

Classic Poetry Series

Cecil Frances Alexander

- poems -

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Cecil Frances Alexander (Early April 1818 – 12 October 1895)

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander, was a hymn-writer and poet.

Alexander was born in Dublin, the third child and second daughter of Major John Humphreys (of Norfolk, land-agent to 4th Earl of Wicklow and later to the second Marquess of Abercorn), and Elizabeth (née Reed). She began writing verse in her childhood, being strongly influenced by Dr Walter Hook, Dean of Chichester. Her subsequent religious work was strongly influenced by her contacts with the Oxford Movement and in particular with [John Keble](http://poemhunter.com/john-keble/), who edited one of her anthologies. By the 1840s she was already known as a hymn writer and her compositions were soon included in Church of Ireland hymnbooks. She also contributed lyric poems, narrative poems, and translations of French poetry to Dublin University Magazine under various pseudonyms.

Her book, Hymns for Little Children reached its 69th edition before the close of the nineteenth century. Some of her hymns, e.g. "All Things Bright and Beautiful", "There is a Green Hill Far Away" and the Christmas carol "Once in Royal David's City", are known by Christians the world over, as is her translation of "Saint Patrick's Breastplate".

She issued Verses for Holy Seasons (1846); The Lord of the Forest and His Vassals (1847; a children's allegory); and Hymns for Little Children (1848).

In Strabane in October 1850 she married the Anglican clergyman William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Armagh. Her husband also wrote several books of poetry, of which the best known is St. Augustine's Holiday and other Poems. She was six years older than the clergyman, causing great family concern.

Alexander was involved in charitable work for much of her life. Money from her first publications had helped build the Derry and Raphoe Diocesan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which was founded in 1846 in Strabane. The profits from Hymns for Little Children were also donated to this school. She was involved with the Derry Home for Fallen Women, and worked to develop a district nurses service. She was an indefatigable visitor to poor and sick.

Seven hymns penned by Alexander were included in the 1873 issue of the Church of Ireland Hymnal, and eighteen of her works were contained in A Supplement to Hymns Ancient and Modern (1889). They continue to be well-accepted, as nine of her works were contained in both the 1960 and the 1987 editions of the Church of Ireland Hymnal. A posthumous collection of

her poems was published in 1896 by William Alexander, titled Poems of the late Mrs Alexander.

Eserleri:

Verses for Holy Seasons (1846)

The Lord of the Forest and His Vassals (1847)

Hymns for Little Children (1848)

Poems of the Late Mrs. Alexander, edited by William Alexander (1896)

Jesus Calls Us

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
of our life's wild, restless sea,
day by day his clear voice soundeth,
saying, 'Christian, follow me;'

as, of old, Saint Andrew heart it
by the Galilean lake,
turned from home and toil and kindred,
leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
of the vain world's golden store;
from each idol that would keep us,
saying, 'Christian, love me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
days of toil and hours of ease,
still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these.'

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Savior, may we hear thy call,
give our hearts to thine obedience,
serve and love thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander

Maker of Heaven and Earth (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 rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

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.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander

There Is A Green Hill

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

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Sav'd by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he lov'd,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander