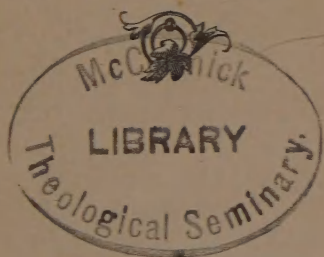


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# HYMNS

OF THE SPIRIT.



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TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

1864.

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CAMBRIDGE.

Father, the watches of the day are here ;  
 More than from those of night we have to fear ;  
 By rude cares troubled, by temptations pressed,  
 Through the day-watches, Father, give us rest !

## 155.

‘WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.’

11 & 10s M.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning  
 breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;  
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As, in the dawning, o’er the waveless ocean  
 The image of the morning star doth rest,  
 So, in this stillness, Thou beholdest only  
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;  
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o’ershading,  
 But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning  
 When the soul waketh and life’s shadows flee ;  
 O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

O, give him, in Thy holy work,  
 Patience to wait Thy time,  
 And, toiling still with man, to breathe  
 The soul's serener clime!

And grant him many hearts to lead  
 Into Thy perfect rest;  
 Bless Thou him, Father, and his work:  
 Bless! and they shall be blest!

## 231.

'HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.'

L. M.

'How beautiful,' said he of old,  
 The feet of him that bringeth peace,  
 And publisheth the sacred word  
 That bids earth's weary conflict cease!

'Tis his to feel that mystic breath,  
 That solemn impulse of the time,  
 By which the spirit of the Lord  
 Rolls on his purposes sublime.

'Tis his each true and rightful cause  
 With dauntless purpose to embrace;  
 And when the brave and noble strive  
 Be ever foremost in the race.

To rend each veil, to spurn each lie  
 By which God's loveliness is marred;  
 To break each bond and bolt and bar  
 By which His holy truth is barred;

Yet, with a tender, patient care,  
 To lead the erring and the weak;  
 And, in the language of the skies,  
 To bid the stammering tongue to speak.

479.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

11 & 10s M.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!  
There is a temple, sacred evermore,  
And all the Babel of life's angry voices  
Dies in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in Thee.

480.

'IF HE GIVETH QUIET, WHO CAN MAKE  
TROUBLE?'

10s M.

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep  
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;  
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,  
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

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