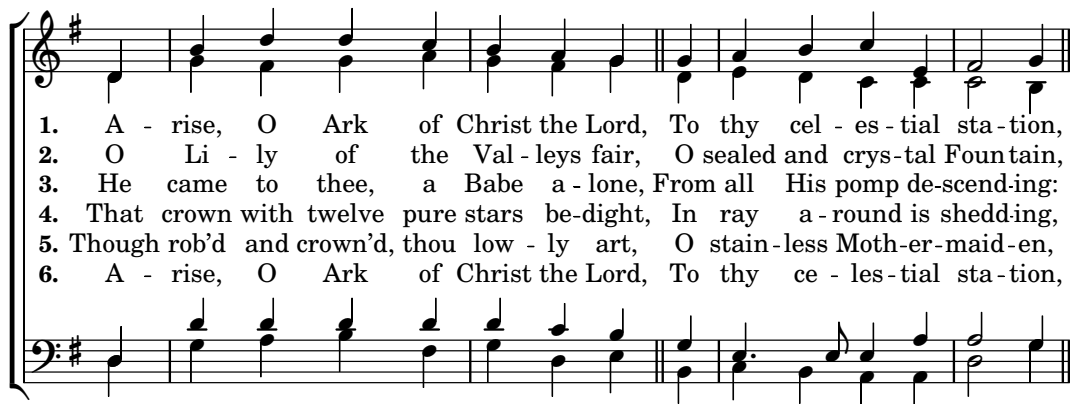


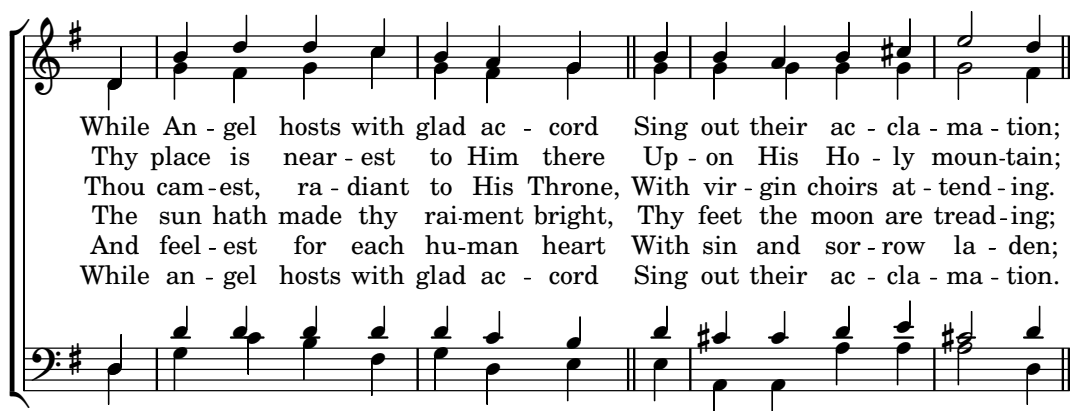
ARISE, O ARK OF CHRIST THE LORD

Music: GOLDEN SHEAVES, 87.87.D.; A. Sullivan, 1874

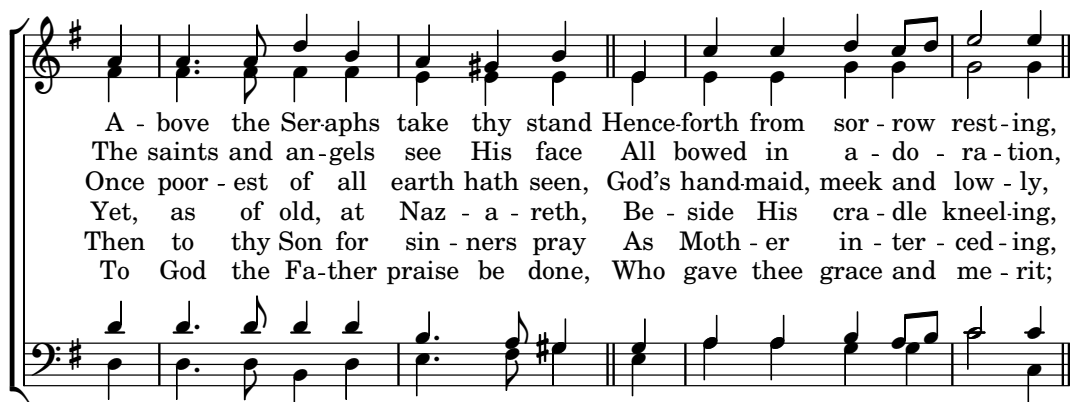
Text: R.F. Littledale



1. A - rise, O Ark of Christ the Lord, To thy cel - es - tial sta - tion,
2. O Li - ly of the Val - leys fair, O sealed and crys - tal Foun - tain,
3. He came to thee, a Babe a - lone, From all His pomp de - scend - ing;
4. That crown with twelve pure stars be - dight, In ray a - round is shed - ding,
5. Though rob'd and crown'd, thou low - ly art, O stain - less Moth - er - maid - en,
6. A - rise, O Ark of Christ the Lord, To thy ce - les - tial sta - tion,



While An - gel hosts with glad ac - cord Sing out their ac - cla - ma - tion;
Thy place is near - est to Him there Up - on His Ho - ly moun - tain;
Thou cam - est, ra - diant to His Throne, With vir - gin choirs at - tend - ing.
The sun hath made thy rai - ment bright, Thy feet the moon are tread - ing;
And feel - est for each hu - man heart With sin and sor - row la - den;
While an - gel hosts with glad ac - cord Sing out their ac - cla - ma - tion.



A - bove the Ser - aphs take thy stand Hence - forth from sor - row rest - ing,
The saints and an - gels see His face All bowed in a - do - ra - tion,
Once poor - est of all earth hath seen, God's hand - maid, meek and low - ly,
Yet, as of old, at Naz - a - reth, Be - side His cra - dle kneel - ing,
Then to thy Son for sin - ners pray As Moth - er in - ter - ced - ing,
To God the Fa - ther praise be done, Who gave thee grace and me - rit;

All glo - rious at the King's right hand
 Thou, Ma - ry, gaz - est, full of grace,
 Now Thou art crowned of Heav'n the Queen,
 And la - ter, at the cross of death,
 Ask on, He will not say thee nay,
 Praise be to Christ, thine on - ly Son,

In gold and broid - ered vest - ing.
 With Moth - er's ex - ul - ta - tion.
 And fore - most of the low - ly.
 Thy soul to an - guish steel - ing.
 But grant thee all thy plead - ing.
 And to thy Spouse, the Spir - it.