

Songs of Syon: A Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Canticles
 Published by George Ratcliff Woodward in 1910.

ADVENT

2 The Sun of justice, help in need,
 On wings of mercy he doth speed :
 His regal crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, mercy, quick to bless :
 He comes to terminate our woe ;
 Therefore rejoice ye, high and low.
 Sing praises to the Lord,
 Mighty in deed and word.

3 O happy town and blessed land,
 Whereof this Sovran hath command ;
 And well is every home and breast
 That harbours such a royal guest :
 He is the very Sun of joy,
 And fraught with bliss without alloy.
 All praise to God Almighty,
 My comfort, day and night.

4 Come, Jesu Christ : for thee, my hope,
 The gateway of mine heart is ope :
 Ah ! deign to pass within the port,
 And deal with me in friendly sort :
 Thine holy Spirit guide my way
 Unto the land of endless day !
 I laud, honour, and fair fame
 Ascribe to Jesu's Name.

5 Make broad the path, unspar the gate,
 To God your temple consecrate ;
 With sober joy and holy psalm
 Receive your King with boughs of palm :
 So shall your Monarch enter in ;
 So health and welfare shall ye win.
 Praise God, old age and youth—
 His mercy, grace and truth.

Georg Weissel (1590-1635) ; Tr. G. R. W.

7 SENSUS QVIS HORROR PERCVTIT

Tune—NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN HEILAND (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Erfurt Enchiridion (1524) ; Setting by G. H. Palmer

AW-ful thought of end-less doom! Skies are rent, the Judge is come:
 Clouds his throne; a-round him stand An-gel guards, a count-less band.

2 Hark, the voice from shore to shore
 Tells that time shall be no more :
 See the dead from dust arise,
 Hurried to the iast assize.

3 On his right are placed the just ;
 To his left the wicked thrust :
 Well to him are sinners known,
 Quickly sever'd from his own.

4 These a blest retreat have won,
 Who had learn'd earth's joys to shun :
 Chose for him the pain and loss,
 Follow'd him who bore the Cross :—

5 Cross, from which the Hebrew turn'd ;
 Cross, by haughty Gentile spurn'd ;
 Thee with joy the righteous see,
 But the lost with agony.

6 Deeper still their shame and dread,
 Seeing him whose blood they shed :
 Lord, from sin thy people keep,
 Lest its dreadful fruit they reap.

7 Mingling joy with holy fear,
 Praise we him whose day is near :
 Bless alike the Father's Name,
 And the Spirit's praise proclaim.

J. B. de Santeuil (1630-1697) ; Tr. R. Campbell (1814-1868)