

## WIGHTON

Wighton has a typical country chapel, built in 1874. Its sunday school over the years was renowned. There was originally a separate school building beside the chapel where the telephone kiosk now stands. The sunday school anniversaries consisted of two or three sunday services then hymn singing around the village on the Monday evening. The anniversaries were held in local farm barns as the chapel wasn't big enough to hold all the people who came to hear the children sing and recite. Unfortunately, the sunday school ended about three years ago. Anniversaries were held every year until then. The highlight of the year was a sunday school treat during the summer. Firstly going to Wells by horse and cart, then bus and in later days a days outing to Yarmouth by coach.

The chapel, until a few years ago, held two services each sunday. It boasted two local preachers, Eva and Ernie Bennell. Until about two years ago they always held a service in the chapel on Good Friday evening. For many years they had a women's Bright Hour unfortunately this finished about twenty years ago.

In 1968, renovations were made to the chapel, adding a kitchen and toilets. This was followed by a re-dedication service led by Rev.Morley-Waite.

The Methodists of Wighton have always had a close affinity with the village church, sharing special services at Easter, Armistice and Christmas.

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"Come, come, this will never do" said the choir master, "Open your mouths and sing boldly....LITTLE DROPS OF WATER"...and for goodness sake ...put some spirit into it!"

The preacher for sunday next will be found hanging on the notice board in the porch.

# HYMNS TO BE SUNG

BY THE

## TEACHERS AND CHILDREN

AT

# THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

## Primitive Methodist Sabbath School,

# WIGHTON,

### ON LORD'S DAY AND MONDAY, JULY 20TH AND 21ST, 1862.

#### HYMN 1. GRATITUDE.

What shall we render,  
Thou heavenly Friend, to thee,  
For care so tender,  
For grace so free?  
What can we bring? for all we love  
Thy rich and bounteous hand bestows;  
From thee, the source of joy above,  
All life and blessing flows.  
What shall we render, &c.

Lo! th' lofty mountains  
High 't' thee their summits raise;  
Sweet sparkling fountains  
Whisper thy praise,  
The pleasant fruits, the smiling flowers,  
To thee their grateful offering bring;  
And cheerful birds with all their powers,  
To thee sweet anthems sing.  
What shall we render, &c.

Earth's thousand voices  
Warble thy lovely name;  
Nature rejoices  
Praise to proclaim  
Since we have spirits that must live  
When all things else shall fade and die,  
May we eternal hosannas give,  
And sing thy praises on high!  
Then we shall render  
True honour, Lord, to thee;  
For care so tender,  
For grace so free.

#### HYMN 2. THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, my Father, whilst I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way  
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
May I be still and murmur not,  
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh,

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer I mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

#### HYMN 3. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven's my home;  
Rough is the path I steer;  
Heaven's my home;

But time's wild wintry blast,  
Only an hour can last;  
Soon will the storm be past—Heaven's, &c.

Soon will my troubles cease,  
Heaven's my home.  
Soon shall I rest in peace,  
Heaven's my home.

Sighing and tears are o'er,  
Sorrow and grief no more,  
Dwell on this peaceful shore—Heaven's, &c.

Hasten thou glorious day,  
Heaven's my home;  
When I shall, far away,  
Heaven's my home.

Far from this world of night,  
And o'er my raptured sight,  
Burns that fair land of light—Heaven's, &c.

There will my toils be done;  
Heaven's my home.  
There will the prize be won;  
Heaven's my home.

Weariness, want, nor care,  
Dark doubt, nor woe despair,  
Nor death can enter there—Heaven's, &c.

#### HYMN 4. THE PEARL.

The pearl that worldlings covet,  
Is not the pearl for me,

For ever bright will be  
Oh, that's the crown for me!

The road that many travel  
Is not the road for me,  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
In it I would not be;  
But there's a road that leads to God,  
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,  
The passage there is free  
Oh, that's the road for me!

The hope that sinners cherish  
Is not the hope for me,  
Most surely will they perish,  
Unless from sin set free;  
But there's a hope that rests in God,  
And leads the soul to read his word,  
From sinful pleasures free;  
Oh, that's the hope for me!

#### HYMN 5. MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free!  
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;  
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but  
spoken.

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,  
His word was our arrow, his wrath was our sword.  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory  
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

#### ANTHEM 6. THE PRODIGAL SON.

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him  
Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,  
and am no more worthy to be called thy son: bring hither  
the best robe and put it upon him, put a ring on his  
hand and put shoes on his feet." CHORUS.—And let us be  
merry for this my son was dead and is alive again, was  
lost and is found."

#### HYMN 7.