

All Hallows in the West.

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No. 1

Hymn for St. Michael and All Angels and Harvest.

The angels of God sang in holiest mirth,

When warmed by the morning's first roseate ray,
A mantle of green wrapp'd the new-waking earth
And over its fields night's grey mist roll'd away,
Where stars of the morn lit the amethyst sky,
"All glory, to Thee, Lord! Thrice Holy, Most High!"

The angel of God sped in light from His throne

When down upon Mary the Spirit was pour'd,
And hailed her, blest ever, Maid-Mother alone,
The garner where Heavenly Manna was stor'd;
And faint and far rang from blue depths like the sigh
Of breezes at eve, "Alleluia! Most High!"

The angel of God sped in light once again

When broke for the Day-Spring a maid's maiden-birth,
And heaven's bright host hail'd, on Bethlehem's plain,
The Fruit of her womb, Living Bread for the earth;
"Good-will and peace," sang they, "to man draweth nigh,
All glory, all glory to God be on high!"

The angels sped down and the stone roll'd away,

When sprang the grave's First-fruits from Earth's darksome womb.
Again they drew nigh on the glad harvest day
When leaving her fields, He was borne to His home;
And loud broke the chorus, o'er hell's harrowed cry,
"All glory, great Victor o'er death, Lord Most High!"

And when the last harvest had whiten'd the plain,

Like beams of the sunset, of fast-falling leaves,
The angels shall speed at His bidding again,
And bear to His garner in gladness the sheaves;
While loud the sweet songs of the reapers resound,
"All glory to Thee, Who mak'st harvest abound!"

When, Lord of the harvest, First-fruits of the grave,

Thine ingath'ring angel pass over the land,
True Bread of Life feed us, Thy Blood-Shedding save,
That when by the threshing-floor stayeth his hand,
True grain for Thy garner of rest may we be,
'Mid harvest-home song, "Lord, all-glory to Thee!"

W. HENRY JEWITT.