

Four  
Hymns  
and Some  
Religious  
Verses

BY

BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD

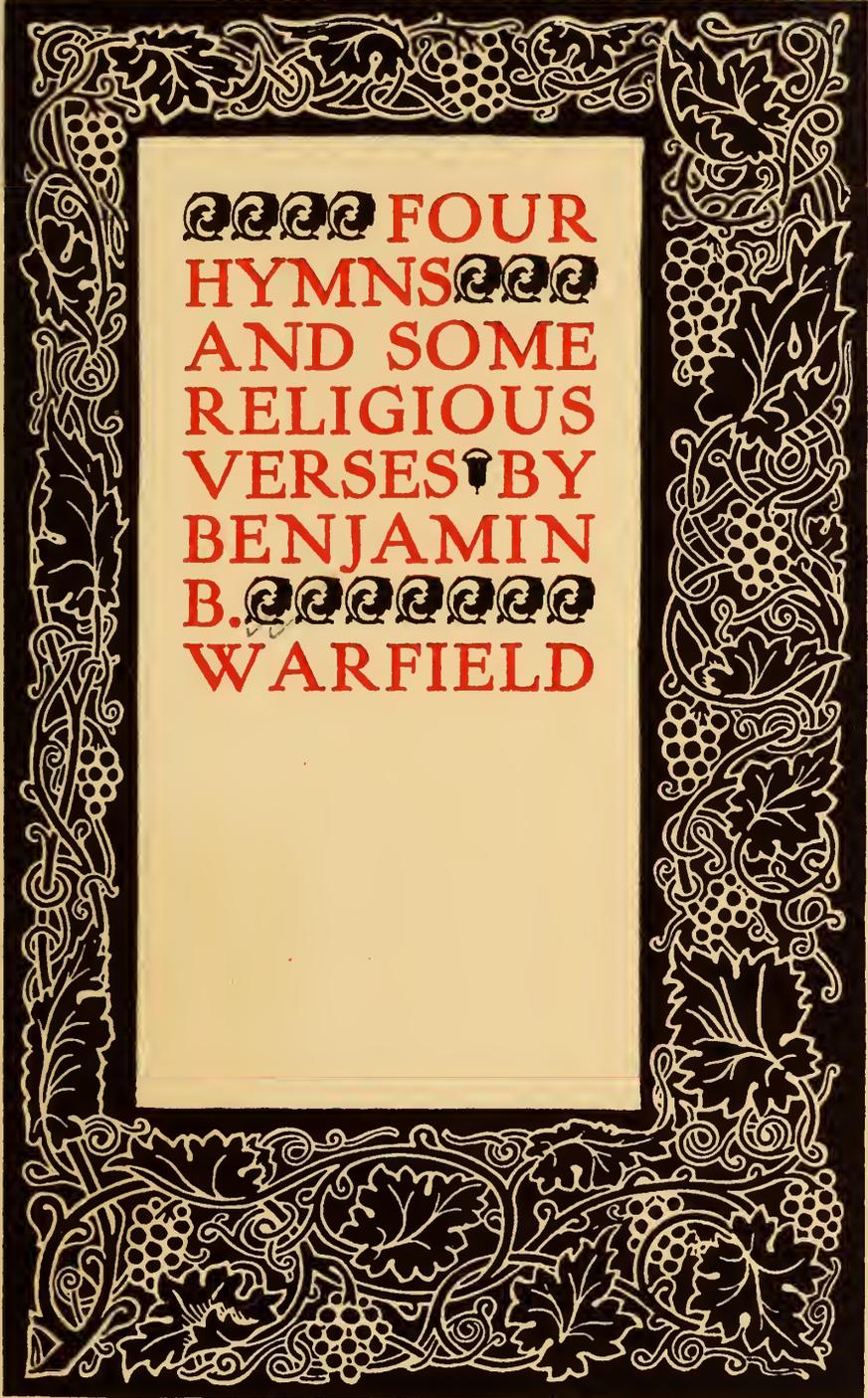
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# THE LOVE OF GOD ALMIGHTY.

Rev. B. F. ALLEMAN, D. D.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

O the love of God Al - might - y, O His cease - less love !

Pierc - ing thro' the depths be - neath us, Through the heights a - bove ;

Wid - er than the bound - less spac - es, Where the stars do dwell ;

Kind - ling heav - en with its bright - ness, Reach - ing down to hell ;

Kind - ling heav - en with its bright - ness, Reach - ing down to hell.

Yea, our mother may forget us ;  
Yea, our father fail ;  
Yea, the bridegroom may grow careless,—  
Other thoughts prevail :  
We may change, and all the whiteness  
Of our souls may blot :  
O the love of God Almighty,  
Lo, it changes not.

Holy is the Lord Almighty,  
Righteous past compare :  
We are sinners,—who among us  
Can His vengeance bear ?  
Lo the Cross ! and One upon it  
Coming from above !  
O the love of God Almighty,  
O His Saving love !

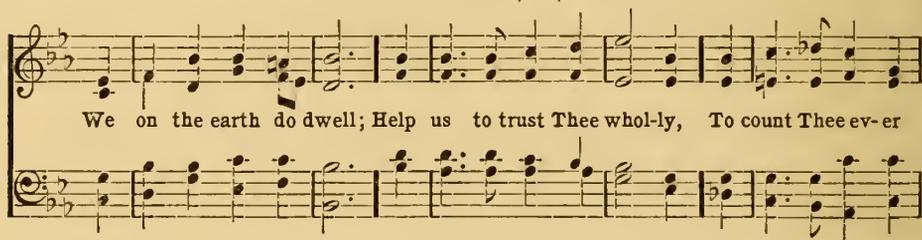
# LORD GOD OF ALL THE AGES!

(ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON.)

JAMES WALCH, 1875.



Lord God of all the a - ges, Lord of our age as well, Thou sittest in Thy heavens,



We on the earth do dwell; Help us to trust Thee whol-ly, To count Thee ev-er



true, And all that Thou command-est, In read - y faith to do. A - men.

We hear the heathen raging, the world's rebellious roar,—  
Thy bands they cast off from them, Thy sceptre own no more;  
Yet still Thy voice is calling to all who will but hear;  
Still through the murky darkness Thy light is shining clear.

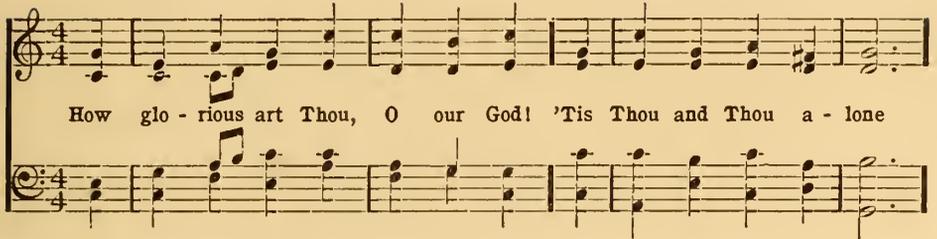
This shadow that we dwell in, it too shall pass away,  
As more and more dawns on us the splendor of Thy day;  
O help us in our weakness Thine empire to confess,  
And fill our hearts with courage to trust Thy faithfulness.

Lord God of all the ages, the future as the past,  
And of these times of evil in which our lot is cast,  
Help us to hear with trembling, the while our hearts rejoice,  
The thunders of Thy marching, the whispers of Thy voice.

# HOW GLORIOUS ART THOU, O OUR GOD!

(ST. ANNE.)

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



How glo - rious art Thou, O our God! 'Tis Thou and Thou a - lone



Who dwell - est in Thy people's praise, On Thine e - ter - nal throne. A - men.

How many voices, diff'ring tongues,  
Harmonious, join to raise  
To Thee, O Rock of Israel,  
Accumulating praise!

From Charran and Chaldean Ur,  
The River's banks along,  
From Canaan's heights and Egypt's sands,  
Ascends the constant song,—

From all the towns that stud the hills  
Of teeming Galilee,  
From marts of Greece and misty lands  
Beyond the Western Sea.

Fain would we catch the accents strange,  
Fain train our ears to hear  
The notes that hymn Thee through the years,  
O Israel's Hope and Fear!

'Twas Thou didst teach Thy Sons of old  
Thy varied laud to sing,  
School Thou our hearts that we may too  
Our hallelujahs bring.

How glorious art Thou, O our God!  
How mighty past compare!  
Thou dwellest in Thy people's praise,—  
Accept the praise we bear.

# HYMN FOR THE OPENING OF THE SEMINARY.

(SARUM.)

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

Great God the Giv - er, Thou hast faith-ful been, Here Thou hast  
set Thy name, and we have seen Thy mer - cies grow from  
year to year more green,—Lord, we thank Thee, Lord, we thank Thee. A-men.

'Twas Thou didst raise these walls: and Thou didst give  
Thy saints Thy truth to teach, Thy truth to live;  
They wrought their work, and Thou didst it receive,—  
Lord, we thank Thee.

Unto their feet Thou gatheredst of Thy Sons,—  
The love of Thee waxed fire within their bones,  
The world has heard their voice,—its huts, its thrones,—  
Lord, we thank Thee.

God of our fathers, still pour out Thy grace  
In plenteous streams upon this hallowed place,  
Still show it all Thy glorious faithfulness,  
Lord, we pray Thee.

And as the flood of years rolls ever by,  
Build here Thy holy house each year more high,  
Establish here Thy truth unchangeably,—  
Lord, we pray Thee.

And every year send forth a sacred host,  
Taught of thy Christ, filled with the Holy Ghost,  
The cross their only theme, their only boast,  
Lord, we pray Thee.

## THE ADVENT

THE Lord has come into His world!

“Nay, nay, that cannot be:  
The world is full of noisomeness  
And all iniquity;  
The Lord—thrice holy is His name—  
He cannot touch this thing of shame.”

The Lord has come into His world!

“Ah, then, He comes in might,  
The sword of fury in His hands,  
With vengeance all bedight!  
O wretched world! thine end draws near,  
Prepare to meet thy God, in fear!”

The Lord has come into His world!

“What! in that baby sweet?  
That broken man, acquaint with grief?  
Those bleeding hands and feet?  
He is the Lord of all the earth,  
How can He stoop to human birth?”

The Lord has come into His world!

“A slaughtered Lamb I see,  
A smoking altar, on which burns  
A sacrifice for me!  
He comes—He comes—O blessed day!—  
He comes to take my sin away!”

## THE MOWER

A MOWER went forth to mow,  
And crooned his workman's song:—  
“Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,  
Make the swath both wide and long.”

Gaily the grasses grow,  
And fling their heads in pride:—  
“Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,  
Make the swath both long and wide.”

Quiet they lie behind,  
Each by his neighbor's side:—  
“Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,  
Make the swath both long and wide.”

Though every spear of them all  
Be a man in right or in wrong:—  
“Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,  
Make the swath both wide and long.”

## AUGUSTINE'S PHILOSOPHY

“**T**HERE is a place for everything,  
In earth or sky or sea,  
Where it may find its proper use  
And of advantage be,”  
Quoth Augustine, the saint.

The mocker quick, with curling lip:—  
“Then there’s a place for vice!”  
“Yea, fitly ’neath our trampling feet,  
May lie the cockatrice,”  
Quoth Augustine, the saint.

“Our very vices, great and foul,  
When in the earth they’re trod,  
May haply lofty ladders build  
On which to climb to God,”  
Quoth Augustine, the saint.

## PRAYER AND WORK

SAID one, one day: "My cause is good,  
The Lord will prosper it."

Said Luther: "Take it to Him, then;  
That were provision fit.

"Trust in the Lord, not in thy cause,  
However good it be;  
Take it forthwith in faithful hands  
And lay it on His knee.

"The best of causes go amiss;  
The Lord will never fail:  
Commit thy ways into His care,  
And then—shake out thy sail."

## WANTED—A SAMARITAN

**P**RONE in the road he lay,  
Wounded and sore bested;  
Priests, Levites, passed that way,  
And turned aside the head.

They were not hardened men  
In human service slack:  
His need was great: but then,  
His face, you see, was black.

## TRUSTING IN THE DARK

**S**AID Robert Leighton, holy man,  
Intent a flickering faith to fan  
Into a steady blaze:—

“Behold yon floweret to the sun,  
As he his daily course doth run,  
Turn undeclining gaze.

“E’en when the clouds obscure his face,  
And only faith discerns the place  
Where in the heavens he soars,  
This floweret still, with constant eye,  
The secret places of the sky  
Untiringly explores.

“Look up, my soul! What can this be  
But Nature’s parable to thee?  
Look up, with courage bright!  
The clouds press on thee, dense and black,  
Thy Sun shines ever at their back—  
Look up and see His light!”

## THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

I DREAMED a dream on yesternight:—  
A charnel house rose on my sight,  
Vast, crowded, horrible. Untold  
In numbers, in the gathered mould  
Of untold numbers more, the dead  
Lay heaped, each frame, each ghastly head  
Oozing corruption. Suddenly  
A great voice sounded, crying, See!  
And lo! a Lamb amid these dead,  
With wounded feet and wounded head,  
And wounded side, wherefrom the blood  
Surged in a never-ceasing flood.  
Again the voice cried, See! And lo!  
The Lamb was moving on with slow  
Calm steps, the serried ranks to thread;  
And, passing, lo! there were no dead,  
But in their place a gathering train  
Hymning the Lamb which had been slain.

## IN THE THEATRE—THIRD CENTURY

“YES, Rome hath many mimes of skill, but yet  
But one Genesisius. For who but he  
Hath power to make us roar with frantic glee  
The while, in Galilean wise, all wet  
With ‘sacred water,’ sore with blows and th’ fret  
Of chains well-merited, he skulks . . . But see!  
He comes! Hear how they greet him! Note how free,  
How sure his play! The very thing! I’ll get  
The cramps from laughter! . . . Bah! what ails him  
now?  
The baptizing scene’s his best,—and there all white  
He stands, and trembling! Ill? Nay, what says he?  
‘A Christian! Christ the Lord hath set him free!’  
To the lions with the booby! . . . Yet, somehow,  
I doubt . . . What makes the fellow’s face so  
bright?”

## IN THE WORLD—TWENTIETH CENTURY

**G**ENESIUS on the stage of Rome, what time  
The heathens' rage imagined vanity,  
Made sport of Christ, until the all-seeing eye  
Observed and pitied the deluded mime.  
At once the scales fell from him; and sublime  
In holy courage, as his blasphemy  
E'en so his faith he published openly,—  
Wherefor he died before the winter's rime.

Dear Lord, how oft do we on narrower stage  
Like him deny Thee, if but we may win  
Applauding smiles from those who love Thee not?  
O grant us too to hate the world's mad din,  
That clamors 'gainst Thee, and, our shame forgot,  
On heart and lips to bear Thy name from age to age.

## OUT OF THE NIGHT-WATCHES

PEACE! peace! the night will pass! No, no, not yet  
The robin's call awakes the drowsy day.  
Nay, 'tis the robin! and from far away  
An oriole's whistle! How the sparrows fret,  
A noisier Babel in my hedge-row set;  
They quarrel with the dawn! And hark, that bay  
Of dog! And now a footfall on the way!  
'Tis morning beating at my lattice-net!

Great God, the light is Thine: nay, Thou art light!  
O that this restless longing of my heart  
Might pipe me warning of Thy rising rays!  
So would my fretting thoughts of yesternight  
Cease their complaining, and employ their art  
To drown the darkness in their iterant praise.

## APOCALYPTICS

IN His own time, in His own way, He came,  
The Hope of Israel: not in such guise  
As flared before the anger-smarting eyes  
Of those old watchers, who, in stolen name  
Of seer or sibyl (heedless of their shame),  
Would drown in glory present infamies,—  
Prophets of hope, but prophets too of lies,  
With vengeful passion, not with love, aflame.  
God's ways are not as ours: the sun shall cease  
Before His glory when He comes again;  
As when He came at first, all thoughts of men,  
Their dreams of unfound joys, of untried peace,  
Their hopes of succor in their bitter ruth,  
Stood all abashed before the unimagined truth.