

ON THE EIGHTH DAY

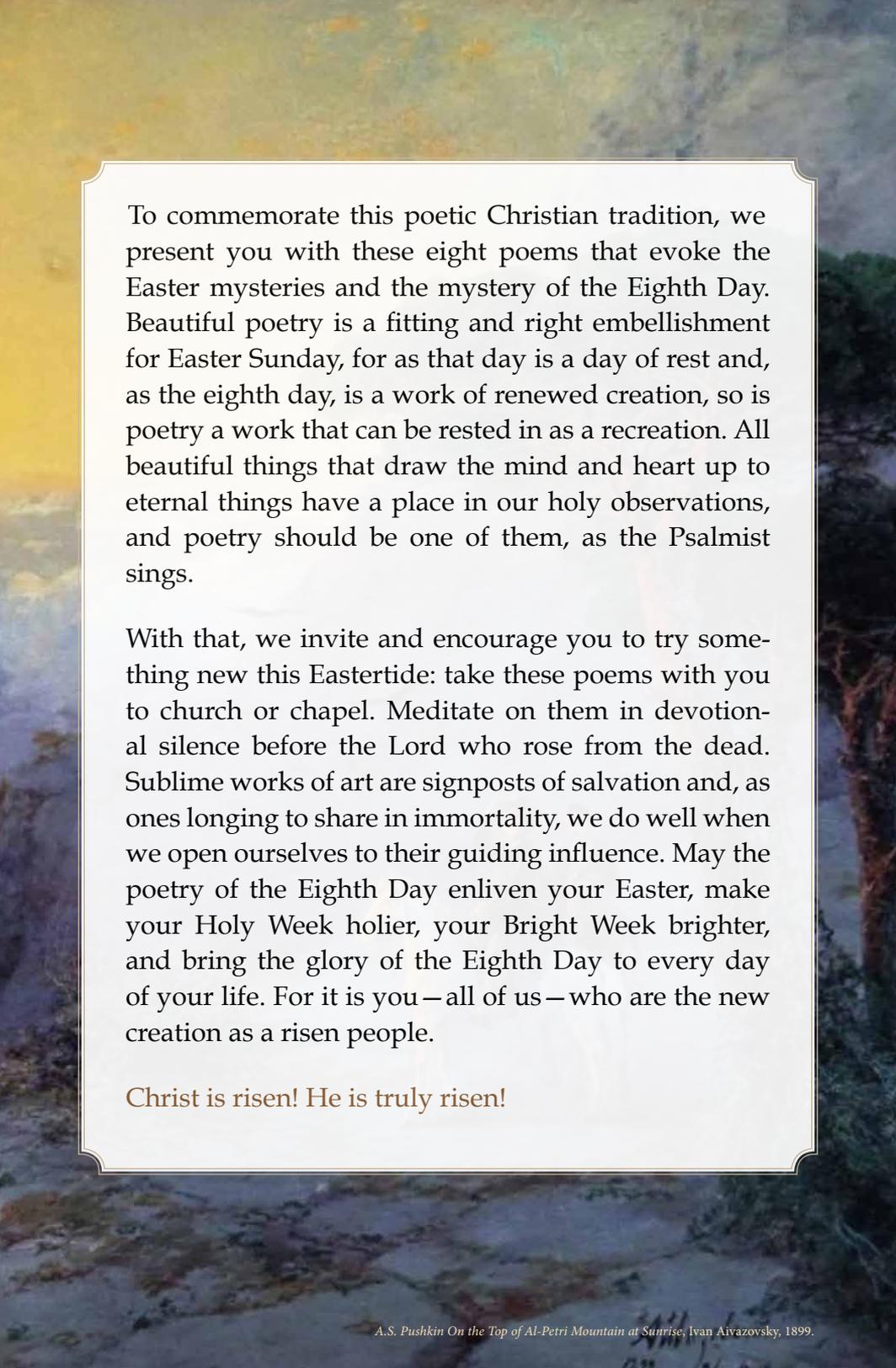
8 POEMS TO PRAY AT PASCHALTIDE



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE EIGHTH DAY?

When the good news of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ spread over the world, it came with a piece of poetry. Christians began referring to Sunday, traditionally considered the first day of the week, as the Eighth Day. This secondary appellation for the first day as the eighth day hailed the Resurrected Christ as the beginning and end of time, and also symbolized a mystical movement beyond the seven days. God created the world in seven days, and when His Son rose from the dead, a new creation was begun.

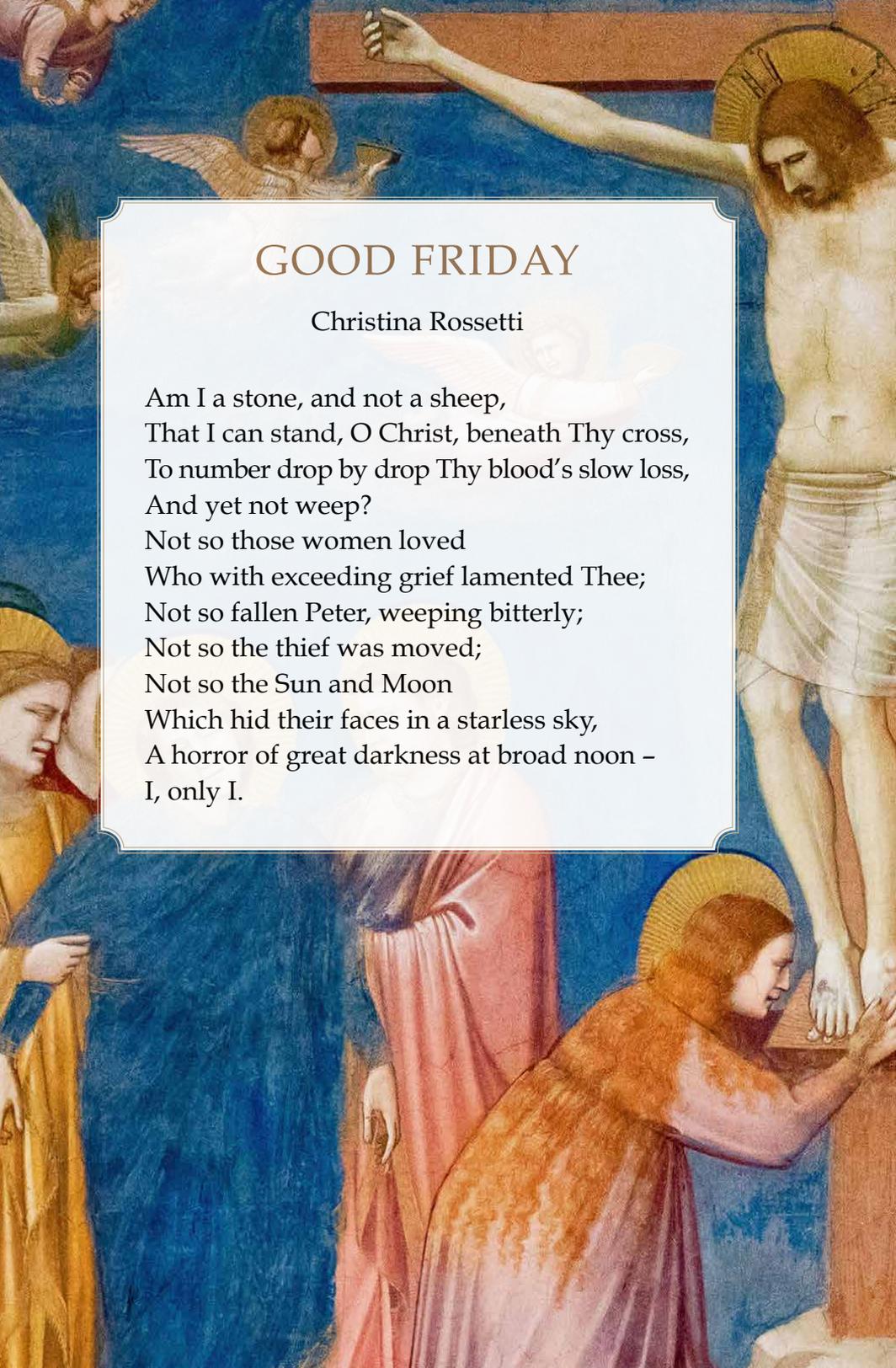
Just as a musical octave returns to the same note, but sounds a new version of it, a higher version of it, so the Resurrection of the Eighth Day returns creation to the pure light of the first day but moves it beyond that created light into the everlasting light of eternity. With Christ's Resurrection, the Church steps above and beyond the seven-day cycle of creation week into the eternal unity of the Eighth Day. Thus, the Easter Octave celebrates a cycle of Sunday to Sunday, a more unified cycle than the seven-day cycle, a cycle in which both first and last, Alpha and Omega, stand as if united in a single day.

The background is a painting of a mountain landscape at sunrise. The sky is a mix of yellow, orange, and blue, suggesting the sun is low on the horizon. The mountains are dark and silhouetted against the bright sky. The overall mood is serene and majestic. A white text box with a decorative border is centered on the page, containing the main text.

To commemorate this poetic Christian tradition, we present you with these eight poems that evoke the Easter mysteries and the mystery of the Eighth Day. Beautiful poetry is a fitting and right embellishment for Easter Sunday, for as that day is a day of rest and, as the eighth day, is a work of renewed creation, so is poetry a work that can be rested in as a recreation. All beautiful things that draw the mind and heart up to eternal things have a place in our holy observations, and poetry should be one of them, as the Psalmist sings.

With that, we invite and encourage you to try something new this Eastertide: take these poems with you to church or chapel. Meditate on them in devotional silence before the Lord who rose from the dead. Sublime works of art are signposts of salvation and, as ones longing to share in immortality, we do well when we open ourselves to their guiding influence. May the poetry of the Eighth Day enliven your Easter, make your Holy Week holier, your Bright Week brighter, and bring the glory of the Eighth Day to every day of your life. For it is you – all of us – who are the new creation as a risen people.

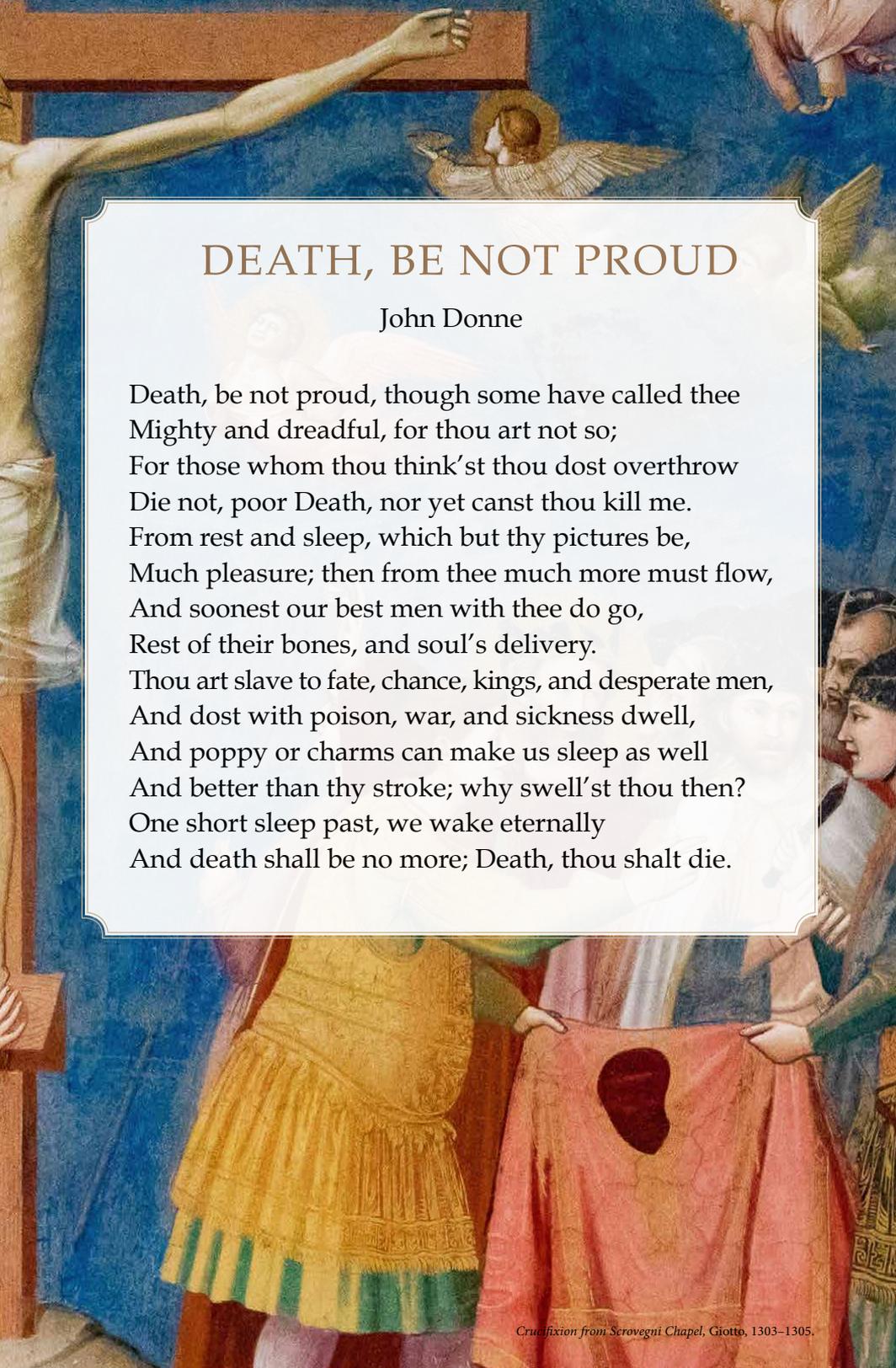
Christ is risen! He is truly risen!



GOOD FRIDAY

Christina Rossetti

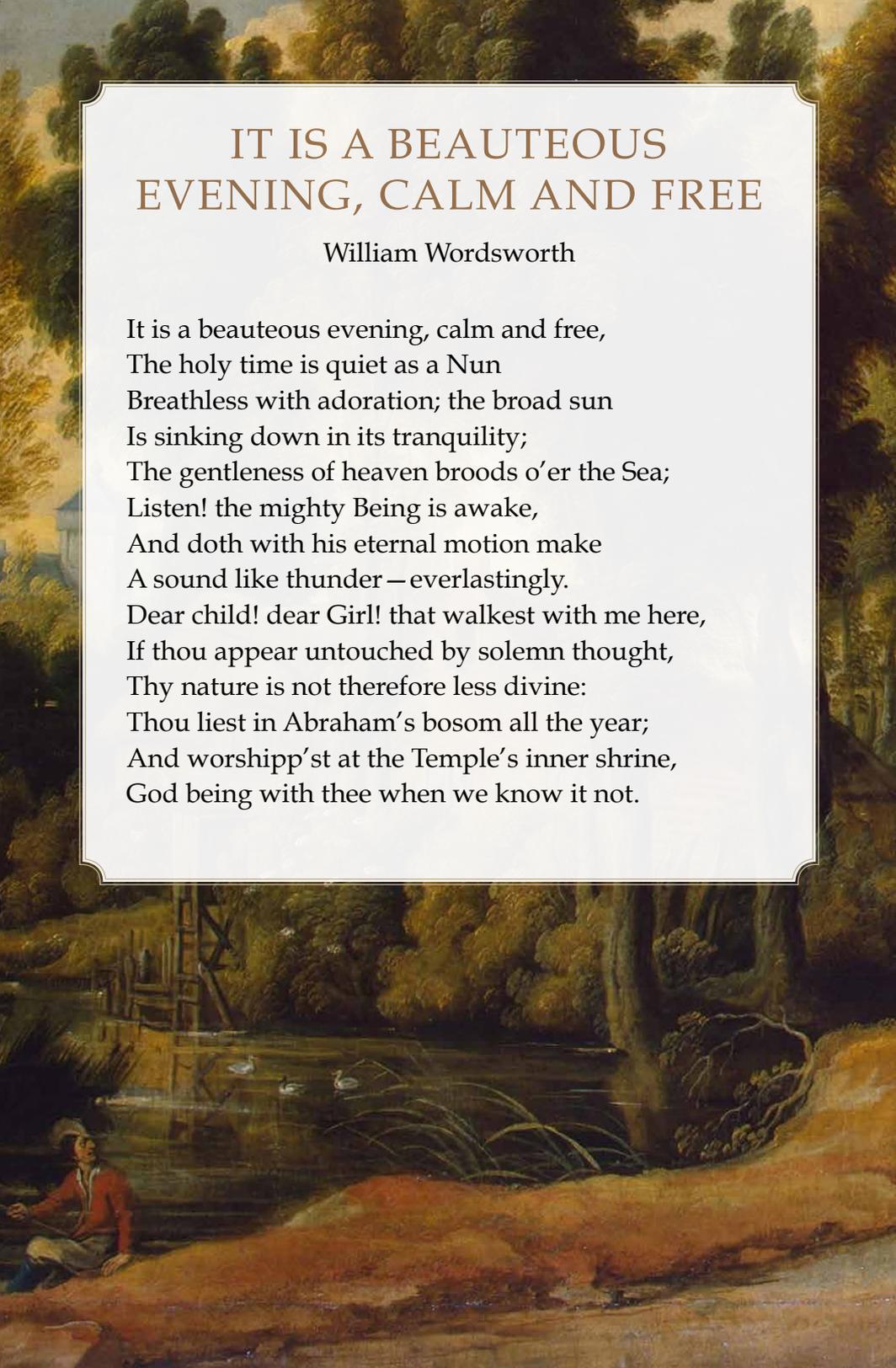
Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?
Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;
Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon -
I, only I.



DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

The background of the page is a Romantic-style landscape painting. It depicts a river or stream flowing through a lush, wooded area. In the foreground, a man in a red jacket and a hat sits on a rocky bank, looking towards the water. The water is calm, reflecting the surrounding trees and sky. In the distance, a small building is visible on the left bank. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and serene, with a focus on nature's beauty.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

William Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder – everlastingly.
Dear child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

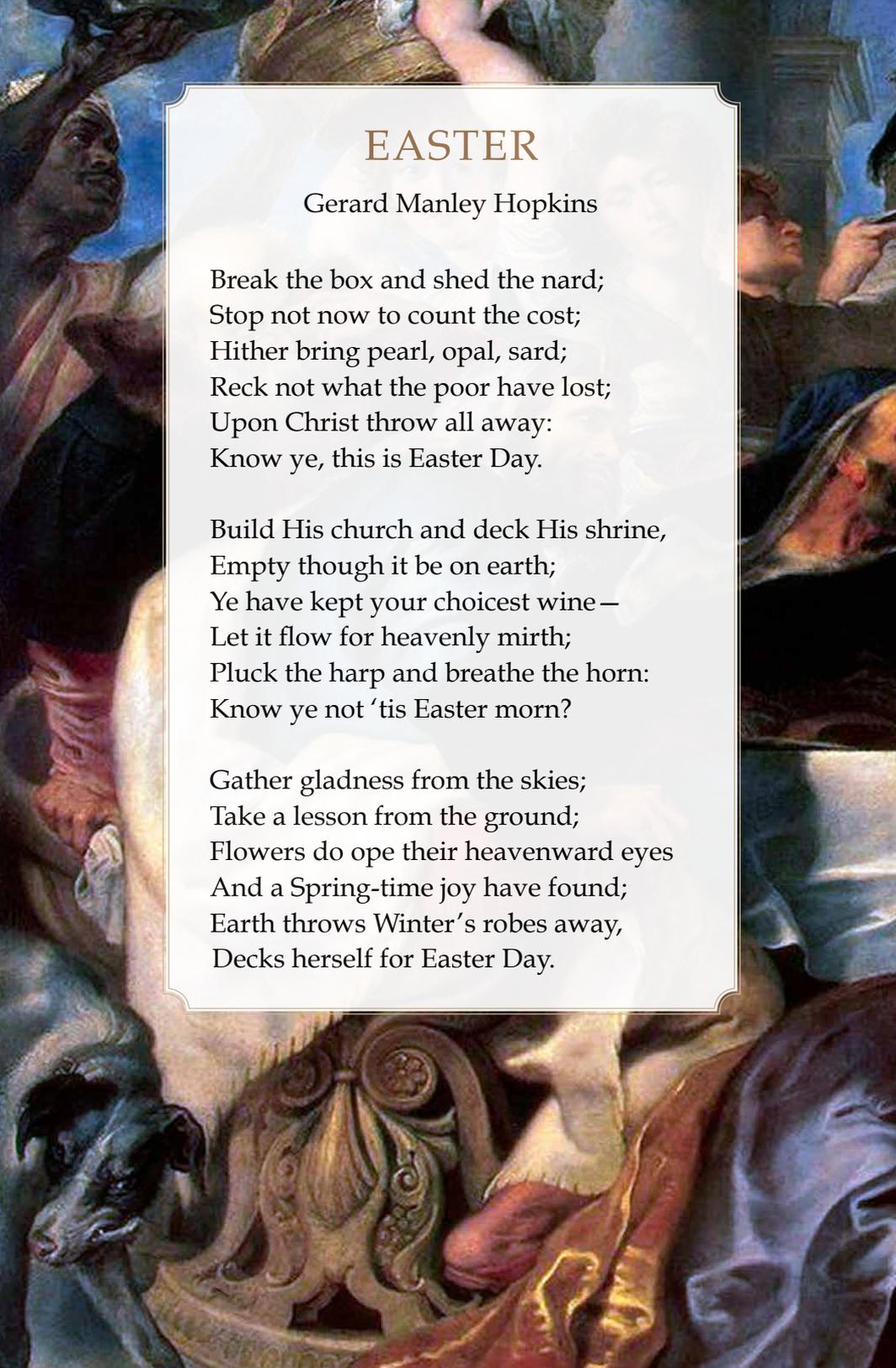
THE CONVERT

G. K. Chesterton

After one moment when I bowed my head
And the whole world turned over and came upright,
And I came out where the old road shone white.
I walked the ways and heard what all men said,
Forests of tongues, like autumn leaves unshed,
Being not unlovable but strange and light;
Old riddles and new creeds, not in despite
But softly, as men smile about the dead.

The sages have a hundred maps to give
That trace their crawling cosmos like a tree,
They rattle reason out through many a sieve
That stores the sand and lets the gold go free:
And all these things are less than dust to me
Because my name is Lazarus and I live.





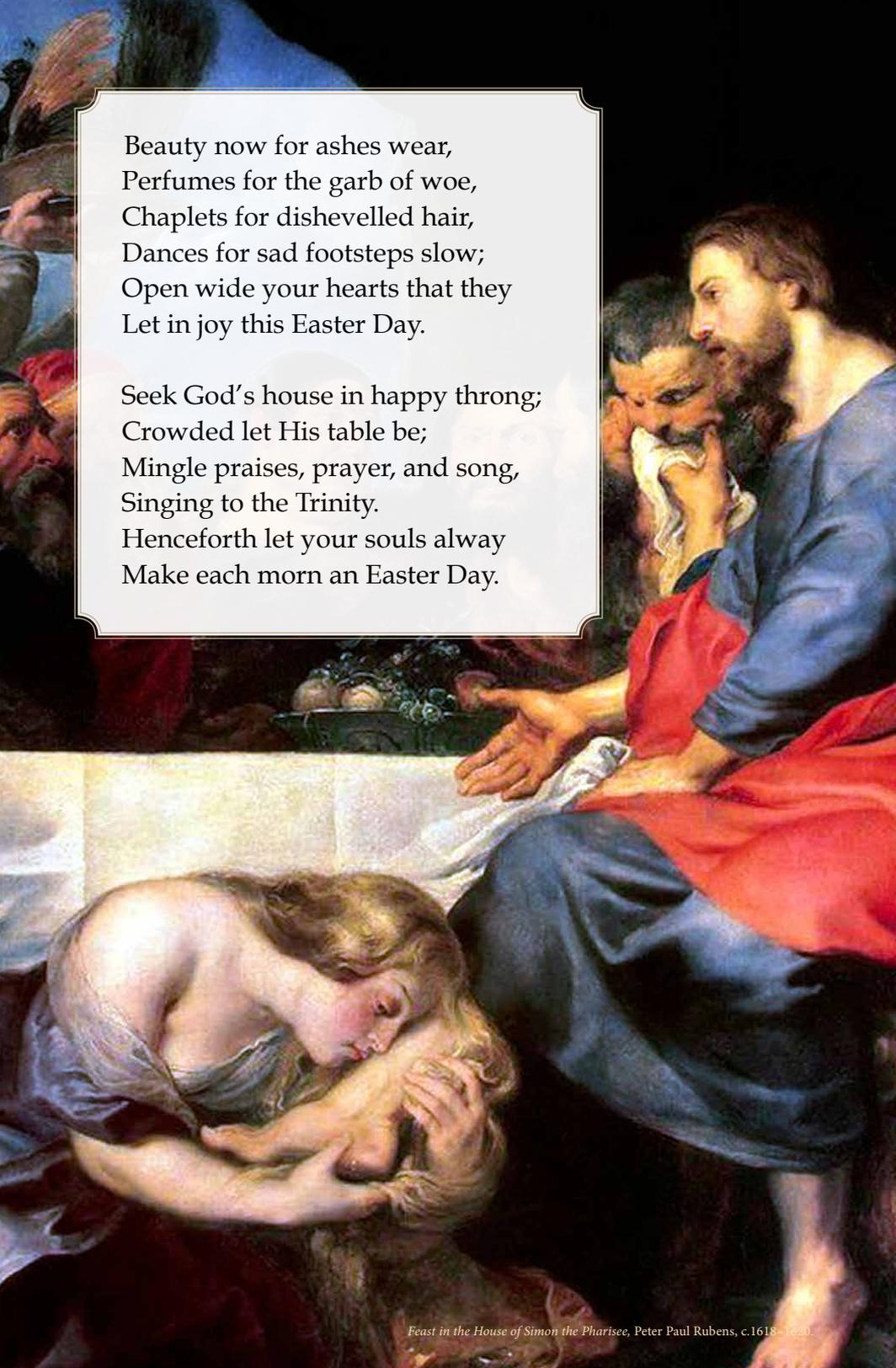
EASTER

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Break the box and shed the nard;
Stop not now to count the cost;
Hither bring pearl, opal, sard;
Reck not what the poor have lost;
Upon Christ throw all away:
Know ye, this is Easter Day.

Build His church and deck His shrine,
Empty though it be on earth;
Ye have kept your choicest wine —
Let it flow for heavenly mirth;
Pluck the harp and breathe the horn:
Know ye not 'tis Easter morn?

Gather gladness from the skies;
Take a lesson from the ground;
Flowers do ope their heavenward eyes
And a Spring-time joy have found;
Earth throws Winter's robes away,
Decks herself for Easter Day.



Beauty now for ashes wear,
Perfumes for the garb of woe,
Chaplets for dishevelled hair,
Dances for sad footsteps slow;
Open wide your hearts that they
Let in joy this Easter Day.

Seek God's house in happy throng;
Crowded let His table be;
Mingle praises, prayer, and song,
Singing to the Trinity.
Henceforth let your souls always
Make each morn an Easter Day.

THE PASCHAL HOMILY

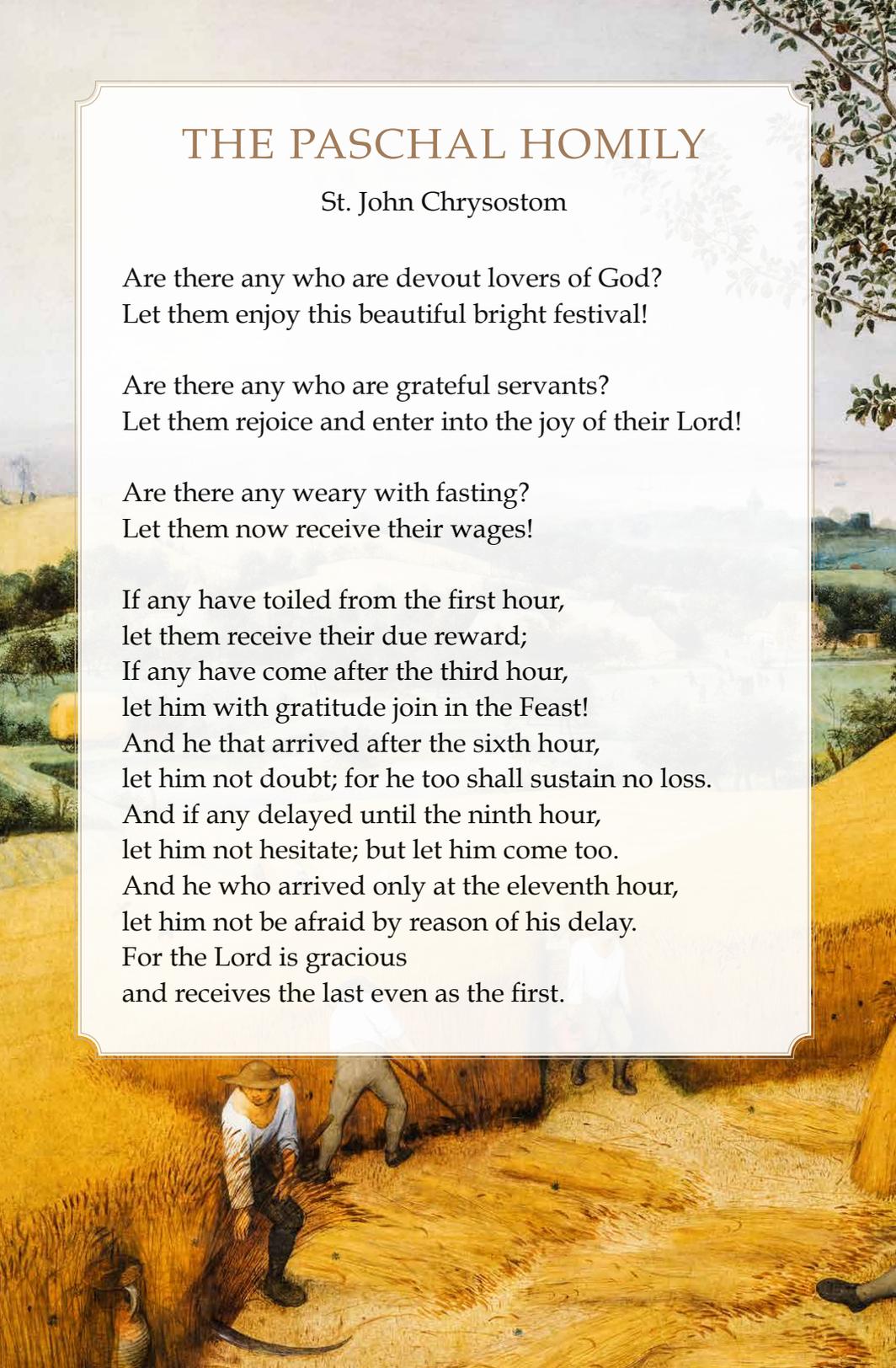
St. John Chrysostom

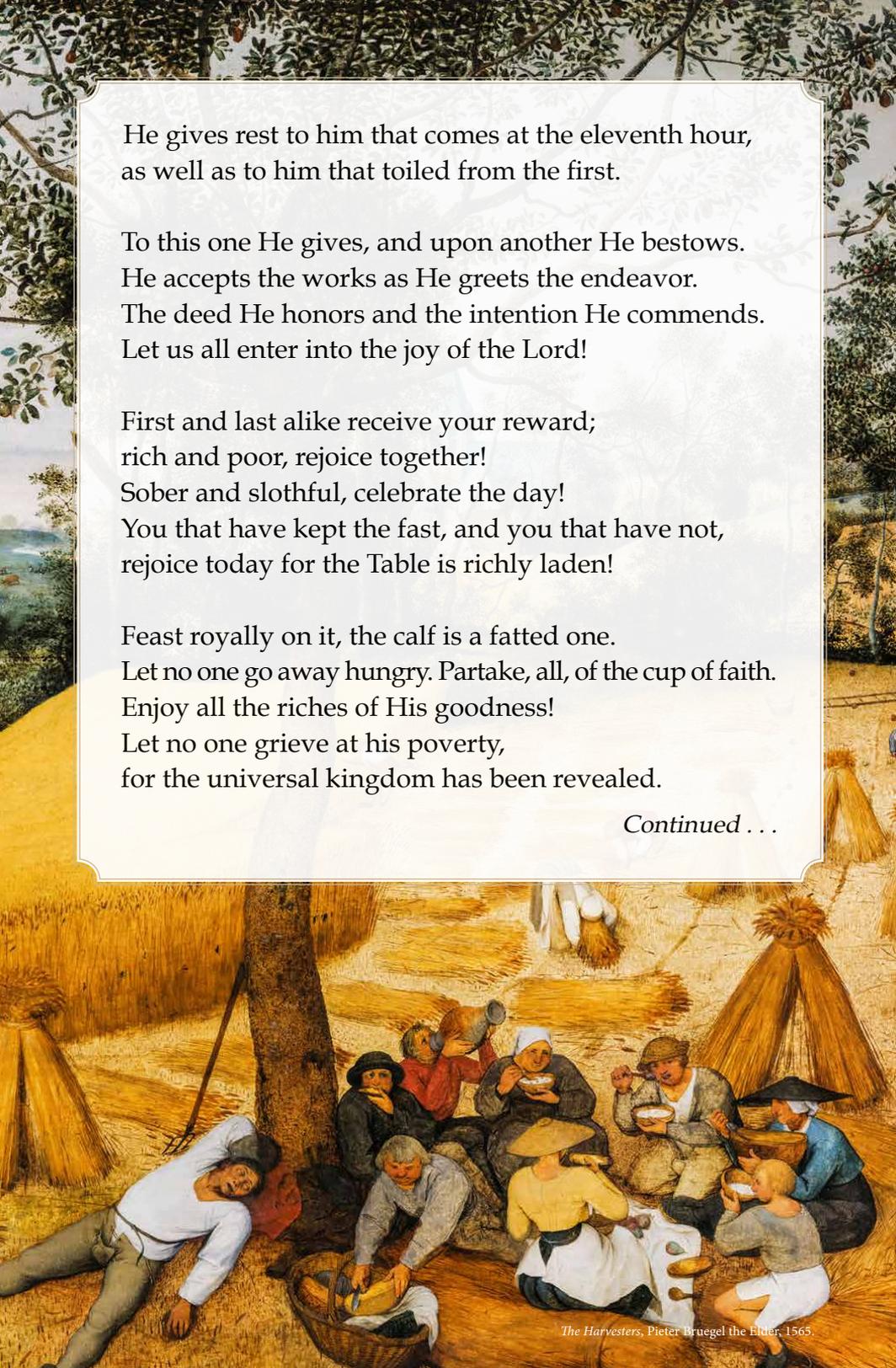
Are there any who are devout lovers of God?
Let them enjoy this beautiful bright festival!

Are there any who are grateful servants?
Let them rejoice and enter into the joy of their Lord!

Are there any weary with fasting?
Let them now receive their wages!

If any have toiled from the first hour,
let them receive their due reward;
If any have come after the third hour,
let him with gratitude join in the Feast!
And he that arrived after the sixth hour,
let him not doubt; for he too shall sustain no loss.
And if any delayed until the ninth hour,
let him not hesitate; but let him come too.
And he who arrived only at the eleventh hour,
let him not be afraid by reason of his delay.
For the Lord is gracious
and receives the last even as the first.





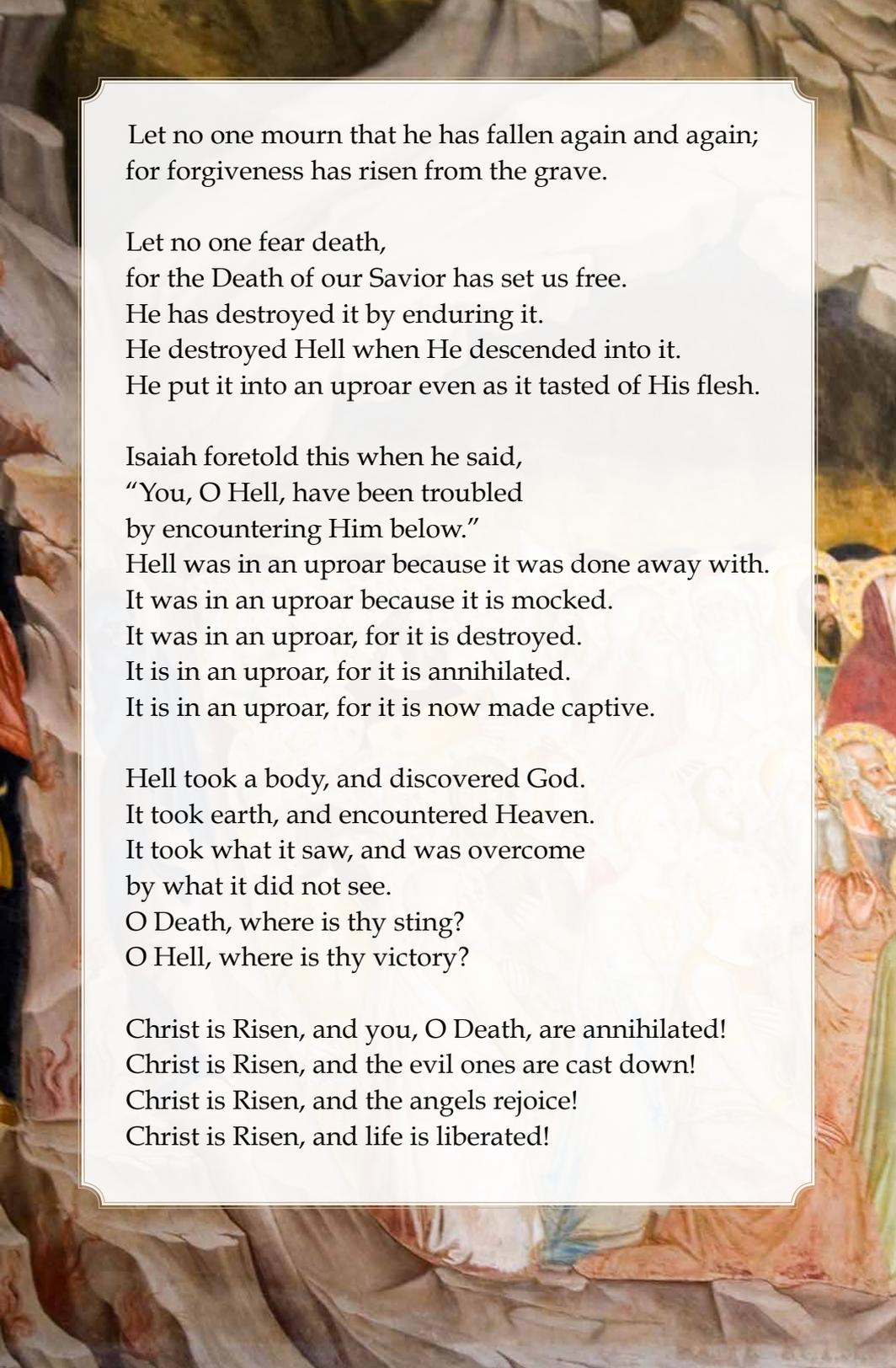
He gives rest to him that comes at the eleventh hour,
as well as to him that toiled from the first.

To this one He gives, and upon another He bestows.
He accepts the works as He greets the endeavor.
The deed He honors and the intention He commends.
Let us all enter into the joy of the Lord!

First and last alike receive your reward;
rich and poor, rejoice together!
Sober and slothful, celebrate the day!
You that have kept the fast, and you that have not,
rejoice today for the Table is richly laden!

Feast royally on it, the calf is a fatted one.
Let no one go away hungry. Partake, all, of the cup of faith.
Enjoy all the riches of His goodness!
Let no one grieve at his poverty,
for the universal kingdom has been revealed.

Continued . . .



Let no one mourn that he has fallen again and again;
for forgiveness has risen from the grave.

Let no one fear death,
for the Death of our Savior has set us free.
He has destroyed it by enduring it.
He destroyed Hell when He descended into it.
He put it into an uproar even as it tasted of His flesh.

Isaiah foretold this when he said,
“You, O Hell, have been troubled
by encountering Him below.”
Hell was in an uproar because it was done away with.
It was in an uproar because it is mocked.
It was in an uproar, for it is destroyed.
It is in an uproar, for it is annihilated.
It is in an uproar, for it is now made captive.

Hell took a body, and discovered God.
It took earth, and encountered Heaven.
It took what it saw, and was overcome
by what it did not see.
O Death, where is thy sting?
O Hell, where is thy victory?

Christ is Risen, and you, O Death, are annihilated!
Christ is Risen, and the evil ones are cast down!
Christ is Risen, and the angels rejoice!
Christ is Risen, and life is liberated!

Christ is Risen, and the tomb is emptied of its dead;
for Christ having risen from the dead,
is become the first-fruits of those who have fallen asleep.

To Him be Glory and Power forever and ever. Amen!



LOVELIEST OF TREES

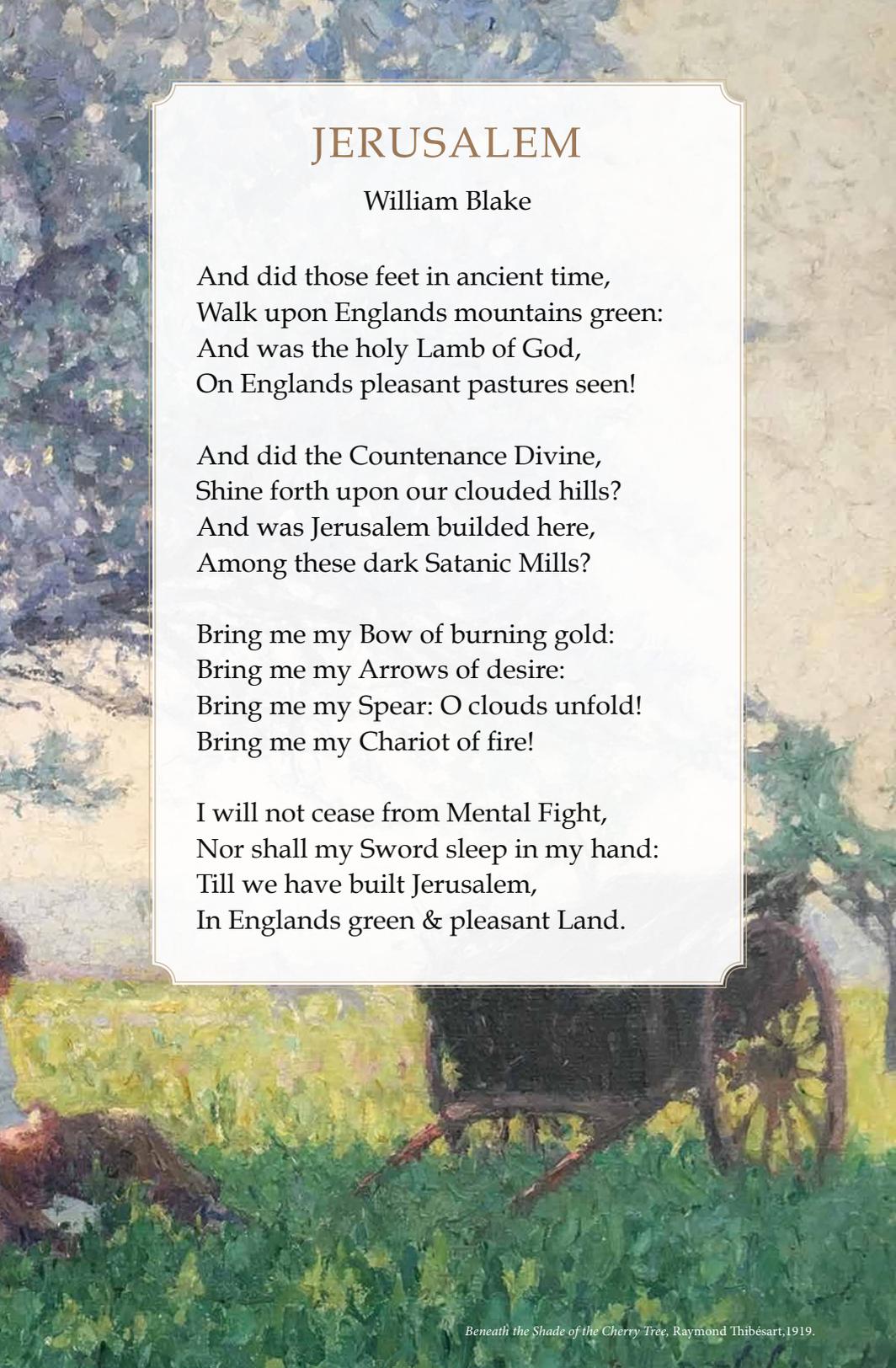
A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.



The background is a painting of a landscape. In the foreground, there is a horse-drawn cart with large wooden wheels, partially obscured by green foliage. The ground is a mix of green and yellow, suggesting grass and earth. The background shows a hazy, light-colored sky and distant hills. The overall style is impressionistic, with visible brushstrokes and a focus on light and color.

JERUSALEM

William Blake

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon Englands mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In Englands green & pleasant Land.



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Our mission is to form whole and happy men through adventurous encounters with the good, true, and beautiful, bringing our students into meaningful contact with each other and the things of earth and heaven.

We give boys thoughtful minds, pilgrim hearts, and contemplative souls, that they may become real men with real loves for real things, men who can see and sing and speak, men who know their God and know their pious duties. In these lie a happiness which is holiness, and that beatitude is our mission.

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Cover: *The Disciples Peter and John Running to the Sepulchre on the Morning of the Resurrection*, Eugène Burnand, c.1898.

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