

SONGS OF
PRAISE



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SONGS OF PRAISE

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Janet Bayly

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SPRING. SUMMER

Joyfully forgotten;
Sorrow now is done;
We have found a Father,
We have found a Son;

04 Flower Carol. *Piae Cantiones* (1582). Tr. O.B.C.

SPRING has now unwrapped the flowers,
Day is fast reviving,
Life in all her growing powers
Towards the light is striving;
Gone the iron touch of cold,
Winter time and frost time,
Seedlings, working through the mould,
Now make up for lost time.

2 Herb and plant that, winter long, Slumbered at their leisure, Now bestirring, green and strong, Find in growth their pleasure; All the world with beauty fills, Gold the green enhancing; Flowers make merry on the hills, Set the meadows dancing.

3 Through each wonder of fair days God himself expresses; Beauty follows all his ways, As the world he blesses: So, as he renews the earth, Artist without rival, In his grace of glad new birth We must seek revival.

4* Earth is garbed in revelry, Flowers and grasses hide her; We go forth in charity— Brothers all beside her; For, as man this glory sees In the awakening season, Reason learns the heart's decrees, Hearts are led by reason.

5 Praise the Maker, all ye saints; He with glory girt you, He who skies and meadows paints Fashioned all your virtue; Praise him, seers, heroes, kings, Heralds of perfection; Brothers, praise him, for he brings All to resurrection!

05 Easter Song. *Christina Rossetti*, 1830-94

SPRING bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at
play.

2 Flash forth, thou sun, The rain is over and gone, its work is done—

3 Winter is past, Sweet spring is come at last, is come at last.

4 Bud, fig and vine, Bud, olive, fat with fruit and oil, and wine.

5 Break forth this morn In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.

6 Uplift thy head, O pure white lily through the winter dead.

7 Beside your dams Leap and rejoice, you merry-making lambs.

8 All herds and flocks Rejoice, all beasts of thickets and of rocks.

9 Sing, creatures, sing, Angels and men and birds, and every- thing.

06 Robert Browning, 1812-89

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

See also

- 19 Hark, my soul, how everything
- 360 Hark! a hundred notes
- 30 Morning has broken
- 650 Sweet day, so cool
- 229 May Carol. The winter's sleep
- 21 When spring unlocks

SUMMER

07 Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

ADVENT

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

63

John Struther, 1901-51

I am with you, like the dawn upon the mountains.

High o'er the lonely hills
Black turns to grey;
Birdsong the valley fills,
Mists fold away;
Grey wakes to green again,
Beauty is seen again—
Gold and serene again
Dawneth the day.

2 So, o'er the hills of life,
Stormy, forlorn,
Out of the cloud and strife
Sunrise is born;
Swift grows the light for us;
Ended is night for us;
Soundless and bright for us
Breaketh God's morn.

3 Hear we no beat of drums,
Fanfare nor cry,
When Christ the herald comes
Quietly nigh;
Splendour he makes on earth;
Colour awakes on earth;
Suddenly breaks on earth
Light from the sky.

4.* Bid then farewell to sleep:
Rise up and run!
What though the hill be steep?
Strength's in the sun,
Now shall you find at last
Night's left behind at last,
And for mankind at last
Day has begun!

64^o (Also Epiphany, and Missions Oversea.)

Charles E. Oakley, 1832-65

Hills of the North, rejoice;
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland, sing;
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

2 Isles of the southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent the south-warring breeze,
Gulled be your restless waves;
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes his great high-
way.

Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblessed,
Break forth to swelling song:
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

5.* Shout, while ye journey home;
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free,
We come to live and reign in thee!

65

C. Wesley (1758), and others

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for fawcured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
God appears, on earth to reign.

2* Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in glorious majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall their true Messiah see.

PASSIONTIDE

When death and shame would woo him
last,
From under the trees they drew him
last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him, last,
When out of the woods he came.

127 Samuel Crossman, c. 1624-83

My song is love and truth,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovingly be,
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from his blest throne,
Salvation to bestow;
Hath men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.

But O, my friend,
My friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

3 Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their king.

Then 'Crucify!
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.

Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst him rise.

5* They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;

A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay,
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.

6* In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.

What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

7. Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like thine.
This is my friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

P. Gerhardt, 1607-76, based on *Salve caput crucentatum* (probably by Arnulf von Loewen, 1200-50), Pr. Y.H.

8 Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
SACRED head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore!

2 Thy beauty, long-desired,
Hath vanished from our sight;
Thy power is all expired,
And quenched the light of light,
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.

3 I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine,
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
On earth to comfort thee,

4* In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
To stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-beloved,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

DEDICATION FESTIVALS AND ANNIVERSARIES

6. Burn, holy Fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

193 (Other occasions also.)
The Builders.

Geoffrey Dearle, 1893-

SING, all good people gathered;
Your voices raise in song
Within this church that gathered
Our ancient faith so strong.
So tried and wrought to fitness
In scorn of fire and sword;
Sing, as these stones bear witness,
Of men who praised the Lord.

2* Each rite from pillars springing
A fount fountain plays,
Above the chancel singing
In harmony of praise;
Like tall trees ever growing
The differing columns stand
To bear the vault down-throwing
The shadow of God's hand.

3* At all times and unceasing,
Work well and truly done,
In loveliness increasing
Has mellowed here in one;
The towers and piers unshaken,
The vaulting finely groined,
Time in his span hath taken
And in one glory joined.

4 Of wealth and fame and power
Those masons did not know;
'Let's build', they said, 'a tower,
Square to the winds that blow;
We are not men of culture,
Yet we are here to build
Room for a king's sepulture
And worthy of our guild.'

5 So came each beam and rafter,
Each winged flight of stone,
Their deathless work lives after,
Their names were never known:
For beauty did they plead not,
Yet beauty they did win,
And, like a child you heed not,
The grace of heaven crept in.

6* Here, for a workman's wages,
This glass so surely stained
Down the long aisles of ages
In glory has remained.

As brother works with brother,
The glaziers worked to paint
The blue robe of the mother,
The red robe of the saint.

7. Proud heads lie here, disowning
All but a drooping Head;
Whole hands worked here, atoning
For open Hands that bled;
Full hearts and living voices
A broken Heart proclaim;
Life after death rejoices,
And after silence, fame.

See also under All Saints (243-4), and

464 Christ a our corner-stone
468 City of God
480 Crown him upon the throne
394 Forward! be our watchword
497 Gather us in
389 Hail thee, Festival Day
525 How lovely are
551 Jesus, where'er
602 O life that maketh
613 O sweeter than
615 O thou not made
688 We love the place

194 Church, College, or School Com-
memoration.

G. W. Briggs, 1875-

OUR Father, by whose servants
Our house was built of old,
Whose hand hath crowned her children
With blessings manifold,
For thine unfailing mercies
Far-strewn along our way,
With all who passed before us,
We praise thy name to-day.

2 The changeful years unresting
Their silent course have sped,
New comrades ever bringing
In comrades' steps to tread;
And some are long forgotten,
Long spent their hopes and fears;
Safe rest they in thy keeping,
Who change not with years.

3 They reap not where they laboured,
We reap what they have sown;
Our harvest may be garnered
By ages yet unknown.
The days of old have dowered us
With gifts beyond all praise;
Our Father, make us faithful
To serve the coming days.

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DEDICATION FESTIVALS. THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN

4. Before us and beside us,
Still holden in thine hand,
A cloud unseen of witness,
Our elder comrades stand;
One family unbroken,
We join, with one acclaim,
One heart, one voice uplifting,
To glorify thy name.

See also

- 464 Christ is our corner-stone
470 Come kindred
495 For the might of thine arm
592 Now join, ye comrades
602 O life that maketh
640 Sing praise to God

And also Part V, Thanksgiving.

PART III

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN

195

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854

'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality,
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 2* My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
4. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain,
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

196

*Katherine Tynan Hinkson,
1859-1931*

I WOULD choose to be a doorkeeper
In the House of the Lord,
Rather than lords and ladies
In satin on the sward.
To draw the bolts for the white souls
Would be my rich reward;
And I the happy doorkeeper
To the House of the Lord.

- 2 Of all troop in not one comes out
From the House of the Lord,
Those who have won from sin and
death,
From age and grief abhorred,
There is more room within its courts
Than palaces afford;
So great it is and spacious
In the House of the Lord.
- 3 They come with shining faces
To the House of the Lord;
The broken hearts and weary
That life has racked and scored;
They come hurrying and singing
To sit down at his board,
They are young and they are joyful
In the House of the Lord.
- 4 There are lilies and daisies
In the House of the Lord.
The lover finds his lover
With a long, long regard,
The mothers find the children,
Strayed from their watch and ward.
O the meetings and the greetings
In the House of the Lord!

THE SAINTS

- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest:
- 7* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way:
- 8* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

203

Bishop R. Mant, † 1776-1848

- For thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward
And strove in thee to die.
- 3 They all in life and death,
With thee their Lord in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee;
- 5* With them the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to praise,
As in the ancient days was done,
And shall through endless days.

204

J. Watts, 1674-1748

- GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5* Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

205

J. Austin, † 1613-69

- Hail, glorious spirits, heirs of light,
The high-born sons of fire,
Whose souls burn clear, whose flames
shine bright;
All joy, yet all desire.
- 2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope,
Long in the shadow sate,
Till our victorious Lord set ope
Heaven's everlasting gate.
- 3 Hail, all ye prophets of the Name,
Who brought that early ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made our first fair day.
- 4 Hail, all you happy souls above,
Who make that glorious ring
About the sparkling throne of love,
And there for ever sing.

206

Bishop Chr. Wordsworth, † 1807-85

- HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee!
- Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there,

ST. THOMAS. ST. STEPHEN. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these.'

- 5 Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

See also

- 481 Dear Lord and Father
211 Disposer supreme
212 Prophets, teachers
645 Spread, still spread

*And Service Oversea, 299-303; and, for
Scotland, National, 316-24.*

ST. THOMAS

(Dec. 21st)

- 0218 J. R. Darbyshire, 1880-1948

Who dreads, yet undismayed
Dares face his terror;
Who errs, yet having strayed
Avows his error—
Him let Saint Thomas guide,
Who stirred his fellows' pride
To move to death beside
Their Lord and Master.

- 2 Who longs for guidance clear
When doubts assail him,
Nor dares to move for fear
Lest faith should fall him—
For such the Lord's reply
To his disciple's cry:
'I am the Way,' supply
The light in darkness.

- 3 Who grieves that love lies dead
On fate's wheel broken;
And stands uncomfortable
By any token—
His faith shall be restored
By Christ's compelling word
When Thomas saw the Lord,
And seeing worshipped.

See also

- 453 Believe not those who say
211 Disposer supreme
614 O thou in all thy might so far
212 Prophets, teachers
670 Thou art my life
143 O when Thomas afterwards

ST. STEPHEN

(Dec. 26th)

- 0219

Jan Struther, 1901-53

WHEN Stephen, full of power and grace,
Went forth throughout the land,
He bore no shield before his face,
No weapon in his hand;
But only in his heart a flame
And on his lips a sword
Wherewith he smote and overcame
The foemen of the Lord.

- 2 When Stephen preached against the
laws
And by those laws was tried,
He bore no friend to plead his cause,
No spokesman at his side;
But only in his heart a flame
And in his eyes a light
Wherewith God's daybreak to proclaim
And rend the veils of night.

- 3 When Stephen, young and doomed to
die,
Fell crushed beneath the stones,
He had no curse nor vengeful cry
For those who broke his bones;
But only in his heart a flame
And on his lips a prayer
That God, in sweet forgiveness' name,
Should understand and spare.

- 4 Let me, O Lord, thy cause defend,
A knight without a sword;
No shield I ask, no faithful friend,
No vengeance, no reward;
But only in my heart a flame
And in my soul a dream,
So that the stones of earthly shame
A jewelled crown may seem.

See also

- 216 (vv. 3-4, 7-8), The Martyr first

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

(Dec. 27th)

- 220

J. M. C. Crum, 1872-

On the moorland of life God's Shepherd
is seen,
And he waters his flock where the valley
is green,

ST. JOHN. INNOCENTS' DAY. ST. PAUL

And he calleth his sheep, he knoweth
them all,
And the sheep know his voice and they
follow his call.

2 In the vineyard of life God planted a
vine,
And its leaf doth not wither nor fallesth
its wine;
For the branches have all one life with
the root
And are lovely with leaves and are
loaded with fruit.

3 In the Passover night when Christ was
betrayed,
And his own who had loved him were
sorely dismayed,
When all hope in their hearts grew
troubled and dim,
Then he spake of the peace of abiding
in him.

4. And the love of one heart most near to
the Lord's
In the Gospel has written the mystical
words:
They are words of a peace the world
cannot move,
Of the peace of the souls that abide in
his love.

See also

- 457 Book of books
- 214 Prophets, teachers
- 669 The Spirit of the Lord
- 234 Virtue supreme

INNOCENTS' DAY

(Dec. 28th)

221

Laurence Houseman, 1865-

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Fair peace on earth to bring,
In lowly state of love he came
To be the children's King.
A mother's heart was there his throne,
His orb a maiden's breast,
Whereby he made through love alone
His kingdom manifest.

And round him, then, a holy band
Of children blest was born,
Fair guardians of his throne to stand
Attendant night and morn.

4 And unto them this grace was given
A saviour's name to own.
And die for him who out of heaven
Had found on earth a throne.

5 O blessed babes of Bethlehem,
Who died to save our King,
Ye share the martyrs' diadem,
And in their anthem sing!

6*Your lips, on earth that never spake,
Now sound the eternal word;
And in the courts of love ye make
Your children's voices heard.

7.*Lord Jesus Christ, eternal Child,
Make thou our childhood thine;
That we with thee the meek and mild
May share the love divine.

See also

385 Unto us a boy is born

ST. PAUL

(Jan. 25th)

222

Geoffrey Dearmer, 1893-

"To Damascus!" Paul had shouted:
Now he marched in ebbing pride,
Ere the Voice from heaven had spoken;
Fought the Silence at his side,
Fought, surrendered, came in triumph,
By his conscience crucified.

2 Facing him was dark obtuseness,
At his back the spur and flame
Of those deeds of persecution,
Ere from Saul to Paul he came;
Paul, where others would have hushed it,
Stood and shouted of his shame.

3* Died he daily yet rejoicing:
Truth to Paul was nurtured in
Much that in itself was error,
Since the Law itself was sin:
Thus it was where others ended
Paul was ready to begin.

4 Paul, the least of the apostles,
Freedom to the faith restored;
Claimed for Gentile, slave and woman,
Christ, the deputy adored;
Made his felon-doom our symbol,
Found the comprehensive Lord.

Stephen B. Shaw

THE PRESENTATION, ST. MATTHIAS, ST. DAVID

5. Therefore let us praise and honour
Him who stood and fought alone,
Soldier, seaman, traveller, teacher,
Raised in power, in weakness sown
Through mankind in Christ he enters
At the last unto his own.

See also

- 211 Disposer supreme
- 511 Hark what a sound
- 212 Prophets, teachers
- 213 Servants of God

THE PRESENTATION

(Feb. 2nd)

- 223 Candlemas,
Jan Struther, 1901-53

When Mary brought her treasure
Unto the holy place,
No eye of man could measure
The joy upon her face.
He was but six weeks old,
Her plaything and her pleasure,
Her silver and her gold.

- 2 Then Simeon, on him gazing
With wonder and with love,
His aged voice up-raising
Gave thanks to God above:
'Now welcome sweet release!
For I, my saviour praising,
May die at last in peace.'
- 3 And she, all sorrow scorning,
Rejoiced in Jesus' fame.
The child her arms adorning
Shone softly like a flame
That burns the long night through,
And keeps from dusk till morning
Its vigils clear and true.
4. As by the sun in splendour
The flags of night are furled,
So darkness shall surrender
To Christ who lights the world:
To Christ the star of day,
Who once was small and tender,
A candle's gentle ray.

See also

- 94 The greatness of God

ST. MATTHIAS

(Feb. 24th)

224

Geoffrey Dearmer, 1893-

When Judas did his Lord reject
And fell from common grace,
Matthias was the one elect
To fill the vacant place.

- 2 In loyalty to make amends
For Judas, he became
One with the Master's chosen friends,
A witness of his name.
- 3 To serve his fellow men was he
With comradeship content;
Thus did the Church with loyalty
Stone unto stone cement.
4. Since faith with constancy is bound,
Grant us, O Lord, that we
On earthly fellowship may found
Our larger loyalty.

See also

- 211 Disposer supreme
- 212 Prophets, teachers

ST. DAVID

(March 1st)

225

E. J. Newell, 1853-1916

We praise thy name, all-holy Lord,
For him, the beacon-light
That shone beside our western sea
Through mists of ancient night;
Who sent to Ireland's fading Church
New tidings of thy word;
For David, prince of Cambrian saints,
We praise thee, holy Lord.

- 2 For all the saints' band whose prayers
Still gird our land about
Of whom, lest men disdain their praise,
The voiceless stones cry out;
Our hills and vales on every hand
Their names and deeds record:
For these, thy ancient hero host,
We praise thee, holy Lord.
3. Grant us but half their burning zeal,
But half their iron faith,
But half their charity of heart,
And fortitude to death;

ALL SAINTS. THE CHURCH ON EARTH

- 2 Prince and peasant, bond and free,
Warriors wielding freedom's sword,
Bold adventurers on the sea,
Faithful stewards of the word,
Toilers in the mine and mill,
Toilers at the furnace-blaze,
Long forgotten, living still,
All thy servants tell thy praise.

- 3 Valiantly o'er sea and land
Trode they the untrodden way,
True and faithful to command,
Swift and fearless to obey:
Strong in heart and hand and brain,
Strong, yet battling for the weak,
Recked they not of their own gain,
Their own safety scorned to seek.

- 4*Marvels new and manifold,
Taught of thee, they taught their day:
Fear and bondage, long grown old,
In thy strength they swept away.
Healed the sick and halt and lame,
Made the doubly blind to see:
Glorious Lord, their glorious name
Safe is treasured up with thee.

5. Evermore their life abides,
Who have lived to do thy will:
High above the restless tides
Stands their City on the hill:
Lord and Light of every age,
By thy same sure counsel led,
Heirs of their great heritage,
In their footsteps will we tread.

°244

P. Dearmer, 1867-1936

UNKNOWN and unrewarded.

Their very names have died—
Thy true Church through the ages,
The remnant by thy side:
These pure in heart did see thee;
From cross of self-reliance,
They spent their lives for others,
Courageous, peaceful, kind.

- 2 For many learn the doctrine,
And lose it in their rules,
And many drown thy Gospel
In clamour of the schools;
But thy true saints have found thee
In all things as thou art;
These followed thine example,
The orthodox in heart.

- 3 Wise were they all, and simple,
And meek, and strong, and sane,
Beloved and loving were they,
With laughter in their train;
They turned from fame and riches
A happier way to choose,
They understood thy Kingdom,
They welcomed thy Good News.

4. O why so few that follow?
And why are we so far?
Their gracious way is easy:
Our dullness makes the bar.
O King of Saints, inspire us
The love of self to slay,
Till, all our ranks advancing,
We throng the narrow way!

See also

- 202 For all the saints
495 For the night
289 For those we love
203 For thy dear saint
204 Give me the wings
205 Hail, glorious spirits
206 Hark the sound
207 How bright
196 I would choose
291 Joy and triumph
557 Let saints on earth
208 Rejoice, ye dead
309 What are these
240 Who are these

THE CHURCH ON EARTH

°245

I. Watts (1707) and T.H.

CHRIST hath a garden walled around,
A paradise of fruitful ground,
Chosen by love and fenced by grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Like trees of spice his servants stand,
There planted by his mighty hand;
By Eden's gracious streams, that flow
To feed their beauty where they grow.
- 3 Awake, O wind of heaven, and bear
Their sweetest perfume through the air:
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,
Till the beloved Master come:
4. That he may come, and linger yet
Among the trees that he hath set;
That he may evermore be seen
To walk amid the springing green.

SERVICE OVERSEA. SOCIAL SERVICE

303 Home or Oversea.
J. Marriott,† 1780-1825

THOU whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Ah! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4, Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light!

See also

435 A brighter dawn
440 All hail the power
443 *Old Hundredth*. All people
304 *Pioneers*. All the past
60 Christ is the world's
475 Come now, all people
485 Eternal Ruler
243 For the brave
497 Gather us in
87 Hail to the Lord's
88 Hark, how all the welkin
64 Hills of the North
91 In Asia born
517 In Christ there is
545 Jesus shall reign
892 Judge eternal
546 Let all the world
369 Remember all the people
658 The Lord will come
96 The race that long
415 Through north and south
680 Thy Kingdom come

PART IV

SOCIAL SERVICE

General Number 304-15 National 326-9 Number 316-25
International

GENERAL

304 *Pioneers*.
Walt Whitman (cento), 1819-92
ALL the past we leave behind:
We take up the task eternal, and the
burden, and the lesson,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing,
so we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

2 Not for delectations sweet,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for
us the tame enjoyment;
Never must you be divided, in our
ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

3 All the pulses of the world,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, these
are of us, they are with us;
We to-day's procession heading, we the
route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

4. On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, we must
never yield or falter,
Through the battle, through defeat,
moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

305

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306

MEN, v
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SOCIAL SERVICE: GENERAL

c305 Animals.

James Stephens, 1882-1950

LITTLE things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair;

2 Little things that flit and fall
And fall on sea and earth and air;

3 All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer:

4 As we forgive those done to us,
The lamb, the sparrow, and the hare,

5. Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

c306

J. Russell Lowell, 1819-91

MEN, whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forge
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

3. They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

307

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy
brother:
Where pity dwells, the peace of God
is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed
a prayer.

2 Follow with reverent steps the great
example

Of him whose holy work was doing
good;

So shall the wide earth seem our
Father's temple,

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

3. Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy
clangour

Of wild war music o'er the earth shall
cease;

Love shall tread out the hateful fire of
anger,

And in its ashes plant the tree of
peace.

c308

G. K. Chesterton, 1874-1936

O God of earth and altar,

Bow down and hear our cry,

Our earthly rulers falter,

Our people drift and die;

The walls of gold entomb us,

The swords of scorn divide,

Take not thy thunder from us,

But take away our pride.

2 From all that terror teaches,

From lies of tongue and pen,

From all the easy speeches

That comfort cruel men,

From sale and profanation

Of honour and the sword,

From sleep and from damnation,

Deliver us, good Lord!

3. Tie in a living tether

The prince and priest and thrall,

Bind all our lives together,

Unite us and save us all;

In life and evaluation

A flame with faith, and free,

Lift up a living nation,

A single sword to thee.

c309

J. Russell Lowell, 1819-91

ONCE to every man and nation

Comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood,

For the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,

Offering each the bloom or blight;

And the choice goes by for ever

'Twixt that darkness and that light.

FOR CHILDREN

°372

Christina Rossetti, 1830-94

THAT shepherds had an angel,
The wise men had a star;
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

- 2 Lord Jesus is my guiding star,
My beacon-light in heaven;
He leads me step by step along
The path of life unseen;
He, true light, leads me to that land
Whose day shall be as seven.

- 3*Those shepherds through the lonely
night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing 'Glory, glory'
In festival they keep.

- 4.*Christ watches me, his little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be his own in heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their 'Glory, glory'
For my sake in the height.

°373

Anon.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some their strength and health:
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?

2. We'll bring the many duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

°374

(Morning or Evening.)

F. T. Palgrave, 1824-97

THOU who once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake, or go to bed,
Lay thy hands upon my head;

Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

2. Be beside me in the light,
Be close by me through the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what I am bid to do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

°375

(Morning.) W. Canton, 1845-1926

THROUGH the night the angels kept
Watch beside me while I slept;
Now the dark has passed away,
Thank thee, Lord, for this new day.

- 2 North and south and east and west
May thy holy name be blest;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heaven, thy will be done.

3. Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From thy little child this day.

°376

(Also for adults.)

J. M. C. Cram, 1872-

To God who makes all lovely things
How happy must our praises be!
Each day a new surprise he brings
To make us glad his world to see.

- 2 How plentiful must be the mines
From which he gives his gold away;
In March he gives us celandines,
He gives us buttercups in May.
- 3 He grows the wheat and never stops;
There's none can count the blades of
green;
And up among the elm-tree tops
As many thousand leaves are seen.
- 4 And when the wheat is bound in
sheaves
He sends his wind among the trees,
And down come all the merry leaves
In yellow-twinkling companies.
- 5*On winter nights his quiet flakes
Come falling, falling all the night,
And when the world next morning
wakes
It finds itself all shining white.

PROCESSIONAL

17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

18 There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden under feet.

19 There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There card and balm abound:
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found!

20 Quite through the streets with silver
sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Over whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

21 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

22* There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir:
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

23* Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

24* Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Timothy and Zachary
Have led their songs to seek.

25* There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

26* Jerusalem thy happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!
(For another version see 393.)

© 396 Onward ever.
P. Dearmer, 1867-1936
(For the Young, and others.)

PART I (A)

O FATHER above us, our father in
might,
All live by thy love, as the flowers in
the light;

Our father and mother and maker
art thou.

Forward!

Forward ever, forward now!

2 In thee move the infinite stars on their
rounds,

The planets, the sun, and the moon in
their bounds,

As they kindle and glitter and
sparkle and glow:

Onward!

Onward ever, onward go!

3 The flowers in our gardens of every
gay hue,

The meadows and sky-world, the green
and the blue,

All show us thy mind, for thou
makest them so:

4 The plants are all breathing, the stones
are alive,

The atoms are busy as bees in a hive,
And forces invisible spin to and fro:

5 And thou art the maker of beautiful
things,

Of roses and daisies and butterflies'
wings,

And mountains and forests, and
water and snow:

B

6 The cloud-mists rise up from the sea,
by thy hand,

And bring life to all, as they water the
land,

Then back to the ocean as rivers
they flow:

7 All creatures are thine in the world and
beyond,

The bee at the pollen, the fish in the
pond,

The fox in his burrow, the bird on
the bough:

8 The lambs and the calves and the foals
that are born,

The beans and potatoes, the roots and
the corn,

The apple and cherry trees, row
after row:

9 And thine are the herds of the cattle
and sheep,

And lions, and monsters who surge in
the deep,

And sea-birds who float on the
winds as they blow:

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Amen.

409

HONOUR and glory, power and salvation,
Be in the highest unto him who reigneth
Changeless in heaven over earthly changes,
Triune, eternal, Amen.

410

Ps. 121. *Scottish Psalm* (1650)

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2. Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps,
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

411

J. C. Earle, 1821-99

I WILL arise and to my Father go;
This very hour the journey is begun:
I start to reach the blissful goal, and lo,
My spirit at one bound her race has run.
For seeking God and finding him are
one;

He feeds the rilllets that towards him flow:
It is the Father who first seeks the son,
And moves all heavenward movement,
swift or slow.

412

A.G.

IN God rejoice! his good endures;
To all he gives, from all receives:
The urge and end of world desire,
He shapes, foresees, informs, achieves:
Our great Companion understands
And man's bewildering sorrow shares:
Praise him, the Poet who creates;
Praise him, the Patience who forbears!

413

L.M.

(25)

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

414

T. B. Brown, 1805-74

PRaise the Lord of heaven; praise him in
the height;
Praise him, all ye angels; praise him, stars
and light;
For the name of God is excellent alone:
On the earth his footstool, over heaven his
throne, Amen.

415

S.P. (157)

THROUGH north and south and east and
west
May God's immortal name be blest:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Till everywhere beneath the sun
His Kingdom comes, his will is done:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia Amen.

416

C.M.

(449, 577)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore, Amen.

417

S.M.

S.P. (501)

To thee, who makest all,
High praise and glory be,
Who Goodness, Truth, and Beauty art
Through all eternity, Amen.

418

(624)

WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done, Amen.

See also

135, vv. 1, 2 *All glory, laud, and honour*
82, v. 6 *All glory be to God*
(Christmas)
528, v. 4 *Christ be with me*
230, v. 2 *Glory let us give*
365, v. 4 *Glory then for ever*
49, v. 8 *Glory to the Father*
206, v. 5 *God of God (Sabaoth)*
187, v. 4 *Holy, holy, holy (The*
Trinity), or 169, v. 5

GENERAL

444 Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1818-55

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky:

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

5* The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water
To gather every day:

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

445 Edward J. Brainerd, 1841-1921

*All things which live below the sky,
Or move within the sea,
Are creatures of the Lord most high,
And brothers unto me.*

2 I love to hear the robin sing,
Perched on the highest bough:
To see the rook with purple wing
Follow the shining plough.

3 I love to watch the swallow skim
The river in his flight;
To mark, when day is growing dim,
The glow-worm's silvery light;

4 The sea-gull whiter than the foam,
The fish that dart beneath;
The lowing cattle coming home;
The goats upon the heath.

5* God taught the wren to build her nest,
The lark to soar above,
The hen to gather to her breast
The offspring of her love.

6* Beneath his heaven there's room for all;
He gives to all their meat;
He sees the meanest sparrow fall
Unnoticed in the street.

7 Almighty Father, King of Kings,
The lover of the meek,
Make me a friend of helpless things,
Defender of the weak.

446 Jerusalem,
William Blake, 1757-1827

*And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains
green?*

*And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?*

2 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 England's green and pleasant land.

447 Jean Ingelow, 1820-97

*And didst thou love the race that loved
not thee?
And didst thou take to heaven a human
brow?*

*Dost plead with man's voice by the mar-
vellous sea?
Art thou his kinsman now?*

1 O God, O kinsman loved, but not
enough,
O Man, with eyes majestic after
death,
Whose feet have tolled along our path-
ways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath:

2 By that one likeness which is ours and
thine,
By that one nature which doth hold
us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless,
thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in;

5. Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

452 Science. *Sir Ronald Ross, 1857-1932*

BEFORE thy feet I fall,
Lord, who made high my fate;
For in the mighty small
Thou show'st the mighty great.

- 2 Lo, while we ask the stars
To learn the will of God,
His answer unawares
Strikes sudden from the sod.
- 3 He is the Lord of light;
He is the thing that is;
He sends the seeing sight;
And the right mind is his.
4. Henceforth I will resound
But praises unto thee;
Though I was beat and bound,
Thou gav'st me victory.

See also

- 285 From thee all skill
567 Lord of health
571 Lord, when the wise
606 O Lord of hosts
312 These things shall be
214 Virtue supreme

453 Courage. *Anne Brons, † 1820-49*

BELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.

- 2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.
- 3 Arm, arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of
night;
Told through the hottest day.
- 4 To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above
And keep thy conscience pure,—

- 5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight,

6. If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest.

454 *Josiah Corder, 1789-1855*

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh;

- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain,
Thy messenger the stormy wind,
Thy path the trackless main;
- 3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim:
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honour of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways:
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

- 4*We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?
5. O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from
sight,
There doth his Spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

455 *J. Keble (1819), and others*

BEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

FATHER in heaven who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undivided heritage.

- 2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That in our time thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.
 - 3 Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
 - 4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
 - 5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.
 - 6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And such that has no bitter springs;
For fences free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
- Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years
to be!*

489

G. Thring, 1823-1903

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless
sleep,

Calm and still.

- 2 'Save, Lord, we perish!' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'
- 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the
shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

490

J. M. Neale, 1818-66;

Ζοφερός τροχυστός.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Ours laboured heavily,
Foam splattered white;
Tumbled the mariners,
Dark it was night;
Then said the Lord of Lords
'Peace! It is I.'

- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wall of the hurricane,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
'Peace! It is I.'
- 3 Jesus, deliver,
Near to us be;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Rears, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace! It is I.'

°491

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-75

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's
good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

GENERAL

504

H. C. Beeching, 1859-1919

GOD, who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

- 2 Jesus, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright;
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer if I can:
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

3. Spirit of love and truth,
Breathing in grosser clods
The light and flame of truth,
Delight of men in the day,
Wisdom in strength's decay,
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray
Take my spirit to thee.

505

S.P., based on 101 Trench

Good cheer!
Let all men know that all men move
Beneath God's canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:
For life is good; doubt, fear, and
And troubles, all are shadows vain.

- 2 Good cheer!
All love, all grows; the darkest way,
For those who will the Guide obey,
Shall move unto the perfect day,
When all that's hid shall be made
plain,
And death itself will not remain.
3. Good cheer!
We cannot fall who know that love—
Blessing, not cursing—rules above,
And that in this we live and move.
God's Realm must grow, all else
must wane,
And we the Good at last will gain.

506

The Stanzas of the Mystics, 1818-71

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

- 2 Trustful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would trustful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.
4. Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.

507

Charity.
Bp. Chr. Wordsworth, 1807-85

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
5. From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

GENERAL

508

W. Williams, 1717-91
Tr. P. and W. Williams;

Arghwydd arwain trwy'r anialwch.

GUIDE me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs and praises
I will ever give to thee.

509

Y.H., based on O quam iuvat
C. Coffin (1736)

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confessed,
Who by his cross have found their life,
And 'neath his yoke their rest.

- 2 Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.
- 3 Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
And makes their loves his own:
But ah, what tares the evil one
Hath in his garden sown.
- 4 Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesus' love.
- 5 Then shall they know, they that love
him,
How all their pain is good;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

510

W. Cowper, 1731-1800

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

- 2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3* Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bore?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

511

F. W. H. Myers, 1843-1901

HARK what a sound, and too divine for
hearing.

Stirs on the earth and trembles in the
air!

Is it the thunder of the Lord's appear-
ing?

Is it the music of his people's prayer?

2 Surely he cometh, and a thousand
voices

Shout to the saints, and to the deaf
are dumb;

3 Surely he cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in his coming who hath sworn,

'I come.'

3 This hath he done, and shall we not
adore him?

This shall he do, and can we still
despair?

Come, let us quickly ting ourselves be-
fore him.

Cast at his feet the burden of our
care.

4 Yea, through life, death, through sor-
row and through sinning

He shall suffice me, for he hath suf-
ficed;

Christ is the end, for Christ was the be-
ginning.

Christ the beginning, for the end is
Christ.