

**ST MARY'S SCHOOL
WANTAGE**

SAMPLES

THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word:
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride,
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

THE day of Resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad!
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over
 With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own 'All hail,' and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus (8th. century)
 Tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-66)

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own thy sway.

J. Ellerton (1826-93)

THE first Nowell the angel 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 lookèd 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 wheresoever it went:
- 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 Presènce
 Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:
- 6 Then let us all with one accord
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
 And with His blood mankind hath bought:

Traditional Carol

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heav'n affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords
And heav'n's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

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 Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
 Thy unction grace bestoweth;
 And O what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never:
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker (1821-77)

THE Lord is risen indeed!
Now is His work performed;
Now is the mighty Captive freed,
And death's strong castle stormed.

2 The Lord is risen indeed!
The hell has lost its prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

3 The Lord is risen indeed!
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 The Lord is risen indeed!
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
 Now is the Victor's triumph won;
 O let the song of praise be sung:
 Halleluia!

2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
 And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
 Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
 Halleluia!

3 On the third morn He rose again
 Glorious in majesty to reign;
 O let us swell the joyful strain:
 Halleluia!

4* He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
 Halleluia!

5* Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live, and sing to Thee:
 Halleluia!

17th century
 Tr. Francis Pott (1832-1909)

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)