

GIBBONS.

Four 7's.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ the spring of all my joy,

Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my powers employ. A-men.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart con-
found;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."
Amen.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1817.

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ST. NATHANIEL.

C.M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

1 My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks and sing; My

heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing. A-men.

Sundays after Trinity.

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| <p>2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.</p> <p>3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.</p> <p>4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.</p> | <p>5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.</p> <p>6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best;</p> <p>7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p> |
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ANNA L. WARING, 1849.

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WINDSOR.

C.M.

CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.

1 My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright,
How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light! A - men.

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| <p>2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!</p> <p>3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!</p> | <p>4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!</p> <p>5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.</p> |
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FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.