

**HYMNS: CHIEFLY
FOR THE MINOR
FESTIVALS**

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Hymns: chiefly for the minor festivals by T. Chamberlain

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T. CHAMBERLAIN

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FESTIVALS**

HYMNS :

Chiefly for the Minor Festivals.

EDITED BY THE
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS very small Collection of Original Hymns is intended to be supplementary to those which are commonly used in churches, and, therefore, only comprises what they ordinarily do not.

It supplies—most inadequately the Contributors and Editor are aware—

(*a.*) Special Hymns for some of the Festivals of New Testament Saints.

(*b.*) Special stanzas to be introduced into General Hymns for all the rest of this Class who are commemorated in our Calendar.

(*c.*) Hymns for all the events connected with the Evangelical history which the Prayer Book notices.

(*d.*) Special Hymns for the principal Black Letter Saints commemorated.

(*e.*) General Hymns for two classes of these Saints—the Royal and the Monastic Saints.

(*f.*) An Advent Hymn in a more solemn

metre than what those Hymns are usually written in has been attempted, and also Hymns for Ember Days and the First Vespers of the greater Festivals, for Shrove Tuesday, and for the last Sunday of the Christian Year.

Should the Hymns be found in any way to give more of reality and richness to our Daily Office, it will be matter of humble congratulation to those concerned in their production.

H Y M N S.

I. *Advent.*

'Tis good, O JESU, that alone with Thee
Thy servants in this solemn hour should be,
Alone on those dread verities to think,
In sight of which our sinful spirits sink,
Death and the Judgment—Hell, the holy Heaven,
To meditate on these to us be given ;
Shun we the haunts of men—the festive tone,
Rest we with Thee, O LORD, alone, alone.

For death is coming—first of those last things
To which we haste, borne on time's rapid wings.
Death with its fears, its weakness, and its pain,
With Satan's last attempt our soul to gain ;
The thirst, the dark temptation to despair,
The dim bewilderment, the faltering prayer :
Oh, keep us in the hour of death Thine own,
When we, with Thee, shall be alone, alone.

And after death the Judgment ! Holy LORD,
Lest haply unto us the day be stored
With vengeance, let us now, on bended knee,
Muse on that dread, that dread reality—

The great White Throne, th' accusers manifold,
The Book whence thoughts, and words, and
deeds, are told ;

When we with naught to plead, none to atone,
Shall stand before our Judge, alone, alone.

Hell—scarce we brook to syllable that name,
What if our endless portion be its flame !

Oh ! bid us view it now, with weeping eyes,
The quenchless fire, the worm that never dies ;
The groans, the mocking laughter, clanking chains,
Eternity of never-ceasing pains ;
Cast out from God, there joy and hope are none,
In midst of devils, yet alone, alone.

And lastly Heaven—oh ! how our hearts do
burn,

Until the Sun of Righteousness return !

Musing on Heaven, we watch, and hope, and
pray,

Until the dawning of that blessed Day—
That bright eternal Day, which hath no night :
Thou its unfading Joy, its cloudless Light,
Dwelling with FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
The Crown and Prize of Thy Redeemed Host.

Amen.

2. *First Vespers of Easter and other Great Festivals.*

AT Eventide was Light !

When God creation framed,

The Day, in ordered course,

He Eve and Morning named.

At Eventide is Light !
Still in her holy round,
Evening and Morn the Church
In one fair Feast hath bound.

At Eventide is Light !
With gladness all things shine ;
We raise our songs of joy,
We deck our altar-shrine.

At Eventide is Light !
Yet watch we lamp in hand,
And, waiting for our God,
Within His House we stand !

At Eventide is Light !
By Faith, by Hope, we see
Consummated, e'en now,
To-morrow's mystery.

At Eventide be Light,
When we our work have done !
Then look we for the Morn,
That Morn without a sun.

When CHRIST shall lighten all
In Heaven's Eternal Home.
Oh come that blessed Morn,
E'en so, LORD JESU, come. Amen.