

God the Father, God the Son
Words: Anonymous.
Music: William Monk (1823-1889).

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of immortality,
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Thou Whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave,
Living now from death to save,
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Thou before Whose great white throne
All our doings must be shown,
Pleading now for us Thine own,
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Thou Whose death was borne that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally,
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Thou Who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glory share
Hear us, holy Jesu.

We are dying day by day,
Soon from earth we pass away;
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Ere we hear the angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Savior, be our all;
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Wean our hearts from things below,
Make us all Thy love to know,
Guard from our ghostly foe:
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Shelter us with angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring;
So shall death have lost its sting:
Hear us, holy Jesu.

In the gloom Thy light provide;
Safely through the valley guide;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died;
Hear us, holy Jesu.

When Thy summons we obey
On the dreadful Judgment Day,
Let not fear our souls dismay:
Hear us, holy Jesu.

While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our redemption drawing nigh:
Hear us, holy Jesu.

May we see Thee on Thy throne
As the Savior we have known,
And have followed as our own:

Hear us, holy Jesu.

May we then, among the blest
Who Thy Name on earth confessed,
Hear Thee calling us to rest,
Hear us, holy Jesu.

From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom
Dead souls lie as in a tomb,
Save us, holy Jesu.

From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share,
From the dread companions there,
Save us, holy Jesu.

From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies,
From the worm that never dies,
Save us, holy Jesu.

From the lusts that none can tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame,
Save us, holy Jesu.

Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain,
Bring us, holy Jesu.

Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace,
Bring us, holy Jesu.

Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in angels' holy joy
Thy redeemed their powers employ,
Bring us, holy Jesu.

Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known,
Bring us, holy Jesu.

Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee and adore
In Thy presence evermore,
Bring us, holy Jesu.