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Rev Sir H. W. Duke

with W. C. D.'s kind regards

H Y M N S

AND
Ozuko. do.

C A R O L S

For Children.

by

W. C. Dix.

BY

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE, D.D., LL.D.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

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PREFACE.

The Rev. Dr. Littledale and the Rev. Gerard Moultrie have most kindly contributed to this little book the verses which bear their respective Initials, Mr. Moultrie's pieces being taken from "Hymns and Lyrics" (Masters).

For the rest, and for the arrangement of the whole, I am responsible.

W. C. D.

Chislehurst, S.E.

Easter, 1869.

HYMNS AND CAROLS.

MORNING.

- 1** Now the sun is in the skies,
From my bed again I rise ;
CHRIST, Thou never-setting Sun,
Shine on me, Thy little one.
- Watch me through the coming day,
Guard me in my work and play ;
CHRIST, my Master,—CHRIST, the Child,
Make me like Thee, JESU mild.
- CHRIST, Almighty King above,
Thee I pray for all I love ;
CHRIST, Who lovest more than I,
Help them from Thy throne on high.
- CHRIST, of Mary born for me,
To Thy Name I bow the knee ;
Saviour, bring us by Thy grace
To Thy happy dwelling-place. Amen.
- R. F. L.
-

AT RISING.

- 2** I believe in GOD the Father,
Maker of the earth and sky,
And His Only Son CHRIST JESUS,
Who came hither from on high.
- Flesh made by the Holy Spirit,
Born was He of Mary pure,
Suffered under Pontius Pilate,
All the ills of man to cure.

Crucified, and dead, and buried,
 Down to hell He took His way,
 But He rose again with power
 On the morn of Easter Day.

Now, gone up once more to Heaven,
 Sits He on His Father's right,
 Till, to judge the dead and living,
 He shall come in glory bright.

I believe in GOD the Spirit,
 In one Church below, above,
 Joining all the Saints together
 In one fellowship of love.

I believe in GOD's forgiveness,
 I believe my flesh shall rise,
 And I look for life unending,
 In my home beyond the skies. Amen.

R. F. L.

AT WORK AND PLAY.

- 3** In our work and in our play,
 JESUS, be Thou ever near,
 Guarding, guiding all the day,
 Keeping in Thy holy fear.
 Thou didst toil, O Royal Child,
 In the far-off Holy Land,
 Blessing labour undefiled,
 Pure and honest of the hand.
 Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
 If we ask Thy succour strong;
 Watch o'er all we say or do,
 Hold us back from guilt and wrong.
 O how happy, thus to spend
 Work and play-time in His sight,
 Who, that day which shall not end,
 Gives to those who do the right.



EVENING.

- 4 Day is past and gone,
 Darkness hastens on ;
 JESU CHRIST, in mercy keep
 Angel guards around Thy sheep.
 Work again is o'er,
 Rest has come once more ;
 JESU CHRIST, forgive, I pray,
 All that we have sinned to-day !
 I will lay my head
 Down upon my bed,
 JESU CHRIST, in love be near,
 So shall I no danger fear.
 Soon in silence deep
 GOD will give me sleep ;
 JESU CHRIST, be Thou my light,
 In the watches of the night.
 When the night is past,
 And I wake at last,
 JESU CHRIST, Who lovest me,
 Make Thy child to follow Thee. Amen.

R. F. L.

EVENING.

From the Latin Primer of 1560.

- 5 Creator of the earth and sea,
 At set of sun we pray to Thee,
 Protect us by Thy grace this night
 From Satan's malice infinite.
 From dream or fancy born of sin
 Keep us, good LORD, all pure within,
 And let our spirits wake in Thee,
 Nor slumber in impurity.
 Almighty FATHER, by Thy SON,
 Give us this night Thy benison ;
 Whom, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
 We laud and praise eternally. Amen.

G. M.

EVENING.

6 Shades of night are closing in,
 Comes again the time of rest ;
 Ere we slumber be our sin,
 Word and thought and deed, confessed ;
 So may we lie down to sleep,
 Leaving all to JESU'S love,
 Trusting Him, Who watch will keep
 O'er His Israel from above.

Angel guardians fair shall stand
 Round our bed the livelong night ;
 Soul and body that fair band
 Shelter 'neath their wings of white ;
 We believe this, for we know,
 Though they are beyond our ken,
 He Who sends them here below,
 LORD of Angels is, and men.

Saviour, once at eventide,
 Thou didst make Thy Presence known ;
 With Thy little ones abide,
 JESUS, leave us not alone ;
 Come, to lift our thoughts above
 Things of sin and nights alarms ;
 Come, to fold us with Thy love
 In the everlasting Arms.

And when o'er the darkened sky,
 Break the pale, gray streaks of light ;
 When at length the shadows fly,
 Like the vanquished in the fight ;
 Let us wake to find Thee near,
 Helping us the land to win,
 Where no darkness comes, nor fear,
 Where no night e'er gathers in. Amen.

COMPLINE HYMN.

7 CHRIST my Saviour, Who, cruelly slain,
 Wast laid to sleep when the night drew on,
 CHRIST my Saviour, arising again
 From the sleep of death when the night
 was gone.

Let me peacefully close mine eyes,
 Trusting my soul to my FATHER'S care,
 Let me from slumber again arise
 To do Thy bidding in work and prayer.

So, when my last long sleep I take,
 I may hopefully lay me down,
 Looking to see Thee whenever I wake,
 Eager for winning the Golden Crown.

GOD the FATHER, and GOD the SON,
 GOD the SPIRIT, Whom we adore,
 Holy and Mightiest Three in One,
 Glory be Thine for evermore. Amen.

—————
 R. F. L.

BEFORE SLEEP.

8 O LORD, before I fall asleep,
 A little vigil let me keep,
 My darkness clear as day shall be,
 If only Thou wilt look on me.

Now let Thine angels fold their wings
 O'er me and all created things,
 Beneath those wings of spotless white,
 Sweet be my hours of sleep to-night.

And if I dream, show heaven to me,
 Its wondrous light, its glassy sea,
 The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
 And wonders, tongue hath never told.

I cannot pierce the gladness there,
 Where all is happy, all is fair ·
 But this I know, Heaven's highest grace
 Will be the vision of Thy Face.

There I shall see the Holy One,
 Who stood and watched her dying Son,
 When sorrow's sword had pierced her through,
 And Calvary's darkness darker grew.

And those in Paradise who rest,
 Shall there be numbered with the blest,
 With every saint of every age,
 Whose faith has won the heritage.

And little children I shall see,
 The Innocents' sweet company,
 And elders whose whole life was cast
 In round of conflict, watch, and fast.

Thus let me dream, and when the day
 Comes driving the dark night away,
 I will adore Thee, Light of light,
 That Thou hast shown me Heaven to-night.

IN THE NIGHT.

- 9 The sheep are safe in fold,
 The midnight hour is near,
 How silent hill and wold,
 And all without how drear!
 Within is peace, shut doors, and One
 Who guards until the night is done.
 The lambs are on His Breast,
 Warmed by the Sacred Heart;
 Poor things, e'en in such rest,
 At every sound they start,
 Scarce knowing Whom they have for guide,
 Scarce feeling in Whose arms they hide.

At dead of night I pray
 CHRIST in His love to keep
 His little one alway,
 Since I, than lamb or sheep
 To Him am dearer far—His own,
 Marked with the sign to Angels known.

Am I afraid? I make
 The Cross upon my breast,
 And all things evil take
 Their flight, and I have rest;
 Darkness and light alike to me,
 In Thee, O LORD of Light, in Thee!

EUCCHARISTIC HYMNS.

- 10 I worship Thee, Lord JESU,
 As children did of old,
 Who sang, within Thy temple,
 Hosannas manifold.
- I worship Thee, Lord JESU,
 Who on Thine Altar laid,
 In this most awful service,
 Our Food and Drink art made.
- I worship Thee, Lord JESU,
 Who, in Thy love divine,
 Art hiding here Thy Godhead
 In forms of Bread and Wine.
- I worship Thee, Lord JESU,
 And kneeling unto Thee,
 As Thou didst come to Mary,
 I pray Thee, come to me.
- I worship Thee, Lord JESU,
 My King and Saviour mild,
 Thou hast blest other children,
 Bless also me, Thy child. Amen.
- R. F. L.

- 11** Hail, O Flesh of CHRIST Divine,
Hail, O sweet and ruddy Wine,
Blood the Cup, and Flesh the Meat,
And in each is CHRIST complete.

This is He, the Bridegroom, dight
In His vesture red and white ;
White, for Him a Virgin bore,
Red, for He His Blood did pour.

By the wounds, and stripes, and scorn,
By the Passion Thou hast borne,
Hear us, JESU, when we call,
From destruction save us all. Amen.

R. F. L.

- 12** JESUS, now Thy children own,
Kneeling at Thy Altar throne ;
Hear the prayers to Thee we send,
Asking for the children's bread,
While the awful rite is said,
And the faithful lowly bend.

Bread of Angels, Bread of Life,
Aid Thy children in the strife,
When the foe comes like a flood,
Till at last new strength be sent,
Till we taste the Sacrament
Of Thy Body and Thy Blood.

Thou, true GOD, true Man, art here,
Melt our hearts in holy fear :
Son of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou the Victim, Thou the Priest,
Thou the Sacrifice, the Feast,
Give the life that cannot die. Amen.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

- 13** Little baby, come, awake ;
 Open wide those eyes so bright,
 For Heaven's dawn begins to break
 On Thy vesture pure and white.
 Awake from sleep, dear child !
 Arise from death's dark night,
 And JESUS, meek and mild,
 Shall give thee light.
- Hark ! His voice which calls thee home,
 With His sons to have thy lot—
 "Suffer little babes to come
 Unto Me : forbid them not."
 Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.
- Light of light, he sheds his ray
 On the bright baptismal wave,
 That the children of the day
 May see far beyond the grave :
 Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.
- 'Tis not dark with JESUS near :
 Little baby, do not cry,
 From the wave He stills thy fear,
 Saying, " Fear not, it is I :"
 Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.
- See, His arms are open wide,
 For His little one alone :
 They will press thee to His side,
 Surpliced white as is thine own :
 Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.
- Come, then, little babe, awake
 From the slumber of the night ;
 For CHRIST'S dawn begins to break
 On thy soul, all pure and white :
 Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.

ADVENT.

- 14 Holy, Blessed Trinity,
 Hear our lowly litany ;
 Thou that takest sin away,
 Lamb of GOD, to Thee we pray :
 Spare us in Thy dreadful day.
 Thou Who didst not scorn the Womb,
 Son of Mary, in the Doom,
 In the storm and fiery flood,
 By Thy Cross and Precious Blood,
 Turn not Thou Thy Face away.
 By the rite of veiled grace,
 Offering made in every place :
 By Thy presence with the Bride,
 Be the Rock where we may hide
 When the Sign in heaven appears.
 Judge and Shepherd, safe to Fold,
 Lead us when the Doom is told :
 Place us, sinners, on the right,
 Crown us, ransomed, with Thy Light,
 In that day of woe and tears. Amen.
-

CHRISTMAS EVE CAROL.

- 15 All things were in silence,
 Night sped on her course,
 Came the WORD Incarnate,
 Lept in royal force
 From the throne eternal
 To the plains of earth,
 He, the only Ageless,
 Fruit of Virgin birth.
 Hark ! to-night the Angels
 Sing the Holy Child :
 Born of Mary-Mother,
 Maiden undefiled.

Wisdom from the highest,
 From the shoreless sea,
 From the heavenly circuit,
 Came for you and me :
 Left His holy Sion,
 Tabernacle made
 With the Blessed Virgin,
 Hasting to our aid.

Hark ! to-night, &c.

Like Engaddi palm-tree,
 Rose in crimson glow,
 Cypress of Mount Hermon,
 Cedar fair in show :
 So the child exalted
 All the worlds above,
 Sprang from her He honoured,
 Mother of Fair Love.

Hark ! to-night, &c.

Children, is't silence
 In your hearts to night ?
 Hushed all angry passions,
 Evil put to flight.
 If so, He will bless you,
 Coming from His Throne,
 Seeking rest within you,
 You, His very own.

Hark ! to-night, &c.

SONG OF THE BLESSED MOTHER TO HER SON
 LYING IN THE MANGER.

- 16 Sleep, my babe, O sleep ! the Mother
 Singeth to the Only Son ;
 Sleep, sweet Boy, O sleep ! the father
 Chanteth to the little One :
 Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
 Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

I have fenced Thy bed from danger,
Sleep, my little Baby-Boy!

With soft hay I lay Thy manger,

Sleep, my Child, my life, my joy!

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

What Thou wilt my hands shall give Thee,
Sleep, my little darling, sleep!

Sleep, my Child; I will not leave Thee,

Watch about Thy Head I keep:

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

Sleep, my Soul,—my heart's own treasure,
Heart and soul o'er Thee rejoice,

Word abundant without measure

Present in that still small voice:

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

Sleep, my darling Son! Thy Mother
Sings her soothing melody,

Sleep, my little Child! another

Shall Thy father sing to Thee:

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

I will strew red roses o'er Thee,

Violets shall deck Thy hay,

Hyacinths I cast before Thee,

Lilies in Thy stall I lay:

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

Wilt Thou hear soft music!—Meetly
Shepherds to Thy cot I bring:

None than they can pipe more sweetly,

None than they more sweetly sing:

Ten thousand praises sing Thy lullaby
Thousand thousand thousand-fold. G.M.

CHILDREN KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

- 17 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,
 The Royal Child is born ;
 And angel hosts in glad array
 His advent keep this morn.
- Chorus*—Rejoice, rejoice, the Incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 No sweeter sound than this is heard,
 EMMANUEL ! EMMANUEL !
- Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
 We wonder and adore ;
 And think no bliss can ours transcend,
 No rapture sweet before.
 Rejoice, &c.
- For us the world must lose its charms
 Before the manger shrine,
 Where, folded in Thy Mother's Arms,
 Thou sleepest, Babe Divine.
 Rejoice, &c.
- Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
 Thine Infant Grace to see ;
 The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
 The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
 Rejoice, &c.
- Thou art the Very Light of light,
 Enlighten us, Sweet Child ;
 That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
 With service undefiled.
 Rejoice, &c.
-

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY CHILD.

- 18 It was the quiet evening,
 From out the purple deep
 The silver stars were hastening,
 And JESUS lay asleep.

The little Jewish children
 Whom sport had thither led,
 Brought flowers, and wove a garland,
 Then placed it on His Head.
 Sweet Mary Mother coming,
 No garland bright sees now,
 But cruel thorns are piercing
 The thorn-predestined Brow.
 Saint Joseph left his work-shed,
 The Precious Babe to greet :
 Close to his heart he pressed Him,
 And kissed both Hands and Feet.
 Sweet Mary Mother coming,
 Where Joseph's touch had been
 Five little wounds sees shining,
 All bright with crimson sheen.
 Her heart was pierced with sorrow,
 Her soul was sick with fears,
 She took Him to her bosom,
 And kissed Him through her tears.
 Sweet Mary Mother, coming
 To tend her Child Divine,
 Finds where her tears had fallen
 A Cross of crystal shine.
 Then pondered she in sadness,
 With many a bitter sigh ;
 But soon an Angel hasted
 Where lay the LORD Most High :
 He took away the thorn-wreath,
 He gave a golden Crown,
 To Infant Hands, a Sceptre,
 Of more than earth's renown.
 Then joyed the Mother Blessed,
 In Him, the long Foretold,
 Her helpless Babe, earth's Helper,
 Her Son, the King of old.

EPIPHANY CAROL.

- 19 Sing the Holy Child-CHRIST,
 True eternal LORD ;
 Born a helpless infant,
 He the Incarnate WORD.
 Haste we to the manger,
 Where, in swathing bands,
 He lies, the whole creation
 Holding in His hands.
 Lo ! the hornèd cattle
 Stand around His bed,
 While on Mary's bosom
 Rests that little head :
 That Head which men hereafter
 Shall, in bitter scorn,
 With many a taunting gesture,
 Bind about with thorn.
 Child, to Whom all nations
 Bending shall be brought :
 Child, Who our salvation
 Wondrously hast wrought ;
 To Thee we bring our carols
 At this holy tide,
 When first to Jew and Gentile
 Heaven was opened wide.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

- 20 JESU, hanging on the tree,
 Bound, to set poor sinners free,
 Be Thy Passion now our plea,
 Hear our lowly prayer.
 Crowned with thorns, and torn by spear,
 While the wicked scoff and jeer :
 O how sad Thy Mother dear,
 We her grief would share.

O what anguish pierced Thee through
 As the darkness deeper grew ;
 Ours the sins, the guilt which slew ;
 Take our sins away.

O by those Five Wounds that gleam,
 By the precious cleansing stream,
 Flowing, sinners to redeem,
 Keep us Thine for aye.

Ah ! we see Thee still a child,
 On the Cross, so meek and mild ;
 Born of Mary undefiled,
 Little ones to win.

If we love Thee and obey,
 Thou wilt turn our night to day ;
 Thou at last wilt sweetly say,
 Children, enter in !

Enter where no shadow falls,
 Enter Heaven's eternal halls ;
 Hark ! the children's Monarch calls
 From His Manhood's throne.

By Thy Cross and Passion, LORD,
 To Thy little ones accord
 Crown of life and sure reward,
 Where no tears are known.

EASTER DAY.

Congregation—

21 Little Christian children, say
 Why your hearts are light to-day ;
 Why, with hymn and carol sweet,
 You this happy Sunday greet.

Children—

Very early CHRIST arose,
 Mighty Victor o'er His foes,
 In the morning's twilight gloom,
 LORD of life, He left the tomb.

Congregation—

Little Christian children, tell
How your King hath vanquished hell,
As you say, has risen again,
He Who in the grave has lain.

Children—

Faithless watch the sentries kept,
Bitter tears the women wept,
Till they saw the Angel bright,
Clad in raiment fair and white.
Hark! he speaks to calm their fear,
“He is risen, He is not here,
“Gone before to Galilee,
“There your Master ye shall see.”

Congregation—

Little Christian children sing,
Praising loud your risen King;
We too share your joyful strain,
CHRIST our Passover is slain.

All—

Glory, JESUS, be to Thee,
Thou Whose rising sets us free,
Death and Satan overthrown,
Thee, thè King of kings, we own. Amen.

EASTER DAY.

- 22 All hail! sweet Master, JESUS, hail!
All praise, all thanks to Thee;
No longer death's dark shades prevail,
The morning sets us free;
Last night we watched beside Thy grave,
Our hearts were sad and sore,
But Thou art risen, strong to save,
And livest evermore.
Our Alleluias deign to own,
Our songs at break of day;
The strong man armed is overthrown,
The stone is rolled away;

O how may we, Thy little band,
 Thy triumphs rightly tell,
 Who holdest in Thy nail-pierced hand
 The keys of death and hell ?

The Paschal Feast is fair and bright,
 The Paschal songs are sweet ;
 All sin and malice put away,
 Our risen LORD we greet ;
 Before His Altar-throne we bow,
 The Lamb of GOD adore,
 He Who was dead, but liveth now,
 And lives for evermore. Amen.

ASCENSION-TIDE.

- 23 Alleluia, sing to JESUS,
 His the sceptre, His the throne ;
 Alleluia, His the triumph,
 His the victory alone ;
 Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
 Thunder like a mighty flood ;
 JESUS, out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by His Blood.
- Alleluia, not as orphans
 We are left in sorrow now ;
 Alleluia, He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how :
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget His promise—
 “ I am with you evermore ? ”
- Alleluia, Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;
 Alleluia, here the sinful,
 Flee to Thee from day to day ;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless.
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King Eternal,
 Thee, the Lord of Lords we own ;
 Alleluia, born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, Heaven Thy throne.
 'Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh, our great High Priest ;
 'Thou on earth both Priest and Victim,
 In the Eucharistic feast.

Alleluia, sing to JESUS,
 His the sceptre, His the throne ;
 Alleluia, His the triumph,
 His the victory alone ;
 Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
 Thunder like a mighty flood ;
 JESUS, out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

24 Far out, far out at sea,
 The night is dark and drear ;
 I look for light to Thee,
 O Comforter most dear.
 The road is rough and lone,
 My home seems far away ;
 Ah ! faint and weary grown,
 I long for break of day.
 I look for Thee from far,
 When borne by passion's force,
 As sailors for the star
 That guides them in their course.

I look for Thee when strayed
 In paths, that fair to eye,
 Self-chosen, make afraid—
 O Holy One be nigh !
 The City's spires I see,
 The Heavenly Country's shore ;
 Ah ! *there* is Home for me,
There, Rest for evermore.
 On to that City sweet,
 On to that peaceful coast
 Where JESUS stands to greet;
 O lead us, HOLY GHOST ! Amen.

HYMN FOR LADY DAY.

- 25 Let heaven rejoice, and earth be glad,
 For He Who reigns above,
 With all His FATHER's glory clad,
 Hath shewn His perfect love.
 Humbled, to save mankind from doom,
 As GOD the FATHER bade,
 He came into the hallowed womb
 Of Mary, stainless Maid.
 O wonder of surpassing might !
 With men dwells GOD the SON,
 The womb contains the Infinite,
 Time holds the Timeless One.
 O strange Conception, pure from spot,
 O lowliness untold,
 O mystery too deep for thought,
 O bounty manifold !
 God made Himself of glory bare
 Our mortal flesh to take,
 When to the virgin pure and fair,
 The Angel greeting spake,

Hail, Mary, that art full of grace,
 Blest evermore art thou,
 The LORD, Whose mercies all embrace,
 Himself is with thee now. R. F. L.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

- 26 Thousand times ten thousand thousand,
 Round the Throne of GOD abide,
 Veiling with their wings their faces,
 Things unspeakable to hide,
 Things, nor tongue nor pen have told of,
 Mortal never hath desried.
- Michael, chief in war and prowess,
 Champion of the saintly throng :
 Gabriel, he whose wondrous Ave
 Fills the Church of GOD with song :
 Raphael, guide of weary pilgrims,
 Faint with travel drear and long.
- Archangelic Powers resplendent,
 Court of Angels, ye we greet !
 Virtues, Thrones, Dominions, Princedoms,
 Ranged beneath your Monarch's feet :
 Fought the dragon and his legions,
 Conquest, victory complete !
- Flames of fire, ye do GOD's bidding,
 Speeding forth on wheels of light ;
 Ye who cast the dread accuser
 Down to chains and endless night,
 Ye who by the Blood of JESUS
 Overcame the rebel's might.
- Now the FATHER'S Face for ever,
 Ye with veiled face behold ;
 Ye, the little children's Angels,
 Watchers round the Heavenly Fold ;
 Calling wanderers, leading faint ones,
 Guiding through the storm and cold.

Now is come at length salvation,
 And the Kingdom of our God ;
 Sing, bright citizens of Zion,
 Sound your Monarch's praise abroad,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 With your songs of thunder laud.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

- 27 Not only, LORD, with Thee in heaven,
 The hosts of light abide,
 To us those blessed ones are given,
 Bright spirits glorified.
 Sweet Angels crowd the golden stair
 Which leads from earth to Thee ;
 Their nine-fold chorus fills the air
 With endless melody.
 Dear Guardian, it is GOD's own will
 That Thou shouldst watch o'er me ;
 More love for Him in me instil,
 More like Him I would be.
 Sometimes I feel alone, but yet
 I know that thou art near ;
 I would not, if I could, forget
 Thy love, so deep, so dear.
 By day I clasp thy guiding hand
 Lest my frail feet should slide,
 And in my dreams, I see thee stand
 Still watching by my side.
 When from the cleansing Font I came,
 'Twas thy pure hands which bare
 Thy little one, in JESU's name,
 With gentle loving care.
 And when in death I close these eyes,
 My last Communion made,
 O speed my soul to Paradise,
 And be your King my aid. Amen.

HARVEST CAROL.

28 Come forth, come forth, brave reapers !
 And bear your sheaves with you,
 We come to thank our Master,
 That Master good and true :
 We toil, we plant, we water,
 Our labours never cease,
 But GOD alone is Master,
 Who giveth the increase.
 We sow in tears and labour,
 We reap in joy with strength,
 We tread our pathway weeping,
 Good seed we bear at length ;
 Our mouth is filled with laughter,
 Our tongue is filled with mirth,
 The harvest is of Heaven,
 The labour was of earth.
 The Lord of Life saith to us,
 " Come gather in your wheat !
 But when you keep your harvest
 One thing do not forget,
 There comes another harvest
 For which no mortal delves,
 There I am Harvest-Master,
 The sheaves are you yourselves.
 My angels are the reapers,
 Both night and day they care
 To see the seed grow riper
 Within the bending ear :
 At last through Heaven's bright portal
 The guardian angels sweep,
 And say, ' The corn is ready,
 Give, LORD, the word to reap.'"
 And then the word is given,
 " Go forth and reap the corn,
 The fields so white with harvest
 Upon this harvest morn :

Go forth, my angel reapers,
 And in your bosoms bear
 The sheaves to my full garner,
 And store the harvest there."

O joy ! O life for ever !
 O life of days to come !
 O day which knows no ending
 O endless harvest-home :
 A harvest-home whose pleasure
 No blight, no storms alloy !
 A blest abode ! A feast of God !
 A paradise of joy! G. M.

29

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Hark! the Good Shepherd's Voice is calling,
 Calling His wandering sheep :
 See! fast the blessed tears are falling,
 Ah why does JESUS weep ?
 His heart is grieved because we stray,
 Poor silly ones, from His dear way.

See the Good Shepherd gently bearing
 The lamb which He has found,
 The cruel thorns His feet are tearing,
 His blood bedews the ground ;
 So when from Thee, dear LORD, we roam,
 Rejoicing bear Thy lost ones home.

Help, JESU, help us, we are praying,
 Poor children of Thy Fold ;
 Preserve our little feet from straying
 Out in the dark and cold,
 And bring us when our work is done,
 Safe to that Fold whence wander none.

THE DIVINE VOICE OF OUR REDEEMER.

30 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you Rest."
 O blessed voice of JESUS,
 Which comes to hearts oppressed,
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, dear children,
 And I will give you Light."
 O loving voice of JESUS,
 Which comes to cheer the night.
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way,
 But morning brings us gladness,
 And songs the break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you Life."
 O peaceful voice of JESUS,
 Which comes to end our strife ;
 The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long,
 But Thou hast made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh
 I will not cast him out."
 O patient love of JESUS
 Which drives away our doubt,
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be,
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear LORD, to Thee !

FOR A MISSION.

- 31** Lift we now our grateful voices,
 To the FATHER we return;
 When a great way off He saw us,
 Let His sweet compassion burn.
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
 Still unchanging, still the Same:
 Sing His tender love which kissed us,
 As to Him with tears we came.
 Sweet the Benediction sounding,
 When the days of shame are o'er;
 "Lest a worse thing happen to thee,
 Go in peace, and sin no more!"
 Word of Reconciliation,
 Ministry of Peace Divine;
 Though Thine earthly servant speaketh,
 LORD, we know the Voice is Thine.
 How was every sin remitted
 When the weary tale was told;
 As we knelt in dust before Thee,
 From our hearts the stone was rolled
 Then the Resurrection-glory
 Burst upon us like a flood,
 And we knew we had forgiveness—
 Pardon through the Precious Blood.
 One by one the Master blest us,
 One by one He let us go;
 Now together we will praise Him,
 Shepherd Good, Who loves us so.
 We will strive to serve Him better
 Than we ever have before;
 In the strength of sin forgiven,
 Grace for every need implore.
 Praise the FATHER, Blest Creator;
 Praise the Co-eternal SON;
 Praise the Everlasting SPIRIT,
 One in Three, and Three in One!

FATHER, He Whose welcome cheers us ;
 SON, Whose Cross and Blood restore ;
 HOLY GHOST, Whose gifts enlighten ;
 GOD, Whom heaven and earth adore !

—
 Amen.

32

FUNERAL OF CHILDREN.

From the Paris Breviary.

Let no tears to-day be shed,
 Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia.

Death eternal life bestows,
 Open Heaven's portal throws. Alleluia.

And no peril waits at last,
 Him who now away hath passed. Alleluia.

Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed for race well run. Alleluia.

But the pity of the LORD
 Gives His child a full reward. Alleluia.

Grants the prize without the course,
 Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia.

GOD, Who loveth innocence,
 Hastes to take His darling hence. Alleluia.

What need we beseech in prayer,
 For that soul, now glad and fair? Alleluia.

Nay, for us it prays the LORD
 That His mercy He accord. Alleluia.

CHRIST, when this sad life is done,
 Join us to Thy little one. Alleluia.

And in Thine own tender love,
 Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia. Amen.
 R. F. L.

MEMORIAL OF THE INCARNATION.

✠ In the Name, &c.

Hail! thou that art highly favoured, the LORD is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

Rz. Thanks be to GOD.

Ÿ. The WORD was made Flesh. (Alleluia.)

Rz. And dwelt among us. (Alleluia.)

We beseech Thee, O LORD, pour Thy grace into our hearts; that as we have known the Incarnation of Thy Son JESUS CHRIST by the message of an Angel, so by His Cross and Passion we may be brought to the glory of His Resurrection; through the same JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

Our FATHER.

Ant. The Tabernacle of GOD is with man.
(Alleluia.)

Magnificat.

Ant. The Tabernacle of GOD is with man, and He shall dwell with them: and there shall be no night. (Alleluia.)

MEMORIAL OF THE PASSION.

✠ In the Name, &c.

Our Lord JESUS CHRIST became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, wherefore GOD hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the Name of JESUS every knee should bow.

Rz. Thanks be to GOD.

Ÿ. We adore Thee, O CHRIST, and bless Thee.
(Alleluia.)

Rz. For by Thy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world. (Alleluia.)

O GOD, Who to enlighten the darkness of the world didst vouchsafe to mount upon the Holy Cross, may it please Thee to enlighten our hearts and bodies. Who livest and reignest with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST, ever One GOD, world without end. Amen.

Our FATHER.

MEMORIAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

✠ In the Name, &c.

Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

Rz. Thanks be to GOD.

V. Thou gavest them Bread from Heaven.
Alleluia.

Rz. Containing in itself all sweetness. (Alleluia.)

O GOD, Who in this wonderful Sacrament hast left us a Memorial of Thy Passion : grant us so to venerate the sacred Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may ever feel within ourselves the fruit of Thy Redemption ; Who livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY SPIRIT, GOD, for ever and ever. Amen.

Our FATHER.

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