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THE LIVING CHURCH

(St. Anne. C. M.)

A. C. Coxe

W. Croft

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle - ments, And her foun - da - tions strong;
 3. For not like king - doms of the world Thy ho - ly church, O God!
 4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, When on Thy truth she stands,

But, Lord, Thy Church is liv - ing yet; Thro' a - ges still the same.
 We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
 They change with chang - ing words of men: She rests up - on Thy word.
 A moun - tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

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WE BLESS THEE FOR THY PEACE

(St. Anne. C. M.)

W. Croft

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th'un - fath - omed sea,
 2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re - pose Which comes from out - ward rest,
 3. That peace which suf - fers and is strong, Trusts where it can - not see,
 4. That peace which flows se - rene and deep A riv - er in the soul
 5. O Fa - ther, give our hearts this peace, What - e'er the out - ward be,

Which falls like sun - shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee.
 If we may have thro' all life's woes Thy peace with - in our breast,—
 Deems not the tri - al - way too long, But leaves the end with Thee.
 Whose banks a liv - ing ver - dure keep, God's sun - shine o'er the whole.
 Till all life's dis - ci - pline shall cease, And we go home to Thee.