

SEQUENCE: Feast of S. Charles Stuart, K.M.
30 January

Heavenly King, of Kings the Pastor,
Giver of laws, of justice master,
Ruling all by Thy behest,
Unto Thee to-day we render
Praise for him, to memory tender,
Charles our King, of kings the best.

Traitors shedding blood like water
Filled the land with crime and slaughter,
Law was trampled in the mud,
Noble churches left forsaken
And the White Rose, overtaken
By the sword, was red with blood.

Thus the bardic verse fulfilling,
"There shall be a time of killing
When the ravens shall be fed,
And a King without pollution
Midst a realm in revolution
Shall be numbered with the dead."

Violent men without compassion
Proudly spurned the ancient fashion
Of the sacred right divine;
From his friends by madmen riven
Was our King to judgment driven
Stained with blood his Royal line.

Faithful son of Mother holy,
To the Church devoted solely,
He to keep her laws was fain.
He her champion ever glorious,
Was beaten still victorious,
Robbed of life, but conqueror slain.

*Rex divine, Rector regum,
Juris Auctor, Dator legum,
Omnem regens populum,
Tibi laudes extollamus
Hodie dum honoramus
Florem regum Carolum.*

*Eheu! Clades et dolores
Generarunt proditores
Maculati crimine;
Cadunt templa gloriosa
Cadunt leges, alba rosa
Rubra fit de sanguine!*

*Vere dixit rex Bardorum
"Tempus erit miluorum
Et stragis mirabilis,
Quando regnum amittetur
Et in auram elabetur
Albus rex et nobilis."*

*Jus divinum, lex celestis
Ab hominibus scelestis
Arroganter spernitur;
Ad tribunal cruentatum,
Ad insanis designatum,
Rex Anglorum ducitur.*

*Caræ matris fili vere
Tu servasti persincere
Præcepeta fidelia
Propter illa propugnasti,
Ipsa victus superasti
Cæsus pro Ecclesia.*

"He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,"
When on the block he laid his head;
"Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,"
But went to death as to his bed.

Fair exchange King Charles was making
When, the crown immortal taking
For the earthly crown he wore,
By the axe he followed faster
To the realm of Christ his master,
And the cross behind him bore.

Lo, the priest who shares his glory
(Laud his name and laud his story),
For his fellow-martyr waits
And the white-robed host upraising,
Heart and voice their Saviour praising,
Greets him at the heavenly gates.

He by dying brought salvation
To the torn and shattered nation,
Life restored and liberty;
For the Martyr's blood was sowing
Seed from which the Church is growing,
Seed of immortality.

Ere his death one word was spoken:
That "Remember" was the token
Of his coming victory.
So his blood brought life and healing,
And the Church's triumph sealing,
Never shall forgotten be.

(C.B. Moss)

*Nihil vile tu fecisti,
Semper digne tu gessisti
Mirum per spectaculum.
Nil maligne proclamasti;
Pulchrum caput inclinasti,
Velut super lectulum.*

*Et corona peritura
Data, bona mercatura,
Pro incorruptibili.
Tenuisti cursum durum
Per securum ad securum
Regnum Christi Domini.*

*Te Precursor, cujus nomen
LAUDEM sonat (felix omen!)
Ille Præsul inclytus
Expectabat coronatus,
Ubi laudat candidatus
Martyrum exercitus.*

*Cæde Regis venit vita,
Venit lege demolita
Renovamen patriæ;
Sanguis Martyris Regalis,
Facti morte immortalis,
Semen fit Ecclesiæ*

*Letum priusquam acerbum
Passus fuit, unum verbum
Dixit "Reminiscere";
Tu, Ecclesia sanata
Hujus morte reparata.*

*Numquam obliviscere!
(Henry Jenner)*