

An Anthology

OF POPULAR HYMNS



C.P.J. Field.

More than a funeral director since 1690.

Abide With Me

Abide with me. Fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens. Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
Earth's joys grow dim. Its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless.
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and Earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning,
that brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace – how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found;
was blind but now I see.

'twas grace that taught my heart to fear
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

Be Thou My Vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart.
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art.
Be thou my best thought in the day and night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom. Be thou my true word.
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord,
thou my great father, and I thy true son.
Be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breast-plate, my sword for the fight.
Be thou my whole armour. Be thou my true might.
Be thou my soul's shelter. Be thou my strong tower.
O raise thou me heavenward, great power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise.
Be thou mine inheritance now and always.
Be thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
O sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, thou Heaven's bright Sun;
O grant me its joys after victory is won.
Great heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O ruler of all.

Hail, Queen of Heaven

Hail, Queen of heaven, the ocean star!
Guide of the wanderer here below!
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care.
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
pray for the wanderer. Pray for me.

O gentle, chaste and spotless maid,
we sinners make our prayers through thee.
Remind thy son that he has paid
the price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
pray for the sinner. Pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
to thee, blest advocate we cry.
Pit our sorrows. Calm our fears
and soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to him who reigns above,
in Godhead One, in Persons Three,
the source of life, of grace, of love,
homage we pay on bended knee,
do thou, bright queen, star of the sea,
pray for thy children. Pray for me.

I, The Lord Of The Sea

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin
my hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them.
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will send the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
'til their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.

I Watch The Sunrise

I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,
casting its shadows near
and on this morning bright though it be,
I feel those shadows near me.

*But you are always close to me
following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
following all your ways, Lord.*

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds,
warming the earth below
and at the mid-day, life seems to say:
“I feel your brightness near me.”

For you are always ...

I watch the sunset fading away,
lighting the clouds with sleep
and as the evening closes its eyes,
I feel your presence near me.

For you are always ...

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,
waiting 'til morning comes.
The air is silent. Earth is at rest.
Only your peace is near me.

For you are always ...

Love Divine (eight)

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of Heaven, to Earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling.
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion.
Pure unbounded love thou art.
Visit us with thy salvation.
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty, to deliver.
Let us all thy grace receive.
Suddenly return and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation.
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee,
changed from glory into glory,
'til in heaven we take our place;
'til we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love Divine (four)

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of Heaven, to Earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling.
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion.
Pure unbounded love thou art.
Visit us with thy salvation.
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty, to deliver.
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'til in heaven we take our place;
'til we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken,
like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken,
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing
fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall,
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness,
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning,
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation!
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day.

Praise My Soul

Praise, my soul, the king of Heaven.
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting king.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress.
Praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us.
Well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him.
Ye behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Sweet Sacrament Divine

Sweet sacrament divine,
hid in thy Earthly home,
lo - round thy lowly shrine
with suppliant hearts we come.
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise,
in songs of love and heartfelt praise,
sweet sacrament divine.

Sweet sacrament of peace,
dear home of every heart,
where restless yearnings cease,
and sorrows all depart,
there in thine ear all trustfully
we tell our tale of misery,
sweet sacrament of peace.

Sweet sacrament of rest,
ark from the ocean's roar,
within thy shelter blest
soon may we reach the shore.
Save us, for still the tempest raves.
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
sweet sacrament of rest.

Sweet sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee,
in thy far depths doth shine
thy Godhead's majesty.
Sweet light, so shine on us we pray,
that Earthly joys may fade away,
sweet sacrament divine.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

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.

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.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill,
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Thine Be The Glory

Thine be the glory, risen conquering son.
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away;
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering son!
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb.
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth. Death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering son!
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*

No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life.
Life is naught without thee. Aid us in our strife.
Make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love.
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering son!
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*



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