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# HYMNS

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## PRAYERS FOR IRELAND.



O GOD, who by the ministry of holy men in days of old didst gather together throughout Ireland a great flock to set forth the praise of Thy Holy Name, withdraw not Thy favour from that troubled land, we beseech Thee; but so correct what is amiss, supply what is lacking and reconcile what is divided, that the borders of Thy true Church may be enlarged, and that all its members may bring forth fruit to Thy honour and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth, and didst send Thy Blessed Son to preach peace to them that are afar off and to them that are nigh; grant that the people of Ireland may seek after Thee and find Thee, and hasten, O Heavenly Father, the fulfilment of Thy promise to pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O GOD, whose never-failing Providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth, look in mercy on Thy Church and people in Ireland. Bless abundantly the labours of those who witness in the open air, in the Mission Church, in the Schools and Homes, in the country places, in the Mission Dispensary, and in the dwellings of the people. Prosper the teachers as they seek to train the young in the ways of righteousness. Give success to the colporteurs as they sow the good seed throughout the land, and grant that in Ireland a people may be gathered out for the praise of Him who has promised to return, Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## HYMNS.

H.C. =Hymnal Companion.

A. & M. =Ancient and Modern.

C.H. =Church Hymnal for the Christian Year (Lady Carbery).

C.F. =Consecration and Faith.

1 Tune—"Deerhurst." H.C. 232, A. & M. 436, C.H. 109. 8.7.8.7.D.

**F**ATHER! we would plead Thy promise, bending at Thy glorious throne,  
That the isles shall wait upon Thee, trusting on Thine arm alone;  
One bright isle we bring before Thee, while in faith Thy children pray  
For a full and mighty blessing, with united voice, to-day.

Gracious Saviour! look in mercy on this island of the west,  
Win the wandering and the weary with Thy pardon and Thy rest;  
As the only Friend and Saviour let Thy blessed Name be owned,  
Who has shed Thy blood most precious, and for ever hath atoned.  
Holy Spirit! lift Thy standard, pour Thy grace, and shed Thy light,  
Lift the veil and loose the fetter, come with new and quickening might;  
Make the desert places blossom, shower Thy sevenfold gifts abroad,  
Make Thy servants wise and steadfast—valiant for the truth of God.

Triune God of grace and glory, be the isle for which we plead  
Shielded, succoured with Thy blessing, strong in every hour of need,  
Flooded with Thy truth and glory, glowing sunshine from above,  
And encompassed with the ocean of Thy everlasting love.

Oh! surround Thy throne of power with Thine emerald bow of peace,  
Let the wailing, and the warring, and the wild confusion cease;  
Thou remainest King for ever, Thou shalt reign, and earth adore.  
Thine the kingdom, Thine the power, Thine the glory evermore. Amen.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Tune—"Moscow." H.C. 131, A. & M. 360, C.H. 179. 6.6.4.D.

2

1 **L**ORD of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy Word!

Oh, let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found:  
God speed His Word!

2 Our thanks we give to Thee,  
Thine let the glory be—  
Glory to God!

Thine was the mighty plan,  
From Thee the work began,  
Away with praise of man—  
Glory to God!



- 3 Lo! what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy Word!  
One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band—  
God shield His word!
- 4 Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force,  
God bless His Word!  
His Word ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun;  
His purpose must be done—  
God bless His Word! Amen.

Tune—*Rockingham.* H.C. 42, A. & M. 108, C.H. 288(2). L.M.

- 3 1 **A**LMIGHTY GOD, whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;
- 2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honour Thee.
- 3 And some for whom we plead to-day  
Tread not the "new and living way,"  
But seek their own poor souls to win  
From all the penalty of sin.
- 4 Thy Word they dare not take to guide  
Their footsteps through the desert wide,  
Nor trust the one all-saving Name  
Of Him who bore their guilt and shame.
- 5 Oh, give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire.
- 6 That so from angel-hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we with all the blest adore  
Thy name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

Tune—"Hursley." H.C. 344, A. & M. 24, C.H. 49(3). L.M.

- 4 1 **F**OR CHRIST to learn—for Christ to teach"—  
O Lord, may this our watchword be!  
What nobler destiny for each,  
Than thus to live and work for Thee?

- 2 "For Christ to learn—for Christ to teach"—  
His Cross in view, His Word in hand,  
Up, fellow-soldiers, mount the breach,  
Be true to Church and Fatherland!
- 3 "For Christ to learn—for Christ to teach"—  
For childhood's holy cause to fight,  
This be our task—not idle speech—  
Not vain delay—fast comes the night!
- 4 "For Christ to learn—for Christ to teach"—  
To strive—nor lay our armour down!  
Be this our warfare till we reach  
The victor's goal, and win the crown. Amen.

Tune—"Galilee." A. & M. 220, C.H. 177(2).

L.M.

- 5 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run'  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His head;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

Tune—"Bishopsgarth." H.C. 601, C.H. 630.

8.7.8.7.D.

- 6 1 **F**OR MY sake and the Gospel's, go  
And tell Redemption's story";  
His heralds answer, "Be it so,  
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!"  
They preach His birth, His life, His Cross,  
The love of His atonement,  
For whom they count the world but loss,  
His Easter, His enthronement.



2 Hark, hark, the trump of Jubilee,  
Proclaims to every nation,  
From pole to pole, by land and sea,  
Glad tidings of salvation;  
As nearer draws the day of doom,  
While still the battle rages,  
Thy heavenly Dayspring through the gloom  
Breaks on the night of ages.

3 Still on and on the anthems spread  
Of Hallelujah voices,  
In concert with the holy dead  
The warrior Church rejoices;  
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,  
Their golden harps are ringing;  
Earth and the Paradise of God  
One triumph song are singing.

4 He comes, Whose Advent trumpet drowns  
The last of Time's evangels,  
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,  
The Lord of Saints and Angels;  
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,  
Triune, Who changest never,  
The throne of God and of the Lamb,  
Is Thine, and Thine for ever. Amen.

Tune—"Aurelia." H.C. 397, C.H. 290, A. & M. 215. 7.6.7.6.D.

7 1 **W**ORD of God incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging  
O Light of our dark sky!  
We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift Divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass,  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee. Amen.

Tune—"Rockingham." H.C. 42, C.H. 326, C.F. 73, A. & M. 108.

8 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.  
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.  
3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small:  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

C.F. 491, H.C. 289, A. & M. 633, C.H. 155.

9 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.  
3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.  
4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.



*Tune—"Misericordia." A. & M. 255, C.H. 244.*

- 10 1 **M**ARK to the voices of the Earth,  
That raise the song in solemn mirth,  
And praise Thee for Thy human birth,  
O Saviour of the World.
- 2 We thank Thee for Thy words of grace,  
Thine acts of love, Thy steadfast face.  
Thy succour for our thankless race,  
O Saviour of the World.
- 3 And when Thy people scorned their King,  
We praise Thee that Thy suffering  
Did hope to all the nations bring,  
O Saviour of the World.
- 4 Thy Cross is now uplifted high,  
The centre of Earth's history,  
The sign of coming victory,  
O Saviour of the World.
- 5 Thy heralds are in all the lands,  
Thine intercessors lift their hands,  
Thy ransomed Church expectant stands,  
O Saviour of the World.
- 6 Though dark the night we wait the day,  
The dawn of Thine Epiphany,  
Haste, haste, Thy universal sway,  
O Saviour of the World. Amen.

*Tune—"Venice." H.C. 167, C.H. 623(2), C.F. 342.*

- 11 1 **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord!  
Now to Thy saints appear;  
Oh, speak with power to every soul,  
And let Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Exalt Thy precious name!  
Any may Thy love in every heart  
Be kindled to a flame.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
And bless to all Thy Word!  
And may its pure and sacred truth  
In living faith be heard!
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Give Pentecostal showers:  
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone!  
The blessing, Lord, be ours! Amen.

*Tune—"Pentecost." A. & M. 540, C.H. 421, C.F. 300.*

- 12 1 **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

*Tune—"Ewing." H.C. 249, A. & M. 228, C.F. ("Morning Light")  
297, C.H. 589(2).*

- 13 1 **S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the Cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day'  
Ye that are men, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the Gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.



- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song;  
 To him that overcometh  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of Glory  
 Shall reign eternally. Amen.

"Ireland for Christ." "St. Sylvester" (Barnby), C.H. 103.

- 14 **I**RELAND for Christ! the martial chorus echo near and far,  
 While the banner floating o'er us bids us forth to war!  
 Ancient land of saints and sages, circled by the sea,  
 From the slavery of ages, Rise to liberty!  
 Bring forth the harp, so oft in sadness touch'd by bards of old,  
 Sweep its chords with Psalms of gladness, hail your age of gold!  
 Fairest isle of all the ocean, all your tribute bring,  
 Pour it forth in full devotion to your rightful King!  
 Once more let Erin's sons and daughters, for her own dear sake,  
 Join her children o'er the waters in the vow they make;  
 By the grace of God we'll never break our solemn tryst:  
 Brightest hope of our endeavour, Ireland won for Christ!  
 Soon shall the Royal proclamation end the long campaign,  
 Soon o'er our united nation Christ shall come to reign;  
 Then throughout our ancient sire-land, man to man shall call—  
 "Crown Him King of dear old Ireland! Crown Him Lord of all!"  
 (By kind permission of Irish Christian Endeavour). W. Laird Cowdy.

Tune—"Ravenshaw." H.C. 267, A. & M. 243, C.H. 83. 6.6.6.6.

- 15 1 **L**ORD, Thy Word abideth,  
 And our footsteps guideth;  
 Who its truth believeth  
 Light and joy receiveth.  
 2 When our foes are near us,  
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us;  
 Word of consolation,  
 Message of salvation.  
 3 When the storms are o'er us,  
 And dark clouds before us,  
 Then its light directeth  
 And our way protecteth.  
 4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
 Who recount the treasure  
 By Thy Word imparted  
 To the simple-hearted?

- 5 Word of mercy, giving  
 Succour to the living;  
 Word of life supplying  
 Comfort to the dying!  
 6 Oh, that we discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
 Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

Tune—"Melcombe." H.C. 14, A. & M. 4, C.H. 5.

- 16 1 **F**OR Erin plead we, God of love,  
 Many her ills, profound her woes;  
 Oh, look in mercy from above,  
 And bring her sorrows to a close.  
 2 Oh, let the rising Day-star's beam,  
 Dispel the gloom that on her lies,  
 And may the Light, in richest stream,  
 Shine on now seal'd and darken'd eyes.  
 3 Break superstition's cruel chain,  
 Banish the false, uphold the true,  
 Set captives free from main to main,  
 May old things pass and yield to new.  
 4 On Ireland shed Thy grace again,  
 No hope but Thee, O Christ, we see;  
 All human counsels are in vain,  
 She calls, and loudly calls, for Thee.  
 5 Then, as Thy saving mercies roll  
 In tides of blessing far and wide,  
 Thou'lt see the travail of Thy soul,  
 And, seeing, shalt be satisfied. Amen.

Tune—"St. Barnabas." C.F. 372, A. & M. 107,  
 C.H. ("North Coates") 298(2). 6.5.6.5.

- 17 1 **J**ESU, stand among us  
 In Thy risen power;  
 Let this time of worship  
 Be a hallowed hour.  
 2 Breathe Thy Holy Spirit  
 Into every heart;  
 Bid the fears and sorrows  
 From each soul depart.  
 3 Thus with quickened footsteps  
 We'll pursue our way,  
 Watching for the dawning  
 Of the eternal day. Amen.



Tune—"St. Cuthbert." H.C. 261, A. & M. 207, C.F. 162, C.H. 399. 8.6.8.4.

18

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And meet for Thee. Amen.

Tune—"St. George." A. & M. 58, H.C. 68, C.F. 333.

19

- 1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be;  
All that we have is Thine alone—  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blesest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

Tune—"Bullinger." C.F. 448, C.H. 634.

8.5.8.3.

20

- 1 **H**E expecteth, He expecteth!  
Down the stream of time,  
Still the words come softly ringing  
Like a chime.
- 2 Oft-times faint, now waxing louder  
As the hour draws near,  
When the King, in all His glory,  
Shall appear.
- 3 And till every tribe and nation  
Bow before His throne,  
He expecteth loyal service  
From His own.
- 4 He expecteth—but He heareth  
Still the bitter cry  
From earth's millions, "Come and help us,  
For we die."
- 5 Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?  
Brethren, let us rise;  
He Who died for us is watching  
From the skies;
- 6 Watching till His royal banner  
Floateth far and wide,  
Till He seeth of His travail  
Satisfied! Amen.

Tune—"Sychar." H.C. 404, C.F. 23, A. & M. ("St. Andrew") 403,  
C.H. 647. 8.7.8.7.

21

- 1 **J**ESUS calls us!—o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow me."
- 2 As of old, Apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.
- 3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love Me more than these."



- 5 Jesus calls us!—by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Tune—"St. Anne." A. & M. 165, H.C. 279, C.F. 533, C.H. 128. C.M.

- 22 1 **G**OD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!
- 2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home! Amen.

Tune—"Innocents." A. & M. 33, H.C. 372, C.H. 27, A. & M.  
("University College.") 291, H.C. 361, C.H. 494. 7.7.7.7.

- 23 1 **F**T in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war and face the foe;  
Will you flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Victory soon shall tune your song.

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward, then, to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go! Amen.

24—"The Breastplate of St. Patrick." Irish Church Hymnal, 346.

**I** BIND unto myself to-day the strong Name of the Trinity,  
By invocation of the same, the Three in One, and One in Three.  
I bind this day to me for ever, by power of faith, Christ's incarnation;  
His baptism in Jordan river; His death on Cross for my salvation;  
His bursting from the spiced tomb; His riding up the heav'nly way;  
His coming at the day of doom; I bind unto myself to-day.

I bind unto myself the power of the great love of Cherubim;  
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour; the service of the Seraphim,  
Confessors' faith, Apostles' word, the Patriarchs' pray'rs, the Prophets' scrolls,  
All good deeds done unto the Lord, and purity of virgin souls,  
I bind unto myself to-day the virtues of the starlit heaven,  
The glorious sun's life-giving ray, the whiteness of the moon at even.

The flashing of the lightning free, the whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,  
The stable earth, the deep salt sea around the old eternal rocks,  
I bind unto myself to-day the power of God to hold, and lead,  
His eye to watch, His might to stay, His ear to hearken to my need.  
The wisdom of my God to teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward;  
The Word of God to give me speech, His heav'nly host to be my guard.

Against the demon snares of sin, the vice that gives temptation force,  
The natural lusts that war within, the hostile men that mar my course;  
Or few or many, far or nigh, in ev'ry place, and in all hours,  
Against their fierce hostility, I bind to me these holy powers.

Against all Satan's spells and wiles, against false words of heresy,  
Against the knowledge that defiles, against the heart's idolatry,  
Against the wizard's evil craft, against the death-wound and the burning,  
The choking wave, the poison'd shaft, protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort, and restore me,  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger,  
I bind unto myself the Name, the strong Name of the Trinity;  
By invocation of the same, the Three in One, and One in Three,  
Of Whom all nature hath creation; Eternal Father, Spirit, Word,  
Praise to the Lord of my salvation, Salvation is of Christ the Lord. Amen.

Another form of this hymn will be found in a most interesting book, "The Genuine Writings of St. Patrick," by Dr. C. H. H. Wright, price 6d., I.C.M. Office. Every lover of history should possess a copy.