

CHRISTIAN HYMNS

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Christian Hymns by Stopford A. Brooke

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STOPFORD A. BROOKE

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*'Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns
and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with
your heart to the Lord.'*—EPH. v. 19.

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

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The marks of expression are intended for the use of the Choir and Congregation in singing: *p*, denotes softly; *m*, at half-voice; *f*, loudly; *cr.*, and *dim.*, with increasing and decreasing voice.

It is to be observed that each mark continues in force till another occurs.

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

m Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
 And live this day as if thy last ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light divine,
 Let thine own light in good works shine ;
 Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
 In ardent love and cheerful praise.

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.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;

cr That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

f Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Angels and Saints His name adore !
 With praise and joy for evermore.

m SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

cr My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless His works and bless His word ;
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
 How deep Thy counsels ! how divine ;

m Soon may I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired and wished below,
cr And all my powers find sweet employ
 In thine eternal world of joy.

m O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise,
 Eyes that the beam celestial view
 Which evermore makes all things new.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

4

f **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

m True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
cr But we rest on the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

m From Him, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink inspiring truth,
Till from the caves of death we rise,
All glorious in immortal youth.

Then as an eagle cleaves the air,
cr We'll mount with joy the heavenly height !
 And perfect in His love, possess
 Life in the fulness of His Light.

f Almighty God, Thy matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

5

m **U**P to the throne of God is borne
 Our voice of praise this sacred morn,
 And He accepts our parting hymn
 Sung as the light of day grows dim,
 Nor will He turn His ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide :
 Then here reposing let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
 We need not toil from morn to night ;
 The respite of the sabbath hour
 Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
 That drawn from this one hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot ;
 An altar is in each man's cot ;
 A church in every grove that spreads
 Its living roof above our heads.