

All Hallows in the West.

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Christ's Triumph Over Death.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in!
At whose brave volley of sidereal states
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
When leaping first from earth He did ~~out~~ begin
To climb His Angels' wings; then open hang
Your crystal doors"—so all the chorus sang,
Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Outleap the antique Patriarchs all in haste,
To see the powers of hell in triumph led:
And with small stars a garland interchased
Of olive leaves they bore to crown His Head
That was before with thorns degloried:
After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their Ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

To which the Saints victorious carols sang;
Ten thousand Saints at once; that with the sound
The hollow vaults of Heaven for triumph rang:
The Cherubim their clamors did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around.
Down from their thrones the Dominations flow,
And at His Feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
And all the princely souls fall on their faces low.

Nor can the Martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their Heaven out of their heaven to find;
And sound their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise breaks through the starry cloud:
And all the Virgin souls in pure array
Come dancing forth and making joyous play,
So Him they led along into the Courts of Day.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,
Where never war nor wounds abide Him more;
But in that House eternal peace doth play,
Acquiescing the souls, that, new besore,
Their way to Heaven through their own blood did score: