

The Abbot's

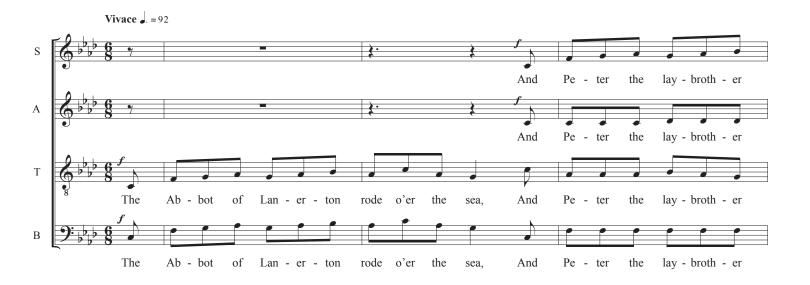


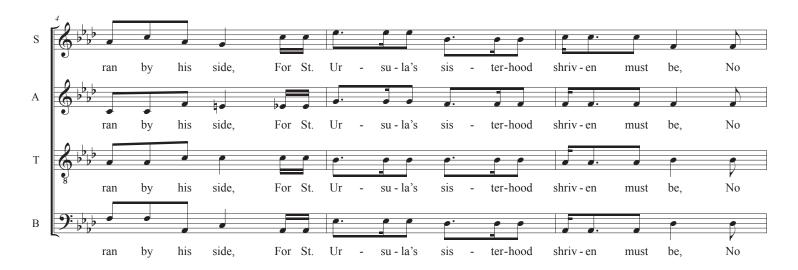
(BENEDICITE)

T. Wilkinson Stephenson

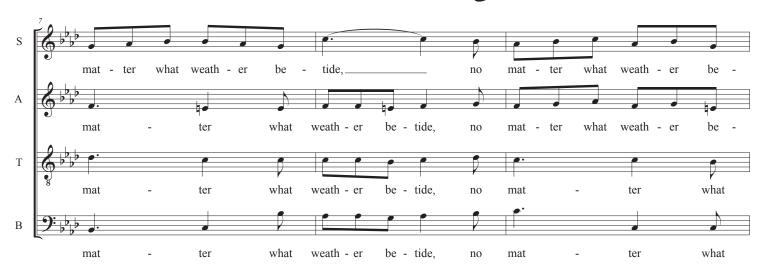
(1855-1936)

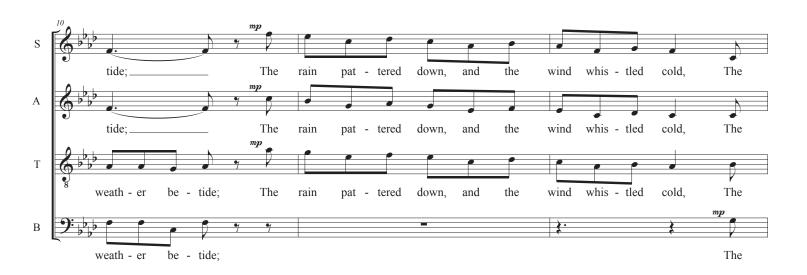
T. Wilkinson Stephenson

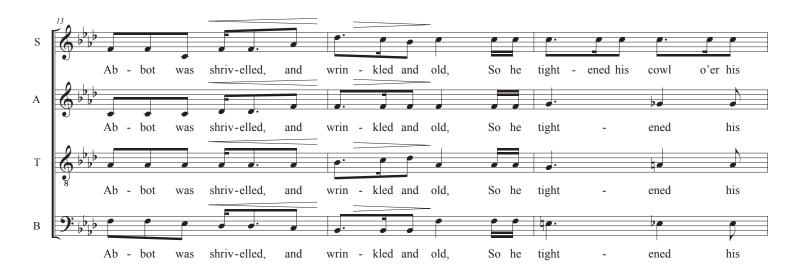




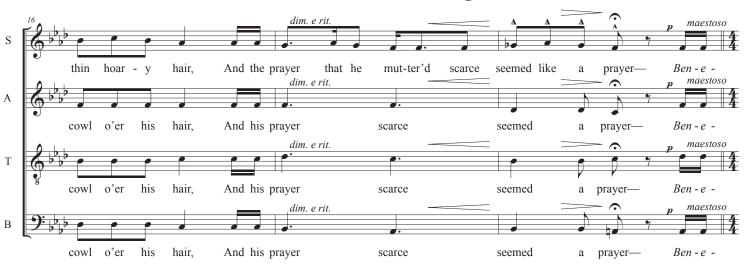


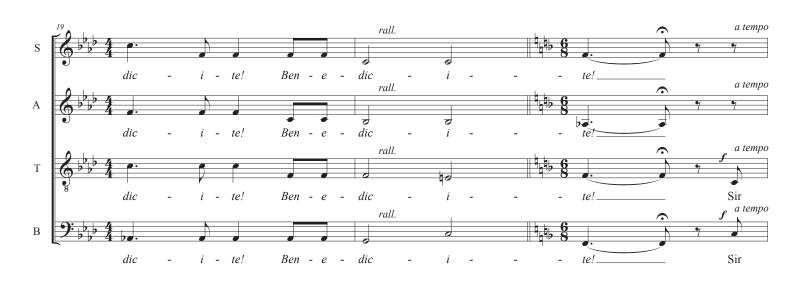


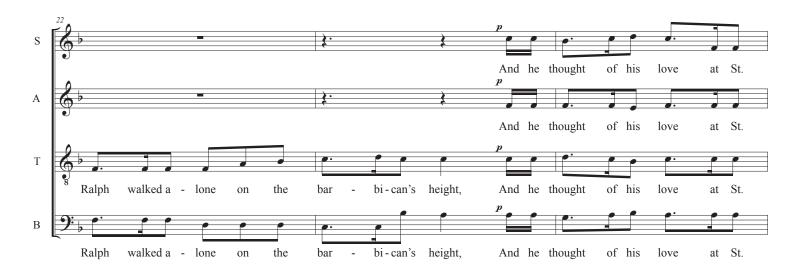




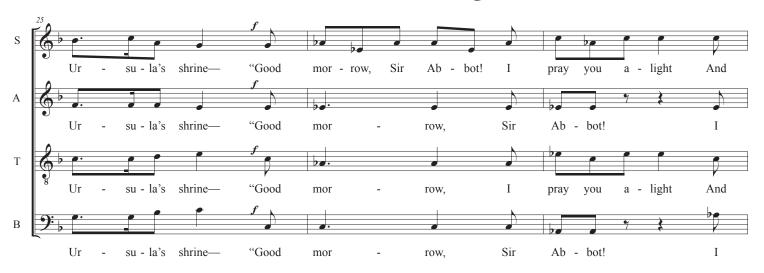


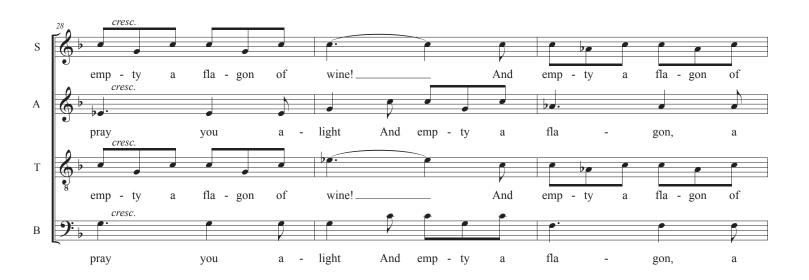


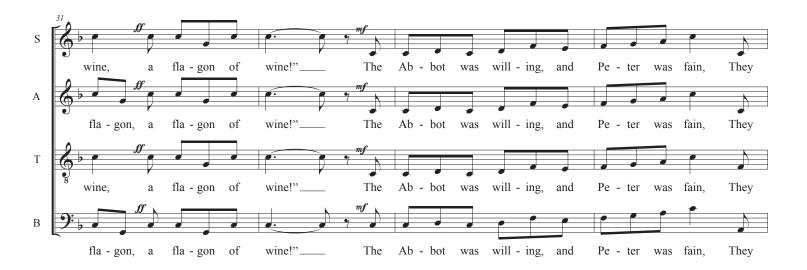


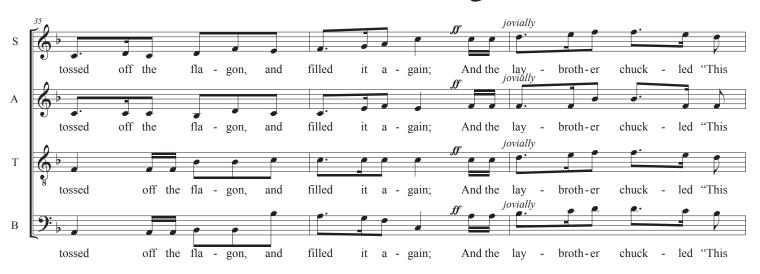


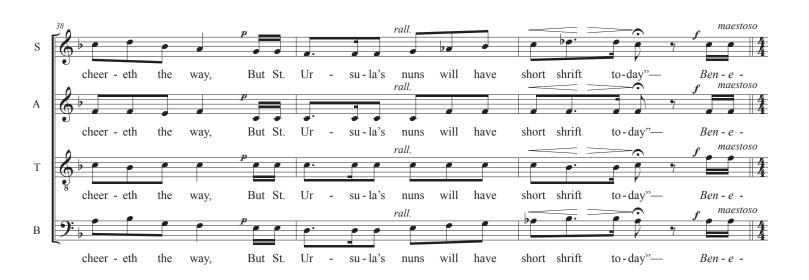


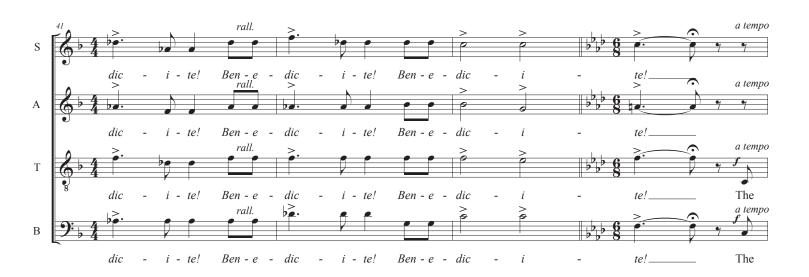




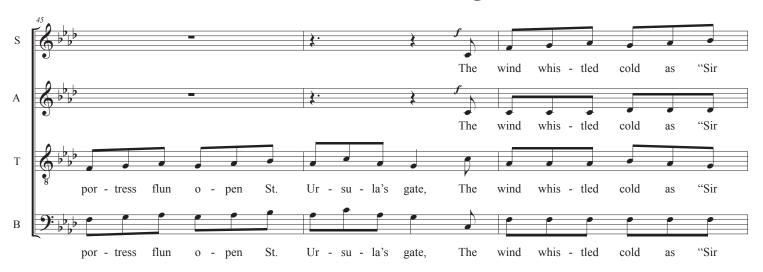


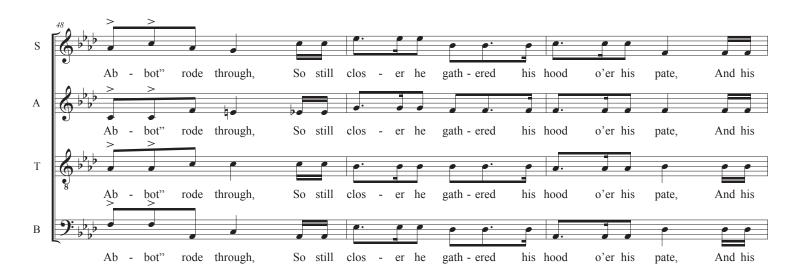


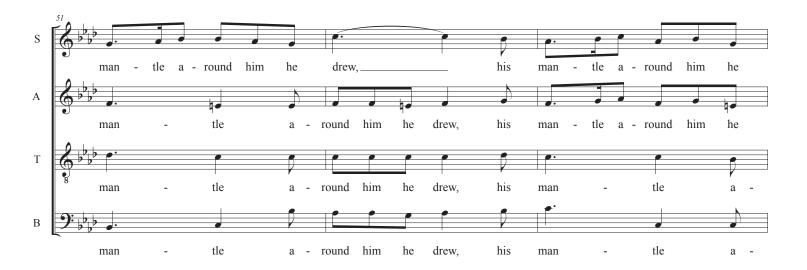


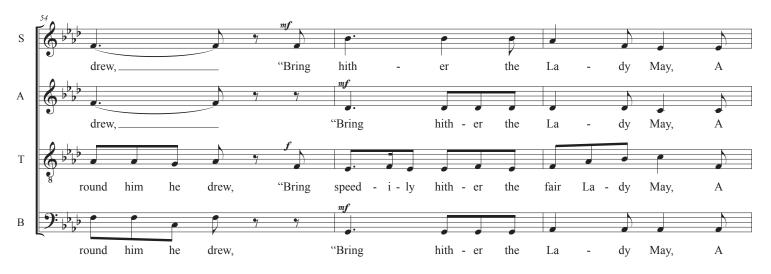


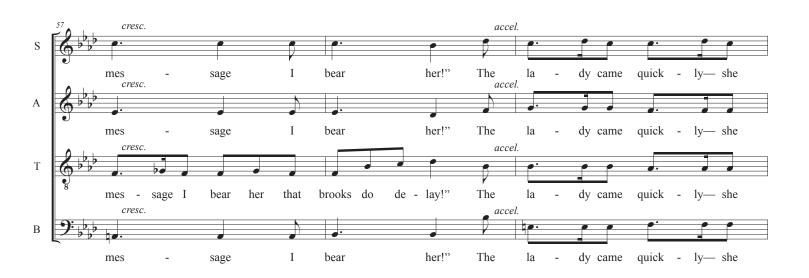


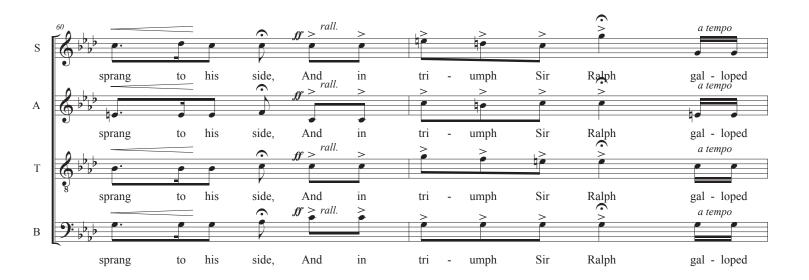


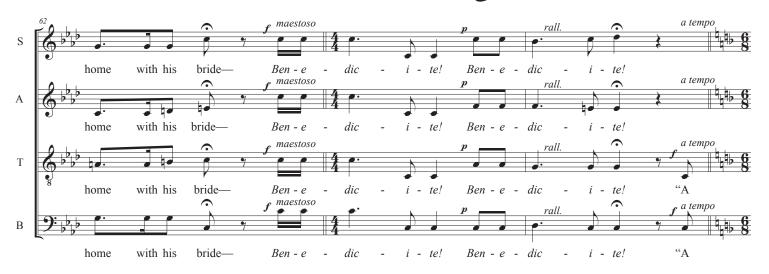


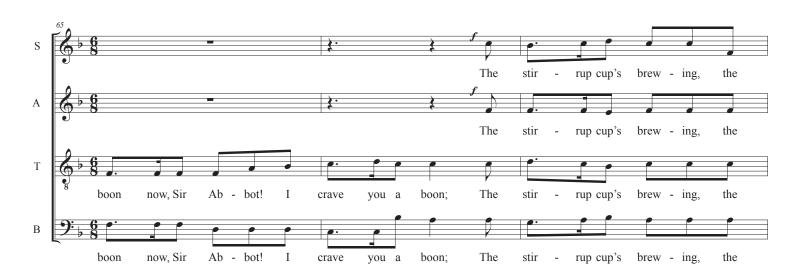


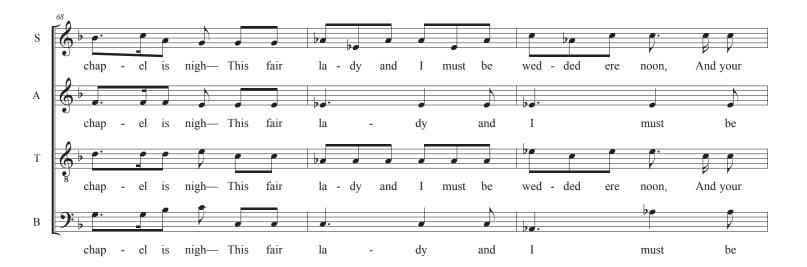




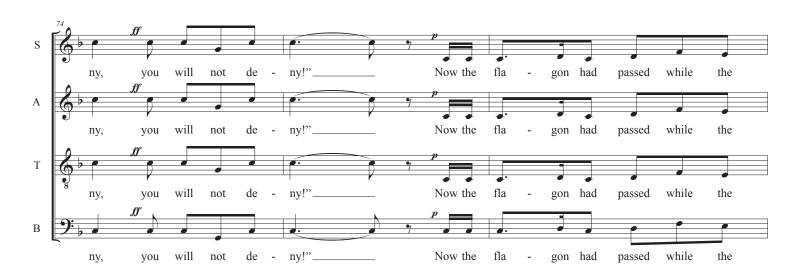


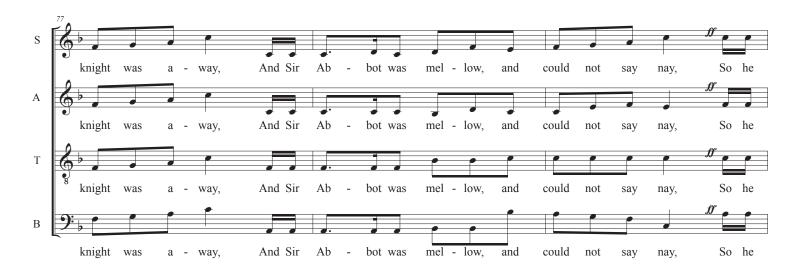




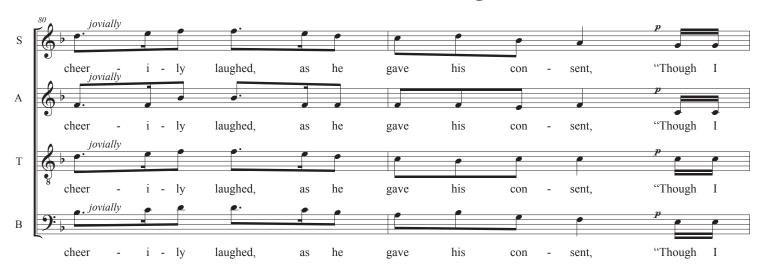


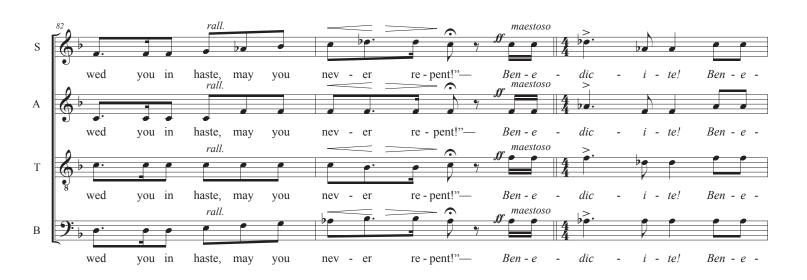


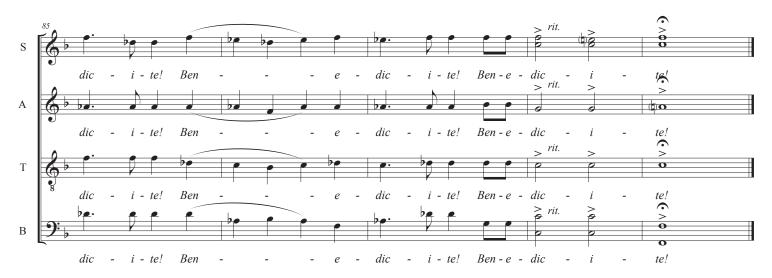












Rev. Thomas Wilkinson Stephenson (1855-1936) was born at Bishopton, Ripon, Yorkshire, England. He trained at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. He was ordained and served as curate of Darrington, Pontefract; as minor canon and precentor of Carlisle Cathedral and master of the choristers' school; and as Vicar of Addingham, Yorkshire. He was also editor of the Diocesan Calendar. He was an organist, composing numerous works for organ as well as liturgical works, anthems, and part-songs. He died at Addingham.

The Abbot of Laneraton rode o'er the sea,
And Peter the lay-brother ran by his side,
For St. Ursula's sisterhood shriven must be,
No matter what weather betide;
The rain pattered down, and the wind whistled cold,
The Abbot was shrivelled, and wrinkled and old,
So he tightened his cowl o'er his thin hoary hair,
And his prayer that he muttered scarce seemed like a prayer—
Benedicite!

Sir Ralph walked alone on the barbican's height,
And he thought of his love at St. Ursula's shrine—
"Good morrow, Sir Abbot! I pray you alight
And empty a flagon of wine!"
The Abbot was willing, and Peter was fain,
They tossed off the flagon, and filled it again;
And the lay-brother chuckled "This cheereth the way,
But St. Ursula's nuns will have short shrift today"—
Benedicite!

The portress flung open St. Ursula's gate,
The wind whistled cold as "Sir Abbot" rode through,
So still closer he gathered his hood o'er his pate,
And his mantle around him he drew,
"Bring speedily hither the fair Lady May,
A message I bear her that brooks do delay!"
The lady came quickly— she sprang to his side,
And in triumph Sir Ralph galloped home with his bride—
Benedicite!

"A boon now, Sir Abbot! I crave you a boon;
The stirrup cup's brewing, the chapel is nigh—
This fair lady and I must be wedded ere noon,
And your blessing you will not deny!"
Now the flagon had passed while the knight was away,
And Sir Abbot was mellow, and could not say nay,
So he cheerily laughed, as he gave his consent,
"Though I wed you in haste, may you never repent!"—
Benedicite!

J. Walter Brown

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