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H.S.C. 1.
H.S.
Miss Gray
Park Lane

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

AND

SACRED SONGS.

CHIEFLY BY THE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.,
Incumbent of Sharehill, and Hon. Canon of Worcester.

SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE WYRE HILL NIGHT SCHOOL, BEWDLEY.

LONDON :
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
BEWDLEY : GEORGE DALLEY.

MDCCCLXIX.

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Tunes for many of these words may be found in "Fireside Music" and "A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes," composed by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. Published by Addison & Lucas, 210 Regent Street, London.

Or apply to Miss Havergal, Park House, Bewdley.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

ETC.

1.

The Worcestershire Christmas Carol.

- 1 **H**OW grand and how bright,
 That wonderful night,
When angels to Bethlehem came ;
 They burst forth like fires,
 They struck their gold lyres,
And mingled their sound with the flame.

- 2 The shepherds were 'mazed ;
 The pretty lambs gazed,
At darkness thus turned into light ;
 No voice was there heard,
 From man, beast, or bird,
So sudden and solemn the sight.

- 3 And then when the sound
 Re-echoed around,
The hills and the dales all awoke ;
 The moon and the stars
 Stopped their fiery cars,
And listened while Gabriel spoke :

- 4 "I bring you (said he)
From the glorious Three,
Good tidings to gladden mankind;
The Saviour is born,
But He lies all forlorn
In a manger, as soon you will find."
- 5 At mention of this,
(The source of all bliss,)
The angels sang loudly and long;
They soared to the sky,
Beyond mortal eye,
But left us the words of their song.
- 6 All "Glory to God,"
Who laid by His rod,
To smile on the world through His Son;
And "Peace be on earth,"
For this wonderful birth
Most wonderful conquests has won.
- 7 And "Good Will to man,"
Whose days are a span,
And his thoughts all evil and wrong.
Then pray, Christians, pray;
But let Christmas Day
Have your sweetest and holiest song.

W. H. H.

2.

The First Anniversary of Christmas.

- 1 COME, shepherds, come, 'tis just a year
Since sweetest music woke our ear,
And Angels blessed our sight.
Come, lift your heart, and tune your voice,
And bid the hills and vales rejoice,
As on that glorious night!
- 2 'Tis just a year ago, we say,
When night shone out as clear as day,
And Heaven came down to earth.
How did we fear, how did we gaze,
Surrounded by the sudden blaze,
And thrilled with sounds of mirth!
- 3 Ah! see you not that angel-choir?
And hear you not that mighty lyre
Which hushed our bleating sheep?
And, oh, that voice of sweetest awe,
Which told us all we after saw!
Who now would silence keep?
- 4 Come, shepherds, come, with prayer and song,
This night to be remembered long,
Rejoice to celebrate.
With reedy pipe, chant forth who can
To God all glory, love to man,
And peace in every gate!

5 'Tis just a year ago to-night,
 From heaven came down the Prince of Light,
 Our guilty world to bless:
 Let Gentiles now with Israel sing
 Our Saviour, Brother, Friend, and King,
 Our promised Righteousness!

W. H. H.

3.

The Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale.

- 1 **S**O happy all the day
 Had I been without play,
 And such good thoughts had come o'er my mind:
 That I wondered what it meant,
 Or for why it was sent,
 As I ne'er had felt aught of the kind.
- 2 And the birds, all day long,
 Had kept trilling their song;
 And the sun had gone down, Oh, so red!
 We had folded the sheep,
 And were talking of sleep,
 But, somehow, we cared not for bed.
- 3 The stars were all drest
 In their brightest and best,
 And the moon shewed a streak of her gold:
 'Twas a glorious night;
 And we thought of the sight
 Of which David our Father has told.

- 4 A sound struck our ear,
Sweet, joyous, and clear,
It seemed like a musical breeze:
But, ere we could gaze,
We were all in a blaze,
And found ourselves down on our knees.
- 5 A bright one then said,
(Twas like life from the dead,)
"Good tidings, good tidings, I bring!
Messiah's come down;
In your own little town,
You will find Him a Babe and a King!"
- 6 And then the whole choir,
Rising higher and higher,
Sang of "glory, sweet peace and good will,"
The sheep seemed to dance,
And the mountains to prance,
And the stars could no longer stand still.
- 7 Then onward we sped,
To find out the bed
Where the Saviour in lowliness lay:
Near Bethlehem's Inn,
(Oh, shame on their sin!)
We found Him 'midst cattle and hay.
- 8 But we saw the blest sight;
'Twas our Judah's delight;
And Mary and Joseph were there:

And soon we made known
 To all in the town,
 What we heard the good angel declare.

- 9 And now, every day,
 I sing and I pray
 To the Babe, who is Saviour and all:
 May His wonderful birth
 Be known through the earth,
 And cheer both the great and the small!

W. H. H.

4.

Christmas Carol.

- 1 **C**HRI**STI**ANS, awake to joy and praise!
 Happy, happy, happy be our Christmas days:
 God is the God of truth and love:
 He has sent His only Son down from above.
- 2 Hark how the holy Angels sing!
 Blessing, blessing, blessing on the Infant King!
 Let us repeat their noble song:
 Cherubim and Seraphim the strain prolong:
- 3 Glory to God, our God on high!
 Peace to them, on earth, who are condemned to die:
 Good will to all the tribes of men:
 Glory, glory, glory sing all heaven! Amen.

W. H. H.

5.

Christmas Carol.

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
“Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.”
- 3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
“Glory be to God most high.”
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer’s birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, ST. ANN’S, BEWDLEY.

6.

Summertime is Coming.

- 1 **S**UMMERTIDE is coming,
With all its pleasant things;
Every bee is humming,
And every songster sings.
Mornings now are brightsome,
Inviting student thought;
Evenings, too, are lightsome,
With balmy quiet fraught:
Hearths no longer lure us,
The fields instead we roam;
Hearts albeit insure us
A happy, happy home.
- 2 Summertime, I hail thee,
The empress of the year!
But thou soon would'st fail me
Were not thy Maker near.
He thy course disposes,
Thy light, thy scent, thy glow;
He tints all thy roses,
And paints thy brilliant bow.
Laud Him, all creation,
The sinner's Mighty Friend;
Near Him be our station,
Where summer ne'er shall end!

W. H. H.

7.

Harvest Choral.

- 1 **O**UR faithful God hath sent us
A fruitful harvest-tide;
He summer boons hath lent us,
And winter wants supplied.
- 2 The fields, at His ordaining,
Stand thick with golden sheaves;
And man, full oft complaining,
New bounty now receives.
- 3 Though Mercy largely giveth,
Is Justice pacified?
We live through Him who liveth,
The "Corn of Wheat" that died.
- 4 Then full be our thanksgiving,
And clear each note of joy;
While faith and holy living
Our earnest thoughts employ.
- 5 And, at the last Great Reaping,
When Christ His sheaves will own,
May we, no longer weeping,
Be garnered near His throne!
- 6 Praise we the Godhead Union,
The Eternal Three-in-one:
With them may our communion
For ever be begun.

W. H. H.

8.

Flowers.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, while you gather flowers,
 Think how fleeting are your hours;
 Think again in Eden's bowers,
 You may cull unfading flowers.
- 2 Jesus is the sweetest flower;
 Give to Him each passing hour;
 He will then in heavenly bower
 Make you each a fadeless flower.

W. H. H.

(For E. E., C. S., & J. H. C.,
 Oakhampton.)

9.

Sunset.

- 1 **H**OW calmly sinks the sun
 Beneath the western deep,
 When day his giant course has run,
 And storm is hushed to sleep.
- 2 So, like the sun, would I,
 In tranquil eve descend,
 And watch, with softly waning eye,
 The footsteps of the end.
- 3 But though in darkness set,
 The sun seems lost awhile,
 He will his shroud shake off, and yet
 Arise with joyous smile.

- 4 Thus like the sun may I
 Descend to rise again,
 And meet my Saviour in the sky
 With all His glorious train.

W. H. H.

10.

Hymn of Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! in Him rejoice:
 Pour forth praises like a flood:
 He in his love made us His choice,
 And redeemed us by His blood.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord! whose Shepherd-hand
 Feeds and guards and guides His flock:
 By Him alone can we withstand
 Sorrow's storm or trouble's shock.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.
- 3 Praise ye the Lord! our Brother-Friend,
 Seated on His priestly throne:
 There, interceding without end,
 He will contrite suppliants own.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.

W. H. H.

11.

S.M.

*Missionary Hymn.**Aven.*

Luke x. 2.

- 1 **H**OW vast the field of souls,
 Of souls that cannot die!
Where earth expands or ocean rolls,
 That field invites our eye.
- 2 The harvest of that field
 How ready for our hand!
But they who well the sickle wield
 Are still a little band.
- 3 Then let us earnest be
 In faith for souls to care:
The Master of the field is He
 Who bids us join in prayer.
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, forth send,
 More labourers to provide;
Throughout the field be Thou their Friend,
 Their Keeper and their Guide.
- 5 Then, when their toils are past,
 And all thy garner stored;
Be Thou the First, and Thou the Last,
 Unceasingly adored!

W. H. H.

12.

C.M.

*Missionary Hymn.**Eden.*

Isaiah xxxv. 6, 7; xlv. 3.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, thy word of old,
The promised flood of grace;
When earth thy blessing shall behold,
As streams in every place.
- 2 The barren wild and thirsty soil
Thy Spirit, Lord, await;
O pour it forth, and crown our toil
In every heathen gate!
- 3 Where thorns and briars choke the ground,
And withering idols reign;
There let thy Spirit's dew abound,
And Eden bloom again.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, on every heart,
In every land descend!
Thy fertilizing gifts impart
And bring a glorious end.
- 5 Thee, with the Father and the Son,
Thy sainted hosts shall praise;
Those hosts by Thee in Christ made one
For everlasting days.

W. H. H.

13.

6.6.6.6,4.4.4.4

*Missionary Hymn.**Misneh.*

Acts iii. 12.

- 1 **I**N vain the heathen bows
 To gods of wood and stone:
 No cruel rites or vows
 Can e'er for sin atone.
 No Name but One,
 Jehovah gave,
 With power to save,
 Beneath the sun.
- 2 That Name! our hope below:
 That Name! our theme above;
 Nor men nor angels know
 Aught greater than its love.
 Thy power to save,
 Blest Nazarene!
 Is sung and seen
 Beyond the grave.
- 3 All hail the Emmanuel!
 O'er earth uplift Thy face;
 Let Satan's captives tell
 The triumphs of Thy grace.
 Where idols reign,
 Let prayer abound,
 And faith be found
 Through Thy great Name!

- 4 Jesus, Thy Name shall be
 Earth's solace and her song;
 When heavenly minstrelsy
 Shall dwell her tribes among:
 When, saved by Thee,
 No more to weep,
 Thy church shall keep
 Her Jubilee!

W. H. H.

14.

8 7.9.7, 7.7

Znanaim.

- 1 **S**HOUT, O earth! from silence waking,
 Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
 Shout! as when, from chaos breaking,
 Sweetly flowed thy natal song:
 Shout! for thy Creator's love
 Sends redemption from above.
- 2 Downward from his star-paved dwelling
 Comes the incarnate Son of God;
 Countless voices thrilling, swelling,
 Tell the triumphs of His blood;
 Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless,
 With His spotless righteousness.
- 3 See His glowing hand uplifted!
 Clustering bounties drop around;
 Rebels e'en are richly gifted;
 Pardon, peace, and joy abound:
 Shout, O earth! and let thy song
 Ring the vaulted heav'ns along!

- 4 Call Him blessed! on thy mountains,
 In thy wilds and citted plains;
 Call Him blessed! where thy fountains
 Speak in softly murmuring strains;
 Let thy captives, let thy kings,
 Join thy lyre of thousand strings!
- 5 Blessed Lord, and Lord of blessing!
 Pour thy quick'ning gifts abroad;
 Raptured tongues, thy love confessing,
 Shall extol the living God:
 Blessed, blessed, blessed Lord!
 Heaven shall chant no other word.

W. H. H.

15.

C.M.

Dura.

- 1 **R**EDEMPTION! Oh the thrilling word!
 It tells of joy in woe;
 Of more than prophets saw or heard,
 Of all that we can know.
- 2 Redemption! God's great charity
 To man imprison'd long;
 The world's reprieve; the sinner's plea;
 And heaven's eternal song.
- 3 Redemption! but—its countless cost!
 It cost the blood of Him
 Who spread the heav'ns and rules the host
 Of flaming seraphim.

- 4 Redemption! be its joy proclaimed
 By men of every tongue;
 Where Christ has never yet been nam'd,
 Where Satan's power is strong.
- 5 Redeemer! Thou who diedst for all,
 Let all thy love adore;
 Let Jew and heathen join to call
 Thee Lord for evermore.

W. H. H.

16.

S.M.

Amana.

- 1 **T**O praise our Shepherd's care,
 His wisdom, love, and might,
 Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
 And bid the world unite!
- 2 Supremely good and great,
 He tends His blood-bought fold;
 He stoops, tho' throned in highest state,
 The feeblest to uphold.
- 3 He hears their softest plaint;
 He sees them when they roam;
 And if His meanest lamb should faint,
 His bosom bears it home.
- 4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep!
 A weakly flock are we;
 And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
 The lambs who look to Thee.

5 And if through death's dark vale
 Our feet should early tread,
 Oh may we reach Thy fold, and hail
 The love which us has led!

W. H. H.

17.

An Invocation.

"That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation."—LITANY.

- 1 **H**OLY and Blessed Redeemer, we pray Thee,
 Succour and help us, in all time of need.
 Trusting in Thee and Thy promise, oh may we
 Always find solace, and always succeed.
 Speak what Thou wilt, we will ever obey Thee;
 Honour and fear Thee in thought, word, and deed.
- 2 Thou art Almighty, All-wise, and All-gracious;
 Make us all humble, devoted, and true:
 Clad in Thine armour no foe will dare face us,
 Danger and trouble will cease to pursue.
 Once let the soft arms of Mercy embrace us;
 Peace shall pervade us like sweet falling dew.
- 3 Blessed and Holy Redeemer, we laud Thee,
 Source of all succour, help, comfort, and joy:
 While in yon heaven bright angels applaud Thee,
 We with their echoes our tongues will employ.
 None of Thy glory shall ever defraud Thee;
 All, in its fulness, Thy saints shall enjoy.

W. H. H.

18.

C.M.

Chesalon.

- 1 **H**OSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt th' Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts—how free!
Thy blood our life—Thy word our feast—
Thy Name our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our off'rings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng:
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor, but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold;
Hosannas, through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. H.

19.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

*"Not your own."**Sihar.*

- 1 "NOT your own!" but His ye are,
 Who hath paid a price untold
 For your life, exceeding far
 All earth's store of gems and gold.
 With the precious blood of Christ,
 Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
 Full redemption is procured,
 Free salvation is assured.
- 2 "Not your own!" but His by right,
 His peculiar treasure now;
 Fair and precious in His sight,
 Purchased jewels for His brow.
 He will keep what thus He sought,
 Safely guard the dearly-bought,
 Cherish that which He did choose,
 Always love, and never lose.
- 3 "Not your own!" but His, the King!
 His, the Lord of earth and sky,
 His, to whom archangels bring
 Homage deep and praises high.
 What can royal birth bestow,
 Or the proudest titles show?
 Can such dignity be known
 As the glorious name, "His own"?

- 4 "Not your own!" To Him ye owe
 All your life and all your love.
 Live, that ye His praise may shew,
 Who is yet all praise above.
 Every day and every hour,
 Every gift and every power,
 Consecrate to Him alone,
 Who hath claimed you for His own.
- 5 Teach us, Master, how to give
 All we have and are to Thee;
 Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
 Wholly, only, Thine to be.
 Henceforth be our calling high
 Thee to serve and glorify;
 Ours no longer, but Thine own,
 Thine for ever, Thine alone.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

20.

Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30.

- 1 O COME to me, ye weary,
 And lean upon my breast;
 O come, ye heavy laden,
 And I will give you rest.
- 2 O take my yoke upon you,
 And learn of me, your Lord,
 For I am meek and lowly
 In heart as well as word.

- 3 And then your souls shall surely
 Find rest from every care,
 For my yoke is very easy,
 And my burden light to bear.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

21.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**S thy days thy strength shall be,
 This should be enough for thee ;
 He who knows thy frame will spare
 Burdens more than thou canst bear.
- 2 When thy days are veiled in night,
 Christ shall give thee heavenly light ;
 Seem they wearisome and long,
 Yet in Him shalt thou be strong.
- 3 Cold and wintry should they prove,
 Thine the sunshine of His love ;
 Or with fervid heat oppressed,
 'Neath His shadow thou shalt rest.
- 4 When thy days on earth are past,
 Christ shall call thee home at last,
 His redeeming love to praise,
 Who hath strengthened all thy days.
- F. R. H. to M. V. G. H.
 Midnight, December 31st, 1860.

22.

The Old Bells' Chime.

Chorus 1 **H**ARK! to the old bells' chime,
 To the sound that our fathers knew;
 Come in the morning prime,
 The sun shines on the dew!

2 They call us, they call us!
 How sweetly! how sweetly they ring!
 And no griefs appal us,
 At the thoughts which they bring.

Chorus 3 Then hark to the old bells' chime!
 For our kindred are waiting there;
 Come in the morning prime,
 And join in the Martyr's prayer!

4 Come then, while Memory breathes,
 Of the faithful, the tried, and the true;
 And her dewy garland wreathes,
 With flowers that on the tomb grew.

5 The storm cloud may lower,
 The wild wind may rush,—
 But the Voice that is power
 The tempest shall hush! shall hush!

Chorus 6 Then hark! to the old bells' chime!
 They are pealing of thanks and praise:
 Come in the morning prime,
 There is promise of brighter days!

MISS EMRA.

23.

The Church of our Fathers.

- 1 **T**HE Church of our Fathers! so dear to our souls;
Ay, dear as the life-blood within us that rolls!
We'll rally around her, by dangers unawed;
The Church of our Fathers! the Church of our God!
- 2 Built on the Apostles and Prophets alone,
On Jesus, the Saviour and Chief Corner-Stone;
The winds may arise, and her prospects deform,
She fears not the tempest; she dreads not the storm.
- 3 Her Cranmers, her Ridleys, for truth nobly stood;
Her rights and her charters they signed with their
blood;
Asserted her freedom, and sent forth abroad
The light and the truth of the pure word of God,
- 4 The people may rage, and the papists assail,
No weapon against her shall ever prevail:
The Church of our Fathers for ages hath stood,
Cemented and sealed by our Ancestors' Blood.
- 5 From the Church of our Fathers we'll never depart;
She's entwined round each fibre, each nerve of our
heart:
The Church of our Fathers! our glory and crown,
We will, unimpaired, to our children hand down!

MRS. HEMANS.

25.

The Little Protestant's Resolve.

Zaan.

- 1 **WE** won't give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of Truth:
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On, else—a dreary road!
The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.
- 2 We won't give up the Bible;
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruin'd souls
From being sent to Hell;
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of Heaven,
That through a Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
- 3 We won't give up the Bible,
Nor heed the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away—
Ye evil ones, begone;
For you would fain condemn our minds
To gloom of mortal night;
But we defy your baneful power,
And "God defend the right."

- 4 We won't give up the Bible;
 But could you force away
 That which as our life blood's dear,
 Yet hear us joyful say;
 "The words which we have learn'd while young,
 We'll follow all our days;
 And those engraven on our hearts
 Ye never can erase."
- 5 We won't give up the Bible;
 We'll shout it far and wide,
 Until the echo shall be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide;
 Till all shall know that we, though young,
 Withstand your treach'rous art;
 And that from God's own sacred word
 We'll never, never part.

26.

The Pilgrim Invitation.

- 1 COME with me, and we will go
 Where the streams of Zion flow,
 Through the City of our God,
 Which no saintless foot hath trod.
 Change and sorrow come not there;
 All is fixed and all is fair;
 Thither Faith and Hope and Love
 Bid our laggard steps to move.

- 2 Earthly pleasures fade and fleet;
 Nothing here can long be sweet;
 But for us a lasting home
 Spreads its glories: Let us come!
 Let us Christ's high call obey;
 Help each other on the way;
 Through the narrow entrance press;
 Gain his realm of righteousness!

ANONYMOUS.

27.

A Cradle Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD of glory! once a stranger,
 In the world Thine own hands made,
 Memory hovers round the manger
 Where Thy infant form was laid.
- 2 Angel harps resound the story;
 Thou didst own a mother's care;
 Bending from Thy throne of glory,
 Hear, then hear, a mother's prayer!
- 3 Now while ransomed hosts adore Thee,
 Prostrate near Thy throne they lie;
 On this helpless one before Thee,
 Saviour, bend a gracious eye!
- 4 Born to trouble and to sadness,
 Hear his suppliant mother's call;
 Fill my infant's heart with gladness,
 Be his friend, his God, his all!

MISS EMRA.

28.

Grace before and after Meat.

BEFORE MEAT.

NO earthly gifts can yield us good
Without, O Lord, Thy heavenly grace:
Then sanctify our present food,
And lift on us a Father's face.

AFTER MEAT.

ALL praise to Him who died to give
The Bread by which the dying live;
Our praise for all things pure shall be,
When face to face Himself we see.

W. H. H.

29.

Celbridge Grace.

JESUS, Lord of earth and sky,
What Thou givest sanctify;
Always let our souls be fed
With Thyself, the living Bread.

JESUS, seated on Thy throne,
Thee we bless and Thee alone;
Thee we bless for food and friends;
Every gift Thy mercy sends.

W. H. H.

30.

Good Night.

GOOD night, good night!
 Care take his flight;
 And Peace, all bright,
 Possess thee quite,
 Through Christ our Light!
 Good night, good night!

W. H. H.

31.

Good Morning.

GOOD morn, good morn, good morning!
 Be many a smile to-day!
 May we, the truth adorning,
 Pass safely on our way.
 When sin's fell thorn made us forlorn,
 Christ came one morn, and joy was born.
 Blest morn, blest morn, blest morning!
 Good morn, good morn, good morning!

W. H. H.

32.

1 **G**OD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

- 2 On her anointed head,
 All choicest blessings shed
 Forth from Thy hand:
 Let her be Thy delight;
 Make her path ever bright;
 And in Thy word and might,
 Firm be her stand.
- 3 Send peace in this our time;
 Spare us from strife and crime;
 Strengthen each band!
 Nursed by our gracious Queen,
 May our Church e'er be seen,
 Waving like evergreen,
 Over the land!
- 4 Sovereign of earth and sky,
 Hear Thou our Nation's cry,
 Bless, bless our Queen!
 Grant us, through her, to be
 In Thee and all for Thee
 "Glorious, great and free."
 God save the Queen!

W. H. HAVERGAL.

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