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THE LINDSEY PRESS

5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

## PREFACE

**D**URING the seventeen years that have elapsed since the publication of *Hymns for School and Home* by the Sunday School Association, an enormous advance has been made in Sunday School method. With better grading of departments and classes, and with the introduction of so many new hymns in such collections as *School Worship* (1926) and *Songs of Praise* (Enlarged) (1931), it is evident that no mere addition to the former book would meet the need of modern schools. The present book has therefore been compiled by a joint committee of the Religious Education Department of the General Assembly and the Northern Sunday School Federation ; and it is offered to the schools to meet the need for vigorous, uplifting, and inspiring hymns for boys and girls.

The book is particularly intended for those between eight and sixteen years, since Primary Departments (which do not as a rule use individual hymn-books) make full use of the Rev. Carey Bonner's *Child Songs*, and because senior classes may prefer to use the adult hymn-book used in their church services. But a small section of primary hymns *not* to be found in *Child Songs* has been supplied for the help of Primary Department Leaders, and a section of hymns specially suitable for senior classes is also included.

Over each hymn will be found initials indicating the department for which it is chiefly suited, the initials used being P (Primary, under 8 years), J (Junior, 8 to 12 years), I (Intermediate, 12 to 16 years) and S (Senior Classes and Adults). In schools without graded departments it is better to let younger children join in a hymn beyond their comprehension than to

ask seniors to sing juvenile hymns which they should long have outgrown. Children may profitably learn to sing, and thus unconsciously memorise, some of the 'classic' hymns of the church, whose meaning will only dawn upon them later in life.

Until an edition with tunes can be published, it will not be possible to find in a single book tunes for all the hymns included. Reference has accordingly been made in an index to five tune-books found useful by schools, namely *School Worship*, *Songs of Praise* (Enlarged), *Hymns and Choral Songs* (1926 edition), the *Bristol Tune Book*, and the *Sunday School Association Hymn and Tune Book*. A few references are also given to other books and to the annual issues of *Hymns and Choral Songs* since the 1926 collected edition.

It has been the aim of the compilers to issue the book at the lowest possible price. The number of hymns has consequently been kept under 300, and the opening and closing services in the former book have been omitted, services now being issued separately by the Lindsey Press for the schools that desire them. While some hymns have been retained on account of their popularity in many schools, in spite of the feelings of the compilers that they were hardly of the right type for boys and girls of to-day, several good hymns which the compilers would have wished to include have had to be omitted on account of copyright difficulties.

Acknowledgment of permission to use their hymns is made, with very cordial thanks, to the following authors: Rev. Neander Anderton, Mr. E. Alec Blaxill, Rev. Kenneth H. Bond, Mr. G. E. Boyer, Rev. W. H. Burgess, Rev. Dudley Clark, Mr. Percival Chubb, Miss Marguerite Emilio, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. R. P. Howgrave-Graham, Miss L. Mabel Link, Mr. Edward Lockton (for the words of the song 'For the Years to Come'), Rev.

Dr. W. P. Merrill, Rev. Dr. A. W. Slaten, Rev. G. J. Sparham, Rev. Bernard H. R. Spaul, Miss Doris W. Street, Mr. G. J. Talbot, Rev. A. W. Vallance, Miss Vera A. Walker, Rev. Douglas Walmsley, and Miss H. K. Watts.

Thanks are also given to the following representatives and owners of copyright (the names of the authors of the hymns being given in brackets): Mr. H. L. Freiss (Felix Adler), the Misses Wurtzburg (Dendy Agate), Rev. Dr. W. K. Lowther Clark, S.P.C.K. (Canon A. C. Ainger), Miss Alexander (Mrs. C. F. Alexander), Mr. T. Clarke (Mary E. J. Appleby), Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (M. D. Babcock), the National Society's Graded Hymn-Book (Emily Barnes), Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. (Jane Borthwick), Dr. Schofield, Principal of Loughborough College (Canon G. W. Briggs), Miss Evelyn Brooke (Stopford A. Brooke), Mr. T. M. Chalmers (Andrew Chalmers), Mrs. Gannett (W. C. Gannett), Mr. E. W. B. Gill (T. H. Gill), the Committee of World Fellowship among Children, New York (Marion E. Grey), Miss Beatrice Hatch (Edwin Hatch), Mr. O. H. Heys (John Heys), the Houghton Mifflin Co. (O. W. Holmes, Lucy Lacom, S. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, and J. G. Whittier), Mr. W. H. Hortin (J. Julian), Mr. Frank Hopps (John Page Hopps), Mrs. B. A. Bensley (E. A. Horton), Miss Jex-Blake (T. W. Jex-Blake), Mr. J. M. O. Johnson (Joseph Johnson), Mrs. Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., publishers of *Puck of Pook's Hill* (Rudyard Kipling), Miss M. M. Matson (W. T. Matson), Mrs. McArthur (J. A. Noble), the late Rev. H. H. Oakley (E. S. Oakley), Miss D. M. Tarbolton (H. Capes Tarbolton), Miss D. Tarrant (W. G. Tarrant), Miss G. Walmsley (Robert Walmsley); also to the following authors or their executors, and the Oxford University Press, for hymns taken from *Enlarged Songs of Praise* (J. Ellerton, H. N. Brailsford, J. M. C. Crum, Sir Frank Fletcher, Basil

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Mathews, L. W. Reece, W. Charter Piggott, and W. Chalmers Smith).

Acknowledgments are also made to the following for the use of words written or controlled by them, for which fees have been paid: Miss M. M. Horder (M. Betham-Edwards and Bp. Phillips Brooks), the National Sunday School Union (Mary Butler, John Page Hopps, E. F. B. Macalister, and W. H. Parker), Mrs. Beeching and Mr. John Lane, the Bodley Head (H. C. Beeching), the Methodist Sunday School Department (J. W. Butcher), Messrs. Curwen and Sons, Ltd. (W. H. Draper), Miss Eleanor Farjeon, Messrs. James Clarke and Co., Ltd. (Marianne Farningham), Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. S. W. Meyer, the de Rusette Centre, Ltd. (E. Mildred Nevill), Miss A. M. Pullen, Mr. John Murray (J. A. Symonds), and the following authors or their executors and the Oxford University Press for hymns taken from *Enlarged Songs of Praise*, Canon G. W. Briggs, Percy Dearmer, Laurence Housman, and Jan Struther.

Every care has been taken to obtain permission to use those hymns which are still in copyright. Should any name have been omitted, we trust that the owner will accept this apology and the assurance that the omission will be rectified in any subsequent issue, if brought to our notice.

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BERTRAM LISTER, *Secretary*.

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## INDEX OF FIRST

### KEY TO

- B. = Bristol Tune Book.  
 H. = Hymns and Choral Songs (1926 edition).  
 H. ( ) = Hymns and Choral Songs (Annual Number).  
 K. = Hymns of the Kingdom.  
 N. = New Hymnal.

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## LINES AND TUNES

### ABBREVIATIONS

- P. = Songs of Praise (Enlarged).  
 S. = Sunday School Association Hymn and Tune Book.  
 W. = School Worship.  
 Appx. = Appendix.

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# SCHOOL PRAISE

P.—PRIMARY (under 8 years)  
J.—JUNIOR (8–12 years)  
I.—INTERMEDIATE (12–16 years)  
S.—SENIOR (16 years and over)

1 L.M. P.  
1 FATHER, we thank thee for the night ;  
And for the pleasant morning light ;  
For rest and food and loving care,  
And all that makes the day so fair.

2 Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good ;  
In all we do, in work or play,  
To grow more loving every day.

*Rebecca J. Weston.*

2 S.M. P.  
FOR hands and feet so strong,  
For eyes that we may see,  
For ears that are so quick to hear,  
We offer thanks to thee.

*Doris W. Street.*

3 10.11. P.  
GOOD day to you all, good day to each one,  
Good day to you, teachers ! our school has begun.

*Percy Dearmer (1867–1936).*

4 7-7-7-7. P.  
FATHER, as thy children part,  
May thy love fill every heart.  
Thou, O Lord, art always nigh,  
Bless us, as we say “ Good-bye.”

*Doris W. Street.*



5

II.II.II.II.

P.

- 1 IF I were a blackbird and lived in a wood,  
I'd make it the happiest place that I could ;  
I'd whistle, and carol, and warble all day,  
Till all the world's trouble I warbled away.
- 2 If I were a swallow far over the sea,  
I'd haste to the land that was waiting for me ;  
And there I would build me the cosiest nest,  
And gather my little ones warm to my breast.
- 3 If I were an angel and sang up on high,  
I'd shine, if I might, like a star in the sky ;  
And all that is fairest of all that is fair  
Should be all the brighter because I was there.
- 4 And tho' I am neither an angel nor bird,  
I'll sing the best music that ever was heard—  
I'll laugh, and I'll love, and I'll try like a man  
To make this world happy as long as I can.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

6

6.5.6.5.

P.

- 1 LITTLE birds are singing  
In the leafy trees ;  
Little flowers are waking  
In the gentle breeze.
- 2 In the sunny meadows  
There are lambs at play,  
And the bees are working  
Gladly all the day.
- 3 Lord, thy little children  
Sweet as flowers would be,  
Pouring forth the fragrance  
Of our lives to thee.

30

- 4 Teach us, well and gladly  
All our tasks to do ;  
Let us always please thee  
In our playtime too.

- 5 Like the birds so happy,  
We thy praises sing,  
While to thee, O Father,  
Little hearts we bring.

*Mary E. J. Appleby (1874-1929).*

7

6.8.6.7.6.6.6.6. (WITH REFRAIN)

P.

- 1 TO and fro, to and fro,  
Hear the tread of little children,  
As they go, as they go,  
Busy march of busy feet !  
Here and there, everywhere,  
Joyous songs we're singing ;  
Loud and clear, full of cheer,  
Happy tones are ringing.  
To and fro, to and fro, etc.
- 2 To and fro, to and fro,  
Hear the tread of little children,  
As they go, as they go,  
Busy march of busy feet !  
Blithe and gay, all the day,  
Early morn till even,  
We will raise songs of praise  
To our God in heaven.  
To and fro, to and fro, etc.
- 3 To and fro, to and fro,  
Hear the tread of little children,  
As they go, as they go,  
Busy march of busy feet !

31

SCHOOL PRAISE

Through the world, through the world,  
 Doing angels' duty,  
 Bright and fair, bright and fair,  
 Clothed with angels' beauty.  
 To and fro, to and fro, etc.

*H. Tucker.*

8

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

J.I.S.

1 COME let us all this day  
 With holy songs be praising ;  
 Tell out the works of God,  
 Our hearts and voices raising.  
 This day the Holy One  
 Heroic hearts has fired,  
 So let us pray that ours  
 By him may be inspired.

2 Let him whom God inspired  
 By holy word and story,  
 Rejoice in all good works  
 And give to God the glory ;  
 Unite with us, and praise  
 Our God for ever true,  
 Whose mercies are each day  
 And every evening new.

*Dr. Troutbeck (altered).*

9

8.6.8.8.6.

J.

1 DEAR Lord, here in thy house of prayer,  
 We come to worship thee,  
 Help us to feel that thou art near,  
 Our little words of love to hear,  
 As we sing joyfully.

32

SCHOOL PRAISE

2 Dear Lord, here in thy house of prayer  
 We kneel to pray to thee,  
 Direct our thoughts to thee, our king,  
 As we our prayers and praises bring,  
 In happy unity.

3 Dear Father, in thy house of prayer,  
 If we remember thee,  
 We shall in thought and deed and word  
 Give thee our very best, dear Lord,  
 And worship worthily.

*Emily Barnes.*

10

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

ENTER into his gates with thanksgiving,  
 And into his courts with praise ;  
 Be thankful unto him, and bless his name,  
 For the Lord is good.

11

8.7.8.7.

J.I.S.

1 GOD is good ;  
 We come before him  
 So that we may sing his praise,  
 Giving thanks for all his goodness,  
 As we learn his wondrous ways.

2 God is great ;  
 We come before him  
 So that we may bow in prayer,  
 Seeking strength to fight our battles,  
 Knowing he is everywhere.

3 God is wise ;  
 We come before him  
 So that we may know his law,  
 Learning from the men of old time  
 How to serve him more and more.

*E. Mildred Nevill.*

3

33

12

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

GOD is in his temple,  
The almighty Father !  
Round his footstool let us gather :  
Him with adoration  
Serve, the Lord most holy,  
Who hath mercy on the lowly ;  
Let us raise  
Hymns of praise,  
For his great salvation :  
God is in his temple !

13

S.M.

J.I.S.

HELP me, my God, to speak  
True words to thee each day ;  
Real may my voice be when I praise,  
And trustful when I pray.

14

H.I.I2.I2.I0.

I.S.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise to thee :  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
not see,  
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !
- 8 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth  
and sky and sea ;  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

*Reginald Heber (altered) (1783-1826).*

34

15

7.7.7.6.

J.

- 1 LORD, be with us every day,  
In our work and in our play,  
When we learn and when we pray :  
Hear us, O our Father.
- 2 Make us brave without a fear,  
Make us happy, full of cheer,  
Sure that thou art always near :  
Hear us, O our Father.
- 3 May we grow from day to day,  
Glad to learn each holy way,  
Ever ready to obey :  
Hear us, O our Father.
- 4 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
May our words be true and mild,  
Make us each a holy child :  
Hear us, O our Father.

*Dudley Clark.*

16

8.7.8.7.4.7.

I.S.

- 1 LORD, behold us with thy blessing,  
Once again assembled here ;  
Onward be our footsteps pressing,  
In thy love and faith and fear ;  
Still protect us  
By thy presence ever near.
- 2 For thy mercy we adore thee,  
For this rest upon our way ;  
Lord, again we bow before thee,  
Speed our labours day by day ;  
Mind and spirit  
With thy choicest gifts array.

35

3 Keep the spell of home affection  
 Still alive in every heart ;  
 May its power, with mild direction,  
 Draw our love from self apart ;  
 Till thy children  
 Feel that thou their Father art.

4 [Break temptation's fatal power,  
 Shielding all with guardian care,  
 Safe in every careless hour,  
 Safe from sloth, and sensual snare :  
 Thou, our saviour,  
 Still our failing strength repair.]

*Henry James Buckoll (1803-1871).*

17 II. IO. II. IO. I.S.

1 PRAISE be to thee, thou Lord of all the ages,  
 Holding the distant stars within thy hand,  
 Holding the days since light first scattered dark-  
 ness,  
 Thine was the past, the future thou hast planned.

2 Praise be to thee, thou life of all things living,  
 Life of the wayside flower, the forest tree.  
 As to the light turns every living creature,  
 So we, thy children, lift our hearts to thee.

*A. M. Pullen.*

18 L.M. I.S.

1 SPIRIT of God, we wait for thee  
 As in this house we lowly bow ;  
 Give to our hearts sincerity,  
 Simplicity of mind bestow.

36

2 Spirit of truth, we search for thee,  
 Though rough and lonely be the quest ;  
 Striving for thee is liberty,  
 Living to thee, profoundest rest.

*John Heys (1832-1913).*

19 7.6.7-6.D. J.I.S.

TO thee, the Lord Almighty,  
 Our noblest praise we give,  
 Who all things hast created,  
 And blestest all that live ;  
 Whose goodness, never failing  
 Through countless ages gone,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Shall still keep shining on.

*William Gaskell (1805-1884).*

20 8.8.8. I.S.

ENRICH, Lord, heart, mouth, hands in me,  
 With faith, with hope, with charity :  
 That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

*George Herbert (1593-1633).*

21 L.M. I.S.

PRAISE God for love we all may share ;  
 Praise God for beauty everywhere ;  
 Praise God for hope of good to be ;  
 Praise God for truth that maketh free.

22 IRREGULAR. J.I.S.

WE bow in prayer before thy throne, O God :  
 Help us to worship thee, help us to worship thee  
 In spirit and in truth.  
 Help us to praise, help us to pray,  
 And hear thy word.

37

23

L.M.

I.S.

ACCEPT our offerings, God most high,  
Our work, our purpose sanctify ;  
And with our gifts may we fulfil  
The right to help thy sovereign will.

24

L.M.

I.S.

1 ALL things are thine : no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee ;  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thine own before thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builder's thought ;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3 O Father, deign these walls to bless,  
Fill with thy love their emptiness,  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).*

25

8.8.8.4.

I.S.

1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we show our love to thee,  
Who givest all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare ;  
When harvests ripen, thou art there,  
Who givest all.

38

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

4 To thee from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :  
O may we ever with thee live,  
Who givest all.

*Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885).*

26

8.8.8.4.

I.S.

1 O THOU to whom our voices rise,  
King of the earth, and air, and skies,  
For all the blessings that we prize,  
We thank thee, Lord !

2 For work and rest, for home and friends,  
For health and strength thy mercy sends,  
That we may serve the noblest ends,  
We thank thee, Lord !

*Dendy Agate (1848-1929).*

27

6.5.6.5.

J.I.

1 FATHER, dwell among us  
In thy love and power,  
Making all our lifetime  
As this hallowed hour.

2 Thus with quicken'd footsteps  
We pursue our way,  
Watching for the dawning  
Of the eternal day.

*Wm. Pennefather (1816-1873).*

39

SCHOOL PRAISE

28

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

GOD be in my head,  
And in my understanding;  
God be in mine eyes,  
And in my looking;  
God be in my mouth,  
And in my speaking;  
God be in my heart,  
And in my thinking;  
God be at mine end,  
And at my departing.

*Sarum Primer.*

29

8.7.8.7.

J.I.

GOD is love : that love surrounds me,  
In that love I safely dwell.  
'Tis above, beneath, within me,  
God is love, and all is well.

30

S.M.

J.I.S.

LORD, keep us safe this night  
And quiet all our fears;  
O bless and guard us while we sleep  
Till morning light appears.

31

7.4.7.3.

J.I.

LORD of all, before we part,  
We pray to thee;  
Make us in thy service strong,  
Brave and free.

32

L.M.

P.J.

1 OUR FATHER, you have given me  
So much of love and joy to-day,  
That I am thinking joy and love  
To other children far away.

40

SCHOOL PRAISE

2 Wherever they lie down to sleep,  
Happy and tired with work and play,  
Yellow and brown, and black and white,  
Our Father, bless them all to-day.

33

L.M.

J.I.S.

BE present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored,  
Thy children bless, and grant that we  
In all things may give thanks to thee.

34

C.M.

J.I.S.

FOR health and strength and food, O Lord,  
Our grateful thanks we pay:  
O, let us strive as best we can,  
To serve thee well each day.

*C. E. Hodges.*

35

L.M.

I.S.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life and health and every good.  
Make us remember others' need,  
And so through us the hungry feed.

36

L.M.

I.S.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept,  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

41

SCHOOL PRAISE

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew :  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above ;  
Praise him, my soul, for all his love !

*Thomas Ken (altered) (1637-1711).*

37

10.10.10.10.6.

J.I.

1 FOR the dear love that kept us through the  
night,  
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway ;  
For the new miracle of dawning light,  
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,  
We thank thee, O our God !

2 For the fresh life that through our being flows,  
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless ;  
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from  
repose,  
To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,  
We praise thee, O our God !

*William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871).*

42

SCHOOL PRAISE

C.M.

J.I.

38

1 I WAKE this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live ;  
The future, with sweet promise rife,  
Has crowns of joy to give—

2 New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take ;  
Perchance new burdens I may bear  
To-day for love's sweet sake.

3 New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,  
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,  
More bravely to fulfil.

4 Fresh seeds for all the time to be  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby for others and for me  
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

39

6.5.6.5.

J.I.

1 MORNING songs of gladness  
Unto God we bring,  
For the night's refreshment,  
Sheltered by his wing.

2 Morning on the mountain,  
Morning on the sea,  
Wakens sweetest music,  
Nature's melody.

3 Dawn is on our foreheads,  
Dawn in every breast,  
We are young and hopeful ;  
We by God are blest.

43

## SCHOOL PRAISE

4 Morning songs of gladness  
To our God we raise,  
Mingling our rejoicing  
With all nature's praise.

5 Morning of our lifetime  
Unto thee be brought,  
Holy, consecrated,  
Every deed and thought.

*J. Crowther Hirst (1849-1919).*

40

C.M.D.

J.I.

1 THE sun has risen, the day is born,  
The world is filled with light ;  
And all the fields in all the lands  
Beneath the heavens are bright.  
The flowers awake to greet the day,  
The birds their carols sing.  
How welcome is the happy light  
To every living thing.

2 And as the sunlight everywhere  
A gladsome beauty brings,  
So in our lives the light of God  
Reveals all lovely things.  
Truth, like a flower, within our souls  
Its purest brightness shows.  
Love carols sweetly in our hearts,  
And ever sweeter grows.

3 Praise to our Father, who has set  
His sun on high to shine,  
And praise to him that he doth fill  
Our souls with light divine.  
All nature welcomes with new joy  
The bright returning day ;  
So may we welcome with one voice  
The light that lights our way.

44

## SCHOOL PRAISE

4 To us be faith and hope and love,  
The sunlight of our life,  
Sweetening all labour with true joy,  
Ennobling all our strife ;  
And when on earth our tasks are done,  
And outer darkness falls,  
How lovely shines the inner light  
To greet us when God calls.

*Neander Anderton.*

41

C.M.

I.S.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within thy holy place  
To rest awhile with thee.

2 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein thou may'st be sought ;  
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.

3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea ;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by thee.

4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know ;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For thee, and not thy foe.

*J. Ellerton (1826-1893).*

42

6.5.6.5.D.

J.

1 FATHER, dearest Father !  
Now the sun has come,  
Bringing light and glory,  
From thy heavenly home,

45



## SCHOOL PRAISE

We, thy little children,  
To thy throne above  
We would hymn thy praises,  
We would sing thy love.

2 Thou art wise and loving,  
Thou art great and strong ;  
Glad when we do rightly,  
Grieved when we do wrong.  
Hear us, holy Father,  
As to thee we pray,  
Asking thee to keep us  
Safe from harm to-day.

3 Father, God, our Father !  
Guide us every hour,  
Keep us safe and shield us  
From temptation's power.  
So, when night returneth,  
Holier may we be,  
Kept from sin and sorrow,  
All the nearer thee.

*Mark Evans.*

43

C.M.D.

J.

1 NOW to our loving Father, God,  
A gladsome song begin ;  
His smile is on the world abroad,  
His joy our hearts within.  
We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,  
To worship thee aright ;  
Our joyfulness for praise receive,  
Thou mak'st our lives so bright !

2 We turn to God a smiling face,  
He smiles on us again ;  
He loves to see our cheerfulness  
And hear our gladsome strain.

46

## SCHOOL PRAISE

The pure in heart are always glad,  
The smile of God they feel ;  
He doth the secret of his joy  
To blameless hearts reveal.

44

L.M.

J.I.S.

1 O LIFE that makest all things new,  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,  
The seekers of the Light are one :—

3 One in the freedom of the Truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God :—

4 The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death—  
The Life that maketh all things new !

*S. Longfellow (1819-1892).*

45

IO.IO.II.II.

J.I.S.

1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;  
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form ;  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

47

- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty ! thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree ;  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light—  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our maker, defender, our Father, and friend !  
*Sir Robert Grant (altered) (1785-1838).*

46

13.10.13.10 (IRREGULAR).

I.S.

- 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness !  
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim ;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name.
- 2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerful-  
ness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as  
thine :  
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

*J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).*

48

47

IRREGULAR.

J.I.

- 1 SING, let us sing, with a right good will !  
Cheerily, cheerily singing !  
Helping the world with joy to fill,  
With pleasant voices ringing.  
Sing, let us sing, with a right good will !  
Kindly feelings bringing  
Love and goodness round us still,  
While old time is winging.
- 2 Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind !  
Earnestly, earnestly working !  
Trying our best to help mankind,  
Our duty never shirking.  
Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind !  
Hardships may be lurking  
In the future ; we must find  
The strength that comes from working.
- 3 Love, let us love, with a fervent heart !  
Tenderly, tenderly loving !  
So we'll take our humble part  
In needless ills removing.  
Love, let us love, with a fervent heart !  
Ever, ever proving  
How gentleness may heal the smart  
That's past all other moving.
- 4 Live, let us live, with the noblest aim !  
Patiently, patiently learning,  
With lofty thought to keep the flame  
Of high endeavour burning.  
Live, let us live, with the noblest aim !  
Selfishness still spurning,  
Till we can see that sin and shame  
To love and peace are turning.

*E. J. Troup (d. 1913).*

4

49

## SCHOOL PRAISE

48

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J.I.S.

- 1 AGAIN, as daylight fades  
And night draws near,  
Shadows sweep o'er the glades,  
Stars shine out clear.  
Father, who lovest all,  
Hear thou thy children's call,  
Hold us now, lest we fall ;  
Banish our fear.
- 2 Thou knowest all the way,  
Grant us thine aid ;  
Lead us on, night or day,  
Still undismayed :  
And when restoring sleep  
Holds us in slumber deep,  
Our homes in safety keep,  
Father, we pray.
- 3 Then, as our earth swings round  
Into the morn,  
Rising with strength new-found,  
Sorrows outworn,  
Stayed by thy staff and rod,  
We would go forth, O God,  
In ways thy Saints have trod,  
Joy now re-born.

*W. H. Burgess.*

49

6.5.6.5.

J.

- 1 FATHER—God in heaven,  
Hear our parting psalm ;  
Held in thy dear keeping,  
We are safe from harm.

50

## SCHOOL PRAISE

2 Merciful and mighty,  
Blessing great and small,  
Thou, the loving Father,  
Watchest over all.

3 Myriad worlds above us  
By thy hand are led ;  
But thy tender mercy  
Guards each tiny bed.

4 Darkness gathering round us,  
What may now betide  
None can tell ; but ever  
Thou art by our side.

5 What is best we know not ;  
Thou alone canst tell ;  
But we know that ever  
Thou dost all things well.

6 Father, Mother, guarded  
By thy ceaseless love,  
Thou the children leadest  
To thy home above.

*John Page Hopps (1834-1911).*

50

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light !  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 The moments that to waste have run,  
The ills that I this day have done,  
Forgive, that with the world and thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

51

3 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake !

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above ;  
Praise him, my soul, for all his love !

*Thomas Ken (altered) (1637-1711).*

51 8.7.8.7.4.7. I.S.

1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Still in holiness increase.  
O sustain us  
Till the day of conflict cease.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound !  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

*Walter Shirley (1725-1786).*

52 10.10.10.10. I.S.

1 O GOD our Father, who dost make us one,  
Heart bound to heart, in love of thy dear son,  
Now as we part and go our several ways,  
Touch every lip, may every voice be praise—

2 Praise for the fellowship that here we find,  
The fellowship of heart, and soul, and mind,  
Praise for the bonds of love and brotherhood,  
Bonds wrought by thee, who makest all things  
good.

3 Here has dull care been banished from our  
thought,  
Here has glad comradeship our spirits caught  
To heights undreamed-of 'midst the busy maze,  
The toil and worry of our working days.

4 Lord, make us strong, for thou alone dost know  
How oft we turn our faces from the foe ;  
How oft, when claimed by dark temptation's  
hour,  
We lose our hold of thee, and of thy power.

5 Go with us, Lord, from hence ; we only ask  
That thou be sharer in our daily task ;  
So, side by side with thee, shall each one know  
The blessedness of heaven begun below.

*W. Vaughan Jenkins (1868-1920).*

53 c.m. J.I.S.

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend  
His blessing to receive ;  
His gift of peace on us descend  
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road ;  
In silent thought or friendly talk,  
Our hearts be near to God.

- 8 The Lord be with us till the night  
 Enfold our day of rest ;  
 Be he of every heart the Light,  
 Of every home the Guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us through the hours  
 Of slumber calm and deep ;  
 Protect our homes, renew our powers,  
 And guard his people's sleep.

*John Ellerton (1826-1893).*

54

L.M.D.

J.I.

- 1 A LITTLE sun, a little rain,  
 A soft wind blowing from the west—  
 And woods and fields are sweet again,  
 And warmth within the mountain's breast.  
 So simple is the earth we tread,  
 So quick with love and life her frame,  
 Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,  
 And still her magic is the same.
- 2 A little love, a little trust,  
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream,  
 And life as dry as desert dust  
 Is fresher than a mountain stream.  
 So simple is the heart of man,  
 So ready for new hope and joy ;  
 Ten thousand years since it began  
 Have left it younger than a boy.

*Stopford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

55

8.7.8.7.

I.S.

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove ;  
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

54

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,  
 Man decays and ages move ;  
 But his mercy waneth never ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
 From the mist his brightness streameth ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above ;  
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

*Sir John Bowring (1792-1872).*

56

8.8.8.8.8.8.

I.S.

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower—  
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;  
 And joys and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul fit nourishment.  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove,  
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?  
 Creator ! I would ever be  
 A trusting, loving child to thee.  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine—  
 Enough that thou hast made it mine.  
 When falls the shadow cold of death,  
 I yet will sing with parting breath,  
 As comes to me or shade or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

*Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848).*

55

## SCHOOL PRAISE

57

8.7.8.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, thou art telling  
Flowers to bloom and stars to shine ;  
With my life thou, too, art dwelling,  
If I seek to be divine ;  
Hear the prayer now made to thee—  
What I know not, teach thou me.
- 2 In the holy revelation  
Of thy purpose and thy will,  
That thy beautiful creation  
Makes to those who seek it still,  
More, O Father, let me see—  
What I know not, teach thou me.
- 3 In the laws and records given  
By the righteous ones of old,  
In the way that leads to heaven  
By the holy gospel told,  
Guide and Guard, O Father, be—  
What I know not, teach thou me.
- 4 Grant thy spirit, that in meekness  
I may own how far above  
Childhood's thoughts and childhood's weak-  
Are thy greatness and thy love ; [ness  
And in reverence pray to thee—  
What I know not, teach thou me.

*Caroline S. Lunn (1821-1893).*

58

6.5.6.5.

J.I.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, hear us ;  
Help us while we sing ;  
Breathe into the music  
Of the praise we bring.

56

## SCHOOL PRAISE

- 2 Holy Spirit, prompt us  
When we kneel to pray ;  
Nearer come and teach us  
What we ought to say.
- 3 Holy Spirit, give us  
Each a lowly mind ;  
Make us more like Jesus,  
Gentle, pure, and kind.
- 4 Holy Spirit, brighten  
Little deeds of toil ;  
And our happy playtime  
Let no anger spoil.
- 5 Holy Spirit, help us  
Daily by thy might,  
What is wrong to conquer,  
And to choose the right.

*W. H. Parker (1845-1929).*

59

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

57

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home !

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748).*

60

10.10.10.6.

I.S.

1 O LORD our God, didst thou in days of old  
Commune with men and holy thoughts instil,  
And to their hearts eternal things unfold ?  
And art thou speaking still ?

2 They heard thy voice from out the storm-tossed  
seas,  
From star-lit skies, and from the trickling rill ;  
They heard thy whisper in the evening breeze :  
And may we hear thee still ?

3 Thy voice was heard, in accents soft and clear,  
When Jesus came to do and teach thy will,  
And tell his brother man that thou art near  
And speakest with him still.

4 O Lord our God, thy children need thee yet,  
Their feet to guide, their hearts with love to  
fill ;  
O give the quickened ear, lest we forget  
That thou art speaking still.

*R. Walmsley (1831-1905).*  
58

61

7.6.7.6.

J.I.S.

1 THE light pours down from heaven,  
And enters where it may ;  
The eyes of all earth's children  
Are cheered with one bright day.

2 So let the mind's true sunshine  
Be spread o'er earth as free,  
And fill men's waiting spirits  
As waters fill the sea.

3 The soul can shed a glory  
On every work well done,  
As even things most lowly  
Are radiant in the sun.

4 Then let each human spirit  
Enjoy the vision bright ;  
The truth which comes from heaven  
Shall spread like heaven's own light.

5 Till earth becomes God's temple,  
And every human heart  
Shall join in one great service,  
Each happy in his part.

*J. Gostick (d. 1887).*

62

C.M.D.

J.I.

1 THERE is a voice of singing birds  
So merry and so glad ;  
There is a voice of little streams,  
That sounds both sweet and sad.  
There is a loud and fearful voice  
Of thunder in the sky ;  
There is a voice among the leaves  
Of breezes passing by.

59

- 2 We love to hear these voices speak,  
 We listen to their sound ;  
 We should not like so well to have  
 A silence all around.  
 But there is yet another voice,  
 That speaks in gentler tone ;  
 I think that we can hear it best  
 When we are quite alone.
- 3 It is a still, small, holy voice—  
 The voice of God most high—  
 That whispers always in our heart,  
 And says that he is by.  
 That voice will blame us when we're wrong,  
 And praise us when we're right ;  
 We hear it in the light of day,  
 And in the quiet night.
- 4 And even those whose ears are deaf  
 To every other sound,  
 When they have listened, in their hearts  
 The little voice have found.  
 And they have felt that God is good  
 And thanked him for his voice,  
 That taught them what was right and true,  
 And made their hearts rejoice.

63

8.7.8.7.

I.S.

- 1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy  
 Like the wideness of the sea,  
 There's a kindness in his justice  
 Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
 Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
 There is no place where earth's failings  
 Have such kindly judgment given.

60

- 3 There is grace enough for thousands  
 Of new worlds as great as this ;  
 There is room for fresh creations  
 In that upper home of bliss.
- 4 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measures of man's mind ;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 5 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word ;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.
- F. W. Faber (1814-1863).*

64

7.6.7.6.D

J.I.

- 1 THOU'RT with me, O my Father,  
 At early dawn of day ;  
 It is thy glory brighteneth  
 The upward streaming ray ;  
 It calls me by its beauty  
 To rise and worship thee ;  
 I feel thy glorious presence,  
 Thy face I may not see.
- 2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,  
 In changing scenes of life,  
 In loneliness of spirit,  
 In weariness of strife ;  
 My sufferings, my comforts,  
 Alternate at thy will ;  
 I trust thee, O my Father,  
 I trust thee, and am still.

61



3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,  
 In evening's darkening gloom ;  
 When earth in night is shrouded,  
 Thy presence fills my room ;  
 The little stars bring tidings  
 Of kindness from above ;  
 I love thee, O my Father,  
 And feel that thou art love.

*Jane E. Saxby (altered) (1811-1898).*

65

7.6.7.6.D. (IRREGULAR).

I.S.

1 WE have heard the voice of the forest,  
 And the alpine cowbells ring ;  
 We have heard the roar of the ocean,  
 And the song that the thrushes sing ;  
 We have heard the laughter of children,  
 And the sound when friends rejoice ;  
 And these have been at moments  
 The echoes of God's own voice.

2 We have seen the dawn on the mountains,  
 We have watched the daylight fade ;  
 We have seen the sun on the river,  
 And the green of a twilight glade ;  
 We have seen the love of a mother,  
 And the smile on a baby's face ;  
 And as we gaze in reverence,  
 The presence of God we trace.

3 We have heard of a village craftsman  
 Who shared the children's fun,  
 Who restored their sight to the sightless,  
 And enabled the lame to run ;  
 We remember his vision golden  
 Of a new world brought to birth ;  
 And these, as we remember,  
 Have brought back God to earth.

4 We remember an upper chamber  
 Where the Master said " Good-bye " ;  
 We remember the three grim crosses  
 Limned black on the sunset sky ;  
 We remember the Easter story,  
 And the tale of an empty tomb ;  
 And we give ourselves with gladness  
 To make his kingdom come.

*Barnard H. R. Spaul.*

66

7.6.7.6. (WITH REFRAIN).

P.J.I.

*Refrain : 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 He made the deer and rabbits,  
 The squirrels brown and grey,  
 The fishes in the river,  
 The butterflies so gay ;

\*4 And all the dogs and horses,  
 The friendly cows and sheep ;  
 God giveth us his flowers,  
 And animals to keep.

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

SCHOOL PRAISE

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

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

*C. F. Alexander (1823-1895).*

[\*Verses marked thus are specially suitable for the  
Primary Department, and may be omitted for older  
children.]

67

C.M.

J.I.

1 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 glowworm's silvery light ;

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

64

SCHOOL PRAISE

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.

*Edward John Brailsford (1841-1921).*

68

4.4.7.8.8.7.

J.I.S.

1 ANGELS holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord !  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

2 Sun and moon bright,  
Night and noonlight,  
Starry temples azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,  
Sons of God that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

3 Ocean hoary,  
Tell his glory ;  
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared,  
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

5

65

- 4     Rock and high land,  
        Wood and island,  
        Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,  
        Mighty mountains purple-breasted,  
        Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
        Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 5     Bond and free man,  
        Land and sea man,  
        Earth with peoples widely stored,  
        Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
        Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
        Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895).*

69

7.6.7.6.D. (IRREGULAR).

I.S.

- 1 FOR the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
    Our God, our fathers' God ;  
   Thou hast made thy people mighty  
    By the touch of the mountain sod ;  
   Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,  
    Where the spoiler's feet ne'er trod.  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
    Our God, our fathers' God.
- 2 We are watchers of a beacon  
    Whose light can never die,  
 We are guardians of an altar  
    'Mid the silence of the sky.  
 The rocks yield founts of courage  
    Struck forth as by thy rod,  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
    Our God, our fathers' God.

- 3 For the dark resounding mountains  
    Where thy still small voice is heard,  
 For the strong pines in the forest,  
    Which by thy breath are stirred ;  
 For the storm on whose free pinions  
    Thy spirit walks abroad,  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
    Our God, our fathers' God.
- 4 The eagle proudly darteth  
    On his quarry from the height,  
 And the stag that knows no master  
    Seeks there his wild delight.  
 But we, for thy communion,  
    Have sought the mountain sod :—  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
    Our God, our fathers' God.

*Mrs. Hemans (1794-1835).*

70

6.5.6.5. (IRREGULAR).

P.J.

- 1 GLAD that I live am I ;  
    That the sky is blue ;  
 Glad for the country lanes,  
    And the fall of dew.
- 2 After the sun, the rain ;  
    After the rain, the sun ;  
 This is the way of life,  
    Till the work be done.
- 3 All that we need to do,  
    Be we low or high,  
 Is to see that we grow  
    Nearer the sky.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

7.7.7.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 GOD of Beauty, thou hast spread  
 Beauty round us everywhere ;  
 Not alone by daily bread  
 Live we, but by all things fair.  
 Father, thou dost call the least  
 Of thy children to the feast.
- 2 When on us thy sun doth shine,  
 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
 When descends the night divine  
 And the stars are burning bright,  
 As the stars, oh, let us be  
 Faithful ministers of thee.
- 3 Waves the wind among the trees :  
 Let thy spirit on us blow ;  
 We would feel the heavenly breeze,  
 Which, our hearts rejoice to know,  
 Is thy quickening, healing breath,  
 And preserves our souls from death.
- 4 Beauty glows where'er we look ;  
 All around, below, above,  
 In the world's great open book  
 Every page says ' God is love.'  
 Heavenly Father, we would be  
 Worthy of thy world and thee.

*James Ashcroft Noble (1844-1896).*

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea,  
 Maker of all above, below,  
 Creation lives and moves in thee,  
 Thy present life through all doth flow.

- 2 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,  
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;  
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,  
 There is thy power ; thy law is there.
- 3 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,  
 Thy grandeur in the march of night ;  
 And, when the morning breaks in power,  
 We hear thy word, ' Let there be light.'
- 4 But higher far, and far more clear,  
 Thee in man's spirit we behold :  
 Thine image and thyself are there,  
 The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

*S. Longfellow (1819-1892).*

8.8.8.6.

I.S.

- 1 GOD speaks to us in bird and song ;  
 In winds that drift the clouds along  
 Above the din of toil and wrong—  
 A melody of love.
- 2 God speaks to us in far and near ;  
 In peace of home and friends most dear ;  
 From the dim past, and present clear—  
 A melody of love.
- 3 God speaks to us in darkest night ;  
 By quiet ways through mornings bright ;  
 When shadows fall with evening light—  
 A melody of love.
- 4 God speaks to us in every land ;  
 On wave-lapped shore and silent strand ;  
 By kiss of child, and touch of hand—  
 A melody of love.

- 5 O Voice Divine, speak thou to me !  
 Beyond the earth, beyond the sea ;  
 First let me hear, then sing to thee  
 A melody of love.

*Joseph Johnson (1849-1926).*

74

7.7.7.7.

I.S.

- 1 HARK my soul, how everything  
 Strives to serve our bounteous King :  
 Each a double tribute pays,  
 Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir  
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;  
 Chanting every day their lauds,  
 While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,  
 Streams have, too, their melody ;  
 Night and day they warbling run,  
 Never pause, but still sing on.
- 4 All the flowers that gild the spring  
 Hither their still music bring ;  
 If heaven bless them, thankful they  
 Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Only we can scarce afford  
 This short office to our Lord ;—  
 We, on whom his bounty flows,  
 All things gives, and nothing owes !
- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;  
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
 How to use thy nobler powers.

*John Austin (1613-1669).*

70

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 HE hides within the lily  
 A strong and tender care,  
 That wins the earth-born atoms  
 To glory of the air ;  
 He weaves the shining garments  
 Unceasingly and still,  
 Along the quiet waters,  
 In niches of the hill.
- 2 We linger at the vigil  
 With him who bent the knee,  
 To watch the old-time lilies  
 In distant Galilee ;  
 And still the worship deepens  
 And quickens into new,  
 As, brightening down the ages,  
 God's secret thrilleth through.
- 3 O Toiler of the lily,  
 Thy touch is in the man !  
 No leaf that dawns to petal  
 But hints the angel-plan ;  
 The flower-horizons open,  
 The blossom vaster shows,  
 We hear thy wide world's echo—  
 ' See how the lily grows.'
- 4 Shy yearnings of the savage,  
 Unfolding, thought by thought,  
 To holy lives are lifted,  
 To visions fair are wrought ;  
 The races rise and cluster,  
 And evils fade and fall,  
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,  
 Thy purpose crowning all !

*W. C. Gannett (1840-1923).*

71

76

6.5.6.5.

J.I.

- 1 HERE in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.
- 2 Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.
- 3 God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all.

*Norman Gale.*

77

II.IO.II.IO.

J.I.

- 1 HERE, Lord, we offer thee all that is fairest,  
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the  
field,  
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing thou carest  
More for the love than the wealth that we  
yield.
- 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,  
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace ;  
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,  
Grant the departing a gentle release.
- 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have  
sickened,  
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom ;  
Give of thy grace to the souls thou hast quickened,  
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

*Gerald Blunt (1827-1902).*

72

78

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 I LEARNED it in the meadow path,  
I learned it on the mountain stairs,  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal shares.
- 2 The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,  
The light without us and within,  
Life with its unlocked treasures,  
God's riches are for all to win.
- 3 The grass is softer to my tread  
Because it rests unnumbered feet ;  
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,  
Because she makes the whole world sweet.
- 4 Wealth won by other's poverty—  
Not such be mine ! let me be blest  
Only in what they share with me,  
And what I share with all the rest.
- 5 And up the radiant peopled way  
That opens into worlds unknown  
It will be life's delight to say,  
' Heaven is not heaven for me alone.'

*Lucy Larcom (1826-1893).*

79

C.M.D. (IRREGULAR).

P.J.

- 1 I LOVE God's tiny creatures  
That wander wild and free,  
The coral-coated lady-bird,  
The velvet humming-bee ;  
Shy little flowers in hedge and dyke  
That hide themselves away :  
God paints them, though they are so small,  
God makes them bright and gay.

73

- 2 Dear Father, who hast all things made,  
 And carest for them all,  
 There's none too great for thy great love,  
 Nor anything too small :  
 If thou canst spend such tender care  
 On things that grow so wild,  
 How wonderful thy love must be  
 For me, thy loving child.

*G. W. Briggs.*

80

L.M.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 I SEE the ripple on the corn  
 Which runneth gaily to and fro,  
 And watch the rising of the morn  
 Or hear the noontide breezes blow ;  
 The shadow rests on belfry walls,  
 I mark the nodding grasses raise  
 Their pennons when the wild wind calls,  
 And song-birds join in general praise.
- 2 The blossom blushes as it bows  
 Its head more humbly, and the dew  
 In pearls and diamonds decks those brows  
 It washes every night anew ;  
 The keel grates on the golden beach,  
 The blue smoke riseth as a prayer,  
 And far off on the upland reach  
 Through red earth gleams the silver share.
- 3 I hear the pulsing of the wheels,  
 And mighty springs that work thy law,  
 Father, and all my spirit kneels  
 To thine in knowledge that is awe ;  
 O thou art beautiful and blest  
 In every flower and every tree,  
 For what is nature but thy breast,  
 Which draws thy children close to thee ?

*Frederick William Orde Ward (1843-1922).*

74

81

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command  
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord  
 That filled the earth with food ;  
 He formed the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He guides me with his eye ;  
 Why should I, then, forget the Lord,  
 Whose love is ever nigh ?

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748).*

82

7-7-7-7.

I.S.

- 1 LET the whole creation cry,  
 Glory to the Lord on high !  
 Heaven and earth awake and sing,  
 ' God is good, and therefore King.'
- 2 Praise him all ye hosts above,  
 Ever bright and fair in love ;  
 Sun and moon uplift your voice,  
 Night and stars in God rejoice.
- 3 Chant his honour, ocean fair !  
 Earth, soft rushing through the air ;  
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud, and storm,  
 Rain and snow his praise perform.

75

SCHOOL PRAISE

4 Let the blossoms of the earth  
Join the universal mirth !  
Birds, with morn and dew elate,  
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

5 Men and women, young and old,  
Raise the anthem manifold ;  
And let children's happy hearts  
In this worship bear their parts.

6 From the north to southern pole  
Let the mighty chorus roll—  
Holy, holy, holy One,  
Glory be to God alone !

*Stopford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

83

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

I.S.

1 LORD, whose glory fills creation,  
Lowest deep and heights afar  
Surging in the waves of ocean,  
Streaming from the utmost star,  
Thou art present  
In thy fulness  
Where thine earth-born children are.

2 Not alone in might majestic  
When the heavens thy glory tell,  
Dwells thy spirit—we behold thee,  
Where thy humblest creatures dwell.  
Thou art present  
Where thy wisdom  
Makes a world or forms a cell.

SCHOOL PRAISE

3 Lord, thy glory fills creation,  
Depths beneath and heights above ;  
Even we receive its fullness,  
Till our spirits yearn to prove  
We with God are  
One for ever  
In the everlasting love.

*Kenneth H. Bond.*

84

5.5.5.4.D.

J.I.

1 MORNING has broken  
Like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken  
Like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing !  
Praise for the morning !  
Praise for them, springing  
Fresh from the Word !

2 Sweet the rain's new fall  
Sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall  
On the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness  
Of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness  
Where his feet pass.

3 Mine is the sunlight !  
Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light  
Eden saw play !  
Praise with elation,  
Praise every morning,  
God's re-creation  
Of the new day !

*Eleanor Farjeon.*



85

S.M.

- 1 PRAISE be to God ! there comes  
Out of the night the day,  
Out of the gloom of winter time  
Spring with its flowers gay.
- 2 Praise be to God ! there comes  
Out of the chrysalis dry,  
Yellow or blue or snowy-winged  
Gay little butterfly.
- 3 Praise be to God ! there comes  
Out of the buried grain  
Wonderful life, a hundredfold,  
Harvest of joy again.
- 4 Praise to our Father, God,  
Giver of life to all,  
Wonderful life that cannot die,  
Given to great and small.

*A. M. Pullen.*

86

L.M.

- 1 THE morning walks upon the earth,  
And man awakes to toil and mirth ;  
All living things and lands are gay—  
Dear God, walk with me through the day.
- 2 Sweet is the breathing of the world,  
As in thy love it lies enfurled ;  
And blue and clear the immortal sky ;  
'Tis thine, and thine its purity.
- 3 Now noon sits throned, her golden urn  
Pours forth the sunshine ! Laugh and burn,  
Cornland and meadow, lake and sea !  
Lord of my life, pour love on me.

78

- 4 Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,  
The labour of the world is still ;  
Homeward I go, and muse of thee—  
Father of home, abide with me.
- 5 Now droops the dark, but worlds of light,  
Hidden by day, fulfil the night !  
Infinite Stillness, silent sea  
Of truth and power, flow over me.
- 6 O thou, whose love the night has made  
Outwearied earth and man to aid ;  
Who givest labour, and then rest,  
Give me the peace that fills thy breast.

*Stoford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

87

C.M.

J.I.

- 1 THE rose is queen among the flowers,  
None other is so fair ;  
The lily nodding on her stem  
With fragrance fills the air.
- 2 But sweeter than the lily's breath  
And than the rose more fair,  
The tender love of human hearts  
That springeth everywhere.
- 3 The rose will fade and fall away,  
The lily too will die ;  
But love shall live for evermore  
Beyond the starry sky.
- 4 Then sweeter than the lily's breath  
And than the rose more fair,  
The tender love of human hearts  
Upspringing everywhere.

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*

79

- 1 THIS is my Father's world,  
And to my listening ears,  
All nature sings, and round me rings  
The music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world,  
I rest me in the thought  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—  
His hand the wonders wrought.
- 2 This is my Father's world.  
The birds their carols raise,  
The morning light, the lily white,  
Declare their Maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world,  
He shines in all that's fair ;  
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,  
He speaks to me everywhere.
- 3 This is my Father's world.  
O let me ne'er forget  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the Ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world,  
Why should my heart be sad ?  
The Lord is King : let the heavens ring ;  
God reigns : let the earth be glad.

*M. D. Babcock (1858-1901).*

- 1 THIS world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above ;  
And, if we do our duty,  
It may be full of love.

Our heavenly Father framed it,  
And filled it with delight ;  
And man alone hath shamed it,  
By sin's destructive blight.

- 2 When only truth is spoken  
Will angels talk with men,  
And everything betoken  
How man is born again.  
The leafy, whispering breezes,  
The flowerets of the sod,  
And birds hymn forth their praises  
Into the ear of God.

- 3 The zephyr soft that bringeth  
The music of the sea—  
Each voice of nature—singeth  
This happy song to me ;  
This world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above ;  
And, if we do our duty,  
It may be full of love.

*Reid.*

- 1 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.

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 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.
- 6 He makes the sea that shines afar  
 With waves that dance unceasingly ;  
 And every single little star  
 That twinkles in the evening sky.
- 7 He made the people that I meet,  
 The many people, great and small,  
 In home and school, and down the street,  
 And he made me to love them all.

*J. M. C. Crum.*

91

C.M.

J.I.

- 1 WE thank thee, God, for happy days,  
 The pure sweet air of hills,  
 The birds that trill their joyous lays,  
 And gurgling, sparkling rills.
- 2 For happy laughter, humming bees,  
 For games and fun and glee,  
 For sunshine glinting through the trees,  
 We give our thanks to thee.

82

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 For summer flowers that scent the air,  
 For nesting birds in spring ;  
 Thy love is showing everywhere,  
 It breathes in everything.
- 4 For blossoming meadows, ripening grain,  
 For long and sunny hours,  
 The hum of insects after rain,  
 That dance amid the flowers.
- 5 For all thy love, our Father dear,  
 We children give thee praise,  
 And may we each from year to year  
 Grow gladly in thy ways.

*M. Brightman.*

92

7-7-5-D.

I.S.

- 1 WHEN the Lord of Love was here,  
 Happy hearts to him were dear,  
 Though his heart was sad ;  
 Worn and lonely for our sake,  
 Yet he turned aside to make  
 All the weary glad.
- 2 Meek and lowly were his ways,  
 From his loving grew his praise,  
 From his giving, prayer ;  
 All the outcast thronged to hear,  
 All the sorrowful drew near  
 To enjoy his care.
- 3 When he walked the fields he drew  
 From the flowers, and birds, and dew,  
 Parables of God ;  
 For within his heart of love  
 All the soul of man did move,  
 God had his abode.

83

- 4 And when in the fields and woods  
We are filled with Nature's moods,  
    May the grace be given,  
That our faithful hearts may say,  
All we see and feel to-day  
    Is our Father's heaven.

*Stopford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

93

L.M. (WITH ALLELUIAS).

J.I.S.

- 1 ALL creatures of our God and King,  
Lift up your voice and with us sing  
    Alleluia, Alleluia !  
Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
    O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
    Alleluia !

- 2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,  
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,  
    O praise him, Alleluia !  
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,  
Ye lights of evening, find a voice,  
    O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
    Alleluia !

- 3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
Make music for thy Lord to hear,  
    Alleluia, Alleluia !  
Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
That givest man both warmth and light,  
    O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
    Alleluia !

- 4 Dear mother earth, who day by day  
Unfoldest blessings on our way,  
    O praise him, Alleluia !  
The flowers and fruit that in thee grow,  
Let them his glory also show.  
    O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
    Alleluia !

- 5 Let all things their Creator bless,  
And worship him in humbleness,  
    O praise him, Alleluia !  
Praise, praise your Maker and your King,  
Lift up your voice and with us sing.  
    O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
    Alleluia !

*St. Francis of Assisi,  
tr. W. H. Draper (1855-1933).*

94

L.M. (WITH ALLELUIAS).

J.I.S.

- 1 NOW unto thee our hearts we raise  
In happy strains of love and praise,  
    Alleluia !  
For joyful hours with comrades dear  
Who sing beside us, sweet and clear,  
    Alleluia !

- 2 For men of tender hearts and brave,  
Who greatly dreamed and grandly gave,  
    Alleluia !  
For Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Who lived to show thy loving face,  
    Alleluia !

- 3 For hearts by noble yearnings fired,  
 For souls by greater souls inspired,  
     Alleluia !  
 For all the past we give thee praise,  
 And thank thee for this crown of days,  
     Alleluia !

*Helen K. Watts.*

95

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

I.S.

- 1 ALL lands and peoples, all the earth,  
 Put off the night of sadness ;  
 Make cheer and music and high mirth,  
 And praise the Lord with gladness !  
     Serve him with joyful heart,  
     All kingdoms do their part,  
     And let immortal song  
     Before his presence throng  
     For ever and for ever !
- 2 O, surely he is God alone,  
 The earth is mute before him ;  
 And he is ours, and we his own,  
 His people who adore him.  
     We are his flock, our feet  
     Walk in his pastures sweet ;  
     And, by cool brooks, the sleep  
     Is soft he gives his sheep  
     For ever and for ever !
- 3 O enter and his temple throng  
 With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving ;  
 Praise him in holy mirth and song,  
 Our Lord, the ever-living !  
     With incense to the skies  
     Our thankfulness arise ;  
     His glory wide proclaim,  
     Speak good of his great name  
     For ever and for ever !

86

- 4 For gracious is the Lord our God,  
 He hears our dull complaining ;  
 His mercy has a sure abode,  
 And everlasting reigning ;  
 Seasons and times roll by,  
 And nations fade and die,  
 But God's majestic Truth  
 Leads on our eager youth  
 For ever and for ever !

*Stoford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

96

L.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell ;  
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
 Without our aid he did us make ;  
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
 And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, his gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy his courts unto ;  
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is for ever sure ;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

*W. Kethe (d. 1593).*

87

97

7-7-7-7.

J.I.

- 1 ALL that's good, and great, and true,  
All that is, and is to be,  
Be it old, or be it new,  
Comes, O Father, comes from thee.
- 2 Mercies dawn with every day,  
Newer, brighter, than before,  
And the sun's declining ray  
Layeth others up in store.
- 3 Not a bird that does not sing  
Sweetest praises to thy name,  
Not an insect on the wing  
But thy wonders doth proclaim.
- 4 Every blade and every tree,  
All in happy concert ring,  
And in wondrous harmony  
Join in praises to their King.
- 5 Fill us then with love divine,  
Grant that we, though toiling here,  
May, in spirit being thine,  
See and hear thee everywhere.

*Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).*

98

7-7-7-7-7.

I.S.

- 1 ALL things praise thee, Lord most high,  
Heaven, and earth, and sea, and sky,  
All were for thy glory made,  
That thy greatness, thus displayed,  
Should all worship bring to thee ;  
All things praise thee : Lord, may we !

88

- 2 All things praise thee—night to night  
Sings in silent hymns of light ;  
All things praise thee—day by day  
Chants thy power in burning ray ;  
Time and space are praising thee ;  
All things praise thee : Lord, may we !
- 3 All things praise thee—high and low,  
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,  
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,  
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,  
Summer, winter—all to thee  
Glory render : Lord, may we !
- 4 All things praise thee—gracious Lord,  
Great Creator, powerful Word,  
Omnipresent Spirit, now  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
Lift our hearts in praise to thee ;  
All things praise thee : Lord, may we !

*George William Conder (1821-1874).*

99

II.II.II.5.

J.I.S.

- 1 FATHER, O hear us, seeking now to praise thee !  
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our saviour ;  
Thou art the refuge of the generations,  
Lord God Almighty.
- 2 Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,  
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,  
Changeless, eternal, holiest, and wisest,  
Hear thou thy children.
- 3 We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,  
Banded together for a full obedience,  
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,  
Lord, in thy service.

89

4 Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee ;  
 Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and knowledge ;  
 Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,  
 E'en 'mid the shadows.

5 Bless thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,  
 Keep us still faithful to the best and highest,  
 Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy  
 Learners of Jesus.

6 Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,  
 Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,  
 To thee the holy, merciful and mighty,  
 Father, our Father !

*Douglas Walmsley.*

100

C.M.

I.S.

1 FILL thou my life, O Lord my God,  
 In every part with praise :  
 That my whole being may proclaim  
 Thy being and thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,  
 Nor e'en the praising heart,  
 I ask, but for a life made up  
 Of praise in every part :

3 Praise in the common things of life,  
 Its goings out and in ;  
 Praise in each duty and each deed,  
 However small and mean.

4 Fill every part of me with praise ;  
 Let all my being speak  
 Of thee, and of thy love, O Lord,  
 Poor though I be, and weak.

90

5 So shall no part of day or night  
 From sacredness be free ;  
 But all my life, in every step,  
 Be fellowship with thee.

*Horatius Bonar (altered) (1808-1889).*

101

8.8.8.8.6.

J.I.

1 FOR man's unceasing quest for God,  
 For God's unceasing quest for man,  
 For records of his love and power  
 Surrounding life when life began,  
 We thank thee, Lord most high.

2 For ancient tales of long ago,  
 Men's guesses when the world was young,  
 For noble yarns round blazing fires,  
 For stories told and stories sung,  
 We thank thee, Lord most high.

3 For those great laws of long ago,  
 Whose wisdom still the nations own,  
 For early records wise men wrought,  
 Engraved on parchment, skin or stone,  
 We thank thee, Lord most high.

4 For those old songs of tuneful verse,  
 The music of the shepherd king,  
 For songs the Boy of Nazareth sang,  
 And still succeeding ages sing,  
 We thank thee, Lord most high.

5 That still thou speakest with mankind,  
 O Friend of Man, our Father God,  
 That every place is holy ground  
 Where'er on earth man's foot hath trod,  
 We thank thee, Lord most high.

*A. M. Pullen.*

91

102

7-7-7-7-7-7.

J.I.S.

- 1 FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 5 For each perfect gift of thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

92

- 6 For thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.  
*F. S. Pierpoint (altered) (1835-1917).*

103

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Oh may his glorious name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 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.  
*I. Watts (1674-1748).*

104

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

- 1 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 Jesu, 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.

93



- 3 Spirit of Love and Truth,  
Breathing in grosser clay,  
The light and flame of youth,  
Delight of men in the fray,  
Wisdom in strength's decay ;  
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,  
This best gift I pray,  
Take my spirit to thee.

*H. C. Beeching (1859-1919).*

105

6.8.8.8.8.

I.S.

- 1 I THANK thee, Lord, for life—  
For thou hast made and dowered me  
With gifts of hearing, sight and speech,  
With mind alert, and will that's free :  
Guard all from harm, I do beseech.
- 2 I thank thee, Lord, for health—  
For day by day the joy of life  
Runs through my veins with keen delight,  
And I am glad amid the strife :  
Keep my thoughts pure, guide me aright.
- 3 I thank thee, Lord, for strength—  
For as years pass, a fuller sense  
Of power to dare and do is mine ;  
In active limb and muscle tense  
I feel my strength : let it be thine.
- 4 I thank thee, Lord, for home—  
Dear gift of thine, where constant thought  
Of parents' love forestalls my need :  
Where care for others' weal is taught  
And I am saved from self and greed.

- 5 I thank thee, Lord, for work—  
From the dark curse of idle days  
I have been free ; and now for toil  
And daily task I give thee praise :  
Let heart, not hands, be saved from soil.
- 6 I thank thee, Lord, for hope—  
What yet shall be I may not know ;  
The unseen days will changes bring,  
But through them all hope's star shall glow,  
And I shall have my song to sing.

*J. Williams Butcher (d. 1937).*

106

II.II.II.II.

I.S.

- 1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.
- 2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might :  
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,  
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and  
love.
- 3 To all life thou givest—to both great and small ;  
In all life thou livest, the true life of all,  
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,  
And wither and perish—but nought changeth  
thee.
- 4 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight :  
All laud would we render, O help us to see,  
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

*W. Chalmers Smith (1824-1908).*

SCHOOL PRAISE

107

10.4.6.6.6.10.4.

I.S.

- 1 LET all the world in every corner sing  
 'My God and King !'  
 The heavens are not too high ;  
 His praise may thither fly ;  
 The earth is not too low ;  
 His praises there may grow.  
 Let all the world in every corner sing  
 'My God and King !'

- 2 Let all the world in every corner sing  
 'My God and King !'  
 The Church with psalms must shout,  
 No door can keep them out ;  
 But, above all, the heart  
 Must bear the longest part.  
 Let all the world in every corner sing  
 'My God and King !'

*George Herbert (1593-1632).*

108

7.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He by wisdom did create  
 The painted heavens so full of state ;  
 He, with all-commanding might,  
 Filled the new-made world with light ;
- 3 Caused the golden-tressèd sun  
 All day long his course to run ;  
 And the moon to shine by night  
 'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

96

SCHOOL PRAISE

109

L.M.

I.S.

- 4 All things living he doth feed,  
 His full hand supplies their need ;  
 He hath with a pitying eye  
 Looked upon our misery.
- 5 Let us therefore warble forth  
 His high majesty and worth ;  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton (1608-1674).*

- 1 LORD of all being ! throned afar,  
 Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
 Centre and soul of every sphere,  
 Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life ! Thy quickening ray  
 Sheds on our path the glow of day :  
 Star of our hope ! Thy softened light  
 Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;  
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;  
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;  
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
 Before thy ever-blazing throne  
 We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
 Till all thy living altars claim  
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

*O. W. Holmes (1809-1894).*

97

7

110

8.7.8.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure  
That our happy lifetime gives,  
The inestimable treasure  
Of a soul that ever lives :—
- 2 Mind that looks before and after,  
Yearning for its home above ;  
Human tears and human laughter,  
And the depth of human love :—
- 3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness  
Of our pulses flowing free ;  
E'en for every touch of sadness  
That may bring us nearer thee.
- 4 Teach us so our days to number  
That we may be lowly-wise ;  
Dreary mist or cloud of slumber  
Never dull our heavenward eyes.
- 5 Hearty be our work and willing,  
As to thee and not to men ;  
For we know our souls' fulfilling  
Is in heaven—not till then.

*T. W. Jex-Blake (1832-1915).*

111

8.4.8.4.8.4.

J.I.S.

- 1 MY God, I thank thee who hast made  
The earth so bright ;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light ;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right !

98

- 2 I thank thee too that thou hast made  
Joy to abound ;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.
- 4 For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings ;  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept  
The best in store :  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more ;  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

*Adelaide A. Procter (1825-1864).*

112

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

J.I.S.

- 1 NOW thank we all our God,  
With hearts, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom his world rejoices ;

99

## SCHOOL PRAISE

Who from our mothers' arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us ;  
And keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given ;  
We lift our hearts to him  
Who reigns in highest heaven :  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore ;  
Who was of old, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*M. Rinckart (1586-1649),  
trans. by C. Winkworth (altered) (1829-1878).*

113

L.M.

J.I.S.

1 NEW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

100

## SCHOOL PRAISE

3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask :  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

*J. Keble (1792-1866).*

114

L.M.

J.I.

1 O FATHER, thou who givest all  
The bounty of thy perfect love,  
We thank thee that upon us fall  
Such tender blessings from above.

2 We thank thee for the grace of home,  
For mother's love and father's care ;  
For friends and teachers—all who come  
Our joys and hopes and fears to share ;

3 For eyes to see and ears to hear,  
For hands to serve and arms to lift,  
For shoulders broad and strong to bear,  
For feet to run on errands swift ;

4 For faith to conquer doubt and fear,  
For love to answer every call,  
For strength to do, and will to dare,  
We thank thee, O thou Lord of all.

*John Haynes Holmes.*

101

115

8.8.8.8.8.

J.I.

- 1 O GOD and Father of mankind,  
 Thy children sing a hymn of praise  
 For sea and sunshine, rain and wind,  
 And all the blessings earth displays.  
 At home and school, at work and play,  
 Grant us thy blessing night and day.
- 2 We thank thee for thy gift of health,  
 For strength of limb and eager eye,  
 For friendly strife, and all the wealth  
 Of exercise beneath thy sky.  
 At home and school, at work and play,  
 Grant us thy blessing night and day.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gift of sleep,  
 For quiet rest restoring power ;  
 We know that thou thy watch dost keep  
 O'er all our lives through every hour.  
 At home and school, at work and play,  
 Grant us thy blessing night and day.
- 4 We thank thee, Father, that we know  
 How we can show our thanks to thee ;  
 We ask thy grace to help us grow  
 To manhood in thy service free,  
 That each of us his debt may pay,  
 And earn thy blessing night and day.

*G. J. Talbot.*

116

8.7.8.7.D.

I.S.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him,  
 Praise him, angels in the height,  
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him,  
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !

102

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
 Laws which never can be broken  
 For their guidance he hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
 Never shall his promise fail :  
 God hath made his saints victorious ;  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.  
 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim !  
 Heaven and earth and all creation  
 Praise and magnify his name !

*Foundling Hospital Collection, 1796.*

117

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

- 1 SING, loyal hearts and cheery,  
 Sing as we march along,  
 There's ne'er a way so weary  
 But shortens with a song ;  
 Beautiful things beside us,  
 Dutiful thoughts within,  
 The light of right shall guide us,  
 And Love the day shall win.
- 2 Sing, ' Welcome, welcome Beauty,  
 Joy of this earth of ours,  
 Come, fringe the path of Duty  
 With sunny shining flowers ;  
 Blush in the rose and heather,  
 Smile in the stars and dew,  
 And we will go together  
 Through all the world with you.'

103

- 3 Sing, 'Welcome, welcome Duty,  
Life of this life of ours,  
That walks the world with Beauty,  
And brings to fruit the flowers';  
Sing, if the day be dreary,  
'Is it not good to be  
With loyal hearts and cheery,  
In glorious company!'

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

118

I.I.I.I.I.I.I.

I.S.

- 1 THE heart that is singing a melody sweet  
Is ever the blithest another can meet;  
Though secret the music, it ripples along,  
And others, unknowing, are glad of the song.
- 2 As dancing the streamlet of melody flows,  
It makes the grass greener wherever it goes;  
The wilderness blossoms, a garden of Spring,  
And hearts all around it take courage, and sing.
- 3 If darkness should gather, of pain or regret,  
The song in the shadow is beautiful yet;  
In secret the music flows cheerily on,  
Till shadows are lifted, and sorrow is gone.
- 4 O give me, thou Fountain of Music Divine,  
In my love, though lowly, an echo of thine;  
Then, lowly but lovely, my singing shall be  
A joy to the joyless, to lead thee to thee.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

119

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

- 1 WE come, O God, with gladness,  
Our humble thanks to bring;  
With hearts yet free from sadness,  
Our hymns of praise we sing.

104

- Along our path are glowing  
The tokens of thy love,  
Like streams of bounty flowing  
In mercy from above.
- 2 Health, peace, and joy attend us,  
Kind friends are ever near;  
O Father! Thou dost send us  
Unnumbered blessings here!  
And though we in our blindness  
Enjoy but disobey,  
Yet still thou in thy kindness  
Tak'st not thy gifts away.
- 3 Here then, in childhood's morning,  
Our hymns to thee we raise;  
Thy love, our lives adorning,  
Shall fill our hearts with praise.  
Thy will, henceforth, for ever  
Shall be our only guide!  
From duty's path we'd never,  
Oh, never turn aside.

120

7.6.7.6.D.

I.S.

- 1 WE lift our hearts in chorus  
To God's great heart above;  
His goodness goes before us;  
Around us is his love;  
He fixed the hills in splendour  
And broadly rooted height,  
And he, our sure Defender,  
Shall guard us with his might.
- 2 We breathe to him our praises,  
Who gives us breath to pray;  
On us his kindness gazes  
And wakes the glowing day:

105

SCHOOL PRAISE

His heaven we inherit,  
His spacious shining sea ;  
They rouse our pining spirit,  
And teach us to be free.

3 We give him thanks, confessing  
New mercies every morn,  
Who fills the earth with blessing  
Of fruit, and herb and corn ;  
The young of all things living,  
The thousand flocks that feed,  
He gave, and he is giving  
The food his children need.

4 His are the sparkling fountains,  
The heather-covered hills,  
The purple of the mountains,  
The yellow daffodils ;  
May song and life and story  
To God their anthem give ;  
Earth's fulness is his glory,  
And in his light we live.

*W. C. Braithwaite (1862-1922).*

121

C.M.

J.I.

1 WE lift our hearts in thanks to-day  
For all the gifts of life :  
And, first, for peace that turns away  
The enmities of strife.

2 And, next, the beauty of the earth,  
Its flowers and lovely things,  
The spring's great miracle of birth,  
With sound of songs and wings.

106

SCHOOL PRAISE

3 Then, harvests of its teeming soil  
In orchard, croft, and field ;  
But, more, the service and the toil  
Of those who helped them yield ;

4 And, most, the gifts of hope and love,  
Of wisdom, truth, and right,  
The gifts that shine like stars above  
To chart the world by night.

5 As we receive, so let us give,  
With ready, generous hand,  
Rich fruitage from the lives we live  
To bless our home and land.

*Percival Chubb.*

122

7-7-7-7.6.D.

J.I.

1 WE thank you, Lord of Heaven,  
For all the joys that greet us,  
For all that you have given  
To help us and delight us  
In earth and sky and seas ;  
The sunlight on the meadows,  
The rainbow's fleeting wonder,  
The clouds with cooling shadows,  
The stars that shine in splendour—  
We thank you, Lord, for these.

2 For swift and gallant horses,  
For lambs in pastures springing,  
For dogs with friendly faces,  
For birds with music thronging  
Their chantries in the trees ;  
For herbs to cool our fever,  
For flowers of field and garden,  
For bees among the clover  
With stolen sweetness laden—  
We thank you, Lord, for these.

107

- 3 For homely dwelling-places  
 Where childhood's visions linger,  
 For friends and kindly voices,  
 For bread to stay our hunger  
 And sleep to bring us ease ;  
 For zeal and zest of living,  
 For faith and understanding,  
 For words to tell our loving,  
 For hope of peace unending—  
 We thank you, Lord, for these.

*Jan Struther.*

123

6.6.6.6.6.6.

I.S.

- 1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
 My heart awaking cries,  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !  
 Alike at work and prayer  
 To thee do I repair,  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !
- 2 [Whene'er the sweet church bell  
 Peals over hill and dell :  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !  
 O hark, to what it sings,  
 As joyously it rings :  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !]
- 3 Let earth's wide circle round  
 In joyful notes resound :  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !  
 Let earth and sea and sky,  
 From depth to height reply,  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !

108

- 4 Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle divine,  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !  
 Be this the eternal song,  
 Through all the ages long,  
 Thy name, O God, be praised !  
*Ed. Caswall (from the German) (1814-1878).*

124

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

- 1 WITH happy voices ringing,  
 Thy children, Lord, appear ;  
 Their joyous praises bringing  
 In anthems sweet and clear.  
 For skies of golden splendour,  
 For azure rolling sea,  
 For blossoms sweet and tender,  
 O Lord, we worship thee.
- 2 What though no eye beholds thee,  
 No hand thy hand may feel,  
 Thy universe unfolds thee,  
 Thy starry heavens reveal.  
 The earth and all its glory,  
 Our homes and all we love,  
 Tell forth the wondrous story  
 Of One who reigns above.
- 3 And shall we not adore thee  
 With more than joyous song,  
 And live in truth before thee,  
 All beautiful and strong ?  
 Lord, bless our souls' endeavour  
 Thy servants true to be,  
 And through all life, for ever,  
 To live our praise to thee.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

109



125

6.6.6.6.8.8.

J.I.S.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !
- 2 His wintry north-winds blow,  
Loud tempests rush amain ;  
Yet his thick showers of snow  
Defend the infant grain :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,  
Perfumes the balmy air ;  
The vales their tribute bring—  
The promise of the year :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !
- 4 He leads the circling year,  
His flocks the hills adorn,  
He fills the golden ear,  
And loads the fields with corn :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !
- 5 Lead on your fleeting train,  
Ye years, and months, and days !  
O bring the eternal reign  
Of love, and joy, and praise :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

*John Taylor (1750-1826).*

110

126

8.3.8.3.7.7.8.7.

I.S.

- 1 HARK ! a hundred notes are swelling  
Loud and clear.  
'Tis the happy birds are telling  
Spring is here !  
Nature, decked in brave array,  
Casts her winter robes away ;  
All earth's little folk rejoicing  
Haste to greet the glad new day.
- 2 Lord and life of all things living,  
Come to me :  
Thou delightest but in giving ;  
Give to me :  
Spring of joyous life thou art :  
Thine own joy to me impart :  
Let my praises be the outburst  
Of the springtime in my heart.

*G. W. Briggs.*

127

6.5.6.5.D.

J.I.

- 1 EARLY in life's morning,  
Lord, we come to thee :  
Raise our song of gladness,  
Lowly bend the knee ;  
While the dew still sparkles,  
In the woodland ways,  
While the freshness lingers,  
Hear our song of praise.
- 2 For the spring we thank thee,  
For the flowers that bloom ;  
For the new life rising  
From dark winter's tomb ;  
Birds are singing round us ;  
We would also praise,  
Hearts and voices blending  
In the song of praise.

111

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 Early in life's morning,  
 May we hear thy call ;  
 While the brightness lingers,  
 Ere the shadows fall ;  
 May we yield thee gladly  
 All our future days,  
 So shall our whole lifetime  
 Be a song of praise.

*Helen Summers.*

128

13.13.14.14.

J.I.

- 1 WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the  
 laughing soil,  
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's  
 toil ;  
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and  
 the flood,  
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her  
 Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that  
 love the shade ;  
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the  
 drowsy glade ;  
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on  
 his way,  
 The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent  
 pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the  
 sky—  
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?  
 No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons  
 cease to be,  
 Thee, Father, must we always love—Creator,  
 honour thee.

112

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of  
 summer fade ;  
 The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the  
 shade ;  
 The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their  
 old decree ;  
 But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling  
 to thee !

*Reginald Heber (1783-1826).*

129

6.5.6.5.

P.J.

- 1 SUMMER days are coming,  
 Winter days are gone ;  
 Many birds are singing  
 In the flowery lawn.
- 2 Now the sun is shining  
 With his cheerful rays ;  
 Oh, how very pleasant  
 Are these summer days !
- 3 Honey-bees are gathering  
 Sweets from all the flowers ;  
 Ever, ever busy  
 All the sunny hours.
- 4 May we learn the lesson  
 To be busy too ;  
 Ever, ever seeking  
 Useful work to do.
- 5 God, our great Creator,  
 Gives these summer days ;  
 May our hearts and voices  
 Join to give him praise.

113

## SCHOOL PRAISE

130

6.5.6.5.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 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.
- 2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And his banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled ;  
Broad and deep and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal love.
- 3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour,  
For thy loving-kindness,  
Make us love thee more ;  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be thou nigh.
- 4 We will never doubt thee,  
Though thou veil thy light ;  
Life is dark without thee ;  
Death with thee is bright.  
Light of light ! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go thou still before us  
To the endless day.

*W. W. How (1823-1897).*

114

## SCHOOL PRAISE

131

C.M.

J.I.

- 1 THE summer days are come again ;  
Once more the glad earth yields  
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,  
And breath of clover fields,
- 2 And deepening shade of summer woods,  
And glow of summer air,  
And winging thoughts, and happy moods  
Of love and joy and prayer.
- 3 The summer days are come again ;  
The birds are on the wing ;  
God's praises, in their loving strain,  
Unconsciously they sing.
- 4 We know who giveth all the good  
That doth our cup o'erbrim ;  
For summer joy in field and wood  
We lift our song to him.

*S. Longfellow (1819-1892).*

132

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 LORD of the silent winter—  
Beneath whose skies of grey  
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,  
But wait a brighter day ;  
If human hearts are dreary,  
By mists of sorrow chilled,  
Give patience to the weary,  
Till they with peace be filled !
- 2 Lord of the joyous spring-time—  
When leaves and buds appear,  
And lengthening days of beauty  
Renew the softened year ;

115

SCHOOL PRAISE

Breathe on our hearts in blessing,  
 Away our sadness roll ;  
 And send, all pain redressing,  
 A spring-time to the soul !

3 Lord of the glowing summer—  
 When waves the corn on high,  
 And fruits in valleys ripen,  
 Beneath a cloudless sky ;  
 Shine on our hearts' endeavour,  
 To give our strength to thee,  
 That in our spirits ever  
 A richer life may be !

4 Lord of the bounteous autumn—  
 When vineyards yield their store,  
 And golden sheaves, new-gathered,  
 Pass to the garner door ;  
 Grant now a full fruition  
 To every seed of truth,  
 Which fell, with blessed mission,  
 Upon our souls in youth !

5 Lord of the changing seasons,  
 Lord of our passing days !  
 Wake thou in us abundance  
 Of duty, love, and praise ;  
 That hearts of wintry sadness  
 May feel the breath of spring,  
 And summer's time of gladness  
 The autumn glories bring !

*Dendy Agate* (1848-1929).

133

L.M.

J.I.S.

1 'TIS winter now ; the fallen snow  
 Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;  
 Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow  
 And all the earth lies dead and drear.

116

SCHOOL PRAISE

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;  
 His life within the keen air breathes,  
 His beauty paints the crimson dawn,  
 And clothes the boughs with glittering  
 wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,  
 And skies are chill and frosts are keen,  
 Home draws her circle closer now,  
 And warmer glows the light within.

4 O God, who givest winter's cold,  
 As well as summer's joyous rays,  
 Us warmly in thy love enfold,  
 And keep us through life's wintry days.

*Samuel Longfellow* (1819-1892).

134

7-7-7-7.D.

J.I.S.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest-home ;  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter-storms begin ;  
 God, our Maker, doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied :  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !

2 All the world is God's own field,  
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;  
 Wheat and tares together sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;  
 First the blade, and then the ear,  
 Then the full corn shall appear :  
 Lord of harvest, grant that we  
 Pure and holy grain may be.

117

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 Lord of harvest, quickly come  
 To thy final Harvest-home ;  
 Gather thou thy people in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin :  
 There, for ever, purified,  
 In thy presence, to abide ;  
 Come, with all thy reapers, come,  
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

*Henry Alford (altered) (1810-1871).*

135

7.6.7.6.D. (WITH REFRAIN).

P.J.I.S

- 1 WE plough the fields and scatter  
 The good seed on the land ;  
 But it is fed and watered  
 By God's almighty hand ;  
 He sends the snow in winter,  
 The warmth to swell the grain,  
 The breezes and the sunshine,  
 And soft refreshing rain.  
 All good gifts around us  
 Are sent from heaven above,  
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
 For all his love !
- 2 He only is the Maker  
 Of all things near and far ;  
 He paints the wayside flower,  
 He lights the evening star ;  
 The winds and waves obey him,  
 By him the birds are fed ;  
 Much more to us, his children,  
 He gives our daily bread.  
 All good gifts around us, etc.

118

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 We thank thee then, O Father,  
 For all things bright and good,  
 The seed-time and the harvest,  
 Our life, our health, our food.  
 Accept the gifts we offer  
 For all thy love imparts,  
 And, what thou most desirest,  
 Our humble, thankful hearts.  
 All good gifts around us, etc.

*Matthias Claudius (translated) (1740-1815).*

136

6.5.6.5.

J.I.

- 1 HOLY is the seed-time,  
 When the buried grain  
 Sinks to sleep in darkness,  
 But to wake again ;
- 2 Holy is the spring-time,  
 When the living corn,  
 Bursting from its prison,  
 Riseth like the morn.
- 3 Holy is the harvest,  
 When each ripened ear,  
 Bending to the sickle,  
 Crowns the golden year.
- 4 Store them in our garner,  
 Winnow them with care ;  
 Give to God the glory  
 In our praise and prayer.

*Margaret A. Headlam.*

137

9.8.9.8. (ANAPAESTIC).

J.I.S.

- 1 NOW sing we a song for the harvest  
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise,  
 For all that the bountiful Giver  
 Hath given to gladden our days.

119

- 2 For grasses of upland and lowland,  
For fruits of the garden and field,  
For gold which the mine and the furrow  
To delver and husbandman yield.
- 3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty—  
For that which the hands cannot hold,  
The harvest eyes only can gather,  
And only our hearts can enfold !
- 4 We reap it on mountain and moorland ;  
We glean it from meadow and lea ;  
We garner it in from the cloudland ;  
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.
- 5 But now we sing deeper and higher  
Of harvests that eye cannot see ;  
They ripen on mountains of duty,  
Are reaped by the brave and the free.
- 6 And these have been gathered and garnered,  
Some golden with honour and gain,  
And some, as with heart's-blood, are ruddy—  
The harvests of sorrow and pain.
- 7 O thou, who art Lord of the harvest,  
The giver who gladdens our days,  
Our hearts are for ever repeating  
Thanksgiving and honour and praise !

*J. W. Chadwick (1840-1904)  
and W. C. Gannett (1840-1923).*

138

8.7.8.7.D.

I.S.

- 1 PRAISE we now the Lord of heaven  
With a glad and thankful voice ;  
He hath crowned the year with plenty,  
And hath made the earth rejoice ;

120

- He hath blessed and made it fruitful,  
For our wants providing all ;  
Let us praise him for his goodness,  
At his feet adoring fall.
- 2 Hedgerows decked with crimson berries  
Promise store of winter fare  
For the little feathered songsters  
Who exalt their Maker's care.  
They with notes of joy and gladness  
Day by day delight to sing  
Praises to the Lord of heaven  
And the earth's almighty King.
- 3 And should we alone be silent,  
Cold and faithless, filled with fear,  
When the harvest, rich in blessing,  
Crowns our labours for the year ?  
Small the greatest of our offerings,  
Poor the richest of our praise,  
But the love that gives so freely  
Will accept the thanks we raise.

139

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 CHILDREN of this House of Worship,  
Gathered here in prayer and praise,  
Thank we God for all his goodness,  
And this happiest of days.  
Here our elders came before us  
Faithful to God's love and truth :  
To the ends that held them steadfast  
We would dedicate our youth.
- 2 Children of this ancient City,  
City of our birth and kind,  
To whose portals came our fathers,  
Rich with gifts of heart and mind ;

121

Through the years they loved and served her,  
 Raised the school, the mart, the mill :  
 City of their love and labour,  
 Pledge we faith with heart and will !

3 Children of this Land, our Mother,  
 Lore and song her worth proclaim ;  
 For the honour that we bear her,  
 We would join to praise her name.  
 May her towns and fields be prospered,  
 As they were in days of yore,  
 And the truth in all her peoples  
 Ever grow from more to more.

4 Children of this World, the conflict  
 'Twixt the noble and the wrong  
 Summons us, like Christ our Master,  
 To be valiant, wise and strong.  
 Be it ours to seek the glory  
 Of that brighter, fairer day,  
 When mankind—the Father's children—  
 Learn to live the Father's way.

5 Children of that Heavenly Father,  
 God, our Helper and our Friend,  
 Now and in the great hereafter  
 Would we serve thee without end.  
 Touch our hearts with loving-kindness ;  
 Light our souls with youth's surprise ;  
 On the years when vision falters  
 Rise, O God, for ever rise.

*G. J. Sparham.*

140

C.M.

I.S.

1 FOR founders wise, with vision strong,  
 For blessed after-days,  
 For faithful souls the years along,  
 We sing our hymn of praise.

122

2 Thy kingdom come, they prayed of old ;  
 Our watchword let it be ;  
 That day by bards and seers foretold  
 The world shall surely see.

3 The Church of God is greater far  
 Than temples, place, or times ;  
 In hearts sincere its altars are,  
 The ages peal its chimes.

4 While living memories throng the hour  
 Like messengers of light,  
 Come, Spirit of the Past, with power,  
 Give us thy grace and might !

*Edward A. Horton (1843-1931).*

141

L.M.

I.S.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,  
 From year to year in peace we part,  
 The tongues of children uttering sweet  
 The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and year by year  
 We change, grow up, or pass away !  
 Not twice the same assembly here  
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 This sole occasion then is ours,  
 This day we ne'er again shall see ;  
 Lord God, awaken all our powers,  
 To spend it for eternity.

4 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand ;  
 On thee for all things we rely ;  
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,  
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.

123

- 5 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;  
Send children, teachers, in our place,  
More humble, docile, faithful, true,  
More like thy Son, from race to race.

*James Montgomery (1771-1854).*

142

10.10.10.4.

J.I.

*A Song of Good Wishes for a May Queen or Rose Queen  
Festival.*

- 1 GOD send you many days as sweet as this,  
Days of blue skies and song and golden hours,  
And fill your listening heart with melodies,  
Your hands with flowers.
- 2 God send you many friends along the way,  
That you may journey bravely, not alone ;  
And guide your steps aright, that you may pass  
As to a throne !
- 3 God keep you fair and kind and pitiful ;  
When others sorrow, strive their grief to stem ;  
His loveliest angels tread this world of ours—  
Be one of them !

*Edward Lockton.*

143

7.7.7.7.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 GRATEFUL hearts and songs of praise  
Let us all in tribute raise,  
For the love we learned to know  
In the days of long ago ;  
For the love that day by day  
Led us gently on our way—  
Love of parent, teacher, friend,  
And the love that hath no end.

124

- 2 Ah, what beauty we have seen—  
Flowers, and fruits, and grasses green,  
Sun and moon and starlit skies,  
And the light of loving eyes !  
Ah, what wonders we have heard  
Of the great in deed and word,  
Souls that, clad with grace divine,  
Bright as stars for ever shine !
- 3 All from thee, Lord, all from thee—  
Glorious things to hear and see,  
Sweetest memories of the past,  
Dearest hopes while life shall last.  
So to thee our hearts we give,  
All our days in love to live ;  
Keep us, Lord of great and small,  
Parent, Teacher, Friend of all.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

144

6.5.6.5.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 IN life's earnest morning,  
When our hope was high,  
Came thy voice in summons,  
Not to be put by :  
Nor in toil nor sorrow,  
Weakness nor dismay,  
Need we ever falter—  
Art not thou our stay ?
- 2 Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,  
While we seek men's lore ;  
May the mind be humbled  
As we know thee more ;  
Let the larger vision  
Bring the childlike heart,  
And our deeper knowledge  
Holier zeal impart.

125



3 Should our faith be palsied  
 By the touch of doubt,  
 Should our hearts grow empty,  
 Faithless, undevout,  
 Lord, in mercy lead us  
 To our springs in thee,  
 Where are healing waters  
 Plentiful and free.

4 Should thy face be clouded  
 To our spirits' sight,  
 Speak through human kindness,  
 Shine through Nature's light,  
 In the face of loved ones,  
 Or the ties of home—  
 Only, gracious Father,  
 To thy children come.

*E. S. Oakley (1865-1934).*

145

L.M.

I.S.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
 In living echoes of thy tone ;  
 As thou hast sought me, let me seek  
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand  
 Firm on the rock and strong in thee,  
 I may stretch out a loving hand  
 To wrestlers with a troubled sea.

126

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
 The precious things thou dost impart ;  
 And wing my words, that they may reach  
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
 Until my very heart o'erflow  
 In kindling thought and glowing word,  
 Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

*Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).*

146

C.M.

I.S.

1 FROM thee all skill and science flow ;  
 All pity, care, and love,  
 All calm and courage, faith and hope,  
 O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,  
 As each and all shall need,  
 To rise like incense, each to thee,  
 In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day  
 When pain and death shall cease ;  
 And thy just rule shall fill the earth  
 With health and light and peace ;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,  
 And ever green the sod ;  
 And man's rude work deface no more  
 The paradise of God.

*Charles Kingsley (1819-1875).*

127

147

L.M.

J.I.

- 1 O FATHER, we are well and strong,  
And we can run about and play ;  
But there are children who are sick,  
And have to lie in bed all day.
- 2 We thank thee for our health and strength ;  
And, loving Lord, we pray thee bless  
The children who are weak and ill  
And suffer pain and weariness.

*E. F. B. Macalister.*

148

L.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 MAKER of earth and heaven above,  
Whose breath doth every creature fill,  
O Lord of life, O God of love,  
Incline our hearts to do thy will.
- 2 In wondrous wisdom thou hast made  
The living things of land and sea ;  
In varied excellence arrayed,  
Each perfect in his own degree.
- 3 And thou hast set us lord of all :  
Their beauty, speed, and strength they give :  
They labour patient at our call,  
They yield their lives that we may live.
- 4 No angel from the sky may reach  
The earth to tell of things above ;  
His children's privilege to teach  
His lesser ones that God is love.

128

- 5 Maker of earth and heaven above,  
Whose breath doth every creature fill ;  
O Lord of life, O God of love,  
Incline our hearts to do thy will.

*G. E. Boyer.*

149

C.M.D.

I.S.

- 1 ABOVE the plains of Palestine the stars are shining  
still,  
And lonely shepherds watch their flocks on many  
a rocky hill ;  
But angel throngs no longer sing ' Good-will and  
peace on earth,'  
As through the cloven skies they sang the night of  
Jesus' birth.
- 2 Yet still the song is echoing, it rises clear and high :  
' Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,' that chorus  
cannot die,  
For human voices now take up the glorious refrain,  
And to the waiting skies send back the old, angelic  
strain.
- 3 The deserts of Arabia lie barren as of old,  
And caravans of camels plod with loads of myrrh  
and gold,  
But star-led Magi do not ride in haste unto the  
west,  
To see a prophecy fulfilled, a babe on Mary's breast.
- 4 Yet still do wise men hasten forth on distant  
journeying—  
Though not across the desert-wastes, and not to  
find a king ;

9

129

They search aloft, 'mid stars and suns, beyond  
earth's farthest zone,  
And lead all questing human minds to vastnesses  
unknown.

5 Not only in the years gone by can miracles be  
found ;  
With marvels past imagining will future years  
abound,  
So while with love we cherish now the wonder-tales  
of yore,  
Like Magi we would follow still the star that shines  
before.

*Marguerite Emilio.*

150

8.8.8.8.8.8.

I.S.

1 AS I kept watch beside my sheep,  
An angel gave me news to keep ;  
He said, 'There shall be born this night  
A little child of love and light.'  
To God be highest glory given,  
To men goodwill and peace from heaven.

2 He said, 'The child lies in a stall,  
But he shall bless the wide world all.  
I saw the stall and holy child,  
I could not leave that presence mild.  
To God be highest, etc.

3 The child upon me turned his eye,  
And in his hand my heart laid I.  
When I went home, the child with me  
Went, and would never parted be.  
To God be highest, etc.

130

4 O holy child, I hallow thee,  
And joyful is my heart in me.  
To God be highest glory given,  
To men goodwill and peace from heaven.  
To God be highest, etc.

*James Vila Blake (altered) (1842-1925).*

151

IO.IO.IO.IO.IO.IO.

J.I.S.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake ! Salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;  
With them the joyful tidings first began,  
' Goodwill from God ! goodwill from man to man ! '

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, ' Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
' Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.'

4 Oh, may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all his glory shall display ;  
Saved by God's love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

*John Byrom (altered) (1691-1763).*

131

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.S.

1 GOOD King Wenceslas looked out  
 On the feast of Stephen,  
 When the snow lay round about,  
 Deep, and crisp, and even :  
 Brightly shone the moon that night,  
 Though the frost was cruel,  
 When a poor man came in sight,  
 Gathering winter fuel.

2 ' Hither, page, and stand by me,  
 If thou know'st it, telling,  
 Yonder peasant, who is he ?  
 Where and what his dwelling ? '  
 ' Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
 Underneath the mountain ;  
 Right against the forest fence,  
 By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

3 ' Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
 Bring me pine-logs hither ;  
 Thou and I will see him dine,  
 When we bear them thither.'  
 Page and monarch forth they went,  
 Forth they went together ;  
 Through the rude wind's wild lament,  
 And the bitter weather.

4 ' Sire, the night is darker now,  
 And the wind blows stronger ;  
 Fails my heart, I know not how,  
 I can go no longer.'  
 ' Mark my footsteps, good my page,  
 Tread thou in them boldly ;  
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5 In his master's steps he trod,  
 Where the snow lay dinted ;  
 Heat was in the very sod  
 Which the saint had printed.  
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
 Wealth or rank possessing,  
 Ye who now will bless the poor  
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

*J. M. Neale* (1818-1866).

7.7.7.7.D. (WITH REFRAIN)

J.I.S.

1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King :  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild  
 Cometh with the holy Child.  
 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies ;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 ' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'  
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Hail ! the holy Prince of Peace !  
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness !  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Comes with healing in his wings.  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies ;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 ' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'  
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

*Charles Wesley* (*altered*) (1707-1778).

154

C.M.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending o'er the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :—  
' Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King ! '  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend, on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long :  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring :  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow ;  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

134

- 5 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing !

*E. H. Sears (1810-1876).*

155

C.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 LONG, long ago, in manger low,  
Was cradled from above  
A little child, in whom God smiled,  
A Christmas gift of love.
- 2 When hearts were bitter and unjust,  
And cruel hands were strong,  
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,  
And Peace began her song.
- 3 Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts  
Seem only frost and snow,  
And anxious stress and loneliness  
And poverty and woe—
- 4 Straightway provide a welcome wide,  
Nor wonder why they came ;  
They stand outside our hearts and bide,  
Knocking in Jesus' name.
- 5 For trouble, cold, and dreary care,  
Are angels in disguise,  
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,  
As Peace and Love they rise !

135

- 6 They are the manger, rude and low,  
 In which a Christ-child lies ;  
 O welcome guest, thy cradle-nest  
 Is always God's surprise !

*William C. Gannett (1840-1923).*

156

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

- 1 O COME, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant,  
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;  
 Come ye and hail him,  
 Born this happy morning ;  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 Christ the King.
- 2 True light of true Light,  
 Love of God Eternal,  
 Here in the love of man to man revealed ;  
 Unto the manger  
 Come we now rejoicing ;  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 etc.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing in exultation,  
 Sing all ye citizens of heaven above ;  
 Sing ye ' All glory  
 To God in the Highest ' ;  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 etc.

136

- 4 Yea, Christ, we hail thee,  
 At thy glad appearing ;  
 Jesu, to God for thee be glory given ;  
 Sons of the Father,  
 Lift we now our voices ;  
 O come, let us acclaim him,  
 etc.

Latin, XVIIIth Century.

*Translated, Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880),  
 altered, G. J. Sparham.*

157

C.M.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie !  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by ;  
 Yet in thy dark street shineth  
 The everlasting light ;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years  
 Are met in thee to-night !
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary ;  
 And gathered all above,  
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
 Their watch of wondering love.  
 O morning stars ! together  
 Proclaim the holy birth,  
 And praises sing to God the King,  
 And peace to men on earth !
- 3 How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given !  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of his heaven.  
 No ear may hear his coming ;  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive him, still  
 The dear Christ enters in.

*Phillips Brooks (1833-1893).  
 137*

158

6.6.7.7.5.

J.I.S.

- 1 SILENT night ! peaceful night !  
All things sleep, shepherds keep  
Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,  
And unseen, while all is still,  
Angels watch above.
- 2 Bright the star shines afar,  
Guiding travellers on their way ;  
Who their gold and incense bring,  
Offerings to the promised king,  
Child of David's line.
- 3 Light around ! joyous sound !  
Angel voices wake the air ;  
Glory be to God in heaven,  
Peace on earth to you is given ;  
Lo ! the Christ is born !

*Joseph Mohr (translated) (1792-1848).*

159

IRREGULAR.

J.I.S.

- 1 THE first Nowell the angels did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they  
lay ;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.
- 2 They looked up and saw a star  
Shining in the east, beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and night.
- 3 And by the light of that same star  
Three wise men came from country far ;  
To seek for a king was their intent  
And to follow the star wherever it went.

138

- 4 This star drew nigh to the north-west ;  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
- 5 Then entered in those wise men three,  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there, in his presence,  
Both gold and myrrh and frankincense.

*Traditional.*

160

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 TO-DAY be joy in every heart,  
For lo ! the angel throng  
Once more above the listening earth  
Repeats the advent song :
- 2 'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men !'  
Before us goes the star  
That leads us on to holier births  
And life diviner far.
- 3 Ye men of strife, forget to-day  
Your harshness and your hate ;  
Too long ye stay the promised years  
For which the nations wait.
- 4 And ye upon the tented field,  
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword !  
By love, and not by might, shall come  
The kingdom of the Lord.
- 5 O star of human faith and hope !  
Thy light shall lead us on,  
Until it fades in morning's glow,  
And heaven on earth is won.

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*  
139

161

C.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
All seated on the ground, [night,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind),  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease !'

*Nahum Tate (1652-1715).*

162

7.7.7.7.

I.S.

- 1 BACKWARD looking o'er the past,  
Forward, too, with eager gaze,  
Stand we here to-day, O God,  
At the parting of the ways.

140

- 2 Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;  
Memories all bright and fair  
Seem to float on spirit-wings  
Downward through the silent air.
- 3 Hark ! through all their music sweet,  
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?  
'Tis the voice of hope which sings,  
'Happy be the coming year !'
- 4 Father, comes that voice from thee !  
Swells it with thy meaning vast—  
Good in all thy future stored,  
Fairer than in all the past !

*J. W. Chadwick (1840-1904).*

163

7.5.7.5.D.

I.S.

- 1 FATHER, let me dedicate  
All this year to thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be :  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,  
Freedom dare I claim ;  
This alone shall be my prayer,  
'Glorify thy Name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live ?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give ?  
More thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify thy Name.

141



SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 If in mercy thou wilt spare  
 Joys that yet are mine ;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may shine ;  
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
 Thee in all proclaim,  
 And whate'er the future brings,  
 Glorify thy Name.

*L. Tuttiell (1825-1897).*

164

L.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 NOW that the old year's course is run  
 We would our fervent vows renew ;  
 O give us of thy grace and power,  
 To help us all thy will to do.
- 2 Now that the new year's course is here,  
 With opportunities anew,  
 O give unto our spirits strength  
 To help us all thy work to do.

165

7-7-7-7.

J.I.S.

- 1 PRAISE to God and thanks we bring !  
 Hearts bow down, and voices sing  
 Praises to the glorious One,  
 All his year of wonder done.
- 2 Praise him for his budding green,  
 April's resurrection scene :  
 Praise him for his shining hours,  
 Starring all the land with flowers.
- 3 Praise him for his summer rain,  
 Feeding, day and night, the grain ;  
 Praise him for his tiny seed,  
 Holding all his world shall need.

142

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 4 Praise him for his garden root,  
 Meadow grass and orchard fruit ;  
 Praise for hills and valleys broad—  
 From the table of the Lord.
- 5 Praise him now, for snowy rest,  
 Falling soft on Nature's breast ;  
 Praise for happy dreams of birth  
 Brooding in the quiet earth.
- 6 For his year of wonder done  
 Praise to the All-glorious One !  
 Hearts bow down, and voices sing  
 Praise, and love, and thanksgiving !

*W. C. Gannett (1840-1923).*

166

L.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
 The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
- 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
 The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- 3 Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife ;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- 4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

143

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- 6 Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892).*

167

C.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 WELCOME from God, O glad new year !  
 Thy paths all yet untrod,  
 But prophecy and promise, all—  
 O glad new year of God !
- 2 Another year of setting suns,  
 Of stars by night revealed,  
 Of springing grass, of tender buds  
 By winter's snow concealed.
- 3 Another year of summer's glow,  
 Of autumn's gold and brown,  
 Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit  
 The branches weighing down.
- 4 Another year of happy work,  
 That better is than play ;  
 Of simple cares, and love that grows  
 More sweet from day to day.
- 5 Another year of baby mirth,  
 And childhood's blessed ways ;  
 Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,  
 And poet's tender lays.

144

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 6 Another year at beauty's feast,  
 At every moment spread ;  
 Of silent hours when grow distinct  
 The voices of the dead.
- 7 Another year to follow hard  
 Where better souls have trod ;  
 Another year of life's delight ;  
 Another year of God !

*J. W. Chadwick (1840-1904).*

168

7.6.7.6.D.

I.S.

- 1 COME, sing with holy gladness,  
 High hallelujahs sing :  
 Lift up your hearts and voices  
 With new-awakened spring.  
 Sing, youths and gentle maidens,  
 Your hymn of praise to-day,  
 With old men and with children,  
 In sweet according lay.
- 2 The time of resurrection !  
 Earth sings it all abroad ;  
 The passover of gladness,  
 The passover of God.  
 The sign of life eternal  
 Is writ on earth and sky,  
 The hope for ever vernal,  
 Of life the victory.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
 The seas their bright waves swell ;  
 Let the round world keep triumph  
 With all that therein dwell ;

10

145

SCHOOL PRAISE

Now let the seen and unseen  
 In one glad anthem blend ;  
 Let all our hearts be risen  
 To life that hath no end.

*J. J. Daniell* (1819-1898).

169

IO.IO.IO.IO.IO.IO.

I.S.

- 1 O COME, Creator Spirit, with thy breath  
 Dispel the slothful ease that yields to Death ;  
 Reveal thy Truth where mists have veiled our  
 sight ;  
 Renew our ancient courage for the fight.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! A Knight of Nazareth  
 Rode forth alone to triumph over Death.
- 2 What knightly hosts have followed in his wake  
 To fight the endless battle for his sake :  
 They bore his banner high amid the throng,  
 And all their valour lives in book and song.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! The Knight of Nazareth  
 Rode forth with these to triumph over Death.
- 3 But souls unresting thread the sunless maze  
 Of city toil, and see not through the haze  
 What weapons of the Spirit man may wield—  
 What banners go before him in the field.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! The Knight of Nazareth  
 Still leads them forth to triumph over Death.
- 4 O come, Creator Spirit, let thy breath  
 Bring valour to each knight who travaileth  
 To make in toiling town and mine and mill  
 The earth a shining mirror of thy Will.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! The Knight of Nazareth  
 Shall lead the world to triumph over Death.

*R. P. Howgrave-Graham.*

146

SCHOOL PRAISE

170

6.5.6.5.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 TAKE heart, friends and neighbours,  
 Now it's Eastertide ;  
 Stop from endless labours,  
 Worries put aside :  
 Men should rise from clamour,  
 Evil, folly, strife,  
 When God's ancient glamour  
 Brings the earth to life.
- 2 Bluebell wakes, and lily,  
 Roused from drowsy hours ;  
 Though the wind blows chilly,  
 Soon will come the flowers.  
 Into life he raises  
 All the sleeping buds ;  
 Meadows weave his praises,  
 And the spangled woods.
- 3 All his truth and beauty,  
 All his righteousness,  
 Are our joy and duty,  
 Bearing his impress :  
 Look ! the earth waits breathless  
 After winter's strife :  
 Easter shows man deathless,  
 Spring leads death to life.

*Percy Dearmer* (1867-1936).

171

7.6.7.6.D.

I.S.

- 1 THE light along the ages  
 Shines brighter as it goes ;  
 From age to age more glorious  
 Its radiant splendour grows.

147

SCHOOL PRAISE

Man's life, begun so lowly,  
Now soars to heaven above,  
To share, in life eternal,  
The joys of endless love !

2 We thank thee, O our Father,  
For every gift of thine :  
All speak alike the bounty  
Of tenderness divine ;  
But, every gift surpassing,  
This wondrous thought we own—  
The Son of Man is risen  
To dwell before thy throne !

3 Wherever goodness reigneth  
The soul of Christ lives on ;  
And every Christ-like spirit  
Shall rise where he hath gone :  
Earth's dust hath served its mission ;  
Henceforth the soul is free,  
And through the heights of being  
Ascends, O God, to thee !

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

172

7-7-7-7-7-7-

I.S.

1 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  
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would truthful be,  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let thy life in mine appear ;  
And with actions brotherly  
Follow Christ's sincerity.

148

SCHOOL PRAISE

3 [Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would quiet be,  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way has made ;  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.]

4 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.

*T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).*

173

L.M.

I.S.

1 AWAKE, our souls ! away our fears !  
Let every trembling thought be gone !  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint :  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint :—

3 Thee—mighty God ! whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the everflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

149

SCHOOL PRAISE

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

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748).*

174

S.M.

I.S.

1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God,  
 Fill me with life anew,  
 That I may love what thou dost love,  
 And do what thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Until my heart is pure,  
 Until with thee I will one will,  
 To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Till I am wholly thine,  
 Till all this earthly part of me  
 Glows with thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 So shall I never die,  
 But live with thee the perfect life  
 Of thine eternity.

*Edwin Hatch (1835-1889).*

175

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.S.

1 COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,  
 Though thy path be dark as night ;  
 There's a star to guide the humble—  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

150

SCHOOL PRAISE

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary—  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,  
 Perish all that fears the light !  
 Whether losing, whether winning,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.  
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight :  
 Cease from man, and look above thee—  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Clouds and sunshine both await thee,  
 Noonday radiance, stormy night,  
 Yet through all he'll safely lead thee,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.  
 Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
 Inward peace, and inward might,  
 Star upon our path abiding—  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

*Norman MacLeod (1812-1872).*

176

8.6.8.8.6.

I.S.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
 Forgive our feverish ways !  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;  
 In purer lives thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust, like theirs who heard  
 Beside the Syrian sea  
 The gracious calling of the Lord,  
 Let us, like them, without a word,  
 Rise up and follow thee.

151

- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !  
 O calm of hills above !  
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
 The silence of eternity  
 Interpreted by love !
- 4 With that deep hush subduing all  
 Our words and works that drown  
 The tender whisper of thy call,  
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall  
 As fell thy manna down.
- 5 Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease :  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress ;  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of thy peace.
- 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire  
 Thy coolness and thy balm ;  
 Let sense be dumb—its heats expire :  
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
 O still small voice of calm !

*J. G. Whittier (1807-1892).*

8.6.8.6.8.6.

I.S.

- 1 DISMISS me not thy service, Lord !  
 But train me for thy will ;  
 For even I, in fields so broad,  
 Some duties may fulfil ;  
 And I will ask for no reward,  
 Except to serve thee still.

152

- 2 All works are good, and each is best  
 As most it pleases thee ;  
 Each worker pleases when the rest  
 He serves in charity ;  
 And neither man nor work unblest  
 Wilt thou permit to be.
- 3 Our Master all the work hath done  
 He asks of us to-day ;  
 Sharing his service, every one  
 Share too his sonship may.  
 Lord, I would serve, and be a son :  
 Dismiss me not, I pray.

*Thomas T. Lynch (1818-1871).*

178

7.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 FATHER, lead me day by day,  
 Ever in thine own sweet way ;  
 Teach me to be pure and true,  
 Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave ;  
 Make me know that thou canst save ;  
 Keep me safe by thy dear side,  
 Let me in thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
 Make me steadfast, wise, and strong ;  
 And, when all alone I stand,  
 Shield me with thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,  
 Help me to remember thee—  
 Happy most of all to know  
 That my Father loves me so.

153

5 When my work seems hard and dry,  
 May I press on cheerily ;  
 Help me patiently to bear  
 Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright  
 When they pass before my sight ;  
 May I hear the heavenly voice  
 When the pure and wise rejoice.

7 May I do the good I know,  
 Be thy loving child below,  
 Then at last go home to thee,  
 Evermore thy child to be.

*John Page Hopps (1834-1911).*

179

14.14.14.5. (IRREGULAR).

I.S.

1 FROM age to age they gather, all the brave of  
 heart and strong :  
 In the strife of truth with error, of the right  
 against the wrong ;  
 I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their  
 triumph song :  
 The truth is marching on !

2 ' In this sign we conquer ' ; ' tis the symbol of  
 our faith,  
 Made holy by the might of love triumphant over  
 death ;  
 ' He finds his life who loseth it,' for evermore it  
 saith :

The right is marching on !

3 The earth is circling onward out of shadow into  
 light,  
 The stars keep watch above our way, however  
 dark the night ;  
 For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of  
 morning bright,  
 And love is marching on.

4 Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is  
 victory ;  
 Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full  
 day yet shall be ;  
 On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy our  
 eyes shall see ;  
 Our God is marching on.

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*

180

L.M.

J.I.S.

1 GO forth to life, O child of earth,  
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;  
 Thou art not here for ease or sin,  
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,  
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;  
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,  
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on, from innocence of youth,  
 To manly pureness, manly truth ;  
 God's angels still are near to save,  
 And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth !  
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !  
 For noble service thou art here ;  
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

*S. Longfellow (1819-1892).*

181

I. I. I. I. I. I.

I.S.

- 1 'GO work in my vineyard, my garden and field,  
And bring me the fruits and the flowers they  
yield.'  
—The voice of the Master the labourers heard,  
And into his harvest they went at his word.
- 2 The fathers belovèd, the reapers of yore,  
Have brought home their sheaves, and their  
labour is o'er ;  
But lo ! as he calleth the weary to sleep,  
New harvests arise and new harvesters reap.
- 3 The old world rejoiceth again in her youth,  
And yieldeth her increase of beauty and truth ;  
While over the meadows, in sunshine and rain,  
The hymn of the labourers riseth again :
- 4 'O not to man's glory the chorus we raise,  
But unto our God be thanksgiving and praise,  
For lives growing fruitful, wherever they stand,  
And souls that like blossoms make lovely the land.
- 5 'O Teacher of teachers and Helper of all,  
Thou knowest our need, and thou hearest our  
call ;  
Give strength to thy servants their task to fulfil,  
And send forth, we pray thee, more labourers  
still.'

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

182

C.M.

J.

- 1 GOD make my life a little light  
Within the world to glow,  
A little flame that burneth bright  
Wherever I may go.

156

- 2 God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all ;  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small.
- 3 God make my life a little song  
That comforteth the sad ;  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest ;  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbour best.
- 5 God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise,  
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,  
In all his wondrous ways.

*M. Betham-Edwards (1836-1919).*

183

I O. I O. I O. I O.

I.S.

- 1 GOD of our fathers, whose almighty hand  
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
Of shining worlds in splendour through the skies,  
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.
- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past ;  
In this free land by thee our lot is cast ;  
Be thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,  
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence ;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

157



SCHOOL PRAISE

- 4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day ;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever thine.

*Daniel C. Roberts (1841-1907).*

184

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;  
Now each man to his post ;  
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;  
Who joins the glorious host ?
- 2 He who, in fealty to the truth  
And counting all the cost,  
Doth consecrate his generous youth—  
He joins the noble host.
- 3 He who, no anger on his tongue,  
Nor any idle boast,  
Bears steadfast witness against wrong—  
He joins the sacred host.
- 4 He who, with calm, undaunted will  
Ne'er counts the battle lost,  
But, though defeated, battles still—  
He joins the faithful host.

*S. Longfellow (1819-1892).*

185

8.5.8.5.

I.S.

- 1 GOD, who touchest earth with beauty  
Make me lovely too ;  
With thy Spirit re-create me,  
Make my heart anew.

158

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 2 Like thy springs and running waters,  
Make me crystal pure ;  
Like thy rocks of towering grandeur,  
Make me strong and sure.
- 3 Like thy dancing waves in sunlight,  
Make me glad and free ;  
Like the straightness of the pine-trees,  
Let me upright be.
- 4 Like the arching of the heavens,  
Lift my thoughts above ;  
Turn my dreams to noble action—  
Ministries of love.
- 5 God, who touchest earth with beauty,  
Make me lovely too ;  
Keep me ever, by thy Spirit,  
Pure and strong and true.

*Mary S. Edgar.*

186

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 HE liveth long who liveth well ;  
All else is Being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.
- 2 Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made ;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
- 3 Fill up each hour with what will last ;  
Use well the moments as they go ;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

159

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 4 Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap ;  
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;  
 Upright and sound thy conscience keep ;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.
- 5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.

*Horatius Bonar (1808-1889).*

187

8.7.8.7.D.

I.S.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, may thy blessing  
 Rest upon thy children now,  
 When in praise thy name they hallow,  
 When in prayer to thee they bow :  
 In the wondrous story reading  
 Of the Lord of truth and grace,  
 May they see thy love reflected  
 In the light of his dear face.
- 2 May they learn from this great story  
 All the arts of friendliness,  
 Truthful speech and honest action,  
 Courage, patience, steadfastness ;  
 How to master self and temper,  
 How to make their conduct fair ;  
 When to speak and when be silent,  
 When to do and when forbear.
- 3 May his spirit wise and holy  
 With his gifts their spirits bless,  
 Make them loving, joyous, peaceful,  
 Rich in goodness, gentleness,

160

SCHOOL PRAISE

Strong in self-control, and faithful,  
 Kind in thought and deed ; for he  
 Sayeth, ' What ye do for others  
 Ye are doing unto me. '

*W. Charter Piggott.*

188

7.7.7.7.

I.S.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, Truth divine !  
 Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
 Word of God and inward Light,  
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine !  
 Glow within this heart of mine ;  
 Kindle every high desire,  
 Perish self in thy pure fire !
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine !  
 Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
 By thee may I strongly live,  
 Bravely bear and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine !  
 King within my conscience reign ;  
 Be my Law, and I shall be  
 Firmly bound, for ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine !  
 Still this restless heart of mine ;  
 Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
 Stayed in thy tranquillity.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine !  
 Gladden thou this heart of mine ;  
 In the desert ways I sing  
 ' Spring, O well ! for ever spring. '

*Samuel Longfellow (1819-1892).*

161

11

189

II. IO. II. IO.

J.I.S.

- 1 I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust  
me ;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care ;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer ;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
- 2 I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless ;  
I would be giving, and forget the gift ;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness ;  
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

*H. A. Walter (1883-1918).*

190

6.5.6.5.D.

J.I.

- 1 I WOULD not be idle  
Or waste half my days,  
While others are busy  
In all sorts of ways :  
Through earth, air, and ocean  
This truth is expressed,  
That all the world's working  
And workers are blessed.
- 2 By toil of how many  
Comes comfort for one :  
I live by the labour  
That others have done.  
At plough, forge, and spindle,  
In mines and at sea,  
There are people toiling  
Whose work is for me.
- 3 While others are toiling  
Can I then be slack,  
Content they should serve me,  
But giving naught back ?

162

In work that is useful  
My powers to employ,  
I owe as my duty,  
I choose as my joy.

- 4 The wisest and greatest  
In work take delight,  
Whatever their hand finds  
They do with their might ;  
Lord, make me a worker  
To toil with good cheer,  
That earth may be better  
Because I am here.

*A. Capes Tarbolton (1853-1925).*

191

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.

- 1 IF we only sought to brighten  
Every pathway dark with care,  
If we only tried to lighten  
All the burdens others bear,  
We should hear the angels singing  
All around us night and day,  
We should feel that they were bringing  
Songs of love to cheer our way.
- 2 If we only strove to cherish  
Every pure and holy thought,  
Till, within our heart, would perish  
All that is with evil fraught,  
We should hear the angels, etc.

192

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 IF you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet ;

163

SCHOOL PRAISE

You can stand among the sailors,  
 Anchored yet within the bay,  
 You can lend a hand to help them,  
 As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey  
 Up the mountain steep and high,  
 You can stand within the valley,  
 While the multitudes go by ;  
 You can chant in happy measure,  
 As they slowly pass along ;  
 Though they may forget the singer,  
 They will not forget the song.

3 Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
 For some greater work to do ;  
 Oh, improve each passing moment,  
 For these moments may be few.  
 Go and toil in any vineyard,  
 Do not fear to do or dare ;  
 If you want a field of labour,  
 You can find it anywhere.

*E. H. Gates.*

193

IO.IO.IO.IO.

I.S.

1 IN the still air the music lies unheard,  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;  
 To wake the music and the beauty needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

2 Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand,  
 Let not the music that is in us die !  
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,  
 Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie !

164

SCHOOL PRAISE

3 Spare not the stroke ; do with us as thou wilt ;  
 Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred ;  
 Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
 Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

*Horatius Bonar (1808-1899).*

194

8.8.8.6.

J.I.

1 IT fell upon a summer day,  
 When Jesus walked in Galilee,  
 The mothers of the village brought  
 Their children to his knee.

2 He took them in his arms, and laid  
 His hand on each remembered head ;  
 ' Suffer these little ones to come  
 To me,' he gently said ;

3 ' Forbid them not ; unless ye bear  
 The childlike heart your hearts within,  
 Unto my kingdom ye may come,  
 But may not enter in.'

4 Master, I fain would enter there ;  
 O let me follow thee, and share  
 Thy meek and lowly heart and be  
 Free from all worldly care !

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,  
 Of quiet work, and simple word,  
 Of joy and thoughtlessness of self,  
 Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts and gentle ways,  
 And loving-kindness daily given,  
 And freedom through obedience gained,  
 Make in my heart thy heaven.

165

- 7 O happy thus to live and move !  
 And sweet this world when I shall find  
 God's beauty everywhere, his love,  
 His good in all mankind !

*Stopford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

195

8.7.8.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 JESUS, by thy simple beauty,  
 By thy depth of love unknown,  
 We are drawn to earnest duty,  
 We come near the Father's throne.
- 2 When we read the thrilling pages  
 Of that life so pure and true,  
 Stars of hope, across the ages,  
 Rise in glory on our view.
- 3 Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,  
 Make our daily lives divine ;  
 Friend and brother, gone before us,  
 Be our thoughts and deeds like thine !
- 4 Thanks for ever, heavenly Father,  
 That when human eyes grow dim,  
 And when shadows darkly gather,  
 Shines a holy light through him.

196

8.8.8.6.

J.I.S.

- 1 JUST as I am, thine own to be,  
 My Father, God who lovest me,  
 To consecrate myself to thee,  
 Now in my youth I come.
- 2 In this glad morning of my day,  
 My life to give, my vows to pay,  
 With no reserve and no delay  
 With all my heart I come.

166

- 3 I would live ever in the light,  
 I would work ever for the right,  
 I would serve thee with all my might,  
 Therefore, to thee I come.

- 4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,  
 To be the best that I can be  
 For truth, and righteousness, and thee,  
 Lord of my life, I come.

- 5 Whate'er the dreams of fame or gold,  
 Pleasure or praise to make me bold ;  
 Above them all my faith to hold  
 For my whole life, I come.

- 6 And if 'twere mine to win renown,  
 Then would I take my victor's crown,  
 And at thy feet would cast it down ;  
 To thee, O Lord, I come.

*Marianne Farningham (1834-1909).*

197

L.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 *LAND* of our birth, we pledge to thee  
 Our love and toil in the years to be,  
 When we are grown and take our place  
 As men and women with our race.
- 2 Father in Heaven, who lovest all,  
 Oh help thy children when they call,  
 That they may build, from age to age,  
 An undefiled heritage.
- 3 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.

167

- 4 Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly, night and day,  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 Teach us delight in simple things,  
And mirth that has no bitter springs,  
Forgiveness free of evil done  
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
- 8 *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.*  
*Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936).*

198

6.5.6.5.D.

J.

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us, Shepherd  
kind ;  
We are only children, weak, and young, and  
blind.  
All the way before us thou alone dost know ;  
Lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go :  
Lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go.

168

- 2 Lead us, heavenly Father, on our opening way ;  
Lead us in the morning of our little day ;  
While our hearts are happy, while our souls are  
free,  
May we give our childhood as a song to thee.  
May we, etc.
- 3 Lead us, heavenly Father, as the way grows long ;  
Be our strong salvation, be our joyous song.  
Gladdened by thy mercies, chastened by thy rod,  
May we walk through all things humbly with our  
God.  
May we, etc.
- 4 Lead us, heavenly Father, by thy voices clear,  
Through the prophets holy, through the Saviour  
dear,  
He who took the children in his arms of love ;  
May we all be gathered in his home above.  
May we, etc.

*Brooke Herford (1830-1903).*

199

7.7.7.7.

I.S.

- 1 LIGHT of Ages, shed by man  
Since his search for good began,  
Shine upon our path to-day  
Through the mists that cloud our way.
- 2 Light of conscience, clear and still,  
Be a beacon to our will ;  
Like the steadfast northern light,  
Guide us in the deepest night.

169

3 Light of knowledge, spread and grow  
As the dawn to noon-day glow ;  
Kindle in our heart of youth  
Passion for the perfect truth.

4 Light of love, O may thy fire  
Purify our soul's desire,  
And unite us, heart and mind,  
In the service of mankind.

5 Light of heroes, prophets, seers,  
Gird our hearts against all fears ;  
Pledge we then our loyalty  
And the daring to be free.

*Percival Chubb.*

200

8.7.8.7.

J.I.S.

1 LONG ago the lilies faded  
Which to Jesus seemed so fair,  
But the love that bade them blossom  
Still is working everywhere.

2 On the moors, and in the valleys,  
By the streams we love so well,  
There is greater glory blooming  
Than the tongue of man can tell.

3 Long ago in sacred silence  
Died the accents of his prayer ;  
Still the souls that seek the Father  
Find his presence everywhere.

4 In the multitude adoring,  
In the chamber sad and lone,  
He is there to help and comfort,  
As they pray, 'Thy will be done !'

170

5 Let us seek him, still believing  
He that worketh round us yet,  
Clothing lilies in the meadows,  
Will his children ne'er forget.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

201

7.6.7.6.D. (TROCHAIC).

J.I.

1 LOOKING upward day by day,  
Sunshine on our faces ;  
Pressing onward every day  
Toward the heavenly places.  
Growing every day in awe,  
For thy name is holy ;  
Learning every day to love  
With a love more lowly.

2 Walking every day more close  
To our Elder Brother ;  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another.  
Every day more gratefully  
Kindnesses receiving,  
Every day more readily  
Injuries forgiving.

3 Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder,  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder.  
Lord, so pray we every day,  
Hear us in thy pity,  
That we enter in at last  
To the Holy City.

*Mary Butler (1841-1916),  
(except second half of v. 2).*

171

- 1 LORD, in the fullness of my might  
I would for thee be strong ;  
While runneth o'er each new delight,  
To thee should soar my song.
- 2 I would not give the world my heart,  
And then profess thy love ;  
I would not feel my strength depart,  
And then thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal  
On the world's errands go,  
And labour up the heavenly hill  
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O not for thee my weak desires,  
My poorer, baser part !  
O not for thee my fading fires,  
The ashes of my heart !
- 5 O choose me in my golden time !  
In my best joys have part !  
For thee the glory of my prime—  
The fullness of my heart.
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take  
The covenant divine :  
O, ne'er the happy heart may break  
Whose earliest love was thine.

- 1 LORD of the wondrous earth,  
Into thy courts we throng,  
Seeking to serve with mirth,  
Stirring our hearts with song.  
O Father-Spirit, touch with power  
Our youthful wills, this worship-hour.
- 2 Lift from our laden lives  
All we have wrought with shame ;  
Stir every heart that strives,  
Tense with unswerving aim,  
To consecrate our talent skill,  
And with delight our days to fill.
- 3 Grant us the vision keen  
Heroes of old time knew ;  
Faith in the things not seen ;  
Faith in our strength to do ;  
That through our seeming-tedious days  
Our feet may find the brightest ways.
- 4 Daring the truth to speak,  
E'en to the worldly-wise ;  
Swift to befriend the weak,  
Eager for enterprise,  
We steel our wills for sacrifice,  
And banish faithless cowardice.
- 5 So may our tongues unite  
Strong in their glad accord,  
Cleaving the zenith-height,  
Splendid with song outpoured,  
To rouse the nations with our call,  
That youth may serve the Lord of all.



- 1 MY Master was a worker,  
 With daily work to do,  
 And he who would be like him  
 Must be a worker too ;  
 Then welcome honest labour,  
 And honest labour's fare,  
 For where there is a worker  
 The Master's man is there.
- 2 My Master was a comrade,  
 A trusty friend and true,  
 And he who would be like him  
 Must be a comrade too ;  
 In happy hours of singing,  
 In silent hours of care,  
 Where goes a loyal comrade,  
 The Master's man is there.
- 3 My Master was a helper,  
 The woes of life he knew,  
 And he who would be like him  
 Must be a helper too ;  
 The burden will grow lighter  
 If each will take a share,  
 And where there is a helper  
 The Master's man is there.
- 4 Then, brothers brave and manly,  
 Together let us be,  
 For he, who is our Master,  
 The Man of men was he.  
 The men who would be like him  
 Are wanted everywhere,  
 And where they love each other  
 The Master's men are there.

*W. G. Tarrant* (1853-1928).  
 174

- 1 O SON of Man, our Hero strong and tender,  
 Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,  
 Our living sacrifice to thee we render,  
 Who sharest all our sorrows, all our mirth.
- 2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,  
 O lips divine that taught the words of truth,  
 Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,  
 And hearts that kindled at the zeal of youth :
- 3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,  
 Of all mankind the servant and the king,  
 O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,  
 To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.
- 4 Not in our failures only and our sadness  
 We seek thy presence, Comforter and Friend ;  
 O rich men's guest, be with us in our gladness,  
 O poor men's mate, our lowliest tasks attend.

*Frank Fletcher.*

- 1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
 And call thy brethren forth from want and  
 woe !
- 2 We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light  
 Which guides the nations, groping on their  
 way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

- 3 Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way  
 The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way of  
 heaven !  
 And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
 Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast  
 given.

*Theodore Parker (1810-1860).*

207

8.7.8.7.D.

I.S.

- 1 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,  
 Offers each the bloom or blight,  
 And the choice goes by for ever  
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.
- 2 Then to side with Truth is noble,  
 When we share her wretched crust,  
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,  
 And 'tis prosperous to be just ;  
 Then it is the brave man chooses,  
 While the coward stands aside,  
 Till the multitude make virtue  
 Of the faith they had denied.
- 3 Though the cause of evil prosper,  
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong ;  
 Though her portion be the scaffold,  
 And upon the throne be Wrong ;  
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
 And, behind the dim unknown,  
 Standeth God within the shadow,  
 Keeping watch above his own.

*J. R. Lowell (1819-1891).*

176

208

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 ONE common purpose brings us here,  
 One common sense of need ;  
 We would all holy things revere,  
 And do the noble deed.
- 2 Since no man lives his life apart,  
 And no man dies alone,  
 In others' nobleness of heart  
 We chiefly find our own.
- 3 To love all beauty, truth, and good,  
 And ever face the light,  
 To sense our human brotherhood,  
 We consecrate our might.
- 4 For us, together for an hour,  
 United in our aim ;  
 Come inspiration's gift of power,  
 Burn bright, O Spirit's flame.

*A. Wakefield Slaten.*

209

8.7.8.7. (IAMBIC).

I.S.

- 1 OUR fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,  
 Dear faith, which still we cherish ;  
 Nor may their children's children see  
 That faith decay and perish :
- 2 'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,  
 'Tis faith in truth and beauty,  
 In freedom's might, and reason's right,  
 And all-controlling duty.

12

177

3 We may not think our fathers' thought ;  
 Their creeds our lips may alter ;  
 But in the faith they dearly bought  
 Our hearts shall never falter.

4 Oh may that faith our hearts inspire  
 To earnest thought and labour ;  
 That we may share its heavenly fire  
 With every friend and neighbour :

5 This faith in God and faith in man,  
 This faith in truth and beauty ;  
 In freedom's might, and reason's right,  
 And all-controlling duty.

*J. W. Chadwick (1840-1904).*

210

C.M.

I.S.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
 Nor deem it void of power;  
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
 That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart  
 And call it back to life ;  
 A look of love bid sin depart,  
 And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell  
 How vast its powers may be,  
 Nor what results enfolded dwell  
 Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,  
 Nor care how small it be ;  
 God is with all that serve the right,  
 The holy, true, and free.

*Thomas Hincks (1818-1899).*

178

211

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.S.

1 SING we of the Golden City,  
 Pictured in the legends old !  
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,  
 Wondrous things of it are told.  
 Only righteous men and women  
 Dwell within its gleaming walls ;  
 Wrong is banished from its borders,  
 Justice reigns within its halls.

2 We are builders of that City,  
 All our joys and all our groans  
 Help to rear its shining ramparts ;  
 All our lives are building stones.  
 Yet for it we still must labour,  
 For its sake bear pain and grief ;  
 In it find the end of living,  
 And the anchor of belief.

3 But the work that we have builded  
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,  
 Oft in error, oft in anguish,  
 Will not perish with our years ;  
 It will last, and shine transfigured  
 In the final reign of right ;  
 It will pass into the splendours  
 Of the City of the Light.

*Felix Adler (b. 1851).*

212

7.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;  
 Take my moments and my days  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

179

2 Take my hands, and let them move  
With the impulse of thy love ;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from thee.

4 Take my will, and make it thine,  
It shall be no longer mine ;  
Take my heart, it is thine own,  
It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord ; I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store ;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.

*F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).*

213

S.M.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see !  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for thee !

2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend ;  
In all I do, be thou the way,  
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

180

4 If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labours shine,  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

*George Herbert (altered) (1593-1632).*

214

10.10.10.10.

I.S.

1 TEACH me, O God, O teach me how to live,  
To serve thee from the morning of my life ;  
For daily conflict daily vigour give,  
And make me more than conqueror in the  
strife.

2 Teach me to live ; no idler let me be,  
But for thy glory hand and heart employ,  
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully,  
And find in humblest service highest joy.

*Ellen Elizabeth Burman (1837-1861).*

215

L.M.

I.S.

1 TEACH me, O Lord, thy holy way,  
And give me an obedient mind,  
That in thy service I may find  
My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Father, with thy hand,  
And so control my thoughts and deeds,  
That I may tread the path which leads  
Right onward to the blessed land.

3 Help me, O Father, day by day,  
To grow in goodness, truth and grace ;  
Thy saving love in all things trace,  
And meekly walk the heavenward way.

181

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er  
Forsake the right, or do the wrong ;  
Against temptation make me strong,  
And round me spread thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,  
Begun, continued, done for thee ;  
Fulfil thy perfect work in me ;  
And thine abounding grace afford.

*W. T. Matson (altered) (1833-1899).*

216

8.7.8.7. (IAMBIC).

J.I.S.

1 THE King of Love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love he sought me,  
And on his shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Light before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never ;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house for ever.

*Sir H. W. Baker (altered) (1821-1877).*

182

217

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

1 THE wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth ;  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring 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 him hearts that love him ;  
We'll bring him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little 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 can bring.

218

L.M.

I.S.

1 THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand  
Has brought us here before thy face,  
Our spirits wait for thy command,  
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

183

- 2 Our spirits lay their noblest powers  
As offerings on thy holy shrine ;  
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;  
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.
- 3 While watching on our arms at night,  
We saw thine angels round us move ;  
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,  
And followed, trusting to thy love.
- 4 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,  
To give our strength to thee, great God ;  
We would redeem thy holy land,  
That land which sin so long has trod .
- 5 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,  
Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;  
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,  
And faith in thee our truest might.
- 6 Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;  
Be thy pure angels with us still ;  
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;  
Our only rest, to do thy will.

*O. B. Frothingham (1822-1895).*

219

6.6.8.6.8.6.

I.S.

- 1 THOU must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach ;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach :  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

184

- 2 Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed ;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed ;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

*Horatius Bonar (1808-1889).*

220

C.M.

J.I.

- 1 THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,  
High work have we to do—  
In faith and trust to follow him  
Whose lot was lowly too.
- 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,  
Strong in a Father's love,  
Leaning on his almighty arm,  
And fixed our hopes above.
- 3 Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds, may be  
As streams that still the nobler grow  
The nearer to the sea.
- 4 To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we do,  
If we but do our best.
- 5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright ;  
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.

*W. Gaskell (1805-1884).*

185

221

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 THY kingdom come—on bended knee  
The passing ages pray ;  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.
- 2 But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong,  
And for the everlasting Right  
The silent stars are strong.
- 3 And lo ! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear ;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near :
- 4 The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed,  
When justice shall be throned in might,  
And every hurt be healed :
- 5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,  
Shall walk the earth abroad—  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God.

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*

222

7-7-7-7-7-

I.S.

- 1 WHATSOEVER things are good—  
Actions of a gentler mood,  
Deeds of love and sacrifice,  
Without thought of compromise ;  
Lord of love and life, we would  
Seek whatever things are good.

186

- 2 Whatsoever things are true—  
A higher aim, a broader view,  
A better grasp of what is just,  
Freedom from the toils of lust—  
Spirit of truth, we ask of you,  
Whatsoever things are true.
- 3 All that is of beauty born—  
Golden eve, and glowing morn,  
Wild, wide plains of broad demesne,  
Gentle wooded slopes of green,  
Yellow fields and laden trees,  
Lord of beauty, give us these.

223

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 WHEN courage fails, and faith burns low,  
And men are timid grown,  
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know  
That Truth still moveth on.
- 2 For unseen messengers she hath  
To work her will and ways,  
And even human scorn and wrath  
God turneth to her praise.
- 3 She can both meek and lordly be,  
In heavenly might secure ;  
With her is pledge of victory,  
And patience to endure.
- 4 The race is not unto the swift,  
Nor battle to the strong,  
When dawn her judgment-days that sift  
The claims of right and wrong.
- 5 And more than thou canst do for Truth  
Can she on thee confer,  
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth  
And manhood unto her.

187

- 6 Who follow her, though men deride,  
 In her strength shall be strong,  
 Shall see their shame become their pride,  
 And share her triumph-song !

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*

224

L.M.D.

I.S.

- 1 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.

*William Blake (1757-1827).*

225

4.10.10.10.4.

I.S.

- 1 COME, labour on :  
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
 While all around him waves the golden grain,  
 And every servant hears the Master say,  
 ' Go, work to-day ' ?

188

- 2 Come, labour on :  
 The labourers are few, the field is wide ;  
 New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;  
 From voices distant far, or near at home,  
 The call is, ' Come ! '

- 3 Come, labour on :  
 Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,  
 No arm so weak but may do service here ;  
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil  
 His righteous will.

- 4 Come, labour on !  
 No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie  
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—  
 ' Servants, well done ! '

- 5 Come, labour on !  
 The toil is pleasant, and the harvest sure,  
 Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;—  
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
 O Lord, with thee !

*Jane Borthwick (1813-1897).*

226

8.8.8.8.8.

J.I.S.

- 1 FAITH of our fathers, living still,  
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,  
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word.  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.

189



SCHOOL PRAISE

- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free ;  
 And blest would be their children's fate,  
 Though they, like them, should die for thee.  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers, God's great power  
 Shall soon all nations win for thee ;  
 And through the truth that comes from God  
 Mankind shall then be truly free.  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life.  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.

*F. W. Faber (1814-1863).*

227

8.7.8.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !  
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
 But for strength, that we may ever  
 Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures  
 Do we ask our way to be ;  
 But by steep and rugged pathways  
 Would we strive to climb to thee.

190

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 3 Not for ever by still waters  
 Would we idly quiet stay,  
 But would win the living fountains  
 From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
 In our wanderings be our guide,  
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
 Father, be thou at our side !
- 5 Let our path be bright or dreary,  
 Storm or sunshine be our share ;  
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
 Make thy work our ceaseless prayer.

*L. M. Willis (1824-1908).*

228

8.7.8.7.

I.S.

- 1 FATHER, who to life hast called us,  
 Bidding us be valiant men,  
 For the service of thy kingdom  
 Pledge we now our word again.
- 2 All the talents thou hast granted  
 To our body, brain, or mind,  
 We would use to yield their increase  
 For the welfare of mankind.
- 3 In the quest of truer science,  
 In good use of leisure hours,  
 In life's pioneering venture  
 We would dedicate our powers.
- 4 Gifts of keener sight and hearing,  
 May we treasure as the keys  
 That unlock the doors of knowledge,  
 Mastering nature's mysteries.

191

5 Gifts of skill that mark the craftsman  
 May we eagerly employ,  
 Fashioning from wood or metal  
 Things of beauty and of joy.

6 Gifts of courage and endurance,  
 Trained by healthy exercise,  
 May we consecrate in tending  
 All our neighbours' injuries.

7 In the company of Jesus  
 We would quit ourselves like men ;  
 Father, in thy constant service,  
 Pledge we now our word again.

*A. W. Vallance.*

229

7.7.7.7.D.

I.S.

1 FOR the brave of every race,  
 All who served and fell on sleep,  
 Whose forgotten resting-place  
 Rolling years have buried deep—  
 Brotherhood and sisterhood  
 Of earth's age-long chivalry—  
 Source and giver of all good,  
 Lord, we praise, we worship thee.

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.

192

3 Valiantly o'er sea and land  
 Trod 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.

*G. W. Briggs.*

230

S.M.D.

J.I.

1 FORTH rode the knights of old  
 With armour gleaming bright,  
 By noble needs and actions bold  
 To fight for God and right,  
 To lay the tyrant low,  
 To set the captive free,  
 The hosts of evil to o'erthrow,  
 By might of purity.

13

193

- 2 A vision flamed above,  
A voice within spoke clear,  
The symbol of Christ's mighty love  
Shone radiant and near,  
Then, burning with desire,  
By zeal and love possessed,  
The knights of old with heart afire  
Rode out upon the Quest.
- 3 In every age the same,  
From hut and princely hall,  
The pilgrim knights who bear his name  
Have followed at his call.  
Now each with glory crowned,  
And waiting on his will,  
They stand his splendid throne around  
And serve more nobly still.
- 4 Still, still the vision glows,  
Still calls the voice divine ;  
Still sink the weak, oppressed by foes,  
And still the captives pine ;  
Still loyal to their Lord,  
With zeal and patience shod,  
With shield of faith and mystic sword,  
Go forth the Knights of God.

*Vera E. Walker.*

231

7.7.7.7.

J.I.

- 1 HERO-SAINTS of deathless name,  
Cloud of witnesses on high,  
Guarding once, with hearts aflame,  
Truth and Right triumphantly !
- 2 Men whose conquering way was fought  
Through the wrongs of ages gone ;  
Gentler spirits, rapt in thought,  
On the mount of God alone ;

194

- 3 Let your guiding voices join  
Still in Truth's clear battle-cry ;  
Rouse anew the wavering line  
Of her hard-pressed chivalry !
- 4 Shame the feeble, craven-souled,  
And the drooping-hearted raise  
Nearer to the noble mould  
Of your own heroic days !

*Andrew Chalmers (1840-1912).*

232

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

J.I.

- 1 HIGHER, higher will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story ;  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.  
Higher, higher let us climb.  
Up the mount of glory.
- 2 Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge ;  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,  
Win from school and college ;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.  
Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge.
- 3 Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty ;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty ;

195

Minds are of celestial birth,  
 Make we then a heaven of earth.  
 Onward, onward may we press  
 Through the path of duty.

*James Montgomery (1771-1854).*

233

L.M.D.

I.S.

*St. Patrick's Breastplate.*

- 1 I BIND unto myself to-day  
 The virtues of the star-lit heaven,  
 The glorious sun's life-giving ray,  
 The whiteness of the moon at even,  
 The flashing of the lightning free,  
 The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,  
 The stable earth, the deep salt sea,  
 Around the old eternal rocks.
- 2 I bind unto myself to-day  
 The power of God to hold and lead,  
 His eye to watch, his sight to stay,  
 His ear to hearken to my need.  
 The wisdom of my God to teach,  
 His hand to guide, his shield to ward ;  
 The word of God to give me speech,  
 His heavenly host to be my guard.

*Ascr. to St. Patrick, c. 372-466.*

*Tr. Mrs. C. F. Alexander (1823-1895).*

234

7.6.7.6.D. (TROCHAIC).

J.I.

- 1 LET us now our voices raise,  
 Wake the day with gladness :  
 God himself to joy and praise  
 Turns our human sadness ;  
 Joy that martyrs won their crown,  
 Opened heaven's bright portal,  
 When they laid the mortal down  
 For the life immortal.

196

- 2 Never flinched they from the flame,  
 From the torment never ;  
 Vain the tyrant's sharpest aim,  
 Vain each fierce endeavour :  
 For by faith they saw the land  
 Decked in all its glory,  
 Where triumphant now they stand  
 With the victor's story.

- 3 Up and follow, Christian men !  
 Press through toil and sorrow ;  
 Spurn the night of fear, and then,  
 O the glorious morrow !  
 Who will venture on the strife ?  
 Who will first begin it ?  
 Who will grasp the Land of Life ?  
 Warriors, up and win it !

*St. Joseph the Hymnographer, d. 883.*

*Tr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).*

235

7.7.7.7.

I.S.

- 1 LIFE of Ages, richly poured,  
 Love of God, unspent and free,  
 Flowing in the prophet's word,  
 And the people's liberty !
- 2 Never was to chosen race  
 That unstinted tide confined ;  
 Thine is every time and place,  
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind :
- 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
 Freshening time with truth and good ;

197

4 Consecrating art and song,  
 Holy book and pilgrim track,  
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
 From the sacred limits back !

5 Life of ages richly poured,  
 Love of God unspent and free,  
 Flow still in the prophet's word,  
 And the people's liberty !

*S. Johnson (1822-1882).*

236

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.

1 LIVE for something ; be not idle ;  
 Look about you for employ ;  
 Sit not down to useless dreaming,  
 Labour is the sweetest joy.  
 Folded hands are ever weary,  
 Selfish hearts are never gay ;  
 Life for you hath many duties,  
 Active be, then, while you may.

2 Scatter blessings on your pathway,  
 Gentle words and cheering smiles ;  
 Better far than gold and silver,  
 Are their grief-dispelling wiles.  
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
 Ever on the grateful earth,  
 So let sympathy and kindness  
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

3 Into hearts oppressed and weary,  
 Drop the tear of sympathy,  
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
 Give, and thy reward shall be

198

Joy unto thy soul returning,  
 From this perfect fountain-head ;  
 Freely, as thou freely givest,  
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

237

6.5.6.5.T.

J.I.

1 MARCHING with the heroes,  
 Comrades of the strong,  
 Lift we hearts and voices  
 As we march along ;  
 Oh, the joyful music  
 All in chorus raise !  
 Theirs the song of triumph,  
 Ours the song of praise.  
 Marching with the heroes, etc.

2 Glory to the heroes  
 Who in days of old  
 Trod the path of duty,  
 Faithful, wise and bold—  
 For the right unflinching,  
 Strong the weak to save,  
 Warriors all and freemen,  
 Fighting for the slave !  
 Marching with the heroes, etc.

3 Once they were but children,  
 Weak and small as we,  
 And their mighty Captain  
 Once a child was he ;  
 Now he is the Leader  
 Through the world renowned—  
 Once in scorn rejected,  
 Now in honour crowned.  
 Marching with the heroes, etc.

199

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 4 So we sing the story  
 Of the brave and true,  
 Till among the heroes  
 We are heroes too—  
 Loyal to our Captain  
 Like the men of yore,  
 Marching with the heroes  
 Onward, evermore.  
 Marching with the heroes, etc.  
*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

238

7-7-7-7-D.

I.S.

- 1 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 forget  
 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,

200

SCHOOL PRAISE

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.

*James Russell Lowell (1819-1891).*

239

7-7-7-7-D.

J.I.S.

- 1 NOW let grateful praises ring  
 To the heroes of the past ;  
 With our heart and voice we sing,  
 As the visions gather fast,  
 Of the men who thought and wrought,  
 And the women who, 'mid strife,  
 Hope and inspiration brought  
 To the work of daily life.
- 2 They are gone ; their names unknown  
 No fair marble shrines display ;  
 But the seed that they have sown  
 Bears the harvest of to-day.  
 Ever rising from the grave,  
 Fruits of long-forgotten deeds  
 Of the loving and the brave  
 Minister unto our needs.
- 3 Let us, then, our lives employ  
 In the works of righteousness ;  
 We may no rewards enjoy,  
 No fair words our work may bless :  
 Though the world may crucify,  
 And our hopes be crushed and slain,  
 Howsoever deep they lie,  
 Our good deeds will rise again.

*F. W. Bockett.*

201

- 1 NOW to heaven our prayer ascending,  
 God speed the right !  
 In a noble cause contending,  
 God speed the right !  
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,  
 All their loving toil rewarded,  
 And success on earth accorded—  
 God speed the right !
- 2 Be that cry again repeated,  
 God speed the right !  
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated—  
 God speed the right !  
 Like the good and great in story,  
 Told by generations hoary,  
 If they fail they fail with glory—  
 God speed the right !
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,  
 God speed the right !  
 No event or danger fearing,  
 God speed the right !  
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
 Never from the truth receding,  
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,  
 God speed the right !
- 4 Still their onward course pursuing,  
 God speed the right !  
 Every foe at length subduing,  
 God speed the right !  
 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,  
 There's no power on earth can stay it—  
 Proudly let us then obey it,  
 God speed the right !

*W. E. Hickson (1803-1870).*

- 1 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 Thine, Lord, are the men in the mills and the mines,  
 The factories, offices, stations and lines,  
 The airplanes and steamers that pass to and fro :  
 Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 3 The smith at his anvil, the cook by her fire,  
 The builders, the painters, the men in the choir,  
 The diggers and weavers, and women who sew :  
 Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 4 And children who play by the sea on the sand,  
 Who sing in their schools, and who dance on the  
 land,  
 And toss up the hay that the labourers mow ;  
 Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 5 We thank thee for games, and for friendship and  
 fun,  
 And the strength of our limbs when we wrestle  
 and run,  
 And all that is good and delightful and true :  
 Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !

SCHOOL PRAISE

- 6 Yes, we praise thee for goodness and beauty and truth ;  
 And we pray we may learn in the days of our youth  
 To love all the gifts that from thee overflow :  
     Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 7 As we forgive others, forgive us our debts.  
 Preserve us from evil, from anger and threats  
 And all that is mean and deceitful and low :  
     Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 8 May all men their freedom and happiness win ;  
 May union between all the nations begin ;  
 The kingdom of Heaven may all come to know :  
     Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !
- 9 And show us thy light when our notions are wrong.  
 Make the ill to be well, and the weak to be strong.  
 And all that is evil and false overthrow :  
     Onward !  
 Onward ever, onward go !

*Percy Dearmer (1867-1936).*

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c.m.

I.S.

- 1 O HELP the prophet to be bold,  
 The poet to be true !  
 It yet remains for man to learn  
 What love to man may do.

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SCHOOL PRAISE

- 2 With faith not pent within a book,  
 Or buried in a creed,  
 But growing with the expanding thought  
 And deepening with the need.
- 3 A faith that laughs in little joys  
 Of children at their play,  
 That weeps in every woman's grief,  
 And joins each noble fray.
- 4 A faith whose sacred strength is sure,  
 And needs no priest to tell ;  
 Its law—' Be kind, be pure, be just,'  
 Its promise—' Thence be well.'
- 5 For joy shall one with feeling be,  
 And feeling, planet-wide,  
 Where many men have done their best,  
 And, doing it, have died.
- 6 O help the prophet to be bold,  
 The poet to be true !  
 It yet remains for man to learn  
 What love to man may do.

*L. Guggenberger.*

243

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 ONWARD, brothers, march still onward,  
 Side by side and hand in hand ;  
 Ye are bound for man's true kingdom,  
 Ye are an increasing band.  
 Though the way seem often doubtful,  
 Hard the toil ye may endure,  
 Though at times your courage falter,  
 Yet the promised land is sure.

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2 Olden sages saw it dimly,  
 And their joy to rapture wrought ;  
 Living men have gazed upon it,  
 Standing on the hills of thought.  
 All the past has done and suffered,  
 All the daring and the strife,  
 All has helped to mould the future,  
 Make man master of his life.

3 Still brave deeds and kind are needed,  
 Noble thoughts and feelings fair ;  
 Ye, too, must be strong and suffer,  
 Ye, too, have to do and dare.  
 Onward, brothers, march still onward,  
 March still onward, hand in hand,  
 Till ye see at last man's kingdom,  
 Till ye reach the promised land.

*H. H. Ellis.*

244

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

1 PRAISE to the overcomers  
 Who conquered fear and hate,  
 Who toiled to conquer evil  
 'Gainst heavy odds and great.  
 Praise to the overcomers  
 Who conquered self and sin,  
 They from the King of heroes  
 A victor's crown shall win.

2 Praise to the lonely pilgrims  
 Who tread the narrow way,  
 Who lions face and dangers  
 With singing hearts and gay.  
 Praise to the lonely pilgrims, ;  
 Greatheart shall be their Guide,  
 Till in the Holy City  
 They pass the gate flung wide.

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3 Praise to the brave adventurers,  
 The followers of the gleam,  
 Who follow close the guidance  
 Of vision, voice, or dream.  
 Through darkness and through peril,  
 Through ridicule and scorn,  
 They reach at last the splendour,  
 The glory of the morn.

4 Praise be to all the martyrs,  
 To those who dared to die  
 For faith and love of Jesus,  
 Their unseen Comrade nigh.  
 Praise be to all the martyrs,  
 To those who dared to live  
 Through torment, spite, and hatred,  
 And dared their foes forgive.

5 We would be overcomers—  
 To conquer sin and hate ;  
 We would be joyous pilgrims  
 With hearts for any fate.  
 We would be brave adventurers,  
 Knights of the Holy Grail,  
 Ready to die or live, if armed  
 With Love that cannot fail.

*A. M. Pullen.*

245

8.8.7.D.

I.S.

1 PROPHETS, teachers, true recorders,  
 Pioneers, and trusty warders  
 Of the truth that Christ revealed,  
 But for you the old estranging  
 Darkness had endured unchanging,  
 God's great love were still concealed.

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- 2 You assailed the haunting terrors,  
Struggled, died, to stem the errors,  
Showing God, unknown before :  
When men's foolish hearts were darkened,  
When few turned again and hearkened,  
Undismayed the News you bore.
- 3 We too, Lord, have misconstrued thee,  
Have but dimly understood thee ;  
Hearing oft, we have not heard.  
Make us seek the truth pure-hearted ;  
And, that wisdom be imparted,  
Still raise prophets for the Word.

*Percy Dearmer (1867-1936).*

246

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

I.S.

- 1 SING praise to God, who spoke through man  
In differing times and manners,  
For those great seers who've led the van,  
Truth writ upon their banners ;  
For those who once blazed out the way,  
For those who still lead on to-day,  
To God be thanks and glory.
- 2 For Amos, of the prophets first  
Of vast confusion rending,  
Of many gods that blest or curst,  
To find One, Good, Transcending ;  
For all who taught mankind to rise  
Out of the old familiar lies,  
To God be thanks and glory.
- 3 For Socrates who, phrase by phrase,  
Talked men to truth, unshrinking,  
And left for Plato's mighty grace  
To mould our ways of thinking ;

208

- For all who wrestled, sane and free,  
To win the unseen reality,  
To God be thanks and glory.
- 4 For all the poets, who have wrought  
Through music, words, and vision  
To tell the beauty of God's thought  
By art's sublime precision,  
Who bring our highest dreams to shape  
And help the soul in her escape,  
To God be thanks and glory.

*Percy Dearmer (1867-1936).*

247

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 WHAT purpose burns within our hearts  
That we together here should stand  
Pledging each other mutual vows,  
And ready hand to join in hand ?
- 2 We see in vision fair a time  
When evil shall have passed away ;  
And thus we dedicate our lives  
To hasten on that blessed day.
- 3 To seek the truth whate'er it be,  
To follow it where'er it leads ;  
To turn to facts our dreams of good,  
And coin our lives in loving deeds :—
- 4 For this we gather here to-day ;  
To such a Church of God we bring  
Our utmost love and loyalty,  
And make our souls an offering.

*Minot J. Savage (1841-1918).*

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248

II.II.II.II. (IRREGULAR).

J.I.

- 1 **WHEN** a knight won his spurs, in the stories of old,  
He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold ;  
With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand  
For God and for valour he rode through the land.
- 2 No charger have I, and no sword by my side,  
Yet still to adventure and batttle I ride,  
Though back into storyland giants have fled,  
And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead.
- 3 Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed  
'Gainst the dragons of anger, the ogres of greed ;  
And let me set free, with the sword of my youth,  
From the castle of darkness the power of the truth.

*Jan Struther.*

249

6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.

J.I.S.

- 1 **WHO** would true valour see,  
Let him come hither ;  
One here will constant be  
Come wind, come weather.  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a pilgrim.
- 2 Who so beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound :  
His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright,  
He'll with a giant fight,  
But he will have a right  
To be a pilgrim.

210

- 3 **Hobgoblin** nor foul fiend  
Can daunt his spirit :  
He knows he at the end  
Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies flee away,  
I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labour night and day  
To be a pilgrim.

*John Bunyan (1628-1688).*

250

IRREGULAR.

I.S.

- 1 **WITH** wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory :  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.
- 2 A breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation ;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming  
Unearthly, impossible-seeming—  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant,  
Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done.
- 3 And therefore to-day is thrilling  
With a past day's late fulfilling ;  
And the multitudes are enlisted  
In the faith that their fathers resisted,  
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,  
Are bringing to pass, as they may,  
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,  
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881).*

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## SCHOOL PRAISE

251

C.M.

J.I.S.

- 1 YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run,  
And win each height sublime,  
Unweary still would ye march on,  
And still exulting climb ?
- 2 Walk with the Lord ! along the road  
Your strength he will renew ;  
Wait on the everlasting God,  
And he will wait on you.
- 3 Burn with his love ! your fading fire  
An endless flame will glow ;  
Life from the well of life require !  
The stream will ever flow.
- 4 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,  
Still in the Spirit strong :  
Each task divine ye still shall hail,  
And blend the exulting song.
- 5 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,  
And heights sublime explore,  
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,  
Like eagles, heavenward soar.
- 6 Your wondrous portion shall be this,  
Your life below, above :  
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,  
And everlasting love.

*T. H. Gill (1819-1906).*

252

C.M. (WITH REFRAIN).

J.I.

- 1 AT work beside his father's bench,  
At play when work was done,  
In quiet Galilee he lived—  
The friend of everyone.

212

## SCHOOL PRAISE

Comrade of boys and girls like us,  
Playmate so straight and true,  
In all our work, in all our play,  
Make us true comrades too.

- 2 And in the little flat-roofed house  
He served with willing hand,  
His mother's daily burdens bore,  
Her joys and pleasures planned.  
Comrade of boys, etc.
- 3 And as he grew to be a man,  
He wandered far and wide,  
To be a friend to every one,  
Throughout the countryside.  
Comrade of men, so strong and true,  
Help us strong friends to be ;  
Make us true comrades one and all,  
To others and to thee.
- 4 Through hardships and through dangers too,  
Undaunted, tireless, brave ;  
For troubled, sick, and weary friends  
His daily life he gave.  
Comrade of men, etc.
- 5 And when he left his faithful friends  
To do his work and will,  
He promised them he'd be, unseen,  
Their faithful comrade still.  
Comrade of men, etc.

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*A. M. Pullen.*

SCHOOL PRAISE

253

8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

J.I.S.

- 1 WE build our school on thee, O Lord,  
 To thee we bring our common need ;  
 The loving heart, the helpful word,  
 The tender thought, the kindly deed ;  
 With these we pray  
 Thy spirit may  
 Enrich and bless our school alway.
- 2 We work together in thy sight,  
 We live together in thy love ;  
 Guide thou our faltering steps aright,  
 And lift our thoughts to heaven above ;  
 Dear Lord, we pray  
 Thy spirit may  
 Be present in our school alway.
- 3 Hold thou each hand to keep it just,  
 Touch thou our lips and make them pure :  
 If thou art with us, Lord, we must  
 Be faithful friends and comrades sure ;  
 Dear Lord, we pray  
 Thy spirit may  
 Be present in our school alway.
- 4 We change, but thou art still the same,  
 The same good master, teacher, friend ;  
 We change, but, Lord, we bear thy name,  
 To journey with it to the end ;  
 And so we pray  
 Thy spirit may  
 Be present in our school alway.

*S. W. Meyer.*

254

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

J.I.S.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome is the greeting,  
 Which this day we give our friends ;  
 Joyous, joyous is the meeting,  
 Which their kindly presence lends.

214

SCHOOL PRAISE

Hands of cheer and hearts sincere  
 Find we in our comrades here,  
 As we follow day by day  
 In the righteous way.

- 2 Love is still our richest treasure,  
 Casting out each earth-born fear ;  
 Let the smile of social pleasure  
 Beam on all who gather here.  
 Hands of cheer, etc.

- 3 Like the sun—our feelings glowing,  
 Clothe these happy hours in light ;  
 Like the sun—when we are going,  
 Let us leave a radiance bright.  
 Hands of cheer, etc.

- 4 Shining truth and heavenly gladness  
 Quickened every soul with love ;  
 Gild the twilight hour of sadness  
 With a radiance from above.  
 Hands of cheer, etc.

255

8.6.8.8.6.

J.I.

- 1 DEAR Father, whom we cannot see,  
 We know that thou art near ;  
 With longing hearts we turn to thee,  
 And ask that thou wilt set us free  
 From war and hate and fear.
- 2 Dear Father, King of love and peace,  
 We know that thou art strong ;  
 Make conflicts everywhere to cease,  
 Let mercy everywhere increase,  
 And kindness conquer wrong.

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- 3 Dear Father, Lord of sea and land,  
 We know that thou art wise ;  
 O make the nations understand  
 That only by thy guiding hand  
 Can splendid peace arise.

256

8.7.8.7.D.

J.I.

- 1 FATHER, God, we come before thee,  
 Who hast made us strong and free,  
 For we know that thou wilt help us  
 To be strong in serving thee.  
 Bracing breeze and gleaming sunshine,  
 Bringing health and purity,  
 Love of home and king and country,  
 All are gifts which come from thee.
- 2 When our loyalty stirs within us,  
 And we're ' doing with our might,'  
 Help each one, in strenuous service,  
 Still to be thy worthy knight ;  
 Still at all times to remember  
 Boys and girls across the sea  
 Are, of whatsoever nation,  
 With us in thy family.
- 3 So shall we unfurl thy banner,  
 Which o'er all the world is love ;  
 So shall we in peace and wartime  
 Soldiers of thine army prove ;  
 Soldiers who shall sound a war-cry  
 Which around the whole world rings ;  
 ' Keep us true unto our brothers,  
 Loyal to the King of kings ! '

216

*L. Mabel Link.*

257

L.M.

J.I.

*A Boy Scout's Hymn.*

- 1 FATHER of all, we come to thee,  
 We own thy care, thy praise we sing ;  
 Fill us with trust and loyalty  
 To thee, our country, and our king.
- 2 Teach us to speak and do the truth,  
 The false in speech and deed to shun,  
 So that the honour of our word  
 May trusted be by everyone.
- 3 Help us to copy thee, and do  
 The good that lieth near at hand ;  
 Thus daily helping, may we learn  
 How perfect is thy law's command.
- 4 O Friend of all, help us to be  
 The friends of all ; to understand  
 The meaning of true brotherhood  
 With every scout, of every land.
- 5 [Courteous to others may we be  
 In word and act ; true kindness brings  
 A love for all God's family,  
 A kinship with all living things.]
- 6 Forgive us all the times that we  
 Have disobedient been and wrong ;  
 We would obey thy holy will ;  
 Against temptation make us strong.
- 7 When troubles come and things go ill,  
 Teach us to seek from thee the grace  
 That turns to heaven a trustful heart,  
 And to the world a smiling face.

217

8 [Trusting thy love, we know that we  
From anxious thought and care are freed ;  
Yet we by thrift provision make  
Against our own and others' need.]

9 Guard thou our minds from thoughts impure,  
Our lips from all defilement stay.  
We are thy Knights ! O make us strong  
To follow thee through all life's way.

*E. Alec Blaxill.*

258

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J.I.S.

1 GOD bless our native land,  
May Heaven's protecting hand  
Still guard our shore ;  
May peace her power extend,  
Foe be transformed to friend,  
And all our rights depend  
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our isle.  
Home of the brave and free,  
Thou land of liberty,  
We pray that still on thee  
Kind heaven may smile.

3 Nor on this land alone,  
But be thy mercies known  
From shore to shore.  
Lord, make the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.

*W. E. Hickson (1803-1870).*  
218

259

8.7.8.7. (IAMBIC).

I.S.

1 NOW praise we great and famous men,  
The fathers named in story ;  
And praise the Lord, who now as then  
Reveals in man his glory.

2 Praise we the wise and brave and strong,  
Who graced their generation ;  
Who helped the right, and fought the wrong,  
And made our folk a nation.

3 Praise we the great of heart and mind,  
The singers sweetly gifted,  
Whose music like a mighty wind  
The souls of men uplifted.

4 Praise we the peaceful men of skill  
Who builded homes of beauty,  
And, rich in art, made richer still  
The brotherhood of duty.

5 Praise we the glorious names we know ;  
And they—whose names have perished,  
Lost in the haze of long ago—  
In silent love be cherished.

6 In peace their sacred ashes rest,  
Fulfilled their day's endeavour ;  
They blessed the earth, and they are blessed  
Of God and man for ever.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

260

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.S.

1 O BEAUTIFUL, our country !  
Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair.

219

SCHOOL PRAISE

Be it thy pride to foster  
 The manhood of the poor ;  
 Be thou to those in bondage  
 Fair Freedom's open door.

2 For thee our fathers suffered,  
 For thee they toiled and prayed :  
 Upon thy holy altar  
 Their willing lives they laid.  
 Thou hast no common birthright,  
 Grand memories on thee shine :  
 The blood of noble races,  
 Commingled, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country,  
 Round thee in love we draw ;  
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,  
 The majesty of Law.  
 Be Righteousness thy sceptre,  
 Justice thy diadem ;  
 And on thy shining forehead  
 Be Peace the crowning gem !

*F. L. Hosmer (altered) (1840-1929).*

SCHOOL PRAISE

2 Yet still the city standeth,  
 A hive of toiling men,  
 And mother's love makes happy home  
 For children now as then ;  
 O God of ages, help us  
 Such citizens to be  
 That children's children here may sing  
 The songs of liberty !

3 Let all the people praise thee,  
 Give all thy saving health,  
 Or vain the labourer's strong right arm  
 And vain the merchant's wealth ;  
 Send forth thy light to banish  
 The shadows and the shame,  
 Till all the civic virtues shine  
 Around our city's name.

4 A commonweal of brothers,  
 United, great and small,  
 Upon our banner blazoned be  
 The Charter, ' Each for all !'  
 Nor let us cease from battle,  
 Nor weary sheathe the sword,  
 Until this city is become  
 The city of the Lord.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

261

7.6.8.6.D.

J.I.S.

1 THE fathers built this city  
 In ages long ago,  
 And busy in its busy streets  
 They hurried to and fro ;  
 The children played around them  
 And sang the songs of yore ;  
 Till, one by one, they fell asleep,  
 To work and play no more.

220

262

7.7.7.7.7.7.

J.I.

1 'WELCOME, morning bright and blue !'  
 Sings the man with work to do.  
 Forth the sturdy toilers fare,  
 Strong the city's life to share—  
 Strong to serve in mill or mart,  
 With the head and with the heart.

221



- 2 Happy hours, when men combined  
 Fullest joys together find—  
 Thought, and skill, and strength, at one,  
 Tasks conceived, attempted, done ;  
 Use and beauty called to birth  
 'Mid the rugged things of earth.
- 3 When the sun is sinking low  
 Back again the toilers go ;  
 Songs, and smiles, and children's play  
 Soothe the stress of toil away,  
 And the city's circle round  
 With the lights of home is crowned.
- 4 Is there in our native land  
 Evil heart, or idle hand ?  
 Mighty Worker, set us free  
 All to love and work with thee ;  
 So that every day may bring  
 Songs of joy for all to sing.

*W. G. Tarrant (1853-1928).*

263

C.M.

I.S.

- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far  
 Outspread thy walls sublime !  
 The true thy chartered freemen are,  
 Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy church, one army strong,  
 One steadfast high intent,  
 One working band, one harvest song,  
 One King Omnipotent !
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down  
 From man's primeval youth !  
 How grandly hath thine empire grown  
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

222

- 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night,  
 With never-fainting ray !  
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
 To meet the dawning day !
- 5 In vain the surges' angry shock,  
 In vain the drifting sands ;  
 Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,  
 The Eternal City stands !

*S. Johnson (1822-1882).*

264

S.M.

I.S.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,  
 Sweet reign of light and love !  
 Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,  
 And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first  
 Extend thy healing reign ;  
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst  
 That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !  
 And make the broad earth thine ;  
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
 That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
 And in its shade like brothers rest,  
 Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !  
 And raise thy glorious throne  
 In worlds by the undying trod,  
 Where God shall bless his own.

*John Johns (1801-1847).*

223

265

II. IO. II. IO.

I.S.

- 1 FAIR is their fame who stand in earth's high places,  
Rulers of men, strong-armed to break and bind.  
Fairer the light which shines from comrade faces ;  
Those we have loved, and lost, and kept in mind.
- 2 These be our heroes, hearts unnamed in story,  
Foot-firm that stood, and swerved not from the right ;  
Though in the world's eyes they attained no glory,  
Girt to their goal they gained the wished-for height.
- 3 They are the race—they are the race immortal,  
Whose beams make broad the common light of day !  
Though time may dim, though death hath barred their portal,  
These we salute, which nameless passed away.

*Laurence Housman.*

266

IO. IO. IO. IO.

J.I.S.

- 1 FAR round the world thy children sing their song,  
From east and west their voices sweetly blend,  
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,  
Jesus, our guide, our hero, and our friend.
- 2 Guide of the pilgrim clambering to the height,  
Hero on whom our fearful hearts depend,  
Friend of the wanderer yearning for the light,  
Jesus, our guide, our hero, and our friend.
- 3 Where thy wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,  
Beats through the ages on each island shore,  
They praise their Lord whose hand alone can save,  
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.

224

- 4 Thy sun-kissed children on earth's spreading plain,  
Where Asia's rivers water all the land,  
Sing, as they watch thy fields of glowing grain,  
Praise to the Lord who feeds them with his hand.
- 5 Still there are lands where none have seen thy face,  
Children whose hearts have never shared thy joy,  
Yet thou would'st pour on these thy radiant grace ;  
Give thy glad strength to every girl and boy.
- 6 Smile on our work, our laughter, and our play ;  
Lift us at eve to slumber on thy breast ;  
Shine on the praise and worship of thy day ;  
Breathe on our sleep the sweetness of thy rest.

*Basil Mathews.*

267

7-7-7-7.

I.S.

- 1 FATHER, let thy kingdom come,  
Let it come with living power ;  
Speak at length the final word,  
Usher in the triumph hour.
- 2 As it came in days of old  
In the deepest hearts of men,  
When thy martyrs died for thee,  
Let it come, O God, again.
- 3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,  
Let them from their place be hurled ;  
Enter on thy better reign,  
Wear the crown of this poor world.
- 4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone  
Since thy Church was taught this prayer !  
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept  
For the dawning everywhere !

15

225

2 Happy hours, when men combined  
 Fullest joys together find—  
 Thought, and skill, and strength, at one,  
 Tasks conceived, attempted, done ;  
 Use and beauty called to birth  
 'Mid the rugged things of earth.

3 When the sun is sinking low  
 Back again the toilers go ;  
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 Soothe the stress of toil away,  
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267

7.7.7.7.

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In the deepest hearts of men,  
When thy martyrs died for thee,  
Let it come, O God, again.
- 3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,  
Let them from their place be hurled ;  
Enter on thy better reign,  
Wear the crown of this poor world.
- 4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone  
Since thy Church was taught this prayer !  
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept  
For the dawning everywhere !

15

225

5 Break, triumphant day of God,  
Break at last, our hearts to cheer !  
Throbbing souls and holy songs  
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones—  
May they all for God be won ;  
And, by every living soul,  
Father, let thy will be done !

*John Page Hopps (1834-1911).*

## 268

IRREGULAR.

I.S.

1 GOD is working his purpose out as year succeeds  
to year,  
God is working his purpose out, and the time is  
drawing near ;  
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that  
shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of  
God, as the waters cover the sea.

2 From utmost east to utmost west, where'er man's  
foot hath trod,  
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the  
voice of God,  
' Give ear to me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear  
to me,  
That the earth may be filled with the glory of  
God, as the waters cover the sea.'

3 What can we do to work God's work, to prosper  
and increase  
The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the  
Prince of peace ?  
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that  
shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of  
God, as the waters cover the sea ?

226

4 March we forth in the strength of God with the  
banner of Christ unfurled,  
That the light of the glorious gospel of truth may  
shine throughout the world ;  
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set  
their captives free,  
That the earth may be filled with the glory of  
God, as the waters cover the sea.

*A. C. Ainger (1837-1904).*

## 269

II. IO. II. IO.

I.S.

1 HE whom the Master loved has truly spoken :—  
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,  
Restores the lost, binds up the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

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

3 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.

4 Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour  
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

*J. G. Whittier (1807-1892).*

## 270

C.M.D.

I.S.

1 OUR Father ! Thy dear name doth show  
The greatness of thy love ;  
All are thy children here below  
As in thy heaven above.  
One family on earth are we  
Throughout its widest span ;  
O help us everywhere to see  
The brotherhood of man.

227

- 2 Alike we share thy tender care ;  
 We trust one heavenly friend ;  
 Before one mercy-seat in prayer  
 In confidence we bend ;  
 Alike we hear thy loving call,  
 One heavenly vision scan—  
 One Lord, one faith, one hope for all  
 The brotherhood of man.
- 3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day  
 When battle cries are stilled,  
 When bitter strife is swept away  
 And hearts with love are filled.  
 Help us to banish pride and wrong,  
 Which since the world began  
 Have marred its peace—help to make strong  
 The brotherhood of man.
- 4 Close knit the warm fraternal tie  
 That makes the whole world one ;  
 Our discords change to harmony  
 Like angel-songs begun ;  
 At last, upon that brighter shore,  
 Complete thy glorious plan,  
 And heaven shall crown for evermore  
 The brotherhood of man.

*C. H. Richards.*

271

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.S.

- 1 REMEMBER all the people  
 Who live in far-off lands  
 In strange and lovely cities,  
 Or roam the desert sands,  
 Or farm the mountain pastures,  
 Or till the endless plains  
 Where children wade through rice-fields  
 And watch the camel-trains :

228

- 2 Some work in sultry forests  
 Where apes swing to and fro,  
 Some fish in mighty rivers,  
 Some hunt across the snow.  
 Remember all God's children,  
 Who yet have never heard  
 The truth that comes from Jesus,  
 The glory of his word.
- 3 God bless the men and women  
 Who serve him oversea ;  
 God raise up more to help them  
 To set the nations free,  
 Till all the distant people  
 In every foreign place  
 Shall understand his Kingdom  
 And come into his grace.

*Percy Dearmer (1867-1936).*

272

C.M.D.

P.J.

- 1 THE children of far distant lands  
 With joyous song we greet :  
 Hold out to us your friendly hands  
 Our circle to complete.  
 Around the world so very wide,  
 Our circle it shall be ;  
 Goodwill and friendship need no tide  
 Or ship to cross the sea.
- 2 Then, boys and girls, as in our play  
 Around the world we go,  
 With happy hearts we'll try to-day  
 Each other's land to know.  
 And when our time for playing flies,  
 And when our childhood ends,  
 May we, then grown so old and wise,  
 Be kind and thoughtful friends.

*Marion E. Grey.*

229

7.6.7.6.D.

J.I.

- 1 THE king of love and service  
 A peasant lived on earth ;  
 The son of working parents,  
 A child of humble birth.  
 He laid aside his home life,  
 Security and ease,  
 By love to fight with evil,  
 Oppression and disease.
- 2 He lived a life of service,  
 Of friendship clean and strong,  
 Of love so true and tender  
 It lifted men from wrong.  
 To him there was no stranger,  
 The outcast was his friend ;  
 He came the poor and needy  
 To champion and defend.
- 3 All men to him were precious  
 And equal in God's sight,  
 The children of one Father,  
 All groping for the light.  
 Then brotherhood and service  
 The world in one must bind ;  
 And more than love of nations  
 Be love of all mankind.
- 4 He showed men love, the answer  
 To problems everywhere ;  
 If each man loved his brother  
 Then each would have his share.  
 Oppression would be ended,  
 The captive would be free,  
 And men of every nation  
 Would live in harmony.

- 5 The proud, the strong, the selfish  
 Combined to crush and kill  
 The king of love and service,  
 Of pity and goodwill.  
 With love he faced their hatred,  
 In love endured the pain ;  
 He went to death, victorious,  
 And, conquering, rose again.

*A. M. Pullen.*

L.M.

I.S.

- 1 THESE things shall be ! a loftier race  
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
 With flame of freedom in their souls  
 And light of knowledge in their eyes.
- 2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong  
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
 All that may plant man's lordship firm  
 On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,  
 Inarmed shall live as comrades free ;  
 In every heart and brain shall throb  
 The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 Man shall love man with heart as pure  
 And fervent as the young-eyed throng  
 Who chant their heavenly psalms before  
 God's face with undiscordant song.
- 5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
 And mightier music thrill the skies,  
 And every life shall be a song,  
 When all the earth is paradise.
- 6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,  
 Though pain and passion may not die ;  
 For man shall be at one with God  
 In bonds of firm necessity.

*John Addington Symonds (1840-1893).*

275

II. IO. II. IO. IO.

S.

- 1 FATHER eternal, Ruler of creation,  
 Spirit of life, which moved ere form was made,  
 Through the thick darkness covering every nation,  
 Light to man's blindness, O be thou our aid :  
*Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, thy will be done.*
- 2 Races and peoples, lo, we stand divided,  
 And, sharing not our griefs, no joy can share ;  
 By wars and tumults love is mocked, derided ;  
 His conquering cross no kingdom wills to bear :
- 3 Envious of heart, blind-eyed, with tongues con-  
 founded,  
 Nation by nation still goes unforgiven,  
 In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,  
 Building proud towers which shall not reach to  
 heaven :
- 4 Lust of possession worketh desolations ;  
 There is no meekness in the sons of earth ;  
 Led by no star, the rulers of the nations  
 Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth :
- 5 [How shall we love thee, holy hidden Being,  
 If we love not the world which thou hast made ?  
 O give us brother-love for better seeing  
 Thy Word made flesh, and in a manger laid :  
*Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, thy will be done.]*

*Laurence Housman.*

276

6.6.6.6.8.8.

S.

- 1 FATHER of all, to thee  
 With loving hearts we pray,  
 Through him, in mercy given,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way :  
 From heaven, thy throne, in mercy shed  
 Thy blessings on each bended head.

232

- 2 Father of all, to thee  
 Our contrite hearts we raise,  
 Unstrung by sin and pain,  
 Long voiceless in thy praise ;  
 Breathe thou the silent chords along,  
 Until they tremble into song.
- 3 Father of all, to thee  
 We breathe unuttered fears,  
 Deep hidden in our souls,  
 That have no voice but tears :  
 Take thou our hand, and through the wild  
 Lead gently on each trustful child.
- 4 Father of all, may we  
 In praise our tongues employ,  
 When gladness fills the soul  
 With deep and hallowed joy ;  
 In storm and calm give us to see  
 The path of peace which leads to thee.

*John Julian (1839-1913).*

277

8.7.8.7.D. (IAMBIC).

S.

- 1 MY soul was stirred ; I prayed : ' Let me  
 Do some great work so purely  
 To right life's wrongs, that I shall know  
 That I have loved thee surely.'  
 My lips sent forth their eager cry  
 The while my heart beat faster :  
 ' For some great deed to prove my love,  
 Send me, send me, my Master.'
- 2 From out the silence came a voice  
 Saying, ' If God thou fearest,  
 Rise up and do, thy whole life through,  
 The duty that lies nearest.  
 The friendly word, the kindly deed,  
 Though small the act in seeming,  
 Shall in the end unto thy soul  
 Prove mightier than thy dreaming.

233



- 3 'The cup of water to the faint,  
Or rest unto the weary,  
The light thou giv'st another life  
Shall make thine own less dreary ;  
And boundless realms of faith and love  
Will wait for thy possessing :  
Not creeds, but deeds, if thou wouldst win  
Unto thy soul a blessing.'

278

L.M.

S.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS Presence, source of all,  
The world without, the world within,  
Fountain of life, O hear our call,  
And pour thy living waters in.
- 2 Thou breathest in the rushing wind,  
Thy Spirit stirs in leaf and flower ;  
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind  
Withhold thy light and love and power.
- 3 Thy hand unseen to accents clear  
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,  
And touched the lips of holy seer  
With flame from thine own altar fire.
- 4 That touch divine still, Lord, impart,  
Still give the prophet's burning word ;  
And vocal in each waiting heart  
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

*Seth Curtis Beach (b. 1837).*

279

8.6.8.6.8.8.

S.

- 1 O GOD my Father, fountain thou  
Of goodness, beauty, truth,  
To thee, upon life's threshold now,  
I dedicate my youth.  
I will not shrink from life's steep road,  
Nor ask for smoother path, O God.

234

- 2 Let goodness be my only sword  
And I shall know no fear.  
Who trusts thy goodness, holy Lord,  
Is to thy heart so dear,  
He shall in perfect peace abide,  
Though hosts encamp on every side.
- 3 Be holiness my lantern bright  
To guard the sacred fire  
Of loneliness revealed to sight  
On calling to desire :  
Then shall I keep unstained and pure  
A heart to see thee and endure.
- 4 Let truth her mighty force bestow,  
So shall my eager mind  
Go on from strength to strength and know  
That he who seeks shall find,  
Shall find on my wayfaring road  
That I have walked with thee, O God.

*Kenneth H. Bond.*

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S.M.

S.

- 1 RISE up, O men of God !  
Have done with lesser things ;  
Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
To serve the King of kings.
- 2 Rise up, O men of God !  
His kingdom carries long ;  
Bring in the day of brotherhood  
And end the night of wrong.
- 3 Rise up, O men of God !  
The Church for you doth wait :  
Her strength unequal to her task ;  
Rise up, and make her great !

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- 4 Lift high the cross of Christ !  
Tread where his feet have trod :  
As brothers of the Son of Man  
Rise up, O men of God !

*William Pierson Merrill.*

281

C.M.

S.

- 1 SOFT are the dews of God that bless  
The sleeping, moonlit world ;  
Silent the tide whose mighty stress  
Around the earth is whirled.
- 2 Soundless the night inflames the pole,  
The song of stars is mute ;  
Their music pierces to the soul  
In silence absolute.
- 3 Noiseless the morning flings its gold,  
And still the evening's place ;  
No cry is heard as earth is rolled  
Amid the vast of space.
- 4 So quietly thy spirit grows  
In man from hour to hour ;  
In calm eternal onward flows  
Thy all-redeeming power.
- 5 Lord, grant my soul to hear at length  
Thy deep, unuttered voice ;  
To work in silence, wait in strength,  
With calmness to rejoice.

*Stopford A. Brooke (1832-1916).*

282

L.M.D.

S.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

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The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display ;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine !'

*Joseph Addison (1672-1719).*

7.6.7.6.D.

S.

283

- 1 THE voice of God is calling  
Its summons unto men ;  
As once he spake in Zion,  
So now he speaks again.  
Whom shall I send to succour  
My people in their need ?  
Whom shall I send to loosen  
The bonds of shame and greed ?
- 2 I hear my people crying  
In cot and mine and slum ;  
No field or mart is silent,  
No city street is dumb.

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I see my people falling  
 In darkness and despair.  
 Whom shall I send to shatter  
 The fetters which they bear ?

3 We heed, O Lord, thy summons,  
 And answer : Here are we !  
 Send us upon thine errand !  
 Let us thy servants be !  
 Our strength is dust and ashes,  
 Our years a passing hour ;  
 But thou canst use our weakness,  
 To magnify thy power.

4 From ease and plenty save us,  
 From pride of place absolve ;  
 Purge us of low desire,  
 Lift us to high resolve.  
 Take us, and make us holy,  
 Teach us thy will and way.  
 Speak, and, behold, we answer,  
 Command, and we obey !

*John Haynes Holmes.*

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10.10.10.10.

S.

1 ' **THY** kingdom come ! ' O Lord, we daily cry,  
 Weary and sad with earth's long strife and pain !  
 ' How long, O Lord ? ' Thy suffering children sigh ;  
 ' Speed thou the dawn, and o'er the nations reign ! '

2 Thy kingdom come ! then all the din of war  
 Like some dark dream shall vanish with the night ;  
 Peace, holy peace, her myriad gifts shall pour,  
 Resting secure from danger and affright.

3 Thy kingdom come ! no more shall deeds of shame,  
 Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine :  
 Bright with thy love's all-purifying flame  
 Thy human temples evermore shall shine.

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4 Thy kingdom come ! Mad greed for wealth and  
 power  
 No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust ;  
 Then mind and strength shall share thy ample  
 dower,  
 Brothers in thee, and one in equal trust.

5 Thy kingdom come ! Then shall thy blessed will  
 Rule all the souls in thy fair image made ;  
 Angels and men thy every thought fulfil ;  
 In earth and heaven thy mandates be obeyed.

*H. W. Hawkes (1843-1917).*

285

8.7.8.7.D.

S.

1 WE believe in human kindness  
 Large amid the sons of men ;  
 Nobler far in willing blindness  
 Than in censure's keenest ken.  
 We believe in self-denial,  
 And its secret throb of joy ;  
 In the love that lives through trial,  
 Dying not, though death destroy.

2 We believe in dreams of duty  
 Warning us to self-control,  
 Foregleams of the glorious beauty  
 That shall yet transform the soul ;  
 In the godlike wreck of nature  
 Sin doth in the sinner leave,  
 That he may regain the stature  
 He hath lost—we do believe.

3 We believe in love renewing  
 All that sin hath swept away,  
 Leaven-like its work pursuing  
 Night by night and day by day.  
 In the power of its remoulding,  
 In the grace of its reprieve,  
 In the glory of beholding  
 Its perfection—we believe.

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- 4 We believe in love eternal,  
 Fixed in God's unchanging will,  
 That beneath the deep infernal  
 Hath a depth that's deeper still  
 In its patience, its endurance,  
 To forbear and to retrieve,  
 In the large and full assurance  
 Of its triumph—we believe.

286

C.M.

S.

- 1 WE pray no more, made lowly wise,  
 For miracle and sign ;  
 Anoint our eyes to see, within  
 The common, the divine !
- 2 ' Lo here, lo there,' no more we cry,  
 Dividing with our call  
 The mantle of thy presence, Lord,  
 That seamless covers all.
- 3 We turn from seeking thee afar  
 And in unwonted ways,  
 To build from out our daily lives  
 The temples of thy praise.
- 4 And if thy casual comings, Lord,  
 To hearts of old were dear,  
 What joy shall dwell within the faith  
 That feels thee ever near !
- 5 And nobler yet shall duty grow,  
 And more shall worship be,  
 When thou art found in all our life,  
 And all our life in thee.

*F. L. Hosmer (1840-1929).*