

**CHRISTUS  
VICTOR**

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Christus Victor by William V. Spencer

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**WILLIAM V. SPENCER**

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VICTOR**



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CHRISTUS VICTOR.



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BOSTON:  
WILLIAM V. SPENCER.  
1865.

## CHRISTUS VICTOR.

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COME, Father Angelo, and sit with me ;  
Give me a share of your good company :  
I sit apart with books, and guess at life ;  
But you are in the thickest of the strife.

You see and know the joys and woes of men,  
I dream and write of what I have no ken,  
My books are failures, — why, I fain would know,  
With what is real and true 'tis never so.

I do not think a line I ever penned,  
One broken thread of life would help to mend :  
No thought of mine has ever dried a tear ;  
No word I uttered ever soothed a fear.

I see a heavy burden borne by one ;  
But yet that face glows brightly as the sun :  
I see one walk through hells of sin and night,  
But not one stain upon those garments white.

I know a life where there was blood and shame, —  
No hope to wash the blot from his fair name ;  
But yet I see a peace upon his brow,  
I cannot fathom whence it comes nor how.

I see all these, and can describe them too,  
But there is something hidden from my view :  
I see these miracles. How are they done?  
Whence comes the power by which the victory's won.

Father, I sometimes wonder how you bear  
To hear so much of guilt and pain and care ;  
I fear, beneath their burdens you will sink ;  
An early death will be your lot, I think.

My Benediċt, for me you need not fear :  
I hear a voice on earth you do not hear ;  
'T would break my heart if they should come to me,  
And for their griefs should know no remedy.

No matter what the form their sorrows take, —  
No matter if their heart be near to break ;  
I have a message from their King and mine :  
On every wound He pours His oil and wine.

I listen to this beating pulse of Earth,  
Throbbing with grief and sin e'en from its birth ;  
And through it all a melody I hear, —  
Christ's voice, "Be still : fear not, for I am here."

Now, Benediċt, I will to you disclose  
The lives that I have known with all their woes :  
With some Christ reigns ; to some He's very near ;  
To all He speaks, although they will not hear.



So great His glory, if His feet have pressed  
Their threshold only, they are surely blessed :  
He knocks, and, though they open not the door,  
A ray of sunlight streams across the floor.

Oh, how I love them ! Through thick veils I see  
Souls that through Christ saved and redeemed can be :  
Sons of the King, though now in rags and shame,  
I claim their birthright and the royal name.

First, I will speak of one who now is dead :  
But eighteen summers passed o'er that fair head ;  
Absence and anxious fears for one most dear  
Snapped the frail chords of life which held her here.

The heart and soul were great, and wore away  
The flimsy shell, and would no longer stay :  
Earth looked a bed of roses in her sight ;  
She loved her life, — thanked God it was so bright.

Now who but Christ could help her lay it down,  
In all its lustre, with that bridal crown ;  
Murmuring not that she must die alone,  
Before he came whose heart was all her own ?

She sang this song the day before she died,  
Half-dreaming, half-asleep, — I at her side ;  
And, though the name of Christ I could not hear,  
I felt that He was there, — His spirit near : —

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My life is ebbing fast, —  
This day perhaps the last  
That I shall know :  
I see the helmsman pale ;  
The breeze doth swell the sail,  
And I must go.

I should have been a bride,  
But Death is at my side,  
    And o'er my head  
I see the crown of snow  
To bind my virgin brow  
    When I am dead.

My love hath been away  
For many a long day,—  
    Days with no sun :  
The earth hath looked so pale,  
And joy hath furled her sail,  
    Till he should come.

Thou wast the sun to me ;  
I faded without thee,  
    An early blight :  
My heart and my life's key—  
I gave them both to thee,  
    A double plight.