Classic Poetry Series

Sabine Baring-Gould

- poems -

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Child's Evening Hymn

NOW the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep, Birds and beasts and flowers Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary Calm and sweet repose; With thy tenderest blessing May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children Visions bright of thee; Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer Watching late in pain; Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches May thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure and fresh and sinless In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, And to thee, bless'd Spirit, Whilst all ages run. AMEN

Daily, Daily, Sing The Praises

Daily, daily, sing the praises Of the city God hath made; In the beauteous fields of Eden Its foundation stones are laid.

Refrain

O that I had wings of angels, Here to spread and heavenward fly! I would seek the gates of Zion, Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city Are of bright and burnished gold; It is matchless in its beauty, And its treasures are untold.

Refrain

In the midst of that dear city Christ is reigning on His seat, And the angels swing their censers In a ring about His feet.

Refrain

From the throne a river issues, Clear as crystal, passing bright, And it traverses the city Like a sudden beam of light.

Refrain

There the forests ever blossom, Like our orchards here in May; There the gardens never wither, But eternally are gay.

Refrain

There the meadows green and dewy Shine with lilies wondrous fair; Thousand, thousand, are the colors Of the waving flowers there.

Refrain

There the forests ever blossom, Like our orchards here in May; There the gardens never wither, But eternally are gay.

Refrain

There the wind is sweetly fragrant, And is laden with the song Of the seraphs, and the elders, And the great redeemèd throng.

Refrain

O I would my ears were open Here to catch that happy strain! O I would my eyes some vision Of that Eden would attain!

Refrain

Now The Day Is Over

Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep, Birds, and beasts and flowers Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose; With Thy tenderest blessing May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors tossing On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort those who suffer, Watching late in pain; Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, And to Thee, blest Spirit, While all ages run.

Onward Christian Soldiers

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph Satan's legions flee; On then, Christian soldiers, On to victory. Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the Saints have trod; We are not divided, All one body we, One in hope and doctrine One in charity: Crowns and thorns may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song; Glory, laud and honour Unto Christ the King; This through countless ages Men and Angels sing. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before.