

THE VIRGIN'S MIDNIGHT HYMN \*,

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY A CHORUS OF NUNS AT BRUSSELS,

IN THE YEAR 1786, WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS THERE.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MISS MOLESWORTHS,

DAUGHTERS OF LORD MOLESWORTH,

AND TO MISS HORNES,

DAUGHTERS OF THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

**T**O thee, thou great Almighty pow'r,  
 At this most dread, most solemn hour,  
 We virgins join in choral lays ;  
 Do thou inspire our notes of praise ;

\* Mr. B. mentioning the bell constantly ringing as soon as the clock had struck twelve, as it does in many convents in France, to call the poor nuns to prayers in their chapel, Miss H——, one of the young ladies, barely then fifteen years old, exclaimed, "Mercy on me, Mr. Berkeley! what do they say when they get into the chapel?" To which he replied, "My dear M——, I don't know; for they never let *me* in to hear them at that hour. I know what they *should* say: Pray to God, for Christ's sake," &c. The next morning, at breakfast, Miss H. found the Virgin's Hymn on the breakfast-table at the deanery. It was set to music, but the music cannot be found.

And as to thee our strains ascend,  
May Heaven's bright choir attention lend!  
In pity bid our passions cease,  
And bless us with thy holy peace;  
All worldly pomps may we despise,  
And fit, O fit us for the skies.  
For Jesu's sake our crimes forgive,  
And O! when here we cease to live,  
May Angels pure our spirits bear,  
Eternal joys with thee to share;  
Then may we join the choir above,  
And ever sing thy boundless love.