

Henry Francis Lyte
(1793-1847)

Hark, round the God of love

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Eton Cloisters (65. 65. 66. 65)

Stately

1. Hark, round the God of love
Angels are singing;
Saints at His feet above
Their crowns are flinging.
And may poor children dare
Hope for acceptance there,
Their simple praise and prayer
To His throne bringing?

2. Yes, through adoring throngs
His pity sees us;
'Midst their seraphic songs
Our offering pleases;
And Thou who here didst prove
To babes so full of love,
Thou art the same above,
Merciful Jesus.

3. Not a poor sparrow falls
But Thou art near it;
When the young raven calls,
Thou, Lord, dost hear it;
Flowers, worms and insects share
Hourly Thy guardian care:
Wilt Thou bid us despair?
Lord, can we fear it?

4. Lord, then Thy mercy send
On all before thee;
Children and children's friend
Bless, we implore Thee;
Lead us from grace to grace,
On through our earthly race,
Till all before thy face
Meet to adore Thee.