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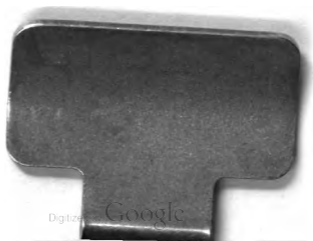
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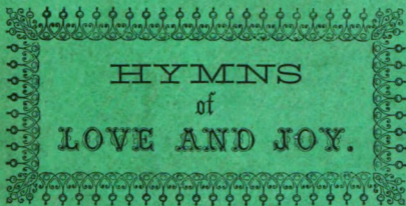
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A. W. B. ~~H. S. A. 8~~  
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HYMNS  
of  
LOVE AND JOY.

329



Presented by  
The Committee of Hymns  
Ancient & Modern.  
A.D. 1900

*Original do 89.  
K/Hymnals. English.*

# H Y M N S

OF

# LOVE AND JOY.



“As on a window late I cast mine eye,  
I saw a vine drop grapes, with J. and C.  
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by  
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loath  
To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me  
To be the body and the letters both  
Of Joy and Charity. Sir, you have not miss'd,  
The man replied ; it figures Jesus Christ !”

GEORGE HERBERT.

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BRISTOL:

Printed by H. & T. LANE, 59, Redcliff-street.

—  
1859.



# H Y M N S .

## 1.

“All the earth doth worship Thee,—To Thee all angels  
cry aloud.”

WHENE’ER the faithful praise thee, Lord,  
And lift their hearts above,  
Two streams of song together flow  
Towards the great sea of Thy dear Love.

The Angels’,—fair, and swift, and strong,  
Flowing for evermore,—  
And ours, all faltering and impure,  
With laving the Dark Country’s shore.



Yet, as commingling on they flow,  
 Together shall they fall  
 Into that great abyss of love.  
 Whose light Thou art—its all in all!

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## 2.

## MORNING HYMN.

LORD, now the morning's light hath dawned,  
 We lift our feeble cry to thee :  
 Throughout this day our help and shield,  
 Our guide and our protector be.

All that is harmful banish far,  
 And fill us with thy gifts of grace,  
 And make each cleansed heart to be  
 In truth thy Spirit's dwelling-place.

And when to-day the Christ shall come,  
 And knocking wait our hearts before,  
 O may we rise and let Him in  
 And pray Him tarry evermore.

Lead, lead us on thou God of Hosts,  
 We fain would reach Heaven's golden strand,  
 And mark the bulwarks which bestud  
 The plains of that celestial land.

All laud, at morning prime we give,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :  
 Oh, that untired, from morn 'till eve,  
 We praise with the angelic host ! Amen.

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3.

MID-DAY HYMN.

SAVIOUR ! 'midst the busy hum.—  
 'Midst the din and toil of life,  
 For a moment we would rest,—  
 For a moment,—quit the strife.

Thou didst toil, Thou Son of God,  
 In the distant eastern land ;  
 Consecrating every work,  
 Pure and honest, of the hand.

Work is worship ! when to Thee  
 All our common things are done :  
 Work is glory, when thy smile  
 Rests upon each victory won !

Oh, when all our work is o'er,—  
 Finished all our strife and pain,  
 In the newer, better, life  
 Rest for ever may we gain !

This, we poor ones humbly crave,  
 For thy tender mercies' sake,—  
 Thou, whose grace, and power, and love,  
 Pale e'en noon-day splendours make. Amen.

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4.

**EVENING HYMN.**

**EVENING** shadows now close in  
 Cometh now the time of rest ;  
 E'er we slumber be our sin  
 And our sorrow all confess'd.

So may we lie down to sleep,  
 Pardon'd by Christ's deathless love ;  
 Trusting Him who watch doth keep  
 From the throne in Heaven above.

Angel guardians fair shall stand  
 Round our bed the live-long night ;  
 Our poor souls, ye radiant band,  
 Shelter 'neath your wings so bright.  
 Ye we hail, for this we know,  
 Though ye are beyond our ken,  
 He who sends you here below,  
 Lord of angels is, and men.

Saviour, in the evening hour  
 Once thou mad'st thy Presence known ;  
 Come, we pray thee, come with power  
 Unto us now day hath flown :  
 Come, to lift our thoughts above  
 All earth's sins and dark alarms ;  
 Come, to fold us with thy love  
 In the everlasting Arms.

And, when o'er the darkened sky  
 Break the rosy streaks of light,—

When the night's dark shadows fly,  
 As the vanquished in the fight,—  
 May we wake and find thee by,  
 Helping us the land to win,  
 Where no darkness draweth nigh,  
 And no night e'er gathereth in! Amen.

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## 5.

## MID-NIGHT HYMN.

WHEN wakeful in the still midnight,  
 Lord, let me worship thee!  
 Though day be past and darkness reign,  
 Thou still dost shine on me:  
 And thou, ne'er slumbering, hear'st the prayer  
 Upborne upon the midnight air.

'Twas in the darksome night there came  
 Bright angel-choirs to earth,  
 Which sang of an Immaculate  
 And ever-glorious Birth:  
 Songs in the night to thee I'll raise,  
 And join the angels in thy praise.

Lord, grant me at the midnight hour,  
 When the tremendous cry,—  
 “Behold the Bridegroom comes !” shall break,  
 And tell that thou art nigh,—  
 To enter in and be with thee,—  
 The Beatific Sight to see ! Amen.

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6.

“This is not your rest.”

THERE is a land most fair;  
 A City built of gold;  
 A jewelled place of beauty, where  
 Nought ever groweth old;  
 Nor pain nor evil saddeneth those  
 Who in that blessed Home repose.

There is a throne most bright,  
 All decked with precious stones,  
 And girded with undying light,—  
 The prince of princely thrones !  
 Nor storm can stir its crystal sea,  
 Nor for e'er dim its brilliancy.

O the green palms that there  
 Are waved that throne before !  
 O the gold crowns, so passing fair,  
 Cast down for evermore !  
 Nor ever droop those palms so green ;  
 Nor spots on those bright crowns are seen.

O the sweet flowers that spread  
 Throughout that sunny place !  
 O the pure angel-bands that tread  
 Those courts of God's own grace !  
 Nor do they fade, those flowers, nor die,  
 Nor angels cease their melody.

Pilgrims along life's road,  
 We bear the Holy Sign ;  
 And towards that City of our God  
 Our weary steps incline :  
 As yet we tread the dusky plain,  
 But soon the o'erlooking mount shall gain !

Then shall the distant view  
 Burst on our ravished gaze :—  
 The ancient hills of wondrous hue,  
 All wrapt in golden haze ;

And, glancing in th' eternal Light,  
The sea of glass,—the azure height !

But, ah ! the shadows come,  
The mists of evening rise,  
And shroud the vision of our home,  
And bring us darkening skies :  
When shall we gain that land all fair,—  
The victor's robe of triumph wear ?

Ours is the conflict strong,  
And ours the strife for breath ;  
Ours is the trial, sharp and long,—  
The struggling to the death :  
Few golden glories have we here,  
And life is cold, and dark, and drear.

Black is the night and keen,  
And fierce the battle-strife,  
And dense the mists which rise between  
Earth and the realm of life :  
And o'er the distant hills afar  
The heavenly light and glory are.

Yet unseen angels line  
Our path both night and day ;



And One, all fair, with voice divine,  
 Oft journeys on our way :  
 He gently locks His hand in ours,  
 And shields us when the tempest lowers.

He, on our darksome road,  
 Doth grant His helping grace ;  
 And, through the storm of tears and blood,  
 Doth lead us to the place  
 Where evermore our souls shall rest,  
 And be in Him completely blest.

We watch, and strive, and pray ;  
 Lord, we can do no more :  
 We fain would storm the narrow way,  
 As heroes have before.  
 Here strife, and toil, and pain we see,  
 Hereafter grant us victory ! Amen.

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*Gospel for 1<sup>st</sup> 7. Sunday aft. Easter*

PEACE.

O THOU, who didst come down to make  
 Peace with the Father and mankind,

Grant, by our sins, we never break  
 The peace which in thyself we find.

Peace, like a river, thou dost give  
 To all the pure and true of heart :  
 Here, in thy sweetness, may we live,—  
 In Heaven, behold thee as thou art.

O Prince of Peace ! O Son Divine !  
 To thee high laud by all be given ;  
 By God's unbroken saintly line,—  
 The strugglers here,—the crowned in heaven !

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8.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

NO song shall break our gloom to-day,  
 Save one sad strain of Love ;  
 Which, as we kneel beside the Cross,  
 Shall sadder, deeper, prove.

Dear Cross, more fair than costliest throne !  
 Under thy shade we stay,

To watch Christ's lingering, dying looks,  
Ere yet they pass away.

O Crucified ! O Sinless One !  
O Lamb for ever slain !  
Watch we for ever thy dear wounds,  
Thine agony of pain.

E'en whilst we gaze, the sweetest love  
Doth circle thy pale brow :  
O Royal King, more fair than gold  
The Crown thou wearest now !

There, torn and pierced, thou dost hang,—  
The bruised,—the smitten One,—  
Whilst from thy Side, thy Hands, thy Feet,  
In streams thy blood doth run.

Yet, yet, before the sea of glass  
Thou ever dost abide,—  
The rainbow round about thy throne,—  
O Christ, the Crucified ! Amen.

## 9.

“Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee ?

O Christ ! to thee,—the Crown of Light,  
 The bliss of that supernal height,  
 With amethyst and ruby dight,—  
     O Christ, we come to thee !

Thou art the Way we press to gain,—  
 (O Way, all sweet with holy pain !)  
 The Home where rest and peace remain  
     For those who walk in thee !

What if along our pathway lie  
 Sharp stones and cruel thorns ?—no sigh  
 Shall e'er escape if thou be nigh,—  
     Our joy shall be in thee !

O grant, that when the day of doom  
 Enshrouds us in its awful gloom,  
 We, sinful ones, may still find room  
     'To hide ourselves in thee ! Amen.

*Quinquagesima, Sunday.*

"A certain blind man sat by the way-side begging."

BLIND BARTIMEUS, by the way  
Near Jericho's old City, lay,  
That Jesus, by his heavenly might,  
May give his darkened vision light.

Hear! as the Incarnate passeth by  
The blind man's voice uplifted high,—  
"Thou Son of David, grant to me  
The mercy of the Christ to see!"

We, too, are suppliants on life's road,  
We cry for mercy, Son of God!  
We, guilty, crave a pardon blest;  
We, weary, seek eternal rest.

And, oh, like him of old, we need  
From Satan's bondage to be freed,—  
(Children of darkness and of death,)  
Light,—Life from Christ of Nazareth!

Most Holy Ghost! thy beams of light  
Pour on the darkness of our sight;  
'Till all, around us and above,  
Be bright with our dear Saviour's love! Amen.

## 11.

## SONG OF PRAISE.

O LORD OF HOSTS ! thou God Most High !  
 Thou, thou art great alone !  
 And ever, as a King, dost sit  
 Upon thy kingly throne.

This glorious world is thine ; and all  
 That moves or breathes therein :—  
 The Heavens, with their seraphic throngs,  
 And countless Cherubim !

Thou art the only Potentate,  
 The Lord of every land :  
 Unfathomed seas thou hold'st within  
 The hollow of thine hand.

And thou dost know each watery depth,  
 Where beauteous things abide,—  
 Each flower-strown coralline abyss  
 Where wondrous creatures glide.

And Thou th'eternal hills canst bound,  
 And measure with a span :

Thy vision, o'er the range of time,  
Sweeps where no mortal's can.

Pure angels veil their starry brows,  
Where thou reveal'st thy face,  
And prostrate in the streams of light  
Which flood that golden place !

The glory round thine awful throne  
Is lustrous evermore ;  
Nor spot can sully those pure souls  
Who bow that throne before.

Thee we adore, O King eterne !  
To thee the praise be done !  
Thou art the only Lord and God,—  
The only glorious One ! Amen.

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12.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

WE give thee thanks, O Lord !  
For all the faithful gone to rest ;  
Because, the Spirit saith,  
“They sleep in Jesus and are blest.”

Most precious truth, to hearts  
 Bowed down with sorrow and with grief,  
 Where, but in words like these,  
 Can earth's sad mourners find relief?

O earth! O land of death!  
 Thine autumn leaves are falling fast!  
 And ever o'er thine homes  
 Sweeps dissolution's icy blast:

Thy morning gales bestir  
 The leaves of many a lovely flower,  
 Which faded as the grass  
 Shall be, before the evening hour.

All things are dying out;  
 And faithful men think they descry  
 Signs in the heavens, which tell  
 That God's strong judgement day is nigh:—

They think that clearing off  
 Is that unearthly, lustrous haze,  
 Which Salem's City wraps  
 From their impatient, anxious gaze.



Lord, teach us so to live  
 That thus we enter into rest ;  
 Longing our Home to reach,  
 As some strayed mother-bird her nest.

What though this earth be sad,  
 And Death be throned in the land ?  
 Death and dark angels, hence !  
 If Christ at last shall with us stand.

Thus be it, Lord we pray,  
 With us, thy servants striving here :  
 Then, not the grave, nor death, nor hell,  
 Shall make our spirits fear. Amen.

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### 13.

“The New Jerusalem, which is above, which is the  
 mother of us all.”

IN GOD'S bright golden City  
 The Palace of the King,  
 Where evermore the angels  
 Their alleluias sing,

All, all is fair and glorious,  
 And passeth not away ;  
 Nor clouds nor shadows darken  
 The splendours of its day.

It needs no light of candle ;  
 No ray of sun or moon ;  
 The Lamb doth it enlighten,  
 And there makes endless noon.  
 He is the Sun eternal,  
 Which shineth evermore ;  
 And goeth, like a pillar  
 Of fire, the elect before.

But, here, we poor ones wander  
 In darkness, on our road ;  
 And dull seem heaven's fair glories,  
 And dim the saint's abode ;  
 Poor voyagers on life's ocean,  
 (Faint glimmering in the blast,)  
 Fell wrecker-lights allure us  
 To shores of death at last.

*There* nothing that defileth  
 Can ever enter in ;  
 No fear of death, no sorrow,  
 No breath nor taint of sin !

There, in that joyous City,  
All tears are dried for aye,  
And finished for ever  
The strife and battle-fray.

But here the fight is raging,  
And we are frail and faint ;  
And daily waxes sterner  
The conflict of the saint ;  
And here the tears of sorrow  
Bedim the eyes, which fain  
Would glimpse the coming morning,  
And scan the out-lying plain.

O Blessed Heaven ! where only  
Are love, and joy, and rest !  
By God's strong hills surrounded,  
By living streams refresh't ;  
Thou art the great and glorious ;  
And thou art one alone ;  
Thy bulwarks are salvation,  
And Christ thy corner-stone !

O mother great, dear Salem,  
Where throned is the King !

Thy joys we darkly image,  
 Thy praises faintly sing :  
 Christ grant us all thy glories  
 To know in His great day ;  
 To taste thy peerless pleasures  
 Which ne'er shall pass away ! . Amen.

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14.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.”

O TRUST ~~ye~~ for ever in the Lord ;  
 Hope, and be undismayed ;  
 For he will keep, in perfect peace,  
 Those who on Him are stayed.

*There is a* In perfect peace,—as evening clouds  
 Hang in the summer sky ;

*There is* In perfect peace,—as on the stream  
 The water-lilies lie.

*There is* In perfect peace,—as vernal airs  
 Are borne across the moor ;

*Handwritten:* *When*  
 In perfect peace,—as children sleep  
 When all their toils are o'er.

*Handwritten:* *At*  
*Morning*  
 There is a peace,—who knows it not ?  
 When the empurpled haze  
 Hangs in a mist-cloud o'er the vale,  
 And shrouds it from our gaze.

*Handwritten:* *At*  
*Evening*  
 There is a peace,—who loves it not ?  
 When on the slumbering lake  
 Cannot be traced one ripple mark  
 Its evenness to break.

*Handwritten:* *Evening*  
 But nothing in this world so fair  
 Can image forth their rest,  
 Who, stayed in Him who is the Lord,  
 Are with His mercies blest.

*Handwritten:* *Peace*  
 Thy promise, gracious Lord, we claim ;  
 May we be stayed on thee ;  
 And thou our hope, our rest, our joy,  
 Our peace, for ever be ! Amen.

## 15.

## QUIET RESTING PLACES.

WHO does not know, in the fair shining meadows,  
Spots where may rest the weary feet ;  
And where, beneath the undulating shadows,  
Is found repose surpassing sweet ?

Who does not know, in the full surging city,  
Some quiet, consecrated fane,  
Where from the world's false praise, or falser pity,  
We turn, and for a while remain ?

Yes, 'midst the strivings of earth's sons and daughters,  
Our drooping souls are sometimes led,  
On flower-starred banks, beside the living waters,  
And in green pastures comforted.

Yes, in the turmoil of our earthly being,  
As in life's battling ranks we stand,  
Our spirits are sometimes assuaged by seeing  
Bright glimpses from the far-off land.

Turn, Lord, and hear thy children interceding ;—  
When the dark cloud of judgement lowers ;

Then be, for His dear sake who still pleading,  
Such quiet resting places ours. Amen.

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16.

“When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding  
joy.”

AS, with gladness, men of old  
Did the lambent star behold,—  
 ou<sup>o</sup>- As, with joy, they hailed its light,  
Leading eastward, beaming bright,—  
So should we rejoice and bless  
Our true Light and Righteousness.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to prostrate low before  
Him whom Heaven and earth adore ;  
So should we, with willing feet,  
Always seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,  
In that manger rude and bare,—  
So should we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,

All our costliest offerings bring  
Unto Christ our heavenly King.

Lord, assist us with thy power,—  
Help us every day and hour ;  
And, when earthly things be past,  
Bring our sinful souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,—  
Where thy glory doth abide.

In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light ;  
*Thou* its light, its lamp, its crown !  
*Thou* its sun which goes not down !  
Alleluia ! **Thou** for aye  
Makest there a glorious day ! Amen.

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17.

“Jesus, Master, have mercy on us !”

O BRIGHT and Morning Star  
That streamest o'er the sea,  
Illuming lands afar  
With Light of Deity !  
Jesu, hear and save !



O thou, the Living Way  
 Leading to Peace and God,  
 To realms of endless day,—  
 To Majesty's abode,—  
 Jesu, hear and save!

O thou, th' eternal Vine,  
 Upholding, bearing, all ;  
 The evermore Divine,  
 Fair Tree celestial !  
 Jesu ! hear and save !

O thou, the Fount of Life !  
 Well-spring of Joy and Peace !  
 Whose waters know no strife ;  
 Whose flowings never cease,—  
 Jesu, hear and save !

O thou, the First the Last !  
 The Lamb for ever slain ;  
 Whose praise, when time is past,  
 For ever shall remain,—  
 Jesu, hear and save ! Amen.

## 18.

“It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.”

IT is the Lord !

Then, Oh, my soul, be still ! nor fret as though  
From 'midst thy fellows comes the blighting word !

Not by mere chance doth grow,  
Dark with black clouds, thy spring-time's brightest morn,  
Nor all unbidden springs, in thy smooth path, the thorn.

As Jacob, go

Forth from the crowded world, at eventide,  
To meditate beneath the stars' soft glow ;

And in the fields abide

'Till springing from the dewy ground is seen [lean.  
The staff of God's strong help on which thou long'st to

“All souls are mine !”

Thus saith the Lord. Then be my chiefest aim  
To make my sinful will accord with thine,

O Lord ! No other claim

I have than thy dear love to save from ill,  
That Love which stirs the storm, and whispers “Peace  
be still !” Amen.

## 19.

“Praise Him, angels in the height,”

ANGELS, that excel in might,  
 Praise the Lord of heaven and earth ;  
 Praise Him as your harps ye sweep  
 To the songs of holy mirth,  
 Which melodious pour  
 Down the vistas of that heaven  
 Only to the faithful given  
 For ever, evermore !

Praise Him, O ye blest who stand  
 Round the awful jasper throne,  
 Belting that all-dazzling place  
 With a lustrous glistering zone,  
 Never again to pale.  
 Him praise, who always throned shall be  
 In that unmeasured height e'en ye  
 Are powerless to scale.

On the verdant flower-decked plains  
 Of that fair elysian land,  
 Gathered hosts of spirits fair  
 Day and night ye waiting stand,

God's awful will to do :  
 Praising Him for ever and ever,  
 As the deep, all fathomless, river  
 • Of His great love ye view.

As ye hear the Word's strong voice  
 Sounding o'er the glassy sea,—  
 As ye tread the burnish'd streets,  
 Dight with heavenly jewellery,—  
 Praise th' Immaculate One.  
 He is the very Light of light,  
 Of that dear realm so pure, so bright,  
 The ever glorious Sun! Amen.

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20.

IN MEMORIAM.

"SHE is not dead, the maiden, but she sleepeth!"  
 Thus Jesu spake to sorrowing ones of old ;  
 Still thus He speaks to every one who weepeth  
 O'er lambs fresh gathered to the Shepherd's fold.  
 "Not dead, but in the land afar,  
 Sleeping, where holy angels are !

O Thou who saved'st the ruler's little daughter,  
Our lost, our loved one we trust to thee ;  
And grant us, by the still and living water  
Which laves the shore of Salem's glassy sea,  
Hand in her hand with her to tread,  
And be for ever comforted ! Amen.

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