

Classic Poetry Series

**Sarah Flower Adams**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Sarah Flower Adams(1805-1848)

Sarah Adams, née Flower, was born at Harlow, Essex on 22 February 1805, and died in London on 14 August, 1848.

She was the younger daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and owner of The Cambridge Intelligencer; and was married, in 1834, to William Brydges Adams, a well-known inventor and civil engineer. In 1841 she published 'Vivia Perpetua', a dramatic poem dealing with the conflict of heathenism and Christianity; and in 1845, the 'Flock at the Fountain', a catechism and hymns for children.

As a member of the congregation of the Rev. William Johnson Fox, a Unitarian minister in London, she contributed 13 hymns to the Hymns and Anthems, published in 1841. Of these hymns, the most widely known are 'Nearer, my God, to Thee', and 'He sendeth sun, He sendeth showers'.

'Robert Browning' admired her and was a frequent correspondent.

There is a tradition that the band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee" on the Titanic as the ship sank.

She was painted by 'Margaret Gillies', a Scottish artist who worked in London. Unitarian in belief, like many major writers and social reformers of the period, her convictions owed much to health reformer Thomas Southwood Smith (with whom she lived for over twenty years) and to her association with 'William Johnson Fox''s radical Unitarian congregation of the 1830s.

Through these connections she met 'William Wordsworth', 'Charles Dickens', 'Leigh Hunt', 'Harriet Martineau', 'Richard Hengist Horne', Sarah Flower Adams and many other celebrities of the time, a large number of whom she portrayed (reproduced above). She contributed to the first illustrated Government report (on Children in the Mines).

Her feminism and professionalism, the nature of her work, and her unconventional lifestyle were all grounded in Unitarianism, the most progressive and liberating ideology of the 19th century.

# He Sendeth Sun, He Sendeth Shower

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
Alike they're needful for the flower:  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!  
Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!  
Oh, ne'er will I at life repine:  
Enough that thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

Sarah Flower Adams

# Hymn

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
Alike they're needful for the flower:  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!  
Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!  
Oh, ne'er will I at life repine:  
Enough that thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

Sarah Flower Adams

# Love

O Love! thou makest all things even  
In earth or heaven;  
Finding thy way through prison-bars  
Up to the stars;  
Or, true to the Almighty plan,  
That out of dust created man,  
Thou lookest in a grave,--to see  
Thine immortality!

Sarah Flower Adams

# Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me:  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God! to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given:  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly:  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams

# O Love! Thou Makest All Things Even

O Love! thou makest all things even  
In earth or heaven;  
Finding thy way through prison-bars  
Up to the stars;  
Or, true to the Almighty plan,  
That out of dust created man,  
Thou lookest in a grave,--to see  
Thine immortality!

Sarah Flower Adams



## Part In Peace: Is Day Before Us?

Part in peace: is day before us?  
Praise His Name for life and light;  
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?  
Bless His care Who guards the night.

Part in peace: with deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace: such are the praises  
God our Maker loveth best;  
Such the worship that upraises  
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah Flower Adams