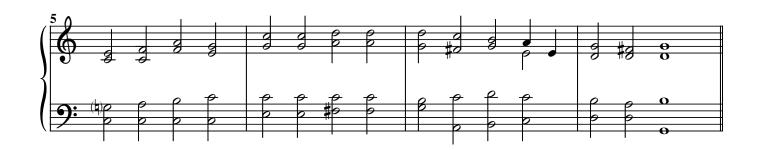
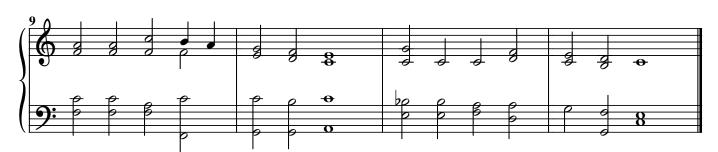
Thou to whom the sick and dying

J. Summers, 1843-1916 Evensong 87.87.77







Thou to Whom the sick and dying Ever came, nor came in vain, Still with healing word replying, To the wearied cry of pain, Hear us, Jesu, as we meet Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

Every care, and every sorrow, Be it great, or be it small, Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, When, where'er it may befall, Lay we humbly at Thy feet, Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying Need a brother's, sister's care, On Thy higher help relying May we now their burdens share, Bringing all our offerings meet Suppliants at Thy mercy seat. May each child of Thine be willing Willing both in hand and heart, All the law of love fulfilling, Ever comfort to impart; Ever bringing offerings meet, Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness To Thy healing virtue yield, Till the sick and sad, in gladness, Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed, One in Thee together meet, Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Godfrey Thring