

Madrasha, or Hymn of St. Ephraem is published by the learned Syriac scholar, Monsignor Lamy, of the University of Louvain, in his S. Ephraemi Syri Hymni et Sermones, four volumes in quarto. He devoted to his researches for the material and to the editing of the last volume, from which the further quotations are taken, ten years of labour<sup>3</sup>.

The hymn is taken from British Museum Add. MS 17141, folio 85; Wright assigns the MS to the eighth or ninth century<sup>4</sup>; it contains a large collection of hymns ascribed to Ephraem, Isaac of Antioch, and Jacob of Batnae (Sarug).

The hymn now in question contains seventeen strophes or stanzas, the English version of the last seven are following:-

On Thomas the Apostle

XI

'Blessed art thou, Thomas, the Twin, in thy deeds! twin is thy  
spiritual power; nor one thy power, nor one thy name:  
'But many and signal are they; renowned is thy name among the Apostles.  
'From my lowly state thee I haste to sing.

XII

'Blessed art thou, O Light, like the lamp, the sun amidst darkness  
hath placed; the earth darkened with sacrifices' fumes to illuminate.  
'A land of people dark fell to thy lot that these in white robes  
thou shouldst clothe and cleanse by baptism: a tainted land Thomas has purified.

the solar ray from the great orb; thy  
grateful dawn India's painful darkness doth dispel.  
'Thou the great lamp, one among the Twelve, with oil from the  
Cross replenished, India's dark night floodest with light.

XIV

'Blessed art thou whom the Great King hath sent, that India to  
his One-Begotten thou shouldst espouse; above snow and linen white,  
thou the dark bride didst make fair.  
'Blessed art thou, who the unkempt hast adorned, that having  
become beautiful and radiant, to her Spouse she might advance.

XV

'Blessed art thou, who hast faith in the bride, whom from heathenism,  
from demons' errors, and from enslavement to sacrifices thou didst rescue.  
'Her with saving bath thou cleanseest, the sunburnt thou hast made  
fair, the Cross of Light her darkened shades effacing.

XVI

'Blessed art thou, O merchant, a treasure who broughtest where  
so greatly it was needed; thou the wise man, who to secure the great  
pearl, of thy riches all else thou givest;  
'The finder it enriches and ennobles: indeed thou art the merchant who the world endowest!

XVII

'Blessed art thou, O Thrice-Blessed City! that hast acquired this  
pearl, none greater doth India yield;  
'Blessed art thou, worthy to possess the priceless gem! Praise to  
thee, O Gracious Son, Who thus Thy adorers dost enrich!'