
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



03440

h 44

H. 5. 4. 2.
52

Mozley

SONGS AND BALLADS

034440. P. 44

FOR

THE PEOPLE.

BY

THE REV. JOHN M. NEALE, B.A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON :

J. AND C. MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW ;

MASTERS AND CO. 78, NEW BOND STREET.

1855.

[Price 3d. or 21s. per hundred.]



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. The Church of England	3
II. The Teetotallers	4
III. Why don't you go to Meeting? The Mother's Answer	5
IV. Why don't you go to Meeting? The Child's Answer	7
V. Beating Bounds	8
VI. Pews	10
VII. The Church-Rate	11
VIII. God speed the Plough!	12
IX. The Fisherman's Song	13
X. Village Politicians	14
XI. The English Yeoman	15
XII. Why are you a Dissenter?	17
XIII. The White King's Funeral	19
XIV. The Martyrdom of Archbishop Laud	20
XV. The Churchwoman's Request and Dissenter's Answer	23
XVI. Work over	24

SONGS AND BALLADS

FOR THE PEOPLE.

I. *The Church of England.*

- 1 THE good old Church of England!
With Her Priests through all the land,
And Her twenty thousand churches,
How nobly does She stand!
Dissenters are like mushrooms,
That flourish but a day; [tears,
Twelve hundred years, through smiles and
She hath lasted on alway!
- 2 The brave old Church of England!
She hath conquer'd many a foe;
She had Martyrs to Her children
A thousand years ago;
She hath princes more than I can tell,
Who by Her side have stood;
Like King Charles the Blessed Martyr,
And old King George the Good!
- 3 The true old Church of England!
She alone hath pow'r to teach:
'Tis presumption in Dissenters
When they pretend to preach:
They might take away Her churches,
They might take Her lands away;
But She would be the true Church,
And base intruders they.
- 4 God bless the Church of England!
The poor man's Church is She;
We were nourish'd at Her bosom,
We were fondled at Her knee.

God bless the Church of England!
 The good, the true, the brave!
 She baptis'd us in our cradle;
 She shall bear us to our grave.

II. *The Teetotallers.*

- 1 AND so the Teetotallers meet here to-day!
 Well! they talk very big, and they look very gay;
 And they tease me to join them from morning till
 night;
 But first I've one question, and that's—Is it right?
- 2 They talk a great deal about taking the vow,
 How they once used to drink, and are temperate now;
 Well! I can't see the virtue, or *glory* at least,
 Of promising not to turn into a beast.
- 3 Or supposing there were,—they have taken before
 All the vows they now take, ay, and very much more:
 Not from drinking alone, but all sin to abstain;
 When they first were baptis'd—and why take it again?
- 4 God's command is what all men at once should obey,
 Not to drink to excess;—do they keep it? Not they!
 They make a new vow for themselves, and then think
 They are vastly good Christians in keeping from drink!
- 5 I should just like to ask these same excellent men,
 Why they vow but to keep one command out of ten?
 Why, a man may lie, curse, steal, or swear, if he will,
 And yet be a perfect Teetotaller still!
- 6 It is just the same thing as if I were to say,
 “My boys, go and work in my orchard to-day:
 There is plenty of fruit on the trees—but take care
 That you don't, for your lives, touch an apple or pear.”
- 7 Says Jack, “Oh! no, father! But don't you mistake—
 We won't touch the fruit,—*but it's not for your sake:*
It's because WE'VE AGREED not an apple to pick!”—
 D'ye think I should thank him, or give him the stick?
- 8 Or suppose that young Bill, like a rogue, should reply:
 “Touch the *apples?* your *apples?* dear father, not I!



Touch the *apples* who will, I for one won't go shares ;'—
I should think, Why, most likely he'll set on the *pears*.

- 9 There is but one vow God commands us to take,
When we first are baptis'd, which we never must break ;
So may those who make new ones be left in the lurch !
There's but one Temp'rance Union, and that is—
the Church !

III. *Why don't you go to Meeting ?*

THE MOTHER'S ANSWER.

- 1 You may tell me of the meeting where you Dissenters
go ;
You may tell me of the liberty that you Dissenters
know ;
I am little of a scholar, but the question is not long,—
For he who stays away from church, I know, is going
wrong :
THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT, the holy
Scripture saith,
IN A MAN'S OWN EYES, as yours does now, BUT THE
END THEREOF IS DEATH.
- 2 The fine old church ! I love it well, with its tower so
tall and grey !
There it has stood, where now it stands, five hundred
years, they say :
The greatest joys that I have known, or griefs I've
had to bear,
The warmest feelings of my heart, they have every
one been there :
Shall I leave it and my Prayer-book now, to go with
you and look
At the preacher whom you tell me of that prays
without a book ?
- 3 My father and my mother in yonder churchyard lie ;
And as they brought me up, I mean, by God's good
help, to die :
I think 'twould almost grieve their souls, though I
hope they are in bliss,

After all their teaching and their prayers, if I could
come to this:

Their fathers too, before them, were Churchmen all
their days;

I'll never be the first to turn to your new-fangled
ways.

4 It was in church, that happy day, the happiest of my
life,

That my husband said, " I TAKE THEE TO BE MY
WEDDED WIFE,—

TO HAVE AND HOLD, FROM THIS DAY FORTH, IN SICK-
NESS AND IN HEALTH,

FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE, AND IN WANT AS WELL
AS WEALTH:"

And I scarcely think, whatever you Dissenters choose
to say,

That she's an honest woman who weds another way.

5 My baby too! my darling one! you know not what I
felt,

When with godfathers and godmother beside the Font
I knelt;

And the Parson took him in his arms, and the Church's
prayers were said,

And the water sprinkled on his brow, and the Holy
Cross was made;

And all the congregation seem'd to welcome me again,
Giving thanks to GOD, WHO brought me through my
peril and my pain.

6 And when my precious baby died, I followed while
they bore

His little coffin to the church, and then I wept no
more;

How *could* I but take comfort, when I heard from
GOD'S OWN word,

The text that calls them BLESSED WHO ARE SLEEPING
IN THE LORD?

No! I will keep the good old paths that all good
men have trod;

And I never can forget my Church, till I forget my
GOD!

IV. *Why don't you go to Meeting ?*

THE CHILD'S ANSWER

- 1 OH no! I dare not turn away,
As you would have me do ;
I dare not leave God's House to-day,
To go to meeting too.
- 2 In church God always waits, I know,
To hear His people's prayer ;
But in the place to which you go,
His presence is not there.
- 3 God's Priest in church for God doth stand ;
And when the prayers begin,
The LORD will give me, at his hand,
Forgiveness of my sin.
- 4 But who taught others how to pray ?
Who gave them power to preach ?
Oh, this indeed is not the way
That God's own word doth teach !
- 5 Do not the holy Scriptures shew—
(We know the story well)
Why Korah once, and Dathan too,
Went down alive to hell ?
- 6 And did not God strike Uzzah dead,
Because, through over-care,
Upon the ark his hand he laid,
Which only Priests might bear ?
- 7 And Saul's sad end might make us wise,
Whom God in anger slew,
Because he offered sacrifice,
Which only Priests might do.
- 8 In church I was baptised ; I'll praise
In church the LORD most high ;
In church I'll serve HIM all my days,
And in the Church I'll die.

- 9 'Tis there I love His name to bless,
 And there to hear His word;
 How CAN I DO THIS WICKEDNESS,
 AND SIN AGAINST THE LORD?
-

V. *Beating Bounds.*

- 1 So rare a sight was seldom seen,
 This pleasant month of May, sir :
 There's not a soul but's on the green,—
 We beat the bounds to-day, sir.
 There's much to do by night, it's true ;
 But what of that? Fine weather,
 And mirth, and sport, make long ways short,
 To friends that walk together.

CHORUS.

And mirth and sport make long ways short,
 To friends that walk together.

- 2 Round and about, and in and out,
 Right carefully we'll *tread*, sir ;
 Behind's the school, let loose from rule ;
 The Parson's at the head, sir.
 So up the lane, and by the brook,
 And o'er the beaten track, sir ;
 And past the mill, and o'er the hill,
 And so again come back, sir.

CHORUS.

And while we walk, good hearty talk
 We lads will never lack, sir.

- 3 The parish-bound that we go round
 Has been the very same, sir,
 A thousand years, since first of all
 The parish had a name, sir.

I've heard our Parson say that then,
 Could you have gone to search, sir,
 You might have seen, upon the green,
 The very same old church, sir.

CHORUS.

Upon the green you might have seen
 The very same old church, sir.

- 4 There's been a mighty change since then :
 'Twould make a man despair, sir,
 To count up each new-fangled name
 Of townships here and there, sir.
 Well, they who made them think they've hit
 On methods somewhat rarish ;
 But as for me, there'll never be
 A name to match the *parish* !

CHORUS.

No name like that ! the word's so pat !—
 A good old English parish !

- 5 Dissenters say—and so they may—
 Their system all surpasses :
 In mighty state of schools they prate,
 Of meetings and of classes.
 But, to my mind, you cannot find,
 By hunting near or far, sir,
 Any beside the parish plan
 To make us what we are, sir.

CHORUS.

There's none beside the parish plan
 Could make us what we are, sir.

- 6 That is the band which through the land
 Unites the great and small, sir :
 The parish school, the parish church,
 The parish Priest, and all, sir.

Talk of the fame of England's name!
 Her glory will be o'er, sir,
 If meetings stand through all the land,
 And churches are no more, sir.

CHORUS.

If e'er that day should come, in clay
 May I be wrapt before, sir!

VI. *Pews.*

- 1 COME, list to me, neighbours! come, list to my song!
 Our Parson is right, and the parish is wrong:
 He wants to take down all the pews, as you know;
 He has plenty of reasons, and good ones, to shew;
 And I'll make them so clear, that there's none shall
 refuse
 To join him in crying—Away with the pews!
- 2 'Tis a shame to behold how the aged and poor,
 Who have right to good places, are thrust to the door
 If such as have pews may but sit at their ease,
 The poor they may stand, or not come, as they please
 So who'er loves the helpless and poor, can't but choose
 To pity their lot, and cry—Down with the pews!
- 3 In the dwelling of peace it is monstrous to see
 What complaining and fighting for pews there can be;
 For those who have one always think that 'tis bad;
 And those who have none, always wish that they had
 So whoever loves quiet and peace, can't refuse
 To take away quarrels by ousting the pews!
- 4 Some folks, who are never at church, keep a box,
 Their own (as they call it) with bolts, keys, and locks
 The pews are quite empty: but look what a band
 Of poor and of aged parishioners *stand!*
 So whoever hates dogs in the manger, can't choose
 But join in my ditty, and out with the pews!
- 5 'Twas a humble old custom to kneel side by side,
 But pews came at first of contention and pride:

And those wicked men who invented the thing,
 They pull'd down the churches and murder'd their King:
 So whoe'er loves old customs can never refuse
 To vote in the vestry for outing the pews!

- 6 And then rich and poor, as the way was of yore,
 Will have all the same seats, free and open once more:
 'Twas a rare wicked system; but now it has pass'd,
 And our country has found out its mischief at last:
 Open seats in all churches! and none must refuse,
 FOR ENGLAND HAS SAID IT—Away with the pews!

VII. *The Church-Rate.*

- 1 *Throw out the Church-rate!* "Live and learn"
 The proverb well may say:
 I never heard of such a thing,
 And trust I never may.
 I know that Church-rates are a debt
 To GOD ALMIGHTY due;
 And how dares any Christian man
 Call them a hardship too?
- 2 A hardship to repair the house
 Where HE is pleas'd to dwell?
 Where in HIS peace our fathers rest,
 And we shall rest as well?
 Where all HIS blessings we receive,
 Where all HIS word we learn:
 These are the gifts HE gives us there,
 And this is our return.
- 3 The very man who for his rate
 A sixpence will not pay,
 Will spend upon his house and self
 His twenty pounds a-day:
 Of all good things he'll have the best,
 And must be serv'd the first;
 While HE WHO gave him all he has
 May have, for him, the worst.

- 4 Where is the man who does not hate
 All falsehood and deceit?
 And he who will not pay his rate,
 I think a downright cheat.
 He bought his land for less, because
 That rent-charge on it lay;
 And so he cheats the seller now
 By doing it away.
- 5 Our fathers spent both time and gold,
 And so our church they built;
 And if we cannot keep it up,
 'Twill be our shame and guilt.
 The parish that can sink to that
 Will go from bad to worse;
 And for a blessing in their church
 Will find a very curse.

VIII. *God speed the Plough!*

- 1 THE teams are waiting in the field,
 The ploughmen all a-row;
 As brisk and gay as birds in May,
 They make a goodly show.
 The farmer stands, and sees all hands
 Turn'd out and ready now;
 Yet ere they start, with all our heart
 We'll say, God speed the plough!
- 2 We plough the field; but HE must yield
 His sunshine and His rains:
 In hope we plough, in hope we sow,
 That HE will bless our pains.
 'Tis even weight, and furrow straight,
 That bears away the bell;
 So off! And now God speed the plough,
 And send the ploughman well!

IX. *The Fisherman's Song.*

- 1 COME, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail;
 It is fair as fair can be;
 And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
 Will carry us out to sea.
 So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
 We must part with the setting sun;
 For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep,
 We've a weary way to run.
- 2 As through the night-watches we drift about,
 We'll think of the times that are fled,
 And of HIM WHO once call'd other fishermen
 To be fishers of men instead. [out
 Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear;
 Rough weather, like us, they knew;
 And HE WHO guarded them by HIS care
 Full often was with them too!
- 3 'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
 And but little way they had made,
 When HE came o'er the waters and stood in
 their sight,
 And their hearts were sore afraid;
 But HE cheer'd their spirits, and said, IT IS I,
 And then they could fear no harm;
 And though we cannot behold HIM nigh,
 HE is guarding us still with HIS Arm.
- 4 They had toil'd all the night, and had taken
 nought;
 HE commanded the stormy sea;
 They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
 An hundred and fifty-three.
 And good success to our boat HE will send,
 If we trust in HIS mercy aright;
 For HE pitieth those who at home depend
 On what we shall take to-night.

- 5 And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd
 About on the stormy deep, [lost,
 We'll tell how they once thought that all was
 When their LORD "was fast asleep:"
 HE saved them then—HE can save us still—
 For HIS are the winds and the sea;
 And if HE is with us, we'll fear no ill,
 Whatever the danger be.
- 6 Or if HE see fit that our boat should sink,
 By a storm or a leak, like lead,
 Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
 When the sea shall yield her dead;
 For they who depart in HIS faith and fear
 Shall find that their passage is short, [here,
 From the troublesome waves that beset life
 To the everlasting port.

X. *Village Politicians.*

- 1 So they're down at the Chequers, and at it once more!
 Our rare politicians, they'll never give o'er!
 And when they have done, they're as wise as before:
 Which nobody can deny.
- 2 There's nothing on earth that they don't understand;
 The corn-laws, the taxes, the state of the land;
 But the charter's the thing they have mostly in hand:
 Which nobody can deny.
- 3 A clever contrivance that charter must be,
 To make a whole nation wise, glorious, and free!
 But how 'twill be done, they don't rightly agree:
 Which nobody can deny.
- 4 They would fain do away all the corn-laws, and think
 It would cheapen provisions, their meat and their drink;
 And forget that their wages would equally sink:
 Which nobody can deny.
- 5 Vote by ballot, with other rare changes, they'd have;
 That coward's contrivance all cowards to save,
 'That makes a man, whether or no, like a knave:
 Which nobody can deny.

- 6 There they wrangle and prate of their hardships and wrongs;
To the "Weekly Dispatch," too, they listen by throngs;
Which I, for my part, would not touch with the tongz:
Which nobody can deny.
- 7 Now I think, though 'tis vain to dispute about taste,
That none but a madman would run in such haste,
His time, and his health, and his money to waste:
Which nobody can deny.
- 8 All the care that I take for the State is to pray
My best for the Church and the Queen every day;
And I know nothing more, and I hope never may:
Which nobody can deny.

XI. *The English Yeoman*

- 1 I AM an English yeoman!
And my father's lands I hold;
For a hundred years, and more than that,
They have never been bought or sold!
I sit by the same old hearth as they,
I rest in the same old seat;
And storms, when they roar on a winter's day,
On the same old gables beat.
- 2 They never knew an empty house
When Christmas-tide drew near;
And they never knew an empty hand
At any time o' th' year:
They kept up good old customs,
As every month came round;
They paid their tithes at Easter,
And at Whitsun beat the bound.
- 3 I am an English yeoman!
And we yeomen know no change
Though anti-corn-law lecturers
About the country range;

- We laugh at them, and such-like rogues,
And let them have their way;
For we know the good old proverb—
“ Give every dog his day !”
- 4 *We* never drive the hungry
From our hearth and from our door ;
We never built the unions
Wherein they starve the poor :
We keep up good old customs,
And are never over-nice ;
For while we have one loaf of bread,
The poor shall have a slice.
- 5 I am an English yeoman !
And I glory in the name,
That since old England was a state
Has ne'er been mark'd with shame.
They loved the Church for many a day,
Ay, and we love Her still ;
So let who may be turn'd away,
We yeomen never will.
- 6 Though Baptists, Chartists, Infidels,
Have set upon Her sore ;
Wesleyans, Independents,
And other sects a score ;
Yet how can we forsake Her,
When She alone hath power
To guard and guide us while we live,
And bless our dying hour ?
- 7 I've heard that English yeomanry
In battle-fields have stood,
And would not flinch a single inch,
Although the ground ran blood.

To find the thing they dare not do,
 You'd think would want long search :
 I'll tell you, and I'll tell you true,—
 They dare not leave their Church !

XII. *Why are you a Dissenter ?*

- 1 COME, listen to me, neighbours !
 And I'll tell you of the way
 Dissenters set about it
 When they make a grand display :
 And when my story's finish'd,
 I'll be vastly well content,
 If you will but be persuaded
 To fly from all dissent.
- 2 A man is disappointed
 Of a pew he wants, or so ;
 " If this must be the way," says he,
 " To church I'll never go :
 The Parson tried to spite me,
 And so I'm fully bent
 That I will spite the Parson
 By setting up dissent."
- 3 He looks about for converts ;
 And so with much ado,
 And perhaps a little money,
 He picks up one or two :
 They were always noted grumblers,
 And to church they never went ;
 For that's the sort of people
 That are readiest for dissent.
- 4 There are two or three who join them,
 And readily come in,
 Because the Parson told them
 They were living on in sin :

They take the thing in dudgeon,
 And so are well content—
 For teachers dare not blame them
 Who live by their dissent.

5 They get a famous preacher,
 Who comes in haste from Town,
 Lest what he calls the int'rest
 Of Dissenters should go down :
 They pay him for his sermon,
 But the money's only lent ;
 For it brings them a collection
 In aid of their dissent.

6 He praises all they're doing ;
 But thinks it a disgrace
 They've so poor a room for preaching,—
 They should build a better place.
 An Ebenezer Chapel
 Would be just the thing he meant ;
 So very grand, and useful
 In helping on dissent.

7 With driving and with scraping,
 And with screwing from the poor,
 (They spare their own dear pockets),
 They get a little store ;
 But before the meeting's finished,
 The money's gone and spent .
 And they find that it's expensive
 To set on foot dissent.

8 But they raise a mighty clamour,
 And they try to blind men's eyes
 With tales about the Parsons
 And half a score such lies :

- To be sure it looks like sinning,
 But they say it's all well meant;
 And without a little falsehood,
 Who could hope to teach dissent?
- 9 And when it's done, what follows?
 Why morning, noon, and night,
 There's quarrelling and brawling,
 Who's wrong and who is right:
 Sedition and rebellion
 Find a very easy vent;
 And farewell to peace and order
 In the place that has dissent!
-

XIII. *The White King's Funeral.*

- 1 'Twas a winter-night, and the pall was white,
 For the snow fell thick and fast,
 As to its grave in Windsor Nave
 The White King's coffin past.
- 2 The good King Charles! it was meet that he,
 Whose reign on earth below
 Had been spotless and pure as pure could be,
 Should have now a crown of snow.
- 3 There had risen against him a rebel-host,
 And he sank before his foes;
 And his faith was tried to the uttermost,
 And brightest it shone at the close.
- 4 For the Church his life he held not dear
 For the Church he came to die;
 And in that season of doubt and fear,
 There was one of Her Bishops by.
- 5 "Now," said that Bishop, "there only remains
 One stage, one short stage more;
 It shall bear you quickly from fear and pains
 To the place where pains are o'er."

- 6 "From death," said the King, "to life I go;
From bondage to be freed;
To a Palace above from a dungeon below;—
A blessed exchange indeed!"
- 7 No trumpet might sound, no banner might
wave,
As his coffin was borne on its way;
That Bishop was ready beside the grave,
But they would not let him pray;
- 8 For they made great search for the sons of
the Church,
And such in their dungeon they laid;
Fools! as if they who endure for a day
Could unmake what GOD had made!
- 9 The Church they spoil'd, and Her Bishops fell,
And they thought they had crush'd Her
outright;
But is it not written, "The gates of hell
Shall never destroy Her" quite?
- 10 She rose again; and we have Her still,
And She nevermore can fail;
Though Dissenters may strive to work Her ill,
They cannot for long prevail.
- 11 So if e'er She is touch'd by wicked men,
We will stand by Her holy side;
And if it should come to the worst,—why then
We can die as the WHITE KING died!

XIV. *The Martyrdom of Archbishop Laud.*

- 1 THE season is past of his sufferings at iast,
And his end is drawing nigh;
And now the good Archbishop stood
By the place where he must die.

- 2 He had guarded the Church from wicked men
In troublesome times of strife :
All they could take he had lost for Her sake,
And now he must lose his life.
- 3 But as he pass'd up Tower Hill,
'Twas a marvellous sight to see,
How door, and roof, and window-sill,
Were as throng'd as throng'd could be ;
- 4 How down to the Thames from the Tower wall
A troop of horsemen ran ;
And soldiers were drawn in array, and all
To guard one weak old man !
- 5 But as he went there were hands stretch'd out,
If they might but touch his side ;
And strong men turn'd their heads about,
And like little children cried.
- 6 So steadfastly the scaffold-steps
That good Archbishop trod,
As one that journey'd to his Home,
And hasten'd to his God.
- 7 And there the great axe, in the winter-sun,
Was glittering like to gold ;
And the block was there, and the men in
masks,
Right fearful to behold.
- 8 The Archbishop knew why each was there,
Yet manfully all he eyed ;
For he that feareth ALMIGHTY GOD
Hath nothing to fear beside.
- 9 "I have been long," he said, "in my race,
And suffer'd much pain and loss ;
Now to its end I am coming apace,
And here I find the cross ;

- 10 "And in sight of men, and of Angels too,
In sorrow and shame I stand ;
But the shame must be despis'd, or else
No coming to God's Right Hand.
- 11 "I have the weakness of nature still,
And have pray'd both night and day,
If it stood with my Heavenly FATHER's will,
That the cup might pass away.
- 12 "HE is as able to rescue me
Now from ungodly men,
As HE was to deliver the Children Three
From the fiery furnace then ;
- 13 "His hand was with them to bring them
through,
And a glorious victory won ;
So HE can do once more ; if not,
His will, not mine, be done.
- 14 "And if HE bids me to cross the sea
That I have full in view,
I shall enter its waves right willingly ;—
Yea, and pass through them too !
- 15 "I would not leave my fathers' Church,
And before Dissenters bow ;
For that I have borne both shame and scorn,
And for that I must suffer now."
- 16 Then he pray'd in silence a little space,
For the King, and himself, and his fold ;
And when he arose again, his face
Was glorious to behold.
- 17 And they who stood round him began to inquire
If his strength to his need suffic'd ?
And answer he quietly made, "I desire
To depart, and to be with CHRIST."

- 18 Then he knelt by the block, and he gave the
 sign
 That should carry him home to his rest ;
 And that same moment the great axe fell,
 And his spirit was with the blest.
-

XV. *The Churchwoman's Request, and Dissenter's Answer.*

- 1 "TAKE all you wish for, soldiers !
 Take wealth and goods away ;
 But spare my precious baby
 The food it wants to-day !
- 2 " You have driv'n away my husband
 From his children and his wife ;
 From his Church and from his parish,
 And he leads a wanderer's life.
- 3 " So I am now divided
 From the husband whom I love ;
 And my children have no father,
 But HIM WHO is above.
- 4 " Take all you want, and welcome ;
 But only leave behind
 That vessel for my baby,
 And I will call you kind."
- 5 Their hearts were hard as millstones,
 And they would not hear her prayer ;
 And they flung away the vessel,
 And they left her in despair.
- 6 But GOD was with HIS servant
 In the hour of her distress ;
 And HE comforted the widow,
 And preserved the fatherless.

- 7 This was the way Dissenters
 Used to serve true Churchmen then,
 And perhaps, if they were able,
 They might do the same again.

XVI. *Work over.*

- 1 WORK is over! GOD must speed it!
 Work and workmen on HIM rest;
 His good blessing—much we need it!
 That alone can make us blest.
 Rest is come! with joy receive it!
 We have done the best we can;
 Work is over! here we leave it;
 End of GOD, and means of man.
- 2 Work is done! To wife or mother
 Homewards now we bend our way:
 All true hearts are with each other,
 Those who go, and those who stay.
 When the world and we are parted,
 And the end of life is come,
 What is death to GOD's True-hearted,
 But, like this—a going Home?



