many days, and went up upon the housetop to pray, about the sixth hour? Was that, it might be asked, the part of an Apostle, whose commission was to preach the Gospel? Was he thus burying his light, instead of meeting the exigencies of the time? Yet, there God met him, and put a word in his mouth. (304-05)

²mood of an Essene] The Essenes were essentially monastic Jews, existing in Palestine from the 2nd Century B.C. to the 2nd Century A.D.

102. The Wrath to Come¹

"From His mouth came out a sharp two-edged sword."²

WHEN first God stirr'd me, and the Church's word
Came as a theme of reverent search and fear,
It little cost to own the lustre clear
Of truths she taught, of rite and rule she stored;
For conscience craved, and reason did accord.

Yet one there was that wore a mien austere,
And I did doubt, and startled, ask'd to hear
Whose mouth had force to edge so sharp a sword.
My mother oped her trust, the holy Book;
And heal'd my pang. She pointed, and I found
Christ on Himself, considerate Master, took
The utterance of that doctrine's fearful sound.
The Fount of Love His servants sends to tell
Love's deeds; Himself reveals the sinner's hell.

Off Sardinia. June 21, 1833.

¹The Wrath to Come] First published in *BrMag*, April 1835. Titled "Eternal Punishment" in *OC*.

In "Cardinal Newman: A Retrospect of Fifty Years, by one of his oldest living disciples"(Burns & Oates, London, 1891), William Lockhart said of Newman, "I remember him once saying that eternal punishment was to him of all Christian doctrines the most overwhelming; that not reason alone, but faith only, in God having revealed it by an infallible authority, could accept it"(11).

² "From His mouth . . ."] *Revelations* 1:16, an apocalyptic reference to Christ.

103. Pusillanimity¹

"I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"²

How didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow!
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid,
Beneath the Ascetic's port, and Preacher's fire,
Flow'd forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be chief, not thou.³

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

At Sea. June 22, 1833.

¹Pusillanimity] First published in *BrMag*, December 1834. In *OC*, titled, “John the Baptist baptizing Christ”; in *LA*, “The Baptist”.

²“I have need to be baptized . . .”] *Matthew* 3:14, John the Baptist’s words when Christ asks him for baptism.

³He might be chief, not thou.] Cf. *John* 3:30: “He must increase, but I must decrease”.

104. James and John¹

TWO brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;²
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

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

Christ heard; and will'd that James should fall,
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.³

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

At Sea. June 22, 1833.

¹James and John] First published in *BrMag*, June 1835. James and John are two of Christ’s apostles, whose mother asks Christ if one can sit on his right hand and the other on his left hand in heaven. Christ asks them if they are able to drink the cup that he will drink and be baptized with his baptism, and they reply that they are. Christ affirms that they will drink his cup, etc., but that his right and left hand thrones are not his to give (*Matthew* 20:20-23).

In Newman’s sermon “The Ventures of Faith”(*PPS*, vol. 4, no. 20), he writes,

St. James was given strength to be steadfast unto death, the death of martyrdom; being slain with the sword in Jerusalem. St. John, his brother, had still more to bear, dying last of the Apostles, as St. James first. He had to hear bereavement, first, of his brother, then of the other Apostles. He

had to bear a length of years in loneliness, exile, and weakness. He had to experience the dreariness of being solitary, when those whom he loved had been summoned away. He had to live in his own thoughts, without familiar friend, with those only about him who belonged to a younger generation. (304)

²David's royal Son] Christ, the Son of David.

³John . . . bloodless age] St. John was the only apostle not to die a martyr's death. Tradition holds he and the Virgin Mary moved to Ephesus, and that he was eventually banished to the island of Patmos, where he wrote *Revelations*.

105. Hora Novissima¹

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

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

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my labouring breath
From out her Sacred shrine.

And let the cross beside my bed
In its dread Presence rest:
And let the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

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

At Sea. June 22, 1833.

¹Hora Novissima] Translated *Last Hours*. First published in *BrMag*, February 1834. In *BrMag*, titled "Peace"; in *LA*, "Death"; in *VRS*, "Last Sacraments" Newman revised the poem so extensively that it is practically necessary to present each version separately. Cf.

the beginning stanzas of "The Dream of Gerontius" for similar verse about *Hora Novissima* .

In *BrMag*:

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy solemn word,
To loose this mortal coil,
Grant I may then be found, O Lord!
Upon a Christian soil.

I ask not in that hour to be,
Circled by friends and kin.
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee
Lose I such grace or win.

But let my failing limbs beneath
Thy church's smile recline;
My name, in sickness and in death
Heard in her Sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
In its meet emblem rest:
And may th'absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid;
But He, who taught His own
To live as one, them also made
To fear to die alone.

In *LA*:

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

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

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

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

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

In *VRS*:

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy solemn word,
And my last hour is come,
Deal me they gracious stroke, O Lord,
Within a Christian home.

I pray not, friends or youth may be,
Or kindred, standing by,---
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee
To grant me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
My name in sickness and in death
From out her Sacred shrine.

And let the cross beside my bed
In its dread Presence rest:
And may the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

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

106. Progress of Unbelief^d

NOW is the Autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the wind's strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,

Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
Unanswer'd here; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my Country, now gross hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's throne.

At Sea. June 23, 1833.

¹Progress of Unbelief] First published in *BrMag*, November 1835. In *LA*, titled "Autumn" under the topical heading, "Profaneness". Cf. Newman's sermon "The Religion of the Day" (*PPS*, vol. 1, no. 24).

107. Consolation¹

"It is I; be not afraid."²

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delay'd,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
"'Tis I; be not afraid!"

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

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

And oh! when judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
"'Tis Christ; He comes to save."

At Sea. June 23, 1833.

¹Consolation] First published in *BrMag*, November 1833. In *BrMag*, titled, “It is I; Be Not Afraid”; in *LA*, titled, “Be Not Afraid”.

²“It is I; be not afraid.”] *Matthew* 14:27, Christ’s words to his apostles after they see him walking upon the waters and think he is a ghost.

108. Uzzah and Obed-Edom¹

THE ark of God has hidden strength;
Who reverence or profane,
They, or their seed, shall find at length
The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
Of old its destined place,
A blessing on the home it brought
Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all
The holy-vestured band,
Who laid on it, to save its fall,
A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the Church would cleanse, and mark
How stern the warning runs;
There are two ways to aid her ark---
As patrons, and as sons.

At Sea. June 24, 1833.

¹Uzzah and Obed-Edom] First published in *BrMag*, September 1833. For the story of Uzzah and Obed-Edom, cf. 2 *Samuel* 6:3-12:

And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house . . . Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab, drave the new cart. . . . And when they came to Nachon's threshingfloor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the LORD was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God. And David was displeased, because the LORD had made a breach upon Uzzah: and he called the name of the place Perezuzzah to this day. And David was afraid of the LORD that day, and said, How shall the ark of the LORD come to me? So David would not remove the ark of the LORD unto him into the city of David: but David carried it aside into the house of Obedom the Gittite.

And the ark of the LORD continued in the house of Obededom the Gittite three months: and the LORD blessed Obededom, and all his household. And it was told king David, saying, The LORD hath blessed the house of Obededom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God.

109. The Gift of Tongues¹

ONCE cast with men of language strange
And foreign-moulded creed,
I mark'd their random converse change,
And sacred themes succeed.

Oh, how I coveted the gift
To thread their mingled throng
Of sounds, then high my witness lift
But weakness chain'd my tongue.

Lord! has our dearth of faith and prayer
Lost us this power once given
Or is it sent at seasons rare
And then flits back to heaven?

At Sea. June 24, 1833.

¹The Gift of Tongues] First published in *BrMag*, February 1836. In *LA*, titled, "Conversion". Cf. *Acts* 2:1-14.

110. The Power of Prayer¹

THERE is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace;
So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
Some loosening of his chains,
And earnest of the great release, which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.
All may save self;---but minds that heavenward tower
Aim at a wider power
Gifts on the world to shower.---
And this is not at once;---by fastings gain'd,
And trials well sustain'd,
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toil of love,
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

At Sea. June 24, 1833.

¹The Power of Prayer] First published in *BrMag*, August 1835. In *LA*, titled, “The Strength of Grace”. In *BrMag* and *LA*, it had *James* 5:16 as its motto: “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

Cf. Newman’s Sermon “Religious Worship a Remedy for Excitements”(PPS, vol. 3, no. 23):

Doubt not the power of faith and prayer to effect all things with God. However you try, you cannot do works to compare with those which faith and prayer accomplish in the name of Christ. Did you give your body to be burned, and all your goods to feed the poor, you could not do so much as by continual intercession. Few are rich, few can suffer for Christ; all may pray. Were you an Apostle of the Church, or a Prophet, you could not do more than you can do by the power of prayer. (348)

111. *Semita Justorum*¹

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burn'd, or guided some new way;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sink uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

At Sea. June 25, 1833.

¹*Semita Justorum*] First published in *BrMag*, November 1834. In *BrMag*, titled, “Providences”; in *LA*, “Discipline”; in *VRS* “Progress”. *Semita Justorum* is Latin for *Path of the Just*. Cf. *Proverbs* 4:18: “But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

112. The Elements¹

(A Tragic Chorus)

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

But o'er the elements
 One Hand alone,
 One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
Or who has eye to trace
 How the Plague came?
Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore?

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

At Sea. June 25, 1833.

¹The Elements] First published in *BrMag*, May 1836. In *LA*, titled the same under the topical heading, “Ambition”. This poem might seem seriously dated, as some of the impossibilities Newman mentions are no longer regarded as such, thanks to modern science. However, the basic truth arguably still applies—man can only understand and manipulate nature to a certain extent; the ultimate causes of things still lie beyond his reach, and each new discovery opens mans eyes to further inscrutabilities.

113. The Apostasy¹

FRANCE! I will think of thee as what thou wast,
When Poitiers show'd her zeal for the true creed;²
Or in that age, when Holy Truth, though cast
On a rank soil, yet was a thriving seed,
Thy schools within, from neighbouring countries chased;
E'en of thy pagan day I bear to read,
Thy Martyrs sanctified the guilty host,
The sons of blessèd John³, rear'd on a western Coast.

I dare not think of thee as what thou art,
Lest thoughts too deep for man should trouble me.
It is not safe to place the mind and heart
On brink of evil, or its flames to see,
Lest they should dizzy, or some taint impart,
Or to our sin a fascination be.
And so in silence I will now proclaim
Hate of thy present self, and scarce will sound thy name.*

Off the French coast. June 26, 1833.

*This is not the language of one who knew any thing rightly of that great Catholic and highly gifted people.

¹Apostacy] First published in *BrMag*, March 1836. Titled “France” in *OC*.

²Poitiers . . . zeal for the true creed;] There was a school founded in Poitiers as early as 312 A.D., and in the Middle Ages a university. St. Hilary would study at Poitiers and later become Bishop of the Diocese in 350 A.D., combating Arianism. St. Martin of Tours, a disciple of Hilary, who founded the first known monastic community in France, would also become Bishop of the diocese and combat Arianism (Catholic Encyclopedia). Cf. Chapter 10, “Martin and Maximus”, of Newman’s *Church of the Fathers*.

³sons of blessed John] Perhaps Newman refers to the fact that the church founded in Poitiers by St. Hilary was dedicated to St. John (and St. Paul) (Catholic Encyclopedia).

114. Judaism¹

(A Tragic Chorus.)

O PITEOUS race!
Fearful to look upon,
Once standing in high place,
Heaven's eldest son.
O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou flittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,²
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;*
Wrong'd, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honour'd in his end.

O Abraham! sire,
Shamed in thy progeny;³
Who to thy faith aspire,
Thy Hope deny.
Well wast thou given
From out the heathen an adopted heir,⁴
Raised strangely from the dead when sin had slain
Thy former-cherish'd care.
O holy men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven
Polluted in your kin,
Come to our fonts, your lustre to regain.
O Holiest Lord! ... but Thou canst take no stain
Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
Proffer of precious cost
Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
Ere all was lost.
The first prevail'd;
Moses was outcast from the promised home,
For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer
To change his people's doom.⁵
Close on their eve, one other ask'd and fail'd;
When fervent Paul was fain
The accursèd tree, as Christ had borne, to bear,⁶

No hopeful answer came,---a Price more rare
Already shed in vain.⁷

Of Marseilles Harbour. June 27, 1833.

*Vide the Oedipus Coloneus of Sophocles

¹Judaism] First published in *BrMag*, April 1835. In *BrMag*, titled "The Jews". For Newman's views on Judaism in his day, see his sermons "Judaism of the Present Day" (*PPS*, vol. 6, no. 13) and "The Principle of Continuity between the Jewish and Christian Churches" (*SSD*, no. 15).

²The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind] As Newman's own footnote mentions, this is Sophocles' Oedipus. Oedipus is thus like the Jews, in Newman's conception, because he saves his people from the plague-curse by exiling himself, just as the Jews are cut off from grace so that the Gentiles may be grafted on. Cf. *Romans* 11.

³Abraham! Sire . . . progeny] Cf. *Romans* 9:7. The Jews are called the "seed of Abraham".

⁴an adopted heir] The Gentiles. Cf. *Romans* 11.

⁵Moses . . . doom] Cf. *Exodus* 32:31-32, where Moses pleads with God to spare the Israelites after they have worshipped a golden calf: "And Moses returned unto the LORD, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin--; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." Cf. *Deuteronomy* 32:49-52 for Moses' being "outcast from the promised home".

⁶fervent Paul was fain . . . to bear] Cf. *Romans* 9:1-4, where St. Paul says, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh: who are Israelites."

⁷a Price more rare / Already shed in vain] Christ's sacrifice on the cross.

115. Separation of Friends¹

DO not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone

By Eden's Angel flame,
 But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
 That crown, which was his aim.
 For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
 About his silent bier²,
 A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
 And Hope and sacred Fear.
 Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
 Hope raised her chalice high,
 And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
 View'd in the mourner's eye.
 So day by day for him from earth ascends,
 As steam in summer-even,
 The speechless intercession of his friends,
 Toward the azure heaven.
 Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
 And turning prayer to praise.
 And other secrets too he could declare,
 By patterns all divine,
 His earthly creed retouching here and there,
 And deepening every line.
 Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
 And yet we both refrain:
 It were not good: a little doubt below,
 And all will soon be plain.*

Marseilles. June 27, 1833.

*The last twelve lines were added after Feb. 28, 1836, the date of R. Hurrell Froude's³ death.

¹Separation of Friends] First published in *BrMag*, September 1836; appeared in the appendix of the first edition of *VVO*, and in all editions thereafter. In *LA*, titled "Separation" under the topical heading, "Waiting for Christ". In *BrMag*, the poem had *Daniel* 12:6 as a motto: "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?"

²bier] a stand on which a corpse or coffin is placed, or a coffin together with the stand.

³R. Hurrell Froude] Richard Hurrell Froude was one of Newman's dearest friends in the years prior to and early in the Oxford Movement before tuberculosis took his life. Though he did not die in the Roman Catholic Church, he did much to engender sympathy for it in Newman. In the *Apologia*, Newman writes that "from Froude I learned to admire

the great medieval Pontiffs” and “All the world was astounded at what Froude and I were saying: men said that it was sheer Popery”(154,156).

116. The Priestly Office. From St. Gregory Nazianzen.¹

IN service o'er the Mystic Feast I stand;
I cleanse Thy victim-flock, and bring them near
In holiest wise, and by a bloodless rite.
O fire of Love! O gushing Fount of Light!
(As best I know, who need Thy pitying Hand)
Dread office this, bemired souls to clear
Of their defilement, and again made bright.

Oxford. 1834.

¹St. Gregory Nazianzen] See poem 87, “St. Gregory Nazianzen”. This translation from St. Gregory Nazianzen and the next four (poems 116-120) first appeared in Ch. 4 of *Church of the Fathers (Historical Sketches, vol. 2, 1840)*.

117. Morning. From St. Gregory Nazianzen.

I RISE and raise my clasped hands to Thee!
Henceforth, the darkness hath no part in me,
Thy sacrifice this day;
Abiding firm, and with a freeman's might
Stemming the waves of passion in the fight;---
Ah, should I from Thee stray,
My hoary head, Thy table where I bow,
Will be my shame, which are mine honour now.
Thus I set out;---Lord! lead me on my way!

Oxford. 1834.

118. Evening. From St. Gregory Nazianzen.

O HOLIEST Truth! how have I lied to Thee!
I vow'd this day Thy festival should be:
But I am dim ere night.
Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem
That I could keep in me Thy morning beam,
Immaculate and bright.
But my foot slipp'd; and, as I lay, he came,

My gloomy foe, and robbed me of heaven's flame.
Help Thou my darkness, Lord, till I am light.

Oxford. 1834.

119. A Hermitage. ¹ From St. Gregory Nazianzen

SOME one whisper'd yesterday,
Of the rich and fashionable,
Gregory in his own small way
Easy was and comfortable.

Had he not of wealth his fill
Whom a garden gay did bless,
And a gently trickling rill,
And the sweets of idleness?

I made answer:---"Is it ease
Fasts to keep and tears to shed,
Vigil hours and wounded knèes,
Call you these a pleasant bed?"

Thus a veritable monk
Does to death his fleshly frame;
Be there who in sloth are sunk,
They have forfeited the name.

Oxford. 1834.

¹A Hermitage] For Newman's views of the monastic life, see his "The Mission of St. Benedict". Also cf. poem 16, "For Another Small Album".

120. The Married and the Single. A Fragment from St. Gregory Nazianzen.

AS, when the hand some mimic form would paint,
It marks its purpose first in shadows faint,
And next, its store of varied hues applies,
Till outlines fade, and the full limbs arise;
So in the earlier school of sacred lore
The Virgin-life no claim of honour bore,
While in Religion's youth the Law held sway,
And traced in symbols dim that better way.
But, when the Christ came by a Virgin-birth,---

His radiant passage from high heaven to earth,---
 And, spurning father for His mortal state,
 Did Eve and all her daughters consecrate,
 Solved fleshly laws, and in the letter's place
 Gave us the Spirit and the Word of Grace,
 Then shone the glorious Celibate¹ at length,
 Robed in the dazzling lightnings of its strength,
 Surpassing spells of earth and marriage vow,
 As soul the body, heaven this world below,
 The eternal peace of saints life's troubled span,
 And the high throne of God, the haunts of man.
 So now there circles round the King of Light
 A heaven on earth, a blameless court and bright,
 Aiming as emblems of their God to shine,
 Christ in their heart, and on their brow His Sign,---
 Soft funeral lights in the world's twilight dim,
 Loving their God, and ever loved by Him.

Ye countless multitudes, content to bow
 To the soft thralldom of the marriage vow!
 I mark your haughty step, your froward gaze,
 Gems deck your hair, and silk your limbs arrays;
 Come, tell the gain which wedlock has conferr'd
 On man; and then the single shall be heard.

The married many thus might plead, I ween²;
 Right glib their tongue, full confident their mien:---
 "Hear all who live! to whom the nuptial rite
 Has brought the privilege of life and light.
 We, who are wedded, but the law obey
 Stamp'd at creation on our blood and clay,
 What time the Demiurge³ our line began,
 Oped Adam's side, and out of man drew man.
 Thenceforth let children of a mortal sod
 Honour the law of earth, the primal law of God.

"List, you shall hear the gifts of price that lie
 Gathered and bound within the marriage-tie.
 What taught the arts of life, the truths which sleep
 In earth, or highest heaven, or vasty deep?
 What fill'd the mart, and urged the vessel brave
 To link in one fair countries o'er the wave?
 What raised the town? what gave the type and germ
 Of social union, and of sceptre firm?
 What the first husbandman, the glebe⁴ to plough,
 And rear the garden, but the marriage vow?

"Nay, list again! Who seek its kindly chain,
A second self, a double presence gain;
Hands, eyes, and ears, to act or suffer here,
Till e'en the weak inspire both love and fear;---
A comrade's sigh, to soothe when cares annoy,
A comrade's smile, to elevate his joy.

"Nor say it weds us to a carnal life,
When want is urgent, fears and vows are rife.
Light heart is his, who has no yoke at home,
Scant prayer for blessings, as the seasons come;
But wife, and offspring, goods which go or stay,
Teach us our need, and make us trust and pray.
Take love away, and life would be defaced,
A ghastly vision on a howling waste,
Stern, heartless, reft of the sweet spells which swage⁵
The throes of passion, and which gladden age.
No child's sweet pranks, once more to make us young;
No ties of place about our heart-strings flung;
No public haunts to cheer; no festive tide
When harmless mirth and smiling wit preside;
A life which scorns the gifts by heaven assign'd,
Nor knows the sympathy of human kind.

"Prophets and teachers, priests and victor kings,
Deck'd with each grace which heaven-taught nature brings,
These were no giant offspring of the earth,
But to the marriage-promise owed their birth:---
Moses and Samuel, David, David's Son⁶,
The blessed Tishbite⁷, the more blessed John⁸,
The sacred Twelve in apostolic choir,
Strong-hearted Paul, instinct with seraph fire,
And others, now or erst, who to high heaven aspire.
Bethink ye; should the single state be best,
Yet who the single, but my offspring blest?
My sons, be still, nor with your parents strive:
They coupled in their day, and so ye live."

Thus marriage pleads. Now let her rival speak---
Dim is her downcast eye, and pale her cheek;
Untrimm'd her gear; no sandals on her feet;
A sparest form for austere tenant meet.
She drops her veil her modest face around,
And her lips open, but we hear no sound.
I will address her:---"Hail, O child of Heaven,

Glorious within! to whom a post is given
 Hard by the Throne where angels bow and fear,
 E'en while thou hast a name and mission here,
 O deign thy voice, unveil thy brow and see
 Thy ready guard and minister in me.
 Oft hast thou come heaven-wafted to my breast,
 Bright Spirit! so come again, and give me rest."
 ... "Ah, who has hither drawn my backward feet,
 Changing for worldly strife my lone retreat?
 Where, in the silent chant of holy deeds,
 I praise my God, and tend the sick soul's needs;
 By toils of day, and vigils of the night,
 By gushing tears, and blessed lustral rite.
 I have no sway amid the crowd, no art
 In speech, no place in council or in mart.
 Nor human law, nor judges throned on high,
 Smile on my face, and to my words reply.
 Let others seek earth's honours; be it mine
 One law to cherish, and to track one line,
 Straight on towards heaven to press with single bent,
 To know and love my God, and then to die content."

Oxford. 1834.

¹glorious Celibate] Christ

²ween] *believe* (archaic)

³Demiurge] In general, a *creative force*, though historically the term has more specific Platonic and Gnostic meanings.

⁴glebe] *a plot of cultivated land* (archaic)

⁵swage] *assuage*

⁶David's son] Solomon

⁷The blessed Tishbite] the prophet Elijah. Cf. 1 *Kings* 17:1.

⁸the more blessed John] John the Baptist. Cf. *Luke* 7:28, where Christ says, "For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he."

121. Intercession of the Saints¹

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

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

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

Oxford. September 4, 1835.

¹Intercession of the Saints] First published in *BrMag*, October 1835. For the source of this poem, see *Exodus* 24, 32.

122. Waiting for the Morning¹

"Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animæ nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneæ
Visioni Beatæ."²
Bedæ Hist. v.

THEY are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river³, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
 Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
 Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

Oxford. 1835.

¹ Waiting for the Morning] First published in *BrMag*, October 1835.

²“Quoddam . . . beatae.”] “Where, as if in a field, in which their spirits were suffering nothing, they were staying, not yet worthy of the Beatific Vision”. Cf. Newman’s sermon “The Intermediate State”(PPS, vol. 3, no. 25) for an explanation of the idea that sanctified souls wait in Eden for the Beatific Vision: “there is an incompleteness also as regards their place of rest. . . . Not in the full presence of God, seeing His face, and rejoicing in His works, but in a safe and holy treasure-house close by . . . This is elsewhere expressed by the use of the word "paradise," or the garden of Eden; which . . . though pure and peaceful, visited by Angels and by God Himself, was not heaven”(373-4).

³fourfold river] Cf. *Genesis* 2:10: “And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.”

123. Matins—Sunday*¹

Primo die, quo Trinitas.²

TO-DAY the Blessed Three in One
 Began the earth and skies;
To-day a Conqueror, God the Son,
 Did from the grave arise;
We too will wake, and, in despite
Of sloth and languor, all unite,
As Psalmists bid, through the dim night,
 Waiting with wistful eyes.

So may He hear, and heed each vow
And prayer to Him address;
And grant an instant cleansing now,
A future glorious rest.
So may He plentifully shower,
On all who hymn His love and power,
In this most still and sacred hour,
His sweetest gifts and best.

Father of purity and light!
Thy presence if we win,
'T will shield us from the deeds of night,
The burning darts of sin;
Lest aught defiled or dissolute
Relax our bodies or imbrute,
And fires eternal be the fruit
Of fire now lit within.

Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,
The ever-gushing spring
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer
Souls sick and sorrowing.
Thee, bounteous Father, we entreat,
And Only Son, awful and sweet,
And life-creating Paraclete,
The everlasting King.

*These Hymns are all free translations, made in 1836-8, from the Roman Breviary, except two, which are from the Parisian.

¹Matins--Sunday] Newman was introduced to the Roman Breviary as an Anglican, and before converting he used it extensively, both privately and for his quasi-monastic community at Littlemore. In the *Apologia* he mentions how he came across it:

It was an apparent accident which introduced me to the knowledge of that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of saints. On Hurrell Froude's death, in 1836, I was asked to select one of his books as a keepsake. I selected Butler's Analogy; finding that it had been already chosen, I looked with some perplexity along the shelves as they stood before me, when an intimate friend at my elbow said, "Take that." It was the Breviary which Hurrell had had with him at Barbados. Accordingly I took it, studied it, wrote my Tract from it, and have it on my table in constant use till this day. (173)

In Tract 75, "On the Roman Breviary as Embodying the Substance of the Devotional Services of the Church Catholic," Newman attempted to justify Anglican use of the Roman Breviary by stating that Roman Catholics "appropriated to themselves a treasure which was ours as much as theirs"(1).

²Primo die, quo Trinitas] Generally speaking, the Latin headings to the Breviary hymns are the first lines of the hymns.

124. Matins--Sunday

Nocte surgentes.

LET us arise, and watch by night,
And meditate always;
And chant, as in our Maker's sight,
United hymns of praise.

So, singing with the Saints in bliss,
With them we may attain
Life everlasting after this,
And heaven for earthly pain.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

125. Matins--Monday

Somno reffectis artubus.

SLEEP has refresh'd our limbs, we spring
From off our bed, and rise;
Lord, on Thy suppliants, while they sing,
Look with a Father's eyes.

Be Thou the first on every tongue,
The first in every heart;
That all our doings all day long,
Holiest! from Thee may start.

Cleanse Thou the gloom, and bid the light
Its healing beams renew;
The sins, which have crept in with night,

With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburthen Thou,
Let nothing there offend;
That those who hymn Thy praises now
May hymn them to the end.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

126. Matins--Tuesday

Consors Paterni luminis.

O GOD from God, and Light from Light,
Who art Thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of night;
Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,
The thronging shades of hell,
The sloth and drowsiness that bind
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,
Who, in this hour forlorn,
By faith in what they do not see,
With songs prevent the morn.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

127. Matins--Wednesday

Rerum, Creator optime.

WHO madest all and dost control,
Lord, with Thy touch divine,
Cast out the slumbers of the soul,
The rest that is not Thine.

Look down, Eternal Holiness,
And wash the sins away,

Of those, who, rising to confess,
Outstrip the lingering day.

Our hearts and hands by night, O Lord,
We lift them in our need;
As holy Psalmists give the word,
And holy Paul the deed.

Each sin to Thee of years gone by,
Each hidden stain lies bare;
We shrink not from Thine awful eye,
But pray that Thou wouldst spare.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

128. Matins--Thursday

Nox atra rerum contegit.

ALL tender lights, all hues divine
The night has swept away;
Shine on us, Lord, and we shall shine
Bright in an inward day.

The spots of guilt, sin's wages base,
Searcher of hearts, we own;
Wash us and robe us in Thy grace,
Who didst for sins atone.

The sluggard soul, that bears their mark,
Shrinks in its silent lair,
Or gropes amid its chambers dark
For Thee, who art not there.

Redeemer! send Thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in Thee.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

129. Matins--Friday

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

MAY the dread Three in One, who sways
All with His sovereign might,
Accept us for this hymn of praise,
His watchers in the night.

For in the night, when all is still,
We spurn our bed and rise,
To find the balm for ghostly ill,
His bounteous hand supplies.

If e'er by night our envious foe
With guilt our souls would stain,
May the deep streams of mercy flow,
And make us white again;

That so with bodies braced and bright,
And hearts awake within,
All fresh and keen may burn our light,
Undimm'd, unsoil'd by sin.

Shine on Thine own, Redeemer sweet!
Thy radiance increate
Through the long day shall keep our feet
In their pure morning state.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

130. Matins--Saturday

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

FATHER of mercies infinite,
Ruling all things that be,
Who, shrouded in the depth and height,
Art One, and yet art Three;

Accept our chants, accept our tears,
A mingled stream we pour;
Such stream the laden bosom cheers,
To taste Thy sweetness more.

Purge Thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,
Its sores and wounds profound;
And with the watcher's girdle bind
The limbs which sloth has bound.

That they who with their chants by night
Before Thy presence come,
All may be fill'd with strength and light
From their eternal home.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

131. Lauds--Sunday

Æterne rerum conditor.

FRAMER of the earth and sky,
Ruler of the day and night,
With a glad variety,
Tempering all, and making light;

Gleams upon our dark path flinging,
Cutting short each night begun,
Hark! for chanticleer is singing,
Hark! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,
And lets loose the imprison'd day;
And the godless bandit flies
From his haunt and from his prey.

Shrill it sounds, the storm relenting
Soothes the weary seaman's ears;
Once it wrought a great repenting,
In that flood of Peter's tears.

Rouse we; let the blithesome cry
Of that bird our hearts awaken;
Chide the slumberers as they lie,
And arrest the sin-o'ertaken.

Hope and health are in his strain,
To the fearful and the ailing;
Murder sheathes his blade profane,
Faith revives when faith was failing.

Jesu, Master! when we sin,
Turn on us Thy healing face;
It will melt the offence within
Into penitential grace:

Beam on our bewilder'd mind,
Till its dreamy shadows flee;
Stones cry out where Thou hast shined,
Jesu! musical with Thee.

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on Earth be ever given.

132. Lauds--Sunday

Ecce jam noctis.

PALER have grown the shades of night,
And nearer draws the day,
Checkering the sky with streaks of light,
Since we began to pray:

To pray for mercy when we sin,
For cleansing and release,
For ghostly safety, and within
For everlasting peace.

Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the Only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

133. Lauds—Monday

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

OF the Father Effluence bright,
Out of Light evolving light,
Light from Light, unfailing Ray,
Day creative of the day:

Truest Sun, upon us stream
With Thy calm perpetual beam,
In the Spirit's still sunshine
Making sense and thought divine.

Seek we too the Father's face,
Father of almighty grace,
And of majesty excelling,
Who can purge our tainted dwelling;

Who can aid us, who can break
Teeth of envious foes, and make
Hours of loss and pain succeed,
Guiding safe each duteous deed,

And infusing self-control,
Fragrant chastity of soul,
Faith's keen flame to soar on high.
Incorrupt simplicity.

Christ Himself for food be given,
Faith become the cup of Heaven,
Out of which the joy is quaff'd
Of the Spirit's sobering draught.

With that joy replenishèd,
Morn shall glow with modest red,
Noon with beaming faith be bright,
Eve be soft without twilight.

It has dawn'd;---upon our way,
Father in Thy Word, this day,
In Thy Father Word Divine,
From Thy cloudy pillar shine.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

134. Lauds--Tuesday

Ales diei nuntius.

DAY'S herald bird
At length is heard,
Telling its morning torch is lit,
And small and still
Christ's accents thrill,
Within the heart rekindling it.

Away, He cries,
With languid eyes,
And sickly slumbers profitless!
I am at hand,
As watchers stand,
In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear
The hearts to cheer
Of suppliant pale and abstinent
Who cannot sleep
Because they weep
With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,
The fetters break,
Jesu! which night has forged for us;
Yea, melt the night
To sinless light,
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
To the Most Holy Trinity,
All praise be given
In Earth and Heaven,
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

135. Lauds--Wednesday

Nox et tenebræ et nubila.

HAUNTING gloom and flitting shades,
Ghastly shapes, away!
Christ is rising, and pervades
Highest Heaven with day.

He with His bright spear the night
Dazzles and pursues;
Earth wakes up, and glows with light
Of a thousand hues.

Thee, O Christ, and Thee alone,
With a single mind,
We with chant and plaint would own:
To Thy flock be kind.

Much it needs Thy light divine,
Spot and stain to clean;
Light of Angels, on us shine
With Thy face serene.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Holy Ghost,
Here be glory, as is done
By the angelic host.

136. Lauds--Thursday

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

SEE, the golden dawn is glowing,
While the paly shades are going,
Which have led us far and long,
In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene;
May it cleanse, as it is clean;
Plain and clear our words be spoke,
And our thoughts without a cloak;

So the day's account, shall stand.
Guileless tongue and holy hand,

Stedfast eyes and unbeguiled,
"Flesh as of a little child."

There is One who from above
Watches how the still hours move
Of our day of service done,
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

137. Lauds--Friday

Æterna coeli gloria.

GLORY of the eternal Heaven,
Blessed Hope to mortals given,
Of the Almighty Only Son,
And the Virgin's Holy One;
Raise us, Lord, and we shall rise
 In a sober mood,
And a zeal, which glorifies
 Thee from gratitude.

Now the day-star, keenly glancing,
Tells us of the Sun's advancing;
While the unhealthy shades decline,
Rise within us, Light Divine!
Rise, and, risen, go not hence,
 Stay, and make us bright,
Streaming through each cleansèd sense,
 On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread
In the heart new fashionèd;
Gladsome hope shall spring above,
And shall bear the fruit of love.
To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Holy Ghost,
Here be glory, as is done
 By the angelic host.

138. Lauds--Saturday

Aurora jam spargit polum.

THE dawn is sprinkled o'er the sky,
The day steals softly on;
Its darts are scatter'd far and nigh,
And all that fraudulent is, shall fly
Before the brightening sun;
Spectres of ill, that stalk at will,
And forms of guilt that fright,
And hideous sin, that ventures in
Under the cloak of night.

And of our crimes the tale complete,
Which bows us in Thy sight,
Up to the latest, they shall fleet,
Out-told by our full numbers sweet,
And melted by the light.
To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
Whom we adore and love,
Be given all praise, now and always,
Here as in Heaven above.

139. Prime

Jam lucis orto sidere.

*(From the Parisian Breviary)**

NOW that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe,---
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy blessing end.

And, lest the flesh in its excess
Should lord it o'er the soul,
Let taming abstinence repress
The rebel, and control.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His Only Son,
And to the Spirit, One and Three,
While endless ages run.

Littlemore. February, 1842.

**Vide* the Anglo-Norman History of Sir Francis Palgrave (Vol. iii. p. 588), who did the Author the honour of asking him for a translation of this hymn, as also of the *Christe Pastorum, infra*.

140. Terce

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Reignest with Father and with Son,
It is the hour, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let flesh, and heart, and lips, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven.

141. Sext

Rector potens, verax Deus.

O GOD, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours, as they roll by,
Bright'ning with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky,

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

142. None

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Life and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour,

Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in one.

143. Vespers--Sunday

Lucis Creator optime.

FATHER of Lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light;
Thou, who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us with life in view;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at Heaven's door,
And strive the immortal prize to win,
Continually and evermore
Guarded without and pure within.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

144. Vespers--Monday

Immense coeli conditor.

LORD of unbounded space,
Who, lest the sky and main
Should mix, and heaven should lose its place,
Didst the rude waters chain;

Parting the moist and rare,
That rills on earth might flow
To soothe the angry flame, whene'er
It ravens from below;

Pour on us of Thy grace
The everlasting spring;
Lest our frail steps renew the trace
Of the ancient wandering.

May faith in lustre grow,
And rear her star in heaven,
Paling all sparks of earth below,
Unquench'd by damps of even.

Grant it, O Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit of grace,
To whom be glory, Three in One,
In every time and place.

145. Vespers--Tuesday

Telluris alme conditor.

ALL-BOUNTIFUL Creator, who,
When Thou didst mould the world, didst drain
The waters from the mass, that so
Earth might immovable remain;

That its dull clods it might transmute
To golden flowers in vale or wood,
To juice of thirst allaying fruit,
And grateful herbage spread for food;

Wash Thou our smarting wounds and hot,
In the cool freshness of Thy grace;
Till tears start forth the past to blot,
And cleanse and calm Thy holy place;

Till we obey Thy full behest,
Shun the world's tainted touch and breath,
Joy in what highest is and best,
And gain a spell to baffle death.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of Grace;
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

146. Vespers--Wednesday

Coeli Deus sanctissime.

O LORD, who, thron'd in the holy height,
Through plains of ether didst diffuse
The dazzling beams of light,
In soft transparent hues;

Who didst, on the fourth day, in heaven
Light the fierce cresset of the sun,
And the meek moon at even,
And stars that wildly run;

That they might mark and arbitrate
'Twixt alternating night and day,
And tend the train sedate
Of months upon their way;

Clear, Lord, the brooding night within,
And clean these hearts for Thy abode,
Unlock the spell of sin,
Crumble its giant load.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of Grace,
To whom all praise be done
In every time and place.

147. Vespers--Thursday

Magnæ Deus potentiæ.

O GOD, who hast given
The sea and the sky,
To fish and to bird
for a dwelling to keep,
Both sons of the waters,
one low and one high,
Ambitious of heaven,
yet sunk in the deep;

Save, Lord, Thy servants,
whom Thou hast new made
In a laver of blood,

lest they trespass and die;
Lest pride should elate,
or the flesh should degrade,
And they stumble on earth,
or be dizzied on high.

To the Father and Son
And the Spirit be done,
Now and always,
Glory and praise.

148. Vespers--Friday

Hominis superne Conditor.

WHOM all obey,---
Maker of man! who from Thy height
Badest the dull earth bring to light
All creeping things, and the fierce might
Of beasts of prey;---

And the huge make
Of wild or gentler animal,
Springing from nothing at Thy call,
To serve in their due time, and all
For sinners' sake;

Shield us from ill!
Come it by passion's sudden stress,
Lurk in our mind's habitual dress,
Or through our actions seek to press
Upon our will.

Vouchsafe the prize
Of sacred joy's perpetual mood,
And service-seeking gratitude,
And love to quell each strife or feud,
If it arise.

Grant it, O Lord!
To whom, the Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
In heaven and earth all praise be done,
With one accord.

149. Vespers--Saturday

Jam sol recedit igneus.

THE red sun is gone,
Thou Light of the heart,
Blessed Three, Holy One,
To Thy servants a sun
Everlasting impart.

There were Lauds in the morn,
Here are Vespers at even;
Oh, may we adorn
Thy temple new born
With our voices in Heaven.

To the Father be praise,
And praise to the Son
And the Spirit always,
While the infinite days
Of eternity run.

150. Compline

Te lucis ante terminum.

NOW that the day-light dies away,
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

151. Advent--Vespers

Creator alme siderum.

CREATOR of the starry pole,
Saviour of all who live,
And light of every faithful soul,
Jesu, these prayers receive.

Who sooner than our foe malign
Should triumph, from above
Didst come, to be the medicine
Of a sick world, in love;

And the deep wounds to cleanse and cure
Of a whole race, didst go,
Pure Victim, from a Virgin pure,
The bitter Cross unto.

Who hast a Name, and hast a Power,
The height and depth to sway,
And Angels bow, and devils cower,
In transport or dismay;

Thou too shalt be our Judge at length;
Lord, in Thy grace bestow
Thy weapons of celestial strength,
And snatch us from the foe.

Honour and glory, power and praise,
To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, be paid always,
The Eternal Three in One.

152. Advent--Matins

Verbum supernum prodiens.

SUPERNAL, Word, proceeding from
The Eternal Father's breast,
And in the end of ages come,
To aid a world distrest;

Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire
Our spirits with Thy love,
That, dead to earth, they may aspire
And live to joys above.

That, when the judgment-seat on high
Shall fix the sinner's doom,
And to the just a glad voice cry,
Come to your destined home;

Safe from the black and yawning lake
Of restless, endless pain,
We may the face of God partake,
The bliss of heaven attain.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
As heretofore, when time is done,
Unending glory be.

153. Advent--Lauds

En clara vox redarguit.

HARK, a joyful voice is thrilling,
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient Temple filling;
Dreams, depart! for it is day.

Christ is coming!---from thy bed,
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring,---
With the sun new-risen to shed
Health on human suffering.

Lo! to grant a pardon free,
Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven;
Sad and tearful, hasten we,
One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again He comes in light,
Girding each with fear and woe;
Lord! be Thou our loving Might,
From our guilt and ghostly foe.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on earth be ever given.

154. The Transfiguration--Matins

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

O YE who seek the Lord,
Lift up your eyes on high,
For there He doth the Sign accord
Of His bright majesty.

We see a dazzling sight
That shall outlive all time,
Older than depth or starry height,
Limitless and sublime.

'Tis He for Israel's fold
And heathen tribes decreed,
The King to Abraham pledged of old
And his unfailing seed.

Prophets foretold His birth,
And witness'd when He came,
The Father speaks to all the earth
To hear, and own His name.

To Jesus, who displays
To babes His beaming face,
Be, with the Father, endless praise,
And with the Spirit of grace. *Amen.*

155. The Transfiguration--Lauds

Lux alma Jesu.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus, Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

Joyous is he, with whom,
God's Word, Thou dost abide;
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

Brightness of God above!
Unfathomable grace!
Thy Presence be a fount of love
Within Thy chosen place.

To Thee, whom children see,
The Father ever blest,
The Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be endless praise address. *Amen.*

156. For a Martyr

Deus tuorum militum.

O GOD, of Thy soldiers
the Portion and Crown,
Spare sinners who hymn
the praise of the Blest;
Earth's bitter joys,
its lures and its frown,
He scann'd them and scorn'd,
and so is at rest.

Thy Martyr he ran
all valiantly o'er
A highway of blood
for the prize Thou hast given.
We kneel at Thy feet,
and meekly implore,
That our pardon may wait
on his triumph in heaven.

Honour and praise
To the Father and Son
And the Spirit be done
Now and always. *Amen.*

157. For A Confessor Bishop

Christe Pastorum.*

O THOU, of shepherds Prince and Head,
Now on a Bishop's festal-day
Thy flock to many a shrine have sped
Their vows to pay.

He to the high and dreadful throne
Urged by no false inspirings, prest,
Nor on hot daring of his own,
But Thy behest.

And so, that soldier good and tried,
From the full horn of heavenly grace,
Thy Spirit did anoint, to guide
Thy ransom'd race.

And he becomes a father true,
Spending and spent, when troubles fall,
A pattern and a servant too,
All things to all.

His pleading sets the sinner free,
He soothes the sick, he lifts the low,
Powerful in word, deep teacher, he,
To quell the foe.

Grant us, O Christ, his prayers above,
And grace below to sing Thy praise,
The Father's power, the Spirit's love,
Now and always.

Littlemore. February 7, 1842.

*From the Parisian Breviary.

158. Ethelwald. *From St. Bede's Metrical History of St. Cuthbert.*¹

BETWEEN two comrades dear,
Zealous and true as they,
Thou, prudent Ethelwald, didst bear
In that high home the sway.

A man, who ne'er, 'tis said,
Would of his graces tell,
Or with what arms he triumphèd
Over the Dragon fell.

So down to us hath come
A memorable word,
Which in unguarded season from
His blessed lips was heard.

It chanced, that, as the Saint
Drank in with faithful ear
Of Angel tones the whispers faint,
Thus spoke a brother dear:

"Oh, why so many a pause,
Thwarting thy words' full stream,
Till her dark line Oblivion draws
Across the broken theme?"

He answered: "Till thou seal
To sounds of earth thine ear,
Sweet friend, be sure thou ne'er shalt feel
Angelic voices near."

But then the hermit blest
A sudden change came o'er;
He shudders, sobs, and smites his breast,
Is mute, then speaks once more:

"Oh, by the Name Most High,
What I have now let fall,
Hush, till I lay me down to die,
And go the way of all!"

Thus did a Saint in fear
His gifts celestial hide;
Thus did an Angel standing near
Proclaim them far and wide.

Littlemore. 1844.

¹Ethelwald . . . *St. Cuthbert*] First published in the "History of St. Ethelwald" (*Lives of the English Saints*). Ethelwald (d. 700 A.D.) was a hermit who lived on the Island of Farne off the coast of Northumberland, the successor to the abode of St. Cuthbert. For a

fuller context, see the "History of St. Edelwald"(likely written partly by Newman) in *Lives of the English Saints*. The author notes, after quoting Newman's translation of the poem, that "Bede adds that in this respect Edelwald [Ethelwald] presented a remarkable contrast to St. Cuthbert, who, when commemorating the trials of Christians in former ages, was also in the habit of stating to others the sufferings and graces wrought in himself by the mercy of Christ; "thus," he observes, "the One Spirit adorned the two men with distinct gifts, and led them on to one kingdom by a different path"(57-8).

159. Candlemas¹ (A Song.)

THE Angel-lights of Christmas morn,
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,
Although it be divine;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone
Old Simeon's tapers shine.²

And then for eight long weeks and more,
We wait in twilight grey,
Till the high candle sheds a beam
On Holy Saturday.³

We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer;
While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul⁴
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent
And Alleluias o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
And Jesus light in store.

The Oratory. 1849.

¹Candlemas] First published in *VRS*, 1853. Candlemas is a feast-day held February 2nd (fourty days after Christmas) in the Latin-Rite, also known as "The Purification of the

Blessed Virgin” and “The Feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple”. It commemorates the presentation of Christ in the temple as told in *Luke 2:22-39*. According to the Mosaic law, it was customary for a mother to bring her newborn child to the temple and to be purified herself by an offering. Forty days after Christ’s birth, Mary and Joseph bring Christ to the Temple, and they meet Simeon the Just and Anna the Prophetess, who have been waiting for the Lord. The feast received the name “Candlemas” because of the traditional liturgical practice of processing into the church with candles, in representation of Christ, the Light of the World, being brought into the Temple.

²Old Simeon’s tapers shine] According to *Luke 2:26*, it was revealed to Simeon by the Holy Ghost that he would not die before seeing Christ the Lord. At Candlemas it is traditional that the choir sing the “Nunc dimittis”(“Now you are releasing your servant, Master, according to your word, in peace; for my eyes have seen your salvation, which you have prepared before the face of all peoples; a light for revelation to the nations, and the glory of your people Israel,” the words said by Simeon to Christ after seeing him, *Luke 2:29-32*).

³Holy Saturday] The time of Lent, a forty day period of penance, extends from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday, the day before Easter.

⁴the sword in Mary’s soul] In *Luke 2:35*, Simeon tells Mary, “Yes, a sword will pierce through your own soul, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.” This verse is part of the justification for the Catholic belief in the Blessed Virgin Mary as Co-Redemptrix with Christ.

160. The Pilgrim Queen¹ (A Song.)

THERE sat a Lady
 all on the ground,
Rays of the morning
 circled her round,
Save thee, and hail to thee,
 Gracious and Fair,
In the chill twilight
 what wouldst thou there?

"Here I sit desolate,"
 sweetly said she,
"Though I'm a queen,
 and my name is Marie:
Robbers have rifled
 my garden and store,
Foes they have stolen
 my heir from my bower.

"They said they could keep Him
far better than I,
In a palace all His,
planted deep and raised high.
'Twas a palace of ice,
hard and cold as were they,
And when summer came,
it all melted away.

"Next would they barter Him,
Him the Supreme,
For the spice of the desert,
and gold of the stream;
And me they bid wander
in weeds and alone,
In this green merry land
which once was my own."

I look'd on that Lady,
and out from her eyes
Came the deep glowing blue
of Italy's skies;
And she raised up her head
and she smiled, as a Queen
On the day of her crowning,
so bland and serene.

"A moment," she said,
"and the dead shall revive;
The giants are failing,
the Saints are alive;
I am coming to rescue
my home and my reign,
And Peter and Philip²
are close in my train."

The Oratory. 1849.

¹The Pilgrim Queen} First published in *VRS*, 1853. The Pilgrim Queen is the Blessed Virgin Mary. In this regard of Mary as a pilgrim, Newman writes in his *Meditations and Devotions*:

Women, at least delicate women, are commonly shielded from rude experience of the highways of the world; but she, after our Lord's

Ascension, was sent out into foreign lands almost as the Apostles were, a sheep among wolves. In spite of all St. John's care of her, which was as great as was St. Joseph's in her younger days, she, more than all the saints of God, was a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, in proportion to her greater love of Him who *had* been on earth, and had gone away. As, when our Lord was an Infant, she had to flee across the desert to the heathen Egypt, so, when He had ascended on high, she had to go on shipboard to the heathen Ephesus, where she lived and died. (56, 57)

²Peter and Philip] St. Peter the Apostle and St. Philip Neri, Newman's patron saint and founder of the *Oratory of St. Philip Neri* after which Newman's Birmingham Oratory was modelled.

161. The Month of Mary¹ (A Song.)

GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,
And rich the hues of May;
We see them in the gardens round,
And market-paniers gay:
And e'en among our streets, and lanes,
And alleys, we descry,
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,
The blue transparent sky.

Chorus.

O Mother maid, be thou our aid,
Now in the opening year;
Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,
And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
'Twill grow, and then will wither;
The flowrets, brightly as they smile,
Shall perish altogether:
The merry sun, you sure would say,
It ne'er could set in gloom;
But earth's best joys have all an end,
And sin, a heavy doom.

Chorus.

But Mother maid, thou dost not fade;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
For ever throned art thou.

The green green grass, the glittering grove,
The heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high Tree,² all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

Chorus.

O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the Queen of May;
Our garlands wear about thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay.

The Oratory. 1850.

¹The Month of Mary] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In the Roman Catholic liturgical calendar, the month of May is especially dedicated to honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary. For this and the following poem, cf. Newman's "On Mary as the Pattern of the Natural World" in his *Sermon Notes*:

May 1 (Month of Mary 1)
On Mary as the Pattern of the Natural World

1. INTROD.—Why May the month of Mary?
2. Consider what May denotes. It is the youth of the year; its beauty, grace and purity. Next is its fertility; all things bud forth. The virgin and mother.
3. See how the ecclesiastical year answers to it. Our Lord passed His time in the winter—born at Christmas, etc. He struggles on. We sympathise with Him. We fast in Lent—the rough weather continues. He comes to His death and burial when the weather is still bad, yet with promise—fits of better anticipations. He rises; the weather mends; but, as He was not known as risen, not all at once. But at length it is not doubtful. He is a risen king, and, still the weather gets warmer. As a climax May comes, and He gives His mother.

4. Such is the comparison. Nothing so beautiful in the natural world as the season when it opens. Nothing so beautiful in the supernatural as Mary. The more you know of this world the more beautiful you would know it to be—in other climates—beauty of scenery, etc., etc.

5. But this is not all. Alas, the world is so beautiful as to tempt us to idolatry. St. Peter said, 'It is good to be here' [on Mt. Thabor], but 'It is not good to be in the world.' Say 'Hast thou tracked a traveller round,' etc.; all that is so beautiful tempts us. Hence all Nature tends to sin (not in itself), etc.

6. Here then a further reason why the month is given to Mary, viz. in order that we may sanctify the year.

And thus she is a better Eve. Eve, too, in the beginning may be called the May of the year. She was the first-fruits of God's beautiful creation. She was the type of all beauty; but alas! she represented the world also in its fragility. She stayed not in her original creation. Mary comes as a second and holier Eve, having the grace of indefectibility and the gift of perseverance from the first, and teaching us how to use God's gifts without abusing them. (78-9)

Cf. Also Newman's "Mediations on the Litany of Loreto, for the Month of May" for similar thoughts (*Meditations and Devotions*).

²high Tree] Cf. *Revelations* 22:2 and its description of Paradise: "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

162. The Queen of Seasons¹ (A Song for an inclement May.)

ALL is divine
 which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
 till the day when He stay'd;
Above and below,
 within and around,
From the centre of space,
 to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
 the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
 like an innocent child,

Or like the rich bloom
of some delicate flower;
And the Father rejoiced
in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again,
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
the Maker possess'd.

But I know of one work
of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure,
and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months
and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
when they are gone;
And we give to thee May,
not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
and is pledge of the rest.

The Oratory. 1850.

¹The Queen of the Seasons] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In *VRS*, titled, "Mary, the Queen of the Seasons".

163. Valentine to a Little Girl¹

LITTLE maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:---
"Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood,---and nobler still,
For its owner freely pour'd
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine!² I know the name,
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,---
Who before and for them bled,---
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame."

Yes! there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear,---
Such St. Denys³, such St. George⁴,
Martin⁵, Maurice⁶, Theodore⁷,
And a hundred thousand more;
Guerdon⁸ gain'd and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun,
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

¹Valentine to a Little Girl] In Newman's manuscripts, titled "A Valentine". This poem was first published in *The Month*, 1865.

²Valentine] There are at least three Saint Valentines, each martyrs mentioned in the early martyrologies under the date of February 14th. According to legend, one of the Valentine's was a priest or bishop in 3rd century Rome. When the Emperor Claudius II decided that men made better soldiers without wives or families, and thus forbid young unattached men to marry, Valentine married young lovers in secret until his actions were discovered and he was put to death. Perhaps for this reason, St. Valentine became the patron saint of lovers and married couples, though other versions of his life state that he was martyred for assisting other Christians and refusing to renounce his faith.

Pope Gelasius declared February 14th to be the feast of St. Valentine around 498 A.D. According to pagan Roman tradition, February 15th was the feast of Lupercalia, and the day before was dedicated to Juno in celebration of love and marriage. The traditional pagan practice was that on that day, boys would draw the names of girls out of a jar, and whoever they chose would have to be their sexual companion for the extent of the festival, or perhaps even the entire year. Pope Gelasius, displeased at this practice but wanting to make it easier for pagans to adapt to Christianity, began a custom for this day, in which boys and girls would draw the names of saints out of a jar and then imitate whichever saint they chose for the year. Newman seems to have had this custom in mind while writing this poem.

In any case, February 14th continued to be a day where Roman men pursued the love of women by sending love tokens, and this practice continued in the Middle Ages in France and England at least partly from the popular belief that halfway through the month of February (the 14th), the birds begin to pair for mating season; and hence the day should be consecrated to lovers. Chaucer writes in the *Parliament of Foules*: "For this was sent on Seynt Valentyne's day / Whan every foul cometh ther to choose his mate." By the middle of the eighteenth century in England, it was common for both friends and lovers to exchange tokens of affection. In this poem, however, Newman re-consecrates the day, not to romantic love or even friendly affection, but to charity.

³St. Denys] 3rd Century bishop of Paris and martyr, whose feast is celebrated October 9th (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁴St. George] Patron saint of England, whose feast is April 23rd. St. George is most popularly known for the legend that he slew a dragon. There is much conjecture as to who St. George really was and what he really did (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁵Martin] Most likely St. Martin of Tours, third Century Bishop. His feast is celebrated November 11th (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁶Maurice] St. Maurice, leader of the Theban legion which was massacred around 287 A.D. They were called up to Gaul from Africa to help stop an insurrection of the Bagandæ. After the victory, Maximian Herculus ordered that they sacrifice to the gods in thanksgiving, but as the legion was Christian, they refused. Maximian first ordered every tenth man slaughtered, and when they refused again, repeated his first command. After they refused once more, a general massacre ensued. The feast of St. Maurice is celebrated September 22nd. He is popularly represented as a knight in full armor (Catholic Encyclopedia)

⁷Theodore] Most likely St. Theodore of Amasea, burned at the stake in 306 A.D. for refusing to sacrifice to the gods and professing the divinity of Christ under the Emperors Galerius Maximian and Maximin. His feast is celebrated November 9th in the Roman Martyrology (Catholic Encyclopedia).

⁸guerdon] *reward, recompense.*

164. St. Philip Neri in His Mission¹ (A Song.)

IN the far North our lot is cast,²
Where faithful hearts are few;
Still are we Philip children dear,
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome,
Beneath St. Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of loyal love
And ministry was paid.

The solemn porch, and portal high,
Of Peter was thy home;
The world's Apostle he, and thou
Apostle of his Rome.

And first in the old catacombs,
In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock,
And slept their glorious sleep,

There didst thou pass the nights in prayer,
Until at length there came,
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,
The Pentecostal flame;---

Then, in that heart-consuming love,
Didst walk the city wide,

And lure the noble and the young
From Babel's pomp and pride;

And, gathering them within thy cell,
Unveil the lustre bright,
And beauty of thy inner soul,
And gain them by the sight.

And thus to Rome, for Peter's faith
Far known, thou didst impart
Thy lessons of the hidden life,
And discipline of heart.

And as the Apostle, on the hill
Facing the Imperial Town,
First gazed upon his fair domain,
Then on the cross lay down,³

So thou, from out the streets of Rome
Didst turn thy failing eye
Unto that mount of martyrdom,
Take leave of it, and die.*

The Oratory. 1850.

*On the day of his death, Philip, "at the beginning of his Mass, remained for some time looking fixedly at the hill of St. Onofrio, which was visible from the chapel, just as if he saw some great vision. On coming to the Gloria in Excelsis, he began to sing, which was a very unusual thing for him, and he sang the whole of it with the greatest joy and devotion," &c.—Bacci's Life.

¹St. Philip Neri in His Mission] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In Newman's manuscripts, titled "St. Peter and St. Philip"; in *VRS*, "Peter and Philip".

St. Philip Neri (b. 1515 in Florence, d. 1595) is known as "The Apostle of Rome". He had wished to be a missionary to India in imitation of St. Francis Xavier, but a Cistercian monk informed him that according to a revelation he had received from St. John the Baptist, Rome was to be Philip's India. Just a simple priest, he attracted a wide following of clerics and lay people in Rome by means of his personal influence. People of all classes would come to his quarters to listen to him talk or to say confessions. He began a congregation of secular priests bound by voluntary obedience but not by vows; it was officially recognized in 1575 by Pope Gregory XIII as "The Congregation of the Oratory". Newman adopted him as his patron saint and founded the Oratories of St. Philip Neri in England. For the story of St. Philip's life and Newman thoughts about him, see Newman's sermon, "The Mission of St. Philip" (*Sermons Preached on Various Occasions*, no. 12, p. 1-2). Newman greatly admired his combination of zeal and

gentleness, wisdom and cheerfulness, and his kindly and winning rhetoric, among other things.

²In the far North our lot is cast] The Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham.

³Then on the cross lay down] According to tradition, St. Peter was crucified upside down.

165. St. Philip in Himself¹ (A Song.)

THE holy Monks, conceal'd from men,
In midnight choir, or studious cell,
In sultry field, or wintry glen,
The Holy Monks, I love them well.

The Friars too, the zealous band
By Dominic or Francis led,²
They gather, and they take their stand
Where foes are fierce, or friends have fled.

And then the unwearied Company,
Which bears the Name of Sacred might,
The Knights of Jesus,³ they defy
The fiend,---full eager for the fight.

Yet there is one I more affect
Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar,
'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,
I love him more, I more admire.

I know him by his head of snow,
His ready smile, his keen full eye,
His words which kindle as they flow,
Save he be rapt in ecstasy.

He lifts his hands, there issues forth
A fragrance virginal and rare,
And now he ventures to our North,
Where hearts are frozen as the air.

He comes, by grace of his address,
By the sweet music of his face,
And his low tones of tenderness,
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

O sainted Philip, Father dear,
Look on thy little ones, that we
Thy loveliness may copy here,
And in the eternal Kingdom see.

The Oratory. 1850.

¹St. Philip in Himself] First published in *VRS*, 1853. Titled “The Regular Saints and Philip” in *VRS*.

²By Dominic and Francis led] St. Dominic (b. 1170, d. 1221), founder of the Dominican Order (or the “Order of Preachers”), and St. Francis of Assisi (b. 1181/2, d. 1226), founder of the Franciscan Order.

³The Knights of Jesus] The Society of Jesuits, founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola (b. 1491, d. 1556), a militant order dedicated to converting Protestants and other non-Catholics to the Roman Catholic faith.

166. St. Philip in His God¹

PHILIP, on thee the glowing ray
Of heaven came down upon thy prayer,
To melt thy heart,² and burn away
All that of earthly dross was there.

Thy soul became as purest glass,
Through which the Brightness Increate
In undimm'd majesty might pass,
Transparent and illuminate.

And so, on Philip when we gaze,
We see the image of his Lord;
The Saint dissolves amid the blaze
Which circles round the Living Word.

The Meek, the Wise, none else is here,
Dispensing light to men below;
His awful accents fill the ear,
Now keen as fire, now soft as snow.

As snow, those inward pleadings fall,
As soft, as bright, as pure, as cool,
With gentle weight and gradual,
And sink into the feverish soul.

The Sinless One, He comes to seek,
The dreary heart, the spirit lone,
Tender of natures proud or weak,
Not less than if they were His own.

He takes and scans the sinner o'er,
Handling His scholars one by one,
Weighing what they can bear, before
He gives the penance to be done.³

Jesu, to Philip's sons reveal
That gentlest wisdom from above,
To spread compassion o'er their zeal,
And mingle patience with their love.

The Oratory. 1850.

¹St. Philip in His God] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In *VRS*, titled "Jesus and Philip".

²To melt thy heart] Newman is likely referring to the miracle of St. Philip Neri's heart that took place in 1544. According to Bacci's life:

"While he was with the greatest earnestness asking of the Holy Ghost His gifts, there appeared to him a globe of fire, which entered into his mouth and lodged in his breast; and thereupon he was suddenly surprised with such a fire of love, that, unable to bear it, he threw himself on the ground, and, like one trying to cool himself, bared his breast to temper in some measure the flame which he felt. When he had remained so for some time, and was a little recovered, he rose up full of unwonted joy, and immediately all his body began to shake with a violent tremour; and putting his hand to his bosom, he felt by the side of his heart, a swelling about as big as a man's fist, but neither then nor afterwards was it attended with the slightest pain or wound." The cause of this swelling was discovered by the doctors who examined his body after death. The saint's heart had been dilated under the sudden impulse of love, and in order that it might have sufficient room to move, two ribs had been broken, and curved in the form of an arch. From the time of the miracle till his death, his heart would palpitate violently whenever he performed any spiritual action. (Catholic Encyclopedia)

³He takes and scans the sinner o'er . . . penance to be done] This refers to the Sacrament of Confession. St. Philip was particularly devoted to hearing confessions.

167. Guardian Angel¹

MY oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death;

Thou hast been ever at my side;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,²
Or Michael's conquering might.³

Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest, as thou hast blest,

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;⁴
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,

The jealous sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace,⁵ till
My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

The Oratory. 1853.

¹Guardian Angel] First published in *VRS*, 1853. Cf. "The Dream of Gerontius", in which the guardian angel of the character Gerontius conducts his soul to heaven. Though written twelve years earlier and much shorter, this poem contains many similar elements. Newman was a firm believer in the reality and significance of angelic presence in the Christian's daily life.

²Joseph's tutelage] St. Joseph, foster-father of Christ.

³Michael's conquering might] St. Michael the Archangel

⁴Thou wast my sponsor at the font] The baptismal font.

⁵golden furnace] Purgatory; as in the following poem and in the "Dream of Gerontius", Newman is fond of referring to Purgatory as "golden".

168. The Golden Prison¹

WEEP not for me, when I am gone,
Nor spend thy faithful breath
In grieving o'er the spot or hour
Of all-enshrouding death;

Nor waste in idle praise thy love
On deeds of head or hand,
Which live within the living Book,²
Or else are writ in sand;

But let it be thy best of prayers,
That I may find the grace
To reach the holy house of toll,

The frontier penance-place,---
 To reach that golden palace bright,
 Where souls elect abide,
 Waiting their certain call to Heaven,
 With Angels at their side;
 Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments
 The transitory guest,
 But in the willing agony
 He plunges, and is blest.
 And as the fainting patriarch³ gain'd
 His needful halt mid-way,
 And then refresh'd pursued his path,
 Where up the mount it lay,
 So pray, that, rescued from the storm
 Of heaven's eternal ire,
 I may lie down, then rise again,
 Safe, and yet saved by fire.⁴

The Oratory. 1853.

¹The Golden Prison] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In *VRS*, titled, "Purgatory". In *VRS*, the poem also had a Latin paraphrase of Genesis 19:19-20 as a motto: "Nec possum in monte salvari, ne moriar; est civitas haec juxta, ad quam possum fugere, et salvabor in ea." It is roughly translated as "I cannot be saved on the mountain, lest I die; there is this city nearby, to which I can flee, and I will be saved in it." The words are Lot's prayer to God after God has told him to flee to the mountain while he destroys Sodom and Gomorrah. God allows Lot to stay temporarily in the city before ascending the mountain. In the poem, Newman views the city as a type of purgatory, a half-way house between heaven and hell.

²the living Book] Cf. *Revelations* 2:20: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

³fainting patriarch] Lot. Cf. *Genesis* 19 and note 1.

⁴saved by fire] Cf. 1 *Corinthians* 3:13-15: "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he

shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.”

169. Heathen Greece¹ (A Song.)

WHERE are the Islands of the Blest?²
They stud the Ægean Sea³;
And where the deep Elysian rest?
It haunts the vale where Peneus strong⁴
Pours his incessant stream along,
While craggy ridge and mountain bare
Cut keenly through the liquid air,
And in their own pure tints array'd,
Scorn earth's green robes which change and fade,
And stand in beauty undecay'd,
Guards of the bold and free.

For what is Afric⁵, but the home
Of burning Phlegethon?⁶
What the low beach and silent gloom,
And chilling mists of that dull river,
Along whose bank the thin ghosts shiver,---
The thin wan ghosts that once were men,---
But Tauris⁷, isle of moor and fen,
Or, dimly traced by seamen's ken,
The pale-cliff'd Albion.⁸

The Oratory. 1856.

¹ Heathen Greece] First published in *Callista*, 1856.

² Islands of the Blest] In Greek mythology, the islands on the far western ocean where those favored by the gods live forever in a blessed state. Also known as “Elysium”, or the “Elysian fields”.

³ Ægean Sea] The arm of the Mediterranean Sea between the Greek peninsula and Anatolia (Turkey).

⁴ Peneus strong] A River god in Greek mythology.

⁵ Afric] Africa.

⁶ burning Phlegethon] In Greek mythology, one of the five rivers of the underworld. It flowed with fire that burned but did not consume fuel.

⁷Tauris] Modern day *Crimea*. In Greek mythology, the place where Iphigeneia was sent after Artemis rescued her from the human sacrifice her father was going to perform on her. Iphigeneia became a priestess of the temple of Artemis, and she was forced by the Taurian King Thoas to sacrifice any foreigners who came ashore.

⁸pale-cliff'd Albion] an archaic name for Great Britain/England.

170. A Martyr Convert¹ (A Hymn.)

THE number of Thine own complete,
Sum up and make an end;
Sift clean the chaff, and house the wheat;²
And then, O Lord, descend.

Descend, and solve by that descent
This mystery of life;
Where good and ill, together blent,
Wage an undying strife.

For rivers twain are gushing still,
And pour a mingled flood;
Good in the very depths of ill,
Ill in the heart of good.

The last are first, the first are last,
As angel eyes behold;
These from the sheep-cote sternly cast,
Those welcomed to the fold.

No Christian home, no pastor's eye,
No preacher's vocal zeal,
Moved Thy dear Martyr to defy
The prison and the wheel.

Forth from the heathen ranks she stept,
The forfeit crown to claim
Of Christian souls who had not kept
Their birthright and their name.

Grace form'd her out of sinful dust;
She knelt a soul defiled,
She rose in all the faith, and trust,
And sweetness of a child.

And in the freshness of that love
She preach'd, by word and deed,
The mysteries of the world above,
Her new-found, glorious creed.

And running, in a little hour,
Of life the course complete,
She reach'd the Throne of endless power,
And sits at Jesu's feet.

Her spirit there, her body here,
Make one the earth and sky;
We use her name, we touch her bier,
We know her God is nigh.

Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the Only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete
While endless ages run.

The Oratory. 1856.

¹A Martyr Convert] This poem first appeared in Newman's novel *Callista*, 1856. According to Noel: "Newman states in *Callista* that this is a hymn which he had inserted in a 'most unworthy translation.' If so, it is not a hymn still in use in the Church. However, since Newman did not identify its source when he reprinted it in *Verses on Various Occasions*, it seems likely that it is an original poem"(291).

²Sift clean the chaff, and house the wheat] Cf. Luke 3:16-17.

171. St. Philip in His School¹ (A Song.)

THIS is the Saint of gentleness and kindness,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning;
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness,
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us,
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare him,

Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a minute;
Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,
Sin is not in it.

Thus he conducts by holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls, and sinful souls forgiven,
Towards the bright palace where our God is present,
Throned in high heaven.

The Oratory. 1857.

¹St. Philip in His School] First published in *VRS*, 1853. In *VRS*, titled, "Mary and Philip". Though Newman dated this poem as having been written in 1857, it had appeared in *VRS* in 1853 with substantial differences, as listed below:

This is the Saint of Sweetness and compassion,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning,
Beckoning and luring in a Holy fashion,
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the bad world vaunteth
Her many-coloured wares and magic treasures,
Outbids her, and her victim disenchanteth,
With heavenly pleasures.

This is the Saint, with whom our hearts, like Moses,
Find o'er the waste that Tree, so bright and beaming,
Till 'neath her shade the sobered soul reposes,
After its dreaming.

And then he shakes the boughs where it is lying,
Nor of their fruit are those sweet branches chary,
Mary the tree, Jesus the fruit undying,
Jesus and Mary;

Jesu and Mary, Philip, and high Heaven,
Angels, of God the glorious reflexion,
To you be praise, to us from you be given
Peace and protection.

172. St. Philip in His Disciples¹ (A Song.)

I ASK not for fortune, for silken attire,
For servants to throng me, and crowds to admire;
I ask not for power, or for name or success,
These do not content me, these never can bless.

Let the world flaunt her glories! each glittering prize,
Though tempting to others, is nought in my eyes.
A child of St. Philip, my master and guide,
I would live as he lived, and would die as he died.

Why should I be sadden'd, though friendless I be?
For who in his youth was so lonely as he?
If spited and mock'd, so was he, when he cried
To his God on the cross to stand by his side.

If scanty my fare, yet how was he fed?
On olives and herbs and a small roll of bread.
Are my joints and bones sore with aches and with pains?
Philip scourged his young flesh with fine iron chains.

A closet his home, where he, year after year,
Bore heat or cold greater than heat or cold here;
A rope stretch'd across it, and o'er it he spread
His small stock of clothes; and the floor was his bed.

One lodging besides; God's temple he chose,
And he slept in its porch his few hours of repose;
Or studied by light which the altar-lamp gave,
Or knelt at the Martyr's victorious grave.

I'm ashamed of myself, of my tears and my tongue,
So easily fretted, so often unstrung;
Mad at trifles, to which a chance moment gives birth,
Complaining of heaven, and complaining of earth.

So now, with his help, no cross will I fear,
But will linger resign'd through my pilgrimage here.
A child of St. Philip, my master and guide,
I will live as he lived, and will die as he died.

The Oratory. 1857.

¹ St. Philip in His Disciples] First published in VRS, 1853.

173. For the Dead¹ (A Hymn.)

HELP, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resign'd in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
For daily falls, for pardon'd crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Oh, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;
Oh, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
Oh, by their very helplessness,
Oh, by Thy own great Name,

Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

The Oratory. 1857.

¹For the Dead] First published in *Hymns for the Use of the Birmingham Oratory*, 1857. Noel notes that “this poem is included in the fair copy of *The Dream of Gerontius* in the Oratory Collection. There, it is called the “Fifth Choir of Angelicals,” though the fifth choir of the *Dream*, as printed, is also there. Newman gave no indication of why he

decided to insert this poem, written eight years before the *Dream*, into it”(292).

174. To Edward Caswall¹ (A gift for the new year in return for his volume of Poems.)

ONCE, o'er a clear calm pool,
The fulness of an over-brimming spring,
I saw the hawthorn and the chestnut fling
Their willing arms, of vernal blossoms full
And light green leaves: the lilac too was there,
The prodigal laburnum, dropping gold,
While the rich gorse along the turf crept near,
Close to the fountain's margin, and made bold
To peep into that pool, so calm and clear:---
As if well pleased to see their image bright
Reflected back upon their innocent sight;
Each flower and blossom shy
Lingering the live-long day in still delight,
Yet without touch of pride, to view,
Yea, with a tender, holy sympathy,
What was itself, yet was another too.
So on thy verse, my Brother and my Friend,
---The fresh upwelling of thy tranquil spirit,---
I see a many angel forms attend;
And gracious souls elect,
And thronging sacred shades, that shall inherit
One day the azure skies,
And peaceful saints, in whitest garments deck'd;
And happy infants of the second birth:---
These, and all other plants of paradise,
Thoughts from above, and visions that are sure,
And providences past, and memories dear,
In much content hang o'er that mirror pure,
And recognize each other's faces there,
And see a heaven on earth.

The Oratory. January 1, 1858.

¹To Edward Caswall] First published in the second edition of *VVO*, 1868. In OC, titled, “On Fr. Caswall’s Verses”. “Father Caswall was one of the first of the Oxford converts to Catholicism and a member of the Birmingham Oratory from its beginnings. He is perhaps best known for his translations of the hymns in the Roman and Parisian Breviaries, which are still in daily use throughout the English-speaking Catholic world”(Noel 292).

175. The Two Worlds¹

UNVEIL, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
This gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of Thy face.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruits abound.

But when Thy keener, purer beam
Is pour'd upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.

Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made Thy blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circled round Thy brow.

And thus, when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.²

The Oratory. 1862.

¹The Two Worlds] First published in the first edition of *VVO*, 1868.

²Cf. Newman's sermon, "The Invisible World" (*PPS*, vol. 4, no. 13):

The earth that we see does not satisfy us; it is but a beginning; it is but a promise of something beyond it; even when it is gayest, with all its blossoms on, and shows most touchingly what lies hid in it, yet it is not enough. We know much more lies hid in it than we see. A world of Saints and Angels, a glorious world, the palace of God, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the heavenly Jerusalem, the throne of God and Christ, all these

wonders, everlasting, all-precious, mysterious, and incomprehensible, lie hid in what we see. What we see is the outward shell of an eternal kingdom; and on that kingdom we fix the eyes of our faith. (210-11)

176. St. Michael¹ (A Hymn.)

THOU champion high
Of Heaven's imperial Bride,
For ever waiting on her eye,
Before her onward path, and at her side,
In war her guard secure, by night her ready guide!

To thee was given,
When those false angels rose
Against the Majesty of Heaven,
To hurl them down the steep, and on them close
The prison where they roam in hopeless unreprieve.

Thee, Michael, thee,
When sight and breathing fail,
The disembodied soul shall see;
The pardon'd soul with solemn joy shall hail,
When holiest rites are spent, and tears no more avail.

And thou, at last,
When Time itself must die,
Shalt sound that dread and piercing blast,
To wake the dead, and rend the vaulted sky,
And summon all to meet the Omniscient Judge on high.

The Oratory. 1862.

¹St. Michael] First published in the second edition of *VVO*, 1868. The title refers to St. Michael the Archangel

177. The Dream of Gerontius¹.

§ 1.

Gerontius.

JESU, MARIA---I am near to death,	1
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.	2
Not by the token of this faltering breath,	3
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,---	4
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)	5
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,	6
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)	7
That I am going, that I am no more.	8
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,	9
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)	10
This emptying out of each constituent	11
And natural force, by which I come to be.	12
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant	13
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,	14
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,	15
Has never, never come to me before;	16
'Tis death,---O loving friends, your prayers!---'tis he! ...	17
As though my very being had given way,	18
As though I was no more a substance now,	19
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,	20
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)	21
And turn no whither, but must needs decay	22
And drop from out the universal frame	23
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,	24
That utter nothingness, of which I came:	25
This is it that has come to pass in me;	26
Oh, horror! this it is, my dearest, this;	27
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.	28

Assistants.

Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson, Kyrie eleïson. ²	29
Holy Mary, pray for him.	30
All holy Angels, pray for him.	31

¹ Gerontius] The Dream of Gerontius was first published in the *Month*, May and June 1865. *Gerontius* is from the Greek γέρων, an old man.

² Kyrie eleïson] Greek for "Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy." (Κύριε ἐλέησου)

Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.	32
Holy Abraham, pray for him.	33
St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.	34
St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,	35
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.	36
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.	37
All holy Innocents, pray for him.	38
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,	39
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,	40
All ye Saints of God, pray for him. ³	41

Gerontius.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;	42
And through such waning span	43
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,	44
Prepare to meet thy God.	45
And while the storm of that bewilderment	46
Is for a season spent,	47
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,	48
Use well the interval.	49

Assistants.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.	50
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.	51
From the sins that are past;	52
From Thy frown and Thine ire;	53
From the perils of dying;	54
From any complying	55
With sin, or denying	56
His God, or relying	57
On self, at the last:	58
From the nethermost fire;	59
From all that is evil;	60
From power of the devil;	61
Thy servant deliver,	62
For once and for ever.	63
By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,	64
Rescue him from endless loss;	65

³ pray for him] This section as a whole constitutes an abbreviated version of the “Litany of the Dying” prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church for those approaching death, translated by Newman into English from Latin

By Thy death and burial,	66
Save him from a final fall;	67
By Thy rising from the tomb,	68
By Thy mounting up above,	69
By the Spirit's gracious love,	70
Save him in the day of doom.	71

Gerontius.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,	72
De profundis oro te,	73
Miserere, Judex meus,	74
Parce mihi, Domine. ⁴	75
Firmly I believe and truly	76
God is three, and God is One;	77
And I next acknowledge duly	78
Manhood taken by the Son.	79
And I trust and hope most fully	80
In that Manhood crucified;	81
And each thought and deed unruly	82
Do to death, as He has died.	83
Simply to His grace and wholly	84
Light and life and strength belong,	85
And I love, supremely, solely,	86
Him the holy, Him the strong.	87
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,	88
De profundis oro te,	89
Miserere, Judex meus,	90
Parce mihi, Domine.	91
And I hold in veneration,	92
For the love of Him alone,	93
Holy Church, as His creation,	94
And her teachings, as His own.	95
And I take with joy whatever	96
Now besets me, pain or fear,	97
And with a strong will I sever	98
All the ties which bind me here.	99
Adoration aye be given,	100
With and through the angelic host,	101

⁴Translated: Holy Strong One, Holy God
 From the depths I pray to Thee.
 Mercy, O my Judge, for me;
 Spare me, Lord.

To the God of earth and heaven,	102
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.	103
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,	104
De profundis oro te,	105
Miserere, Judex meus,	106
Mortis in discrimine. ⁵	107
I can no more; for now it comes again,	108
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,	109
That masterful negation and collapse	110
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent	111
Over the dizzy brink	112
Of some sheer infinite descent;	113
Or worse, as though	114
Down, down for ever I was falling through	115
The solid framework of created things,	116
And needs must sink and sink	117
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still,	118
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill	119
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,	120
Some bodily form of ill	121
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse	122
Tainting the hallow'd air, and laughs, and flaps	123
Its hideous wings,	124
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.	125
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!	126
Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee	127
In Thine own agony. ...	128
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary,	129
pray for me.	130

Assistants.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,	131
As of old so many by Thy gracious power:---(Amen.)	132
Enoch and Elias from the common doom; ⁶ (Amen.)	133
Noe from the waters in a saving home; (Amen.)	134
Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse; (Amen.)	135

⁵ Mortis in discrimine] "In death's critical moment".

⁶ Enoch and Elias from the common doom;] Both Enoch and Elias (Elijah) were spared death and taken directly to heaven. Cf. *Genesis* 5:24 and *Hebrews* 11:5 for the former, 2 *Kings* 2:1 for the latter.

Job from all his multiform and fell distress; (Amen.)	136
Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay; (Amen.)	137
Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day; (Amen.)	138
Moses from the land of bondage and despair; (Amen.)	139
Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair; (Amen.)	140
And the Children Three ⁷ amid the furnace-flame; (Amen.)	141
Chaste Susanna ⁸ from the slander and the shame; (Amen.)	142
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul; (Amen.)	143
And the two Apostles ⁹ from their prison-thrall; (Amen.)	144
Thecla ¹⁰ from her torments; (Amen:)	145
---so to show Thy power,	146
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.	147

Gerontius.

Novissima hora est; ¹¹ and I fain would sleep.	148
The pain has wearied me. ... Into Thy hands,	149
O Lord, into Thy hands. ...	150

The Priest.

⁷ Children Three] Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Cf. *Daniel* 3.

⁸ Chaste Susanna] The story of Susanna is told in *Daniel* 13, considered canonical by Catholics and Greek Orthodox but apocryphal by Protestants. Susanna, a Hebrew wife, is bathing in her garden while two lecherous voyeurs espy her. They attempt to blackmail her into sexual relations by threatening to claim that she was meeting a young man, but Susanna refuses their advances. She is sentenced to death, but before being executed Daniel intervenes and proves the falsity of the accusations made against her, saving her life.

⁹ the two Apostles] St. Peter and St. Paul

¹⁰ Thecla] *The Acts of Paul and Thecla*, a New Testament apocryphal story, tells of a young virgin devoted to Paul and his esteem for virginity. According to the legend, when her fiancée finds out her devotion to him, she is placed on a pile to be burned, but God shields her from the flames and she is unharmed. Later on, she is given to lions to be devoured, and is again rescued by supernatural intervention.

¹¹ Hora Novissima est] Translated, "The final hour is here," from the prayer, "Into Thy hands." Newman includes just a portion of this prayer for the dying, which in its entirety is: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Holy Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, do thou protect me from the enemy and receive me at the hour of death." The first line, of course, comes from Christ's last words on the cross; cf. *Luke* 23:46.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo! ¹²	151
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!	152
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God	153
The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!	154
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,	155
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!	156
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who	157
Hath been pour'd out on thee! Go, in the name	158
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name	159
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name	160
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name	161
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!	162
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;	163
And of Apostles and Evangelists,	164
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name	165
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name	166
Of Holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,	167
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;	168
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,	169
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount	170
Of Sion:---through the Same, through Christ, our Lord.	171

§ 2.

Soul of Gerontius.

I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd,	1
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me	2
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense	3
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,	4
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!	5
I hear no more the busy beat of time,	6
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;	7
Nor does one moment differ from the next.	8
I had a dream; yes:---some one softly said	9
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.	10
And then I surely heard a priestly voice	11
Cry "Subvenite;" ¹³ and they knelt in prayer.	12

¹²Proficiscere, anima Christiana] Translated, "Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world" and paraphrased in the next line and half by the priest. This is the prayer recited by the priest as the soul departs from the body. After beginning in Latin, the prayer continues and ends in an English version.

I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,	13
And fainter and more faint the accents come,	14
As at an ever-widening interval.	15
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?	16
This silence pours a solitariness	17
Into the very essence of my soul;	18
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,	19
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.	20
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring	21
By a strange introversion, and perforce	22
I now begin to feed upon myself,	23
Because I have nought else to feed upon.---	24
Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,	25
But in the body still; for I possess	26
A sort of confidence which clings to me,	27
That each particular organ holds its place	28
As heretofore, combining with the rest	29
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,	30
And makes me man; and surely I could move,	31
Did I but will it, every part of me.	32
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home	33
By very trial, that I have the power.	34
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,	35
I cannot make my fingers or my lips	36
By mutual pressure witness each to each,	37
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke	38
Assure myself I have a body still.	39
Nor do I know my very attitude,	40
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.	41
So much I know, not knowing how I know,	42
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,	43
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.	44
Or I or it is rushing on the wings	45
Of light or lightning on an onward course,	46
And we e'en now are million miles apart.	47
Yet ... is this peremptory severance	48
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,	49

¹³ Subvenite] The first word of the prayer said by the priest immediately after Gerontius dies: "Subvenite, Sancti Dei; occurrite, Angeli Domini, Suscipientes animam eius; Offerentes eam in conspectu Altissimi: Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God; come forth to meet him, ye Angels of the Lord; Receiving his soul; Offering it in the sight of the Most High".

Which grow and multiply by speed and time?	50
Or am I traversing infinity	51
By endless subdivision, hurrying back	52
From finite towards infinitesimal,	53
Thus dying out of the expansive world?	54
Another marvel: ¹⁴ some one has me fast	55
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp	56
Such as they use on earth, but all around	57
Over the surface of my subtle being,	58
As though I were a sphere, and capable	59
To be accosted thus, a uniform	60
And gentle pressure tells me I am not	61
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.	62
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth	63
I cannot of that music rightly say	64
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.	65
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!	66

Angel.

My work is done,	67
My task is o'er,	68
And so I come,	69
Taking it home,	70
For the crown is won,	71
Alleluia ¹⁵ ,	72
For evermore.	73
My Father gave	74
In charge to me	75
This child of earth	76
E'en from its birth,	77
To serve and save,	78
Alleluia,	79
And saved is he.	80

¹⁴ Another marvel] According to Catholic teachings, each soul is assigned a guardian angel at the moment of its birth, the duty of this angel being to “light and guard, to rule and guide” the soul to eternal happiness, as the tradition prayer goes. Thus, when the angel says, “My work is done,” it signifies that it has fulfilled its duty of bringing the soul safely to heaven (as opposed to losing it to Hell and eternal damnation).

¹⁵ Alleluia] “Alleluia” is from two Hebrew words united by a hyphen. It means ‘Praise the Lord.’ Cf. Revelations 19:6, where St. John hears angels singing it in heaven.

This child of clay	81
To me was given,	82
To rear and train	83
By sorrow and pain	84
In the narrow way,	85
Alleluia,	86
From earth to heaven.	87

Soul.

It is a member of that family	88
Of wondrous beings ¹⁶ , who, ere the worlds were made,	89
Millions of ages back, have stood around	90
The throne of God:---he never has known sin	91
But through those cycles all but infinite,	92
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,	93
And bore to gaze on the unveil'd face of God,	94
And drank from the everlasting Fount of truth,	95
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.	96
Hark! he begins again.	97

Angel.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,	98
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!	99
With what a love, what soft persuasive might	100
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,	101
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,	102
To fill the thrones which angels lost through pride!	103
He lay grovelling babe upon the ground,	104
Polluted in the blood of his first sire, ¹⁷	105
With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,	106
And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,	107
Which was not of his nature, but had skill	108
To bind and form his op'ning mind to ill.	109
Then was I sent from heaven to set right	110
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,	111
And I have waged a long relentless fight,	112

¹⁶ Of wondrous beings] Angels.

¹⁷ in the blood of his first sire] by Adam's sin.

Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,	113
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,	114
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost. ¹⁸	115
Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene	116
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,	117
Of recklessness and penitence, has been	118
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!	119
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,	120
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!	121
O man, strange composite of heaven and earth! ¹⁹	122
Majesty dwarf'd to baseness! fragrant flower	123
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth	124
Cloking corruption! weakness mastering power!	125
Who never art so near to crime and shame,	126
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;---	127

¹⁸ at so dread a cost] The atoning blood of Christ.

¹⁹ O man, strange composite] "The greatness and littleness of man are here expressed with a precision and a boldness of contrast that rival the excellence, if not the celebrity of Shakespear's and Young's parallel passages"(Gliebe 79-80)

What a piece of work is man! How noble in
reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and
moving, how express and admirable! in action, how
like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!
the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain;
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute;
An heir of glory; a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!
A worm! A god!

Night Thoughts. Man.

How should ethereal natures comprehend	128
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,	129
Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,	130
Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day?	131
More than the Seraph in his height of place,	132
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd race.	133

Soul.

Now know I surely that I am at length	134
Out of the body; had I part with earth,	135
I never could have drunk those accents in,	136
And not have worshipp'd as a god the voice	137
That was so musical; but now I am	138
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possess'd,	139
With such a full content, and with a sense	140
So apprehensive and discriminant,	141
As no temptation can intoxicate. ²⁰	142
Nor have I even terror at the thought	143
That I am clasp'd by such a saintliness.	144

Angel.

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree	145
The last are first, the first become the last; ²¹	146
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,	147
By whom proud first-borns from their thrones	148
are cast;	149
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,	150
While Lucifer is left, condemn'd and unforgiven.	151

§ 3.

Soul.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,	1
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!	2

Angel.

²⁰ As no temptation can intoxicate] After death the soul is immune to temptation.

²¹ The last are first; the first become the last] Cf. *Matthew* 19:30

All hail, my child! 3
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest thou? 4

Soul.

I would have nothing but to speak with thee 5
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee 6
Conscious communion; though I fain would know 7
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask, 8
And not a curiousness. 9

Angel.

You cannot now 10
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wish'd. 11

Soul.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed 12
That on the moment when the struggling soul 13
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell 14
Under the awful Presence of its God, 15
There to be judged and sent to its own place.²² 16
What lets me²³ now from going to my Lord? 17

Angel.

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed 18
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge: 19
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet. 20
Divide a moment, as men measure time, 21
Into its million-million-millionth part, 22
Yet even less than that the interval 23
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest 24
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer; 25
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray. 26

For spirits and men by different standards mete 27

²² There to be judged and sent to its own place] Gerontius refers to the Particular Judgment (as opposed to the Last Judgment), which according to Catholic teaching, occurs at the moment of death.

²³ What lets me] *let* meaning to prevent.

The less and greater in the flow of time.	28
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances---	29
By stars which rise and set harmoniously---	30
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,	31
This way and that, of the suspended rod ²⁴	32
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,	33
Equal, continuous, for their common use.	34
Not so with us in the immaterial world;	35
But intervals in their succession	36
Are measured by the living thought alone,	37
And grow or wane with its intensity.	38
And time is not a common property;	39
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,	40
And near is distant, as received and grasp'd	41
By this mind and by that, and every one	42
Is standard of his own chronology. ²⁵	43
And memory lacks its natural resting-points	44
Of years, and centuries, and periods.	45
It is thy very energy of thought	46
Which keeps thee from thy God.	47

Soul.

Dear Angel, say,	48
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?	49
Along my earthly life, the thought of death	50
And judgment was to me most terrible.	51
I had it aye before me, and I saw	52
The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix.	53
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;	54
And at this balance of my destiny, ²⁶	55

²⁴ the suspended rod] The pendulum

²⁵ standard of his own chronology] Gliebe provides a nice gloss here: "Length, swiftness, nearness, and their opposites are all relative ideas, which vary according to the mind's intensity and energy of thought. The mind needs in its judgments no longer to conform itself to external things, but they to the mind. A passage in Dante's Purgatorio expresses the same thought:" (81)

So here the ambient air
Weareth that form, which influence of the soul
Imprints on it.

Canto XXV.

²⁶ balance of my destiny . . . The soul's eternal fate.

Now close upon me, I can forward look 56
With a serenest joy. 57

Angel.

It is because 58
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear, 59
Thou hast forestall'd the agony, and so 60
For thee the bitterness of death is past. 61
Also, because already in thy soul 62
The judgment is begun. That day of doom, 63
One and the same for the collected world,--- 64
That solemn consummation for all flesh, 65
Is, in the case of each, anticipate²⁷ 66
Upon his death; and, as the last great day 67
In the particular judgment is rehearsed, 68
So now, too, ere thou comest to the Throne, 69
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray 70
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot. 71
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul 72
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense, 73
And heaven begun. 74

§ 4.

Soul.

But hark! upon my sense 1
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear 2
Could I be frightened. 3

Angel.

We are now arrived 4
Close on the judgment-court; that sullen howl 5
Is from the demons who assemble there. 6
It is the middle region, where of old 7
Satan appeared among the sons of God, 8
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job. 9
So now his legions throng the vestibule, 10

²⁷ anticipate . . . An old preterite form for anticipated.

Hungry and wild, to claim their property, 11
 And gather souls for hell. Hist²⁸ to their cry. 12

Soul.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance! 13

Demons.

Low-born clods 14
 Of brute earth, 15
 They aspire 16
 To become gods, 17
 By a new birth,²⁹ 18
 And an extra grace,³⁰ 19
 And a score of merits, 20
 As if aught 21
 Could stand in place, 22

Of the high thought,³¹ 23
 And the glance of fire 24
 Of the great spirits, 25
 The powers blest, 26
 The lords by right, 27
 The primal owners, 28
 Of the proud dwelling 29
 And realm of light,--- 30
 Dispossess'd, 31
 Aside thrust, 32

Chuck'd down 33
 By the sheer might 34
 Of a despot's will, 35

²⁸ Hist] *pay attention to*

²⁹ By a new birth] by baptism.

³⁰ an extra grace] The grace of redemption through Christ's atonement.

³¹ Of the high thought] "The demons here unwittingly describe the state of the faithful Angels,--the high eminence, from which as rebels they had justly been hurled; but in their vaulting pride, they stubbornly refuse to acknowledge the justice of their punishment, and would fain still be great spirits, powers blest, lords, primal owners of the realm of light"(Gliebe 83).

Of a tyrant's frown,	36
Who after expelling	37
Their hosts, gave,	38
Triumphant still,	39
And still unjust,	40
Each forfeit crown	41
To psalm-droners,	42
And canting groaners,	43
To every slave,	44
And pious cheat,	45
And crawling knave,	46
Who lick'd the dust	47
Under his feet.	48

Angel.

It is the restless panting of their being;	49
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,	50
In a deep hideous purring have their life,	51
And an incessant pacing to and fro.	52

Demons.

The mind bold	53
And independent,	54
The purpose free,	55
So we are told, ³²	56
Must not think	57
To have the ascendant.	58
What's a saint? ³³	59
One whose breath	60
Doth the air taint	61

³² So we are told] "The demons are constrained to admit their hopeless state of bondage; and, as if to compensate themselves for the forced admission, fly into a contemptuous rage, casting their venom of abuse upon the Saint who by his loyalty wins the prize which they have lost"(Gliebe 83)

³³ What's a saint?] "Contrast the picture here given by the demons of man and his varied history, with the picture drawn by the Angel in his song of victory . . . The demons' vision is distorted, and the picture they draw reflects but the black and murky colors of their own utter baseness, and their torn recital of man's laborious upward striving strikes but the notes of sardonic scorn, satanic hate, and wild ghoulish jealousy"(Gliebe 83).

Before his death;	62
A bundle of bones,	63
Which fools adore,	64
Ha! ha!	65
When life is o'er;	66
Which rattle and stink,	67
E'en in the flesh.	68
We cry his pardon!	69
No flesh hath he;	70
Ha! ha!	71
For it hath died,	72
'Tis crucified	73
Day by day,	74
Afresh, afresh,	75
Ha! ha!	76
That holy clay,	77
Ha! ha!	78
This gains guerdon ³⁴ ,	79
So priestlings prate,	80
Ha! ha!	81
Before the Judge,	82
And pleads and atones	83
For spite and grudge,	84
And bigot mood,	85
And envy and hate,	86
And greed of blood.	87

Soul.

How impotent they are! and yet on earth	88
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;	89
And books describe, how that the very face	90
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force	91
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life	92
Of him who saw it.	93

Angel.

In thy trial-state	94
Thou hadst a traitor ³⁵ nestling close at home,	95
Connatural, who with the powers of hell	96

³⁴ guerdon] reward

³⁵ Thou hadst a traitor] Concupiscence.

Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,	97
And to that deadliest foe unlock'd thy heart.	98
And therefore is it, in respect of man,	99
Those fallen ones show so majestic.	100
But, when some child of grace, Angel or Saint,	101
Pure and upright in his integrity	102
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,	103
They scud away as cowards from the fight.	104
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,	105
Not yet disburden'd of mortality,	106
Mock'd at their threats and warlike overtures;	107
Or, dying, when they swarm'd, like flies, around,	108
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.	109

Demons.

Virtue and vice,	110
A knave's pretence,	111
'Tis all the same;	112
Ha! ha!	113
Dread of hell-fire,	114
Of the venomous flame,	115
A coward's plea.	116
Give him his price,	117
Saint though he be,	118
Ha! ha!	119
From shrewd good sense	120
He'll slave for hire	121
Ha! ha!	122
And does but aspire	123
To the heaven above	124
With sordid aim,	125
And not from love. ³⁶	126
Ha! ha!	127

Soul.

I see not those false spirits; shall I see	128
My dearest Master, when I reach His Throne?	129
Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word	130
With personal intonation, as I now	131

³⁶ And not from love] The demons are unable to imagine that Gerontius has acted from motives purer and nobler than their own.

Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto	132
All has been darkness since I left the earth;	133
Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through	134
My penance-time? If so, how comes it then	135
That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,	136
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense	137
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?	138

Angel.

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;	139
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,	140
The presentations of most holy truths,	141
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.	142
A disembodied soul; thou hast by right	143
No converse with aught else beside thyself;	144
But, lest so stern a solitude should load	145
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed	146
Some lower measures of perception,	147
Which seem to thee, as though through channels brought,	148
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.	149
And thou art wrapp'd and swathed around in dreams, ³⁷	150
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;	151

³⁷ And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams] “This line gives the clue to the title “Dream.” The soul, having passed the threshold of this mortal life, finds that, with the loss of its outer senses, it has lost too its connatural means of converse with the external world. But just as in a dream the mind ranges amid the images of the various impressions received in the waking state, so, in like manner, does the disembodied spirit live, as it were, among its own reminiscences, and more especially among the truths of faith which on earth, albeit they were seen but through a glass darkly, were yet its truest and highest possession:--it is said, now that it has wholly transcended the experiences of sense, in a manner to *dream* “As ice which blisters may be said to burn.” It is this novel and mysterious mode of perceiving things spiritual that gives significance to the title of the poem. It is not simply Newman’s habitual caution in dealing with subjects of importance—as Maurice Francis Egan suggests,—that has led him to call the poem a “Dream,” as if the author had been unwilling to set forth his thoughts and poetical musings on that solemn moment of death as representing actual facts; nor yet,—as Alexander Whyte seems to hold—the false notion that the Soul on its first entrance into the realm of light should possess a lesser degree of self-consciousness than it had the moment before: but it is rather, as I venture to think, the fact that Gerontius’ Soul, now free and unencumbered, has at last gone out among the immensities, if not straightaway to see face to face, at least by a lower measure of perception to DREAM, the realities of that higher world which it has entered”(Gliebe 85).

For the belongings of thy present state,	152
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.	153
And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and size,	154
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,	155
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire;	156
As (let me use similitude of earth,	157
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask)---	158
As ice which blisters may be said to burn.	159
Nor hast thou now extension ³⁸ , with its parts	160
Correlative,---long habit cozens thee,---	161
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.	162
Hast thou not heard of those, who after loss	163
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains	164
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?	165
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost	166
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.	167
So will it be, until the joyous day	168
Of resurrection, ³⁹ when thou wilt regain	169
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.	170
How, even now, the consummated Saints	171
See God in heaven, I may not explicate;	172
Meanwhile, let it suffice thee to possess	173
Such means of converse as are granted thee,	174
Though, till that Beatific Vision, ⁴⁰ thou art blind;	175
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,	176
Is fire without its light.	177

Soul.

His will be done!	178
I am not worthy e'er to see again	179
The face of day; far less His countenance,	180

³⁸ Nor hast thou now extension] “Extension, being a property of matter in virtue of which the different portions of a material body correspond to the different portions of space, cannot be a property of the soul, which is in its nature a spiritual and an uncompounded being”(Gliebe 85). For a definition of “extension”—“the position of parts outside parts”, Egan references *General Metaphysics* by John Rickaby, S.J., *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy*, pg. 366.

³⁹ day of resurrection] The day of the Last Judgment, when all will be brought before Christ and sentenced to Heaven or Hell for eternity.

⁴⁰ Beatific Vision] The final state of the Blessed, who for eternity will look upon the face of God in complete happiness.

Who is the very sun. Natheless⁴¹ in life, 181
 When I looked forward to my purgatory, 182
 It ever was my solace to believe, 183
 That, ere I plunged amid the avenging flame, 184
 I had one sight of Him to strengthen me. 185

Angel.

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment; 186
 Yes,---for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord. 187
 Thus will it be: what time thou art arraign'd 188
 Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot 189
 Is cast for ever, should it be to sit 190
 On His right hand among His pure elect, 191
 Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight, 192
 As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee, 193
 And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound, 194
 Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach,--- 195
 One moment; but thou knowest not, my child, 196
 What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair 197
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too. 198

Soul.

Thou speakest darkly, Angel; and an awe 199
 Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash. 200

Angel.

There was a mortal⁴², who is now above 201
 In the mid glory: he, when near to die, 202
 Was given communion with the Crucified,--- 203
 Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamp'd 204
 Upon his flesh; and, from the agony 205
 Which thrill'd through body and soul in that embrace, 206
 Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love 207
 Doth burn ere it transform. ... 208

⁴¹ Natheless] nevertheless.

⁴² St. Francis of Assisi] In 1224, while fasting and praying for forty days on Mt. Alvernus in honor of St. Michael the Archangel, St. Francis was visited by a Seraph who marked his hands, feet, and side with the stigmata of Christ. This caused him to experience at once extreme joy and agony.

§ 5.

... Hark to those sounds!⁴³ 1
They come of tender beings angelical, 2
Least and most childlike of the sons of God. 3

First Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, 4
And in the depth be praise: 5
In all His words most wonderful; 6
Most sure in all His ways! 7

To us His elder race⁴⁴ He gave 8
To battle and to win, 9
Without the chastisement of pain, 10
Without the soil of sin. 11

The younger son He will'd to be 12
A marvel in His birth: 13
Spirit and flesh his parents were; 14
His home was heaven and earth. 15

The Eternal bless'd His child, and arm'd. 16
And sent him hence afar, 17
To serve as champion⁴⁵ in the field 18
Of elemental war. 19

To be His Viceroy in the world 20
Of matter, and of sense; 21
Upon the frontier, towards the foe 22
A resolute defence. 23

Angel.

We now have pass'd the gate, and are within 24
The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth 25

⁴³ Hark to those sounds!] The Choirs of Angelicals.

⁴⁴ His elder race] The hierarchy of Angels, created before mankind.

⁴⁵ To serve as champion] "Man, who is the crown of the visible creation destined by God to rule the whole visible world in His stead, and to turn it to his own service"(Gliebe 86)

Temples and palaces are form'd of parts	26
Costly and rare, but all material,	27
So in the world of spirits nought is found,	28
To mould withal, and form into a whole,	29
But what is immaterial; and thus	30
The smallest portions of this edifice,	31
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,	32
The very pavement is made up of life--- ⁴⁶	33
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,	34
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.	35

Second Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	36
And in the depth be praise:	37
In all His words most wonderful;	38
Most sure in all His ways!	39
Woe to thee, man! for he was found	40
A recreant in the fight; ⁴⁷	41
And lost his heritage of heaven,	42
And fellowship with light.	43
Above him now the angry sky, ⁴⁸	44
Around the tempest's din; ⁴⁹	45
Who once had Angels for his friends,	46
Had but the brutes for kin.	47
O man! a savage kindred they;	48

⁴⁶ Made up of life] "The Roman Breviary has a hymn in the Office for the Dedication of a Church, in which the heavenly Jerusalem is described as made up of living stones:--

Coelestis urbs Jerusalem,	Blessed City, heavenly Salem,
Beata pacis visio,	Vision dear of peace and love
Quae celsa de <i>viventibus</i>	Who, of <i>living stones</i> upbilled,
<i>Saxis</i> ad astra tolleris,	Art the joy of heaven above,
Sponsaeque ritu cingeris	And with angel cohorts circled
Mille Angelorum millibus.	As a bride to earth dost move."(Gliebe 87).

⁴⁷ A recreant in the fight] Through Adam's disobedience and consequent fall from grace.

⁴⁸ the angry sky] God

⁴⁹ the tempest's din] When Adam sinned, external nature also fell into disorder.

To flee that monster brood	49
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb	50
The giants of the wood.	51
With now a fear, and now a hope,	52
With aids which chance supplied,	53
From youth to eld, from sire to son,	54
He lived, and toil'd, and died.	55
He dreed ⁵⁰ his penance age by age;	56
And step by step began	57
Slowly to doff his savage garb,	58
And be again a man.	59
And quicken'd by the Almighty's breath,	60
And chasten'd by His rod,	61
And taught by angel-visitings,	62
At length he sought his God;	63
And learn'd to call upon His Name,	64
And in His faith create	65
A household and a father-land, ⁵¹	66
A city and a state.	67
Glory to Him who from the mire,	68
In patient length of days,	69
Elaborated into life	70
A people to His praise!	71

Soul.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind---	72
The summer wind---among the lofty pines;	73
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,	74
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;	75
While, scatter'd from the branches it has stirr'd,	76
Descend ecstatic odours. ⁵²	77

⁵⁰ dreed] From the Old English “dreogan”, meaning *to suffer*

⁵¹ A household and a father-land, / A city and a state] The nation of Israel, the descendants of Abraham.

⁵² Descend ecstatic odors] “The figure called Prolepsis: the epithet *ecstatic* is introduced in advance of the odors, which are the cause of the ecstasy”(Gliebe 88).

Third Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	78
And in the depth be praise:	79
In all His words most wonderful;	80
Most sure in all His ways!	81
The Angels, as beseemingly	82
To spirit-kind was given,	83
At once were tried and perfected,	84
And took their seats in heaven.	85
For them no twilight or eclipse;	86
No growth and no decay:	87
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,	88
Or beatific day.	89
But to the younger race there rose	90
A hope upon its fall;	91
And slowly, surely, gracefully,	92
The morning dawn'd on all. ⁵³	93
And ages, opening out, divide	94
The precious, and the base,	95
And from the hard and sullen mass	96
Mature the heirs of grace.	97
O man! albeit the quickening ray,	98
Lit from his second birth, ⁵⁴	99
Makes him at length what once he was,	100
And heaven grows out of earth;	101
Yet still between that earth and heaven---	102
His journey and his goal---	103
A double agony awaits	104
His body and his soul.	105
A double debt he has to pay---	106
The forfeit of his sins: ⁵⁵	107

⁵³ The morning dawned on all] The coming of the Saviour.

⁵⁴ his second birth] Through baptism.

The chill of death is past, and now	108
The penance-fire ⁵⁶ begins.	109
Glory to Him, who evermore	110
By truth and justice reigns;	111
Who tears the soul from out its case,	112
And burns away its stains!	113

Angel.

They sing of thy approaching agony,	114
Which thou so eagerly didst question of:	115
It is the face of the Incarnate God	116
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain;	117
And yet the memory which it leaves will be	118
A sovereign febrifuge ⁵⁷ to heal the wound;	119
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,	120
And aggravate and widen it the more.	121

Soul.

Thou speakest mysteries; still methinks I know	122
To disengage the tangle of thy words:	123
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,	124
Than for myself be thy interpreter.	125

Angel.

When then---if such thy lot---thou seest thy Judge,	126
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart	127
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.	128
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,	129

⁵⁵ The forfeit of his sins] "By sin man had lost not only the supernatural life of the soul, which made him a perfect image and likeness of God, but had lost as well all the preternatural gifts, that is, privileges bestowed on man, which elevated him above his own nature to a state similar to that of the Angels. These privileges, chief among them immortality of the body, were forfeited by sin, and not restored by Redemption"(Gliebe 89).

⁵⁶ The penance-fire] Purgatory, the temporary destination of souls who die with unforgiven venial sins (as opposed to mortal sins) or who owe a debt of temporal punishment. After all traces of sin are purged from their souls, they enter Heaven.

⁵⁷ A sovereign febrifuge] A medicine for fevers.

And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,	130
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself	131
At disadvantage such, as to be used	132
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.	133
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes	134
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.	135
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though	136
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinn'd,	137
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire	138
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight:	139
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell	140
Within the beauty of His countenance.	141
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,---	142
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;	143
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,---	144
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.	145

Soul.

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,---	146
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.	147
But hark! a grand, mysterious harmony:	148
It floods me like the deep and solemn sound	149
Of many waters.	150

Angel.

We have gain'd the stairs	151
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there	152
A band of mighty Angels keep the way	153
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.	154

Angels of the Sacred Stair.

Father, whose goodness none can know, but they	155
Who see Thee face to face,	156
By man hath come the infinite display	157
Of thy victorious grace;	158
But fallen man---the creature of a day---	159
Skills not that love to trace.	160
It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,	161
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.	162

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,	163
Amid the garden shade, ⁵⁸	164
The great Creator in His sickness saw,	165
Soothed by a creature's aid,	166
And agonized, as victim of the Law	167
Which He Himself had made;	168
For who can praise Him in His depth and height,	169
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?	170

Soul.

Hark! for the lintels of the presence-gate	171
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.	172

Fourth Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	173
And in the depth be praise:	174
In all His words most wonderful;	175
Most sure in all His ways!	176
The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,	177
As if He reckon'd ill,	178
In that He placed His puppet man	179
The frontier place ⁵⁹ to fill.	180
For, even in his best estate,	181
With amplest gifts endued,	182
A sorry sentinel was he,	183
A being of flesh and blood.	184
As though a thing, who for his help	185
Must needs possess a wife,	186
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts	187
Who had angelic life.	188

⁵⁸ Amid the garden shade] The Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ submits to the Father's will that he suffer to atone for the sins of mankind.

⁵⁹ The frontier place] "Where man was to have proved his fidelity to his Maker, and to have covered the devil with greater shame, in that the enemy should have been overcome by the weaker creature, 'a being of flesh and blood'"(Gliebe 90).

And when, by blandishment ⁶⁰ of Eve,	189
That earth-born Adam fell,	190
He shriek'd in triumph, and he cried,	191
"A sorry sentinel;	192
"The Maker by His word is bound,	193
Escape or cure is none;	194
He must abandon to his doom,	195
And slay His darling son."	196

Angel.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,	197
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.	198

Fifth Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height	199
And in the depth be praise:	200
In all His words most wonderful;	201
Most sure in all His ways.	202
O loving wisdom of our God!	203
When all was sin and shame,	204
A second Adam to the fight	205
And to the rescue came.	206
O wisest love! that flesh and blood	207
Which did in Adam fail,	208
Should strive afresh against the foe,	209
Should strive and should prevail;	210
And that a higher gift than grace	211
Should flesh and blood refine,	212
God's Presence and His very Self, ⁶¹	213
And Essence all-divine.	214
O generous love! that He who smote	215
In man for man the foe,	216
The double agony in man	217

⁶⁰ blandishment] *allurement, coaxing*

⁶¹ God's presence and His very Self] Through the Christ's Incarnation and the Holy Eucharist

For man should undergo;	218
And in the garden secretly,	219
And on the cross on high,	220
Should teach His brethren and inspire	221
To suffer and to die.	222

§ 6.

Angel.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come	1
Into the veiled presence of our God.	2

Soul.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.	3
---	---

Angel.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,	4
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.	5
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne	6
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,	7
The same who strengthen'd Him, what time He knelt	8
Lone in that garden shade, bedew'd with blood.	9
That Angel best can plead with Him for all	10
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.	11

Angel of the Agony.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;	12
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sicken'd Thee;	13
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrill'd in Thee;	14
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;	15
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;	16
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;	17
Jesu! by that sanctity which reign'd in Thee;	18
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;	19
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee;	20
Souls, who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;	21
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,	22
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze	23
on Thee.	24

Soul.

I go before my Judge. Ah! ...⁶² 25

Angel.

... Praise to His Name! 26
The eager spirit has darted from my hold, 27
And, with the intemperate energy of love, 28
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel; 29
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity, 30
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes 31
And circles round the Crucified, has seized, 32
And scorch'd, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies 33
Passive and still before the awful Throne. 34
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe, 35
Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God. 36

Soul.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep 37
 There let me be, 38
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep, 39
 Told out for me. 40
There, motionless and happy in my pain, 41
 Lone, not forlorn,--- 42
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain, 43
 Until the morn. 44
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast, 45
 Which ne'er can cease 46
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess 47
 Of its Sole Peace. 48
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:--- 49
 Take me away, 50
That sooner I may rise, and go above, 51
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day. 52

⁶² Ah!] Compare the numerous moments in Dante's *Paradiso* in which he is unable to express in words what he sees. Obviously, to express something in words, one must comprehend and in a way be above the thing expressed, which is impossible with God, who is in Himself the beyond height and comprehension.

§ 7.

Angel.

Now let the golden prison ⁶³ ope its gates,	1
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves	2
Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,	3
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me	4
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,	5
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,	6
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.	7

Souls in Purgatory.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;⁶⁴
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was: from age to age Thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday: and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning: at evening tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wrath are we troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord! how long: and be entreated for Thy servants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy: we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation: and the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work: and direct their children.

⁶³ Now let the golden prison ope its gates] Purgatory. Cf. Newman's poem on purgatory, "The Golden Prison".

⁶⁴ Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation] Lines 8-19 are a paraphrase of *Psalm* 90.

12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Angel.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransom'd soul,	22
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,	23
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,	24
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.	25
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,	26
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,	27
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,	28
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.	29
Angels, to whom the willing task is given,	30
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;	31
And masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,	32
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.	33
Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,	34
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;	35
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,	36
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.	37

The Oratory. January, 1865.

178. Prologus in Phormionem

QUOD Atticissans edidit Terentius,
Id ore nostro balbutimus barbari;
Quod ethnicorum cœtui protulit ethnicus,
Id castis loquimur auribus Fidelium;
Hoc nomine de poetâ jam benemeriti
Quòd, ille quæ tam pulchrè nobis tradidit,
Nos emendando pulchriora fecimus.

Felices, quibus in omni re hæc usu venit
Illâ Terentianâ arte ars sublimior,
Bona amplectendi, non amplectendi mala;
Dubiam ut vitâ percurrentibus viam,
Amittat terra id omne quod terram sapit,
Et plus quàm proprio vestiatur lumine!

Quod amplius est dicendum, populares mei,
Breviter dicetur;—ad histriones attinet
Tenellas animas, corda palpitantia,
Partes virorum ausos puerorum viribus,
Qui primi* hic intra Catholicorum limites
Inducere aggrediuntur veterum fabulas.
His vos favete, haud sordida affectantibus.
Siquid præclarè fit, vos manibus plaudite,
Si claudicat quid, adesto vostra humanitas.

Satis jam prologi: Davus huc nunc prodeat,
Et ritè præbeat aurem, dum loquitur Geta.

The Oratory, 1864

*Viz. 1864

Translation of the above:

Prologue to *Phormio*¹

WHAT Attic Terence wrote of old for Rome,
We in our northern accents lisp to-night;
What heathen Terence spoke to heathen ears,
We speak with Christian tongues to Christian men:
Doing the while this service to the Bard,
That the rare beauty of his classic wit
We by our pruning make more beautiful.

O happy art, which Terence never knew,
But they have learned, who aim in every thing
To choose the good, and pass the evil by!
These, as they pace the tangled path of life,
Cleanse from this earth its earthly dross away,
And clothe it with a pure supernal light.

Neighbours and friends, what I have more to say,---
It is not much,---concerns our actors here,
Fresh tender souls, and palpitating hearts,
Boys, who, tho' boys, essay the parts of men,
And are the first within this Catholic fold
To represent a classic comedy.
Be kind,---they strive with no inglorious aim;
Where they do well, applaud; and, if in aught
They shall come short, be mild and merciful.

Prologue enough; let Davus enter now,
And lend his ear, while Geta tells his tale.

The Oratory. 1864.

¹Prologue to *Phormio*] *Phormio* is a comedy by the Roman playwright Terrence (d. 159 B.C.). Newman wrote this prologue for a performance of the play by the boys at the Oratory school in Birmingham.

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