

One LORD, one Faith, one Birth,
 One Holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one Holy Food,
 And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
 With GOD the THREE in ONE,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

Addresses will be delivered as may have been arranged.

The Priest, or Bislop, if he be present, will pronounce

THE BLESSING.