



O SALUTARIS.

ARISE, my heart, that like the nightingale,
 Filling the darkness of the thorny grove,
 All night has sung the sorrows of that Love
 Before whose beauty all the stars grow pale.
 Riseth in heaven His "light that cannot fail;"
 Take wing and hide thee with the lark above
 In His bright beams; and scattering gladness, prove
 Darkness nor light the eyes of love can veil.

Hidden with Thee, my God, hidden with Thee,
 On Thabor be it, or Gethsemane;
 More than content, I leave to Thee the choice
 And nothing ask, save only this—a voice
 To sing unseen, and singing thus, to move
 All creatures to Thy knowledge and Thy love!