

All Hallows in the West.

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The Holy Angels.

Give us, O Lord, the eye of faith,
The inner world to see,
Then, holy Angels we shall view,
And their blest ministry.

Angelic faces we shall see,
Angelic wings o'erspread
Above Thy holy Altar, Lord,
And Thee the Living Bread.

And we shall see in angels' eyes,
Angelic joys exprest,
When at the font Thy little ones
Are folded to Thy breast.

And we shall hear angelic harps,
And heavenly minstrelsy,
When one repenting sinner turns
With contrite heart to Thee.

And when we see the deepening calm,
And watch the quivering breath,
That trembles on the lips in prayer
Of holy saints in death.

Then angel ministers will be
Unvelled to our eyes,
Waiting to waft the faithful soul
In peace to Paradise.

Thus may our human life on earth
A holy Bethel be,
Where on a ladder we may mount
With angels unto Thee.

The day will dawn when we shall see
The angel reapers come,
To burn the tares and celebrate
Their heavenly Harvest Home.

O give us grace as angels here,
To live in holy love;
That the last trump may summon us
To bliss with them above.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.