

GOD the WORD ! the sun, maturing  
 With his blessed ray the corn,  
 Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,  
 Thee, O everlasting Morn !  
 Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,  
 Thee, that liftest up our horn !

GOD the HOLY GHOST ! the showers  
 That have fattened out the grain,  
 Types of Thy celestial powers,  
 Symbols of baptismal rain,  
 Shadowed out the grace that dowers  
 All the faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation  
 Severs righteousness from sin,  
 And Archangel proclamation  
 Bids to put the sickle in,  
 And each age and generation  
 Sink to woe, or glory win ;

Grant that we, or young or hoary,  
 Lengthened be our span or brief,  
 Whatsoe'er the life-long story  
 Of our joy or of our grief,  
 May be garnered up in glory  
 As Thine Own elected Sheaf !

Laud to Him, to Whom Supernal  
 Thrones and Virtues bend the knee :  
 Laud to Him, from Whom infernal  
 Powers and dominations flee :  
 Laud to Him, the Co-Eternal  
 PARACLETE, for ever be. Amen.

# CATTLE PLAGUE HYMN

ALL Creation groans and travails :  
 Thou, O GOD, shalt hear its groan :  
 For of man and all Creation  
 Thou alike art LORD alone.

Pity then Thy guiltless creatures,  
 who, not less, man's suffering share :  
 For our sins it is they perish :  
 let them profit by our prayer.

Written in  
 1866 for the  
 Fast Day.  
 " And shall  
 not I spare  
 Nineveh, that  
 great city,  
 wherein are  
 . . . also  
 much cattle ? "  
 Jonah iv. 11.