



HYMNS AND CAROLS
OLD & NEW.

— ANNOTATED —

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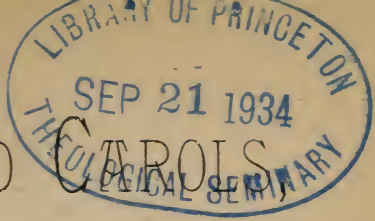
Section

2242





“It is a good thing to give thanks unto
the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy
Name, O Most Highest.”—*Ps. xcii. 1.*



HYMNS AND CAROLS

OLD AND NEW

(ANNOTATED),

FOR THE

Sunday School *and* Home,

TOGETHER WITH A

SHORT LITURGY.

EDITED BY

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TO THE TEACHERS

OF

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL,

ST. JOHN,

WHOSE UNTIRING AND UNSELFISH INTEREST IN

THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE YOUNG

HAS MADE THEM TRUE

“FELLOW-WORKERS UNTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD,”

THE EDITOR INSCRIBES THIS BOOK

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

OF THEIR VALUED CO-OPERATION

AND IN TESTIMONY OF

THE CONSTANT AFFECTION WITH WHICH

HE IS FAITHFULLY

THEIR FRIEND AND MINISTER.



PREFACE.

The Editor was led to prepare this little Service Book and Hymnal primarily to meet a pressing want in his own Sunday School. And it is herewith presented to the Church in the hope that it will supply a deficiency long felt and loudly expressed in our Sunday Schools at large.

I. It is a delusion to suppose that, for the success of the Sunday School, the children need a Prayer Book of their own—a sort of Primer Prayer Book, so childlike in character as to be outgrown with childhood. Such a book—and they are many and diverse—is generally loaded with the phraseology of the Book of Common Prayer, but lacking its unifying, harmonizing spirit. Intended as an introduction to the Prayer Book, it soon proves to be a rival and substitute for it. If the Prayer Book is to be imitated, it must be imitated on its own lines. The Introductory Sentences, the Versicles, the Prayers, like the Creeds and the Psalms, should be those of the Prayer Book itself. The Sunday School—an embryo Church congregation—should be educated in sound Church doctrine and correct forms of Church worship. The pupil of today is to become the teacher of a future generation; and the power of association in the human mind, especially in connection with Sunday School

worship, is so strong, that it is of vital importance for the Sunday School scholar to be surrounded and permeated from his earliest years, with a wholesome Church atmosphere.

The Sentences, Versicles, Canticles and Collects, introduced into the liturgical portion of this book, are such as to enable the Sunday School scholar, even while a pupil, to join heartily and intelligently in the use of the Prayer Book — such as to teach him to take his part in public worship all through his life.

II. In the Selection of the Hymns, the Editor has searched the standard collections of devotional hymns, and from a careful examination of over 2000 hymns and carols, has chosen 215 as the “cream of the cream” of both old and new. The three or four leading Anglican Hymnals contain over a thousand different hymns. Of each of these hymnals it may be said that rarely are more than a certain two or three hundred hymns in actual use — only about that number grow to be familiar and dear. It is these representative hymns that the Sunday School should prize and learn. For this reason this collection of hymns and carols has been formed on eclectic principles — whatever found good and appropriate has been inserted without regard to the supposed “religious school” of the authors — whether so-called; “High,” “Low,” or “Broad,” whether early Christian, Mediæval, Roman, Greek, Anglican, or Non-conformist. That the hymns are in the main drawn from the most approved sources of the *Anglican* Church (using that term in its broadest sense) the first line of each hymn

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as given in the Index will indicate also in which of the leading Hymn Books it may be found.

The text of the hymns has been kept in its most authentic form.

If the Church's Hymnal be used in the Sunday School, too often are the hymns chosen from those arranged under the heading of "Children's Hymns," to the practical exclusion of all others — though these others are often as suitable to children as to their seniors. For example, Bishop Heber's noble Trinity Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," should be sung, and not infrequently, by the youngest, though they no more fully understand its deep meaning than they do that of the Apostles' Creed or the Ten Commandments.

It is earnestly to be hoped that many such representative hymns will become stereotyped in the memory of the child, and thus become a holy, educating power in its daily life.

A prominent speaker in a recent Church Congress well said: "In many cases hymns dominate our public worship. They give it much of its characteristic value. And let us not suppose that the hymns are done with when the service is over. They dwell in the memory of the young and linger lovingly in the minds of the old. Shopboys and ploughboys whistle the well-known lines. The life of many a servant girl is brightened by the possession of her hymn book. No Sunday passes in which the hymns sung at Church are not sung again in homes, while their use for the sick and dying is universally acknowledged."

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But all this is possible only when the words, as well as the tune, shall have been *memorized*. Would it not be well to have the entire school frequently recite such hymns in unison, and afterward sing them *without the use of the Hymn Book*? And do we not cultivate a spirit of true devotion by *explaining* the hymns we sing? Such an acquisition of poetry and theology would be invaluable in after life.

It is highly desirable, however, not only to know the words of the hymn, but also to know something about its author, and its tune-composer, with correct dates. At the head of each hymn will be printed this brief information, which in itself will prove a valuable education for the child. A vivid personality will thus be associated with each hymn, where now there is a dull monotony or a vague anonymousness.

Furthermore, to meet the wants and desires of the older scholars especially, who like to own their Sunday School Hymn Book, and upon whom *private home study* should be urged, there will be found introduced at the end a series of *Notes* giving information concerning the author and composer of each of the leading hymns.

While hymns appropriate for all of the Church's varied seasons will be found carefully indexed, yet, in order to secure a *more constant use* of hymns fit not only for special seasons, but for general use, the usual division titles have been omitted.

The words are so arranged on the pages that no leaf need be turned in the singing of any hymn.

III. In selecting the music an attempt has been made to have the hymns and tunes adapted to each

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other. To sing some hymns to any other tunes than those to which, by a very general consent, they are wedded, seems almost a sacrilege. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty"; "Our bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed"; "The Church's one foundation"; "When morning gilds the skies," will be sung, we may well believe, to their respective and almost universally acknowledged tunes, till the Church Militant becomes the Church Triumphant. On the other hand a large number of tunes must undergo a process of eclecticism—the fittest will survive. For this reason, and to help hasten on the time of a more general consensus of opinion in the matter of the fittest tunes, the Editor has, in numerous instances, specified what, in his judgment, seems the best *alternative* tune.

In all cases attention has been paid to the quality of easy and attractive *melody*—to setting the hymns to tunes, that are not only fit to be sung, but that are *singable*. When melody, which Mozart declared to be essential to effective music, is sacrificed for the sake of complicated harmonies, congregational singing will be in danger of becoming extinct. But experience abundantly shows that an elaboration of the accompaniment does not trouble children at all, provided the melody is simple and flowing. The complaint is often made that children will not learn certain tunes. A careful examination will in every case show such tunes to be deficient in melody.

A large number of *unison* tunes with an "obligato" organ accompaniment have been chosen; the obvious advantages of which are that the monotony of repeti-

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tion is modified by varied harmony, and the changing sentiment of the words more faithfully reflected by the music. The Editor would suggest that singing in unison be frequently adopted.

In all instances, the music will, it is believed, be found to be bright, and at the same time of a high order; such that the scholars will really care to sing, instead of standing listless or impatient while the choir performs its perfunctory and monotonous exercise. It is a mistake to suppose that children cannot easily learn *good* music, music dignified and majestic in movement, noble and elevating in expression.

Is it not within the power of accomplishment to get out a book, the hymns of which shall be warm, devout, uplifting, worth committing to memory; and the tunes of which will not only please when first sung, but will wear?

If this little book, believed to be the first of its kind published for the Sunday School and the Home, shall in any degree help to realize that consummation, the Editor will feel amply repaid for the time and care of preparing it.

L. G. S.

All Saints, 1891.

If a generous welcome shall be extended to this edition, containing the words-only, it is purposed to publish a complete musical edition, which it is hoped will meet with acceptance at the hands of all true-hearted Church musicians.

“In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”—*Phil. iv. 6.*

ORDER OF SERVICE

FOR THE

OPENING OF THE SCHOOL.

The Teachers and Scholars, standing up in their respective classes, after a Hymn shall have been sung, the Minister or Superintendent shall say some one or more of these Sentences that follow :

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. *St. Luke, xv, 18, 19.*

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. *Psalm, li, 17.*

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us: but, if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 *St. John, i, 8, 9.*

DEARLY beloved, I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me,

(All kneeling.)

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep.

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We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

Versicle. O Lord, open thou our lips,

Response. And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

(All standing.)

V. Praise ye the Lord.

R. The Lord's Name be praised.

Then shall follow

A SELECTION OF THE PSALMS,

Then shall be read

THE LESSON.

Which shall be the portion of Scripture appointed for the Sunday School Lesson for the day.

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Then shall be said or sung one of the following :

AT MORNING PRAYER.

Either the Hymn called

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee;

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ,

Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.

When thou lookest upon thee to deliver man: thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants: whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in glory everlasting.

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O Lord, save thy people: and bless thine heritage.
Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee;

And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

Or this Psalm.

JUBILATE. Psalm, c.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

AT EVENING PRAYER.

MAGNIFICAT. St. Luke, i.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.

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And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Or,

NUNC DIMITTIS. St. Luke, ii, 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

V. Let us pray.

Then shall the Minister or Superintendent say, all kneeling, one or more of the following Prayers:

O LORD, we beseech thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their

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sins unto thee; that they, whose consciences by sin are accused, by thy merciful pardon may be absolved; through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, we beseech thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins, which by our frailty we have committed: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

GRANT, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; Keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls; that we may may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, who never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy steadfast fear and love; Keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, from whom all good things do come; Grant to us, thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

BLESSED Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who by thy son Jesus Christ didst give to thy Apostle Saint Peter many excellent gifts, and commandedst him earnestly to feed thy flock; Make, we beseech thee, all Bishops and Pastors diligently to preach thy holy Word, and the people obediently to follow the same, that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who didst give to thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach thy Word; Grant, we beseech thee, unto thy Church, to love that Word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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Then shall the Superintendent say :

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we
commit you.

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be
gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon
you, and give you peace, both now and evermore.

Amen.

ORDER OF SERVICE
FOR
CLOSING THE SCHOOL.

HYMN.

APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe
In God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and
earth ;
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord ;
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the
Virgin Mary ;
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and
buried ;
He descended into hell, the third day he rose again
from the dead ;
He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right
hand of God the Father Almighty ;
From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the
dead ;

I believe
In the Holy Ghost ;
The Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints ;
The forgiveness of sins ;
The resurrection of the body ;
And the life everlasting. Amen.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

V. Let us pray.

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Then shall follow the Collect for the Day, and one or more of the following Prayers :

A COLLECT FOR PEACE (*only in morning*).

O GOD, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries; through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A COLLECT FOR GRACE (*only in morning*).

O LORD, our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; Defend us in the same with thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance to do always that is righteous in thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A COLLECT FOR PEACE (*only in evening*).

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

A COLLECT FOR AID AGAINST ALL PERILS (*only in evening*).

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, heavenly Father, we give thee humble thanks that thou hast vouchsafed to call us to the knowlege of thy grace and faith in thee. Increase this knowledge and confirm this faith in us evermore, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, now and for ever. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, we humbly beseech thy Majesty, that, as thy only-begotten Son was presented in the temple in substance of our flesh, so we may be presented unto thee with pure and clean hearts, by the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate us with thy Holy Spirit, to receive us for thine own children by adoption, and to incorporate us into thy holy Church. And humbly we beseech thee to grant, that we, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in his death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin; and that, as we are made partakers of the death of thy Son, we may also be partakers of his resurrection; so that finally, with the residue of thy holy Church, we may be inheritors of thine everlasting kingdom; through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR GRACE.

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, who makest us both to will and to do those things that be good and acceptable unto thy Divine Majesty: We make our humble supplications unto thee. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, ever be over us; let thy Holy Spirit ever be with us; and so lead us in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, that in the end we may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

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FOR THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT.

ALMIGHTY and everliving God; Strengthen us we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and daily increase in us thy manifold gifts of grace; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill us, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever.
Amen.

GRANT, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

OALMIGHTY God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify thee by their deaths; Mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives, and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking; We beseech thee to have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, who shewest to them that be in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; Grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Religion, that they may eschew those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all

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such things as are agreeable to the same ; through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O GOD, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee, mercifully accept our prayers ; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping of thy commandments we may please thee, both in will and deed ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast built thy Church upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head corner-stone ; Grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord ; Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou has prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR UNITY.

O GOD the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace ; Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly Union and Concord : that, as there is but one Body, and one Spirit, and one Hope of our Calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one holy bond of Truth and Peace, of Faith and Charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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A PRAYER FOR THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels; Send down upon our Bishops and Curates, and all Congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Grant this, O Lord, for the honour of our Advocate and Mediator, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON.

OALMIGHTY God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death; Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech thee, with the eyes of mercy upon [*Here name the person for whom special prayer is to be offered*] now lying upon the bed of sickness: Visit *him*, O Lord, with thy salvation; deliver *him* in thy good appointed time from *his* bodily pain, and save *his* soul for thy mercies' sake; That, if it shall be thy pleasure to prolong *his* days here on earth, *he* may live to thee, and be an instrument of thy glory, by serving thee faithfully, and doing good in *his* generation; or else receive *him* into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, O Lord, for thy mercies' sake, in the same thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; [**particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.*] *This to be said when any that have been prayed for desire to return praise.
We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the

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blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end.
Amen.

A PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 Cor. xiii.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

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A LITANY.

O GOD the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy Holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

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By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and shew it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and dread thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

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That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

(Let us pray.)

WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy Name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

ALmighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 Cor., xiii.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

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SPECIAL MORNING SERVICE.

All kneeling, the Minister shall say:

OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

THE COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid: Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Minister.

GOD spake these words, and said: I am the Lord thy God: Thou shalt have none other gods but me.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his Name in vain.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

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Minister. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt do no murder.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not steal.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

LET US PRAY.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we are taught by thy holy Word, that the hearts of Kings are in

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thy rule and governance, and that thou dost dispose and turn them as it seemeth best to thy godly wisdom: We humbly beseech thee so to dispose and govern the heart of *VICTORIA* thy Servant, our Queen and Governor, that, in all her thoughts, words, and works, she may ever seek thy honour and glory, and study to preserve thy people committed to her charge, in wealth, peace and godliness: Grant this, O merciful Father, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall be said the Collect of the Day. Then shall be read the Gospel (the people all standing up) saying, The holy Gospel is written in the — Chapter of — beginning at the — verse. And the Gospel ended, shall be sung or said the Creed following, the people still standing, as before.

I BELIEVE in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead: Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission

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of sins, and I look for the Resurrection of the dead,
And the life of the world to come. *Amen.*

Then shall be said or sung :

GLORY be to God on high, and in earth peace,
good will towards men. We praise thee, we
bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give
thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God,
heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten son Jesu Christ; O
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that
takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon
us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have
mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of
the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at
the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon
us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord;
thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most
high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall let them depart with this blessing :

THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding,
keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and
love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord:
and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the
Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain
with you always. *Amen.*

AN OFFICE FOR THE INDUCTION OF A
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

All kneeling, the Minister standing up shall say as followeth :

Jesus went up into a mountain; and his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying :

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

School. Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us: like as we do put our trust in thee.

Minister. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

School. Show us thy mercy, O Lord: and grant us thy salvation.

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Then may be sung

A HYMN.

Then shall the Minister say one or more of the following

PRAYERS :

O LORD Jesu Christ, who didst command thy disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest, we beseech thee graciously to increase the number of faithful teachers of thy word, and to send them forth among all nations of men, that so the bounds of thy blessed kingdom may be enlarged, to the glory of thy Name, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O LORD Jesus, who hast taught us in the parable of the talents, that a trust of means and opportunity has been committed unto us, for which we shall be held accountable unto thee, help us to make a wise use of those means and opportunities, to the special good of those entrusted to our care, and to thy glory, O Righteous Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

O GOD, the source and centre of all light, grant, we beseech thee, to this thy servant now entering upon the duties of a teacher of thy Holy Word, that *he* may be filled with the knowledge of thy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that by faithful instruction, by patience in well-doing, by a pure and blameless life, *he* may receive the sure reward promised to them that sow righteousness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; Grant us, we beseech thee, that, having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that, when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glor-

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ious kingdom; where with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, he liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast built thy Church upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head cornerstone; Grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A LMIGHTY and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service; Grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you.

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

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ADDITIONAL PRAYERS

Which may be used at the discretion of the Minister or Superintendent.

(For the School.)

O LORD our Heavenly Father, who art ever ready to hear the prayers of those who ask in thy Son's Name, look down, we beseech thee, upon us thy servants here assembled, and bless us. Grant us the aid of thy grace in our study of thy holy Word. May we search in it for wisdom as for hid treasure. Open thou our eyes that we may see wondrous things out of thy law. Quicken our memories that we may retain the instruction which we this day receive. And grant that we may be so effectually taught that we shall never depart from thy holy law, but continue thine forever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more until we come unto thy everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For the School.)

ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, who hast promised that they who early seek thy heavenly wisdom shall find it, and find it more precious than all the treasures of this world, bless, we beseech thee, us, thy servants, who have now been engaged in the study of thy word. Help us to receive with meekness its holy truths, so that, in heart and life we may become members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Let thy fatherly hand ever be over us, let thy Holy Spirit ever be with us, and so lead us in the knowledge and obedience of thy word, that in the end we may obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For the School.)

O BLESSED Saviour, who, when sojourning upon earth, didst take little children into thine arms and bless them, we beseech thee now on behalf of the children of this Sunday-School. Take them into thy

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tender care and keeping, and regard them with the favour which thou bearest unto thine own people. Do thou watch over and guide them, protect them from the snares and corruption of this evil world; and enable those to whose care they are committed to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to the glory of thy great and Holy Name. *Amen.*

(For the School.)

ALmighty God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, send down upon us the healthful spirit of thy grace. Bless, we humbly beseech thee, the means which are used to bring up these children in thy fear and service. Grant them the continual aids of thy grace, that they may renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, and may keep thy holy will and commandments all the days of their life. May they never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world and the devil, and to continue his faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For the School.)

OLORD Jesu Christ, who didst sit lowly in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; grant unto us, thy servants, both aptness to teach and willingness to learn thy blessed will, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

(Thankfulness.)

OLORD our God, Almighty and Eternal Father, who givest to thy children liberally and upbraidest not; we bless thee for thy infinite goodness to us and to all men. We give thee thanks for the world and all good things which are therein; for the sky above us and the earth beneath our feet; for the changing seasons; for life and health; for home and friends. We

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thank thee for thy tender care which guards us, and for all thy good creatures by which we are enriched. Most of all do we bless thee for Jesus Christ our Saviour, and for all the means of grace and the hope of glory through Him. In thy service may we live, and in thy favour may we die, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Purity.)

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, teach us, thy children, to love and reverence thy holy Name. Wherever we are, and whatever we do, may we always remember that thou God seest us, that thou art about our path and about our bed, and spiest out all our ways; that the night is to thee as clear as the day, that darkness and light to thee are both alike. Give us strength to keep our lips that they speak no guile, to guard our bodies as the living temples of thy honour, and to preserve our souls in that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and in that innocency of life which will bring a man peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Temperance.)

O GOD, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil; pour down, we beseech thee, thy blessing on all Associations formed to do battle with the great evil of intemperance. May thy Holy Spirit direct and prosper all their efforts. Give strength to those who are striving against the temptations that beset them; grant them the grace of true repentance, and perfect amendment of life. Lead us all to deny ourselves, even in lawful indulgences, if, by so doing, we may promote thy glory and the good of our fellow-men. May we so eat and drink that, our flesh being subdued to the spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, to thy honour and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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(For Temperance.)

ALMIGHTY God, who hast taught us that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and that we are not our own, but are bought with a price; keep our hearts in purity and our bodies in chastity. Banish from us everything that defileth and enable us to walk before thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For those in Distress).

O ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, cease not, we pray thee, to look with mercy and pity on all the sins and miseries of our fellow creatures, and help us, we beseech thee, to behave with Christian charity and wisdom to all that are in distress, poverty or suffering. Let none of us come under thy condemnation on the great Day of Judgment for want of mercy or charity to our brethren, who, in this world of trial, were hungry, or thirsty, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and to whom, when we had the power, we did not minister. Help us to deny ourselves, that we may each, in our measure, have to give to them that are in need; and that we may ever work with thee, and for thee, in diminishing the sorrows, the miseries, and the sins of this evil world, for the sake of Him who suffered and died for all, thy blessed Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

(For Obedience).

O GOD, who didst reveal thyself to thy Prophet Samuel, while he was yet a child; grant unto these thy children that they may hear thy voice and know thy will, and ever walk in thy commandments, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Courage).

ALMIGHTY God, who didst give grace and courage to thy servant Daniel to confess thee before men, and, frustrating the wicked designs of his enemies, didst deliver him from a violent death, give us, we

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beseech thee, the like faith and boldness constantly to confess thy Holy Name, and to truly and godly serve thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Guidance).

O LORD, our Shepherd, guide us, thy little flock, keep us evermore in thy fold; feed us in the green pastures of thy Word; lead us beside the still waters of thy promises; restore our souls, and bring us forth in the paths of righteousness, for thy Name's sake. *Amen.*

(For Guidance).

O LORD Jesu Christ, thou Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, guard us, thy little flock, from the dangers and temptations that beset us on every side, seek us when we go astray into forbidden paths, and ever lead us forth into the paths of righteousness for thy Name's sake. Fill us with such a sense of thy loving kindness to us that we shall be ashamed to displease thee. May we ever strive to do those things that are pleasing in thy sight, so that at the last, when thou makest up thy jewels in thy glorious kingdom, we, thy children, may be there and may be thine, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

(For Unity).

O THOU God of Peace and Love, fill us with thy grace, that we may be all of one mind, and have compassion one of another; that we may love as brethren, be pitiful, courteous, not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, even as we know that we are called to inherit a blessing, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

(For Unity).

O LORD Jesu Christ, the Head of the Church, which is thy Body, teach us by thy spirit to remember that we are all members of this one Body; and may we never, in following our own will, break

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the unity that should exist amongst thy people, but ever seek humbly to follow thee in godliness and peace all the days of our lives, to the glory of thy Holy Name, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

(For obedience to parents.)

O LORD Jesu, who, when on earth, wert obedient to thy parents, give grace to the young to follow thy example in this duty; and grant that, obeying the first commandment with promise, they may receive the blessing of their Father in heaven, in a long and happy life on earth, and an eternal inheritance with the saints in light; through thy merits, O Blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

(For the spirit of adoption.)

A BBA,—Father, we come to thee as thine adopted children. Ever bestow upon us the spirit of adoption. Enable us to approach thee with the trust and love of children, and to show our obedience to thee, in humbly following thy commandments, and doing thy will in all things, after the example of thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(Praise.)

O LORD Jesu Christ, to whom the children in the temple sang Hosannas, make us always glad to be in thine House, and to sing praises unto thy glorious Name, and prepare us, we beseech thee, to join with the redeemed before thy throne in glory, in adoring thee, our Saviour, with the Father our Creator, and the Holy Ghost, our sanctifier, world without end. *Amen.*

(Zeal for God's House.)

O LORD Jesu Christ, who wert zealous when on earth for the honour of thy Father's House; give us now a like zeal and love for the house of prayer, and make it to us indeed the house of God and the gate of Heaven. May we enter it with reverence

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and godly fear, and find in it pardon and peace to our souls, through thy blessed Name, our only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

(For Teachers.)

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, we thank thee for the wonderful privilege which thou hast given us of being ambassadors for Christ, and co-workers with thee in upbuilding thy kingdom on earth. Make us sensible of the honour of our high calling. Enable us who teach others to comprehend what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Give us grace to love thy holy Word, and may we, with faithful diligence search in it for wisdom as for hid treasure. Grant that we may so apply our minds to the attainment of whatever is most profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, that we shall be able from honest hearts, and with ready utterance to impart that instruction which maketh wise unto salvation. May our zeal never slacken, nor our courage ever falter, and may we never be weary in well-doing, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Let thy rich blessing accompany our efforts to sow in youthful hearts the good seed of thy kingdom. May it take root in good soil, and bring forth in holy thoughts and pure lives abundant fruit to thy honour and glory, who hast called us out of darkness into thy marvellous light, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Teachers.)

ALMIGHTY God, giver of every good and perfect gift, we thank thee for the power to bless and gladden one another by the warmth of love and the truth and tenderness of friendship. In love and friendship make us faithful — faithful to praise, faithful to blame; true and constant in dark days as in glad hours. And do thou, who art the Lord of the love that lifts the lowly into loving life with thee, make us,

in loving thee, to love our brethren more truly, and serve them more faithfully, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Teachers.)

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, grant unto us, we beseech thee, knowledge of thy will and obedience thereto, that we, being guided in our lives and governed in our thoughts by thee, may be in harmony with all thy Word and work. Grant that by doing lowly what we do know, it may be a stepping-stone to higher knowledge and better doing, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Dedication to the Ministry.)

O GOD, who didst inspire a faithful disciple of old to bring up her son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and didst receive him into thy holy ministry, give, we beseech thee, to the parents of these children, knowledge and godly fear; may many of them be led to dedicate their sons to thy service, to minister before thee all the days of their life. And make all such as shall enter the sacred ministry of thy church, faithful ambassadors, who will in thy Name beseech men to be reconciled to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(Before Confirmation.)

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, in whose Church the Bishops, after the example of the holy Apostles, in due season lay their hands on thy children and bless them, we make our humble supplications unto thee in behalf of all those who are about to receive the holy rite of Confirmation, that they may show forth the fruits of their regeneration in a good profession; and, being strengthened with might by thy Spirit in the inner man, may be enabled to fulfil their vows, and to grow up unto the perfection of the Christian life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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(*Before Confirmation.*)

O LORD God, giver of heavenly increase, who by thy Spirit's might, dost confirm the first efforts of feeble souls; encourage in the hearts of these thy children every good intent, and carry them from strength to strength. Cleanse their consciences and stir their wills gladly to serve thee the living God. So establish and sanctify them by the power of thy holy Word, that evermore taking heed unto the thing that is right, and speaking and doing the truth, they may find godliness their gain, both in the life which now is, and in that which is to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(*For Bishops.*)

O LORD Jesu Christ, the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, bless those whom thou hast placed as Bishops in thy Church; give them grace, as thy stewards, to rule diligently and in faith, and to uphold thy truth both by their words and by their lives, for the welfare of thy Church, and to the glory of thy holy Name, our only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

(*For Parish Clergy.*)

O GOD, whose blessed Son, gave Apostles and prophets, pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry; bless, we beseech thee, the *pastor* of this parish, nourish *him* in the word of faith and good doctrine, and grant that *he*, being an example to believers in faithful work and blameless conversation, may build up thy people in their most holy faith; and that, at the last, *he* may find many ransomed ones as *his* joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming; to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

(*For Missions.*)

O ALMIGHTY God, who by thy blessed Son, didst command thy Church to preach the Gospel unto

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every creature; enable us, in obedience to thy will, to send the message of salvation to all parts of the world, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Grant this for the honour of Jesus Christ our only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

(For Missionaries.)

O GOD, who hast revealed unto us, through thy holy Apostles and Prophets, the glorious mystery of thy gospel; give thy grace to those who are gone forth to bear its glad tidings to the heathen, and to preach in distant lands the unsearchable riches of Christ. Protect them in danger, strengthen them in trial, and give them many souls as their reward, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Liberality in Offerings.)

O BLESSED Jesus, who didst commend the offering of a poor widow that poured into the treasury of God all her living; give us grace to show greater liberality in our almsgiving and our offerings to thy service, who didst freely give even thyself to be our Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

(For Harvest.)

O LORD God, who alone canst give us fruitful seasons and fill our hearts with joy and gladness; bless to our use the fruits of the earth, and grant that we may, through thy mercy, be enabled to enjoy them as the gift of thy love, and offer our-elves, our souls and bodies, to thy holy service, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord. *Amen.*

(For Harvest.)

ALMIGHTY God, who hast blessed the earth that it should be fruitful and bring forth everything that is necessary for the life of man; and hast commanded us to work with quietness and eat our own bread; bless us in all our labors, and grant that we may ever with thankfulness gather in the fruits of the earth and rejoice in thy goodness, to the praise of thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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(In Hours of Recreation).

O GOD, our merciful Father, who givest us richly all things to enjoy, be with us in our hours of recreation; enable us to accept such pleasure as a gift from thy hand, to be used, like all thy gifts, with thanksgiving. May we never let it encroach upon our duties, or distract us from thy service, and whatever we do, may we do it to thy praise and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(In Gatherings for Pleasure).

O LORD Jesus, who didst work thy first miracle at a marriage feast; be present with us thy servants in all our gatherings for pleasure or recreation — and grant that we may never assemble together for any purpose upon which we cannot ask thy blessing, or be present where we cannot welcome as a guest thee, our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

(For the Absent).

O GOD of Love and Mercy, be with those thy servants who are prevented by sickness or trial from worshipping with thy people in thy house this day. Visit them with thy presence, teach them by thy Holy Spirit, comfort, strengthen and direct them for Jesus Christ's sake, our Blessed Redeemer and Advocate. *Amen.*

(Death of Teacher or Scholar).

O ETERNAL God, who givest life, and who dost take away, thou hast seen fit to take from among us a beloved child (scholar, teacher). Our hearts do mourn the loss of *him*; and yet we rejoice in that blessed assurance that because thou didst live *he* shall live also. Make us who survive ever sensible of the shortness of life, and of the certainty of death, judgment and eternity; so that when thou dost summon us away, be our days few or many, we shall be ready and willing to exchange the sorrows and sins of this

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transitory life for the holiness and joys of that life which is to come, through the mercies and merits of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

(Death of Teacher or Scholar).

O MERCIFUL and loving Father, who doest all things well, and of very faithfulness causeth thy children to be troubled; We bow beneath thy holy will, and accept in humble submission the cross thou givest us to bear. Bless this season of sorrow to our good. In the death of this scholar (teacher) who has been taken from our midst, and whom we shall meet no more on earth, may we realize how frail and uncertain our own condition is. Make us all ever mindful of the time when we, too, shall lie down in the dust, and grant us grace always to live in such a state that we shall never be afraid to die; so that, living and dying, we may be thine, through the merits of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(A Morning Prayer).

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being, we render thee our humble praise for having delivered us from the dangers of the past night, and brought us in safety to the beginning of this day. We bless and magnify thy glorious Name, humbly beseeching thee to accept this, our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, for the sake of thy Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

(An Evening Prayer).

O LORD our God, who alone makest us to dwell in safety; refresh us with quiet sleep this night; and mercifully protect from harm all who put their trust in thee; that, lying down in peace to take our rest, we may fear no evil, but confidently give ourselves into thy holy keeping, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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A Prayer on going into School.

(To be committed to memory.)

O GRACIOUS God, I am come to this place to hear and learn thy Word. Give me a teachable mind. Open thou mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of thy law, for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

A Prayer for the School before going into Church.

A LMIGHTY and ever-present Lord, who by the mouth of thy holy apostle, has taught us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, prepare our hearts to enjoy the services of thy Church. May we love the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth. May we enter thy gates with thanksgiving and into thy courts with praise. Keep us from vain and wandering thoughts. May we take heed how we hear. And grant that what we shall hear with our ears we may believe in our hearts and that what we believe in our hearts we may show forth in our lives to the glory and honour of thy great and holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer on going into Church.

(To be committed to memory.)

O GOD, who requirest holiness and truth in the inward parts; so purify my soul by thy Holy Spirit, that the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart may be alway acceptable, in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

A Prayer for the Choir, before service.

O GOD, the Holy Ghost, enlighten our minds, we pray thee, and pour thy grace into our hearts to make us fitter for thy service. And mercifully grant that we may so perfect ourselves by singing thy praises upon earth, that hereafter we may be counted worthy to sing with the holy angels thy praises in heaven above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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A Prayer for the Choir, after service.

GRANT, O Lord, that what we have sung with our lips we may believe in our hearts, and what we believe in our hearts we may show forth in pure lives, to the honour and glory of thy holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer before leaving School or Church.

(To be committed to memory.)

TRY me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me; and lead me in the way everlasting.

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SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 1.

PSALM I. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

BLESSED is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners : and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord : and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side : that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

4 His leaf also shall not wither : and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

5 As for the ungodly, it is not so with them : but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment : neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

7 But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous : and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM XV. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

LORD, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle : or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?

2 Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life : and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour : and hath not slandered his neighbour.

4 He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes : and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

5 He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not : though it were to his own hindrance.

6 He that hath not given his money upon usury : nor taken reward against the innocent.

7 Whoso doeth these things : shall never fall.

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From PSALM LXXVIII. Attendite, popule.

HEAR my law, O my people : incline your ears unto the words of my mouth.

2 I will open my mouth in a parable : I will declare hard sentences of old ;

3 Which we have heard and known : and such as our fathers have told us ;

4 That we should not hide them from the children of the generations to come : but to shew the honour of the Lord, his mighty and wonderful works that he hath done.

5 He made a covenant with Jacob, and gave Israel a law : which he commanded our forefathers to teach their children ;

6 That their posterity might know it : and the children which were yet unborn ;

7 To the intent that when they came up : they might shew their children the same ;

8 That they might put their trust in God : and not to forget the works of God, but to keep his commandments.

SELECTION 2.

PSALM VIII. Domine, Dominus noster.

O LORD our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in all the world : thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens !

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies : that thou mightest still the enemy, and the avenger.

3 For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers : the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained.

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him : and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

5 Thou madest him lower than the angels : to crown him with glory and worship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the works of thy hands : and thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet ;

7 All sheep and oxen : yea, and the beasts of the field ;

8 The fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea : and whatsoever walketh through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Governor : how excellent is thy Name in all the world !

PSALM XXVII. *Dominus illuminatio.*

THE Lord is my light, and my salvation ; whom then shall I fear : the Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom then shall I be afraid ?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies, and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh : they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid : and though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in him.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require : even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his tabernacle : yea, in the secret place of his dwelling shall he hide me, and set me up upon a rock of stone.

6 And now shall be lift up mine head : above mine enemies round about me.

7 Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness : I will sing, and speak praises unto the Lord.

8 Hearken unto my voice, O Lord, when I cry unto thee : have mercy upon me, and hear me.

9 My heart hath talked of thee, Seek ye my face : Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

10 O hide not thou thy face from me : nor cast thy servant away in displeasure.

11 Thou hast been my succour : leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

12 When my father and my mother forsake me : the Lord taketh me up.

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13 Teach me thy way, O Lord : and lead me in the right way, because of mine enemies.

14 Deliver me not over into the will of mine adversaries : for there are false witnesses risen up against me, and such as speak wrong.

15 I should utterly have fainted : but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

16 O tarry thou the Lord's leisure : be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord.

SELECTION 3.

PSALM XIX. *Cæli enarrant.*

THE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another.

3 There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them.

4 Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

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11 Moreover, by them is thy servant taught; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can tell how oft he offendeth: O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me; so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart: be always acceptable in thy sight,

15 O Lord: my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XXIV. *Domini est terra.*

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas: and prepared it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord: or who shall rise up in his holy place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him: even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is the King of glory: it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is the King of glory: even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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SELECTION 4.

PSALM XXIII. *Dominus regit me.*

THE Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM XXXIV. *Benedicam Domino.*

I WILL always give thanks unto the Lord : his praise shall ever be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O praise the Lord with me : and let us magnify his Name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me : yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.

5 They had an eye unto him, and were lightened : and their faces were not ashamed.

6 Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him : yea, and saveth him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him : and delivereth them.

8 O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints : for they that fear him lack nothing.

10 The lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but they

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who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

11 Come, ye children, and hearken unto me ; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that lusteth to live : and would fain see good days ?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil : and thy lips, that they speak no guile.

14 Eschew evil, and do good : seek peace, and ensue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous : and his ears are open unto their prayers.

16 The countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil : to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them : and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart : and will save such as be of an humble spirit.

19 Great are the troubles of the righteous : but the Lord delivereth him out of all.

20 He keepeth all his bones : so that not one of them is broken.

21 But misfortune shall slay the ungodly : and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord delivereth the souls of his servants : and all they that put their trust in him shall not be destitute.

SELECTION 5.

PSALM XXXII. *Beati, quorum.*

BLESSED is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven : and whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin : and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 For while I held my tongue : my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

4 For thy hand is heavy upon me day and night : and my moisture is like the drought in summer.

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5 I will acknowledge my sin unto thee : and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

6 I said, I will confess my sins unto the Lord : and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found : but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in, thou shalt preserve me from trouble : thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go : and I will guide thee with mine eye.

10. Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding : whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

11. Great plagues remain for the ungodly : but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord : and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

PSALM CXXX. *De profundis.*

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.

2 O let thine ears consider well : the voice of my complaint.

3 If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it ?

4 For there is mercy with thee : therefore shalt thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord ; my soul doth wait for him : in his word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy : and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel : from all his sins.

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SELECTION 6.

(Appropriate also for Trinity Sunday).

PSALM XXXIII. *Exultate, justi.*

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous : for it becometh well the just to be thankful.

2 Praise the Lord with harp : sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings.

3 Sing unto the Lord a new song : sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage.

4 For the word of the Lord is true : and all his works are faithful.

5 He loveth righteousness and judgment : the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

6 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made : and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap : and layeth up the deep, as in a treasure-house.

8 Let all the earth fear the Lord : stand in awe of him, all ye that dwell in the world.

9 For he spake, and it was done : he commanded, and it stood fast.

10 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought : and maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and casteth out the counsels of princes.

11 The counsel of the Lord shall endure forever : and the thoughts of his heart from generation to generation.

12 Blessed are the people, whose God is the Lord Jehovah : and blessed are the folk, that he hath chosen to him to be his inheritance.

13 The Lord looked down from heaven, and beheld all the children of men : from the habitation of his dwelling he considereth all them that dwell on the earth.

14 He fashioneth all the hearts of them : and understandeth all their works.

15 There is no king that can be saved by the multi-

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tude of an host : neither is any mighty man delivered by much strength.

16 A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man : neither shall he deliver any man by his great strength.

17 Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him : and upon them that put their trust in his mercy ;

18 To deliver their soul from death : and to feed them in the time of dearth.

19 Our soul hath patiently tarried for the Lord : for he is our help, and our shield.

20 For our heart shall rejoice in him : because we have hoped in his holy Name.

21 Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us : like as we do put our trust in thee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Domine, probasti.*

O LORD, thou hast searched me out, and known me : thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising ; thou understandest my thoughts long before.

2 Thou art about my path, and about my bed : and spiest out all my ways.

3 For lo, there is not a word in my tongue : but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.

4 Thou hast fashioned me behind and before : and laid thine hand upon me.

5 Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me : I cannot attain unto it.

6 Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit : or whither shall I go then from thy presence ?

7 If I climb up into heaven, thou art there : if I go down to hell, thou art there also.

8 If I take the wings of the morning : and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea ;

9 Even there also shall thy hand lead me : and thy right hand shall hold me.

10 If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me : then shall my night be turned to day.

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11 Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day : the darkness and light to thee are both alike.

12 For my reins are thine : thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

13 I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made : marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.

14 My bones are not hid from thee : though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth.

15 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect : and in thy book were all my members written ;

16 Which day by day were fashioned : when as yet there was none of them.

17 How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God : O how great is the sum of them !

18 If I tell them, they are more in number than the sand : when I wake up I am present with thee.

19 Wilt thou not slay the wicked, O God : depart from me, ye blood-thirsty men.

20 For they speak unrighteously against thee : and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

21 Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee : and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee ?

22 Yea, I hate them right sore : even as though they were mine enemies.

23 Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart : prove me, and examine my thoughts.

24 Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me : and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 7.

PSALM XXXIX. *Dixi, Custodian.*

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways : that I offend not in my tongue.

2 I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle : while the ungodly is in my sight.

3 I held my tongue, and spake nothing : I kept

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silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me.

4 My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled: and at the last I spake with my tongue;

5 Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live.

6 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

7 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

8 And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is even in thee.

9 Deliver me from all mine offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

10 I became dumb, and opened not my mouth: for it was thy doing.

11 Take thy plague away from me: I am even consumed by the means of thy heavy hand.

12 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.

13 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling: hold not thy peace at my tears.

14 For I am a stranger with thee: and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

15 O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen.

SELECTION 8.

(Appropriate also for *Advent* and *Epiphany*.)

PSALM LXXII. *Deus, judicium.*

GAIVE the King thy judgments, O God: and thy righteousness unto the King's son.

2 Then shall he judge thy people according unto right: and defend the poor.

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3 The mountains also shall bring peace : and the little hills righteousness unto the people.

4 He shall keep the simple folk by their right : defend the children of the poor, and punish the wrong doer.

5 They shall fear thee, as long as the sun and moon endureth : from one generation to another.

6 He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool : even as the drops that water the earth.

7 In his time shall the righteous flourish : yea, and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.

8 His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other : and from the flood unto the world's end.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before him : his enemies shall lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents : the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.

11 All kings shall fall down before him : all nations shall do him service.

12 For he shall deliver the poor when he crieth the needy also, and him that hath no helper.

13 He shall be favourable to the simple and needy : and shall preserve the souls of the poor.

14 He shall deliver their souls from falsehood and wrong : and dear shall their blood be in his sight.

15 He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Arabia : prayer shall be made ever unto him, and daily shall he be praised.

16 There shall be an heap of corn in the earth, high upon the hills : his fruit shall shake like Libanus, and shall be green in the city like grass upon the earth.

17 His Name shall endure forever ; his Name shall remain under the sun among the posterities : which shall be blessed through him ; and all the heathen shall praise him.

18 Blessed be the Lord God, even the God of Israel : which only doeth wondrous things ;

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19 And blessed be the Name of his Majesty for ever : and all the earth shall be filled with his Majesty. Amen, Amen.

PSALM XCVI. *Cantate Domino.*

O SING unto the Lord a new song : sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name : be telling of his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his honour unto the heathen : and his wonders unto all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised : he is more to be feared than all gods.

5 As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols : but it is the Lord that made the heavens.

6 Glory and worship are before him : power and honour are in his sanctuary.

7 Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people : ascribe unto the Lord worship and power.

8 Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto his name : bring presents and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness : let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

10 Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King : and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved ; and how that he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad : let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

12. Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it ; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

13 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth : and with righteousness to judge the world and the people with his truth.

SELECTION 9.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Quam dilecta !*

O HOW amiable are thy dwellings : thou Lord of hosts.

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2 My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young : even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be always praising thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee : in whose heart are thy ways.

6 Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well : and the pools are filled with water.

7 They will go from strength to strength : and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer : hearken, O God of Jacob.

9 Behold, O God, our defender : and look upon the face of thine Anointed.

10 For one day in thy courts : is better than a thousand.

11 I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God : than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.

12 For the Lord God is a light and defence : the Lord will give grace and worship, and no good thing shall he withhold from them that live a godly life.

13 O Lord God of hosts : blessed is the man that putteth his trust in thee.

PSALM CXXII. *Lætatus sum.*

I Was glad when they said unto me : We will go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand in thy gates : O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is built as a city : that is at unity in itself.

4 For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord : to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

5 For there is the seat of judgement : even the seat of the house of David.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

6 O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls : and plenteousness within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes : I will wish thee prosperity.

9 Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God : I will seek to do thee good.

SELECTION 10.

PSALM XCI. *Qui habitat.*

WHOSO dwelleth under the defence of the most High : shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my strong hold : my God, in him will I trust.

3 For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter : and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers ; his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night : nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness : nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

7 A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand : but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold : and see the reward of the ungodly.

9 For thou, Lord, art my hope : thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

10 There shall no evil happen unto thee : neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee : to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee in their hands : that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

13 Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him up, because he hath known my Name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will hear him : yea, I am with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

16 With long life will I satisfy him : and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII. *Bonum est confiteri.*

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord : and to sing praises unto thy Name, O most Highest ;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early in the morning : and of thy truth in the night-season ;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute : upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how glorious are thy works : thy thoughts are very deep.

6 An unwise man doth not well consider this : and a fool doth not understand it.

7 When the ungodly are green as the grass, and when all the workers of wickedness do flourish : then shall they be destroyed for ever ; but thou, Lord, art the most Highest for evermore.

8 For lo, thine enemies, O Lord, lo, thine enemies shall perish : and all the workers of wickedness shall be destroyed.

9 But mine horn shall be exalted like the horn of an unicorn : for I am anointed with fresh oil.

10 Mine eye also shall see his lust of mine enemies : and mine ear shall hear his desire of the wicked that arise up against me.

11 The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree : and shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.

12 Such as are planted in the house of the Lord : shall flourish in the courts of the house of our God.

13 They also shall bring forth more fruit in their age : and shall be fat and well-liking.

14 That they may shew how true the Lord my strength is : and that there is no unrighteousness in him.

SELECTION 11.

PSALM XCIII. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel : the Lord hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength.

2 He hath made the round world so sure : that it cannot be moved.

3 Ever since the world began hath thy seat been prepared : thou art from everlasting.

4 The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice : the floods lift up their waves.

5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly : but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.

6 Thy testimonies, O Lord, are very sure : holiness becometh thine house for ever.

From PSALM CVII. Confitemini Domino.

O THAT men would praise the Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men !

2 That they would offer unto him the sacrifice of thanksgiving : and tell out his works with gladness.

3 They that go down to the sea in ships : and occupy their business in great waters ;

4 These men see the works of the Lord : and his wonders in the deep.

5 For at his word the stormy wind ariseth : which lifteth up the waves thereof.

6 They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep : their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

7 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man : and are at their wits' end.

8 So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble : he delivereth them out of their distress.

9 For he maketh the storm to cease : so that the waves thereof are still.

10 Then are they glad, because they are at rest : and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

11 O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men !

12. That they would exalt him also in the congregation of the people : and praise him in the seat of the elders !

SELECTION 12.

PSALM CIII. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me praise his holy Name.

2 Praise the Lord, O my soul : and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thy sin : and healeth all thine infirmities ;

4 Who saveth thy life from destruction : and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness ;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things : making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment : for all them that are oppressed with wrong.

7 He shewed his ways unto Moses : his works unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is full of compassion and mercy : long-suffering, and of great goodness.

9 He will not alway be chiding : neither keepeth he his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins : nor rewarded us according to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth : so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

12 Look how wide also the east is from the west :
so far hath he set our sins from us.

13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children :
even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth whereof we are made : he re-
membereth that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass : for he flourish-
eth as a flower of the field.

16. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone :
and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth
for ever and ever upon them that fear him : and his
righteousness upon children's children ;

18 Even upon such as keep his covenant : and think
upon his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven : and
his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel
in strength : ye that fulfil his commandment, and
hearken unto the voice of his words.

21 O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts : ye servants
of his that do his pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his,
in all places of his dominion : praise thou the Lord,
O my soul.

PSALM CXXI. *Levari oculos.*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills : from
whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh even from the Lord : who hath
made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : and he
that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel : shall neither
slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord himself is thy keeper : the Lord is thy
defence upon thy right hand.

6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day :
neither the moon by night.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in : from this time forth for evermore.

SELECTION 13.

FROM PSALM CXIX. *Beati immaculati.*

BLESSED are those that are undefiled in the way : and walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies : and seek him with their whole heart.

3 For they who do no wickedness : walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast charged : that we shall diligently keep thy commandments.

5 O that my ways were made so direct : that I might keep thy statutes !

6 So shall I not be confounded : while I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will thank thee with an unfeigned heart : when I shall have learned the judgments of thy righteousness.

8 I will keep thy ceremonies : O forsake me not utterly.

In quo corriget ?

WHEREWITHAL shall a young man cleanse his way : even by ruling himself after thy word.

10 With my whole heart have I sought thee : O let me not go wrong out of thy commandments.

11 Thy words have I hid within my heart : that I should not sin against thee.

12 Blessed art thou, O Lord : O teach me thy statutes.

13 With my lips have I been telling : of all the judgments of thy mouth.

14 I have had as great delight in the way of thy testimonies : as in all manner of riches.

15 I will talk of thy commandments : and have respect unto thy ways.

16 My delight shall be in thy statutes : and I will not forget thy word.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

SELECTION 14.

PSALM CXLVII. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God : yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

2 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : and gather together the out-casts of Israel.

3 He healeth those that are broken in heart : and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

4 He telleth the number of the stars : and calleth them all by their names.

5 Great is our Lord, and great is his power : yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

6 The Lord setteth up the meek : and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

7 O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving : sing praises upon the harp unto our God ;

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men ;

9 Who giveth fodder unto the cattle : and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

10 He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse : neither delighteth he in any man's legs.

11 But the Lord's delight is in them that fear him : and put their trust in his mercy.

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

13 For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates : and hath blessed thy children within thee.

14 He maketh peace in thy borders : and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth : and his word runneth very swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool : and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who is able to abide his frost ?

ORDER OF SERVICE.

18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

19 He sheweth his word unto Jacob : his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation : neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the Lord of heaven : praise him in the height.

2 Praise him, all ye angels of his : praise him, all his host.

3 Praise him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars and light.

4 Praise him, all ye heavens : and ye waters that are above the heavens.

5 Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he spake the word, and they were made ; he commanded, and they were created.

6 He hath made them fast for ever and ever : he hath given them a law which shall not be broken.

7 Praise the Lord upon earth : ye dragons, and all deeps.

8 Fire and hail, snow and vapours : wind and storm, fulfilling his word ;

9 Mountains and all hills : fruitful trees and all cedars ;

10 Beasts and all cattle : worms and feathered fowls ;

11 Kings of the earth and all people : princes and all judges of the world ;

12 Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord : for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.

13 He shall exalt the horn of his people ; all his saints shall praise him : even the children of Israel, even the people that serveth him.

PROPER PSALMS

FOR

Christmas Day.

PSALM LXXXV. *Benedixisti, Domine.*

LORD, thou art become gracious unto thy land :
thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the offence of thy people : and
covered all their sins.

3 Thou hast taken away all thy displeasure : and
turned thyself from thy wrathful indignation.

4 Turn us then, O God our Saviour : and let thine
anger cease from us.

5 Wilt thou be displeased at us for ever : and wilt
thou stretch out thy wrath from one generation to another?

6 Wilt thou not turn again, and quicken us : that
thy people may rejoice in thee?

7 Shew us thy mercy, O Lord : and grant us thy
salvation.

8 I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning
me : for he shall speak peace unto his people,
and to his saints, that they turn not again.

9 For his salvation is nigh them that fear him : that
glory may dwell in our land.

10 Mercy and truth are met together : righteousness
and peace have kissed each other.

11 Truth shall flourish out of the earth : and right-
eousness hath looked down from heaven.

12 Yea, the Lord shall shew loving kindness : and
our land shall give her increase.

13 Righteousness shall go before him : and he shall
direct his going in the way.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

PSALM CXXXII. *Memento, Domine.*

LORD, remember David : and all his trouble ;
2 How he sware unto the Lord : and vowed a
vow unto the Almighty God of Jacob.

3 I will not come within the tabernacle of mine
house : nor climb up into my bed ;

4 I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eye-
lids to slumber : neither the temples of my head to
take any rest ;

5 Until I find out a place for the temple of the
Lord : an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

6 Lo, we heard of the same at Ephrata : and found
it in the wood.

7 We will go into his tabernacle : and fall low on
our knees before his footstool.

8 Arise, O Lord, into thy resting-place : thou, and
the ark of thy strength.

9 Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness :
and let thy saints sing with joyfulness.

10 For thy servant David's sake : turn not away
the presence of thine Anointed.

11 The Lord hath made a faithful oath unto David :
and he shall not shrink from it ;

12 Of the fruit of thy body : shall I set upon thy seat.

13 If thy children will keep my covenant, and my
testimonies that I shall learn them : their children
also shall sit upon thy seat for evermore.

14 For the Lord hath chosen Sion to be an habita-
tion for himself : he hath longed for her.

15 This shall be my rest for ever : here will I dwell,
for I have a delight therein.

16 I will bless her victuals with increase : and will
satisfy her poor with bread.

17 I will deck her priests with health : and her
saints shall rejoice and sing.

18 There shall I make the horn of David to flourish :
I have ordained a lantern for mine Anointed.

19 As for his enemies, I shall clothe them with
shame : but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

Easter Day.

PSALM LVII. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee : and under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be over-past.

2 I will call unto the most high God : even unto the God that shall perform the cause which I have in hand.

3. He shall send from heaven : and save me from the reproof of him that would eat me up.

4 God shall send forth his mercy and truth : my soul is among lions.

5 And I lie even among the children of men, that are set on fire : whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

6 Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens : and thy glory above all the earth.

7 They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul : they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves.

8 My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed : I will sing, and give praise.

9 Awaken up, my glory ; awake, lute and harp : I myself will awake right early.

10 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people : and I will sing unto thee among the nations.

11 For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens : and thy truth unto the clouds.

12 Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens : and thy glory above all the earth.

PSALM CXVIII. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious : because his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let Israel now confess, that he is gracious : and that his mercy endureth for ever.

3 Let the house of Aaron now confess : that his mercy endureth for ever.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

4 Yea, let them now that fear the Lord confess : that his mercy endureth for ever.

5 I called upon the Lord in trouble : and the Lord heard me at large.

6 The Lord is on my side : I will not fear what man doeth unto me.

7 The Lord taketh my part with them that help me : therefore shall I see my desire upon mine enemies.

8 It is better to trust in the Lord : than to put any confidence in man.

9 It is better to trust in the Lord : than to put any confidence in princes.

10 All nations compassed me round about : but in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them.

11 They kept me in on every side, they kept me in, I say, on every side : but in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them.

12 They came about me like bees, and are extinct even as the fire among the thorns : for in the Name of the Lord I will destroy them.

13 Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall : but the Lord was my help.

14 The Lord is my strength, and my song : and is become my salvation.

15 The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous : the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

16 The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence : the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

17 I shall not die, but live : and declare the works of the Lord.

18 The Lord hath chastened and corrected me : but he hath not given me over unto death.

19 Open me the gates of righteousness : that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord.

20 This is the gate of the Lord : the righteous shall enter into it.

21 I will thank thee, for thou hast heard me : and art become my salvation.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

22 The same stone which the builders refused : is become the head-stone in the corner.

23 This is the Lord's doing : and it is marvellous in our eyes.

24 This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it.

25 Help me now, O Lord : O Lord, send us now prosperity.

26 Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord : we have wished you good luck, ye that are of the House of the Lord.

27 God is the Lord who hath shewed us light : bind the sacrifice with cords, yea, even unto the horns of the altar.

28 Thou art my God, and I will thank thee : thou art my God, and I will praise thee.

29 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious : and his mercy endureth for ever.

Ascension Day.

PSALM XXI. *Domine, in virtute tua.*

THE King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord : exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

2 Thou hast given him his heart's desire : and hast not denied him the request of his lips.

3 For thou shalt prevent him with the blessings of goodness : and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head.

4 He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life : even for ever and ever.

5 His honour is great in thy salvation : glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him.

6 For thou shalt give him everlasting felicity : and make him glad with the joy of thy countenance.

7 And why? because the King putteth his trust in the Lord : and in the mercy of the most Highest he shall not miscarry,

ORDER OF SERVICE.

8 All thine enemies shall feel thy hand : thy right hand shall find out them that hate thee.

9 Thou shalt make them like a fiery oven in time of thy wrath : the Lord shall destroy them in his displeasure, and the fire shall consume them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou root out of the earth : and their seed from among the children of men.

11 For they intended mischief against thee : and imagined such a device as they are not able to perform.

12 Therefore shalt thou put them to flight : and the strings of thy bow shalt thou make ready against the face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength : so will we sing, and praise thy power.

PSALM XLVII. *Omnes gentes, plaudite.*

O CLAP your hands together, all ye people : O sing unto God with the voice of melody.

2 For the Lord is high, and to be feared : he is the great King upon all the earth.

3 He shall subdue the people under us : and the nations under our feet.

4 He shall choose out an heritage for us : even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.

5 God is gone up with a merry noise : and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

6 O sing praises, sing praises unto our God : O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.

7 For God is the King of all the earth : sing ye praises with understanding.

8 God reigneth over the heathen : God sitteth upon his holy seat.

9 The princes of the people are joined unto the people of the God of Abraham : for God, which is very high exalted, doth defend the earth, as it were with a shield.

Whitsunday.

PSALM XLVIII. *Magnus Dominus.*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised : in the city of our God, even upon his holy hill.

2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth : upon the north-side lieth the city of the great King ; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.

3 For lo, the kings of the earth : are gathered, and gone by together.

4 They marvelled to see such things : they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.

5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow : as upon a woman in her travail.

6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea : through the east-wind.

7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God : God upholdeth the same for ever.

8 We wait for thy loving-kindness, O God : in the midst of thy temple.

9 O God, according to thy Name, so is thy praise unto the world's end : thy right hand is full of righteousness.

10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad : because of thy judgments.

11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her : and tell the towers thereof.

12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses : that ye may tell them that come after.

13 For this God is our God for ever and ever : he shall be our guide unto death.

PSALM CXLV. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

I WILL magnify thee, O God, my King : and I will praise thy Name for ever and ever.

2 Every day will I give thanks unto thee : and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

3 Great is the Lord, and marvellous, worthy to be praised : there is no end of his greatness.

4 One generation shall praise thy works unto another : and declare thy power.

5 As for me, I will be talking of thy worship : thy glory, thy praise, and wondrous works ;

6 So that men shall speak of the might of thy marvellous acts : and I will also tell of thy greatness.

7 The memorial of thine abundant kindness shall be shewed : and men shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious, and merciful : long-suffering, and of great goodness.

9 The Lord is loving unto every man : and his mercy is over all his works.

10 All thy works praise thee, O Lord : and thy saints give thanks unto thee.

11 They shew the glory of thy kingdom : and talk of thy power ;

12 That thy power, thy glory, and mightiness of thy kingdom : might be known unto men.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom : and thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

14 The Lord upholdeth all such as fall : and lifteth up all those that are down.

15 The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord : and thou givest them their meat in due season.

16 Thou openest thine hand : and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

17 The Lord is righteous in all his ways : and holy in all his works.

18 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him : yea, all such as call upon him faithfully.

19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : he also will hear their cry, and will help them.

20 The Lord preserveth all them that love him : but scattereth abroad all the ungodly.

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord : and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy Name for ever and ever.

Harvest.

PSALM LXV. *Te decet hymnus.*

THOU, O God, art praised in Sion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

2 Thou that hearest the prayer : unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 My misdeeds prevail against me : O be thou merciful unto our sins.

4 Blessed is the man, whom thou choolest, and receivest unto thee : he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

5 Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation : thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

6 Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains : and is girded about with power.

7 Who stilleth the raging of the sea : and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid at thy tokens : thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it : thou makest it very plenteous.

10 The river of God is full of water : thou preparest their corn, for so thou providest for the earth.

11 Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof : thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

12 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness : and thy clouds drop fatness.

13 They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness : and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

14 The folds shall be full of sheep : the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

PSALM CIV. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious; thou art clothed with majesty and honour.

2 Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment : and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain.

3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters : and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

4 He maketh his angels spirits : and his ministers a flaming fire.

5 He laid the foundations of the earth : that it never should move at any time.

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment : the waters stand in the hills.

7 At thy rebuke they flee : at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid.

8 They go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleys beneath : even unto the place which thou hast appointed for them.

9 Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass : neither turn again to cover the earth.

10 He sendeth the springs into the rivers : which run among the hills.

11 All beasts of the field drink thereof : and the wild asses quench their thirst.

12 Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation : and sing among the branches.

13 He watereth the hills from above : the earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.

14 He bringeth forth grass for the cattle : and green herb for the service of men ;

15 That he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man : and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to strengthen man's heart.

16 The trees of the Lord also are full of sap : even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted ;

ORDER OF SERVICE.

17 Wherein the birds make their nests : and the fir-trees are a dwelling for the stork.

18 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats : and so are the stony rocks for the conies.

19 He appointed the moon for certain seasons : and the sun knoweth his going down.

20 Thou makest darkness that it may be night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do move.

21 The lions roaring after their prey : do seek their meat from God.

22 The sun ariseth, and they get them away together : and lay them down in their dens.

23 Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour : until the evening.

24 O Lord, how manifold are thy works : in wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches.

25 So is the great and wide sea also : wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26 There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan : whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.

27 These wait all upon thee : that thou mayest give them meat in due season.

28 When thou givest it them they gather it : and when thou openest thy hand they are filled with good.

29 When thou hidest thy face they are troubled : when thou takest away their breath they die, and are turned again to their dust.

30 When thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made : and thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

31 The glorious Majesty of the Lord shall endure for ever : the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32 The earth shall tremble at the look of him : if he do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.

33 I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will praise my God, while I have my being.

34 And so shall my words please him : my joy shall be in the Lord.

35 As for sinners, they shall be consumed out of the earth, and the ungodly shall come to an end ; praise thou the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord.

H Y M N S.

“The sacred poet, like the Levite of old, is still a minister in the Temple; he still kindles the altar fires of holy feeling, and from his own spiritual insight and inner communings, he puts into language for us those emotions dispositions, desires, that our hearts recognize, and yet our lips fail of uttering. ‘He is a genius,’ says a great thinker, ‘who gives me back my own thoughts.’ It is so with hymns; it is so with hymn-music.”



“The great tunes of the Church, like the great hymns of the Church, in which spirituality and art unite, are the imperishable monuments of the soul’s progress; and consecrated art is one of the soul’s best offerings to God. Music (the learned say) is the hand-maid to divinity; and there is no science except that admitted into the service of the Church. The notes convey impressions as well as the words, and the tune-writer as well as the hymn-writer, is a spiritual benefactor.”

H Y M N S.

1

NICAEA.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1861.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: There is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and
sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

ST. ATHANASIUS.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1853.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
 God of Hosts, Eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored ;
 Angels and Archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
 Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command,
 And, when Thy command is done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and Seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings ;
 Eyes of Angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Thee Apostles, Prophets Thee,
 Thee the Noble Martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee ;
 Thee the Church in every land ;
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Join we with the heavenly Host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

DIES DOMINICA.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright ;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages join'd in tune,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the Creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven ;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls ;
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams ;
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

May we, new graces gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 Attain the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 And there our voice upraising,
 To Father and to Son
 And Holy Ghost, be praising
 Ever the Three in One.

CHURCH BELLS.

L. G. S.

Hail to this our weekly rest,
 God's most holy day,
 When the sweet bells summon us,
 All to praise and pray.
 Rich and poor now meet once more,
 Enter by the same Church-door.

All things are in perfect calm,
 And a gentle peace
 Rests on field and wood and hill,
 And the lowliest place,
 Nay, the very rippling brook
 Hath a quiet Sunday look.

Children, be ye gentle too,
 Be your mirth subdued;
 Truest happiness is calm,
 Will your joy be rude?
 Sunday thoughts to-day still be,
 Present in your memory.

O how often we forget
 What the church-bells say—
 "Lay all earthly thoughts aside,
 This is God's own day."
 More than welcome it would be
 Saviour, if we honoured Thee.

STANLEY.

From Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; 1574.

Again the day of gladness,
 The day of light is here ;
 And earth itself looks fairer,
 And Heaven itself more near ;
 The bells, like angel voices,
 Speak peace to every breast,
 And all the land lies quiet,
 To keep the day of rest.

CHORUS: Glory be to Jesus,
 Let all His children say ;
 He rose again, He rose again,
 On this glad day.

Again, O loving Saviour,
 The children of Thy grace
 Prepare themselves to seek Thee
 Within Thy chosen place ;
 Our songs shall rise to greet Thee,
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
 If Thou our lips wilt open,
 Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

The church on earth rejoices
 To hymn Thy praise to-day,
 In every tongue and nation
 She bids her children pray ;
 Across the Northern snowfields,
 Beneath the Indian palms,
 She makes the same "pure offering,"
 And sings the same sweet psalms.

Ring out, O bells, His praises !
 Sing, children, sing His name.
 Still louder and still farther
 His mighty deeds proclaim ;
 Till all whom He redeemèd
 Shall own Him Lord and King,
 Till every knee shall worship
 And every tongue shall sing.

The Rev. Edward Caswall, 1873.

Joseph Barnby, Mus. D.

When morning gilds the skies,
 My heart awaking cries
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
 Alike at work and prayer
 To Jesus I repair;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Whene'er the sweet church bell
 Peals over hill and dell,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
 O hark to what it sings,
 As joyously it rings,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant they hear,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
 Let earth, and sea, and sky
 From depth to height reply
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
 Be this th'eternal song,
 Through all the ages on,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

HOLBORN.

The Rev. Henry F. Darnell.

Thomas Morley, 1865.

Father, Holy Father,
 See, Thy children come,
 Singing songs of triumph,
 To their spirit's home.
 Long we hoped and waited—
 Prayed and laboured long,
 'Ere the sacred fabric
 Rose secure and strong.

First the deep foundations,
 Laid in steadfast faith ;
 Then the walls upspringing
 From the depths beneath ;
 Then the pillared arches,
 Spanning choir and nave,
 As the hopes we cherish
 Reach beyond the grave.

On the plains of Bethel,
 To the patriarch's eyes
 Thou show'dst the mystic ladder
 Reaching to the skies.
 So be this Thy temple,
 To the hearts that wait,
 Beauteous as the threshold
 Of the Heavenly Gate.

Father, holy Father !
 See, Thy children come,
 Singing songs of triumph,
 To their spirit's home.
 Bless to us Thy worship,
 Bless to us Thy Word ;
 Let us say at parting—
 We have seen the Lord !

LUX MATUTINA.

The Rev. S. Childs Clarke.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes. Mus. D

On our festal day,
 In its bright array,
 O gracious Saviour to Thine house we come ;
 Children's joys shall be
 Smiled upon by Thee,
 Who, once a Child, didst share an earthly home.

For all joys of earth,
 For our harmless mirth,
 Our glad thanksgivings unto Thee we bring ;
 Hear us, while we raise
 Grateful songs of praise,
 And children's lips proclaim the children's King.

On all things we do,
 Right and pure and true,
 We know we may Thy heavenly blessing claim ;
 As on sacred days,
 So in week-day ways,
 O may we praise and glorify Thy name.

Ever by our side,
 Be our God and Guide,
 Our hearts to cheer amid this world of woe ;
 Thus through life may we
 Be upheld by Thee,
 And onward on our way rejoicing go.

QUAM DILECTA.

The Rev. William Bullock, 1854.
The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1860.

Bishop H. L. Jenner.

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the House of Prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thy feast, O Lord,
Where Thou, the living Bread,
By faithful hearts adored,
Our fainting souls dost feed.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesu, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

10

EXCELSIS.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811.

James Turle, Mus. D.

Hosanna to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let Heaven Hosanna sing,
 Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care
 Abide in this Thy House of Prayer,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Hosanna in the highest !

But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast
 Bid Thine Eternal Spirit rest ;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna in the highest !

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.
 Hosanna in the highest !

HERBERT.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

The Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1865.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
 The hour of prayer?

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renew'd ;
 Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
 Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what blest relief,
 There for my every want I find ;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief :
 What peace of mind.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be,
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to Thee.

ST. RAPHAEL.

Jane Taylor.

From "Oratory Hymns."

Now that my journey's just begun,
 My course so little trod,
 I'll stay, before I further run,
 And give myself to God.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
 I cannot now foretell;
 But if the Lord will be my Friend,
 I know that all is well.

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
 Temptation to withstand;
 And make me willing to impart
 The bounties of His hand.

If I am poor He can supply,
 Who has my table spread;
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 And fills His poor with bread.

And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
 For me may be in store,
 Make me submissive to Thy will,
 And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,
 Whatever be my lot,
 And when I'm feeble, old and gray,
 O Lord, forsake me not.

MELCOMBE.

The Rev. John Keble, 1827.

Samuel Webbe, 1790.

ELY.

Bishop Thomas Turton, 1850.

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we need to ask;
 Room to deny ourselves; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord! in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

ST. MARTIN (French).
ZION'S CITY.

John Cennick, 1712.

William Dressler.

Children of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Sing, ye little flock and blest ;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Zion's city is in sight ;
 There our endless home shall be,
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

INNOCENTS.

Mrs. M. F. Maude.

Thibaut, King of Navarre

Thine for ever :— God of love,
 Hear us from Thy throne above ;
 Thine for ever may we be,
 Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever :— Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife :
 Thou the life, the truth, the way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever :— O how bless'd
 They who find in Thee their rest !
 Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
 O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever :— Saviour, keep
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
 Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever :— Thou our guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

16

W. Chatterton Dix, 1861.

DAGENHAM.

Thomas Morley, 1870.

In our work and in our play,
 Jesu, be thou ever near,
 Guarding, guiding, all the day,
 Keeping in Thy holy fear.

Thou didst toil, a lowly Child,
 In the far off Holy Land,
 Blessing labor undefiled,
 Pure and honest of the hand.

Thou wilt bless our play-hour, too,
 If we ask Thy succor strong;
 Watch o'er all we say and do,
 Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

Oh, how happy thus to spend
 Work and play-time in Thy sight,
 Till the rest which shall not end,
 Till the day that knows no night!

CLARION.

Bishop Walsbam How.

E. F. Kimbault, Mus. D.

Lord, this day Thy children meet
 In Thy courts with willing feet :
 Unto Thee this day they raise
 Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the Day of Rest
 With Thy worship shall be blest ;
 In our pleasure and our glee,
 Lord, we would remember Thee.

Help us unto Thee to pray,
 Hallowing our happy day ;
 From Thy presence thus to win
 Hearts all pure and free from sin.

Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
 With all lowly grace like Thine :
 Then through all eternity
 We shall live in heaven with Thee.

18

The Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

NATIVITY.

Henry Lahee.

NEW PRINCE.

Charles Steggall, Mus. D.

Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of His grace,
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

LUCERNE.

Ancient Swiss Noel.

We know that Thou shalt come
 In clouds of glory bright,
 Descending from Thy heavenly home
 Amid the host of light.
 Thy Cross along the skies
 Thy coming shall proclaim ;
 Thy saints in rapturous glory rise,
 The guilty sink in shame.

We know that Thou shalt come
 To reign in bliss for aye ;
 Thy ransomed flock to gather home
 To realms of endless day.
 Where toil shall be no more,
 And sin and sorrow cease,
 Where all (their earthly warfare o'er)
 Shall dwell in endless peace.

We know that Thou shalt come ;
 Then, ever-blessed Lord,
 From Thy dear side ne'er let us roam,
 Or ever scorn Thy word.
 O keep us in Thy heart,
 Till earthly storms are past,
 Until we gain the better part
 Among Thy saints at last.

ST. LEO.

Stoke-upon-Tern Hymn Book.

Arthur H. Brown.

Mountains, bow your heads majestic,
 Lowly vales, arise and sing ;
 See approach the Prince celestial !
 Earth receive thy heavenly King.
 Crowned with grace and understanding,
 Branch Divine of Jesse's stem ;
 God of knowledge, wisdom, power,
 Heaven's most glorious diadem.

Heavenly throngs His birth attending,
 Angels chant Emmanuel's praise ;
 Joy pervades the shining myriads,
 That above their anthems raise.
 Earth, with holy joy abounding,
 Haste to welcome Zion's King ;
 And as tokens of affection,
 Richest treasures hither bring.

Christ is come, the weak to succour,
 Not to break the bruised reed ;
 Christ is come to bear the burden
 Of the poor that pine in need.
 Balm to every wound He offers,
 Comfort to the restless mind ;
 Captives from their chains He severs,
 He is come lost sheep to find.

Earth, before thy Lord triumphant,
 Bow the head and bend the knee,
 Christ, who over death and Satan
 Hath obtained the victory ;
 Sing His praises, tell His story,
 Bid thy heart with rapture swell ;
 Ope it to the Lord of Glory,
 There forever may He dwell.

LIGHT DIVINE.

The Rev. Joel Swartz.

L. G. S.

More sweet He comes than morning light
 Upon the golden hills;
 And sweeter than the dew of night,
 Which, with a silent freshness bright,
 The glittering landscape fills.

He comes to pour a gladsome ray
 Wherever night may be;
 To usher in an endless day
 And gird the islands far away
 With light, as with the sea.

He comes to break the prison bars
 Where souls in bondage lie;
 To heal whatever hurts or mars,
 Sin's saddest and most deadly scars,
 Whereof, unhelped, we die.

He passes by no human need,
 Whate'er its source or name;
 He will not break the bruised reed,
 The faintest spark of hope He'll feed,
 And trim the golden flame.

Arise, Thou glorious Light Divine!
 Drive earth's long night away;
 On all benighted nations shine,
 And shine upon this soul of mine,
 Unto the perfect day.

MENDELSSOHN.

The Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840.

GOOD TIDINGS.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Hark! the herald angels sing—
 “Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled.”
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim—
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb;
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead He,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity;
 Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
 Jesus our Immannel.

 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die.
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth,
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

ST. MILDRED.

Bishop Walsham How.

Charles Steggall, Mus. D.

Behold a little Child,
Laid in a manger-bed ;
The wintry blasts blows wild
Around His infant head.
But Who is this so lowly laid ?
'Tis He by Whom the worlds were made.

Alas, in what poor state
The Son of God is seen ;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean ?
That we may learn from pride to fly,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade
Lo ! Jesus labours too,
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue :
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace ;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place ?
That Christian boys with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

Christ, once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide ;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

THREE KINGS.

F. J. Dugard.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
 Come three kings together,
 Caring nought for snow or hail,
 Cold and wind and weather ;
 Now on Persia's sandy plains,
 Now where Tigris swells with rains,
 They their camels tether ;
 Now through Syrian lands they go,
 Now through Moab, faint and slow,
 Now through Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
 Each king bears a present ;
 Wise men go a Child to hail,
 Monarchs seek a peasant ;
 And a star in front proceeds,
 Over rock and river leads,
 Shines with beams incessant.
 Therefore onward, onward still !
 Ford the stream and climb the hill :
 Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet :
 Therefore incense proffer ;
 He is King ye go to greet :
 Gold is in your coffer.
 Also Man, He comes to share
 Every woe that man can bear,
 Tempter, railer, scoffer :
 Therefore now against the day,
 In the grave when Him they lay,
 Myrrh ye also offer.

As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious God, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed ;
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare,
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light ;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

TALLIS' ORDINAL.

The Very Rev. Dean Alford.

Thomas Tallis.

In token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thee here,
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in His name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
 Christ's conflict to maintain,
 But 'neath His banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travelled by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for His own;
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown.

The Rev. J. R. Gurney, 1838.

HOLYROOD.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

ST. GEORGE.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D., 1848.

Fair waved the golden corn,
 In Canaan's pleasant land,
 When full of joy, some shining morn,
 Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
 Their cheerful thanks they pour,
 Then carry to His temple-gate
 The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,
 And pray that, long as we shall live,
 We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
 And life and all its powers ;
 Be with us in our morning time,
 And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
 As years and strength are given,
 That we may serve Thy Church below,
 And join Thy Saints in heaven.

SOLITUDE.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

L. T. Downes.

Saviour teach me day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
 At Thy bidding may I move ;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ —
 In obedience all her joy.
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe ;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love who first loved me.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

GOD IS LOVE.

George C. Stebbins.

STOCKWELL.

D. E. Jones.

God is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we move;
 Bliss He gives, and woe He lightens:
 God is light, and God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
 Worlds decay and ages move,
 But His mercy waneth never:
 God is light, and God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist His brightness streameth:
 God is light, and God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth:
 God is light, and God is love.

W. Chatterton Dix, 1867.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1874.

INVITATION.**HOLY CHURCH.**

Arthur H. Brown.

“Come unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest.”
 O blessed voice of Jesus
 Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, dear children,
 And I will give you light.”
 O loving voice of Jesus
 Which comes to cheer the night!
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way,
 But morning brings us gladness,
 And songs the break of day.

“And whosoever cometh
 I will not cast him out.”
 O patient voice of Jesus
 Which draws away our doubt!
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be,
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

VOX DILECTI.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1868.

FLENSBURG.

Louis Spohr, Mus. D., 1822.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live."
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light.
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864.

MURIEL.

Charles Gounod.

PSALM OF PRAISE.

S. P. Tuckerman, Mus. D.

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the glory of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies :
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night ;
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light :
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the joy of human love,^o
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasures pure and undefiled :
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
 Lifts her holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love :
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

NUN DANKET.

Martin Rinckart, 1644.

The Rev. Johann Cruger, 1648.

Translated from the German by
Miss Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hand and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom this world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The one Eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

ST. HELENA.

— Tho Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Lord Jesus, God and Man,
 For love of man a Child,
 The Very God, yet born on earth
 Of Mary undefiled.

Lord Jesus, God and Man,
 In this our festal day
 To Thee for precious gifts of grace
 Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts,
 For gentle, holy love,
 For strength to do Thy will below
 As Angels do above.

We pray for simple faith,
 For hope that never faints,
 For true communion evermore
 With all Thy blessed saints.

O joy to live for Thee !
 O joy in Thee to die !
 O very joy of joys to see
 Thy Face eternally !

BEATITUDE.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1130.
Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find? Ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

GENTLE JESUS.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

From Narrative Hymns.

When of old the Jewish mothers
 Brought their little babes to Thee,
 To Thy stern Apostles' chiding
 Thou didst answer tenderly,
 || Gentle Jesus,||
 "Suffer them to come to Me."

Born again and made Thy members,
 Little Christian children, we
 Press around to share Thy blessing,
 Plead Thy mercy full and free.
 || Gentle Jesus,||
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

By Thy sign upon our forehead,
 When Thy people bowed the knee,
 By the Name above us spoken,
 Of the wondrous Trinity,
 || Gentle Jesus,||
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

By each prayer and by each promise,
 When our hearts are full of glee;
 When our little sorrows vex us,
 Thine in all things we would be.
 || Gentle Jesus,||
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

JESU, BONE PASTOR.

Dorothy Thrupp, 1880.

J. H. Wilcox, Mus. D.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 || Blessed Jesus, ||
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 || Blessed Jesus, ||
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 || Blessed Jesus, ||
 We will early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will:
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 || Blessed Jesus, ||
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Bishop Walsham How, 1854.

ST. HILDA.

J. H. Knecht, 1797.

The Rev. Edward Husband.

LUX MUNDI.

Aachen Gesangbuch.

O Jesu, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting,
 To pass the threshold o'er ;
 We bear the name of Christians,
 His name and sign we bear,
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.

O Jesu, Thou are knocking,
 And lo that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred ;
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate.

O Jesu, Thou art pleading,
 In accents meek and low :
 " I died for you my children,
 And will ye treat me so ?"
 O Lord with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door ;
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

MURIEL.

Thomas Morley, 1875.

PETERBOROUGH.

W. H. Monk, Mus. D., 1860.

The Very Rev. Dean Plumptre.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
 Strong men and maidens meek,
 Raise high your free exulting song,
 God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,
 With hymn and chant and song,
 Thro' gate and porch and columned aisle,
 The hallowed pathway throng.

Yes on, through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go,
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's House,
 Jerusalem the blest.

EXURGAT DEUS.

B. Agutter, Mus. D.

ST. GERTRUDE.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D., 1872.

Onward Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe :
 Forward into battle,
 See His banners go.

CHORUS: Onward Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.

Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God :
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail :
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices,
 In the triumph-song :
 Glory, praise and honour,
 Unto Christ the King :
 This, through countless ages,
 Men and Angels sing.

ALL SAINTS.

H. S. Cutler, Mus. D., 1872.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

Alex. Macdonald, 1870.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar.
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain;
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save.
 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came:
 Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?

A noble army — men and boys,
 The matron and the maid;
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.
 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

The Rev, Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867.
(From the Danish of Ingemann).

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid ;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

The Rev. George Duffield, 1858.

ROTTERDAM.

Berthold Tours, 1875.

WEBB.

George James Webb.

Stand 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 vanquish'd,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

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 unnumber'd foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

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,
 When duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

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.

GOTHA.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

H. R. H. the Prince Consort.

Jesus calls us ; o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild restless sea,
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
 By the Galilean lake,
 Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
 Leaving all for His dear sake.

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."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil, and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 That we love Him more than these.

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.

FREDERICTON.

The Rev. G. R. Pryune, 1858.

(Metropolitan) Bishop John Medley, 1865.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High !
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol,
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High !
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

KEDRON.

A. B. Spratt.

BETHANY.

Mrs. Sarah Adams, 1810.

Lowell Mason Mus. D.

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 a wanderer,
 Weary and lone,
 Darkness comes over me
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let my 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.

IN MEMORIAM.

Albert Midlane, 1860.

Sir John Stainer, Mus. D., 1875.

There's a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend that never changes,
 Whose love will never die;
 Our earthly friends may fail us
 And change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 Of that dear Name He bears.

There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare,
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look to Jesus
 Shall wear it bye and bye;
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
 On those who found His favour
 And loved Him here below.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And a harp of sweetest music
 And palms of victory:
 And all above is pleasure,
 And found in Christ alone;
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own.

HOLLINGSIDE.

The Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1860.

THE SAILORS' HYMN.

J. Blumenthal.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide.
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee :
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HAPPY LAND.

Andrew Young, 1838.

S. Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D., 1864.

There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day,
 O how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away,
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 O we shall happy be
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 On then to glory run,
 Be a Crown and Kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye.

ELLACOMBE.

The Rev. J. J. Daniel.

From "St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch."

Come, sing with holy gladness,
 High Alleluias sing;
 Uplift your loud Hosannas
 To Jesus, Lord and King:
 Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
 Your hymn of praise to-day;
 And sing, ye gentle maidens,
 Your sweet responsive lay.

'Tis good for boys and maidens
 Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
 'Tis meet that children's voices
 Should praise the children's King:
 For Jesus is salvation,
 And glory, grace, and rest;
 To babe, and boy, and maiden
 The one Redeemer Blest.

O boys, be strong in Jesus!
 To toil for Him is gain;
 And Jesus wrought with Joseph
 With chisel, saw, and plane.
 O maidens, live for Jesus,
 Who was a maiden's Son!
 Be patient, pure, and gentle,
 And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
 The boys and girls shall play,
 And through the dazzling mansions
 Rejoice in endless day.
 O Christ, prepare Thy children
 With that triumphant throng
 To pass the burnished portals,
 And sing the eternal song.

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
 In strains of holy mirth ;
 Give thanks to Him, O children,
 Who lived a Child on earth.
 He loved the little children,
 And called them to His side,
 His loving Arms embraced them,
 And for their sake He died.

(Boys only.)

O Jesu, we would praise Thee
 With songs of holy joy ;
 For Thou on earth didst sojourn
 A pure and spotless Boy.
 Make us like Thee, obedient,
 Like Thee from sin-stains free,
 Like Thee in God's own Temple,
 In lowly home like Thee.

(Girls only.)

O Jesu, we too praise Thee,
 The lowly maiden's Son ;
 In Thee all gentlest graces
 Are gathered into one.
 Oh, give that best adornment
 That Christian maid can wear,
 The meek and quiet spirit
 Which shone in Thee so fair !

(All.)

O Lord, with voices blended,
 We sing our songs of praise ;
 Be Thou the Light and Pattern
 Of all our childhood's days.
 And lead us ever onward,
 That, while we stay below,
 We may, like Thee, O Jesu,
 In grace and wisdom grow.

ST. SERF.

From The Altar Hymnal.

Sing to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise :
 For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
 Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

For life and love, for rest and food
 For daily help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His Name, for it is fair :
 For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
 Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

For joys untold that daily move
 Round those who love His sweet employ,
 Sing to our God, for He is love,
 Exalt His Name, for it is joy :
 For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
 Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure on high,
 That inner life, which over this,
 Shall ever shine, and never die :
 For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
 Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

EDENGROVE.

Samuel Smith, 1871.

The wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health ;
 We too would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King ;
 We have no wealth nor learning, --
 What shall we children bring ?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in Holy ways ;
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King ;
 And these are gifts that ever
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him
 At home, at school, at play ;
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King,
 Than richest gifts without them, --
 Yet these each child may bring.

GERMAN CHORALE.

The Rev. Joachim Neander, 1680.

BEDFORD.

Bishop Walsham How.

E. P. Parker.

Lord, Thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway, rough and steep,
 Through this weary wilderness.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread;
 Give the strength we sorely lack;
 There are tangled paths to tread;
 Shed Thy light upon the track.
 Holy Jesu, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die;
 Grant us grace to persevere.
 Holy Jesu, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,
 Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
 Holy Jesu, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
 Holy Jesu, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

BERNARD.

J. P. Holbrook.

CONFIRMATION.

J. W. Elliott.

The Rev. John E. Bode, 1869.

O Jesu, I have promised,
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Be Thou forever near me,
 My Master and my Friend ;
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel Thee near me,
 The world is ever near ;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear ;
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within ;
 But Jesu draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesu, Thou hast promised
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory
 There shall Thy servant be ;
 And, Jesu, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 O give me grace to follow,
 My Master and my Friend !

O let me see Thy footmarks
 And in them plant my own,
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone.
 O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end ;
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend !

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EDEN.

Count Von Zinzendorf, 1732.
Translated from the German by
J. D. Tomaline, 1860.

Lowell Mason, Mus. D.

O Saviour who from heaven cam'st down,
A little Child awhile to be,
Whose precious blood and thorny crown
From sin and death have ransomed me ;

Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy spirit shall approve.

Young hearts and lives I know are claimed
For God's own altar by Thy word,
May I lay there my own unblamed,
And wilt Thou lift it heavenward, Lord !

ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD.

Joseph Barnby, Mus. D.

Hear, O Jesu! Israel's Shepherd, hear us,
 Thou that leddest Joseph like a sheep,
 On the hill-top bleak, be ever near us,
 In the darksome valley while we sleep.

Thy sweet voice amidst the storm to cheer us,
 Thy blest footmarks for the narrow way,
 Thy dear hand to hold us up, to steer us,
 For thy help and guidance, Lord, we pray.

Thy dear voice, O Shepherd, true and tender,
 All its wondrous tones Thy sheep would know;
 To Thy call their prompt obedience render,
 Follow Thee wherever Thou wilt go.

KLEINE KINDER (German).

Little children come to Jesus,
 Hear Him saying "Come to Me;"
 Blessed Jesus who to save us,
 Shed His blood on Calvary.
 Little souls were made to serve Him,
 All His holy law fulfil,
 Little hearts were made to love Him,
 Little hands to do His will.

Little eyes to read the Bible,
 Given from the heavens above,
 Little ears to hear the Story
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
 Little tongues to sing His praises,
 Little feet to walk His ways,
 Little bodies to be temples,
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.

ELMO.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

From "Hymns for the Young."

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word ;
We belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true ;
And His own dear children
Must be holy, too.

We are new-born Christians
We must learn to fight
With the bad within us,
And to do the right.

Christ is our blest Master,
He is good and true,
And His own dear children
Must be holy too.

ST. CYPRIAN.

The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.

The Rev. Richard B. Chope, 1862.

Lord, Thy Word abideth,
 And our footsteps guideth ;
 Who its truth believeth
 Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us ;
 Word of consolation,
 Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
 And dark clouds before us,
 Then its light directeth,
 And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
 Who recount the treasure,
 By Thy Word imparted
 To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
 Succour to the living ;
 Word of life supplying
 Comfort to the dying !

Oh, that we, discerning
 Its most holy learning,
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,
 Evermore be near Thee !

LAMBETH.

Bishop Cleveland Coxe, 1839.

Attributed to S. Webb.

O, where are kings and empires now,
 Of old that went and came?
 But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
 And her foundations strong;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy Church, O, God!
 Though earthquake shocks are threat'ning her
 And tempests are abroad; —

Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A House not made by hands.

The Rev. G. H. Smytton.

HEINLEIN.

Michael Heinlein, 1677.

QUADRAGESIMA.

M. De Montfort.

Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain ?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, His Vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

So shall we have peace Divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, oh, keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy Side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

ST. CRISPIN.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D.

Just as I am — without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot —
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within and foes without —
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind —
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe —
 O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am — Thy love unknown,
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

The Rev. T. B. Pollock.

Thomas Morley.

Jesu! from Thy throne on high,
 Far above the bright blue sky,
 Look on us with loving eye:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

Little children need not fear,
 When they know that Thou art near;
 Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

Little hearts may love Thee well,
 Little lips Thy love may tell,
 Little hymns Thy praises swell:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

Little lives may be divine,
 Little deeds of love may shine,
 Little ones be wholly Thine:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

Be Thou with us every day,
 In our work and in our play,
 When we learn and when we pray:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

May we prize our Christian name,
 May we guard it free from blame,
 Fearing all that causes shame:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

May our thoughts be undefiled,
 May our words be true and mild,
 Make us each a holy child:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

Jesu! whom we hope to see
 Calling us in heaven to be
 Happy evermore with Thee:
 Hear us, holy Jesu!

ST. CROIX.

The Rev. Vernon Hutton.

L. G. S.

Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
 Born for us a little Child
 Of the Virgin undefiled,
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By the pains which Thou didst bear,
 Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
 Hearken to our lowly prayer ;
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By Thine hour of agony
 Passed in dark Gethsemane,
 When the Angel strengthened Thee,
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By the reed and crown of thorn ;
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By the Cross men laid on Thee,
 By Thy Death on Calvary,
 Death, which sets Thy children free,
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By Thy pattern, pure and bright,
 Lead our wills to what is right,
 Wash our evil nature white ;
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

From all childish sins that stain,
 From all words that might give pain,
 From all wicked thoughts and vain,
 Save us, Holy Jesu.

ST. THEODULPH.

Bishop Theodulph, 815.

The Rev. Melchior Teschner, 1615.

Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. John M. Neale, 1856.

All glory, laud and honour
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.
 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,
 The King and Blessed One.
 All glory, etc.

The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.
 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

WELLESLEY.

The Rev. John King, 1830.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D.

When His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 Well pleased to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill;
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the Throne.
 And cry aloud Hosanna
 To David's royal Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their Hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

HOSANNA.

Franz Schubert.

Hosanna ! loud hosanna !
 The little children sang :
 Through pillared court and temple
 The glorious anthem rang ;
 To Jesus, Who had blest them,
 Close folded to His breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd
 Waving their victor palm-branch,
 And shouting clear and loud :
 Bright angels joined the chorus
 Beyond the cloudless sky —
 "Hosanna in the highest :
 Glory to God on High !"

Fair leaves of silvery olive
 They strewed upon the ground,
 Whilst Salem's circling mountains
 Echoed the joyful sound ;
 The Lord of men and angels
 Rode on in lowly state,
 Nor scorned that little children
 Thould on His bidding wait.

"Hosanna in the highest !"
 That ancient song *we* sing ;
 For Christ is our Redeemer,
 The Lord of Heaven our King.
 O ! may we ever praise Him
 With heart and life and voice,
 And in His blissful presence
 Eternally rejoice !

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

The Rev. G. S. Hodges.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear
 In the olden days when the Lord lived here ;
 He blessed little children and smiled on them
 While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
 With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
 As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
 Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

Hosanna we sing ; for He bends His ear,
 And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear ;
 We know that His heart will never wax cold
 To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

Alleluia we sing in the Church we love
 Alleluia resounds in the Church above ;
 To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
 That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven.

MAJESTY.

The Very Rev. Dean Milman, 1827.

Prof. Geo. W. Warren, 1871.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father, on His sapphire throne,
 Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

ROYAL BANNERS.

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 580.

James Higgs, Mus. B.

Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. John M. Neale.

The Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flow'd, and blood.

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !
O Tree with royal purple dight,
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find Their rest.

On Whose dear arms so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung ;
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done,
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

DOANE.

G. M. Garrett, Mus. D.

PENTECOST.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Uplift the banner! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 The sun shall light its shining folds,
 The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Uplift the banner! Angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the Sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonders of the love Divine.

Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, gathering at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.

Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours —
 We conquer only in that Sign.

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ARTAVIA.

Jean Ingelow.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.

And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee,
 And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
 Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea,
 Art Thou his kinsman now?

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
 O man, with eyes majestic after death,
 Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
 Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
 By that high Heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
 To draw us sinners in;

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
 By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
 By darkness, by the wormwood, and the gall,
 I pray Thee visit me.

VIA DOLOROSA.

The Rev. Ray Palmer.

The Rev. Charles R. Hodge.

I see my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the Lowly,
 Along the mournful way in sadness tread;
 The thorns are on His brow, and He, the Holy,
 Bearing His cross, to Calvary is led.

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,
 Though wearily His grief and burden press;
 And foes — nor shame nor pity now restraining,
 With scoff and jeering mark His deep distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour, yet calm Himself resigning,
 E'en as a lamb that goeth to be slain;
 The wine-press lone he treadeth unrepining,
 And falling blood-drops all His raiment stain.

In mortal weakness 'neath His burden sinking,
 The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid!
 Then passes on to Golgotha unshrinking,
 Where Love's divinest sacrifice is made.

OLDRIDGE.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

(Metropolitan) Bishop John Medley.

There is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to Heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him, too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100.

The Rev. Edward S. Medley.

Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.**THALBERG.**

S. Thalberg.

O sacred Head, surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn !
 O bleeding Head, so wounded,
 Reviled and put to scorn !
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
 The glow of life decays,
 Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
 And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigour
 Bereaving Thee of life ;
 O agony and dying !
 O love to sinners free !
 Jesu, all grace supplying,
 O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
 Good Shepherd, think of me,
 With Thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be ;
 Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
 Forever would I rest ;
 In Thy dear love confiding,
 And with Thy presence blest.

SACRIFICE.

The Rev. S. Childs-Clarke.

The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

O, dark and dreary day,
 When Jesus died to pay
 Sin's awful penalty!
 The sun kept back its light,
 To hide that mournful sight,
 When Jesus died for me.

O, who can tell those pangs
 As on that Cross He hangs,
 My dearest Lord for me!
 For me He died that death,
 For me He yields His breath,
 My sinful soul to free.

And as He bows His Head,
 Have I no tears to shed,
 When I look back and see
 Those loving Arms spread wide
 To draw me to His side,
 My ransom thus to be?

O Jesu, may Thy love
 My strength and succour prove,
 That I to Thee may live!
 Thou gavest all for me,
 May I devote to Thee
 What little I can give.

PASSIO CHRISTI.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

The Rev. O. Witherspoon, 1876.

Saviour ! when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,
 When repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
 O by all thy pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of th' insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone ;
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By Thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To Thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Saviour, hear the cry,
 Of our solemn Litany !

PETRA.

Richard Redhead, 1860.

ROCK OF AGES.

The Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1872.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy laws' demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment Throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

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Sir John Bowring 1825.

GREENWOOD.

Prof. Geo. F. Root.

ST. OSWALD.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

OLIVET.

The Rev. Ray Palmer, 1831.

Lowell Mason, Mus. D., 1831.

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine:
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away.
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire:
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransom'd soul.

HORDELL.

The Rev. Henry Collins, 1854.

From St. Alban's Tune Book.

Jesu, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and Holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing ;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

By Thy red wounds streaming
With Thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.

By that fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me ;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

ADORATION.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The Rev. Charles R. Hodge, 1890.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 High and lowly Son ;
 Son of blessed Mary
 And of God in one !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 Living Bread Divine,
 Feast for holy hunger,
 Be that hunger mine !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 Fount forever filled,
 In Thy streams of mercy,
 Shall my thirst be filled.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 Victim, Priest and Lord ;
 Endless satisfaction
 Endlessly adored.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 Name of names most sweet ;
 Tremble with thanksgiving
 Tongue that may repeat !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 God of God art Thou ;
 Low in adoration
 At Thy Name we bow.

The Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Then let my strength be as my day ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease and grief
 This feeble frame should be,
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

And, oh, when in the hour of death
 I bow to Thy decree,
 Jesu, with my last parting breath
 I'll cry "Remember me."

And when before Thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to Thee,
 Then with the saints at Thy right hand,
 Still, Lord, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1853.

HERSAL.

W. Lockett.

According to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

Can I Gethsemane forget ?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesu, remember me.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

Latin Hymn of the 12th Century.

Prof. Geo. W. Warren, 1876.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Pott, 1859.

VICTORY.

Giovanni Palestrina, 1555.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

The strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,—

Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—

Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell;

Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee

Alleluia!

ROTTERDAM.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Berthold Tours.

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love,
 O Name of might and favour,
 All other names above :
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
 Our holy Lord and King !

O Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought ;
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
 Our gracious Lord and King !

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine ;
 The glory that excelleth, .
 O Son of God, is Thine :
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing :
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
 Our glorious Lord and King !

O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love :
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King !

CANTERBURY PRECINCTS.

J. Naylor, Mus. D., 1872.

OLIVET.

Mrs. Emma Toke, 1851

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Thou art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppress'd;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown:
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou shalt come again
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 O by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

DINARD.

E. C. A. Chepmell.

The golden gates are lifted up,
 The doors are open wide,
 The King of Glory is gone in,
 Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
 To make for us a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon God's face.

And ever on on earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud,
 That veiled Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
 Let Thy dear grace be given,
 That while we wander here below,
 Our treasure be in heaven.

That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be;
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
 Forever, Lord, in Thee.

HYMN-CHANT,
ST. FRANCIS.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

Up in heaven, up in heaven,
 In the bright place far away.
 He whom bad men crucified
 Sitteth by His Father's side
 Till the Judgment Day.

And He loves His gentle children,
 And He pleadeth for them there,
 Asking the great God of heaven,
 That their sins may be forgiven;
 And He hears their prayer.

Never more a helpless infant,
 Born in poverty and pain,
 But with awful glory crowned,
 With His angels standing round,
 He shall come again.

And all faithful holy Christians
 Who their Masters work have done
 Shall appear at His right hand,
 And inherit the fair land
 That His love has won.

ORSETT.

The Rev. S. Childs-Clarke.

Thomas Morley.

Far up on high
 To yon blue sky
 Thou didst ascend to Heaven again,
 Thy great work done,
 The battle won
 By deeds of love and Cross of pain.

Yet still for earth
 Where Thou hadst birth
 We know, blest Saviour, Thou dost care ;
 Still Thou dost plead
 In time of need
 And bend Thine ear to children's prayer.

Thy word fulfil
 And help us still,
 Who see Thee not — but yet believe ;
 Help us to pray,
 And day by day
 Our prayers and praises, Lord, receive.

Grant us Thy grace
 To seek Thy face,
 That when to judgment Thou shalt come,
 Thou mayest greet
 Thine own, made meet
 To share the joys of Heaven's bright home.

The Rev. Charles Wesley.

Hail the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia !
To His throne above the skies ;
Alleluia !
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest Heaven.
Alleluia !
There for Him high triumph waits ;
Alleluia !
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Alleluia !
He hath conquered death and sin ;
Take the King of Glory in.
Alleluia !
Lo ! the Heaven its Lord receives,
Alleluia !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Alleluia !
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia !
Still for us He intercedes,
Alleluia !
His prevailing death He pleads,
Alleluia !
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.
Alleluia !
Lord, though parted from our sight
Alleluia !
Far above the starry height,
Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia !

KING OF GLORY.

W. Chatterton Dix.

From St. Alban's Tune Book.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 His the sceptre, His the throne;
 Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone.
 Hark! the songs of holy Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood:
 "Jesus out of every nation,
 Hath redeemed us by His blood."

Alleluia! not as orphans
 Are we left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia! He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how.
 Though the cloud from sight received Him
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget his promise,—
 "I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;
 Alleluia! here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day.
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
 His the sceptre, His the throne:
 Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone.
 Hark! the songs of holy Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood:
 "Jesus out of every nation,
 Hath redeemed us by His blood"!

The Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862.

THRING.

Caryl Florio.

UPMINSTER.

Arthur H. Brown.

Saviour, blessed Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King;
 All we have to offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee;
 Deep in adoration,
 Bending low the knee;
 Thou for our redemption
 Can'st on earth to die;
 Thou that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road;
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

Higher, then, and higher,
 Bear the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgotten,
 Saviour, to its goal;
 Where, in joys unthought of,
 Saints with Angels sing,
 Never weary, raising
 Praises to their King.

ST. CATHERINE.

The Rev. Henry Collins, 1852.

J. S. Walton.

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O, make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O, make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O, make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore.
 O, make me love Thee more and more!

ST. CUTHBERT.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1860.

Our bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart
 A gracious willing Guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

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.

- And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And meet for Thee.

WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1865.

W. V. Wallace.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down ;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He ;
 And faith has yet its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame ;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His Name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine !

CHARITY.

F. R. Grey.

GILTON.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

Charles Steggall, Mus. D.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
 Taught by Thee, we covet most,
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
 Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
 Love than death itself more strong;
 Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in Heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith, and hope, and love, we see,
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing
 Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly love.

ST. TIMOTHY.

L. G. S.

Sweet Holy Spirit, come,
 Dwell with a child :
 Make of my heart a home,
 All undefiled.

Come when that heart is weak,
 And my sins strong,
 When evil voices speak,
 Tempting to wrong.

Come in the early light
 Of the sweet day ;
 That I begin aright,
 Help me to pray.

Come when alone I lie
 Waiting for sleep ;
 Then drawing gently nigh,
 Kind vigils keep.

Come when all pale and still
 Dying I lie :
 With fair radiance fill
 Faint lip and eye.

Come, comfort, carry me
 Through the dark tide :
 Lead me up lovingly,
 Safe to Christ's side.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

GOSS.

Sir John Goss.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
 To His Feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Evermore His praises sing;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him, still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His Hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face:
 Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
 Gathered in from every race;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace!

AURELIA.

The Rev. S. J. Stone, 1865.

S. Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.

The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the Word ;
 From Heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy Bride,
 With his own Blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth.
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy Food,
 And to one Hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

THANKSGIVING.

W. B. Gilbert.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR.

The Rev. L. Tuttiett.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D.

Forward go in glad accord,
 Ye who know your risen Lord!
 Let the strain of fervent love
 Lift each drooping heart above.
 Dark and toilsome though the day,
 Cast unworthy care away;
 Trust in Him whose mighty hand
 Guards the Church and rules the land!

Forward still and let the strain
 Tell of triumph yet again;
 For the Lord, Who reigns on high,
 Leads His own to victory;
 Through the world's opposing might,
 Through the gathering gloom of night;
 Strong in faith, let holy song
 Cheer us as we march along.

Now let all, as children dear,
 In our Father's courts appear;
 Let the choral harmony
 Fill the spirit's unity;
 Here no hate nor strife be found;
 Here let love and peace abound;
 Let us offer while we sing
 Loyal hearts to serve our King.

Forward go, despond no more!
 Jesus calls and goes before!
 He will guard His chosen Bride,
 He will never leave her side:
 Kingdoms flourish and decay,
 Heaven and earth will pass away;
 Evermore the Church shall raise
 Songs of triumph, joy and praise.

LANCASHIRE.

Henry Smart, 1836.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Lowell Mason, Mus. D:

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

RACINE.

Peter C. Edwards.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Henry Kirke White. 1865.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go:
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.
 Oft in danger, onward go.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your captain's power?
 Oft in danger, onward go.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March in heavenly armour clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.
 Oft in danger, onward go.

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.
 Oft in danger, onward go.

Onward then in battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go.
 Oft in danger, onward go.

STEPHANOS.

The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868.

ART THOU WEARY.

The Rev. J. Bullinger.

Stephen the Sabaite, 750 A. D.

Translated from the Greek by
The Rev John M. Neale, 1862.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress'd ?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming
 Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide ?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns ?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath He at last ?
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
 Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless ?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

TROYTE'S CHANT.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857.

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

Though dark my path and | sad my | lot,||
 Let me be still and | murmur | not ;||
 Or breathe the prayer di | vinely | taught,||
 Thy | will be | done.

What though in lonely | grief I | sigh||
 For friends beloved no | longer | nigh,||
 Submissive still would | I reply,||
 Thy | will be | done.

If Thou should'st call me | to re | sign||
 What most I prize, it | ne'er was | mine ;||
 I only yield Thee | what is | Thine ;||
 Thy | will be | done.

Let but my fainting | heart be | blest||
 With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,||
 My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest,—||
 Thy | will be | done,

Renew my will from | day to | day,||
 Blend it with Thine, and | take a | way||
 All that now makes it | hard to | say,||
 Thy | will be | done.

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

HYMN-CHANT,
RESIGNATION.

William P. Dole, 1882.

L. G. S.

||Thy will be done.||

Beneath Thy chastening rod,

While all our pride lies | humbled | in the | dust,||

We bow the head and own that Thou art God,

All | merci | ful and | just.||

||Thy will be done !||

||Thy will be done.||

Though o'er our hearth and hearts

Death's angel spreads the | shadow | of his | wings,||

Though sorrows deepen as the day departs,

And||morn no | gladness | brings,||

||Thy will be done||

||Thy will be done.||

For still beyond our sight—

Above the clouds and | earthly | shadows | drear—||

Shine the sweet beams of everlasting light

That | shew Thy | purpose | clear.||

||Thy will be done!||

||Thy will be done||

In earth as 'tis in Heaven.

Teach us in lowly | faith to | say that | prayer,||

Till from our toils and griefs release be given,

To | join our | loved ones | where||

||Thy will is done!||

The Rev. Horatius Bonar.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

Upward, where the stars are burning,
 Silent, silent in their turning,
 Round the never changing poles ;
 Upward, where the sky is brightest,
 Upward, where the blue is lightest,
 Lift we now our longing souls.

Far beyond that arch of gladness,
 Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
 Are the many mansions fair.
 Far from pain and sin and folly,
 In that palace of the holy —
 We would find our mansion there.

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
 Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
 And the discord never comes ;
 Where life's stream is ever laving,
 And the palm is ever waving ;
 That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
 By ten thousand voices greeted ;
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.
 Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
 Son of God, they own, they own Him,
 With His name the palace rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,
 Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure
 Lay we at His blessed feet.
 Poor the praise that now we render,
 Loud shall be our voices yonder,
 When before His throne we meet.

ST. IGNATIUS.

From Catholic Hymns.

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,
 Because Thou first hast loved me ;
 I seek no other liberty
 But that of being bound to Thee.

May memory no thought suggest
 But shall to Thy pure glory tend ;
 My understanding find no rest
 Except in Thee, its only end.

All mine is Thine, say but the word,
 Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done ;
 I know Thy love all-gracious Lord,
 I know it seeks my good alone.

Apart from Thee all things are naught ;
 Then grant O my Supremest Bliss,
 Grant me to love Thee as I ought :
 Thou givest all in giving this.

ST. LEONARD.

H. Hiles, Mus. D.

When evening choirs the praises hymned
 In Zion's courts of old ;
 The high priest walked his rounds and trimmed
 The shining lamps of gold ;
 And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
 With fresh oil vainly drenched,
 He cleansed it from its socket, so
 The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest most high !
 Thy golden lamps among,
 What things are weak, and near to die,
 Thou makest fresh and strong ;
 Thou breathest on the trembling spark
 That else must soon expire,
 And swift it shoots up through the dark,
 A brilliant spear of fire !

The shepherd that to streams and shade
 Withdrew his flock at noon,
 On reedy stop soft music made
 In many a pastoral tune ;
 And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
 It could not more be used —
 Its mellow music marred and hushed,
 He brake it, when so bruised.

HYMNS.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pastures green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been ;
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
More rich than angels know !

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
But now it burns so dim !
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor, broken hymn ;
Yet, ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
But helped in deepest need —
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

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Anne Steele, 1769.

CONTENTMENT.

Prof. Geo. W. Warren, 1852.

NAOMI.

Lowell Mason, Mus. D., 1836

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise ;

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee :

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

SANCTUARY.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1867.

MOULTRIE.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1852. The Rev. Gerard Cobb, 1869.

Hark the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Lord, to Thee;
Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in
glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in
their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way
of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr and Evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have
watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert singing to the Lord of all, are there.
They have come from tribulation, and have washed
their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were,
and firm they stood;
Mocked, afflicted, scourged, imprisoned, stoned, tor-
mented, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan by the might
of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have
triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee, their Saviour
and their King;
Gladly, Lord with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord,
with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born and
glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in
golden light;
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste forever, and all truth and
knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessed Trinity.

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HOLY INNOCENTS.

The Rev. S. Childs-Clarke.

Prof. Arthur H. Brown.

HUDSON.

Edwin C. Rowley.

Firstlings of martyrs to whom it was given
In your sweet innocence glory to win;
What if for loss of you sad hearts were riven,
Blessings forever were then to begin.

Ye in your baby-hood near your dear Saviour
When upon earth He once came to His own,
Near to Him still, ye are near Him forever,
Faultless He places you round His bright throne.

Jesu, Who unto Thee tookest the children,
Lovingly, tenderly into Thine arms,
We will adore Thee, praise Thee, and pray to Thee,
Bless us and shield us from sin's dire alarms.

Lead us, Thy little flock, good and kind Shepherd,
For Thou art merciful, mighty to save;
Lead Thou us onward, beside the still waters,
With Thee we triumph o'er death and the grave.

The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

Sir John Stainer, Mus. D.

There is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crown'd,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side ;
 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

ALFORD.

The Very Rev. Dean Alford, 1866.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransom'd Saints
 Throng up the streets of light:
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in!

What rush of Alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 O joy for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting sever'd friendship up,
 Where partings are no more.
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1145.

Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851.

BERNARD.

J. P. Holbrook.

PEARSALL.

From St. Gall. Katholisches Gesangbuch.

PART I.

The world is very evil, the times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil, the Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy, the Judge who comes
with might,
Who comes to end the evil, who comes to crown the
right.

Arise, arise, good Christian, let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow to heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening, that knows no moon nor
sun,
The light so new and golden, the light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendour, of flowers that fear no
thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children, who here as exiles
mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit, where wisdom has
no bound,
The Beatific Vision shall glad the Saints around.

O happy, holy portion, refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty, sweet cure of the distress!
Strive man to win that glory; toil, man, to gain that
light;
Send hope before to grasp it, till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever bless'd.

ST. ALPHEGE.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.

STAINES.

Sir John Stainer, Mus. D.

PART II.

Brief life is here our portion; brief sorrow, short
 lived care;
 The life that knows no ending, the tearless life, is
 there.

O happy retribution: short toil, eternal rest:
 For mortals and for sinners a mansion with the bless'd.

And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the
 crown
 Of full and everlasting and passionless renown;
 But He, whom now we trust in, shall then be seen and
 known;
 And they, that know and see Him, shall have Him for
 their own.

The morning shall awaken, the shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant shall shine as doth the
 day:
 There God, our King and Portion, in fulness of His
 grace,
 Shall we behold for ever, and worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest:
 Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever bless'd.

CHIGNELL.

Peter C. Edwards.

PART III.

For thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils
keep ;

For very love, beholding Thy happy Name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion, O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banish'd, and smiles have no
alloy ;

The Lamb is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy
praise ;

His laud and benediction thy ransom'd people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with
emeralds blaze ;

The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced ;
The saints build up its fabric, and the Cornerstone is
Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ; thou hast no time,
bright day :

Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away.

Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden
dower.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest :
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever bless'd.

URB'S SION.

The Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, 1886.

EWING.

Alexander Ewing, 1853.

PART IV.

Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey bless'd,
 Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice
 oppress'd;

I know not, O I know not, what joys await us there;
 What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare.

They stand those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr
 throng;

The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed are deck'd in glorious
 sheen.

There is the throne of David; and there from care
 released,

The shout of them that triumph, the song of them
 that feast;

And they, who with their Leader have conquer'd in
 the fight,

For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!

O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest!

Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever bless'd.

BEATITUDE.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

SOUTHWELL.

H. S. Irons.

From a Latin Hymn of the 9th Century, author unknown.
Translated by Francis Baker, 1616.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! though rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for Thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see !

Bishop Walsham How.

ALL SAINTS.

Joseph Barnby.

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.

Alleluia!

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west:
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed!

Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on his way.

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia!

MILES LANE.

William Shrubsole, 1785.

CORONATION.

The Rev Edward Perronet, 1779.

Oliver Holden, 1793.‡

All hail the power of Jesus' Name ;
 Let Angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem
 To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
 Who from His Altar call ;
 Praise Him whose Blood-stained path ye trod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at His Feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall !
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

DIADEMATA.

Matthew Bridges, 1852.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D.

Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon the Throne !
 Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own !
 Awake my soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee !
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity !

Crown Him the Lord of Life !
 Who triumphed o'er the grave
 And rose victorious in the strife,
 For those He came to save.
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died and rose on high ;
 Who died eternal life to bring
 And lives that death may die !

Crown Him the Lord of Peace !
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be love and praise.
 His reign shall know no end ;
 And round His pierced feet
 The thousand tones of earth shall blend
 In concord ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above,
 The King to whom alone is given
 The wondrous name of love !
 All hail Redeemer, hail !
 For Thou hast died for me :
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity !

Matthias Claudius, 1782.
Translated from the German by
Jane M. Campbell, 1861.

Johann Schultz, 1787.

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far :
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, O! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

Bishop Walsham How.

RUTH.

Samuel Smith.

LYRAE (French).

Summer suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays ;
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth,
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the Heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour ;
 For Thy loving kindness
 Make us love Thee more.
 And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light,
 Life is dark without Thee,
 Death with Thee is bright.
 Light of light, shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way ;
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.

The Very Rev. Dean Alford, 1844.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;
 Come to God's own temple, come;
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home;

All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield?
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown;
 First the blade and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of Harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home:
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To Thy final Harvest-Home:
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide.
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-Home.

LORD OF THE HARVEST.

William P. Dole.

T. W. Stariefortle.

Lord of the harvest, from Whose hand,
 In bounty royally outpoured,
 Plenty hath flowed o'er all the land,
 And all our garners full are stored,
 To Thee we raise
 Our song of praise,
 To Thee, in Heaven and earth adored.

Thy care preserved the precious seed,
 Nursed tender shoot and bud and blade,
 Till in the time by Thee decreed
 Summer her glories bright displayed
 And Nature's voice
 Bade man rejoice
 In Thee, who heaven and earth hast made.

The early and the latter rain,
 Gladdened green fields and teeming ground ;
 And mellow fruits and golden grain
 Sweet ripeness in Thy sunshine found :
 By genial showers,
 By glowing hours,
 The year is with Thy goodness crowned.

Nor for Earth's kindly fruits alone
 In grateful hymns Thy praise we tell,
 We, who—kept as Thy very own
 From war and strife, from sickness fell,
 And pestilence,
 By Thy defence—
 In freedom, peace, and safety dwell.

Lord of our life! Whose open hand
 Good on all living things doth pour,
 For all rich blessings on our land,
 For all the harvest's happy store
 Our hearts shall be
 Lift up to Thee—
 To Thee, whom heaven and earth adore!

ALMSGIVING.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Giver of all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
 Where harvests ripen Thou art there,
 Giver of all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that Blessed One
 Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
 Spirit of life and love and power,
 And dost his sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
 Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
 Repaid a thousandfold will be,
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Who givest all.

To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all.

MELITA.

William Whiting, 1860.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep;
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst the storms didst sleep;
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the waters dark and rude,
 And bid their angry tumult cease,
 And give, for wild confusion, peace;
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them whereso'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

ANGEL VOICES.

The Rev. Francis Pott, 1861.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D.

Angels voices ever singing
 Round Thy throne of light,
 Angel harps, forever ringing,
 Rest not day nor night ;
 Thousands only live to bless Thee,
 And confess Thee,
 Lord of might.

Thou, who art beyond the farthest
 Mental eye can scan,
 Can it be that Thou regardest
 Songs of sinful man ?
 Can we feel that Thou art near us
 And wilt hear us ?
 Yea, we can.

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
 O'er each work of Thine !
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices
 For Thy praise combine !
 Craftsman's art and music's measure
 For Thy pleasure,
 Didst design.

Here, Great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee ;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

BURY.

Samuel Reay, Mus B.

Lord, Thy children lowly bending
 Bow before Thy throne ;
 Praise from youthful lips ascending
 Wilt Thou deign to own ?
 Wilt Thou hear us while we bless Thee,
 And confess Thee
 God alone ?

While the Heavens declare Thy glory
 To the listening earth,
 While the Angels sing the story
 Of creation's birth,
 Wilt Thou hear our child-notes swelling,
 Gladly telling
 Jesus' worth ?

Yes, Thou wilt ; for Thou dost love us,
 Cam'st for us to die ;
 Bending from Thy Throne above us
 With a pitying Eye ;
 Well we know that Thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us
 When we cry.

Then our humble praises bringing,
 We will seek Thy Face ;
 Hymns with grateful voices singing
 In this hallowed place.
 We will dare to come before Thee,
 And adore Thee,
 Lord of grace !

HESPERUS.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux.
Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. Ray Palmer.

Henry Baker, Mus. B., 1854.

Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all !

We taste Thee, O Thou living bread !
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast :
Glad, when Thy precious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus ! ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

SUPPLICATION.

The Rev. John Ellerton.

George F. Vincent.

Shine Thou upon us, Lord,
 True Light of men, to-day ;
 And through the written word
 Thy very self display ;
 That so from hearts which burn
 With gazing on Thy Face,
 The little ones may learn
 The wonders of Thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
 Thy Spirit's living Flame,
 That so with one accord
 Our lips may tell Thy Name ;
 Give Thou the hearing ear,
 Fix Thou the wandering thought,
 That those we teach may hear
 The great things Thou hast wrought.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
 In all we say of Thee ;
 According to Thy word
 Let all our teachings be ;
 That so Thy lambs may know
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,
 Where'er He leads them go,
 And in His love rejoice.

Live Thou within us, Lord ;
 Thy mind and will be ours ;
 Be Thou beloved, adored,
 And served with all our powers ;
 That so our lives may teach
 Thy children what Thou art,
 And plead by more than speech,
 For Thee with every heart.

ST. COLUMBA.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

From St. Alban's Tune Book.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart ;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
 Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

ST. PETER.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1850.

Alex. R. Reinagle.

O, still in accents sweet and strong,
 Sounds forth the ancient word:—
 “More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More laborers for the Lord!”

We hear the call. Dreaming no more
 In selfish ease we lie,
 But, girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath the sky.

Where prophets' word and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labours entering in,
 Would reap where they have strewn.

O, Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
 To do Thy will—we come,
 Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

CHENIES.

The Rev. John Ellerton.

The Rev. T. R. Matthews.

The hours of day are over,
 The evening calls us home ;
 Once more to Thee, O Father,
 With thankful hearts we come ;
 For all Thy countless blessings
 We praise Thy holy Name,
 And own Thy love unchanging,
 Through days and years the same.

For life, and health, and shelter
 From harm throughout the day,
 The kindness of our teachers,
 The gladness of our play :
 For all the dear affection
 Of parents, brothers, friends,
 To Him our thanks we render
 Who these and all things sends.

For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
 For this, we thank Thee most,—
 The cleansing of the sinful,
 The saving of the lost :
 The Teacher ever present,
 The Friend forever nigh,
 The home prepared by Jesus
 For us above the sky.

Lord, gather all Thy children
 To meet Thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past ;
 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal home
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come !

SHILOH.

The Rev. James D. Burns, 1869.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D.

Hushed was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark ;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark :
 When suddenly a voice Divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept ;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite, kept ;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord !
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy word ;
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart !
 A lowly heart, that waits
 Where in Thy House Thou art,
 Or watches at Thy gates
 By day and night, a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind !
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To Thee in life and death,
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

ST. ANATOLIUS.

Anatolius, Bishop of Constantinople, 450 A. D.

Arthur H. Brown, 1874.

Translated from the Greek by

The Rev. John Mason Neale, 1862.

The day is past and over ;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 O loving Jesu, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

Joseph Barnby.

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Jesu, give the weary,
 Calm and sweet repose ;
 With Thy tenderest blessing
 May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee ;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain ;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

THE RADIANT MORN.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1861.

The Rev. Edward S. Medley.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store ;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn ;
 Its glorious noon how quickly past !
 Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
 Safe home at last.

O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky ; —

Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease,
 Their deathless strain : —

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall ;
 Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
 Art Lord of all !

LUX BENIGNA.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1868.

The Rev. John Henry (Cardinal) Newman, 1833.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home :
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path : but now
 Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
 Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

CANON.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1697.

Thomas Tallis, 1565.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I This day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
 Let no ill-dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ABENDS.

Sir Herbert Oakley, Mus. D.

HURSLEY.

Peter Ritter, 1792.

The Rev. John Keble, 1827.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take.
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

VESPER.

Dr. J. Francis Tuckerman.

HUMILITY.

S. P. Tuckerman, Mus. D.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1859.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these sacred walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

EVENTIDE.

The Rev. John Ellerton.

Prof. Henry Smart.

The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send
Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest ;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

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ELLERTON.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.

PAX DEI.

The Rev. John Ellerton, 1866.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D., 1868.

Saviour again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this House have call'd upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

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EVENTIDE.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

W. H. Monk, Mus. D., 1860.

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see,
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee !

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

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**HYMN-CHANT,
STILL, STILL WITH THEE.**

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Prof. W. H. Gerrish, 1884.

Still, still with Thee—when purple | morning | break-
eth,||

When the bird waketh, and the | shadows | flee;||
Fairer than morning, lovelier | than the | daylight,||
Dawns the sweet | consciousness, I | am with | Thee.||

Alone with Thee—amid the | mystic | shadows,||
The solemn hush of nature | newly | born;||
Alone with Thee in breathless | ado | ration,||
In the calm | dew and freshness | of the | morn.||

When sinks the soul subdued by | toil, to | slumber,||
Its closing eye looks up to | Thee in | prayer;||
Sweet the repose beneath Thy | wings o'er | shading,||
But sweeter | still to wake and | find Thee | there.||

So shall it be at last, in | that bright | morning,||
When the soul waketh, and life's | shadows | flee;||
Oh! in that hour, fairer than | daylight | dawning,||
Shall rise the | glorious thought—I | am with | Thee.||

NEARER HOME.

I. Woodbury.

James Montgomery, 1835. Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D.

For ever with the Lord ;
 Amen, so let it be.
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace.

I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'er power.
 That resurrection word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, For ever with the Lord ;
 Amen, so let it be.

Words and Music by Frederick Iliffe, Mus. D.

The year is swiftly waning ;
 The Summer days are past ;
 And life, brief life, is speeding :
 The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
 In silence come and go ;
 But Thou, eternal Father,
 No time nor change canst know.

Oh ! pour Thy Grace upon us
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in Heaven with Thee.

Oh ! by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain ;

Our barren hearts make fruitful
 With every goodly grace,
 That we Thy Name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy Face.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Rev. Henry Downton, 1843.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Constant through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness;
 Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of Strength! be Thou our stay:
 In the pathless wilderness,
 Be our true and living Way,

Which of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread?
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful: make us pure:
 Keep us evermore Thine own:
 Help Thy servants to endure:
 Fit us for the promised crown.

So, within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

CAMPOBELLO.

The Rev. John S. Williams, 1870.

God bless our Sunday School,
Increase our Sunday School,
God bless our School.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our School.

All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success,
God bless our School.
May They encouraged be
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our School.

So may our School increase
In knowledge, love and peace,
God bless our School.
As, hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore
Let all God's Name adore,
God bless our school.

CAROLS.

“Come let us all sweet Carols sing
In praise of Christ our Saviour King.”

CHRISTMAS.

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M. Dudley, 1847.

Prof. Arthur H. Brown.

Arise and hail the Sacred Day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things ;
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Son of Righteousness arose
With healing in His wings.

If Angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Poured forth seraphic songs ;
Much more should we of human race
Adore the wonders of His grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

How wonderful, how vast His love,
Who left the shining realms above,
Those happy seats of rest ;
How much for lost mankind He bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be express.

While we adore His boundless grace,
And pious joy and mirth take place
Of sorrow, grief and pain ;
Give glory to our God on high,
And not among the general joy
Forget good-will to men.

O then let Heaven and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
And hymn the Sacred Day,
When sin and Satan vanquished fell,
And all the powers of death and hell,
Before His sovereign sway.

No room in the inn for the travellers weary,
 Though hungry and thirsty and footsore they be;
 The children of David, in David's own city,
 They come to enroll at the Cæsar's decree.

No place but the stable for Joseph and Mary,
 Although they are owned of the true royal line;
 They turn from the inn, from its warmth and its plenty,
 To rest for the night with the asses and kine.

Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'er-
 crowded,
 Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
 The fairest guest-chamber had been for the strangers,
 And he had provided for them of his best!

For in the rude stable when stars were all shining,
 The Lord of the angels took up His abode,
 The Babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
 Was Israel's Messiah, the dear Son of God.

We join with the angels in giving God glory;
 From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
 How Jesus was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
 And hasten with shepherds to kneel at His feet.

All glory, all glory to God in the highest!
 All glory to Jesus for His lowly birth!
 With hearts full of joy, we re-echo with gladness,
 Goodwill be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

Adam Geibel.

There's a song in the air !
 There's a star in the sky !
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry !
 And the star rains its fire
 While the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet Boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Ay ! the star rains its fire,
 And the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
 Lies the ages impearled ;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world
 Every hearth is aflame,
 And the Beautiful sing
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the Heavenly throng.
 Ay ! we shout to the lovely
 Evangel they bring,
 And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

IHR HIRTEN.

A Tyrolese Carol.

BETHLEHEM.

Old English.

The Rev. R. R. Choqe.

Let us go now to Bethlehem,
 To see this wond'rous thing;
 Mary and Joseph and with them,
 The Babe, our Infant King!
 Bright stars above shine on,
 To light our speedy way,
 While Angels sweetly carol in
 The blessed Christmas Day.

Let us now go to Bethlehem,
 To see this wond'rous thing;
 Mary and Joseph and with them,
 The Babe, our Infant King!
 For we shall find on earth,
 The Heaven of Heavens in Him,
 The Holy, Holy, Holy Son,
 Beneath* the Cherubim.

Let us now go to Bethlehem,
 To see this wond'rous thing,
 Mary and Joseph and with them,
 The Babe, our Infant King!
 His Father's Glory come,
 To lift our hearts above,
 First loved by Him and Angel-hosts,
 We carol back His love.

Let us now go to Bethlehem,
 Faith's star shall guide the way,
 To Jesus cradled in His Church,
 This bright Appearing Day!
 There, Light's true Light to Thee,
 We sing with glad accord,
 For meet it is to celebrate
 Thy Birthday, Jesu, Lord.

* "Lower than the Angels awhile." — Heb. 11. 9.

ST. LOUIS.

L. H. Redner.

HOLY CHILD.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1865.

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie,
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The Everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years,
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the Angels keep
 Their watch of wondrous love.
 O morning stars together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray,
 Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas Angels
 The great glad tidings tell,
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

The Rev. Archer Gurney.

Sir Geo. Elvey, Mus. D.

Come ye lofty, come ye lowly,
 Let your songs of gladness ring ;
 In a stable lies the Holy,
 In a manger rests the King ;
 See in Mary's arms reposing
 Christ by highest Heaven adored ;
 Come, your circle round Him closing,
 Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come ye children, blithe and merry,
 This one Child your model make ;
 Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
 All be prized for His dear sake ;
 Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
 Come ye spirits keen and bold ;
 All in all your homage render,
 Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
 And the wise men haste from far ;
 Come glad hearts, and spirits pining ;
 For you all has risen the star.
 Let us bring our poor oblations,
 Thanks and love and faith and praise.
 Come ye people, come ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark, the Heaven of Heavens is ringing ;
 Christ the Lord to man is born !
 Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn.
 Still the Child, all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past ;
 And the song of Christmas blessing
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

W. Chatterton Dix.

Charles Steggall, Mus. D.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
 The stars are sparkling bright ;
 The bells of the city of God ring out,
 For the Son of Mary was born to-night ;
 The gloom is past and the morn at last
 Is coming with orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet
 As those which are filling the skies ;
 And never a palace shone half so fair
 As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies ;
 No night in the year is half so dear
 As this which has ended our sighs.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
 They gleamed on this wonderful night ;
 The bells of the city of God peal out,
 And the angels' song still rings in the height ;
 And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
 Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
 The pavement of sapphire is there ;
 The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world ;
 And Angels of God are crowding the air ;
 And heaven and earth thro' the spotless birth,
 Are at peace on this night so fair.

Sound over the waters, reach out from all lands,
 The chorus of voices the clasp of hands ;
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
 Sing songs of the Angels when Jesus was born.

With glad jubiliations
 Bring hope to the nations !
 The dark night is ending,
 And dawn has begun ;
 Rise, hope of the ages,
 Arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music,
 All hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of love,
 Sing out the war vulture, and sing in the dove,
 Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
 And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations
 In strong gratulations !
 The dark night is ending,
 And dawn has begun ;
 Rise, hope of the ages,
 Arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music,
 All hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battles, the marches of peace ;
 East, West, North and South, let the long quarrel cease ;
 Sing the song of great joy that the Angels began,
 Sing of Glory to God and of good will to man.

Hark ! joining in chorus,
 The heavens bend o'er us !
 The dark night is ending,
 And dawn has begun ;
 Rise, hope of the ages,
 Arise, like the sun,
 All speech flow to music,
 All hearts beat as one.

**FROM FARMER'S ORATORIO,
CHRIST AND HIS SOLDIERS.**

The Rev. Frederick W. Farrar.

In the field with their flocks abiding,
 They lay on the dewy ground ;
 And glim'ring under the starlight
 The sheep they lay around.
 When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
 And lo ! from the heaven above
 An Angel leaned from the glory,
 And sang his song of love :
 He sang that first sweet Christmas,
 The song that shall never cease —
 "Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth good-will and peace."

"To you in the City of David
 A Saviour is born to-day !"
 And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
 Flashed forth to join the lay !
 O never hath sweeter message
 Thrilled home to the souls of men,
 And the Heavens themselves had never heard
 A gladder choir till then, —
 For they sang that Christmas carol
 That never on earth shall cease —
 "Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth good-will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the Manger,
 And gazed on the Holy Child,
 And calmly o'er that rude cradle
 The Virgin Mother smiled ;
 And the sky, in the starlight silence,
 Seemed full of the Angel lay :
 "To you in the City of David
 A Saviour is born to-day ;"
 Oh, they sang — and I ween that never
 The carol on earth shall cease —
 "Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth good-will and peace."

Benjamin Berkeley.

Prof. Geo. C. Hueg

Bells do ring ! children sing,
 On a Christmas morning ;
 Evergreen, bright array,
 House of God adorning.

CHORUS : Ring ye bells ! sing, good men !
 On this holy day ;
 Steeples high, peoples all,
 Raise your melody.

“ Christ the Lord ”—Angel’s word—
 In a manger lowly ;
 Worship Him, Virgin’s child,
 Son of God most holy.

CHORUS : Ring ye bells ! sing, good men !
 On this holy day ;
 Steeples high, peoples all,
 Raise your melody.

Sons of earth, lift your mirth,
 See your Saviour loving :
 Banish care, sorrow too,
 Christ’s compassion proving.

CHORUS : Ring ye bells ! sing, good men !
 On this holy day ;
 Steeples high, peoples all,
 Raise your melody.

Leave thy sin, cleanse within,
 Nor with heart beguiled ;
 All for Christ, purer life,
 Be Thy Father’s child.

CHORUS : Ring ye bells ! sing, good men ?
 On this holy day ;
 Steeples high, peoples all,
 Raise your melody.

BELLS OF CHRISTENDOM.

Mrs. Harriet McEwen Kimball.

L. G. S.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
 Everywhere the tidings tell
 How the Lord to earth did come,
 Ring and tell !

Swift to seek and save the lost,
 More than merciful He came ;
 Glad to pay life's bitter cost,
 Jesus came.

Empty-handed from His birth,
 Gifts exceeding price He bought ;
 Treasures hidden not in earth
 Jesus brought —

To the blind, unclouded sight ;
 To the dumb, the voice of praise ;
 And to all in darkness, light,
 Joy, and praise ;

To the poor, the gospel's wealth ;
 To the rich, the spirit poor ;
 And to all His saving health,
 Rich and poor ;

To the heavy-laden, rest ;
 To the mourner, words of life ;
 And to all, the last and best,
 Endless life.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom !
 Far and near the tidings tell
 How the Lord to earth did come,
 Ring and tell !

Sing ye the songs of praise ;
 Jesus is come !
 High your glad voices raise ;
 Jesus is born !
 Cast worldly cares away,
 Worship and homage pay,
 Welcome the blessed day,
 Jesus is come !

This day in Bethlehem
 Jesus was born !
 King of Jerusalem,
 Jesus was born !
 Sun of all righteousness,
 Shining with blessedness,
 Healing our wretchedness,
 Jesus was born !

Cleanse us from all our sin,
 Saviour Divine !
 Make our thoughts pure within,
 Saviour Divine !
 Lo ! now the herald sound
 Carols the love profound,
 Telling of Jesus found,
 Saviour Divine !

Save through Thy merit,
 Great Prince of Peace !
 Give Thy good Spirit,
 Great Prince of Peace !
 Let not Thy love depart
 But holy gifts impart,
 Born into every heart
 Great Prince of Peace.

William Austin, 1630.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D

All this night bright angels sing,
 Never was such carolling ;
 Hark ! a voice which loudly cries,
 " Mortals, mortals, wake and rise.
 So to gladness
 Turns your sadness ;
 From the earth is ris'n a Sun,
 Shines all night, though day be done."

Wake, O earth, wake everything,
 Wake and hear the joy I bring ;
 Wake and joy ; for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light,
 All amazing,
 Still stand gazing ;
 Angels, Powers, and all that be,
 Wake, and joy this Sun to see !

Hail ! O Sun, O blessed Light,
 Sent into this world by night ;
 Let Thy rays and heav'nly powers
 Shine in these dark souls of ours.
 For most duly,
 Thou art truly
 God and Man we do confess :
 Hail ! O Sun of Righteousness !

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D., 1856.

Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

He is our true childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
 Set at God's Right Hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

The Rev. John Henry Hopkins.

Let every heart now dance with joy,
 For Christmas comes again ;
 Sing "Glory be to God on high,
 On earth good-will to men !"
 Though Wintry cold may chill the skies,
 And earth be dark and bare ;
 Our Christmas light within shines bright,
 And love reigns everywhere.

CHORUS : Let every heart now dance with joy,
 For Christmas comes again ;
 Sing "Glory be to God on high,
 On earth good-will to men !"

Though Summer trees are leafless all,
 And grey on Nature's brow ;
 Our Christmas tree now sparkling see,
 With lights on every bough !
 Though trees are stripped of Autumn fruits
 And snow storms end the Fall ;
 By loving hands well loaded, stands
 Our tree, so strong and tall.

CHORUS : Let every heart, etc.

No room was found for Christ the King,
 When He was born of yore ;
 But hearts now yearn for His return,
 To reign for evermore !
 No love like His was ever known,
 Our earthly life to share ;
 It is His light makes Christmas bright,
 His love reigns everywhere.

CHORUS : Let every heart, etc.

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Dr. Frederick R. Crosby.

Eugene L. Buffinton.

To-day the joy bells of the world
 Chime forth in sweet accord ;
 O'er the round earth, the hearts of men
 Draw nearer to their Lord.
 Where roll the Australasian seas,
 And tropic fountains flow,
 To where the starlight sparkles back
 A thousand leagues of snow.

To-day all mingling pathways lead
 Up history's incline,
 To where the shepherds kept their sheep
 That night in Palestine.
 The Angel's song o'er land and sea,
 Is ringing sweeter far ;
 Though constellations rise and set,
 Still shines the Eastern Star.

O, tender Faith ! O, constant Friend !
 O, Christ-Child, hear our prayer !
 Breathe Thou upon our hearts, and leave
 Thy benediction there.
 Shine Thou our star when wild and drear,
 The night's dark waters roll ;
 Till on our dazzled vision breaks
 The sunrise of the soul.

GOOD TIDINGS.

William P. Dole.

I.

Good tidings, good tidings, —
 Ring out, O Christmas bells!
 From lofty spires the joyful sound
 O'er hill and valley swells.
 Go twine with ivy leaves and bay
 The holly's coral gem;
 And welcome, Christian hearts, to-day,
 The Babe of Bethlehem.

II.

Hosanna! Hosanna!
 With heart and voice now sing,
 Till land and sea and skies proclaim
 The praises of our King,
 Who comes to reign on David's throne:
 The rod from Jesse's stem,
 Whose glorious rule the world shall own,
 Hath sprung at Bethlehem.

III.

Glad tidings, glad tidings!
 Spread them through all the earth:
 From Heaven the joyous message came
 That told the Saviour's birth;
 From Heaven the wondrous light shone far,
 With steady, peaceful beam;
 And still for us shines sweet the star
 That stood o'er Bethlehem.

SUTHER.

The Rev. E. H. Sears.

The Rev. Walter Leigh.

Calm on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judæa stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

Celestial choirs from courts above
 Shed sacred glories there ;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet from all their holy heights
 The dayspring from on high.

“Glory to God!” the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring ;
 “Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born ;
 And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
 Breaks the first Christmas morn !

Bishop John Freeman Young.

Wonderful Night!
 Angels and shining immortals
 Thronging thine ebony portals,
 Fling out their banners of light:
 Wonderful Night!

Wonderful Night!
 Dreamed of by prophets and sages;
 Manhood redeemed for all ages,
 Welcomes Thy hallowing might,
 Wonderful Night!

Wonderful Night!
 Down o'er the stars to restore us,
 Leading His flame-winged chorus,
 Comes the Eternal to sight:—
 Wonderful Night!

Wonderful Night!
 Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
 Making the dull heart and dreary
 Laugh in a dream of delight,
 Wonderful Night!

Wonderful Night!
 Let me, as long as life lingers,
 Sing with the cherubim singers,
 "Glory to God in the height,"
 Wonderful Night!

The Rev. Edward Caswall.

Sir John Goss.

See amid the Winter's snow,
 Born for us on earth below,
 See the tender Lamb appears,
 Promised from eternal years.

CHORUS: Hail! thou ever blessed morn!
 Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
 Sing through all Jerusalem,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies
 He who built the starry skies;
 He who throned in height sublime,
 Sits amid the Cherubim!

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
 What your joyful news to-day;
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep?

“As we watched at dead of night,
 Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
 Angels singing peace on earth,
 Told us of the Saviour's birth.”

Sacred Infant, all Divine,
 What a tender love was Thine;
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this!

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
 By Thy Face so meek and mild,
 Teach us to resemble Thee,
 In Thy sweet humility!

The Rev. K. L. Jones.

The Rev. E. P. Crawford.

The inn was full, there was no room
 For Mary pure and mild ;
 So in the rocky manger bed
 Was born the Saviour Child.
 On stable low the stars shone bright,
 That holy night, so many years ago.

The angels in the heavens sang
 Of peace, to men good-will,
 While shepherds watched their sleeping flocks
 On fair Judea's hill ;
 On earth below the stars shone bright,
 That holy night, so many years ago.

O, Saviour, in Thy manger bed,
 Whom love hath brought from heaven,
 Whose blood hath washed our guilt away.
 And all our sins forgiven,
 With holy glow the stars shine bright,
 This Christmas night, upon our fields of snow.

Teach us the song the angels sang,
 Grant us Thy peace on earth ;
 As in the manger, in our hearts,
 This Christmas be Thy birth ;
 And they shall glow as stars shine bright,
 This Christmas night, upon our fields of snow.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar.

S. B. Saxton.

Come and hear the grand old story,
 Story of the ages past ;
 All earth's annals far surpassing,
 Story that shall ever last.
 Noblest, truest,
 Oldest, newest,
 Fairest, rarest,
 Saddest, gladdest,
 That the world has ever known.

Christ, the Father's Son Eternal,
 Once was born a Son of man ;
 He who never knew beginning,
 Here on earth a life began.
 Noblest, truest,
 Oldest, newest,
 Fairest, rarest,
 Saddest, gladdest,
 That the world has ever known.

Here in David's lowly city ;
 Tenant of the manger bed,
 Child of everlasting ages,
 Mary's Infant lays His head.
 Noblest, truest,
 Oldest, newest,
 Fairest, rarest,
 Saddest, gladdest,
 That the world has ever known.

W. Chatterton Dix, 1869.

GAUDETE.

Samuel Smith.

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day !
 The Royal Child is born ;
 And angel hosts in glad array,
 His Advent keep this morn.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! Th' Incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 With joy proclaim His glorious Name,
 Emmanuel !

Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
 We wonder and adore ;
 And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
 No joy was sweet before.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! Th' Incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 With joy proclaim His glorious Name,
 Emmanuel !

Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
 Thine Infant grace to see,
 The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
 The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! Th' Incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 With joy proclaim His glorious Name,
 Emmanuel !

Thou art the very Light of light,
 Enlighten us, Sweet Child,
 That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
 With service undefiled.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! Th' Incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 With joy proclaim His glorious Name,
 Emmanuel !

EPIPHANY.

176

The Rev. R. F. Smith.

There came three kings, ere break of day,
 All on Epiphany;
 Their gifts they bare, both rich and rare,
 All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee;
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh are there,
 Where is the King? O where? O where?

The star shone brightly overhead,
 The air was calm and still;
 O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
 The dew lay on the hill;
 We see no throne, no palace fair,
 Where is the King? O where! O where?

An old man knelt at the manger low,
 A babe lay in the stall;
 The starlight played on the Infant brow,
 Deep silence lay o'er all;
 A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
 There is the King! O there! O there!

Words and Music by
The Rev. John H. Hopkins.

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

CHORUS: O Star of wonder, Star of Night,
Star with Royal Beauty, bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem Plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.

Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

EASTER.

178

ANTIPHONAL.*

Prof. John W. Tufts.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Christ the Lord is
risen.

Christ the Lord is ris'n, the Lord is risen!

CHORUS; Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

* NOTE.—From the earliest period of Christianity down to the present day Easter has always been celebrated by believers with the greatest joy and accounted the queen of festivals. In primitive times it was usual for Christians to salute each other on the morning of this day by exclaiming, "Christ is risen," to which the person saluted replied: "Christ is risen, indeed," or else, "And hath appeared unto Simon"—a custom still retained in the Greek Church.—*Chambers' Book of Days.*

The world itself keeps Easter day,
 And Easter larks are singing ;
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
 And Easter buds are springing :
 The Lord of all things lives anew,
 And all His works are rising, too :
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
 On Easter morning early,
 When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
 And dew was white and pearly :
 With loving, but with erring mind,
 They came the Prince of Life to find :
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

But earlier still the angel sped,
 His news of comfort giving ;
 And "Why," he said, "among the dead
 Thus seek ye for the Living?"
 "Go tell them all, and make them blest ;
 Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

The Church is keeping Easter Day,
 And Easter hymns are sounding,
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
 The holy Font surrounding ;
 The Lord is risen, as all things tell ;
 Good Christians, see ye rise as well !
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

The Rev. Edward A. Washburn.

L. G. S.

Christ hath arisen !
 Death is no more !
 Lo, the white-robed ones,
 Sit by the door.
 Dawn, golden morning,
 Scatter the night ;
 Haste, ye disciples glad,
 First with the light.

Break forth in singing,
 O, world new born ;
 Chaunt the great Easter tide,
 Christ's holy morn.
 Chaunt Him, young sunbeams,
 Dancing in mirth,
 Chaunt all ye winds of God,
 Coursing the earth.

Chaunt Him, ye laughing flow'rs,
 Fresh from the sod ;
 Chaunt Him, wild leaping streams
 Praising your God !
 Break from *thy* winter,
 Sad heart, and sing ;
 Bud with thy blossoms fair,
 Christ is thy spring.

Come where the Lord hath lain,
 Past is the gloom ;
 See, the full eye of day
 Smile through the tomb ;
 Hark ! angel voices
 Fall from the skies,
 Christ hath arisen !
 Glad heart, arise !

Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright,
 Emblem of the Lord of Light,
 Who this day rose from the dead
 And captiv'ty captive lead.

Sing joyously ye mortals
 For Christ hath ope'd the portals
 Of life to all again.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.

Now the flowers budding sweet,
 In the soil beneath our feet,
 Raise themselves from sleep-like death,
 Praising God with fragrant breath.

Sing joyously ye mortals
 For Christ hath ope'd the portals
 Of life to all again.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.

All the trees and plants in Spring
 To the Resurrection bring
 Signal offerings, and declare
 Christ is risen, everywhere.

Sing joyously, ye mortals,
 For Christ has ope'd the portals
 Of life to all again.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Amen.

ALLELUIA.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

W. H. Walter.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Hearts to Heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 He who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ the King of Glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ, the first fruits
 Of the holy harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His second coming yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen; we are risen!
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face:
 So that we, with hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may faithful be,
 And by angel hands be gathered,
 And be ever Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glory be to God on high;
 Alleluia to the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory;
 Alleluia to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 To the Triune Majesty!

The Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

Ye happy bells of Easter Day !
 Ring, ring your joy,
 Thro' earth and sky
 Ye ring a glorious word,
 The notes that swell in gladness tell
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day !
 The teeming earth
 That saw His birth
 When lying 'neath the sward,
 Upspringing now in joy to show
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day !
 The hills that rise
 Against the skies
 Re-echo with the word,
 The victor-breath that conquers death,
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day !
 The bitter cup
 He lifted up,
 Salvation to afford.

Ye saintly bells ! Your passion tells
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day !
 His tender side
 Was riven wide,
 Where floods of mercy poured ;
 Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day !
 The thorny crown
 He layeth down ;
 Ring ! Ring ! with strong accord,
 The mighty strain of love and pain,
 The rising of the Lord !

EASTER PROCESSIONAL.

The Rev. Henry Ware.

Prof. J. F. Draper.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high ;
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Lift then your glad voices in triumph on high —
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die.

Glory to God in full anthems of joy !
The being He gave us death cannot destroy !
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birth-right and death were our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your glad voices in triumph on high —
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

185

EASTER BATTLE-HYMN.

L. G. S

Soldiers, awake! this is the festal hour ;
 Forth from the grave the Saviour Christ hath risen :
 Garland the Cross with flowers and fragrant wreaths ;
 The Saviour lives, and death no more hath power.

Soldiers, arouse! banish all Lenten gloom ;
 Let sacred joy this Easter-tide attend ;
 Jesus hath burst the mighty bands of death,
 And holy angels guard the riven tomb.

Soldiers, to prayer! kneel first this blessed day
 To Him, the Lord of Hosts, the King of kings ;
 See on your banner His redeeming Cross,
 And there your motto : " Ever watch and pray."

Soldiers, to arms! forth to life's battle field,
 The Spirit's sword your only trust shall be,
 While on your brow salvation's helmet rests,
 And Christian faith protects you as a shield.

186

HAIL! FESTAL DAY.

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 580 A. D.

Thomas Morley.

Translated from the Latin by
The Rev. John M. Neale.

Hail! Festal Day! for evermore adored
Wherein God conquered hell, and upward soared!
(Hail! Festal Day! for evermore adored.)

See the world's beauty, budding forth anew,
Shews with the Lord His gifts returning too!
(Wherein God conquered hell, and upward soared.)

The power of Satan crushed, He seeks the skies;
From earth, light, stars, and ocean, anthems rise!
(Hail! Festal Day! for evermore adored.)

The Crucified reigns God for evermore;
Their Maker all created things adore.
(Wherein God conquered hell, and upward soared.)

Christ, who didst fashion man and hast re-won,
The Eternal Father's sole-begotten Son,
(Hail! Festal Day! for evermore adored.)

When death and hell the human race o'erran,
Thou, man to save, Thyself becamest Man.
(Wherein God conquered hell, and upward soared.)

The Rev. Geo. D. Wildes.

A. P. Howard.

Jesus lives! O Day of days!
 Glad we bring our grateful praise;
 He is risen! Gone the gloom,
 Angels sit within the tomb.
 Vain the taunt of Jew denying,
 Vain the vaunt o'er Jesus dying.
 Heavenly voices from the grave,
 Now proclaim His power to save.

CHORUS: He is risen! come and see,
 How He triumphed mightily;
 Conqueror thus o'er all His foes,
 Jesus from the dead arose.

Lord and Prophet, spake He not?
 Have ye His own word forgot,
 Telling while in Galilee,
 Thus the victory would be?
 How through scorn and dire affliction
 Thorny way and crucifixion
 Vanquished death and rent the grave,
 Christ, the King, should rise to save?

Welcome then, the Day of Days!
 Lord, 'tis Thine, our tuneful praise;
 Thine, for us, the Tempted, Tried,
 Thine, for us, the Crucified;
 Thine, for us, the Resurrection,
 Thine, the Life, the sure Protection.
 Saviour, Sovereign o'er the grave,
 May we know Thy power to save.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

W. W. Rousseau.

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 Conquered Death and all His foes !
 Crucified and dead and buried,
 Very Man as Man He rose.
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 He for us the cross endured,
 And, the bitter shame despising,
 Life, immortal Life, secured.

Lift the Cross to-day in triumph,
 Lift His wondrous symbol high ;
 Standard that hath led its legions
 On to holy victory !
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Once of death and shame the sign,
 Now of glory never equalled,
 See the cross of Jesus shine !

Backward, forward, o'er the ages,
 How its rays unearthly stream !
 From eternity its splendours
 To eternity shall gleam !
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Lift the matchless symbol high
 With the Resurrection's glory,
 Kindling earth and sea and sky !

LUX EOI.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

By the thorny way of sorrow,
 Counting earthly gain but loss ;
 Wins the church her glad to-morrow,
 In redemption by the cross.
 Lenten clouds away have drifted,
 Comes at length her great reward,
 And her eyes are now uplifted,
 To the glory of her Lord.

Alleluia! King eternal!
 Lord of life! the strife is o'er ;
 Thou hast quelled the pow'rs infernal ;
 Throwing wide the heavenly door ;
 Alleluia! He has risen!
 And His own in Him shall rise ;
 Broken are the bars of prison ;
 Won the rest of Paradise.

In His manhood, Christ victorious
 Won for man o'er death the strife ;
 In his Godhead ever glorious ;
 Grants the gift of endless life ;
 Hail! all Hail! the King immortal!
 Who shall with His church abide
 Till we pass through death's dark portal
 To the eternal Easter-tide.

Alleluia! Jesus rises,
 From the rock imprisoned tomb;
 Lo, the earthquake breaks the silence,
 Thundering through the early gloom.
 Alleluia! Jesus rises,
 Bursts the barriers of the tomb.

Alleluia! Jesus rises;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Shout ye ransomed, join the chorus,
 Angels and archangels sing.
 Alleluia! Jesus rises
 Death hath lost his dreaded sting.

Alleluia! Jesus rises;
 Where, O grave, thy victory?
 See the Saviour rise triumphant,
 Death is conquered, man is free.
 Alleluia! Jesus rises,
 Christ hath gained the victory.

Alleluia! Christ is risen;
 Now, O man, thy debt is paid;
 See, the rock-sealed tomb is open,
 Angels show where He was laid.
 Alleluia! He is risen,
 And the debt of sin is paid.

Alleluia! Christ is risen;
 Now before the Throne He stands;
 Pleads for us, His blood-bought children,
 Pleads with outstretched, pierced hands.
 Alleluia! He is risen,
 And at God's right hand He stands.

Alleluia! Blessed Jesus,
 Thee we praise forevermore,
 For Thou didst come down and save us,
 All our sins and sorrows bore.
 Alleluia! Praise and worship,
 Glorious Saviour, evermore.

ASCENSION.

191

HERMAS.Words and Music by
Frances Ridley Havergal.

Golden harps are sounding,
 Angel-voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened—
 Opened for the King;
 Jesus, King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.

CHORUS: " All His work is ended,"
 Joyfully we sing,
 " Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King !"

He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory
 At His Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die ;
 Jesus, King of Glory,
 Has gone up on high !

Praying for His children,
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace ;
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you ;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.

G. P. Grantham.

The Rev. R. R. Chope.

The pearly gates aside are rolled,
 The doors wide open stand,
 And heaven, with all its streets of gold,
 Its bright angelic band,
 Its cherub and its seraph choir
 Await in blest accord,
 With burning love and fond desire,
 The coming of their Lord.

He on Mount Olivet below
 His well-beloved among,
 A benison must first bestow
 Upon the saintly throng.
 His hand is raised, the words are said,
 Of love with pity blent,
 While bowed in awe is every head,
 And every knee is bent.

He comes! He comes! from earth He soars,
 See how the living cloud*
 Of angel wings around Him flings
 Bright rays, His form to shroud!
 While steadfastly, with upturned eye,
 The rapt apostles gaze
 With Mary, at the deep-veiled sky,
 In silent still amaze.

He comes! He comes! Lift up your heads,
 Ye gates, ye portals bright!
 Your Prince returns! His path He treads
 To meads of amber light.
 He is the King of Glory! Sing,
 Ye heavens, with loud acclaim;
 Your God, your everlasting King,
 The Lord of Hosts His Name.

*The allusion is to the belief of some that the cloud which
 "received him out of their sight," was a cloud of angels.

NOTES.

“The history of the Church of God is, to a large degree, the history of Sacred Song.”

NOTES.

In preparing these annotations the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to the following valuable works, from which he has frequently quoted, and which he would heartily commend to those who desire to prosecute more profoundly and comprehensively their studies in hymnology:—

THE SEVEN GREAT HYMNS OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH.

Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

KING'S ANGLICAN HYMNOLOGY.

Messrs. Hatchards, London.

PRESCOTT'S CHRISTIAN HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons, London.

DUFFIELD'S ENGLISH HYMNS.

“ LATIN HYMN-WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, London and New York.

BUTTERWORTH'S STORY OF THE HYMNS AND TUNES.

American Tract Society, New York.

MORRISON'S GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

Messrs. Hart & Co., Toronto.

HYMN No. 1.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

This hymn was written by Bishop Heber and appeared in 1827, in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*. It there appears as the Hymn for Trinity Sunday, and is founded on the portion of Holy Scripture appointed for the Epistle for that day, and especially on the words “They rest not day and night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is and is to come.”

Bishop Heber initiated a new era in our Church hymnody. He not only wrote many hymns which had in them a peculiar beauty, but he wrote many that were well adapted to the Services of the Church.

Reginald Heber was born in 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, of which place his father was Rector. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and in 1801 took the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. In 1803, when only 20 years old, he gained the University prize by his beautiful poem "*Palestine*," considered to be the best Oxford prize poem of this century. In it occur the lines, in regard to the Temple at Jerusalem, I Kings vi, 7, which we see so often quoted :

" No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung."

When it was first read by him in the theatre, at the Annual College Commencement, it was received with such an outburst of applause as probably never before greeted an Oxford student. His aged father and mother were present on the occasion. After the reading of the poem, young Heber was for a long time missing, and his mother going to look for him, softly opened the door of his sleeping-room. She found him on his knees, breathing out his soul in gratitude and prayer. After a tour of two years in Europe, he became Rector of Hodnet, Shropshire, in 1807, where he labored for sixteen years. In the same year he married Amelia, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Shipley, Rector of Wrexham. In 1819 he wrote the missionary hymn, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, (see Note 103). In 1823 he was made Bishop of Calcutta, and for two and a half years he laboured in his vast diocese with unflagging zeal. On April 3, 1826, he had held a confirmation early in the morning—as is the custom in that hot climate. Before breakfast he took a cold bath. Some time having elapsed, and the Bishop not returning, his servant became alarmed, opened the door of the bath, and saw his master's lifeless body

lying below the surface of the water. He had died suddenly of apoplexy.

This hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, is certainly the grandest hymn in the language on the subject of the Trinity. No hymn, either ancient or modern, equals it. It holds not only the first place in regard to this great mystery, but it does so at a great distance. It has become the English *Te Deum*, sharing with Bishop Ken's Doxology (see Note 142) the spontaneous approval of all Christian hearts.

We are not sure about the *genesis* of this great hymn, whether it took its rise in the quiet study of Hodnet, or amid the contentions and debates which the author had probably with the best intellects of India; but we are sure that the heathen conception of God, whether Moslem or Hindoo—the monotheism of the East prevailing in so many forms, and meeting him in so many ways—must have intensified his conceptions of the truth as it is in Jesus, on which his own soul rested so securely.

See also

Hosanna to the Living Lord. No. 10.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War. No. 41.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. No. 103.

The popularity of this hymn has been increased by the magnificent tune to which it is sung. This tune is called *Nicaea*, and was composed by the Rev. Dr. Dykes expressly for Heber's hymn. *Nicaea* in Asia Minor was the place where the first Ecumenical Council was held 325 A. D. At this Council the Eternal Sonship of Christ, and His equality with the Father were established as a dogma, and thus the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which had been impugned by the Arians, was vindicated.

John Bacchus Dykes was born at Hull, 1823. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Dykes, was for many years incumbent of St. John's church. Music seemed to come to the young boy as by instinct. He could

catch any air or play by ear long before he was able to play from note. He used to practise on the organ while a little child, and played at his grandfather's church during service when he was ten years old. In 1843 he became Yorkshire scholar of St. Katharine's Hall, Cambridge. In 1847 he became Curate of Malton; 1849, Minor Canon and Precentor of Durham Cathedral; in 1862 Vicar of St. Oswald's, a parish church in Durham—a position he held until his death in 1876.

Dr. Dykes composed in all 242 hymn-tunes and carols. He was one of the first pioneers in the field of modern hymnology, composing tunes in which the attempt was made to embody and express the sentiment of particular hymns. His tunes generally may be recommended to the student as good models of form and design. In almost every tune there is some progression that strikes the ear and is remembered as congenial to the hymn. This free employment of the licenses of modern harmony gives a warmth and colour to his tunes which is the true secret of their popularity. The extent to which Dr. Dykes had by his tunes touched the heart of the English nation was shown by the raising, by subscriptions, of over £10,000 as a memorial of him at his death.

HYMN No. 2.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

This hymn is found in a collection of 127 hymns, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, entitled *The Holy Year; or Hymns for Sundays, Holy Days and other occasions throughout the year.*"

Christopher Wordsworth, the nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet, was born in 1807. Educated at Winchester School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; in 1836 became head-master of Harrow; in 1844 Canon of Westminster Abbey; in 1869 Bishop of Lincoln. Died in 1885. A ripe scholar, an able commentator,

while as a hymn-writer he has given us some of our sweetest and best lyrics.

See also

O day of rest and gladness, No. 3.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost, No. 98.

Hark the sound of holy voices, No. 112.

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea, No. 128.

Alleluia, Alleluia. Carol 182.

Edward J. Hopkins was born at Westminster, 1818; one of the children of the choir of the Chapel Royal 1826-1833. Became organist of the Temple Church, London, 1843. He has published many valuable compositions for the Church, and wrote, in conjunction with Dr. Rimbault, a valuable history of the organ. Dr. Hopkins ranks among those who have to a large degree opened up a new era in the history of English hymnody. Not that metrical psalmody will ever be abolished—its advantages are too manifest, and its place in our religious services too important. On the other hand there are many who cannot reconcile themselves to its monotony, to the barrel-organ fashion in which it goes grinding on no matter what the varied expression of the words, and to the odd effects produced by the half-part singing, half unison, of the average congregation. To modify such disagreeable results Dr. Hopkins has exerted a powerful influence in introducing *unison* tunes with an “obligato” organ accompaniment—the painful mingling of sounds often representing congregational harmony becomes resolved into a unison which violates no artistic conditions. His tune “Ellerton,” No. 146, is at once beautiful and dignified—indeed it is difficult to find a hymn-tune in which the charm of melody has been more happily seconded by musicianly harmonies.

HYMN No. 6.

When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Translated from the German *Beim frühen Morgenlicht*, a Lutheran Hymn of the 18th century.

The *Rev. Edward Caswall* belonged to a family noted for their scholarship and literary activity. He was born in 1814 at Yatley, Hampshire. Graduated at Oxford in 1836. In 1840, became perpetual curate of Stratford-and-Castle, near Salisbury. In 1847, was received into the Church of Rome. In 1850, he entered the Oratory of Edgbaston, founded by Cardinal Newman (see Note 141), where he remained until his death in 1878. Caswall was an ingenious and successful translator. This jubilant hymn was Canon Liddon's favourite, and was sung at his burial service in St. Paul's Cathedral, September 16, 1890.

See also

Jesu, the very thought of Thee. (Translation) 35.
See amid the Winter's Snow. Carol 172.

"*Laudes Domini*" (Latin for Praise to the Lord) was composed by *Joseph Barnby*, born at York, 1838. He was educated in the choir of York Minster and afterwards in the Royal Academy of Music. Successively organist of St. Andrew's, Wells St., London; choirmaster at St. Anne's, Soho, London; Director of Musical Instruction at Eton College. An active worker in the advancement of musical art, and connected with the leading musical movements of the time; one of the most popular writers of music, and a representative leader. He has written an Oratorio "Rebekah," a large number of services, anthems and hymn-tunes, also songs and part-songs.

HYMN No. 7.

Father, Holy Father.

The *Rev. Henry F. Darnell*, Rector of Avon, Western New York, author of "Philip Hazelbrook, or the Junior Curate"; "Flossy," a sequel to the above; also "Songs of the Seasons."

Thomas Morley, born at Oxford, 1845, was a chorister of Queen's College, Oxford; studied music under the

Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D. Organist, successively, of the parish church of Bradfield, Essex; St. Alban's, Holborn, London; St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth; St. Peter's, Vauxhall; St. Barnabas, Oxford. Private organist to the Earl of Kinnoul. Organist of the Mission Church of St. John Baptist, St. John, N. B., 1887-1891. Conductor of the St. John Oratorio Society, 1888-1891. Died at St. John, Nov. 10, 1891; aged 46.

Mr. Morley wrote many exquisite hymn-tunes, a Communion Service, Canticles, and other compositions for the Church. He harmonized many of the tunes in the St. Alban's Tune Book, 1863.

It is a pleasure to the editor, who was his personal friend, to acknowledge merit so uncommon and of such value to the cause of Church music as is shown in Mr. Morley's hymn-tunes, to say nothing of his other many and varied compositions. For variety of style, and for harmony of a most chaste type, for much inventive power and refined taste, these tunes easily take a first rank. Their author was a thorough harmonist and richly endowed with the gift of melody. His freedom from conventional trammels is as original as it is praiseworthy. He was an exceptionally good organist, and displayed admirable style and skill in accompanying a Choral, and especially a Gregorian, service.

HYMN No. 9.

We Love the Place, O God.

This favourite hymn was written by the *Rev. William Bullock*, for 18 years rector of Trinity, Newfoundland, and subsequently Dean of Nova Scotia. It first appeared in 1854, in his collection of hymns entitled *Songs of the Church*. The last three verses were written for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in 1860, by

The *Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker*, born in London, 1821. Graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. In 1851 he was appointed Vicar of Monkland, near Leominster. Was one of the chief com-

plers, and for nearly 20 years chairman of committee of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, the first edition of which appeared in 1861, and the annual sale of which now amounts to 1,500,000 copies. As an editor he proved to be endowed with singular and special gifts, in which he had few if any equals. His own hymns also are excellent. He died in his secluded Monkland parsonage, Feb. 11, 1877.

See also

Lord Jesus, God and Man. 34.

Lord, Thy Word Abideth. 60.

O Sacred Head, Surrounded. (Translation) 89.

There is a Blessed Home. 126.

“*Quam Dilecta.*” *The Right Rev. H. L. Jenner*,
Vicar of Preston, Kent. Late Bishop of Dunedin.

HYMN No. 13.

New every morning is the love.

The *Rev. John Keble* is generally regarded as the most popular hymn-writer of the 19th century. Born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, 1792. At the early age of eighteen, he took a distinguished degree at Oxford — a double-first — and became a fellow of Oriel College. Among his fellow-students were Arnold, Whately, Newman and Pusey. Such was his reputation that he was appointed Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, 1831. In 1835, he became Vicar of Hursley. In 1836, Vicar of Bisley, a position he held for 30 years, till his death in 1866.

As a hymn-writer he will be best known to posterity by his *Christian Year*, a noble work, of which 96 large editions were issued during the author's life-time. In 1873, when the copy-right had expired, the enormous number of 350,000 copies had been sold. Since that date its circulation has immensely increased in all English-speaking lands. Its success is without a parallel in the history of religious poetry.

Ever fond of children, though without any of his

own, he published in 1846, *Lyra Innocentium—Thoughts in verse for Christian Children*, some of which are very beautiful. All of Keble's hymns are distinguished for chaste refinement and deep spirituality.

See also

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear. 143.

“*Melcombe.*” *Samuel Webbe*, born in 1740. Organist of the Bavarian Chapel, London. A distinguished composer of Masses, Anthems, Songs and Glees.

“*Ely.*” *Thomas Turton*. Born, 1780. Graduated from Cambridge University, 1805. Bishop of Ely, 1845–1864.

HYMN No. 15.

Thine forever! God of love.

Mrs. Mary Fowler Maude, wife of the Rev. Joseph Maude, formerly Vicar of Chirk. This hymn was written for a Confirmation class, and was published in 1848.

“*Innocents,*” it is sometimes claimed, was composed by Pergolesi, born at Jesi, in the Roman States, 1710. The authorship of the tune seems to be doubtful.

HYMN No. 16.

In our work and in our play.

William Chatterton Dix was born at Bristol, 1837. The author was trained to a mercantile life. His father, a Bristol surgeon, wrote a life of Chatterton.

See also

As with gladness men of old. 25.

Come unto Me, ye weary. 30.

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus. 93.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine. Carol 159.

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day. 175.

“*Dagenham.*” *Thomas Morley*. See Note 7.

HYMN No. 17.

Lord this day Thy children meet.

William Walsham How was born in Shrewsbury, 1823. Graduated from Wadham College, Oxford, 1845. He has been allotted successively to very diversified ecclesiastical duties: Curate, Rector, Rural Dean, Canon, Proctor, Select Preacher, Examining Chaplain, Prebendary, now Bishop of Bedford. His hymns are quite popular.

See also

Behold a little child. 23.

O Jesu Thou art standing. 38.

For all the saints who from their labours rest. 121.

Edward F. Rimbault, born in London, 1816. In 1832, became organist of the Swiss Chapel, Soho, London. He has published many valuable works on musical literature. In 1842, he received the degree of Doctor in Philosophy from the University of Göttingen.

HYMN No. 18.

Hark! the Glad Sound, the Saviour Comes.

Philip Doddridge was born in London, 1702. At the age of 20 he became an Independent minister, and for seven years was pastor of the quiet village of Kibworth. He then opened an academy, first at Market Harborough, and the following year at Northampton, for the training of young men. In 1751 he journeyed to Lisbon for the benefit of warmer air, but died of consumption soon after his arrival, aged 49. The best known of his voluminous prose works is *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. But it is chiefly as a hymn-writer that his name is known and will continue to be handed down to posterity. His hymns were not printed during his life, but were written at the close of the author's sermons. They have accordingly been compared to "spiritual amber fetched up and floated off from sermons long since lost in the depths of by-gone time."

“*New Prince.*” Charles Steggall, Mus. D. Born in London, 1826. Educated at the Royal Academy of Music. Organist of Lincoln’s Inn since 1864.

HYMN No. 22.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

This noble Christmas hymn is one of the most popular in the English language. It first appeared in 1739, in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley.

Charles Wesley was born at Epworth in 1708. Educated at Westminster and Oxford, he took Holy Orders in 1735. He was a most facile and voluminous versifier. It is said that from the year 1740 he continued to write hymns without intermission almost up to the day of his death. In the Wesleyan Hymn Book, out of 770 hymns, Charles Wesley wrote 623. His hymns for the most part are distinguished for poetic beauty and fervent spirituality. It is said that some were written on cards, as he rode on horseback. At times he would hasten home and rush for pen and ink, that he might put down the words which were burning within him. He died in 1788, in the 80th year of his age.

See also Note 48.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, 1809. At an early age he displayed extraordinary ability in music, and soon attained to the highest rank as a composer and a pianist. His works include compositions of nearly every class, comprising Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets for stringed instruments, Concertos and other pieces for the pianoforte, Sonatas for the organ, two Oratorios, Psalms, and much vocal music, secular and sacred. His greatest work “*Elijah*,” which alone of modern compositions of the kind, can rival the master-pieces of Händel, was produced in 1846, under his own direction, at the Birmingham Musical Fes-

tival, for which it was written. He died at Leipzig in 1847.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 26.

In token that thou shalt not fear.

This noble hymn for the Office of Baptism was written by Dean Alford in 1832, and, according to his *Life*, was first sung at the baptism of his eldest child in 1836.

Henry Alford was born in London, 1810. Graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took high honours, and of which, in 1834, he became a Fellow. In 1857 he became Dean of Canterbury. In 1867 he edited a Hymnal, *The Year of Praise*, containing 326 hymns, of which 55 were his own. His Greek Testament, with Notes, is a permanent testimony to his scholarship and research. He died at Canterbury in 1871. His own fervent and thrilling hymn, *Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand* (No. 115), was sung in St. Martins' churchyard, Canterbury, when the Dean, amid the profound grief of a sorrowing city, was laid in his final resting-place. Upon his tomb is inscribed the impressive and beautiful line which he had written for the purpose:

“*Deversorium viatoris proficienti Hierosolymam*”

“The inn of a pilgrim journeying to Jerusalem.”

See also

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand. 115.

Come ye Thankful People Come. 126.

Thomas Tallis. See Note 142.

HYMN No. 27.

The Rev. *John H. Gurney*. Born in London, 1802. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1824. For 17 years he was Curate of Lutterworth—“The Cradle of the Reformation.” In 1847 he became rector of

St. Mary's, Marylebone. He was the author of thirteen excellent Christian hymns, among them the well-known,

“*Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross we Flee.*”

He possessed the true hymn-spirit, without which no poet can make a spiritual song for the Church. He died in 1862.

Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D., eldest son of the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, Vicar of Olney. Born at Wellington, Shropshire, 1806. In 1827 became organist of St. Olaves', London, an appointment which he held for more than 20 years. In 1830 admitted a member of the legal profession. He has contributed extensively to many different hymnals.

HYMN No. 30.

Come unto me, ye weary.

W. Chatterton Dix. See Note 16.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

Arthur Henry Brown, born at Brentwood, Essex, 1830. Organist of Brentwood and a Professor of Music there. He has published many hymn-tunes, metrical Litanies, and Carols.

HYMN No. 31.

I heard the voice of Jesus say.

This hymn, beautiful in its severe simplicity, was written by *Dr. Horatius Bonar* of the Free Church of Scotland. It appeared in his first series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857.

It has been said of this hymn that it is “a good specimen of what may be called the *subjective* class, that is, hymns dealing with the inner life of the worshipper. Those hymns that celebrate the perfections of God and the glories of Redemption are properly *objective* in their character, and for long centuries were, with few exceptions, the only hymns

known to the Church. But in these later days hymns of a subjective kind—hymns dealing with the human heart, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its failures and its faith, often taking the form of confession and prayer, are now common. The *danger* here is *unreality*, making the worshippers sing in terms far beyond their experience, and use language foreign to their feelings.”

The *Rev. J. B. Dykes*, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 33.

Now thank we all our God.

Martin Rinckart, the author of this hymn, “*Nun danket alle Gott*,” was born at Eilenburg, Saxony, in 1586. From 1617 till his death in 1649 he laboured as Archdeacon of St. Nicholas’ Church. His ministry embraced the whole period of the Thirty Years’ War. The unoffending inhabitants of Eilenburg were frequently robbed and plundered. Early in November, 1648, news came that peace had been concluded at Munster, in Westphalia. Rinckart went to his little study and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God. Then he opened his Bible and his eye fell on the 22nd verse of the 30th chapter of the Apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus: “Now, therefore, bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things everywhere.” And then he sat down at his writing-table, and, verse by verse, this hymn of thanksgiving, rose from the depth of his heart. Long years of suffering, sorrow and anxiety had prematurely broken his strength, and a year later, December 8, 1649, he fell asleep in the 67th year of his age. His hymn has become the common property of “the whole state of Christ’s Church militant here in earth.”

The translator, *Miss Catherine Winkworth*, was born in London, 1829. Died in 1878. Her contributions to hymnology are included in *Lyra Germanica* (1855 and 1858) and in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, 1869—a very exhaustive and popular work.

The *Rev. Johann Crüger* composer of "*Nun danket*" was born at Grossbriessen, 1598. Precentor of St. Nicholas' Church, Berlin, from 1622 until his death in 1662.

HYMN No. 35.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee.

Bernard the Abbot of Clairvaux, or the great Bernard (as distinguished from Bernard of Cluni, see Note 116), was born at Fontaine in Burgundy in 1091. His father was a nobleman, and his mother was the well known Lady Aletta, distinguished alike for piety and benevolence. Lady Aletta died while Bernard was still a boy, and the mother's death-bed made a serious impression on the youth's mind. After graduating from the Cathedral School of Chatillon, he became a monk, at the age of twenty-two, in the then new monastery of Citeaux in Burgundy. Within three years, through his influence, Citeaux was full to overflowing; and Bernard led out the first colony to a barren and desolate valley in Champagne, called the Valley of Wormwood, notorious as a den of robbers. Bernard changed its name to *Clara Vallis*—"*Clairvaux*"—the Bright Valley. There he and his companions began their task with cheerful courage, and worked, now in a devotional silence, and now with chant and psalmody, literally speaking to themselves and answering one another "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." No offers of grandeur or of high office could draw Bernard away. His eloquence was such that he was called "the mellifluous doctor," and his writings, which were numerous, were termed "a river of Paradise." He died in 1153, aged 62, the humble abbot, the intellectual master of his age, "ascending," says the old chronicler, "from the Bright Valley to the mountain of eternal brightness." Earnest, self-denying, spiritually minded, St. Bernard is regarded as one of the chief saints of the Roman Church, and Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived."

See also

Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts. 132.

Edward Caswall. Translator. See Note 6.

The *Rev. J. B. Dykes*, Mus. D. Composer. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 38.

O Jesu, Thou art standing.

This hymn first appeared in *Psalms and Hymns*, a hymnal published in 1854, of which the Right Rev. W. W. How, now Bishop of Bedford, was one of the editors. See Note 17.

There is a wonderful picture by Holman Hunt, called "The Light of the World," which represents the Saviour knocking at a door, in illustration of the passage (Rev. iii. 20), "I stand at the door and knock." A minister once said in a sermon on this text, "Remember *the latch is on our side of the door.*" A hearer afterwards said to him, "I had always thought it was on the Lord's side, until I heard your words; but what a joy came over me when *I lifted the latch.*"

The tune "St. Hilda" is an enlargement and variation of an ancient tune by *Justin Heinrich Knecht*, born at Biberach, in Suabia, 1752, one of the greatest organists of his day.

The *Rev. Edward Husband* is Vicar of St. Michael's, Folkestone. For 18 years he has performed the somewhat difficult task of uniting the two functions of priest and organist. The key-board of his four-manual organ has been so adjusted as to render the transition between his two functions comparatively easy.

HYMN No. 39.

Rejoice ye Pure in Heart.

The *Rev. Edward H. Plumtre*, born 1821, graduated at University College, Oxford, in 1844, with the highest honours — "double first-class." His ecclesiastical career was a prominent one — Chaplain, Prebendary, Professor, Select Preacher, Boyle Lecturer, a member of the Old Testament Company of Revisors of the

Bible (1869-1874), Principal of Queen's College, 1875; Dean of Wells, 1881. Died 1891. Dean Plumptre's reputation rests upon his ability as a poet and as a scholar.

Thomas Morley. See Note 7.

William Henry Monk, Mus. D. Professor of music at King's College, London. He was musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861 and 1890.

HYMN No. 40.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

This spirited hymn is from the pen of the *Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould*, now the Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon. It first appeared in 1865 in the *Church Times*. It is beyond a question that these "soldier-songs" are among the most popular, useful and valued lyrics of the Church.

The author of this hymn is one of the most deeply learned mediævelists of the present generation. His knowledge of old legends and of the middle-age imagery, as found in its religious writers, is both vast and accurate. He has written an extremely fascinating and unique biography — *The Life of Robert Stephen Hawker*, the eccentric "Vicar of Morwens-tow." As a novelist he is no less interesting, two of his strongest novels being *Medalah* and *Red Spider*. He is also author of "Lives of the Saints."

See also

Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow. (Translation) 42.

Now the Day is Over. 139.

B. Agutter, Mus. D., is precentor, organist and choir master of St. Peter's, Streatham, South Wales, which position he has held for the last 24 years.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Mus. D., born of Irish parentage, in London, 1842. He received his early musical training in the Chapel Royal, under the *Rev. Thomas Helmore*. In 1856 he was elected to a "Mendelssohn Scholarship" at the Royal Academy

of Music, where he studied under Sir John Goss and Sir William Sterndale Bennett for two years. He then spent three years at the Conservatoire of Leipzig. On his return to London in 1861, he almost immediately made a name and fame for himself as a composer, as a conductor, and as principal of the National Training School of Music. He has published many compositions, both instrumental and vocal, including Symphonies, Overtures, Oratorios, Anthems, Operas and Operettas, and numerous Songs and Part Songs. He was Musical Editor of *Church Hymns* published by the S. P. C. K. in 1874. Received the degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge in 1876, and was knighted in 1883. A very versatile and many-sided musician, and undoubtedly the most popular English composer now living.

HYMN No. 42.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

Translated from the Danish

Igjennem Nat og Traengsel

by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. See Note 40.

Bernerd S. Ingemann was born at Thor Kildstrup, Island of Falster, 1789. He was a Professor in Zealand from 1822 till his death in 1862. This hymn from Ingemann's *Religious Songs* is much used during Advent in the Danish churches.

John Henry Willcox, Mus. D., was born at Savannah, Georgia, 1827; graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1849, and the year after became organist of St. Paul's Church, Boston. At the completion of the Church of the Immaculate Conception (Roman Catholic) he became its organist, which position he held till nearly the time of his death, June 29, 1875. He possessed a marvellous power of march and of fugal extemporization. He was to the organ what Gottschalk was to the piano, and Ole Bull to the violin, each of whom, while being severely criticized by technical and pedantic musicians, held a position utterly unattainable by their jealous contemporaries.

HYMN No. 43.

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

This hymn was written by the *Rev. George Duffield*, a Presbyterian minister, born at Carlisle, Penn., 1818. Graduated at Yale College, 1837.

It was composed to be sung after a sermon delivered on the sudden death of the *Rev. Dudley A. Tyng*, a prominent Episcopalian clergyman, whose farewell words to his Christian brothers were, "Stand up for Jesus."

Dudley Atkins Tyng was born Jan. 12, 1825, in a quiet parsonage in Prince George County, Virginia. His father, the *Rev. Stephen H. Tyng*, became Rector of St. George's Church, Philadelphia, in which parish Dudley passed his boyhood. He was a precocious scholar, able to read the Latin authors at the age of seven, and he entered the University of Pennsylvania at the age of fourteen. In 1854, he became Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. A very dear personal friend describes young Tyng as one of the noblest, bravest, *manliest* men he ever met; not inferior in eloquence to his honoured father, and the acknowledged leader in a campaign for Christ that has become historical. One day, leaving his study for a moment, he went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power shelling corn. Patting him on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study-gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out by the roots. His death occurred in a few hours. "My friends have given me up," he said to his physician, "they say that I am dying — is that your opinion?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he was then asked whether he had any message to his brethren in the ministry. Addressing his father, he said, "Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell them, let us all stand up for Jesus." He was buried amid the tearful grief of more than ten thousand people.

The following Sunday, the author of this hymn, having in mind the last message of the dying man,

preached from the words "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;" and it was in the way of preparing the sermon and furnishing a fitting close that he wrote the lines, *Stand up, stand up for Jesus*. The effect—associated as it was with the household name of Tyng—the life so saintly, the death so tragic—and the last words of one so honoured of God,—was overwhelming. All at once the hymn sprang into great popularity. It has been translated into German and Latin, and is now sung the world over. The author of *Great Hymns of the Church*, most eloquently says: "Strange that a short hymn, struck off in an hour or two as a fitting peroration to a funeral sermon on a young minister who had come to a tragic end, should be so honoured as to cast all the author's other works into the shade. What are all his other works—his sermons and pamphlets—compared to this martial song so hastily written, so strangely born! When his other works are forgotten, when the walls of the grand churches to which he ministered for so many years shall have fallen, and his bones have mingled with the dust, this noble lyric, written in the white heat of a grand elate hour, shall be a power in the land, because fragrant with the name of Dudley Tyng, and still more with that Name which is above every name in heaven or on earth."

George James Webb. Born in England. Removed to Boston, United States. Dr. Root in his "Recollections" says: "I was glad to take lessons from George James Webb, the best local teacher in Boston, an elegant organist, an accomplished musician, and a model Christian gentleman."

HYMN No. 44.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.

This hymn was written in 1853, by *Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander*, the accomplished wife of the present Bishop of Derry. She was the daughter of Major John

Humphreys, of Strabane, Ireland; was born in 1823, and married in 1850 the Rev. William Alexander, D. D., consecrated Bishop of Derry in 1867. In 1848, she published *Hymns for Little Children* which has passed through many editions, and had an enormous sale. It contains the beautiful hymns "There is a green hill far away" and "Once in royal David's city."

In an article on "*Children's Hymns by Mrs. Alexander.*" the Rev. John Ellerton (himself an author of many excellent hymns, see Note 146) says: "The establishment of Sunday Schools doubtless brought a new demand for children's hymns. And now, as the spirit of hymnody began to awake in the English Church, and one singer after another arose to translate the words of the past, or to add new treasures to the ever-growing store of Church hymns, there arose a new demand for definite Church teaching in the songs put into the lips of our little ones, and the Church of England began to produce children's hymns of her own, conceived in the spirit of her Prayer Book and Catechism. Then came the successive parts of Neale's "Hymns for children"; Mrs. Leeson's "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," and a most excellent and useful, though rather unchildlike, book, "The Child's Christian Year" to which Keble contributed, and in which appeared many of Anstice's hymns, and some by Cardinal Newman's sister, Mrs. Mozeley. But none of these were all we wanted for our little ones. At last in 1848, amidst the storms of political revolution and social agitation, when a new tide of thought was flowing full and strong into English religious life, in the year which saw Tennyson's splendid maturity in the "Princess," and Charles Kingsley's brilliant dawning in the "Saint's Tragedy," there came quietly and unnoticed into the Church, from the far North of Ireland, a little book signed by no name but the three modest initials "C. F. H."—a book which will live upon the lips of generations of children yet unborn, even of many who will perhaps never care to read the

two other great poems; and will put into the mouth of thousands of “babes and sucklings” the first notes of that praise which God will perfect on high. It is superfluous to praise “*Hymns for Little Children*” which must have sold by the million. Its true praise is in the thousands of little lips which daily utter such strains as “Now the dreary night is done,” “All things bright and beautiful,” “Once in royal David’s city,” “Do no sinful action,” “There is a green hill far away,” and many another. It was an excellent plan to make the hymns follow the order of the Church Catechism, upon which they are so good a commentary. The *Hymns for Little Children* were followed by the scarcely less beautiful *Narrative Hymns on the Gospels*; and these again by the *Verses on subjects in the Old Testament*, containing among others the “Burial of Moses,” which the late Lord Houghton — no mean critic — pronounced to be the finest sacred lyric in the language. Before these were given to the world, Miss Humphreys had married Mr. Alexander, one of the two* Irish Deans who took the Church of England by storm at the York Church Congress, and who have now been long recognized as the two most eloquent preachers on the bench of Bishops.

Mrs. Alexander’s hymns, however, as is well known, are by no means all written for the little ones. Some of those best known and loved first appeared in the S. P. C. K. “Psalms and Hymns,” 1850. Among these were “Jesus calls us; o’er the tumult,” “The roseate hues of early dawn,” “The golden gates are lifted up.” The beautiful “When wounded sore the stricken soul” is a little later. This hymn is understood to be her husband’s favourite.

See also

When of old the Jewish mothers. 36.

Do no sinful action. 59.

There is a green hill far away. 75.

*The other was Dr. Magee, late Archbishop of York, at that time Dean of Cork.

The golden gates are lifted up. 89.

Up in heaven, up in heaven. 90.

Once in royal David's City. Carol 166.

HYMN No. 45.

Jesu meek and gentle.

This hymn, an especial favourite among young people, was written in 1856 by the Rev. G. R. Prynne, Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth.

The Most Reverend John Medley, D. D., Bishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, was born in London, 1804. Graduated at Wadham College, Oxford, 1827. Successively curate of Southleigh, Devonshire; incumbent of St. John, Truro; Vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter; was consecrated, in Lambeth Chapel, first Bishop of Fredericton, May 1, 1845. He is the composer of several Anthems, Te Deums, Hymn-tunes and Chants.

HYMN No. 46.

Nearer my God to Thee.

This favorite hymn was written by *Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams* in 1840. She was born in Cambridge, England, in 1805, and was the younger of the two gifted daughters of Benjamin Flower, editor of *The Cambridge Intelligencer*. In 1834, she married William Bridges Adams, an eminent engineer, and a contributor to the best periodical literature. This hymn, with thirteen others, was furnished to Charles Fox's collection of "Hymns and Anthems" published in 1841. It has been translated into many languages, and has followed the triumphs of the Gospel in heathen lands. Its imagery embraces the associations of one of the most sublime and interesting religious experiences recorded in the early Hebrew Scriptures—Jacob's vision at Luz; his journey to Padan-Aram, when he halted for the night at Bethel, and falling asleep, with a stone for his pillow, dreamed that he saw a ladder let down from heaven to earth, with angels ascending

and descending upon it. This hymn almost literally reproduces this delightful incident of Scripture.

Mrs. Adams' talented sister prematurely died of pulmonary consumption. The shock of separation proved too great,—her own health declined, and in 1849, at the age of 44, she, too, peacefully fell asleep.

Among the many tunes written for this hymn, the editor regards "*Kedron*" as by far the best, though as yet but little known outside of the American church.

The tune "*Bethany*," though more widely known, is less original, largely borrowing the air of "Oft in the stilly night."

HYMN No. 47.

There's a Friend for little children.

Albert Midlane, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, 1825. This hymn first appeared in *Good News for Little Ones*, 1860.

† *Sir John Stainer*, Mus. D., was born in 1840, and was educated in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. After serving successively as organist of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, and of Magdalene College, Oxford, he was appointed, in 1872, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, a position he still holds. As a musician he deservedly holds a foremost place among modern composers, while as an organist he is much and justly admired.

HYMN No. 48.

Jesu lover of my soul.

The Rev. Charles Wesley. See Note 22.

There is scarcely any hymn which, for wide usefulness and acceptance can dispute the supremacy with this. Of itself it would have immortalized its author.

What was the *genesis* of it? The story is that the poet, in his early evangelistic tours, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when the courage of the seamen was tested to the last degree of endurance, and that, in the violence of the tempest, a bird seeking shelter made its way to the vessel labouring in the gale and alighted upon the breast of Wesley, utterly unable to hold out

any longer. To a nature so sympathetic, so full of pity and poetry, such an incident must at once have been both impressive and suggestive. The sight of such helplessness on the one hand, and such a storm on the other, could hardly help to bring before him the helplessness of the sinner amid the storms of broken laws and crushing penalties, and, at the same time, the tenderness of Him who rides upon the storm and Whose love many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown.

In his journal on the Atlantic passage, Wesley thus describes his spiritual conflicts and triumphs during a storm: "I knew I abode under the shadow of the Almighty. The storm was at its height. At four o'clock the ship made so much water, that the captain, finding it impossible otherwise to save her from sinking, cut down the mizzen-mast. Towards morning the sea heard and obeyed the divine voice, 'Peace, be still.' My first business to-day — may it be the first business of all my days — was to offer up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving."

This has been called a "Sailor's Hymn"—for sailors have ever loved it. Wesley was at the time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as the trembling little bird did that nestled so safe in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:

*Jesu, Lover of my soul
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.*

The prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language. Multitudes of people when in sorrow or danger have found comfort in the lines:

*All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.*

Thousands and millions have, in the acme of the storm of life, found its prayer just fitted to their needs, and with the words upon their lips have tested the blessedness of being received "into the haven," by the great Lover of souls.

The wearing power of the hymn is wonderful. What a graceful hymn-writer, Chatterton Dix, calls the crucial test, it is to an eminent degree "singable." One of the most powerful thinkers and preachers of modern times once declared "That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount upon some lips to the very presence of God."

The finely harmonized tune "*Hollingside*" was composed by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1. Jacob Blumenthal, born at Hamburg 1829. Studied at the Conservatoire in Paris. In 1848, he took up his residence in London, where he became pianist to the Queen. His musical compositions are brilliant and effective.

HYMN No. 49.

There is a happy land.

How few of the myriads of children who have sung this hymn know anything of its author, who has but recently died at the ripe old age of 82, retaining to the last, in all its early freshness, his sympathy with children.

Andrew Young was born in Edinburgh, 1807, Graduated at the University in 1830. For eleven years Head Master of the Middry School, and for thirteen years Head Master of Madras College, in the University of St. Andrews.

This hymn was written in 1838, and has been translated into nineteen different languages.

Professor David Masson, recently referring to the unique influence of this lyric, stated a most touching incident in the life of Thackeray. Walking one day in a "slum" district of London, he suddenly came

upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer, he heard the words, "There is a happy land, far, far away." As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their pale faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.

The fine tune, "Happy Land," was written for it in 1864 by *Samuel Sebastian Wesley*, Mus. D., son of Samuel Wesley, a distinguished composer and organist, and grandson of the Rev. Charles Wesley. He graduated Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford, 1839. Organist successively of the following Cathedral Churches — Hereford, Exeter, Winchester and Gloucester, which last post he held till his death in 1876. It has been said of him that "he was a man who supplied a connecting link between the old and new schools of English ecclesiastical music, and who displayed, both in his playing and in his compositions, a very unusual amount of talent of a very high order, which will render his name permanent among those who have distinguished themselves in the annals of English musical history."

HYMN No. 50.

Come sing with holy gladness.

The Rev. J. J. Daniel, Rector of Langley Burrell.

HYMN No. 51.

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.

Bishop Walsham How. See Note 17.

Thomas Morley. See Note 7.

HYMN No. 60.

Lord Thy word abideth.

The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker. See Note 9.

"St. Cyprian." The Rev. Richard R. Chope was born in 1830. Graduated from Exeter College, Oxford,

1855. Vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, London. Edited "The Hymnal," published by Mackensie, London; "Carols for use in Church," and other works connected with Church music.

HYMN No. 61.

O where are kings and empires now.

This hymn was written by the *Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe*, at present Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York. Author of "*Christian Ballads.*"

The following is quoted from "Great Hymns of the Church"—though in connection with another hymn: "That was a remarkable utterance of Napoleon to his attendant during his exile on St. Helena, which, upon the authority of Canon Liddon of St. Paul's, London, who has recently investigated the facts, we are disposed to regard as reliable. What did Napoleon—now drawing near to the close of his mortal career, and feeling the shadow of the eternal world coming over his spirit—what did he say to this attendant? "You speak of empires and power. Well, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires, but on what did we found them? *Force.* Christ founded His on *love*, and at this moment there are millions ready to die for Him. It was not one day, nor one generation that accomplished the triumph of religion in the world. No. It was a long war—a war for three centuries—a war begun by the Apostles and continued by successive generations. In this war all the kings and armies were on one side, but on the other I see no army, no banner, no battering, but yet a mysterious power is there, working in the interests of Christianity—men secretly sustained here and there by a common faith in the great Unseen. I die before my time, and my body will be given to the earth as food for worms. But look at Christ, honoured and loved in every land. Look at His kingdom rising over all other kingdoms. His life was not the life of a man—His death not that of a man, but of God!"

Such was the utterance of Napoleon the Great in reference to Jesus Christ, and if he could speak in such terms then, more than fifty years ago, how much more now! He was not blind to the “manifest destiny” of the Lord Jesus—to the fact that all things are hastening to one end—that all forces are gathering around their Lord. Behold what God hath wrought. In the first century there were five hundred thousand Christians; in the second, two million Christians; in the eighteenth, two hundred million Christians; and in the nineteenth, before its close there will be, at a moderate calculation, three hundred million followers of Him who said to Peter, “Put up thy sword into its sheath.”

What a grand Recessional Hymn as set to “Lambeth”!

HYMN No. 63.

Just as I am Without one Plea.

Few hymns have obtained a wider acceptance than those of *Charlotte Elliott*, born in 1789, at Brighton, England. This immortal hymn appeared in the first edition of her “*Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*,” 1836. For fourteen years (1843–1857) she lived a very quiet and devoted life at Torquay. Many of her hymns were written in an arbour overlooking the beautiful bay. She never married, and died at Brighton in 1871, aged 82.

See also

My God, is any Hour so Sweet. 11.

My God, my Father, while I stray. 106.

Sir George J. Elvey was born at Canterbury in 1816. He became a pupil of his elder brother, Dr. Stephen Elvey, for 30 years organist of New College, Oxford. In 1838, and when only 22 years of age, George Elvey was appointed organist of St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, and two years later organist to the Queen, an honourable post he held till his retirement in 1882, a period of 44 years. In 1871 he received the honour

of knighthood. He has been a very prolific composer of useful and effective anthems and other sacred compositions.

HYMN No. 64.

Jesu, from Thy throne on high.

The *Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock*, born in 1836, is a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse, in 1855. He is well known as a scholar and author; has published translations of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, etc. At present vicar of St. Alban's, Birmingham, and Archdeacon of Chester.

Thomas Morley. See Note 7.

HYMN No. 66.

All glory, laud and honour.

Theodulph, abbot of a Benedictine monastery at Florence, had been made Bishop of Orleans by the Emperor Charlemagne. His son and successor, Emperor Louis, suspecting *Theodulph* of conspiring against the throne, deprived him of his see and cast him into prison at Metz. One Palm Sunday the Emperor, his court, and the clergy, went in solemn procession through the city of Metz to the Cathedral. While they were passing the prison, *Theodulph*, seated at the little dungeon window, sang this hymn, "*Gloria, laus et honor.*" The emperor's attention was arrested, and, struck by the fervour of the hymn, he ordered the good bishop to be forthwith liberated and restored to his office. Ever since it has been sung in the Western Church on Palm Sunday.

Melchior Teschner, Precentor at Fraustadt, Posen, 1613, and subsequently Pastor of Oberprietscher, near Fraustadt.

The Rev. John Mason Neale See Note 116.

HYMN No. 69.

Hosanna, we sing, like the children dear.

The Rev. G. S. Hodges, Vicar of Stubbings, Berkshire.
The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 70.

Ride on! Ride on in majesty.

The *Rev. Henry Hart Milman* was born in London, 1791. His father, Sir Francis Milman was physician to King George III. Educated at Oxford. Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1821–1831. Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, 1835. Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. Among his numerous works both in poetry and prose, his most valuable *Histories of Christianity*, and *History of the Jews*, hold the first place. The beautiful, and, at the same time, scholarly language in which they were written, is a marked characteristic of his hymns also. Few hymns are finer than this for Palm Sunday. It first appeared in 1827.

The tune "*Majesty*," by Professor George W. Warren, is singularly appropriate, and needs only to be heard to be forthwith adopted as *the* tune for the words. Professor Warren has been for many years the able and accomplished organist of St. Thomas' Church, New York City.

HYMN No. 71.

The Royal Banners Forward Go.

The "*Vexilla Regis*" was written about the year 580 A. D., 200 years before the time of Charlemagne, and 700 years before the birth of the English language. It is therefore one of the oldest of mediaeval hymns.

Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian, whose birthplace is unknown, was in early life a citizen of Ravenna, from which place he was driven by the great invasion of the Lombards. He passed into France, and became the fashionable poet of his time. Subsequently he devoted his talents to a holier object. He removed to Tours, was made Bishop of Poitiers, and died about the year 609.

This world-famous hymn, one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church, was composed on

occasion of the consecration of a church at Poitiers. It is therefore strictly and primarily a Processional Hymn, though, very naturally, afterwards adapted to Passion-tide.

See also

Hail! Festal Day! for evermore adored. Carol 186.

The Rev. John Mason Neale. See Note 116.

HYMN No. 72.

Uplift the Banner, let it Float.

The Right Rev. George W. Doane, born at Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., in 1799. Successively assistant Trinity Parish, New York City; Professor of Rhetoric, Trinity College, Hartford; Rector of Trinity Church, Boston; Bishop of New Jersey. Died 1859. He is author also of the popular hymn

*“Thou art the way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee.”*

Bishop Doane did much to introduce Keble's *Christian Year* to American readers (see note 13), enriching it with his own Annotations, 1834. His son, the Right Rev. William Crosswell Doane, is at present Bishop of Albany.

HYMN No. 73.

And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee.

Jean Ingelow was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, 1830. Her father, a banker, was a man of superior intellectual culture. She led a quiet, uneventful life till Nov. 1863, when the publication of her “*Poems*” secured her immediate recognition as a poetess of high rank. Several of the poems in that volume, especially “*Divided*,” “*High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*” and the “*Songs of Seven*,” have become widely admired. She has been a prolific and popular writer of both poetry and prose, her poems alone having reached a sale of nearly 200,000

copies. Miss Ingelow now resides in London. She is a kind friend of the poor, and three times a week gives what she calls a "copyright dinner" to twelve needy persons just discharged from the hospitals.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. See Note 2.

HYMN No. 74.

I see, my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the Lowly.

The Rev. Ray Palmer. See Note 81.

The Rev. Charles R. Hodge. See Note 83.

HYMN No. 75.

There is a green hill far away.

Mrs. Alexander. See Note 44.

Bishop Medley. See Note 45.

HYMN No. 76.

O sacred Head, surrounded.

Bernard of Clairvaux. See Note 35.

The Rev. Edward S. Medley, son of the Right Rev. John Medley, Lord Bishop of Fredericton, and Metropolitan of Canada, Precentor of Norwich Cathedral; Canon and Precentor of Inverness Cathedral, at present Vicar of St. George's Church, Norwich. He has composed several fine Hymn-tunes, Anthems and Carols. His music is characterized by unflinching attractiveness in melody, depth and sympathy in expression, and richness in harmony.

Sigismond Thalberg, born at Geneva 1812; became known as a composer and pianist when only 16 years old. Made the tour of Germany 1830; became famous at Paris, 1835. Afterwards made frequent tours in France, England, Germany and Russia. In 1856-8, he gave concerts in all the large cities of the United States. Died. 1871, aged 59. His compositions are numerous and greatly admired.

HYMN No. 78.

Saviour when in dust to Thee.

The author of this plaintive Litany hymn—a hymn-prayer and one of the best of its kind—was *Sir Robert Grant*. Born in 1785 of an eminent Scotch family. He graduated at Cambridge with high honours in 1806; and became, successively, barrister, member of Parliament, Privy Councillor, and in 1834, Governor of Bombay, a position he held until his death in 1838.

The Rev. O. Witherspoon, formerly Rector of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, and a composer of several fine hymn-tunes.

HYMN No. 79.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

This hymn, while open to serious literary criticism on the score of incongruous metaphors, is now pretty generally accorded the foremost place in our English hymnody. The editor of a leading magazine recently requested that lists be sent him of what his subscribers and readers considered the best hundred hymns in the language. The vote for "Rock of Ages" stood 3,215; the next highest vote was 3,204 for "Abide with Me."

"The quickening and refreshing power of the hymn is due to the fact that it appeals to the native sense of guilt in every heart, and not only guilt, but guiltiness; that is, the disposition to repeat, again and again, in yet darker forms, the sins of the past. This was the burden of the confessions of King David, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Wycliffe, Luther—in short, of humanity, saint and savage, in our best hours"

To the wearied, fainting, despairing soul, the hymn points out a hiding-place—the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land—and that is why it is so popular.

Augustus Montague Toplady was born at Farnham, Surrey, 1740. He was the son of Major Toplady, who

died at the siege of Carthage, soon after the child's birth. He was brought up under the loving care of a pious mother, and through life retained a deep and lasting sense of her kindness. Educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Dublin, he took Holy Orders, and became Vicar of Broadhembury, a sequestered village amid the beautiful hills of East Devon. Here, by the banks of the Otter stream, and among the peaceful hills, he composed most of his spiritual songs. The moist air of Devonshire was thought to be injurious to his weak lungs, and, under medical advice, he removed to London in 1775, where for nearly three years he ministered and preached with remarkable success. It was evident, however, that the sword was too sharp for the scabbard; his physical energies were being destroyed by the fiery ardour of soul that overtaxed them. In the midst of his labours he died at the early age of 37.

The leading thoughts of the hymn are manifestly founded on Isaiah xxvi., 4: "The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages"; and Exodus xxxiii., 22: "I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by."

This hymn was a great favourite with the late Prince Consort, and afforded him, as it has so many countless others, much comfort in his dying hours.

Richard Redhead, born at Harrow, Middlesex; educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. At present organist of St. Mary Magdalen Church, Paddington, London.

The *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.* See Note 1.

HYMN No. 80.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

This triumphant song was written by *Sir John Bowring*. Born in Exeter, 1792. His linguistic ability was phenomenal. He acquired Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German and Dutch by his own efforts, without aid of master, before he reached the age of

sixteen. To these he subsequently added a skilful knowledge of twenty-two languages. His acquirements seem little less than marvellous. Among his numerous translations from foreign poets, the magnificent *Oda Bog* (Ode on God) of Derzhavin, the Russian Laureate (born 1743), claims the foremost place for felicity and power in its English dress. The ode consists of eleven verses. Of Sir John Bowring's translation the first and last verses are herewith given as but partially representing one of the most perfect and sublime poems which can be found to-day upon the pages of anthology. The original is characterized by the translator as having been "written with a pen of fire."

O Thou Eternal One! Whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, ail motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
 Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er, —
 Being whom we call *God* — and know no more.

* * * * *

O, thoughts ineffable! O, visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek Thy presence — Being wise and good!
 Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Bowring seems to have touched the very nerve centres of language and to have comprehended by a wonderful instinct the essence of the poet's thought.

In 1835, he was elected to Parliament. In 1847, he became British Consul at Canton, and subsequently

Minister Plenipotentiary to China, and Governor of Hong Kong. In 1854, he was Knighted; and from that date numerous decorations and orders were bestowed upon him. He died in 1872. On his tombstone is inscribed the first line of this hymn:

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Mr. Holma Hunts' great painting, and his masterpiece, is called "The Shadow of Death." It represents Christ standing in a carpenter shop at Nazareth, dressed in the workman's garb of the times, looking up for a moment from His plain toil; and as He stands there the departing sun looks in at the window, and, by a masterly conception of the artist, causes the shadow of a cross to form by the tools hanging on the wall, and to fall upon the shoulders of our Lord. There is no halo about His head, but the look of melting sadness in His face reveals the "Man of Sorrows." There is a revelation of Christ's sufferings. Even in the commencement of His ministry He was bearing the cross, and ever before Him, in His pathway, there was a shadow of death.

See also

God is Love; His Mercy Brightens. 29.

Professor *George F. Root* was born at Sheffield, Mass., 1820. In 1852 he founded the Normal Musical Institute, New York City. He has written many hymn-tunes. His cantatas have been very popular, especially "The Haymakers" and "Under the Palms," of which latter more than 30,000 copies have been sold in London alone.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 81.

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

The Rev. *Ray Palmer*, a Congregationalist minister, was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, 1808. Graduated at Yale College, 1830. Soon after

graduation, this hymn was written. The author was in New York pursuing a theological course of study. He was in poor health at the time, which brought on a despondent state of mind. In explaining the genesis of the hymn he says: "I gave form to what I felt, by writing, with little effort, the stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears." With the exception of Dr. Duffield's "Stand up, stand up for Jesus" (No. 43), it is the most widely circulated of American hymns. It has been translated into over twenty languages, including Arabic, Chinese, and Syriac.

Lowell Mason, Mus. D., composer of the tune "Olivet," once said to its author: "You may live many years, Mr. Palmer, and do many good things, but I think you will be known best to posterity as the author of this hymn."

See also

I see my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the Lowly. 74.
Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts. (Translation.) 132.

HYMN No. 83.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

Miss Harriet McEwen Kimball was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and still resides in that pleasant old city by the sea. When a young woman, not far from twenty years of age, she had become already known locally for her sweet, tender, pathetic, almost mystical poems contributed to a local journal. As she grew in years her fame widened, and her poems took on the depth and richness of larger experience, until now she may be justly considered to be the writer of some of the best American religious poetry.

It has been well said of Miss Kimball that in her lyrical expression of devotional feeling she is without a peer among living writers.

Clarence Steadman forcibly says: "Miss Kimball's song is the natural utterance of the Poet, the Woman and the Saint." Bishop Huntington aptly writes:

“The sons and daughters of the Church will find in these poems a flavor, an accent and a spirit of Church life, Church thought, Church music, Church faith even when the subject is not ecclesiastic nor the language formally religious.”

Miss Kimball is a philanthropist as well as a poet. It was largely through her inspiration and sympathetic efforts that the helpful, the indispensable Cottage Hospital of Portsmouth was opened and equipped.

See also

Ring sweet bells of Christendom. Carol 163.

Christ is risen, Christ is risen. Carol 188.

The *Rev. Charles R. Hodge*, Rector of Grace Church, New Lenox, Illinois. He has edited “*Mission Hymns*,” containing hymns especially appropriate for missions. As a musical composer he has to an unusual degree displayed a sympathetic accord with the particular requirements of each hymn.

HYMN No. 84.

O Thou from whom all Goodness Flows.

The *Rev. Thomas Haweis* was born at Truro, Cornwall, 1733. Graduated from Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 1757. He began the study of medicine with a physician in Truro, but possessing both ardent piety and brilliant oratory, he soon felt a calling to the ministry to be the more important. He took Holy Orders, and was appointed curate of St. Mary Magdalen’s Church, Oxford. From 1763 to the end of his life, a period of 57 years, he was rector of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. This hymn first appeared in 1792, in his *Carmina Christo*, a collection containing 256 original hymns. The words “Remember me” were probably suggested by the words of the dying thief on the cross, “Lord, remember me.” The author died at Bath, 1820, in his 89th year. Of his hymns he said: “They are such as my heart indited, and they speak of the things which I have believed concerning my God and King.”

HYMN No. 85.

According to Thy Gracious Word.

This sacramental hymn appeared in 1825. It has attained great popularity, and is now regarded as one of our standard hymns. Its plaintive, tender thoughts recall to mind the spiritual aspirations of S. Bernard of Clairvaux. (See Note 35).

James Montgomery was born in 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian clergyman. Even as a boy Montgomery wrote much poetry in the form of hymns. At 23 years of age he became editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, a position he held for 31 years—a strange training for a hymn writer. In 1825 he gave up his newspaper and devoted himself to literature and hymn writing. His literary efforts were rewarded with a Government pension of £200 a year. From 1822 until his death in 1854 he enriched the hymnody of the Church universal with many admirable lyrics. How often we sing without thinking to whom we owe them:

*“Hail to the Lord’s Anointed,
Great David’s greater son.”*

*“Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter’s power.”*

*“Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang.”*

*“O Spirit of the loving God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace.”*

and the noble one, of world-wide popularity (see note 149):

*“Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be.”*

HYMN No. 86.

The strife is o’er, the battle done.

The *Rev. Francis Pott*, graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, 1854. At present rector of Northill, Bedfordshire.

See also

Angel voices ever singing. 130.

Geo. W. Warren. See Note 70.

Giovan Pietro Palestrina, a celebrated Italian, born at Palestrina, near Rome, 1524; became Chapel-master 1562. He brought choral harmony to a degree of perfection seldom surpassed in this later age. He died at Rome, Feb. 2, 1594, aged 70.

HYMN No. 87.

O Saviour, precious Saviour.

Frances Ridley Havergal was born in 1836 at Astley, in Worcestershire, of which place her father was then Rector. In 1845, he removed to Worcester, as Rector of St. Nicholas' Church and Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Miss Havergal received her education at English and German boarding schools, and enjoyed exceptional advantages of culture and travel. French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew were among her scholarly acquirements. Her powers of memory were astonishing. She memorized the New Testament, the Psalms, and much more of the Old Testament. She was also finely musical — a performer, vocalist and composer. Her musical memory was so wonderful that she could play the best works of Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn without notes. Her musical compositions in the way of hymn-tunes and carols are quite numerous. The tune *Hermas* (see Carol 191) to her own words, "Golden harps are sounding," is well known.

In poetry she was intensely religious, intensely subjective (see Note 31), and intensely sensitive to all beautiful or inspiring things. Her hymns, though they have points of weakness here and there, are, for the most part, very beautiful, and doubtless many of them will live. In October, 1878, she went to Caswell Bay, Swansea, South Wales, for a change of air. Here she contracted a severe cold, which caused in-

flammation of the lungs. In June of the following year she died, aged 42, and was buried at Astley.

See also

Lord speak to me that I may speak. 134.

Golden Harps are sounding. 191.

HYMN No. 80

Thou art gone up on High.

Written in 1851 by Miss Emma Leslie, daughter of the Right Rev. John Leslie, Bishop of Kilmore. In 1857 she married the Rev. Nicholas Toke, Rector of Ashford, Kent. She died in 1878.

HYMN No. 94.

Saviour, blessed Saviour.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring, author of many excellent hymns, was born at Alford, Somersetshire, 1823. Graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, 1845. In 1858, succeeded his father in the rectorship of Alford. He is also Prebendary of Wells Cathedral. He edited *The Church of England Hymn Book* published in 1882.

See also

The radiant morn hath passed away. No. 140.

Caryl Florio. An American musician (New York City) and composer of many exquisite hymn-tunes.

HYMN No. 96.

Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.

This most beautiful hymn, the very rhythm of which is peace, was written by Miss Harriet Auber, born in London, 1773. This talented lady lived in quietude and seclusion and spent the greater part of her long life at Hoddeston, near London, where her memory is still cherished with affection. She died in 1862, aged 89.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 97.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps.

John Greenleaf Whittier—the most characteristic American poet—was born of Quaker parentage, at Haverhill, Mass., 1807. In early life he entered upon a journalistic career, pursuing the duties of his profession successively in Boston, Hartford, Haverhill, Philadelphia and Washington. Mr. Whittier's religious life has been within the Quaker fold altogether. He has never married, and lives alternately at Amesbury and Boston, beloved by all who know him.

Mr. Whittier has always been faithful in his literary efforts to the kindred interests of heaven and home. No other poet has presented the rural beauty of New England in the same light, and no other has caught the glow of its spiritual life with better effect. While he has never written "hymns," as such, this and similar pieces taken from longer poems come naturally (like the verses of Keble) into the service of the Church. The above hymn is taken from his long poem entitled "Our Master."

See also

Sound over the Waters, reach out from all lands. Carol
160.

William Vincent Wallace, a composer of signal merit, was born, of Scottish parentage, in Waterford, Ireland, 1814. In 1836 he began to travel, and visited Australia, New Zealand, India, and South America, re-appearing in London in 1845, and dying in France in 1865. He composed the popular opera *Maritana*. His harmonic resources were great. He may be reckoned among the best of English composers.

HYMN No. 100.

Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. See Note 147.

Sir John Goss, Mus. D. Born at Fareham, 1800.

He was brought up in the Chapel Royal, and after leaving the choir, he became a pupil of Thomas Atwood, under whose instruction he completed his musical education, and whom he also succeeded in 1838 as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His music has power and strength to a very marked degree, and is conspicuous for melodic beauty, and richly varied, while not too demonstrative, harmony. His works as a composer are of immense value as a guide to young writers. In 1872 he resigned his position at St. Paul's, and in the same year received the honour of knighthood. In 1876 he was presented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Cambridge. He died in London in 1880, aged 80 years.

HYMN No. 101.

The Church's One Foundation.

The *Rev. Samuel J. Stone*, born at Whitmore rectory, Staffordshire, 1839. Graduated at Pembroke College, Oxford, 1862. Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggston, London. Rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall. This is his best hymn, and first appeared in 1865 in his *Lyra Fidelium*, a series of twelve hymns on the Apostles' Creed. It was set to the sentence, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

S. Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D. See Note 49.

HYMN No. 103.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

This world-renowned hymn—which has probably done as much to spread Christianity in heathen lands as all the sermons that have been preached on the subject—is generally regarded as the best missionary hymn ever written. The origin of the hymn is given in Bishop Heber's *Memoirs*. In 1819 a royal letter was issued, requesting that collections should be made in all the churches of England on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ("S. P. G.")

Reginald Heber, then Rector of Hodnet, was visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Rector of Wrexham. Half a dozen friends were gathered in the little Rectory parlour, on Saturday afternoon, when Dr. Shipley turned to Heber, knowing the ease with which he composed, and requested him to write some missionary lines, to be sung in the church the next morning, as he was going to preach on the subject of missions. Retiring to a corner of the room, with conversation going on around him, in a few minutes' time he had written the first three verses of the hymn. He read them to the Dean and his friends. "There, there, that will do very well," said Dr. Shipley. "No, the sense is not yet complete," replied Heber. He again retired for a few moments, and then returned with the noble bugle blast of the fourth verse,

Waft, waft ye winds His story.

The winds seem to have wafted Heber's song, and the rolling waters have borne it forth, till what was first sung in Wrexham Church — on Whitsunday morning, 1819 — now rises from human hearts and lips over three-quarters of the globe.

See also Note 1.

Henry Smart, an eminent organist and composer, was born in 1813, died 1879. He came of a very musical stock, his father having been a good violinist, and his uncle, Sir George Smart, having been well known as a conductor and teacher of music. He had intended to enter the law, but, his musical proclivities proving irresistible, he soon devoted himself wholly to the "science of sweet sounds." He composed operas and cantatas, Cathedral services in F, G and B flat, many part songs and a large number of admirable organ compositions. His work was characterized by great originality, an inexhaustible store of lovely melody and masterly harmony.

It is a striking coincidence that the American tune to which this hymn is extensively sung was also

composed at short notice and hurriedly. When the hymn reached America, a lady in Savannah, Georgia, was much impressed with the beauty of it, and was particularly anxious to find a tune suited to it. Unable to find anything in her tune books that suited her taste, she chanced to remember that in a bank down the street was a young clerk who had a considerable reputation as a musician. She sent her son with the hymn to the clerk, with the request that he write a tune to fit it. In just half an hour the boy came back with the new-made tune, and the melody thus dashed off in hot haste is to-day sung all over the world. The young bank clerk was *Lowell Mason*.

While a clerk at Savannah, Mason edited a book of Church music, which was published by the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, 1822. He subsequently made Boston his home, and became President of the Handel and Haydn Society. He inaugurated the system of Musical Conventions now so common in America and England.

HYMN No. 104.

Oft in danger, oft in woe.

Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, 1785. As a boy he gave indications of poetic genius, for when only 15 years old he gained a silver medal for a translation of Horace; and at nineteen, published a volume of his poems. In 1804, he entered Cambridge University, and there for two successive years he was easily first man of his class at the examinations. Excessive study, however, undermined his frail constitution, and in his third college year the tight-strung cord snapped; and in October, 1806, he sank into an early grave, at the age of 22.

The above hymn was found after his decease scribbled on the back of a mathematical paper.

Peter C. Edwards. Organist of Christ Church, New York City.

Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. See Note 27.

HYMN No. 105.

Art thou Weary, art thou Languid.

This hymn is a translation from the Greek of *St. Stephen, the Sabaite*. He was born in 725 A. D., and when only 10 years old was placed in the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, situated in the wildest part of the wilderness of Judea, about ten miles from Jerusalem. The monastery stands, as it has stood for fourteen centuries, on a lofty cliff overhanging the valley of the Kedron. In this solitary retreat Stephen spent nearly 60 years, dying in the monastery in the 70th year of his age. He is called the Sabaite, a name applied to every monk of Mar Saba. He was a man of saintly life and splendid scholarship, delighting much in the study of theology and sacred song.

We have nothing in advance of this hymn in the way of doctrinal statement in this our favoured day of clearer vision. We look in vain for any trace of error or superstition in it. Much of the charm of this hymn lies in its dramatic character, presenting the truths which it is intended to convey in the form of question and answer, and therefore in clearer and sharper lines than in the ordinary didactic form.

The *Rev. John Mason Neale*. See Note 116.

The well-known tune to which the above hymn is usually sung was written by the *Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker* (see Note 9), and named "*Stephanos*," the Greek word for Stephen.

HYMN No. 108.

Upward where the Stars are Burning.

The *Rev. Horatius Bonar*, whose hymns are among the sweet minor tones that are yearly growing in the love of the Church, was born in Edinburgh, 1808, and was educated at Edinburgh University. As minister of the Free Church of Scotland, he laboured successively in Kelso, on the river Tweed, and in Edinburgh. He died in 1889. He was the author of several volumes

of sacred poetry, the best known of which is "*Hymns of Faith and Hope.*"

The following well known hymns were written by him :

" *A few more years shall roll.*"
 " *Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.*"
 " *The Church has waited long.*"
 " *Thy way, not mine, O Lord.*"

See also Note 31.

John Baptiste Calkin. Born in London, 1827. Organist and choir master at St. Thomas Church, Camden New Town, London, and a Fellow of the College of Organists. He has composed two Services, many Anthems, Hymn-tunes, and other music.

HYMN No. 111.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

Miss Anne Steele was the daughter of the Rev. William Steele, an English Baptist minister in Hampshire. She met with an accident in childhood which made her an invalid for life. Her sufferings were great, but she bore them with calm resignation. Her departure, in 1778, was serene and happy. Wrinkled with sorrow, and worn with age, she at last realized a full answer to the burden of her life-long prayer :

" Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

Prof. Geo. W. Warren. See Note 70.
 Lowell Mason, Mus. D. " " 103.

HYMN No. 114.

There is a blessed home.

The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker. See Note 9.
 Sir John Stainer. See Note 47.

HYMN No. 115.

Ten thousand times ten thousand.

The Very Rev. Dean Alford. See Note 26.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 116.

(PARTS I., II., III. AND IV.)

“*The world is very evil.*”

“*Brief life is here our portion.*”

“*For thee, O dear, dear country.*”

“*Jerusalem, the golden.*”

The poetry of mediæval hymns is essentially mystical, and expresses the most subtle range of adoration, as though the writer lived in constant and close communion with the spiritual world. This mystic fervour of the mediæval writings still shows its influence in the modern hymns of the English Church, which owes many of its sweetest songs of prayer and praise to this model.

Bernard de Morlas, monk of Cluny, is not to be confounded with the great St. Bernard, his contemporary, Abbott of Clairvaux. (See Note 35.) He lived during the first half of the 12th century. He was born at Morlaix, on the sea coast of Brittany, but of English parents. Five hundred miles from Morlaix stood the well-known monastery of Cluny, which in the 12th century was at the very height of monastic reputation. Its splendid church, the most magnificent in France, the fulness and exactness of its ritual, and the multitude of its brethren raised it to a pitch of fame which, perhaps, no other house ever attained. Bernard became one of its children, and spent the remainder of his life in the tranquil retreat. Not only was Bernard a contemporary of the great St. Bernard, but by a strange coincidence, *De Contemptu Mundi*, was composed at Cluny, while the saint was composing at Clairvaux the equally well-known sacred poem, *Jubilus rhythmicus de nomine Jesu*. (See Hymn 35.)

The two monasteries were only about 150 miles apart; the two Bernards were, at the same time, each in his cloistered cell, singing the glories of the Celestial country; and both departed to their rest about the middle of the 12th century.

Of Bernard's five poems which have come down to us, the greatest *De Contemptu Mundi* (the theme of which is the heavenly home-sickness, and contempt of the world) contains 3,000 lines in dactylic hexameter verse, each line consisting of three parts, and two of these parts rhyme with each other, while the lines themselves are in couplets of double rhyme. The poem commences thus:

Hora novissima, || tempora pessima || sunt, vigilemus,
 Ecce minaciter || imminet arbiter || ille supremus.
 Imminet, imminet || et mala terminet || æqua coronet,
 Recta remuneret, || auxilia liberet, || æthera donet,
 Auferat aspera || duraque pondera || mentes onustae,
 Sobria muniat, || improba puniat, || utraque juste.

Hours of the latest! times of the basest! our vigil
 before us!

Judgment eternal of Being supernal now hanging
 o'er us!

Evil to terminate, equity vindicate, cometh the Kingly;
 Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing, crowning
 each singly,

Bearing life's weariness, tasting life's bitterness, life as
 it must be,

The righteous retaining, sinners arraigning, judging
 all justly.

This verse, so difficult that the English language is incapable of expressing it, is continued through the 3,000 lines of the poem. In his preface the monk avows the belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the Spirit of God enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. "I may assert," he says, "not in ostentation, but with humble confidence, that

if I had not received directly from on high the gift of inspiration and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little accorded to the powers of the human mind."

The opening of the poem glows with a description of the Heavenly Land more beautiful than ever before was wrought in verse. This a great scholar of our time (Archbishop Trench) has taken from the poem and brought within the reach and notice of the world. It has been rewoven also into simple English verse, and has received the appropriate name of "The Celestial Country."

The translator of "The Celestial Country" was *Dr. John Mason Neale*, Warden of Sackville College, Sussex, England, the most successful translator of mediæval hymns, and one of the most varied and voluminous writers of his time.

Lays and Legends of the Church of England; a Church History for Children; a History of Greece; a large number of tales and hymns for children, and a most learned and elaborate commentary on the Book of Psalms, are included in the long catalogue of his works.

John Mason Neale was born in London, 1818. Graduated at Cambridge, 1840, gaining for himself the unprecedented distinction of having taken the Seatonian prize on no less than eleven different occasions. He was indeed a marvellous scholar, qualified in every way, scholarship, sympathy, taste, admiration for ascetic life, to translate the Latin hymns of the mediæval age. He entered the ministry of the Church of England, but on account of his extreme views as a Ritualist, was "inhibited" for 14 years, and forbidden to exercise any ecclesiastical function. Struggling with poverty, he devoted himself to writing stories for children—stories which have had an immense sale, and which, in many respects, furnish a model for all who thus attempt to interest children, especially by dealing with historical facts. These fourteen years of inhibition were not years of idleness or fruitlessness.

On the contrary, they are now turning out to be the richest and best in his life.

In 1852 he translated this hymn of Bernard's. He died as Warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead, 1870.

In his introduction to "The Celestial Country," Dr. Neale says: "I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original: because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin. I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Ira* is the most sublime and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic of mediæval poems."

This scholar of Cambridge and this monk of Cluny have given to the religious world one of the sweetest and dearest religious poems that our language contains. The beautiful simplicity of its artless, childlike lines, portrays more naturally the fervid imagery of the monk — an imagery in which holy faith still finds refreshment. After 700 years of darkness the holy fervour of Bernard rekindles in it as warmly as when in the heat of his devotion he believed himself specially inspired by the Most High. In another language, at another and distant time, and among those who can but dimly trace his name in the crumbling record of his works, the rhyme of the poor monk relives to gladden the hearts of other Christians, loved and treasured by such as possess its faith — and thus from years belonging to the darkened past are saved thoughts of real, undeparted worth.

The author of "Great Hymns of the Church," with a broad and fine Catholic spirit, thus writes: "It is in many passages, a painful, even a revolting task to read the history of the Roman Church, and the excesses into which many of its dignitaries fell; but beneath all that dark exterior there were many precious souls that kept themselves unspotted from the world, that in

spite of all the errors and excesses of the time, could say in their solitude, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ." Where can we find a loftier form of piety, self-denial, pure consecration, than in the two Bernards, whose hymns are now so much in favour; or in Fenelon, Archbishop of Paris, a Roman Catholic in name, but a Protestant in heart; or Thomas á Becket whose blood was shed by the hands of an assassin on the altar-steps of England's oldest Cathedral: or Thomas á Kempis, whose wonderful book "Imitation of Christ," after the lapse of three centuries, has still such a hold on Christendom; or Cardinal Newman, whose hymn "Lead, Kindly Light" so often guides our devotions? Protestantism is not a narrow ecclesiasticism that can see nothing good beyond its own pale, but a form of that broad charity that can recognize grace wherever it is found; a brother beneath the monk's cowl, or the soldier's uniform, or the Quaker's quaint dress; in short anyone that has learned to do the will of the Father. We refuse to unite with the Roman Catholic church in their invocations, but not in their praises. We do not care about their forms, but we welcome their hymns, and sing as heartily as they, "The world is very evil," "Jerusalem the Golden," "Lead, Kindly Light;" and what is no less interesting, our Protestant hymns are making their way to *them* and finding a place in *their* collections. "Jerusalem the Golden" is no longer a Roman Catholic hymn — "Rock of Ages," no longer a Protestant hymn: so that in spite of ourselves we unite with the Roman Catholic and the Roman Catholic unites with us in those moments, rich in blessing, when we make our nearest approaches to God.

The great Quaker statesman, William Penn, once wrote: "The humble, merciful, just and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers."

Part I. "Bernard." *J. P. Holbrook*. An American composer.

Part II. St. Alphege. *H. J. Gauntlett*, Mus. D. See Note 27. "Staines." *Sir John Stainer*. See Note 47.

Part III. "Urb's Sion." The *Rev. C. J. Ridsdale*. Incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Folkestone. "Ewing." *Alexander Ewing*, born 1830. Educated at Mareschal College, Aberdeen; is a Paymaster in the army. This tune has been sometimes erroneously ascribed to the composer's cousin, the late Dr. Ewing, Bishop of Ayrghll.

HYMN No. 120.

Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

This "prison-hymn" was written in the Tower of London, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It has been the source of much discussion, and has a strange history. In the British Museum is a thin quarto volume, numbered 15,225, with the name "Queen Elizabeth" lettered on the back. It contains several pieces of sacred poetry, evidently written by Roman Catholics. The above hymn is found among them with the heading, "A song by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana." The best authorities in English hymnology have almost unanimously concluded that the initials stand for Francis Baker, Priest—F. B. P.—a Roman Catholic who suffered persecution in Queen Elizabeth's time. It is also generally thought that the sacred song by F. B. P. is a rendering of some old hymn, believed to date from the 8th or 9th century, of which the original text and author are unknown. Nor is it known who is the author of this favourite *adaptation* of Baker's hymn, which contained 26 stanzas. This adaptation first appeared in 1801, in the Eckington Collection of Hymns. The Rev. James Boden, one of its compilers, was himself a hymn-writer, and it is possible that he made the

present very beautiful version, found in almost all modern hymnals.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 122.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

This jubilant hymn, which has become one of the grandest, as well as one of the most familiar tones of the church, was written in 1779, by the Rev. Edward Perronet, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, Kent. In 1746, Edward, a close friend of Charles Wesley, was preaching in the Methodist connexion. Later he was one of the preachers appointed under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon. In 1755, when the question of separation from the Church of England came up, Perronet favoured, while the Wesley brothers strenuously opposed, the measure. Perronet severed his connection from the Church, and became pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters at Canterbury, where he died in 1792.

This hymn is founded on the latter part of *Revelation* xix.: "On His head were many crowns and on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords."

The tune "Miles Lane" was composed in the organ gallery of Canterbury Cathedral by *William Shrubsole*, organist of Spafields Chapel, London.

Oliver Holden, composer of "Coronation," was a music teacher. Born at Charlestown, Mass., 1765. Died 1844.

HYMN No. 123.

Crown Him with many crowns.

This hymn, likewise founded on the latter part of *Revelation* xix., was written by *Matthew Bridges*, born at Maldon, Essex, 1800. In 1848 he became a Roman Catholic. The above appeared in 1852 in a small work of his called *The Passion of Jesus*. His hymns are noted for their spirituality and beauty.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D. See Note 63.

HYMN No. 124.

We plough the fields and scatter.

This Spring-time and Harvest Hymn is from the German.

Wir pflügen und wir streuen.

by *Matthias Claudius*, born 1740 at Reinfeld, Holstein, of which his father was pastor. He died at Hamburg, 1815. As a poet his religious influence was great. His signature "*Asmus*" became renowned, and while his poems were not commonly utilized as hymns in the German hymn collections, this one at least merits a place in its graceful English dress, among our own songs of praise.

Johann Schultz, born at Lüneburg, 1747. Chapel master at Copenhagen to the King of Denmark, from 1787 to 1794, when he retired on a pension. Died at Schwedt, 1800. He composed oratorios, songs, hymns, ecclesiastical and instrumental music.

HYMN No. 126.

Come, ye thankful people, come.

The Very Rev. Dean Alford. See Note 26.

Sir George Elvey, Mus. D. See Note 63.

A popular author (*Fursdon*) thus writes of *Harvest Customs*: "The world is growing grave and old, and it is sad to think that many of the simple, old-fashioned enjoyments of past years are fading away. Still, there is another side to the inevitable laws of change; for out of the relics of the worship of Ceres, out of the ashes of the ancient customs of revelry, a phoenix has arisen, grand and hope-inspiring, and that carries back our memories to days before the Romans were conquerors of the world, and when the most ancient of all nations, the Jews, used to celebrate their yearly feast of Ingathering.

When first Harvest Festivals in churches were proposed they were looked on with suspicion, for somewhat similar services had been swept away by the iron

hand of the Reformation. But thankful hearts and good common sense have worn out the suspicion, and the day comes now in each year when almost every church in England is decked with sheaves of corn, grapes, torch-lilies, dahlias, sun-flowers, and all the splendours of Autumn fruits, and when glorious Te Deums and hearty Harvest Hymns rise in thanksgiving for the blessings on the fields. It is also customary for a Festival to be held in the Cathedrals of the principal county towns. And there are few nobler sights than to see the nave of one of these magnificent old buildings on a market day, so full of men and women of every position in life that they are sitting on the bases of the pillars and standing in the aisles; and there are few nobler sounds than to hear that mighty congregation burst into singing:

*Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!*

Once more the ancient cry of "*Largess*" is, as it were, revived. But now it is largess for the poor, beloved by God; it is largess for the suffering ones, who watch in pain; it is largess for Home and Foreign Missions, that all may be safely gathered in to the great final Harvest."

HYMN No. 129.

Eternal Father, strong to save.

William Whiting was born at Kensington, London, 1825, and educated at Clapham and Winchester. At the time of his death, in 1878, he had for many years been Master of Winchester College Choristers' School.

This hymn has been widely circulated in seaport towns, and has been an especial favourite on Sunday evening at the close of the services of the day, when Christian families have sung it as a prayer for absent members of the household whose calling is on the great waters.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 130.

Angel voices ever singing.

The author of this meritorious hymn is the *Rev. Francis Pott*, graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, 1854. At present incumbent of Northill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. The hymn is from his collection entitled, *Hymns fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, 1861.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D, See Note 40.

HYMN No. 132.

Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts.

This most excellent translation, rendered by the *Rev. Ray Palmer*, in 1833, is a portion of *St. Bernard's "Jubilee Rhythm"* :

*Jesu, dulcedo cordium
Fons vivus, lumen mentium.*

See Notes 35 and 81.

HYMN No. 133.

Shine Thou upon us Lord.

The *Rev. John Ellerton*. See Note 146.

HYMN No. 134.

Frances Ridley Havergal. See Note 87.

HYMN No. 135.

O still in accents sweet and strong.

The *Rev. Samuel Longfellow* is a brother of the deceased poet, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, and a Unitarian clergyman. Born at Portland, Maine, 1819. Graduated at Harvard University, Cambridge, 1839. He has laboured faithfully to advance the hymnology of his denomination by opposing all chilling rationalism. It is the highest testimony

that could be paid to his religious devotion as a writer that his hymns have not been deemed incongruous or inconsistent in recent collections made for Trinitarian churches.

See also

Again as evening's shadow falls. 144.

Alexander R. Reinagle, born at Brighton, England, 1799. Late organist of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford.

HYMN No. 136.

The hours of day are over.

The Rev. John Ellerton. See Note 146.

HYMN No. 137.

Hushed was the evening hymn.

The Rev. James D. Burns, minister of the Free Kirk, Dumblane.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D. See Note 40.

HYMN No. 138.

The day is past and over.

Anatolius was raised to be Patriarch of Constantinople in 450, A. D., and after governing the Eastern Church for eight years, with firmness and wisdom, he departed to his rest in 458, A. D. His hymns are full of life and beauty, and it is matter of deep regret that they are not more numerous. His sacred songs mark a new era in the Greek hymnology.

The original of the above Greek hymn is still sung throughout the Isles of Greece. In Dr. Neale's interesting account of it, he says: "This little hymn is a great favourite in the Greek Isles. It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's evening hymn (All Praise to Thee my God this Night) is to the villages of our own land."

Arthur H. Brown. See Note 30.

HYMN No. 139.

Now the day is over.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. See Note 42.
Joseph Barnby, Mus. D. See Note 6.

HYMN No. 140.

The radiant morn hath passed away.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring. See Note 94.
The Rev. Edward S. Medley. See Note 76.

HYMN No. 141.

Lead, kindly Light.

John Henry Newman was born in London, 1801. Graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, taking classical honours. In 1828 he accepted the incumbency of S. Mary's, Oxford, with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore. He took a leading part in what is known as "The Tractarian Movement," and in the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," contributing the final Tract No. 90, which brought down a severe censure from the University authorities as practically annulling the broad lines of demarcation between the English and Roman Catholic churches. He seceded from the Established Church in 1845 (12 years after this hymn was written), was received into the Roman Communion, and appointed head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. In 1858 he established a school for the sons of Roman Catholic gentry at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, and there for 32 years he led the life of a mystic and a recluse. On August 11, 1890, after an illness of only three days, at 90 years of age, in the obscurity of his almost private home, he quietly passed away.

His merits as a man of letters have seldom been exaggerated. He possessed a genuine, though little exercised, poetic gift. A great and keen controversialist, he made few personal enemies. His life was

pure and noble, untouched by worldliness, unsoured by any trace of fanaticism. Once more the world is reminded of the degree in which respect and love still attach to the saintly life when it is connected with one or another kind of intellectual leadership.

This hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," is the gem of his poetic writings.

In 1832, a religious change was coming over Newman. Doubt and gloom hung before him. He gave up his college duties, he tells us, and went to the Continent with his friend, Richard Hurrell Froude. It was during that absence from home that the tendencies towards Roman Catholicism, which he had already manifested, seem to have firmly fixed themselves, as permanent principles, in his mind. In the spring months of the next year, 1833, while travelling in Sicily, he became very ill with malarial fever. Enfeebled in body, and worried about Church affairs, he says: "I was aching to get home, and yet for want of a vessel was kept at Palermo for three weeks. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. There it was that I wrote the lines

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on,
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on."*

No one can read the lines and fail to see how much the writer was effected by the religious circumstances in which he was placed. In 1836, the hymn was published in *Lyra Apostolica*, under the title "The Pillar of the Cloud," with the motto text "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness," and with the note "At sea, June 16, 1833." (See Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, pp. 35-119.)

Newman had not been brought up as a Churchman, his earliest training having been Presbyterian. When the Church seemed to be threatened by the events of 1828-33, his soul was exceedingly disturbed, for he

had embraced her creed with all the ardour of a convert. One feels that this hymn is a true reflection of Newman's life *then*, and perhaps, too, during the years when, misunderstanding and misunderstood, he seemed to find nothing in the present or future of the Church but darkness and increasing darkness. Of course there is firm belief in Him, the Head of the Church, Who is all Light—if he has it not at least his Guide has it for him, he will try to follow as He leads, on to the morning of everlasting day. For life in this world is just now night to him. It was his overshadowing anxiety, almost despondency for the Church which induced him, in the little becalmed ship, to consider the time of this mortal life dark night—surely an unhealthy and an unscriptural sentiment. What we teach, and what we must therefore sing, is that we are children of “the light, and of the day,” that this is our daytime now, that, as our Lord puts it, the night (of death) cometh when no man can work. Still the beautiful hymn, “Lead, Kindly Light,” is of value to the Church for its poetry and its pathos, even though it might quite properly be placed in collections for private use. For times of depression and darkness come to nearly all of us, and this is just the cry which the heart bowed down would use at such times of anxious and sacred communion. The Church requires hymns as well as prayers “for all sorts and *conditions* of men,” and this is one of the good things Newman gave her, when, as Mr. Gladstone says, he stopped at the Church on his way from Clapham to Rome.

In reading or singing this hymn many are puzzled as to the correct interpretation of its last lines :

*And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.*

The general and popular interpretation is that held by Catherine, wife of the late Archbishop Tait, who had these two lines inscribed by her desire on the frame of Grispine's picture of the children lost at

Carlisle. The question raised by theologians and hymnologists is this: Does the "angel faces" have an objective or subjective reference — to lost friends gone on before, or to lost early religious impressions, to theological beliefs that were as "angel faces"?

In Oldcastle's "*Cardinal Newman, with Notes on the Oxford Movement and Its Men*," there is a chapter entitled "The Letters of Half a Lifetime." In writing to Mr. Greenhill, January 18, 1879, in reference to a question on the meaning of some expressions in the hymn "Lead, kindly Light," the Cardinal replies: "I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning (whatever it was) at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression, not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited."

In considering the influence of a prominent hymn, it is well not to lose sight of the fact that it is very much the *tune* to which the hymn is set that produces the marked effect upon the people. It was a graceful and well-merited tribute when the Rev. Dr. Dykes (the composer of "Lux Benigna") referred in Cardinal Newman's presence to the wide-spread popularity of the famous hymn, and the Cardinal quietly observed, "Yes, Dr. Dykes, you have made it what it is in the Church by your setting of it." It may be doubtful whether many of the favorite hymns do not owe their popularity to the same cause — good tunes.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 142.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

Thomas Ken was born in 1637 at Berkhamstead, Hertford. Having early lost his parents, his education was at first directed by his sister Ann, who

afterward became the wife of Izaak Walton, author of "The Complete Angler." At 13 years of age he was sent to Winchester College, and five years later entered Oxford. In 1666, Ken, who never married, was elected to a Fellowship in the College of Winchester, and forthwith he manifested great interest in the spiritual improvement of the scholars. In the next year he became Rector of Brighthstone, in the Isle of Wight.

In 1674, he published a small book entitled *A Manual of Prayers*, designed primarily for the use of Winchester scholars. A quarter of a century afterwards he appended to this manual his well-known Morning, Midnight and Evening Hymns. It is thought that the hymns were known many years before they were embodied in the manual, and that on broad sheets they were hung against the wall in the sleeping apartments of the Winchester scholars.

After many changes and preferments Ken was made Chaplain to King Charles II., and attended that unhappy monarch in his dying hours. In 1684, he was created Bishop of Bath and Wells, but seven years afterward was deprived of his See, after being committed to the Tower of London, because he refused to read the "Declaration of Indulgence" introduced by King James II. In 1704, he received a pension of £200 a year from Queen Anne, and retired to Longleat in Wiltshire, where, after many years of suffering, he died in 1711.

"I die," he said, "in the Communion of the Church of England as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross." In accordance with the Bishop's dying request, he was buried in the early morning at Frome "under the East window of the chancel, just at sunrise." It is said that just as the day dawned on his new-made grave, and the sun began to light up the brightening horizon, his friends burst out into the beautiful words of his own never-dying morning hymn

Awake my soul and with the sun.

“The moral character of Ken,” says Macaulay, “when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal of Christian perfection.”

Bishop Ken made large contributions to theology, both in prose and poetry, but his fame rests chiefly on his three great hymns. They have lost none of their quickening and refreshing powers during the centuries that have passed since they first were given to the Church. Probably no hymn has been more frequently sung during these last 200 years than this evening hymn

All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

There is probably no other verse in the world that is sung so often as that closing Doxology — itself a master piece —

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

Each of his hymns closed with this immortal Doxology.

Thomas Tallis was born in the year 1520. Organist of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Died in 1585 and was buried in the parish church of Greenwich. Tallis may be regarded as the founder of the School of English Church composers. He is well known by his Responses; he wrote also a great many Anthems, some of which are sung to this day. His works are distinguished for gravity of style, exquisite surprises of harmony, and masterly contexture of the parts. This tune “Canon” is more than the usual hymn-tune. It is written in the form of a *Canon*, which denotes in music that one part begins a melody which is imitated, note for note, by another part, starting a few beats later. This hymn-tune well illustrates the truth that the merit of a composition does not depend alone on the beauty of the melody, but upon the manner in which it is constructed.

HYMN No. 143.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

The *Rev. John Keble*. See Note 13.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. D., born at Ealing, Middlesex, 1830. Educated at Rugby School, and at Christ Church, Oxford. Completed his musical studies at Dresden and Leipzig. In 1865 Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, which has since been the principal scene of his labours. Received the honour of knighthood in 1876. His lectures, concerts and organ recitals have done much to advance the study and appreciation of classical music.

HYMN No. 146.

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name we Raise.

This beautiful evening hymn is from the pen of the *Rev. John Ellerton*, born in London, 1826, a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1849, and now Rector of White Roding, Essex. He has written many excellent hymns, which are found in all the leading Church hymnals. This hymn was originally written for a Festival of Parochial Choirs, held at Nantwich in 1866.

See also

Shine Thou upon us, Lord. 133.

The hours of day are over. 136.

The Lord be with us as we bend. 145.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. See Note 2.

The *Rev. J. B. Dykes*, Mus. D. See Note 1.

HYMN No. 147.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.

This exquisite hymn—by many considered to be the most perfect in our language, second only to “Rock of Ages” in point of world-wide popularity—was written, under peculiarly sad and pathetic circum-

stances, by the *Rev. Henry Francis Lyte*, born of English parentage, near Kelso, Scotland, in 1793. He early lost his father, Captain Thomas Lyte, an officer in the Royal army, and, not long afterward, his pious mother. He was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812. And though in consequence of straitened circumstances he had to struggle hard to get through the University, yet he rose to distinction as a student, and three times won the prize for the best English poetry, the money thus gained being an important addition to his meagre finances. He had intended the practice of medicine, but on his graduation we find him taking Holy Orders in the Church of England. In 1823, when 30 years of age, he was appointed perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, Devon, where for about a quarter of a century he and his devoted wife laboured amongst the rough sea-faring population. Here he carried on his blessed work, caring both for the bodies and the souls of men, preaching the Word, administering the Sacraments, and making hymns—hymns for the children of his flock, hymns for the hardy fishermen, hymns for sufferers like himself. For he was a life-long sufferer—early poverty; personal suffering from ill health; pastoral difficulty and discouragement, for his parish had been subjected to all the corrupting influences peculiar to the neighborhood of naval and military forces during the French war.

In the autumn of 1847, the increasing weakness of his constitution demanded change and repose, and his medical advisers accordingly urged him to pass the coming winter in a more genial clime. Concerning this command he wrote to a friend: "I am meditating flight again to the South. The little faithful robin is every morning at my window, sweetly warning me that autumn hours are at hand. The swallows are preparing for flight, and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl, and often ask myself whether I shall be

able to leave England at all." Before taking his journey he resolved to meet his people once more, administer to them the Holy Communion, and say some parting words. With wasted frame and hectic flush, he spoke with deep earnestness. His voice was heard for the last time in the pulpit. With much difficulty he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing Communicants. Exhausted with the effort he was led from the Sanctuary, and laid down on his couch in the quiet cottage home. There the weary minister—with the shadows of the long night gathering about him—anticipating the change that was coming over his mortal body—spent the evening of that memorable day writing this hymn, and thereupon handed the manuscript to a dear relative.

Not long afterward he left his home for the South of France. On reaching Nice his bodily weakness became so extreme that his loving friends saw the end was at hand. Sinking to rest, he pointed upward, whispering, "Peace, Joy." The face brightened; the eye of faith piercing through the gloom, seemed to scan the increasing brightness on the celestial horizon. He manifestly realized the triumphant meaning of his own never-dying words,

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.

And so this man of high culture, this gifted seer, died — after having a most remarkable answer given to the following prayer, which occurs in his poem on "Declining Days":

*" O Thou, Whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply:
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die."*

The hymn "Abide with me" is such a song; it will never die. It will be sung "until the day break and the shadows flee away." This precious hymn will ever teach a great lesson. In the words of an eloquent hymnologist, "It will help us in our life of faith —

help us to realize the presence of the Master when all around is dark — help us in the evening of our little day — help us by speaking of a Companion ever near, when lover and friend are removed into darkness, and when the spirit, weary with the battle of life, is about to pass away into that sphere where the sun shall no more go down, and where the days of our mourning shall be ended.”

See also

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven. No. 100.

W. H. Monk, Mus. D. See Note 39.

HYMN No. 148.

Still, still with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the foremost woman-writer of America, with gifts “of the Walter Scott pattern,” was born in the parsonage at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811. She was the seventh child of the wide-awake, bright, healthful, happy children in that family, in all numbering twelve, of whom eight became authors. At the age of fifteen she was associated with her talented sister, Catherine, in a girl’s seminary at Hartford; at twenty-one she became the wife of Professor Stowe; at forty-one she wrote *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, and almost at once took the place she now occupies in literature, for, however admirable some of her later books, that was the one that made her famous. This novel has been translated into nineteen different tongues. It is, indeed, popular all over the world. As Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read, at the garden party in honour of Mrs. Stowe’s seventieth birthday:

“ Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo
Would shout, ‘ We know the lady ! ’ ”

From the long catalogue of her writings the following are mentioned as especially interesting and popular:

The Minister's Wooing.
 Oldtown Folks.
 My Wife and I.
 We and Our Neighbors.
 Little Foxes.
 Queer Little People.
 Palmetto Leaves (Florida Sketches).

Mrs. Stowe's winter home is in Mandarin, Florida, her other in Hartford, where, to a recent visitor and magazine writer, she appeared "a very quiet little lady, plainly attired,—the wife, the mother, the grandmother, living in her domestic interests rather than the woman distinguished in national history and literature."

William H. Gerrish was born in New York city in 1837; has resided in Boston since 1854. He was organist and director of music of Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass., for twenty years. He has done much fine, musicianly writing for the Church; Anthems, Te Deums, &c., and for male voices, the latter particularly in connection with Masonic work, of which he is one of the best living musical interpreters.

HYMN No. 149.

Forever with the Lord.

This noble hymn, of world-wide popularity, was written by *James Montgomery* in 1835. (See Note 85.) It is full of ardent aspirations for the Better Land, akin to the earnest longings of Bernard of Cluny for the Celestial Country. (See Note 116.) The lines

*Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home,*

have been aptly called "a watchword of the Church Militant."

HYMN No. 151.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace.

The *Rev. Henry Downton*, author of this beautiful hymn for New Year's eve, graduated at Cambridge in 1840. For many years he was Incumbent of St. John's, Chatham, and subsequently British Chaplain at Geneva. He is now rector of Hopton, Suffolk. This hymn first appeared in 1843, in the *Church of England Magazine*.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born at New Orleans, 1829, of German-Jewish-French extraction. A composer and pianist of surpassing merit. He died suddenly at Rio de Janeiro, in 1869, at the height of his reputation.

CAROLS.

The carol (French, Noël) is a hymn or canticle of a light, joyous character, first introduced in the early middle ages, and sung in honour of the Nativity of our Lord. It was first cultivated either in France or Burgundy, and commonly sung there in very ancient times. In his Preface to "Christmas Carols," the Rev. Henry R. Bramley says: "The original source of the word is probably to be sought in the Greek *Kóros*, our 'chorus,' and also 'choir'; at first a dance in a ring, then a band of dancers who likewise sang; now a company of singers, or their united strains. The modern word seems to come from the mediæval Latin *coraula*. At first it signified a dance in a round with singing, and then a festive song. In its modern acceptation it may perhaps be defined as a sacred ballad." This derivation seems to be the most satisfactory, and to be supported by the latest and best authorities, including Professor Max Müller.

"Among the natives of Northern Europe especially, the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord has always been marked by an amount of public and secular observance which has not been accorded to the more ancient and august solemnities of Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost."

The recurrence of the Yule-tide was in England always welcomed with great rejoicings, and as a natural consequence the Christmas has obtained a firm hold upon the inmost affections of the people. The old English carols, verse and melody, have been perpetuated for the most part by the process of tradition alone, and without any artistic adornments whatever. Among the most famous are the "Boar's Head Carol," yet popular in Oxford, and that fine old melody sung to "God rest ye, Merrie Gentlemen." Modern carols follow, for the most part, the type of the ordinary part-song, in which, in nearly all cases (at least with

Sunday schools) the singers take only the melody, leaving the other three voices to be filled out by the organ.

CAROL No. 155.

There's a song in the air.

Josiah G. Holland, born in Massachusetts, U. S. A., 1819. Practised medicine for three years. Afterwards devoted himself to journalistic and literary labours. For many years he was a public lecturer on social and literary topics. Under the *nom de plume* of *Timothy Titcomb* he was the author of many interesting volumes, among which are the following: "Gold Foil," "Bitter Sweet," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "Kathrina," and "Arthur Bonnicastle." A complete edition of his poems has been published under the title "*Garnered Sheaves.*"

CAROL No. 157.

O, little town of Bethlehem.

This lovely carol—a poetic gem—was written in the year 1865 by the *Rev. Phillips Brooks*; born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1835. Graduated at Harvard University, 1855. After spending four years in the Episcopal Theological School at Alexandria, Virginia, he became assistant for a year to the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, Rector of the large, wealthy and important Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. 1860-'69 he was Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. 1869-1891 Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Oct. 14, 1891, consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts. He is a man of unique and splendid abilities. As a Bishop, his diocese of hearts extends far beyond the ecclesiastical limits of the See of Massachusetts. As a preacher his fame is world-wide. Archdeacon Farrar asserts that his equal as a preacher is not to be found in England. The eminent Congregationalist, Rev. Lyman Abbott, terms him "the greatest living preacher of his church, and of his country, if not of Protestant-

ism, and even of Christendom." He is one of the very few whose published sermons have made acceptable books. His habits of intellectual life are known to but very few. When or how he studies no one seems to know. The Rev. Lyman Abbott, one of his warm personal friends, says of him in regard to this matter: "He seems to me to be one of the few men in America who thinks more than he reads and meditates more than he studies. I suspect that he has fathomed the secret of Luther's declaration, 'To study is to pray.'"

The personal character of the man may be aptly described in the words of his own sermon preached soon after the assassination of the lamented President Lincoln: "The greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness."

While possessing the force and fire of the prophet—for he is a 19th century prophet—he shows at times—a gift too rarely used—the subtle insight and melodic rhythm of the true poet.

CAROL No. 161.

The *Rev. Frederick W. Farrar*. Born at Bombay, 1831. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1854. He has been successively Assistant Master Harrow School; University Preacher; Hulsean Lecturer; Master of Marlborough College; Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Canon of Westminster Abbey and Rector of St. Margaret's; Archdeacon of Westminster.

In philological and linguistic studies, as also in theology, Canon Farrar has been a voluminous and popular writer. His poetic gift is seldom exercised.

CAROL No. 167.

Let every heart now dance with joy.

The *Rev. John Henry Hopkins* was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 1820. Graduated at the University of Vermont, 1839. For thirteen years he was editor of the "Church Journal." In 1867 he accompanied his father, the Bishop of Vermont, and the

then presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States, to the first Lambeth Conference as his Chaplain. Successively Rector of Plattsburg, New York; of Williamsport, Pa., and Professor of the Evidences of Revealed Religion in the General Theological Seminary, New York. He was the author of many pamphlets and review articles. Among his larger works are "The Canticles Noted," "Carols, Hymns and Songs," "Poems by the Wayside"; he also edited Bishop Young's "Great Hymns of the Church." His power and versatility were shown in his success as preacher, journalist, author, hymn-writer, scientific musician, architect, and artist with the pencil. This carol, as also his carol *We three kings of Orient are* (177), has obtained a very wide popularity in both England and America. He died August 13, 1891.

CAROL No. 171.

Wonderful Night.

John Freeman Young, author of both words and music, was born in Pittston, Maine, 1820. Assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York City, 1866 and 1867. Bishop of Florida from 1867 till the time of his death, 1885. This is justly considered one of the most beautiful of American carols.

CAROL No. 186.

Hail! Festal Day.

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus. See Note 71.

The Rev. John M. Neale See Note 116.

This grand hymn-carol was in use throughout Europe as a Processional for Easter Day, and was universally popular in the Middle Ages. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. Of late, however, it has been almost universally neglected for the sake of something modern. It is to be hoped that the music to which the words have been so well set by Thomas Morley (see Note 7) will be the means of restoring the hymn to its proper position.

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HYMNALS

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1. **Hymns Ancient and Modern.** Edited by the late Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, and a Committee of Compilers, and published in 1874 by Clowes & Son. Revised and enlarged in 1890. It contains 638 hymns, and has obtained the widest circulation of all Hymnals.
2. **Church Hymns.** Edited by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and published by the S. P. C. K. in 1874. It contains 592 hymns.
3. **The Hymnal Companion.** Edited by the Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth (now Bishop of Exeter) and published by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, in 1878. The revised and enlarged edition (1890) contains 600 hymns.
4. **Church Hymnal.** Published in 1876 by permission of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland. This admirable collection has obtained a very wide circulation. It contains 475 hymns.
5. **A Church Psalter and Hymnal.** Edited by the Rev. Edward Harland, and published with an Appendix, in 1875, by Routledge & Sons. It contains 584 hymns.
6. **The Children's Hymn Book.** Edited by Mrs. Carey Brock. Published in 1877 by the Rivingtons. It contains 420 hymns (including carols).

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That the hymns are in the main drawn from the most approved sources of the Anglican Church (using that term in its broadest sense) the first line of each hymn will indicate also in which of the following books the hymn may be found:—

1. **Hymns Ancient and Modern.**
2. **Church Hymns.** (S. P. C. K.)
3. **The Hymnal Companion.** (Bickersteth.)
4. **The Church Hymnal.** (Irish.)
5. **The Song of Praise.** (Harland.)
6. **The Children's Hymn Book.** (Mrs. Carey Brock.)

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102	Forward go in glad accord,.....	2
103	From Greenland's Icy Mountains,..	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
152	God bless our Sunday School,.....
29	is love, His mercy brightens,..
98	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,	1, 2, 5, 6
92	Hail the day that sees Him rise,.....	1, 2, 3, 5, 6
4	to this our weekly rest,.....
18	Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
22	the herald angels sing,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
112	the sound of holy voices,.....	1, 2, 3, 5, 6
57	Hear, O Jesu, Israel's Shepherd,...
2	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,.....	5
1	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Al- mighty,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
68	Hosanna, loud hosanna,.....
10	to the living God,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
69	we sing like the children dear,.....	1, 6
137	Hushed was the evening hymn,.....	1, 2, 3, 6

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31	I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
109	love, I love Thee, Lord most high,	
74	see my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the Lowly,	
16	In our work and in our play,.....	
80	the Cross of Christ I glory,.....	
26	token that thou shalt not fear,...	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
120	Jerusalem, my happy home,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
119	the golden,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
64	Jesu, from Thy throne on high,.....	3, 6
48	Lover of my soul,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
45	mEEK and gentle,.....	1, 2, 3, 5, 6
82	mEEK and lowly,.....	1, 2, 5
95	my Lord, my God, my all,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 6
65	Saviour ever mild,.....	1
35	the very thought of Thee,.....	1, 3, 5, 6
132	Thou joy of loving hearts,....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
44	Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
83	Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,.....	
63	Just as I am,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
141	Lead, Kindly Light,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 6
58	Little children, come to Jesus,.....	
34	Lord Jesus, God and Man,.....	1, 2, 6
127	of the harvest, from Whose hand,	
134	speak to me that I may speak,	1, 3
17	this day Thy children meet,..	2, 5
54	Thy children guide and keep,	2, 6
131	Thy children lowly bending,	6
60	Thy word abideth,.....	1, 2, 4, 5, 6
21	More sweet He comes than morn- ing light,.....	
20	Mountains, bow your heads ma- jestic,	
81	My faith looks up to Thee,.....	3, 4, 5

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106	God, my Father, while I stray,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
46	Nearer my God to Thee,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
13	New every morning is the love,....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
33	Now thank we all our God,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
12	that my journey's just begun,	
139	the day is over,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
77	O dark and dreary day,.....	
3	day of rest and gladness,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
55	Jesu I have promised,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
38	Jesu Thou art standing,.....	1, 2, 3, 5, 6
128	Lord of heaven and earth and sea,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
76	Sacred Head surrounded,.....	1, 3, 4
87	Saviour, precious Saviour,.....	1, 5
56	Saviour who from heaven cam'st down,.....	
135	still in accents sweet and strong,	
84	Thou from Whom all goodness flows,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
61	where are kings and empires now,.....	
24	O'er the hill and o'er the dale,.....	
104	Oft in danger, oft in woe,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
8	On our festal day,.....	
40	Onward, Christian soldiers,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
96	Our bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
100	Praise my soul the King of heaven,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
39	Rejoice ye pure in heart,.....	1, 2, 3, 6
70	Ride on, ride on in majesty,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
79	Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
146	Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
94	blessed Saviour,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

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133	Shine Thou upon us, Lord,.....	1, 3
52	Sing to the Lord a joyful song,.....	
43	Stand up, stand up for Jesus,.....	1, 3
148	Still, still with Thee,	
125	Summer suns are glowing,.....	2
143	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
99	Sweet Holy Spirit, come,.....	
115	Ten thousand times ten thousand,..	1, 3
101	The Church's one foundation,..	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
138	day is past and over,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
89	golden gates are lifted up,.....	6
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71	Royal banners forward go,.....	1, 2
41	Son of God goes forth to war,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
86	strife is o'er, the battle won,...	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
53	wise may bring their learning,	3
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150	year is swiftly waning,.....	
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75	is a green hill far away,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 6
49	is a happy land,.....	3, 4, 6
47	There's a Friend for little children,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
15	Thine forever, God of love,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
88	Thou art gone up on high,.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
42	Through the night of doubt and sorrow,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
107	Thy will be done,	
90	Up in heaven, up in heaven,.....	1
72	Uplift the banner, let it float,.....	
108	Upward where the stars are burn- ing,	
19	We know that Thou shalt come,...	

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9	We love the place, O God,	1, 2, 3, 5
97	may not climb the heavenly steeps,	
124	plough the fields and scatter,....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
110	When evening choirs the praises hymned,.....	
67	His salvation bringing,.....	3, 4, 5, 6
6	morning gilds the skies,.....	1, 5
36	of old the Jewish mothers,	

CAROLS.

- 153 Arise and hail the Sacred Day.
 165 All this night bright angels sing.
 182 Alleluia, Alleluia.
 190 Jesus rises.
- 162 Bells do ring, children sing.
 189 By the thorny way of sorrow.
- 170 Calm on the listening ear of night.
 180 Christ hath arisen.
 178 is risen.
 188 is risen, Christ is risen.
 174 Come and hear the grand old story.
 158 ye lofty, come ye lowly.
- 191 Golden harps are sounding.
 169 Good tidings, good tidings.
- 186 Hail, Festal Day.
- 161 In the field with their flocks abiding.
- 187 Jesus lives, O day of days.
 175 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.
- 167 Let every heart now dance with joy.
 156 us go now to Bethlehem.
 184 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.
 159 Like silver lamps in a distant shrine.
- 154 No room in the inn.
- 157 O little town of Bethlehem.
 166 Once in royal David's city.

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- 163 Ring sweet bells of Christendom.
172 See amid the Winter's snow.
181 Shine, O sun in splendour bright.
164 Sing ye the songs of praise.
185 Soldiers awake! this is the festal hour.
160 Sound over the waters.

173 The inn was full.
192 pearly gates aside are rolled.
179 world itself keeps Easter Day.
176 There came three kings ere break of day.
155 There's a song in the air.
168 Today the joybells of the world.

177 We three kings of Orient are.
171 Wonderful night.

183 Ye happy bells of Easter Day.

MORNING :

- 13 New every morning is the love.
148 Still, still with Thee — when purple morning
breaketh.
6 When morning gilds the skies.

EVENING :

- 147 Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide.
144 Again, as evening's shadow falls.
142 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.
137 Hushed was the evening hymn.
141 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom.
139 Now the day is over.
146 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise.
148 Still, still with Thee.
143 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.
136 The hours of day are over.
145 The Lord be with us as we bend.
140 The radiant morn hath passed away.

SUNDAY :

- 5 Again the day of gladness.
7 Father, Holy Father.
4 Hail to this our weekly rest.
10 Hosanna to the living Lord.
11 My God, is any hour so sweet,
3 O day of rest and gladness.
9 We love the place, O God.

ADVENT :

- 117 Brief life is here our portion.
18 Hark ! the glad sound the Saviour comes.
21 More sweet He comes than morning light.
20 Mountains, bow your heads majestic.
19 We know that Thou shalt come.

CHRISTMAS. (See also Carols) :

- 23 Behold a little Child.
22 Hark ! the herald angels sing.

INNOCENTS' DAY :

113 Firstlings of martyrs, to whom it was given.

END OF THE YEAR and NEW YEAR :

151 For Thy mercy and Thy grace.

150 The year is swiftly waning.

EPIPHANY. (See also Carols) :

25 As with gladness men of old.

24 O'er the hill and o'er the vale.

LENT :

73 And didst Thou love the race that loved not
Thee.

105 Art thou weary, art thou languid.

117 Brief life is here our portion.

30 Come unto Me, ye weary.

59 Do no sinful action.

62 Forty days and forty nights.

31 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

48 Jesu, Lover of my soul.

63 Just as I am without one plea.

54 Lord, Thy children guide and keep.

46 Nearer my God to Thee,

55 O Jesu, I have promised.

38 O Jesu. Thou art standing.

79 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

116 The world is very evil.

PALM SUNDAY AND HOLY WEEK :

66 All glory, laud and honour.

68 Hosanna, loud hosanna.

69 Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

74 I see my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the
Lowly.

80 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

82 Jesu, meek and lowly.

95 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all.

81 My faith looks up to Thee.

77 O dark and dreary day.

PALM SUNDAY AND HOLY WEEK :

- 76 O Sacred Head surrounded.
- 84 O Thou from Whom all goodness flows.
- 70 Ride on! ride on in majesty.
- 79 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
- 71 The Royal Banners forward go.
- 75 There is a green hill far away.
- 72 Uplift the banner, let it float.
- 67 When His salvation bringing.

EASTER. (See also Carols) :

- 123 Crown Him with many crowns.
- 86 The strife is o'er, the battle done.

ASCENSIONTIDE. (See also Carols) :

- 93 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus.
- 122 All hail the power of Jesus' Name.
- 123 Crown Him with many crowns.
- 91 Far up on high.
- 92 Hail the day that sees Him rise.
- 120 Jerusalem, my happy home.
- 115 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
- 89 The golden gates are lifted up.
- 49 There is a happy land
- 88 Thou art gone up on high.
- 90 Up in heaven, up in heaven.
- 108 Upward where the stars are burning.

WHITSUNTIDE :

- 98 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.
- 21 More sweet He comes than morning light.
- 96 Our bless'd Redeemer ere He breathed.
- 99 Sweet Holy Spirit come.
- 97 We may not climb the heavenly steeps.

TRINITY :

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.
- 1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

BAPTISM :

- 26 In token that thou shalt not fear.

CONFIRMATION :

- 14 Children of the heavenly King.
- 27 Fair waved the golden corn.
- 55 O Jesu, I have promised.
- 96 Our bless'd Redeemer ere He breathed.
- 15 Thine for ever, God of love.

HOLY COMMUNION :

- 85 According to Thy gracious word.
- 132 Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts.

MISSIONS :

- 103 From Greenland's icy mountains.
- 61 O where are kings and empires now.
- 40 Onward Christian soldiers.
- 72 Uplift the banner, let it float.

ALMSGIVING :

- 128 O Lord of heaven, and earth and sea.

FOR THOSE AT SEA :

- 129 Eternal Father, strong to save.

SCHOOL FESTIVAL :

- 51 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.
- 50 Come, sing with holy gladness.
- 32 For the beauty of the earth.
- 152 God bless our Sunday school.
- 16 In our work and in our play.
- 34 Lord Jesus, God and Man.
- 17 Lord this day Thy children meet.
- 33 Now thank we all our God.
- 8 On our festal day.
- 53 The wise may bring their learning.

CHORAL FESTIVAL :

- 130 Angel voices ever singing.
- 50 Come, sing with holy gladness.
- 131 Lord, Thy children lowly bending.
- 100 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.
- 52 Sing to the Lord a joyful song.
- 42 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

HARVEST FESTIVAL :

- 126 Come, ye thankful people, come.
- 127 Lord of the harvest, from Whose hand.
- 128 O Lord of heaven, and earth and sea.
- 124 We plough the fields and scatter.

PROCESSIONAL :

- 102 Forward go in glad accord.
- 104 Oft in danger, oft in woe.
- 40 Onward Christian Soldiers. -
- 39 Rejoice ye pure in heart.
- 43 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.
- 101 The Church's one foundation.
- 41 The Son of God goes forth to war.
- 42 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

RECESSIONAL :

- 147 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
- 61 O where are kings and empires now.

TEACHERS :

- 132 Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts.
- 134 Lord, speak to me that I may speak.
- 135 O still in accents sweet and strong.
- 133 Shine Thou upon us, Lord.

HOLY SCRIPTURES :

- 60 Lord, Thy Word abideth.

DEATH AND BURIAL :

- 120 Jerusalem, my happy home.
- 106 My God, my Father, while I stray.
- 114 There is a blessed home.
- 107 Thy will be done.

ALL SAINTS :

- 121 For all the saints, who from their labours rest.
- 112 Hark the sound of holy voices.

LITANIES :

- 64 Jesu ! from Thy throne on high.
- 65 Jesu ! Saviour ever mild.
- 78 Saviour ! when in dust to Thee.

“Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord: for His Name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth.”—*Ps. cxlviii. 12.*











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