

CHRISTIAN
CHORALS.

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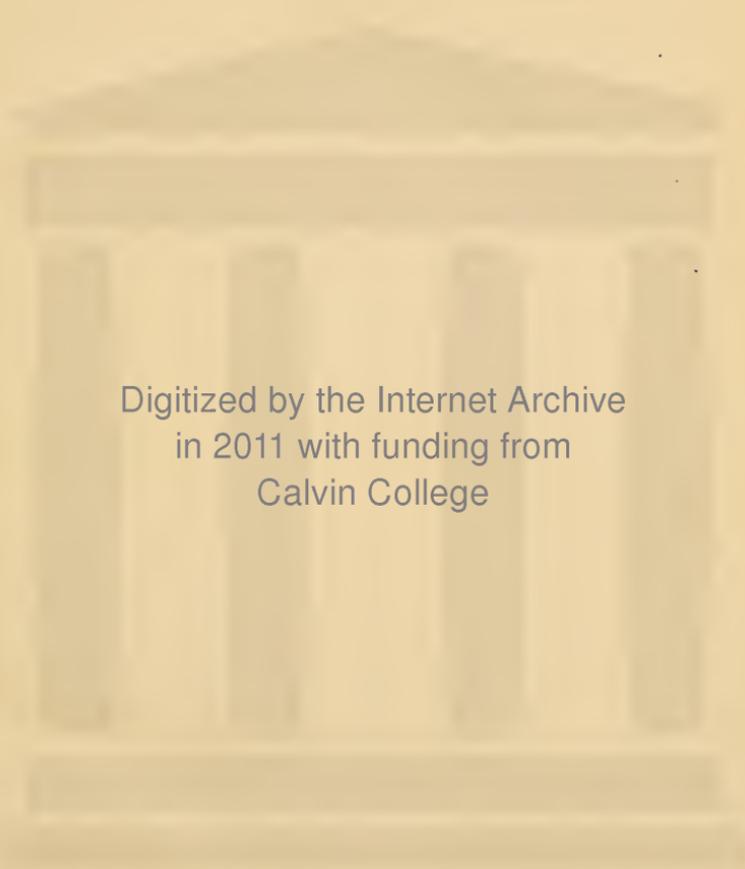
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CHRISTIAN CHORALS,

FOR THE

CHAPEL & FIRESIDE.

EDITED BY

✓
MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER.

"THOU SHALT COMPASS ME ABOUT WITH SONGS OF DELIVERANCE."

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

BIGLOW & MAIN.

1885.

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FOREWORD.

A limited number of hymns, set to thoughtful music, are here offered to the steadily increasing groups of those who are tired of compromise with the paltry and the common-place.

Three hundred praise-songs, if carefully chosen, are enough to satisfy all the moods of Christian worship. This number is here, and in a simple yet precise topical order.

These closely selected words are united with truthful and sober Church tones, many of them of deep historic interest and so old that to some they will be entirely new, many of them appearing now for the first time in American print, all of them full of vitality and musical character. The great choralists, Bach, and Cruger, and Decius, and their fellows, sufficiently predominate to give this collection its name: but Barnby and Dykes, and their peers, are not in the background. Nor do these by any means exclude the work of some conscientious American composers. Of easy ditties and half-shriven ballad strains there are meant to be none.

The slothful, who would offer to the Highest ascriptions which cost little and are worth no more, will see no beauty to desire in these dignified movements, whose high devotional value must be spiritually discerned. But some, who are weary of glassy jingles and endless iterations of the three chords, will recognise and welcome the vigor of these harmonies, and handling them earnestly will experience their power.

A people that would put these measures to the fullest test, must realize the argument that lies in unisonous singing,—suffering the undertones to be supplied instrumentally. Male voices blending in the treble (and for most voices it is practicable) give a roll and sway to congregational song that nothing else is like. The melody of this book is especially suitable for such rendering.

May the hint be offered, that domestic praise and practice, together with timely assemblings of the people for united vocal work, are the two surest means toward making common song intelligent and hearty.

In modesty, forbearance must be asked for the frequent hymns over the editor's name. They chiefly appear to render available chorals of unusual metre, for which there were no English lines, or none that seemed adequate.

The generous assistance of Hubert P. Main, Benjamin C. Blodgett, Max Piutti, William Piutti, Frederic M. Bird, and other friends not a few, is gratefully acknowledged; and so is the courtesy of the publishers of John G. Whittier's verse, in permitting the use of four selections.

To his dearest earthly friend the editor lovingly inscribes this collection, with the prayer that it may be blessed to the pure praise of Christ the Lord.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
May, 12, 1885.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

“BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven’s joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature’s chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayèd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh ! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.”

JOHN MILTON, 1629.

Christian Chorals.

I. Come, O Creator Spirit, come!

"For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people."

L. M.

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

Latin. RABANUS MAURUS, *d.* 856.
Trans. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.
Maestoso.

OLD CHURCH SONG. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.
Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, *d.* 1750.

1. Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it, come! And all these minds of Thine in - vest.

With grace su - per - nal fill the home, Which Thou hast built in ev - ery breast.

2.

Thou, Who art called the Paraclete,
The Gift of God most high Thou art,
The Font of life, love's Light and Heat,
And Unction of the inmost heart.

3.

Thou seven-fold Bounty, ever new,
Thou Finger of the hand divine,
Thou Promise of the Father due,
Enriching all our speech by Thine!

4.

Light Thou a flame in every sense ;
Upon our hearts Thy love in flood ;
And, for our bodies impotence,
Confirm us with perpetual good.

5.

Further repel the enemy ;
Right soon Thy gift of peace begin ;
So then, if Thou our Vanguard be,
Safe shall we shun each hateful sin.

6.

Thro Thee to know the Father teach ;
The knowledge of the Son outpour ;
For Thou the Spirit art of each,
And thus believe we evermore.

7.

Be praise to Father, and to Son,
And Holy Paraclete, in One.
So may the Son on us confer
The blessings of the Comforter!

2.

Meet and right it is to sing.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

7s & 6s P.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749, *abr.*

Excelsius.

JOHN H. CORNELL, 1872.

1. Meet and right it is to sing, In ev-ery time and place, Glo-ry to our

heavenly King,—The God of truth and grace : Join we, then, with sweet ac-cord,

All in one thanksgiving join : Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! E-ter-nal praise be Thine.

By permission of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2.

Thee the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease :
 Angels, and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One,
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelmed before Thy throne !

3.

Father, God ! Thy love we praise,
 Which gave Thy Son to die :
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify :
 Spirit, Comforter Divine !
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And Earth is turned to Heaven.

3.

My heart her incense burning.

7s & 6s P.

Ger. J. MATTHESIUS, d. 1565.
Tr. HENRY MILLS, 1856, *abr.**"Bring your sacrifices every morning."*

Thurifer.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.
Arr. J. HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.

1. My heart her in-cense burn-ing. I'll of-fer thanks and praise,
Now, with re-turn of morn-ing, And thro all fu-ture days;

I'll praise Thee on Thy throne, Great source of ev-'ry bless-ing,

My song to Thee ad-dress-ing Thro Christ, Thine on-ly Son.

2.

Thy mercy asks my praises
That kept me thro the night;
And now from sleep it raises,
To greet the dawning light.
Thro out the coming day,
In mercy still direct me:
From Satan's wiles protect me,
From sin and from dismay:

3.

Thy plan of grace pursuing,
To me Thy grace impart:
Control, in all I'm doing,
The wishes of my heart:
Thy shield hold Thou above;
Then nothing shall distress me,
To duty I'll address me,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

"Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises."

12.12.12.10.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

Nicœa.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn -

ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and

Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2.

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.

3.

Holy, holy, holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho 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.

4.

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! Amen.

5. Now the day is over.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."

6.5.6.5.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865, *abr.*

Twilight.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1858.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.
even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.

2.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

4.

Comfort every suff'rer
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5.

Thro the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thine holy eyes. Amen.

6. All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."

L.M.

THOMAS KEN, 1697, *abr.*

Evening Hymn.

THOMAS TALLIS, *cir.* 1567, *a.*

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. All praise to Thee, my God! this night, For all the blessings of the light :

Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings! Be-neath Thine own al - mighty wings.

2.

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.

3.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5.

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.

7.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely past the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning light.

2.

New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :
My conscions soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

3.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

4.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day,—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, 1773.

8. Upraised from sleep, to Thee we kneel.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

12.8.8.4.4.7.

"Barnby's Hymnary" No. 55.

ROBERT C. SINGLETON, 1872.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.

1. Up - raised from sleep, to Thee we kneel, as day doth break; To

Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring; For

rit. mer - cy's sake, Oh, pi - ty take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! A - men.

2.

Thou, Lord, hast, from my couch of rest uplifted me;
Oh, light my mind; Oh, light my heart;
And ope my lips to take their part
In praising Thee, Blest Trinity.
O Holy, Holy, Holy!

3.

The Judge will on a sudden come, to bring to light
The deeds of each, that secret lie;
But, unalarmed, we still will cry,
Amid the fright, At dead of night,
O Holy, Holy, Holy! Amen.

9. Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.

"The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ."

7-7-7-7-7.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1833. *abr.*

Dies Christi.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1880.

1. Hail, thou bright and sa - cred morn, Ris'n with glad-ness in thy beams!

Light, which not of Earth is born, From thy dawn in glo - ry streams.

Airs of Heav'n are breath'd a - round And each place is ho - ly ground.

2.

Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,

Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

3.

Great Creator! Who, this day,
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway

Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of Earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone.

4.

Saviour! who, this day, didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine thro all its sin and gloom.
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee!

5.

Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!

Sent, this day, from Christ on high;

Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,

Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!

All Thine influence shed abroad,

Lead me to the truth of God!

6.

Ah! the rest which yet remains

For Thy people, Lord, above,

Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,

Endless as their Saviour's love.

Oh, may every Sabbath here

Bring us to that rest more near!

10. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

"Thou wilt light my candle."

L. M.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. *abr.*

Hursley.

PETER RITTER, 1792.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear! It is not night, if Thou be near;

Oh! may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!

2.

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!

3.

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.

4.

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.

5.

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!

6.

Come near and bless us when we wake,

Ere thro the world our way we take;

Till, in the ocean of Thy love,

We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

I 1. Thro the day Thy love hath spared us.

"Abide with us for it is toward evening."

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

Hesperus.

JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.

1. Thro the day Thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest

Thro the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;

Je - sus, Thou our Guar-dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

From "The Hymnary" by per. S. Lasar.

2.

Pilgrims here on Earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2.

Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *abr.*

I 2.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;

13. Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your thoughts and your hearts in Christ Jesus."

10. 10. 10. 10.

Pax Dei.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866. *abr.*

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1866. *arr. E. B.*

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac - cord, our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship

rit.
cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2.

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 called upon Thy Name.

3.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro 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. *Amen.*

14. Thro the love of God our Saviour.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

MARY B. PETERS, 1846.

"The darkness and the light are both alike."

Temple.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1867.

1. Thro the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; Free and changeless

is His fa - vor; All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Perfect

is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.

2.

Tho we pass thro tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, thro the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing thro days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

15. God that madest earth and heaven.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

Sterndale.

Stanza 1. REGINALD HEBER, 1827.
Stanza 2. RICHARD WHATELY, 1860.

WM. STERNDALE BENNETT, 1864.

1. God, that mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light ; Who the day for

toil hast giv - en, For rest the night ; May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us ! Slumber

sweet Thy mer - cy send us ! Ho - ly dreams and hopes attend us, This live - long night !

1st stanza. *pp.*
2d stanza. *ff.*

2.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

16. The lovely Sun has now fulfilled.

"The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield."

8.7.8.7.6.6.8.8.

"Der lieben Sonnen licht."

Ger. M. CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, d. 1693.
Tr. M. W. STRYKER, 1882.

GERMAN, 1690.

1. { The love - ly Sun has now ful - filled His course of light and splen - dor; }
 { While all the Earth to rest has stilled, My soul, thy du - ty ren - der. }

Step forth to Heaven's door, And sing thy car - ol o'er; Thine eyes, and

heart, and mind up - raise To Je - sus, with thine even - ing praise.

2.

Despise not Thou the lowly chant
 That now, O Lord, I sing Thee;
 For peace my heart doth ever want,
 Till I her tribute bring Thee.
 Tho' what I bring is least,
 Oh, take it! as my best;
 And all I heartily intend
 Discern, O Christ, my soul's true Friend.

3.

With Thee I take me to my couch,
 My soul to Thee commending.
 Thou wilt, my Shepherd, slumber vouch,
 All-wisely still befriending.
 I nothing fear on Earth,
 Not pain, nor Hell, nor death;
 For who in Jesus' arms hath lain,
 At morn with joy will rise again.

Now, weary frame, thy rest prepare.
 In holy quiet closing,
 Ye burdened eyes, shut out your care,
 Give all to God's disposing:
 But one word curtain in,
 "Lord Jesus, I am Thine!"
 So endeth all my day aright.
 Now, dearest Lord, good-night—good-night.

17. The child leans on his parent's breast.

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

8.8.8.4.8.4.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842.

Hubert.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883. *har.* E. C. B.

1. The child leans on his parent's breast, Leaves there his cares, and is at rest; The bird sits singing

by his nest, And tells a - loud His trust in God, and so is blest 'Neath every cloud.

rit.

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2.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
 Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
 By flowing stream or grassy mead,
 He sings to shame
 Men, who forget, in fear of need,
 A Father's name.

3.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
 And feels as light as it had wings;
 A well of peace within it springs;
 Come good or ill,
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings,
 It is His will.

18. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

10. 10. 10. 10.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847, *abr.*

Adagio.

Eventide.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1860.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are: '1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness'.

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers'.

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh a - bide with me! A - men.

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh a - bide with me! A - men.'

2.

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.

3.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, tho rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

4.

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 ?
 Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

5.

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.

6.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine thro' 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. *Amen.*

19. Softly now the light of day.

7-7-7-7.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824, *abr.*

"An inheritance * * that fadeth not."

Esther.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1878.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

The musical score is in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano).

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would com - mune with Thee.

The musical score continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The piano part features a more active accompaniment with moving lines in both hands.

2.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within!
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

3.

Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee

20. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Melita.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849, *abr.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

Andante.

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

p
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

p Thro life's long day and death's dark night, *f* O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2.
Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> | <p>That only long to be like Thee.
Thro life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> |
| <p>3.
Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy</p> | <p>4.
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Thro life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> |

2 I.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

2.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

4.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Thro' all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *arr.*

22.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man
knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose!
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to
share?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from Earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3.

Each moment draw from Earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,—
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. r., GENHARD TERSTEGEN, 1631.
Tr., JOHN WESLEY, 1738.

23.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2.

O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Thou who didst walk the foaming deep,
And, calm amid its raging, sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3.

O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion peace;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1862.

Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness!

L. M.

"The glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east."

Durham.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839. *abr.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

1. Thou glo-rious Sun of Righteous-ness! On this day ris'n to set no more,

Shine on me now to heal, to bless, With brighter beams than e'er be-fore.

2.

Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3.

Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal!

4.

Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faiths far-penetrating eye;
And let their splendor cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

5.

Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall
chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high!

25.

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away!

2.

Oh! may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

4.

Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

ROMAN BREVINARY.

Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.

All. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

26. Now God be with us, for the night is closing.

II. II. II. 5.

BOHEMIAN HYMN, *cir.* 1530.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858.

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

Integèr Vitæ.

FRIEDERIC F. FLEMMING, 1810.

1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing, The light and darkness are of His dis-

mf pos-ing; And 'neath His shad-ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.

2.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us
Thine angels send us.

3.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us,
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4.

We have no refuge, none on Earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

5.

Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on Earth as 'tis in Heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

27.

The day is past and over.

"He turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

7.6.7.6.8.8.

Gk. ANATOLIUS, 5th CENTURY, d. 458.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862, alt.

St. Anatolius.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

We pray Thee, that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:

O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro the com - ing night.

2.

The joys of day are over :

We lift our hearts to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinlessThe hours of gloom may be :
O Jesus, make our darkness light,
And save us thro the coming night.

3.

The toils of day are over :

We raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be :

O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us thro the coming night.

4.

Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils,
Thro which we have to go :
Lover of men, Oh hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

28. Lord of my life, Whose tender care.

"My expectation is from Him."

St. Vincent.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

"Ω CHELSEA," 1838.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1862.

1. Lord of my life, Whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
 Here, low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne I bow;
 I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.

2.

Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow ;
 To Thee and to Thy glory live,
 Dead to all else below ;
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Tho thorny, yet the path to God !

3.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day ;
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray ;
 All that I have, or am, to Thee
 I offer thro eternity.

29.

O VERY God of very God,
 And very Light of Light,
 Whose feet this Earth's dark valley
 That so it could be bright. [trod,
 Oh, guide us till we reach that shore
 Where Thou art shining evermore.

2.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to
 With healing on Thy wings. [chase,
 The East no more is dull and grey,
 But kindling to the perfect day !

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1844, arr.

30. Holy God, we praise Thy name.

"I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any being."

7.8.7.8.7.7.

THE TE DEUM, 4th CENTURY.
Fr. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH, 1853.

Meinhold.

Doubtfully ascribed to
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, cir. 1730.

Maestoso.

2.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising
Cherubim and seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

3.

Lo! the Apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of sun,
Thro the Church the song goes on.

4.

Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary,
For us sinners sacrificed,

And to death a tributary,
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.

5.

From Thy high, celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the Earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

6.

Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee
Never, Lord, abandon me

31. Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent King!

"Who crowneth thee with loving kindness."

14.14.4.7.8.

"Lobe den Herren."

Ger. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1668.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major and 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system includes the vocal parts and piano accompaniment, with lyrics written below the vocal lines. The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment.

1. { Praise to the Lord, the om-ni-po-tent King of Cre-a-tion! }
{ Join with the cho-ral of Heav-en, ye great Congre-ga-tion! } My soul! partake,
Ju-bi-lant psalm-o-dy wake, Pour forth thy glad in-vo-ca-tion!

2.

Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor,
Yet as on eagle-wing, beareth thee upward so tender!

He hath decreed

Bountifully to thy need;

Deeply thy gratitude render.

3.

Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee;
Healed thee; and guided thee;—never neglected to aid thee!

In bitter pain,

Over and over again,

God, in His covert, hath stayed thee.

4.

Praise to the Lord! To that Name halleluJah forever!
Sing all ye people, the Holy Name strong to deliver!

He is your Light!

Never forget ye His right.

Amen! forever and ever.

32. My God, how wonderful Thou art!

C. M.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849, *abr.*

"I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty."

Westminster.

JAMES TURLER, 1852.

1. My God, how won-der - ful Thou art! Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!
 How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!

2.
 How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord!
 By prostrate spirits, day and night,
 Incassantly adored.

3.
 How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of Thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
 And awful purity!

4.
 Oh! how I fear Thee, living God!
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship Thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.

5.
 No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother, half so mild,
 Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
 With me, Thy sinful child.

33.
 I SING th'almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

2.
 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at His command,
 And all the stars obey.

3.
 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye,
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky!

4.
 There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes Thy glories known;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from Thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715, *abr.*

34. O Thou, Eternal, Changeless, Infinite!

"He is not far from each one of us."

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

The Old 124th.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

CLEMENT MAROT'S PSALTER.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.

1. O Thou, E - ter - nal, Changeless, In - fi - nite! First, Last, and On - ly;

fill - ing all in all; Hid - ing Thy glo - ry in a - byss of light; Ma - jes - tic

in Thy mer - cy as Thy might; My God! with per - fect trust Thy name I call.

2.

I dare, unfrightened, lift my eyes above;
 Within Thy house, my Father! can I fear?
 My heart's deep answer needeth not to prove
 The pulses of Thyne omnipresent love;—
 My spirit's cry Thy Spirit bends to hear.

3.

Thou, Who the number of the stars dost tell,
 Bow, Lord, to order all my destiny!
 As seeing Thee who art invisible,
 Let me amid these awful grandeurs dwell,
 Forever Thyne obedient child to be.

Oh Worship the King!

"His tender mercies are over all His works."

IO. IO. II. II.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830, *abr.*

Houghton.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1860.

1. Oh wor-ship the King! all glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly

sing His pow'r and His love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, the

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.

2.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

36. Should I not, in meek adoring.

"We know and have believed the love which God hath."

8s & 7s P.

"Sollt 'ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. *abr.*
Tr. M. W. STRYKER, 1882.

BOLZE, 1788.

1. { Should I not, in meek a - dor-ing, Thank my gracious God a - bove, }
 { Whom I see on all things pouring Forth the sunshine of His love? } For'tis naught but

Love's own loving In His constant heart, doth care Endlessly to love and bear Those their

love, in ser-vice, proving. All things last their portioned day—God's love to eter-ni - ty.

2.

3.

O'er her young the eagle hovers,
 Spreading wide her wings' defence:
 So, each day, my soul God covers
 Under His omnipotence.
 Out of naught began my living,
 When the mighty Father bade,
 And the life that then He made
 Still has shared His changeless giving.
 All things last their portioned day—
 God's love to eternity

All-compassionate, the Father
 For us gave His dear Firstborn,
 In that Life-gift aye to gather
 Home the orphaned and forlorn.
 O Thou vast immeasured Kindness!
 Deep unfathomable Sea!
 Who can bound Thy mystery?
 Human wisdom owns her blindness.
 All things last their portioned day—
 God's love to eternity.

37. Leave God to order all thy ways.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

Ger. GEORGE NEUMARCK 1653.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855.

GEORGE NEUMARCK, 1657.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. { Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what'e'r be - tide; }
{ Thou'lt find Him, in the e - vil days, Thine all - suf - ficient strength and guide: }

Who trusts in God's un - changing love, Builds on the Rock that naught can move.

2.

What can these anxious cares avail,—
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take what'e'r His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet:
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

5.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred:
Time passes, and much change doth
And sets a bound to every thing. [bring,

6.

All are alike before His face:
'Tis easy, to our God most high,
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

7.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His
But do thine own part faithfully; [ways,
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

38. Thro all the changing scenes of life.

*"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, * * that walketh in darkness and hath no light;—let him * * stay upon his God."*

C. M.

Bradford.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741

1. Thro all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub-le, and in joy,
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

2.

Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3.

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name!
When in distress to Him I called
He to my rescue came.

4.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5.

Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

39.

THERE is an hour, when I must part
From all I hold most dear;
And life, with all its hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2.

There is an hour, when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat,
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

3.

There is an hour, when I must look
On one eternity,
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be!

4.

O Saviour! then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in Thee.

ANDREW REED, 1842.

God moves in a mysterious way.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772, *abr.*

Abdiel.

arr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!

4.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

41.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2.

In early days Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3.

I know the Power in Whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4.

Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

MICHAEL BRUCE, 1781, *ab.*

Whate'er my God ordains is right.

"My God shall fulfill every need of yours."

"Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan."

8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.

Ger. SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1675.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *abr.*

NUREMBERG, 1690.

1. { Whate'er my God or - dains is right, Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth ;
I will be still what-e'er He doth, And fol - low where He guid - eth. }

He is my God, Tho dark the road, He holds me that I shall not fall,

Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

3.
Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Tho now this cup, in drinking,
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all unshrinking ;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart.
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

2.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me ;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

4.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here shall my stand be taken ;
Tho sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken :
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

43. Lord! Thou hast been Thy people's rest.

"Thou art the same."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

"Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."

NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1539.

Har. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1835.

1. { Lord! Thou hast been Thy peo-ple's rest Thro all their gen - e - ra - tions. }
 { Their ref-uge when by dan-gers prest, Their hope in trib - u - la - tions; }

Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ev - er Thou hadst formed the Earth,

3. Lord! teach us so to mark our days
 That we may prize them duly:
 Art God from ev - er - last - ing! So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
 That we may love Thee truly:
 Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
 Oh satisfy us early!

2.	4.
Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes	Restore our comforts as our fears,
All our misdeeds and errors;	Our joy as our affliction:
Our secret sins from darkness rise,	Give to Thy Church thro changing
At Thine awakening terrors.	Increasing benediction. [years,
Who shall abide the trying hour?	Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?	And with Thy perfect image seal
We flee unto Thy mercy!	Thy servants and their labors.

Our God, our help in ages past.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Norwich ("Old 137th.")

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the

storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home: Un - der the shadow of Thy throne, Thy

saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our defense is sure.

2.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God;
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O r God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

45. A Tower of Safety is our God!

"Therefore will not we fear."

"Ein' Feste Burg."

8s, 7s, & 6s. P.

Ger. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1521.

Arr. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

1. { A Tower of safe - ty is our God! A good - ly Ward and Wea - pon. }
 { He'll help us free, tho force or fraud To us may now mis - hap - pen. }

The old re - lent-less Fiend Our ru - in doth in - tend; Gross might, and deep de

vice, His dread-ful ar - mor is; On Earth there's none can match him!

2.

2.

By our might, we could do no more
 Than vainly to have striven;
 But for us the right Man will war,
 Whom God Himself hath given.
 Dost ask, who is with us?
 It is the Christ, Jesus!
 The Lord of Sabaoth,
 None other God, that doth
 The vantage hold forever.

And if the world were Devil-full,
 All purposed to consume us,
 'T would not so much affright our soul,
 It is not they can doom us.
 This world's dark Prince may still
 Lour sullen as he will;
 For he can harm us naught.
 'T is past. His doom is wrought.
 One word can bring his downfall!

3.
 That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
 No thank to them that jeer it!
 Yea, on the plain, He's at our hand,
 By His own Gift and Spirit.
 And should they take our life,
 Fame, fortune, child, and wife,—
 Let them all this begin :
 But they can nothing win ;
 God's Kingdom yet awaits us !

46. To Thee, our God, we fly.

"That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, *THE LORD THY GOD.*"

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Dudley.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871, *abr.*

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.

1. To Thee, our God, we fly, For mercy and for grace; Oh hear our lowly cry, And hide not

Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our Fatherland.

<p>2. Arise, O Lord of Hosts! Be jealous for Thy Name, And drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our Fatherland.</p>	<p>3. The powers ordained by Thee With heavenly wisdom bless, May they Thy servants be, And rule in righteousness. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our Fatherland.</p>
---	---

Now thank we all our God.

*"He hath not dealt with us after our sins."***"Nun Danket alle Gott."**

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.

Ger. MARTIN RINKART, 1644, *stan. 1.*JOHANN FRANK, 1653, *stan. 2, 3.*Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858, 1862, *arr.*

JOHANN CRUGER, 1648.

1. { Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voic - es, }
Who wond - rous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es ; }

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blest us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2.

Lord God, we worship Thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy goodness spare us,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3.

Lord God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
We praise Thy love and power
In loud and happy chorus,
To Heaven our song shall soar;
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

We lift our hearty cry.

“Proclaim liberty thro’out all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.”

6s & 4s. P.

Columbia.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

MAX PIUTTI, 1883.



1. We lift our heart-y cry 'To Thee, O Lord, on high, For our dear land. No oth - er



king have we, Thou must our ref-uge be, Up - hold our lib - erty! Stretch forth Thine hand!



Tho en-vy mock, We are Thy flock, God save A - mer - i - ca! Be Thou her rock!



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2.

3.

Plead Thou the righteous cause,
Write Thou the nation's laws,
Our peace maintain.
Oh! make us wise and good,
In holy gratitude,
And happy brotherhood,
Beneath Thy reign!
From Sea to Sea,
In Christ made free,
God save America her unity!

Lord, break oppression's rod!
Proclaim the truce of God
To all mankind!
If Thou our borders bless,
Save us from selfishness,
To bear the world's distress,
And share Thy mind.
Oh! condescend!
Be Thou our Friend!
God save America, till time shall end!

Thank God it hath resounded.

"He maketh wars to cease."

7s 8s & 6s P.

"Nun lob' mein Seel den Herren."

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1648.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862, *abr.*JOHANN KUGELMANN, *cir.*, 1540.

1. { Thank God it hath re - sound-ed, — The blessed voice of joy and peace! }
 { And sorrow's reign is bounded, And spear and sword at last may cease. } Bright hope is

breaking o'er us, A - rise, my land, once more, And sing in full-toned cho - rus,

The hap - py songs of yore; Oh raise thy heart to God and say, Thy cov'nants,

Lord, en - dure, Thy mercies do not pass a-way, Thy prom-i - ses..... are sure!

2.

O man, with bitter mourning
Remember now the by-gone years,
When thou hast met God's warning
With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
Yet, like a loving Father
He lays aside His wrath,
And seeks with kindness rather
To lure thee to His path;
He tries if love may yet constrain
The heart that hath withstood
His rod,—oh, let Him, not in vain,
Now strive with thee for good!

3.

Thou careless world, awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
Ere yet ye be o'er taken
With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
But he who knows Christ liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,
The peace, that now He giveth,
Hath deeper meaning still,
For He will surely teach us this:
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye, in perfect rest and peace,
Before your God shall stand."

50. O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.

L. M.

"The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers."

Eisenach.

LEONARD BACON, 1838. 1844.

JOHANN H. SCHEIN, 1627.

Har. J. SEBASTIAN BACH, 1730.



1. O God, beneath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers crossed the sea,



And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.



2. Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
the prayer; The God they trusted guards their graves.

Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward thro all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour!

4.

And here Thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God,
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the Earth no more.

51. O God, all-terrible! Thou who ordainest.

"When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

II. 10. II. 9.

HENRY F. CHORLEY, 1854, a.
JOHN ELLERTON, 1873.

The Russian Hymn.

ALEXIS LWOFF, 1830.

1. O God, all - ter - ri - ble ! Thou who or - dain - est Thun - der Thy

cla - rion, and light - ning Thy sword ; Show forth Thy pit - y on

high where Thou reignest ; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

2.

O God, omnipotent, mighty Avenger !
Watching unseen, wielding judgment unheard,
Show us compassion,—oh ! save us from danger,—
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

3.

O God, all-merciful ! Earth hath forsaken
Thy way all-holy,—hath slighted Thy word,—
Let not Thy wrath, in its terror, awaken,—
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord !

God save our land!

"The Eternal God is thy refuge."

"Der Herr ist gut."

10. 12. 10. 4.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1881.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.

1. God save our land! Be this our steadfast pray'r; Thy kingdom come with pow'r and glory

ev - ery-where; Let all our souls in - voke Thine aw - ful care:— God save our land!

ff lento.

Copyright, 1883, by M. W. Stryker.

2.

Keep Thou our flag! Till not a stain appears,
 Let every spot of wrong be purged in godly tears;
 Thro stripes lead upward to the bright'ning stars:—
 God save our land!

3.

"In God we trust!" Make bare Thine arm, O Lord!
 Smite pride, and hate, and lies, and lust, by Thy pure word;
 And, when we sin, spare not Thy faithful rod:—
 God save our land!

4.

Guide them that rule! Our blood-bought freedom keep;
 Let union, love, and law, their happy harvest reap;
 Till in thanksgiving Deep shall answer Deep:—
 God save our land!

5.

Let Jesus reign! In holy covenant,
 Of Him, by Him, for Him, be all the government;
 Sign with His cross a ransomed continent:—
 God save our land!

53. Thou true God alone, great and Holy One.

"He left not Himself without witness."

Lux Matutina.

5.5.10.5.5.10.

Ger. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1674.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1869, *abr. changed.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



1. Thou true God alone, Great and Holy One, Thou Good no creature soul can comprehend;



My heart sings in me, My voice praises Thee, Thou art the Lord whose wonders never end.



2.

All things join with me,
Earth, and sky, and sea,
To tell Thy praises and Thy fame abroad;
Voices pure and clear,
Sounding far and near,
Proclaim how great the glory of the Lord.

3.

Lo, the crystal light,
Flooding outer sight,
Of Thy most stainless sunshine here is mine;
Ah, let me discern
Thee, where'er I turn,
And see Thy power thro' all Thy creature shine!

4.

How the cloudless dome,
Day's appointed home,
Like to a clear and dazzling mirror gleams;
Oh, transform my heart,
Till, in every part,
It answers back, undimmed, Thy golden beams!

54.

Since o'er Thy footstool here.

"Behold the height of the stars."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1824, *changed.*

Great God,....

Holyoke.

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.

Moderato.

1. Since o'er Thy footstool here, Great God, such gems are strewn, Oh, what mag-

nif - i - cence must glow a - bout Thy throne! So brilliant these but

drops of light— There o - - cean tides roll deep and bright.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2.

If night's blue-curtained sky,
With constellations wrought,
Like royal canopy,
With matchless diamonds fraught,

Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
Whatsplendors at the shrine must dwell!

3.

Can these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!

These spirits so impure,
Upon Thy brightness gaze!

In mercy, Lord, anoint our sight,
And robe us for that world of light!

55. What sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell!

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is overgone; the flowers appear on the Earth; the time of the singing is come."

L. M.

"The Old Ten Commandments."

THOMAS H. GILL, 1850, *abr.*

MAROT'S HUGUENOT PSALTER, 1533.
CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, 1549.

1. What sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell! How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine!
Yet sweet-er mes-sa-ges they tell, These earn-ests of de-lights di-vine.

2.

56.

Yes, glory out of glory breaks,
More than the gift itself is given;
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.

LORD, Thou hast form'd mine every part,
Mine in most thought is known to Thee;
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see.

3.

These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us
rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude th'angelic harmonies.

Tho I should seek the shades of night,
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To Thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noonday clear.

4.

3.

These vernal hours what news they
bring!

The heavens, the Earth, the sea, the
sky,

What tidings these bright summers
They fore-announce the eternal spring,—
Foreshow the light ineffable.

All own Thee ever present there;
Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,
Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.

5.

4.

Oh, mercies kindly in complete!
Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most
sweet

Oh may that Spirit, ever blest,
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
I taste Thy Presence, Lord Divine!

We read of gifts diviner still.

ROBERT ALLAN SCOTT, 1839.

57. There is a book, who runs may read.

"The wise shall understand."

C. M.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827, *abr.*

Cherith.

LOUIS SPOHR, 1840.

1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth im - parts,
 And all the lore its schol - ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, and a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

2.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book to show
 How God Himself is found.

3.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and
 In peace and order move. [small

4.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to desery,
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.

5.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

58.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of Thine almighty power.

2.

The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
 Proclaim their Maker's praise,
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To Thee an anthem raise.

3.

Shall I be mute, great God, alone
 'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth Thy holy name?

4.

All nature's debt is small to mine;
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me!

AMELIA OPIE, 1834.

59. Come let us, anew, our journey pursue.

"If the Lord will, we shall both live, and do this or that."

5S & 11S. P.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. *alt.*

Weimar.

WILLIAM PIUTTI, 1883.

1. Come let us, a - new, Our journey pur - sue Roll round with the year And

nev - er stand still till the Master ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble will Let us

glad - ly ful - fill, And our ta - lents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the

la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

2.

Our life is a dream, Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away ;
 The fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 Lo, the arrow is flown ! And the moment is gone, The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3.

Oh, that each, in that day Of advent, may say, "I've fought my way thro ;
 I've finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

Oh, that each, from his Lord, May receive the glad word, "Well and
 faithfully done !

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne !"

60. Sing to the Lord of harvest.

7s & 6s D.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862, *ab.*

"It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."

St. Theodulph.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.

Edit. d by BENNETT, AND GOLDSCHMIDT, 1862.

1. { Sing to the Lord of harvest ! Sing songs of love and praise !
 With joyful hearts and voi - ces Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise : } By Him the rolling seasons

In fruitful or - der move ; Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of happy love.

2. 3.

By Him the clouds drop fatness
 The deserts bloom and spring,
 The hills leap up in gladness,
 The valleys laugh and sing :
 He filleth with His fullness
 All things with large increase,
 He crowns the year with goodness,
 With plenty, and with peace.

Heap on His sacred altar
 The gifts His goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls He died to save :
 Your hearts lay down before Him
 When at His feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore Him
 Who gave His life for all !

61. Father, let me dedicate all this year.

"In nothing be anxious."

7s & 5s.

Salomé.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1863.

GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1881.

1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee, In what - ev - er

world - ly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sor - row, pain, or care

Freedom dare I claim; This a - lone shall be my pray'r, "Glo - ri - fy Thy Name."

2.

3.

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
"Glorify Thy Name."

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
"Glorify Thy Name."

62. Draw nigh, draw nigh Immanuel.

"Israel shall blossom, and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Veni Immanuel.

LATIN, 12th CENTURY.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851, *abr.*

CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.

Supplicando.

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,

p
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.

f Re - joice! re - joice! Im-man-u - el *ff* Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el!

2.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star, And close the path of misery.
And bring us comfort from afar; Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
And banish far from us the gloom Shall come to thee, O Israel!
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy
In cloud, and majesty, and awe. [Law,
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,

63. Once, in Galilee, a lowly Maiden.

"No word from God shall be void of power." "Blessed is she that believed."

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

M. WOOLSEY STYVKER, 1883.

Annunciation.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1875.

1- Once, in Ga - li - lee, a low - ly Mai - den did dwell ; Came to her a

message ho - ly, By Ga - bri - el. This the word the Se - raph gave her, "Hail ! thy

Lord doth show thee fa - vor : " But her troubled heart did quaver, What this might tell.

2.

3.

Spake th' archangel,—“Fear not Mary,	Said the Virgin,—“God hath spoken
Thou hast found grace ;	In mystery :
Thou the Babe of God shalt carry ;	But, according to thy token,
Uplift thy face.	Be it to me.”
The Most High with thy life blending,	So, by power the Holy Spirit's,
Forth His own Messiah sending,	Came the Christ-child's royal merits ;
Heir of Kingdom never ending,	So that maiden's faith inherits
Shall bless thy race.”	Earth's high degree.

While shepherds watched their flocks.

"Unto all them that obey Him, the Author of eternal salvation."

C. M. D.

Bethlehem.

NAHUM TATE, 1703.

OLD CAROL.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The An-gel of the

Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread Had

f seized their troubled mind;) "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind."

2.

3.

<p>"To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of David's line, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;— And this shall be the sign; The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To human view displayed, All humbly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid.</p>	<p>Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, and thus Addressed their joyful song; "All glory be to God on high, And to the Earth be peace; Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men Begin, and never cease!"</p>
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Calm on the listening ear of night.

C. M. D.

"I am the root and offspring of David, the bright, the Morning Star."

Carol.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834. *abr.*

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1860.

1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night, Come Heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Ju-dea

stretches far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains: Ce-les-tial choirs, from courts above, Shed

sa-cred glo-ries there; And angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air.

2.

The ans'ring hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy
 heights,
 The Dayspring from on high:
 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm;
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

3.

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born:
 More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
 plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn!
 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
 And Christian hearts be cold?
 Oh catch the anthem that, from Heaven,
 O'er Judah's mountain's rolled!

It came upon the midnight clear.

"When the kindness of God our Saviour, and His love toward man appeared."

C. M. D.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849, *abr.*

St. Silvester.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1867.

1. It came upon the midnight clear—That glorious song of old, From An-gels bending

near the Earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the Earth, good-will to men From

Cres. Heav'n's all-gracious King!"—The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the Angels *rit.* sing.

2.

Still thro the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

Hark! the herald angels sing.

"Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739, *abr. & alt.*

Good Tidings.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on Earth, and mercy

mild, God and sinners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise, Join the triumph of the *cresc.*

skies! U - ni - ver-sal na-ture say, Christ the Lord is born to-day, Christ the Lord is

born to - day. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! *ff*

2.

Hail, the heavenly 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! etc.

3.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;
 Rise, the Woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
 Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore ;
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
 Hark! etc.

68. As, with gladness, men of old.

"Then shall come a Star out of Jacob. and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel."

Dix.

7-7-7-7-7-7-
 WILLIAM C. DIX, 1859. *abr.*

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.

1. { As with glad-ness men of old, Did the guid-ing star be-hold ; }
 As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beaming bright ; }

f
 So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.

2.

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.

3.

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.

69. Hark! what mean those holy voices.

"Thro His name every one that believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins."

8s & 7s, D.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

The Hymn to Joy.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1824.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voice-es, Sweetly warbling in the skies? Sure, th' angelic

host re-joic-es— Loudest hal-le-lu-jahs rise. Listen to the wondrous sto-ry,

Which they chant in hymns of joy;—"Glory in the highest, glory; Glory be to God most high!"

2.

"Peace on Earth, good will from Heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and Earth His glory sing:
 Glad, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3.

"Hasten, mortals! to adore Him;
 Learn His name, and taste His joy;
 Till in heaven you sing before Him,—
 Glory be to God most high!"
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 Spread the brightness of His glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

Lo! hills and mountains.

C. M. D.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXII.
TATE AND BRADY, 1696, *abr.*

"Let the whole Earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen."

Noel.

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

1. Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth The happy fruits of peace, Which all the land shall

own to be The work of righteous-ness; In ev-ery heart Thine aw-ful fear Shall

then be root-ed fast, As long as sun and moon en-dure, Or time it-self shall last.

2.

To Him shall every king on Earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own His righteous sway.
For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor
And all their wants supply.

3.

Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.
Let Earth be with His glory filled,
For ever bless His name;
Whilst to His praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

71. All the hosts of morning sing.

"A little child shall lead them."

7.8.7.8.7.7.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.

"Jesus, meine Zuversicht."

JOHANN CRUGER, 1653.

1. { All the hosts of morning sing, All the chimes of Heav'n are swinging, } [their
 { All the air is qua-ver-ing, All the star-ry depths are ring - ing. } O'er the shepherds with

2. flocks, God's e - ter-nal world un - locks!

3. Birth-night of the Son of Man!
 Virgin's Child, yet Lord Almighty,
 Still toward Bethlehem's crowded khan
 Sings the world its glad *Venite!*
 Star-led where the Christ-babe lies,
 Throng with gifts the heavenly wise.

Swiftly down the lustrous skies,
 Angels troop with salutation,—
 Mid unearthly minstrelsies,
 Tell the Saviour's incarnation!
 "Fear no longer, HE is come,
 Judah's heir, in David's home."

4. Who His humble vigils keep.
 Christ doth bless with new evangel's.
 They who feed the Saviour's sheep,
 Oft shall hear the song of angels!
 God's high glory yet fulfill's
 Peace, to men of gentle will's.

72. O Saviour, Who from Heaven came down

"There was no room for them in the inn!"

L. M.

G. NICHOLAUS VON ZINZENDORF, d, 1760.
 T. JAMES B. TOMALINE, 1860.

Incarnation.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1535.

1. O Sav-iour, Who from Heav'n came down, A lit - tle child a - while to be,

Whose pre-cious blood and thorn - y crown From death and sin have ransomed me.

2.

3.

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 I hear them say are claimed
For God's own altar by Thy word:
May I lay there my own, unblamed,
And wilt Thou lift it Heav'nward, Lord!

73. Father our hearts we lift.

"Who shall declare His generation."

S. M.

St. Michael.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *abr.*

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. Fa - ther! our hearts we lift Up to Thy gra - cious throne,

And thank Thee for the precious gift Of Thine in - car - nate Son.

2.

3.

A peace on Earth He brings,
Which never more shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our Friend.

Oh! may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace;
And meekly in His spirit live,
And in His love increase!

74.

O Thou, who by a star didst guide.

C. M. D.

JOHN M. NEALE, 1850.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward."

Confidence.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK, 1865.

1. O Thou, who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way, Un - til it came and

stood be - side The place where Jesus lay ; Al - tho by stars Thou dost not lead Thy servants

now be - low, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, when they need, Will show them how to go.

2.

As yet we know Thee but in part :
 But still we trust Thy word,
 That blessèd are the true in heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.
 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart,
 That we may see Thee face to face
 Hereafter, as Thou art !

75.

Oh! may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness ;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.
 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my
 And make my soul sincere ; [ways,
 Then shall I stand before Thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719, 1719. *abr.*

76.

Oh, for a shout of joy.

"The joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. YOUNG, 1843, *arr.*

Antiphon.

WILLIAM ALPERS, 1844, *arr.*

1. Oh, for a shout of joy, Wor- thy the theme we sing; To this di- vine employ Our

hearts and voic- es bring. Sound, sound thro all the Earth a - broad, The love, th'e-

ter- nal love of God, The love, th'e - ter - nal love of God!

Arrangement, Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2.

Thy Seraphs, bright and fair,
In countless myriads stand,
Veiling their faces there,
All bowed at Thy right hand:

Yet not their rapture's loudest chord
Can sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord!

3.

Redeemed by sovereign grace,
Thy Church, in lower key,
Age-long, in every place,
Hath sung the mystery,—

Telling, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord!

77. O Lord we would the path retrace.

"Certainly this was a righteous man."

C. M.

Horsley.

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1838.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, cir. 1815.

1. O Lord we would the path re - trace Which Thou on Earth hast trod,
 To man Thy wond - rous love and grace Thy faith - ful - ness to God.

2.

Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
 Proved stronger than the grave;
 The very spear that pierced Thy side
 Drew forth the blood to save.

3.

Faithful amid unfaithfulness,
 Mid darkness only light,
 Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
 And in His will delight.

4.

O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
 We meekly would confess
 How little we who bear Thy name,
 Thy mind, Thy ways, express.

5.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind,
 We would obedient be;
 And all our rest and pleasure find
 In fellowship with Thee.

78.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for Heaven.

2.

Help us, thro good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear,
 Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's griefs to share,

3.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.

4.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And griefs dark day come on,
 We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
 Father! Thy will be done!

5.
Should friends misjudge, or foes de-
fame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6.
Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven!
JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1838.

79. Lamb of God I look to Thee.

"Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord." "That we may lead a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness and gravity."

7-7-7-7.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

Vienna.

J. HEINRICH KNECHT, 1795.

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

2.
Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind!

3.
Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility!
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

4.
Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live!

5.
Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

6.
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hand; I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart!

7.
I shall then shew forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

80. Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

"Can the children of the bride chamber fast."

IOS & IIS. P.

GEORGE S. HODGES, 1874.

Zion's King.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the

Lord lived here; He blest lit - tle children and smil'd on them. While they chanted His

praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shepherd with

lo - ing eyes, Thro the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise.

2.

Hosanna! we sing, for He bends His ear,
 And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
 We know that His heart will ne'er 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!

81. Our Father, which art in Heaven.

Our Lord's Prayer.

"Not my will but Thine."

A Gregorian Chant.

MATTHEW VI: 9-13.

THE SIXTH CENTURY, A. D.

1. { Our Father, Which | art in Heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, | Thy will be done in | Earth, as it | is in | Heaven;

2.

Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ||
 And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3.

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | Evil; ||
 For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever |
 A - | men.

All glory, laud, and honor.

"He is just and having salvation, lowly and riding upon an ass."

7s & 6s. D.

St. Alkmund.

Lat. THEODULPH. 121,
Tr. JOHN M. NIALE, 1856, alt.

JOHN S. SIDEBOTHAM, 1863.

1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Redeemer, King! To Whom the lips of

child- ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou,

Da-vid's roy-al Son, Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and Blessèd One.

2.

3.

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.

To Thee, before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 With all Thy wide creation,
 We'll celebrate Thy praise;
 We'll sing of Thy salvation
 Thro everlasting days.

83. O sacred Head, now wounded.

"This is my blood of the covenant which is shed for many unto remission of sins."

7s & 6s.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.

Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1829, *abr.*

The Passion Chorale.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.

Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1729.

1. } O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }
 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, — Thine on - ly crown ; }

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine !

Yet, tho de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2.

What Thou, my Lord ! hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
 'Tis I deserve Thy place.
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend !
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 Oh ! make me Thine for ever ;
 And, should I fainting be,
 Lord ! let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee !

84. Lo! where that spotless Lamb.

"THIS IS JESUS, THE KING." "Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?"

II. II. II. 5.

"Herzliebster Jesu."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

JOHANN N. CRUGER, 1640.

1. Lo! where that spotless Lamb, for sin pro-vid-ed, Thorned, bruised a-ban-doned, tor-tured

and de-rid-ed, Pours out His soul for human ransom, yonder, While angels won-der!

2.

Jesus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
 For God hath laid our chastisement upon Thee,
 From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows—
 Thou Man of Sorrows!

3.

Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal passion,
 By the dark travail that hath wrought salvation,
 Hear, Lord, a sinner, all his shame deploring,
 Thy grace adoring!

4.

Christ, I have wronged Thee! Penitent, heart-broken,
 Justly condemned;—yet be Thy mercy spoken!
 O Prince of Life, let this Thy strange enthronement
 Be mine atonement!

5.

Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
 Whose name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
 To God, thro' Thee, in constant sacrifices,
 Her praise uprises!

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."

7-7-7-7-7-7.

Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1871, alt.

m

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

f

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

p *m* *rit.*

Be of sin the dou - ble care, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's 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!

3.

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.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar thro realms unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

O Lamb of God, unspotted.

"Him who knew no sin, He made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him."

7s & 8. P.

Tr. M. W. STRYKER, 1884. Ger. 1523. 1540.

Agnus Dei.

NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1541.

1. { O Lamb of God un - spot - ted, Whose life that cross hath tak - - en, }
All - calm in grief al - lot - ted, How - e'er Thou wert for - sak - - en, }

All sin Thou hast en - dur - - ed, Else were no hope as -

sur - - ed, Have mer - cy up - on us, O Je - - sus!

2.

Thy name the full heart blesses,
That thou relief so thoro
Hast wrought for our distresses.
Give us a godly sorrow,
That we our sins may vanquish,
Remembering Thine anguish :
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus!

3.

Our confidence embolden
Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
That, steadfastly upholden,
And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
We die at last unshaken,
And safe in Heaven awaken :
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

87.

O Son of God, in glory crowned.

"Far be it from me to glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "I will be sorry for my sin."

L. M.

Redemption.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853, *abr.*LUIGI CHERUBINI, *d.* 1842.

1. O Son of God, in glo - ry crowned, The Judge or - dained of quick and dead!

O Son of Man, so pity - ing found For all the tears Thy peo - ple shed!

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

2.

88.

Be with us in this darkened place,— LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,
 This weary, restless, dang'rous night; And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
 And teach, oh teach us, by Thy grace, In love of Thee and scorn of self,
 To struggle onward into light! Oh, may we count the world as loss!

3.

2.

And since, in God's recording book, When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
 Our sins are written, every one,— And the rough way that Thou hast
 The crime, the wrath, the wand'ring trod,
 look, Make us to hate the load of sin
 The good we knew, and left undone; That lay so heavy on our God.

4.

3.

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard, O holy Lord! uplifted high
 And ere before Thy face we stand, With outstretched arms, in mortal
 Look Thou on each accusing word, Embracing in Thy wondrous love [woe,
 And blot it with Thy bleeding hand. The sinful world that lies below!

5.

4.

And by the love that brought Thee here, Give us an ever-living faith
 And by the cross, and by the grave, To gaze beyond the things we see;
 Give perfect love for conscious fear, And, in the mystery of Thy death,
 And in the day of judgment save. Draw us and all men after Thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

89. My God, I love Thee! not because.

"He became, unto all them that obey Him, the Author of Eternal salvation."

C. M.

*Lat. FRANCIS XAVIER 1542.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, abr.*

Württemberg.

JOHANN GEORG FRECH, 1844.

1. My God, I love Thee! not be-cause I hope for Heav'n there-by;

Nor yet be-cause, if I love not, I must for-ev-er die.

2.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy!

4.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well!
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping Hell;—

5.

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

90.

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And them who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

91. He is despised and rejected of men.

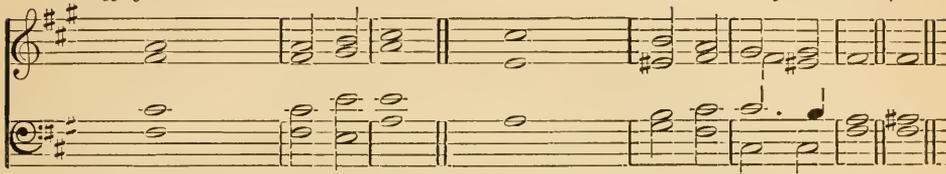
"God will provide a Lamb."

Single Chant.

Blow's Chant.

ISAIAH 53: 3-6.

JOHN BLOW, 1670.



1. HE is despised and re- | jected of | men;
A man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted · with | grief:
2. And we hid as it were our | faces | from Him;
He was despised, and | we es- | teemed · Him | not.
3. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried · our | sorrows.
Yet we did esteem Him stricken, | smitten · of | God, · and af- | flicted.
4. But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions,
He was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities;
5. The chastisement of our peace · was up- | on Him;
And with | His stripes | we are | healèd.

92. Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song.

"A and Ω."

Double Chant.

Robinson's Chant.

PSALM 93: 1-3.

JOHN ROBINSON, 1740.



1. OH! sing unto the | Lord a · new | song; || for He hath | done— | mar-
vel-ous | things:
His right hand, and His | holy | arm, || hath | gotten | Him the | victory.
2. The Lord hath made known · His sal- | vation: ||
His righteousness hath He openly | shewed · in the | sight · of the | hea-
then.
He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the | sight · of | Israel. ||
All the ends of the Earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow.

"Make it as sure as ye can."

8.7.8.7.7.7.

Dresden.

JOHN MOULTRIE, 1836. *abr.*

GERMAN, 1767.

1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Hu-man taunts and fiendish spite; Death shall

be despoiled to-mor-row Of the prey he grasps to-night; Yet once more to

seal his doom, Christ must sleep within the tomb. A - - men, A-men, A - men.

2.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,

Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,

Till the toil of death was o'er!

But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

4.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strain of loud rejoicing

From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth
reign." *Amen.*

94. While all the night-stars fade and wane.

"The darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

"Es ist das Heil."

M. WOOLFEY STRYKER, 1884.

Mel. 1478. THE BOOK OF EIGHT HYMNS, WITTENBERG, 1524.
Attrib. to PAUL SPERATUS, har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.



1. { While all the night-stars fade and wane, And ear-ly dawn is break - ing, }
 { With life-pangs death could not restrain, The joy-ful Earth is quak - ing. } In dew of



youth from morning's womb, All-beauteous from that holy tomb, The Royal One is wa-king.



2.

Behold, the stone is rolled away!
 While eastern skies are glowing,
 At last is come the first Lord's day,
 Immortal light bestowing.
 By dazzled guard, and open door,
 God's Son, alive forevermore,
 The path of life is showing.

3.

In snowy raiment angels twain
 Their radiant watch are keeping,
 While they who loved are drawn again
 Where last they left Him sleeping.
 But, lo, what news of joy and fear—
 "Your Lord is ris'n, He is not here."
 Forever ends their weeping!

4.

With happy haste they tread the sward,
 The wondrous charge repeating.
 "All hail!" saith One. It is the Lord!—
 Himself their rapture greeting.

They clasp His feet. They doubt no more.
 'Tis Jesus whom their souls adore,
 Their faith, in sight, completing.

5.

Peal forth the high victorious psalm,
 With shouts of joy unbounded!
 The song of Moses and the Lamb
 Thro either world be sounded!
 For us the grave shall voided be;
 And trusting, Lord, for aye in Thee,
 We ne'er shall be confounded.

6.

With triumph soon we'll keep the feast
 That shineth in perfection,
 With fear's long lifetime bondage ceased,
 By Jesus' strong protection.
 Eternal arms are underneath.
 We'll share the likeness of His death,
 And of His resurrection.

The strife is o'er, the battle done.

888.4.

Lat. TWELFTH CENTURY.
Tr. FRANCIS POTT, 1860.

"The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Eton.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872, *abr.*

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody.

2. [worst, 96.

The powers of death have done their
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

O sons, and daughters, let us sing!
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

3.

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

2. When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake the word.
Alleluia!

4.

He closed the yawning gates of Hell,
The bars from Heaven's high portals
fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

3. How blest are they who do not see,
And yet whose faith is firm in Thee,
For they shall live eternally.
Alleluia!

5.

Lord! by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants
free,
That we may all Thy glory see!
Alleluia!

4. On this most holy day of days,
To Thee our heart and voice we raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

Same Latin hymn.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1861, *abr.*

97.

Our Lord is risen from the dead.

"The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed."

L. M. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741.

Marcato.

Ascension.

MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead ; Our Je-sus is gone up on high ; The powers of Hell are

captive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky ; There His triumphal chariot waits, And angels

chant the solemn lay :—"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ! Ye ever - last-ing doors ! give way."

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2.

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of glory in."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
World, sin, and death, and Hell o'er-
threw ;
And JESUS is the Conqueror's name."

3.

Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors ! give way."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"—
"The Lord, of glorious power pos-
sessed ;
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, for ever blest."

98.

Rise, glorious Conqueror.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning. Thou hast the dew of Thy youth."

6s & 4s, P.

Pittsfield.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. *abr.*

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1875.

Marcato.

1. Rise glorious Conqu'ror, rise, Rise glorious Conqu'ror, rise, In - to Thy na - tive skies,



p *p* *m*

As - sume Thy right! And where, in many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled,

f *acc. un poco.* *rit.*

Pass thro those gates of gold, And reign in light,— And reign in light!

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2.

Enter, Incarnate God!
 Enter, Incarnate God!
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The Serpent down.
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour, triumphant go,
 And take Thy crown!
 And take Thy crown!

Lion of Judah! hail!
 Lion of Judah! hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age.
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres;
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thine heritage.
 Amen! Amen!

99. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!

"Thanks be to God which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."

8s & 7s. D.

Deerhurst.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863, *abr.*

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in royal state, Rid - ing on the

f
clouds His chariot, To His heavenly palace gate! Hark! the choirs of angel voices Joy-ful

rit.
al - le - lu - ias sing, And the portals high are lift - ed, To receive their heavenly King.

2.

Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There to sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

3.

So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of Heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

100. Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!

"Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus."

8s & 7s D.

"O Du Liebe meiner Liebe."

JOHN BAKWELL, 1760, *abr.*

CHORALBUCH DER BRUDERGEMEINDE, 1784.

1. { Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an king! }
 { Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring: }

Pas - chal Lamb by God ap - point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;

By Al - might - y Love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone ment made.

2.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side.
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding
 Till we stand in glory there.

3.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give!
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Thou art gone up on high.

"While he blessed them, he parted from them."

S. M. D.

"The Old 25th."

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851.

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. Thou art gone up on high To mansions in the skies; And round Thy throne, un-

ceas-ing - ly, The songs of praise a - rise: But we are lingering here, With

sin and care op-press: Lord, send Thy promised Comforter, And lead us to Thy rest.

2.

Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Thro' 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.

3.

Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train:
 Oh, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high!

He who with His mighty hand.

"That ye may abound in hope in the power of the Holy Ghost."

7s D.

Gk. COSMAS, THE MELODIST, d. 760.
Tr. WILLIAM C. DIX, 1865.

Weber's Choral.

FRANZ WEBER, 1860.

1. { He who with His might-y hand Breaks the bat-tle and the brand, }
 { Now hath buri-ed in the tide, E-gypts chariots and her pride. }

Songs of vic-to-ry we sing: Perished are her host and king.

Tell the tri-umph far and wide; God the Lord is glo-ri-fied.

2.

Thou a Light on Earth hast shined,
 Christ the lover of mankind;
 Thou the Comforter hast sent:
 All hath found accomplishment
 Which the Law and Prophets old,
 In the ages past, foretold;
 Every promise, every word
 Which Thy dear disciples heard.

3.

For the Holy Spirit's grace
 On the true and faithful race
 Freely hath to-day been poured,
 From the world's foundation stored:
 Gladly then these hymns we lift,
 Thankful for the wondrous gift,
 Praising, as is right and meet,
 God the blessed Paraclete.

Spirit of power and might! behold.

"We, thro the Spirit, wait for the hope of righteousness."

C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

St. Anne.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.

1. Spir - it of power and might! be - hold A world by sin de - stroyed;

Cre - a - tor Spir - it! as of old, Move on the form - less void.

2.

GiveThou the word; that healing sound COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Shall quell the deadly strife, With all Thy quick'ning powers,
 And Earth again, like Eden crowned, Kindle a flame of sacred love
 Produce the tree of life. In these cold hearts of ours.

3.

If sang the morning stars for joy, In vain we tune our formal songs;
 When nature rose to view, In vain we strive to rise:
 What strains will angel-harps employ, Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 When Thou shalt all renew? And our devotion dies.

4.

And, if the sons of God rejoice Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 To hear a Saviour's name, At this poor dying rate?
 How will the ransomed raise their voice, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 To whom the Saviour came! And Thine to us so great!

5.

So every kindred, tongue, and tribe, Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Assembling round the throne, With all Thy quick'ning powers!
 The new creation shall ascribe Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 To sovereign love alone. And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709, *abr.*

105. O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live.

"A habitation of God in the Spirit."

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

Affiance.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855, *abr.*

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.

1. { O God, O Spir - it, Light of all that live, Who dost on
Our dark-ness ev - er with Thy light doth strive; In vain Thou

us that sit in dark - ness shine, }
lu - rest with Thy beams di - vine; } Yet none, O Spir - it, from Thine

eye can hide; Glad - ly will I Thy searching glance a - bide.

2.

Search all my hidden parts, whate'er impure
Thy light discovers there, do Thou destroy;
The bitt'rest pain I willingly endure,
Such pain is followed by eternal joy.
O breath from out the eternal silence, blow!
The precious fulness of my God bestow.

3.

Oh let my thoughts, my actions, and my will
Obedient solely to Thine impulse move;
My heart and senses keep Thou blameless s ill,

Fixt and absorbed in God's unuttered love.
 Thy praying, teaching, striving, in my heart,
 Let me not quench, nor make Thee to depart.

4.

I give myself to Thee, to Thee alone :
 From all else sundered, Thou art ever near.
 The creature and myself I all disown,
 Trusting with inmost faith that God is here.
 O God, O Spirit, Light of Life, we see
 None ever wait in vain, who wait for Thee !

106. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

"I will not leave you orphans."

8.6.8.4.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829. *abr.*

St. Cuthbert.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well.

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell.

2.

He came sweet influence to impart
 A gracious willing guest,
 While He can find one troubled heart
 Wherein to rest.

3.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of ev'n,
 That checks each thought, that calms
 And speaks of Heav'n. [each fear,

4.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,—
 Are His alone.

5.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

107. Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.

C. M. D.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1846, *abr.*

"Come from the four winds, O Breath!"

The Old 44th.

JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



1. Our God, our God, Thou shinest here, Thine own this latter day ; To us Thy radiant



steps ap - pear ; We watch Thy glorious way. Thou tookest once our flesh ; Thy face Once



on our darkness shone ; Yet thro each age new births of grace Still make Thy glory known.



2.

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word :
Doth not the Spirit still descend,
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire ?

3.

Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise ;
Be this Thy mighty hour ;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power !
Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell !

Sweetest fount of holy gladness.

"In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body."

"Lebens Leben."

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. abr.

GERMAN 17th CENTURY.

1. { Sweet-est fount of ho - ly glad - ness, Fair-est light was ev - er shed. }
 { Who a - like in joy and sad - ness, Leav-est none un - vis - it - ed; }

Spir - it of the high-est God, Lord, from whom is life be - stowed,

Who up - hold-est ev - ery - thing, Hear me, hear me while I sing.

2.

Thou art ever true and holy,
 Sin and falsehood Thou dost hate;
 But Thou comest where the lowly
 And the pure Thy presence wait:
 Wash me then, O Well of grace,
 Every stain and spot efface,
 Let me flee what Thou dost flee,
 Grant me what Thou lov'st to see.

3.

Well content am I if only,
 Thou wilt deign to dwell with me;
 With Thee I am never lonely,
 Never comfortless with Thee;
 Thine forever make me now,
 And to Thee, my Lord, I vow,
 Here and yonder, to employ
 Every power for Thee, with joy.

O Thou final revelation!

"Ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God."

8s & 7s D.

"Werde munter, mein Gemüthe."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882, *abr.*JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH.

1. { O Thou fi-nal rev-e-lation Of the perfect Trin-i-ty, }
 { Help my needy sup-plication With Thy love's infini-ty! } Fill me with Thy vital current, —

Pledge of Je - sus' ris-en oath! By that dear Redeemer's warrant, Trust I Thee to keep His troth.

2.

Give me for these ashes beauty
 Turn my heaviness to praise;
 Gird me for each daily duty;
 Calm and hallow all my ways;
 Quench the fiery darts of Satan;
 Plead my cause and bear my part;
 Speak to faith, when fears dishearten,
 "God is greater than thy heart."

3.

All-controlling, All-enfolding,
 Present Christ, and Paraclete,
 Thou hast, all my want beholding,
 Guided me to Jesus' feet.
 Make a waiting world to hear it,
 Testify the changeless word,
 Save in Thee, Thou Holy Spirit,
 None can call the Saviour, "Lord."

He, when enmity defiled me,
 Ended by His death, my strife;
 Much more, now He's reconciled me,
 Shall He save me by His life!
 Full-delivered from all evil,
 Unto glorious liberty,
 Victor over doom and Devil,
 I, at last, the Christ shall see!

5.

But amid that adoration,—
 Bride and Bridegroom face to face;
 When the day of coronation
 Dawns, with shoutings to His grace;
 When salvation's song is swelling,
 Thro the age-long heavenly rest;
 Still my heart shall be Thy dwelling,
 Unseen and eternal Guest!

Holy Spirit! once again.

"The Holy Spirit of promise, which is an Earnest of our inheritance."

7.7-7.7-7.7.

Kirke.

Ger. HEINRICH HELD, 1661.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1853. *abr.*

DIMITRI BORTINANSKY, 1783.

1. } Ho - ly Spir - it! once a - gain Come, Thou true E - ter - nal God! }
 Nor Thy power de - scend in vain; Make us ev - er [*Omit.*]

2d.
 Thine a - bode. Let the Spir - it, joy and light, Dwell in us where all was night.

2.

Guide us, Lord! from day to day,
 Keep us in the paths of grace,
 Clear all hindrances away,
 That might foil us in the race;
 When we stumble, hear our call,
 Work repentance for our fall.

3.

Witness in our hearts that God
 Counts us children thro His Son,
 That our Father's gentle rod
 Smites us for our good alone;
 So when tried, perplexed, distress,
 In His love we still may rest.

4.

And when e'er a yearning strong
 Presses out the bitter cry,
 'Ah my God, how long, how long?'

Then O let me find Thee nigh,
 And Thy words of healing balm
 Bring me courage, patience, calm

5.

Lord! preserve us in the faith,
 Suffer naught to drive us thence,
 Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
 Be our God, and our Defence;
 Tho the flesh resist Thy will,
 Let Thy word be stronger still.

6.

And, when we at last must die,
 Oh! assure the sinking heart,
 Of the glorious realm on high,
 Where Thou healést every smart,—
 Of the joys unspeakable,
 Where our God would have us dwell

III. Glory be to God on high.

"Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath poured forth this which ye see and hear."

Chant.

THE SECOND CENTURY, A. D.

(VOICES IN UNISON.)

Gloria in Excelsis.

Harmony by JOSEPH PEARCE.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, || and on Ear h | peace, good- | will ' toward | men. |||
2. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee.
[for | Thy great | glory. |||
3. O Lord God, | heaven - ly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty ! |||
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ ! || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the |
[Father ! |||
5. That takest away the | sins ' of the | world ! || have mercy | upon | us. |||
6. Thou that takest away the | sins ' of the | world ! || re- | ceive our | prayer. |||
7. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father ! || have mercy | upon | us. |||
8. For Thou | only ' art | holy ; || Thou | only | art the | Lord ; |||
9. Thou only, O Christ ! with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory ' of | God the |
[Father. || A- men.

112. Hail, great Redeemer! high ascended.

"I am the First, and the Last, and the Living One."

9.9.8.9.9.8.

Schaff.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.

FRANZ B. BUTTSTETT, 1751.
Arr. BENJ. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

1. Hail, great Redeem-er! high as - cend-ed, Thine humbling mortal tra - vail end - ed,

Enthroned Thou art for - ev - er-more. Yet, led by Thee in ho - ly fit - ness,

Still greater things Thy Church shall witness, Thou Gal-i - le - an Con-quer-or!

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2.

3.

With triple cords Thine own are banded,
To teach the words Thy lips commanded;
For Thine is all authority.
The centuries go. New harvests whiten.
Toward perfect day the ages brighten.
New lands stretch forth their hands to Thee!

No more we gaze where clouds are woven;
But trust that pledge the years have proven,—
"Lo! I am with ye, to the end."
We ask no more Thine holy reasons;
Our God knows well His times and seasons,—
His bow of love will ne'er unband!

4.

O King! Thy cloudless morning hasteth;
Ride gloriously, while darkness wasteth,
With all Thy white-clad armies' train.
The word shall change to open vision,
And all Thine own, with glad transition,
Behold Thy beauteous face again!

113. Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.

"Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

8.7.8.7.8.7.

JOE HURTON, 1806, *abr.*

Benediction.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1791.

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the an-them; Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;

Sing to Him who brought sal - va - tion, Wondrous in His works and ways:

God e - ter - nal, Word in - car - nate, Whom the Heaven of heavens o - beys.

2.

Now above the sapphire pavement,
 High in unapproch'd light.
 Lo! He lives and reigns for ever,
 Victor after hard-won fight,
 Where the song of the redeem'd
 Rings unceasing day and night.

3.

Yet this Earth He still remembers,
 Still by Him the flock are fed:
 Yea, He gives them food immortal,

Gives Himself, the Living Bread:
 Leads them where the precious Fountain
 From the smitten Rock is shed.

4.

Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims:
 Who shall pluck you from His hand?
 Pledged He stands for your salvation,
 Pledged to give the Promised Land,
 Where, among the ransomed nations,
 Ye about His throne shall stand.

114. The Head that once was crowned with thorns.

"O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the Lord!"

C. M.

Liverpool.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

ROBERT WAINRIGHT, 1770.

1. The Head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now ;
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.

2.

The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His,—is His by right ;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And Heaven's eternal Light :

3.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name ;
Their joy, the joy of Heaven.

5.

The cross He bore is life and health,—
Tho shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

115.

My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified ;
Let Christ be all in all.

3.

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.

4.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord !
And death the gate of Heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

Depth of mercy! can there be.

"While he was yet afar off, his Father saw him."

7s.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740, *abr.*

Immanuel.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1852.

p Grave. *m*

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A - men.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'p Grave' and 'm'. The second system is marked 'p', 'm', and 'p'. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2.

I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3.

Kindled His relentings are;
 Me, He now delights to spare;
 Cries,—“How shall I give thee up?”—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4.

There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His
 God is love; I know, I feel; [hands;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5.

Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more!

117.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
 From thy Father's happy home,
 With thyself and God at war?
 Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squandered life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3.

Is a mighty famine now
 In thine heart and in thy soul?
 Discontent upon thy brow?
 Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4.

He can heal thy bitt' rest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
 Seek Him, for He may be found;
 Call upon Him; He is near.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1844.

118. Weary of Earth and laden with my sin.

"I came to call sinners."

10. 10. 10. 10.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865, *abr.*

Langran.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

Andante. *p*

1. Wea - ry of Earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at

Heaven and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may

find a home: And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come."

2.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

119. Jesus, thou art nearest to my soul.

6. 5. 3. 4. 8. P.

Ger. JOHANN FRANCK, 1653.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885. *abr.*

"My Lord, and my God!"

"Jesu, Meine Freude."

JOHANN N. CRUGER, 1653.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1734.

1. { Je-sus, Thou art near - est To my soul and dear - est,—All my grace Thou art! }
 { Ah, how long and lone - ly, Longing for Thee on - - ly, Wait's this eager heart! }

God's dear Lamb, Thy bride I am. From Thee part - ed, Earth could nev - er

Cheer my soul for - ev - - er.

1, 2, 3 last stanza.

3.
 Life that this world chooses,
 Thee my soul refuses,—
 Get thee from my sight!
 Mem'ry disenchaining,
 Far, ye sins, remaining
 Come no more to light.
 Night betide Thee, pomp of pride!
 To the wrong whence life hath striven
 Long farewell be given.

2.
 Under thy protection,
 Mid all insurrection
 Of my foes, I'm free.
 Wrath let Satan utter,
 Let the demons mutter,
 Jesus stands by me.
 Still the same Neath bolt and flame,
 E'en tho sin and Hell dismay me,
 Still will Jesus stay me.

4.
 Yield, thou sorrow-spirit!
 Joy's own Lord inherit;
 Jesus enters in.
 Those whom God well loveth
 Chastisement but proveth;
 Purer joys they win.
 Here I've borne Reproach and scorn:
 Yet mid grief is Jesus plainest!
 Thou my joy remainest.

120. Lord! 'tis not that I did choose Thee.

"We love, because He first loved us."

8s & 5s D.

Carey.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837. *arr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.

1. Lord! 'tis not that I did choose Thee, That could nev-er be ; For this heart would

still re-fuse Thee, Thou hast chos-en me ; Hast from all the sin that stained me,

Washed and set me free ; And un-to this end ordained me,— That I live to Thee.

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2.

'Twas Thy sovereign mercy called me,
 Taught my opening mind ;
 Else the world had yet enthralled me,
 To Thy glories blind.
 Now my heart owns none above Thee ;
 For Thy grace I thirst ;
 Knowing well that, if I love Thee,—
 Thou didst love me first.

3.

Praise the God of all Creation,
 For His boundless love ;
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
 Priest enthroned above ;
 Praise the Spirit of salvation,
 Him by Whom we live ;
 Undivided adoration
 To the Godhead give.

121.

"Come and rejoice with me."

S. M.

"Our hearts shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name."

Monsell.

ELIZABETH CHARLES, 1867.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

1. Come and re - joice with me; For once my heart was poor,

And I have found a treas - u - ry Of love,—a boundless store.

2.

Come and rejoice with me :

I, who was sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

3.

Come and rejoice with me ;

For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret
Yet loves me without end. [depths,

4.

I knew not of His love,

And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong!

5.

And now I know it all,

Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day :
Can I enough rejoice ?

122.

"My times are in Thy hand :"

My God! I wish them there ;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2.

"My times are in Thy hand,"

Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3.

"My times are in Thy hand ;"

Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4.

"My times are in Thy hand ;"

I'll always trust in Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835.

Jesus, my strength, my hope.

"This is the work of God that ye should believe on Him whom God hath sent."

S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742, *abr.*

Sunderland.

HENRY SMART, 1868.

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care;

With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2.

I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly.

3.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To Thee and Thy great name.

4.

The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;

5.

Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the Earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God!

I 24.

AROUND Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

2.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

3.

Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

4.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

JOHN ELLETON, 1867, *abr.*

125. I am redeemed! the purchase of that blood.

—the blood of Christ, Who thro the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without blemish unto God.

10.6.10.6.8.8.4.

Apolutrosis.

Ger. E. WAGNER, *d.* 1812.

T. HENRY MILLS, 1845, *abr.*

KARL PHILLIP EMMANUEL BACH, *d.* 1738, *arr.*

1. { I am redeem'd!—the purchase of that blood Which on... the cross was shed; }
 { To God I'm rec-on-cil'd,—my life re-new'd,—My ter - rors all are fled. }

The scheme of mer - cy—Wis - dom made it; The cost - ly ran-som—Love has

3. I am redeem'd! What is there I should
 fear?
 Death's gloom will beam with light;
 The Lord of life for me will then appear,
 And lead to mansions bright.
 And tho in dust, my dust shall slum-
 ber,
 My sleeping members He will num-
 I am redeem'd! [ber;

2.
 I am redeem'd!—My Saviour broke the
 band
 That chain'd me to the foe.
 The keys of Hell were in His friendly
 hand,
 He shut its portals to.
 Now walk I free, secure of pardon;
 From sin, and Satan's weary burden,
 I am redeem'd!

4.
 I am redeem'd—from guilt, and fear,
 and pain,
 To joys that will abide;
 And death to me will prove eternal gain,
 With Jesus at my side.
 Then shall I rise to share His favor
 With saints who sing His praise for-
 I am redeem'd! [ever.

126.

FATHER of Heaven, who hast created all,
And rulest all, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious
call

Now enter's on life's way:
Oh make it Thine; Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of Heaven.

2.

O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold,
We bring the babe to Thee:
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
Forever Thine to be;
Defend it thro this early strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God.

3.

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the
wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
An heir of bliss, a shrine for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

4.

O Triune God, what Thou hast willed
is done;
We speak, but Thine the might:
This babe hath hardly seen our earthly
Yet on it pour Thy light [sun,
Of faith and hope and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

*G.V. ALBERT KNAPP, 1850.
T.T. BENJ. H. KENNEDY.*

127.

Poor child of sin and woe.

"Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with Me."

6.10.6.10.

ELIZA F. MORRIS, 1853, *abr.*

Evangel.

GEORGE LOMAS, 1876.

1. Poor child of sin and woe, Now list-en to Thy Father's plead-ing voice;
No lon-ger need'st thou go With-out a friend to bid thy heart re-joice.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

2.

"I know thou canst not rest
Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free;
Earth cannot make thee blest;
Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to Me."

128. Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light.

"The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance."

L. M.

Lebenslicht.

Ger. M. BEHEM, 1606.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862.

JOSEPH CLAUDER'S "PSALMODIA," 1630.

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day, my trust by night,

On Earth I'm but a pass-ing guest, And sore - ly with my sins op-pressed.

2.

6.

Oh let Thy suff'rings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour,
Thy cross, the staff whereon I lean,
My couch, the grave where Thou hast
been.

Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angel choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face!

3.

129.

O CHRIST, our true and only Light!
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Since Thou hast died, the Pure the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust,
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4.

2.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

And when the last great day is come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the
doom,

Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

5.

3.

Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear

Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself, in glorious light.

Lord,
Who dare not yet he faith avow,
Tho secretly they hold it now.

4.

Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

JOHANN SCHOPP, 1641, *abr.*

A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

5.

So they, with us, may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
 And endless praise to Thee be given
 By all Thy Church in Earth and Heaven

Ger. JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862, *abr.*

130. There is a fountain filled with blood.

"Wash and be clean."

C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. *abr.*

Phuvah.

MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

4.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 Unworthy tho I be,
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me;

5.

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears,
 No other Name but Thine!

131. For mercies, countless as the sands.

"The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people."

C. M.

Burford.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

HENRY PURCELL, (?) 1690.

1. For mer - cies, countless as the sands, Which dai - ly I re - ceive

From Je - sus my Re - deem-er's hands, My soul, what canst Thou give?

2.

Alas! from such an heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4.

The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5.

Since at His feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on Him my care.

I 3 2.

LORD, I have sinned; but oh forgive,
Nor cast me quite away;
Renew my soul and bid me live,
And be my future stay.

2.

Oh let me from my fall arise,
More watchful and more strong;
Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
And fill my mouth with song.

3.

On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
I all my hopes recline,
A broken spirit Thou dost prize,
And such, O Lord, be mine.

4.

Give me a meek, dependant, heart
For all my days to come;
Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
Till I am safe at home.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

I heard the voice of Jesus say.

"Sweet is Thy voice."

C. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850.

Vox Dilecti.

JOHN B. DVKES, 1868.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary

one, lay down Thy head upon my breast;" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -

ry, and worn, and sad: I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.

2.

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 live-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
 And now I live in Him. [vived,

3.

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 traveling days are done.

134. Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest.

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1833, *abr.*

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Evensong.

WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1873.

1. Long did I toil, and knew no earth-ly rest; Far did I rove, and

found no cer-tain home; At last I sought them in His shelt'ring breast,

Who opes His arms, and bids the wea-ry come: With Him I found a

home, a rest di-vine; And I sincethen am His, and He is mine.

2.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
 The ill is only what He deems the best;
 He for my Friend,—I'm rich with nought beside;
 And poor without Him, tho' of all possesser:
 Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,
 Content, while I am His, while He is mine!

3.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
 But half discern Him, and but half adore;
 But when I meet Him in the realms above,
 I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
 And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
 How fully I am His, and He is mine!

135. "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

8.5.8.3.

"Let no man rob you of your prize."

Yealand.

GÆ. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE. cir. 750.
 Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851, *abr.*

HENRY PARR, 1890.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."

2.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

3.

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?—
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

4.

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?—

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

5.

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
 Pass away!"

136. The way is dark ; I cannot see at all.

"For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."

10.4.10.4.10.10.

Arr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1881.

Lux Expectata.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

1. The way is dark ; I can-not see at all ; my Je - sus, guide ! Oh, let me

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. Dynamics include piano (p) and crescendo (Cres.).

feel the clasp-ing of Thy hand, close by my side : Lord, stay the heart Thy

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include crescendo (Cres.) and mezzo-forte (mf).

ten - der love hath won, Up - braid me not, while yet Thou lead - est on.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. Dynamics include decrescendo (Dim.).

2.

The way is long ; I fear I yet may fall ; my Jesus, keep !
Oh, let my faith outlast the weary road, no more to weep !
Lord, let me lean upon Thy strength alone,
Till, in Thy light, I know as I am known.

3.

The wayfare ends ; the radiant gates appear ; all trials past !
My spirit hastes, and bounds with joy, to be safe home at last.
Darkness and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er ;
My thankful life is Thine forevermore !

137.

Lead, kindly Light.

"Blessed be my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night."

10.4.10.4.10.10.P.

Lux Tenebris.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1865. arr. M. P.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on—Lead Thou me on.



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on, Keep Thou my



feet, I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene, one step enough for me. A-men.



2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed 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 !

3

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 !

In heavenly love abiding.

"Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

7s & 6. D.

Clare.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-

fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here: The storm may roar with - out me, My

heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?

Copyright, 1877, by Hubert P. Main

2.

Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack;
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been;
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

I know no life, divided.

"I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me."

7s & 6s.

Berkshire.

Ger. SARL J. P. SPITTA, 1833.
Tr. RICHARD MASSIE, 1860, arr

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1873.

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life! from Thee. In Thee is life pro -

vid - ed For all mankind and me. I know no death, O Je-sus! Because I

live in Thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1865, by Biglow & Main.

2.

A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast.
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest.
All day I hear resounding,
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Thro God's Eternal Son.

3.

Thy love it was which sought me,
When all unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be;
The things that once distrest me,
My heart no longer move,
Since the sweet truth imprint me,
That I possess Thy love!

Thou, Who didst stoop below.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master."

6.6.10.6.6.10.

SARAH L. MILES, 1827, *abr.*

Zethar.

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1876.



1. Thou, Who didst stoop below To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mor-tal - i - ty,



Thy bless-ed la - bors done, Thy crown of vict'ry won, Hast past from Earth up to Thy home on high.



2.

It was no path of flowers
 Thro this dark world of ours
 Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread!
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3.

O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us thro the strife!
 Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed:
 Raise Thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, thro the cloud.

4.

E'en thro the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be.
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

141. Tho sorrows rise and dangers roll.

"Altho my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure."

L. M. D.

Eliada.

REGINALD HEBER, 1820.

JOHANN N. CRÜGER, 1649, 177.



1. } Tho sor-rows rise and dangers roll, In waves of dark-ness o'er my soul; }
 } Tho friends are false, and love de-cays, And few and e - vil are my days; }



Tho conscience, fiercest of my foes, Swells with re - membered guilt my woes;



Yet ev'n in na - ture's ut - most ill, I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!



2.

3.

Tho Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
 Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
 And memory points with busy pain,
 To grace and mercy given in vain;
 Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
 Would fly to Hell to 'scape from life;
 Tho every thought has power to
 kill,

I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
 By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
 Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb;
 By these my pangs, whose healing
 smart,

Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
 I know, I feel Thy bounteous will, [still!
 Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me

142. Immortal Love! forever full.

"One is your Master, even the Christ."

C. M.

St. Peter.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867, *abr.*

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826.

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,

For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!

2.

6.

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth Love.

Yea, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3.

7.

We may not climb the heavenly steps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

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.

4.

8.

And not for signs in Heaven above
Or Earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

And weak and blinded tho we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5.

9.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His Witness is within.

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As thro transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday Sun.

10.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

11.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray:
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

12.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the Sun!

13.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is Hell,
To walk with Thee is Heaven!

14.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

15.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

16.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas
Thine inward altars raise; [bells,
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

I 43.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2.

Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3.

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4.

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.

5.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And thro eternity!

Lat. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

I 44.

AS SHADOWS, cast by cloud and Sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2.

And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that Earth can
Just glisten,—and are gone. [boast

3.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the Earth with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1873.

145. How brightly glows the Morning-Star.

"Thro the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

8s, 7s & 4s, P.

Der Morgenstern.

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597; Edited ALBERT KNAPP, 1832.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883, *abr.*

1569, *Enlarged*, PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.

1. { How brightly glows the Morn - ing Star, With God's full grace and truth a - far,
O ten - der Shepherd, Da - vid's Son, My King up - on the Heavenly throne,

Our day's ir - ra - diant blos - som! }
Thou shinest in my bo - som: - } Pre - cious, Gra - cious, Light-re-splendent,

All-transcendent, Boundless Giv - er, High and won - der - ful for - ev - er!

2. 3.

Shed in my inmost heart abroad,
Thou heavenly Ray! Thou Light of God!

Thy love's illumination:
That I may evermore remain
Thy Body's member, Lord, ordain

My very heart's pulsation!
No rest My breast
Can discover, Heavenly Lover!
Till it claimeth

Thee, whose love my love enflameth.

My Father, God, and Champion!
Or ere creation was begun,

Thou didst, in Jesus, love me.
Thy Son did me to Him betroth;
With thankful heart I bless that oath;
From Him can nothing move me.

Thy Wealth My Health!
Life from Heaven He hath given;
Here, and yonder,
Ever will I praise and wonder.

4.	5.
Strike, to our God, the sounding string!	Lord Jesus! How I hail Thy name!
With joy our sweetest choral bring,	The First and Last, and still the same,
A world of gladness voicing!	The End as the Beginning:
I'll go with my dear Lord, to-day,	Thou, Who with life atoned my price,
To-morrow, to Eternity,	Shalt take me to Thy Paradise,
In steadfast love rejoicing.	Thy piercèd hand-clasp winning.
Singing, Ringing!	Yea, Lord; Aye, Lord;
Jubilation, Adoration!	Come to meet me, Rapt to greet Thee.
Laud the story,—	Sound the warning
He, the Christ, is King of Glory!	Soon, of love's eternal morning!

146. Oh! not to fill the mouth of fame.

"The God whose I am, whom also I serve."

C. M.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1859, *abr.*

Obedience.

PHILADELPHIA CHORALBUCH, 1813.

1. Oh not to fill the mouth of fame My long-ing soul is stirred;

Oh give me a di - vin - er name: Call me Thy ser - vant, Lord!

2.
Sweet title that delighted me—
Rank earnestly implored;
Oh what can reach the dignity
Of Thy true servants, Lord?

3.
In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do Thine every task.

4.
Forever, Lord, Thy servant choose,—
Naught of Thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

5.
In life, in death, on Earth, in Heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Thro all eternity.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

"He maketh the storm a calm."

7s. D.

Owasco.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1743, *ad.*

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul ! Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the billows near me roll,

While the tem - pest still is high ; Hide me, O my Sav - iour ! hide, Till the storm of

life is past ; Safe in - to the hav - en guide ; Oh ! re - ceive my soul at last.

2.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

3.

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 stayed,
 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.

148. Rise my soul to watch and pray.

"Praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance."

7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.

Nassau.

Ger. JOH. BURCHARD FREYSTEIN, 1697.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862, *abr.*

JOHANN ROSENMULLER, 1650.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system includes the first line of lyrics: "1. { Rise my soul to watch and pray, From thy sleep a - wake thee, } Lest at last the e - vil day Sud - den - ly o'er take thee; } For the Foe,". The second system includes the second line of lyrics: "Well we know, Oft his harv - est reap - eth While the Christian sleep - eth." The score features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature.

2.

Wake and watch, or else thy night
Christ can ne'er enlighten;
Far off still will seem the light
That thy path should brighten;
God demands
Willing hands,
Hearts His love confessing,—
Such He fills with blessing.

3.

Watch against the world that frowns
Darkly to dismay thee;
Watch, when she thy wishes crowns,
Smiling to betray thee;
Watch and see
Thou art free
From false friends, that charm thee
While they seek to harm thee.

4.

Watch against thyself, my soul,
See thou do not stifle
Grace that should thy thoughts control,
Nor with mercy trifle;
Pride and sin
Lurk within,
All thy hopes to scatter
List not when they flatter.

5.

But, while watching, also see
That thou pray unceasing,
For the Lord must make thee free,
Strength and faith increasing,
So to do
Service true;
Let not sloth enslave thee,
Pray, and He will save thee.

149.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.

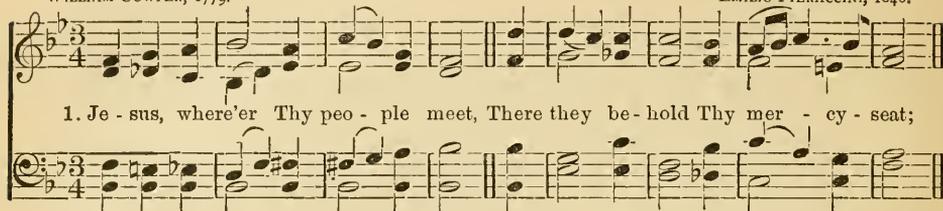
"As they spake these things He Himself stood in the midst of them."

L. M.

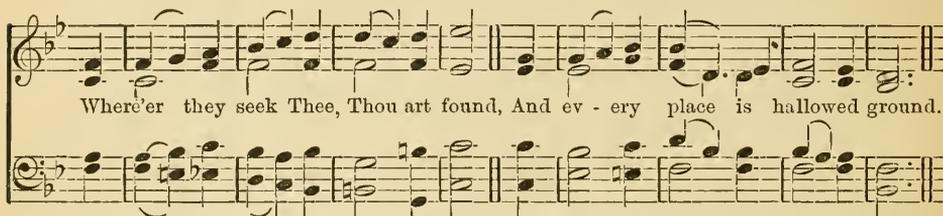
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

San Salvador.

EMILIO PIERACCINI, 1848.



1. Je - sus, where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;



Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hallowed ground.

2.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

5.

Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;

Oh rend the heavens, come quickly
down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

I 50.

WHAT less than Thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from Earth and
dust;
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord!
My Life, my Treasure, and my Trust?

2.

And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste His grace,
Lord! is it not Thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred
peace?

3.

Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet Earnest of the joys above.

ANNE STEELE, 1760, *abr.*

151.

"Translated into the kingdom of the Son of His love."

I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent I take Thy hand,—my fears are still;
 To break my dream of human power; Behold Thy face,—my doubts remove:
 For now, my shallow cisterns spent, Who would not yield his wavering will
 I find Thy founts, and thirst no more. To perfect Truth and boundless Love!

3.

That love this restless soul doth teach
 The strength of Thine eternal calm;
 And tune its sad and broken speech
 To join, on Earth, the angels' psalm.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1858, *abr.*

152.

Jesus, day by day.

"He that hath mercy on them shall lead them."

5.5.8.8.5.5.

NICHOLAUS VON L. ZINZENDORF, 1721.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862.

Hafodwen.

PETER MAURICE, 1876.

1. Je-sus, day by day Guide us on life's way, Naught of dangers will we reck - on,
 Simply haste where Thou dost beck-on, Lead us by the hand To our Fa - ther-land.

2.

Hard should seem our lot,
 Let us waver not,
 Never murmur at our crosses
 In dark days of grief and losses;
 'Tis thro trial we
 Here must pass to Thee.

3.

When the heart must know
 Pain for other's woe,
 When beneath its own 'tis sinking,

Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
 Fix our eyes, O Friend,
 On our journey's end.

4.

Thus our path shall be
 Daily traced by Thee;
 Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
 Help us most when most we suffer,
 And when all is o'er
 Ope to us Thy door.

153. Unite them all one cause to make.

"Thro Him we have our access, in one Spirit, unto the Father."

C. M.

Kabzeel.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1834.

JOHANN G. C. STÖKL, 1744.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: "1. U - nite them all one cause to make, O God, who Christ con - fess ; On new ho - ri - zons then shall break The Sun of Righteous - ness."

2.

The Gospel hath for him no ban
Who doth the Saviour's word ;
Who loveth God and serveth man,
Is one with Christ our Lord.

3.

For this to Him our knees we bow,
And pray Thy kingdom come,
From whom in Heaven and Earth below,
Is named one Fatherdom.

4.

That thro His Spirit's inward might,
He richly would impart
That Christ may dwell, of only right,
Thro faith, in every heart.

5.

That we filled full with God's own
strength,
With all the saints, may prove
The breadth and height and depth and
length
Of all-surpassing love.

I 54.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will ;
He speaks, and, in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2.

Howl, winds of night, your force com-
Without His high behest, [bine ;
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

3.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

4.

Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, 1806, *abr.*

155.

THOU Grace Divine, enriching all,
A shoreless soundless sea
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2.

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!

3.

And tho we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

4.

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

5.

And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,—
O Love of God, to Thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1852.

156. As pants the heart for cooling streams.

C. M.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

Eloise.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Alt. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834, *abr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1874.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

Copyright, 1874, in Musical Gazette, by Biglow & Main.

2.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

157. I do not come because my soul is free.

"Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

8.8.6.8.8.6.

FRANK B. ST. JOHN, 1878.

St. James.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.

1. I do not come be - cause my soul Is free from sin, and pure, and whole,

And wor - thy of Thy grace I do not speak to Thee be - cause

I've ev - er just - ly kept Thy laws, And dare to meet Thy face.

2.

I know that sin and guilt combine
To reign o'er every thought of mine,
And turn from good to ill.

I know that when I try to be
Upright, and just, and true to Thee,
I am a sinner still!

3

I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within

Leap up in unsubmissive might,
And oft benumb my sense of right,
And pull me back to sin.

4.

I know that, tho in deeds of good
I spend my life, I never could
Atone for all I've done:

But, tho my sins are black as night,
I dare to come before Thy sight,
Because I trust Thy Son.

5.

In Him alone my trust I place—
Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And there commune with Thee:
Salvation sure, O Lord is mine,
And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
For Jesus died for me!

158.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening
youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2.

And now, in age and grief, Thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
Oh yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee!

3.

Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

ROBERT GRANT, 1839, *abr.*

159.

My God and Father, while I stray.

"Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him."

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834, *abr.*

Troyte's Chant.

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, 1857.



1.

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

2.

Tho Thou hast called me | to re- | sign ||
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine; ||
I have but yielded | what was | Thine: ||
Thy | will be | done!

3.

Should grief or sickness | waste a- | way ||
My life in prema- | ture de- | cay, ||
My Father, still I | strive to | say, ||
Thy | will be | done.

4.

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!

5.

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!

6.

Then when on Earth I | breathe no | more ||
The prayer, oft mixed with | tears be- |
I'll sing upon a | happier | shore, || [fore, ||
Thy | will be | done!

160.

My God is any hour so sweet.

"From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard."

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834, *abr.*

Prayer.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
star, As that which calls me to Thy feet— The hour of prayer?

2.

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3.

No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind! [grief,

4.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5.

Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

161.

We cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
But we can always surely say [move :
That Thou art Love.

2.

When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er Earth,—our souls to Heaven a-
As to their sanctuary spring; [bove,
For Thou art Love.

3.

When mystery shrouds our darkened
path, [prove;
We'll check our dread, our doubts re-
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

4.

Yes, Thou art Love; and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss;
Our God is Love!

JOHN BOWRING, 1824. (?)

162. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.

"Yet I am not alone."

C. M.

St. Columba.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779, *abr.*

ANCIENT IRISH TUNE.
Har. ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far ;
From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

2.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abide,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
Communes she with her God!

4.

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5.

Author and Guardian of my life ;
Sweet Source of light divine ;
And,—all harmonious names in one,—
My *Saviour!* Thou art mine!

163.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
Abrood with dove-like wings
Above the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

2.

Where should our feebleness find
Our helplessness a stay, [strength,
Didst Thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort, day by day?

3.

Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

4.

Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve Thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek Thee, and would welcome
How would they prize Thy love! [Thee,

J. E. BROWN, 1849, *abr.*

164. Yea! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand.

"A stranger will they not follow."

9.6.6.8.4.4.

Ger. FRIED. ADOLPH KRUMMACHER, 1805.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

Christus Pastor.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1828.

1. Yea! our Shepherd leads, with gentle hand Along, this pil-grim-land,—This night-en -

shadowed wold, His lit - tle flock safe to their fold. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

2.

When His carelings wander in the dark,
This Shepherd true doth mark,
And, of His grace divine,
He bids a friendly star to shine. Hallelujah!

3.

Safe He leads us, out from deadly gloom,
To greenest meadow-bloom,
To waters flowing free,
Life-welling to eternity. Hallelujah!

4.

Down on us His eyes with pity look.
His gentle Shepherd-crook
Doth trust and comfort bring.
Himself keeps watch unwearying. Hallelujah!

5.

Yea! He is the faithfullest and best.
Our fold itself doth rest
Within those arms of His,
Whose very name Compassion is. Hallelujah!

165. More love to Thee, O Christ.

"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying 'Open to me.'"

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Horbury.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856.

JOHN B. DVKES, 1860.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make,



On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,—More love, O Christ!



to Thee, More love to Thee!



3.

Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

2.

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4.

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

O God, forsake me not!

"That Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

"Ach Gott verlass mich nicht."

Ger. SALOMON FRANCK, d. 1725.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882,

1648. *har.* JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1730.

1. { O God, for - sake me not! Thine hand to me ex - tend - ing,
Un - til, in stead - y faith, My pil - grim - age is end - ing. }

Here in this vale of night, Be Thou my glo - rious light :

Be Thou my staff and rod, For - sake me not, my God!.....

2.

O God, forsake me not!
Teach me Thy way to ponder,
And let me nevermore
In sin and folly wander.
Give me the Holy Ghost,
Grant an all-conquering trust,
And, if my footing slide,
Then, Lord, be at my side.

3.

O God! forsake me not!
In danger and in tial,
Stand Thou to strengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.
When fierce temptations near,
And courage turns to fear,
Do all that Thou hast willed,
But ne'er forsake Thy child!

God is forever true.

"Ye prisoners of hope."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Ger. JOH. C. WILHELMI.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

Freudensterne.

LEIPSIK, 1675.
Har. JOHANN FRIEDRICH DOLES, 1760.

1. God is for - ev - er true! His lov - ing changes nev - er, Tho, oft and deep, thy heart

Be - neath His hand may quiv - er. He makes thee to en - dure, That faith may

be more pure, And patience stead-fast grow. Thy God is ev - er true.

2.

God is forever true!

The grievously it pain thee,—

The thorn His wisdom leaves,

His strength will still sustain thee.

His discipline is good,

And all His Fatherhood

Thou yet shalt fully know.

Thy God is ever true.

3.

God is forever true!

The bondage of thy grieving

He will not overdo:

But haste to thy relieving.

He shakes thy prison door,

And brings thee forth once more,

And makes thee still to show

That God is ever true.

4.

God is forever true!

He comes to end thy mourning.

Behind the night of woe

His star of peace is burning.

The winds shall, at His word,

Cleanse every stormy cloud.

O Soul! take comfort *now!*

Thy God is ever true.

When morning gilds the skies.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. *abr.**"Singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord."*

Laudes Domini.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries May Je-sus Christ be praised.



A-like at work and prayer To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised.



2.

Whene'er the sweet church-bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3.

To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4.

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.

5.

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.

6.

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.

7.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
And when this life is gone
Thro all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

169. O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!

"The Lord bless thee, O habitation of justice, mountain of holiness!"

10.9.10.9.

PSALM LXXX.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1833.

Zuriel.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

1. O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel hear us! Thou that Joseph like a flock dost lead,

From the cher-u-bim shine forth and cheer us, Stir thy strength and come to help our need.

2.

Wilt Thou hear Thy people's prayer with anger?
Measure them the bread and drink of tears;
Visit strife and scorn upon our languor;
Grant no more the grace of other years?

3.

Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break, and waste, and fall, and burn, and perish,
While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?

4.

Turn us, Lord, again! in mercy, hearken;
All our waywardness and shame forgive;
Leave us not unsought, while shadows darken;
Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

5.

Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
By Thine hand, once more, our strength maintain,
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

170. No change of time shall ever shock.

"For this God is our God forever and ever."

L. M.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696, *abr.*

Jehovah Jireh.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1542.

1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee ;

For Thou hast al - ways been my rock A for - tress and de - fense to me.

2.

Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
My trust is in Thy mighty power :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3

To Thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

I 71.

How SHALL I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above ?

2.

Lord, should my path thro suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
Thine.

JOSEPH CONDER, 1836, *abr.*

I 72

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2.

He lives! He lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what should tempt us to despair ?

3.

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath loved us bears us thro,
And makes us more than conquerors
too.

4.

Not all that men on Earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our
love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

173

"Called to be Saints."

3.

HE wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will ;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

2.

4.

See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

No more I stagger at Thy power,
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot
Hasten the long-expected hour, [move :
And bless me with Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1772.

174. Am I a soldier of the cross.

C. M. D.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Christopher.

ISAAC WATTS, 1723.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN, 1560.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? }
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? } Must I be carried to the skies,

On flowery beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro bloody seas?

2.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure, I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

175

ALL that I was,—my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own ;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God! alone.
All that I am, ev'n here on Earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857, *abr.*

176. Fear not, O little flock, the foe.

"The Lord shall be for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate."

886886.

Magdalen College.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855, a.

WILLIAM HAYES, 1749.

1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - verthrow ;

Dread not his rage and pow'r ; What tho your cour - age sometimes faints,

His seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

2.

Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Leave all to Him, your Lord !

Tho hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise :
He girdeth on His sword !

3.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail ;

A jest and by-word are they grown ;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our vict'ry cannot fail !

4.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make
bare,

Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end : Amen !

177. Courage, doubting heart, be braver!

"Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.

"Alle Menschen müssen sterben."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

JACOB HINTZE, 1666.
Har. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

1. { Cou-rage, doubting heart, be brav-er! All God's an-gels are thy league. }
 { If thou hold fast hope, nor wav-er, Thou shalt bat-tle Hell's in-trigue. }

As a son thy faults chas-tis-ing, With His bap-tism thee bap-tiz-ing,

By His name, the vic-tor Christ Bids thee all thy foes re-sist.

2.

Ne'er let Satan's taunt deter thee
 That thou art imperfect yet,
 Grieve not for the past unworthy,
 Things which are behind forget.
 Clouds of witnesses are o'er thee;
 Stretching forth to things before thee,
 Onward, upward press, my soul,
 Thou shalt touch the blessèd goal.

3.

He who sought, and found, and won thee,
 His bright presence still hath lent;
 That His power may rest upon thee,
 Make thy strife a sacrament.
 God thro life shall be thy warden,
 Thro the swellings of the Jordan,
 Ending soon faith's last eclipse
 In Love's great apocalypse.

Christian, dost thou see them!

"We wrestle not with flesh and blood."

6s & 5s.

St. Andrews.

Gk. ANDREW OF CRETE, cir. 720.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *alt. and ab.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. Christian, dost thou see them! On the ho-ly ground, How the pow'rs of

dark-ness Rage thy steps a-round? Christian, up and smite them,

Counting gain but loss, In the strength that cometh By the Ho-ly Cross.

2.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?—
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly,—
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

179. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"By the armor of righteousness."

6s & 5s.

St. Gertrude.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865, *abr.*

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.
Har. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching, as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane : But the Church of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe : Forward in - to
Constant will remain. Gates of Hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail ; We have Christ's own

bat - tle, See His banners go! *f* Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
prom - ise, And that cannot fail.

ff
war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore!
The cross, the cross of
3.
Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph - song ;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King ;
This, thro countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

180. Dearest Immanuel, Prince of the lowly.

"Neither do I exercise myself in great matters, nor in things too high for me."

II. IO. II. IO. 5. 10.

"Liebster Immanuel."

Ger. Ahasuerus Fritsch, 1668.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1884, abr.

LEIPSIC, 1675, ascribed to JOH. RUDOLPH AHLE.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1736.

1. } Dear-est Im-man-u-el, Prince of the low-ly, Thou, my soul's
Thou my hearts treas-ure tak-est, so whol-ly, All its love

con-fi-dence, come soon to me!
ar-dent-ly flows out to Thee. } Naught that is earth-y

Seem-eth me wor-thy, So I but ev-er my Je-sus may see!

2.

Name sweet and wonderful—KING! As I listen,
Lovely, most graciously, as fresh with dew
'Neath the cool morning-tide fields of bloom glisten,
So falleth Jesus' name, whom trust I true.

Thus my heart parteth
From all that smarteth,
When in adoring faith my Lord I view.

3.

And if my earthliness the cross appalleth,
That e'en a Saviour's lot it was to share,

If my soul earnestly on Jesus calleth,
 Already can the heart o'er roses fare.
 No storm's wild riot
 Shall work disquiet;
 Gladly will I with Christ its raging bear.

4.

When Satan's stout device fain would devour me,
 When tells my conscience-book of broken laws,
 When with her myrmidons Hell would o'erpower me,
 When Death's corroding tooth the heart begnaws,
 Stand I unfearing,
 With Jesus nearing—
 All of them by His blood Christ overawes.

181. Oft in danger, oft in woe.

"Against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness."

7-7-7-7.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804, *alt.*

Clarion.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.

1. Oft in danger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christian, on-ward go! Fight the

fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. A - - men, A - men!

2.

Onward, Christian, onward go!
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Will you flee in danger's hour?
 Know you not your Captain's power?

3.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March, in heavenly armor clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long;
 Vict'ry soon shall tune your song. *Amen.*

Quicken, Lord, our pilgrim going.

8s.7s.6s.5s.P.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

"The shout of a King is among them."

"Ein ist noth."

DARMSTADT GESANGBUCH, 1698.

1. { Quicken, Lord, our pil - grim go - ing, Mind - ful of that Fa - ther - land, }
 { Whence Thy promised light is glow - ing, Where Thy true con - fess - ors stand. }

Love's ban - ner be - fore us; Truth's firm - a - ment o'er us; Such faith Thou hast

grant - ed, Our hope is un - daunted. Our boast is right roy - al, — The

God - head Tri - une! The land of the loy - al Will wel - come us soon.

2.

Take, O Christ, our full confession!
 Thou that city hast prepared
 For the Church's sure possession,
 Who Thy wayfare now have shared.
 Thy pain-path we're wending:
 But shadows are rending.
 We drink of Thy chalice,—
 We'll stand in Thy palace.
 To Thee yield our laurels,
 One jubilee blend
 In Heaven-wide chorals,
 That world without end.

3.

On we press with steady marches,
 Sober vigils, joyful cheers.
 Nearer gleam those jewelled arches,
 Just before are Heaven's frontiers.
 Hell's armies may mock us,—
 Their hate shall not baulk us;
 We fear not their leaguer:
 But *on!* true and eager.
 Exalted each valley,
 Each mountain made low,
 In confident rally
 Right homeward we go!

183. Mighty God Thy Church recover.

"Lord, Remember."

8.8.7.7.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1881.

Wycliffe.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, 1824.

1. Might-y God, Thy Church re - cov - er, Bid the sleep of death be o - ver,

Purge our hearts, Thou Ho - ly Ghost! Light the flames of Pen - te - cost.

2.

By the Saviour's intercession,
 Blot, in mercy, our transgression;
 Thou, O God! wilt not despise
 Broken-hearted sacrifice!

3.

Turn Thy people's desolation
 To the joy of Thy salvation!
 So our tongues aloud shall sing
 Of Thy righteousness, our King!

184. The Son of God goes forth to war.

"Who thro' faith subdued kingdoms."

C. M. D.

St. Bartholomew.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.
Alla marcia.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, 1870.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain. His blood-red banner

streams a-far;— Who follows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-

umphant o-ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below,—He follows in His train.

2.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw His Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the
 wrong;—
 Who follows in His train?

3.

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks, the death to
 Who follows in their train? [feel;—

4.

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
 Thro' peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train!

DOXOLOGY.

THE songs of glory here begun
 Let heavenly songs complete,
 To Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Paraclete.
 We are as all Thy servants were,
 And as they are shall be,—
 Creator, Saviour, Comforter,—
 Forever one in Thee! 1834.

185. For that ye, young men, are strong.

*"Up! for this is the day * * * is not the Lord gone out before thee?"*

7.7.7.7.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

Lubeck.

GERMAN, 1704.

1. For that ye, young men, are strong, Lift the ban-ner of God's Son.

Make His might-y word your song; O-ver-come the E-vil One.

2.

4.

Ye are all the sons of light!
 Consecrate the powers of youth;
 Loyal to your Maker's right,
 War the warfare of the truth.

Ye His soldiers are enrolled!
 Unto blood resisting sin,
 Disentangled, self-controlled,
 Love His power and discipline.

3.

5.

Suffer hardship. Fear no fear.
 Courage! Quit you manfully.
 Heedful that your Lord is near,
 Keep His law of liberty.

Shout the shouting of the King!
 Turn the aliens! Battle-scarred,
 Thro' the gates, with honor, bring
 That committed you to guard.

186. Head of the Church triumphant.

"Till Thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased."

7.7.8.7.D.

Septuor.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745, *abr.*

Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1799.

Alla marcía.

1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee! Till Thou appear Thy members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry. We lift our hearts and voices With blest an-ti-ci-pa-tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

2.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Thro torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
Thy love divine
That makes us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever!

3.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to Heaven!

187. God of Thine Israel, none is like Thee.

"God is not ashamed of them to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

9.9.9.9.

Ithaca.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

WILLIAM PIUTTI, 1884.

1. God of Thine Is-ra-el, none is like Thee! Great are Thy mer-cies, mighty Thy laws;

Let Thy word, pray we, ver-i-fied be, Hear Thou in Heaven, plead Thou our cause.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2.

Faithful Creator, Thee will we trust,
Thy God, O Zion, shall be thy Rock,
Out from before thee all thy foes thrust,
Shelter thee, lead thee,—beautiful flock!

3.

Girded with gladness, steady and strong,
Straight thro the sea-path Wisdom hath plowed,
Changing the voices, changeless the song
Mightily sounding out from the cloud.

4.

Gath'ring His sheep-flock from every fold,
Christ, their one Shepherd, shall His Church seal.
Were it not so, Lord, Thou wouldst have told;—
What Love hath spoken naught can repeal!

5.

Darkness is passing,—twilight withdrawn,
Weeping endureth only a night:
Tender rejoicing ushers the dawn,—
Perfected promise,—faith merged in sight!

Father of eternal grace.

"I have learned the secret, both to be filled and to be hungry."

7.7-7.7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1808.

Festus.

"GERMAN." BRISTOL TUNE BOOK, 1876.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace! Glo - ri - fy Thy - self in me;

Meek - ly beam - ing in my face, May the world Thine im - age see.

2.

Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3

Humble, holy, all-resigned
 To Thy will,—Thy will be done!—
 Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-belovèd Son.

4.

Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod;
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him, to Thee my God!

189.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2.

Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.

3.

Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee;
 Take my voice and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.

4.

Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my will and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine.

5.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own!
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all!—for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAYEGAL, 1873. *abr.*

190.

Equip me for the war.

"The weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh."

S. M.

Thatcher.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741, *abr.*

From GEORGE F. HÄNDEL, 1732.

1. E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight ;

My sim - ple, up - right heart pre - pare, And guide my words a - right.

2.

Oh arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee ;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

3.

With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce Thy call ;
And vindicate Thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

4.

Oh may I love like Thee ;
In all Thy footsteps tread ;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing Thou hast made.

5.

Oh may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove ;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

191

COME, we that love the Lord !
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2.

Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707, *abr.*

192. By cool Siloam's shady rill.

"The promise is to you and to your children."

C. M.

REGINALD HEBER, 1872, *abr.*

Childhood.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK, 1865.

1. By cool Sil - o - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!
How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!

2.

Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose sacred heart, with influence
sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3.

For soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

4.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crown'd,
Were all alike divine :

5.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

193.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their
prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2.

Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

3.

Happy the home where prayer is
And praise is wont to rise; [heard,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4.

Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

Mrs. W——, 1838.

194. Dear Saviour! ever at my side.

"The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit."

C. M.

King's Chapel.

FRED'K W. FABER, 1849, *alt. and abr.*

HENRY PURCELL, *d.*, 1695.

1. Dear Sav - iour! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in Heav'n to guard A lit - - tle child like me!

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2.

195.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

COME, Christian children, come, and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

3.

2.

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

4.

3.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

5.

4.

Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

DOROTHY A. THURPP, 1836.

196. There's a Friend for little children.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860, *abr.*

Shelter.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1871.

1. There's a Friend for lit-tle children, Above the bright blue sky, A Friend that never

mf
 changeth, Whose love will never die. Un-like our friends by nature, Who change with

f
 changing years, This Friend is al-ways wor- thy The precious name He bears.

2.

There's a rest for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blesséd Saviour
 And to their Father cry,—
 A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free,
 There every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

3.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look to Jesus,
 Shall wear it by-and-by.
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He shall sure bestow
 On all who love the Saviour,
 And walk with Him below.

197. We are but little children weak.

"Each one resembled the children of a King."

L. M.

Melcombe.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1850.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790.

1. We are but lit - tle child - ren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate ;

What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?

2.

5.

We know the holy innocents When deep within our swelling hearts
Laid down for Him their infant life, The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
And martyrs brave and patient saints When bitter words are on our tongues,
Have stood for Him in fire and strife. And tears of passion in our eyes ;

3.

6.

We wear the cross they wore of old, Then we may stay the angry blow,
Our lips have learned like vows to make ; Then we may check the hasty word,
We need not die, we cannot fight ; Give gentle answers back again,
What may we do for Jesus' sake ? And fight a battle for our Lord.

4.

7.

Oh, day by day, each Christian child With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Has much to do, without, within ; Light in our dwellings we may make,
A death to die for Jesus' sake, Bid kind good-humour brighten there ;
A weary war to wage with sin. And still do all for Jesus' sake.

8.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take ;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

198. Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

8.7.8.7.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, 1826.

"He shall gather the lambs in His arm."

New Jersey.

WALTER B. GILBERT, 1870.

1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shep - herd's kindest care,

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.

2.

2.

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me,

3.

3.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

4.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

200.
O'ER our blooming plains and prairies,
O'er these mountain summits grand,
Every breeze the message carries,—
"This shall be Immanuel's land!"

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839.

2.

199.
JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:
Thro the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Lead the nation, Holy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free!
Lead, till Shiloh lift His banner,
And to Him the gathering be!

ANON, *abr.*

201. Hushed was the hymn, the temple dark.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days."

L. M.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1863, arr. M. W. S. 1884.

Starlight.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1853.

1. Hushed was the hymn, the tem-ple dark, The lamp burnt dim be - fore the ark.

When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Called thro the si - lence of the shrine.

2.

The aged priest of Shiloh slept,
But watch the little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3.

Lord, give me Samuel's open ear,
Each whisper of Thy word to hear;
Eager to answer at Thy call,
Quick to obey Thee first of all.

4.

Oh! give me Samuel's lowly heart,
To watch and wait where'er Thou art;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5.

Oh! give me His un murmuring faith,
To Thee resigned in life and death;
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

202.

O COME, dear child, along with me,
And look on yonder clear blue sky,
The moon is shining bright, you see,
And stars are twinkling up on high.

2.

'Tis there, my child, far, far above,
That Heaven's eternal kingdom lies,
There holy angels dwell in love,
And tears are wiped from all our eyes.

3.

It is a happy, happy place,
Without a sorrow, pain, or care,
There you may see the Saviour's face,
Who loves to take good children

4.

[there.

O pray, each night, that God may bless
And keep you, while on Earth you stay,
And give you endless happiness,
When from the Earth you pass away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

203. Now I lay me down to sleep.

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

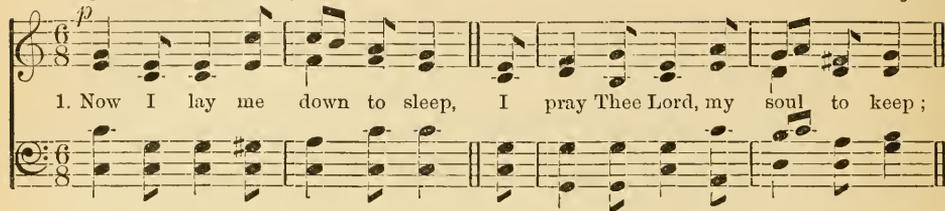
7.8.8.8.8.

Lambherd.

First Stanza, ANON.
2d & 3d Stanzas, M. W. S. 1834.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1883.

p



1. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee Lord, my soul to keep;



If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my

mf



soul to take, And this I ask for Je - sus' sake. A - men.

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2.

Now the light begins to break,
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
Keep me this day from every ill,
Help me to know and do Thy will,
With Jesus' love my spirit fill. *Amen.*

3.

By and by, when, one by one,
These days and nights of Earth are done,
With those I love, redeemed from guile,
May I awake beneath His smile,
Whom I have prayed to all the while. *Amen.*

204. From all Thy saints in warfare.

"We believe that we shall be saved thro the grace of the Lord Jesus in like manner as they."

13.13.13.13.

HORATIO NELSON, 1863, *abr.*

Cœli Gloriantur.

ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.

1. From all Thy saints in war-fare, for all Thy saints at rest, To Thee, O blessèd

Je - sus, all prais-es be ad - drest. Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle that

they might conquerors be; Their crowns of living glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

2.

For grace which did in mercy for all their sins atone;
 For love which hath ingathered the blessèd, one by one;
 We praise Thy name, O Saviour, and pray that we with them
 May shine as precious jewels in Thy bright diadem.

3.

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
 Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
 For these, past on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
 And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more

205. For all the saints, who from their labors rest.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "Considering the issue of their life imitate their faith."

10.10.10.8.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854, *abr.*
mf Marcato.

Aurora.

MAX PIATTI, 1879.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a dynamic marking of *mf Marcato*. The second system begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The third system also begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The lyrics are: "1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world confess, Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest, Alleluia, Alleluia!"

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2.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3.

For that Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4.

Oh 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! Alleluia!

5.

Oh, blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle,—they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

6.

From Earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Thro gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Alleluia! Alleluia!

206. The flowers that bloom in sun and shade.

8.6.4.8.6.4.

"And we shall be change I."

Cayuga.

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI, 1878.

MAX PIUTTI, 1883.

Adagio.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

1. The flowers that bloom in sun and shade, And glitter in the dew; The flowers must fade:

The birds that build their nest and sing, When lovely spring is new, Must soon take wing.

2.

The Sun that rises in his strength,
To wake and warm the world,
Must set at length:
The sea that overflows the shore,
With billows frothed and curled,
Must ebb once more.

3.

All come and go, all wax and wane,
O Lord, save only Thou;
Who dost remain
The same to all eternity:
All things which fail us now
We trust to Thee.

Tranquilly, slowly, solemnly, lowly.

"That, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

5.5-9.5.5-9.

Urijah.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, d. 1759, arr.

Marche funebre.

1. Tranquilly, slowly, Solemnly, low - ly, Bring the pre-cious earth that sleep hath kissed!

Soul to its Mak-er, Dust to God's a-cre, Qui - et bid - ing res - ur-rec - tion tryst.

2.

With eyes bedimmed,
Requiems hymning,
Smite we music from these broken
Yet smile in grieving, [chords;
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die, we are the Lord's.

3.

The form is buried,
But angels serried
Bear up safe the spirit homeward
High o'er these dirges [called.
Heaven's anthem surges,
Praising God one more is disenthralled.

4.

Glad transformation!
Perfect salvation,
Mortal shadows merged in glowing day;
Heart no more weary,
Answered each query.
All the former things are past away.

5.

Lambs He doth cherish
Never shall perish,
Naught can pluck them from the Sav-
Love efficacious, iour's hand;
Tenderly gracious,
Still shall lead them in that holy land.

6.

Loosed Earth's last fetter!
Sure 'tis far better
To depart and be for aye with Christ.
So come, Lord Jesus,
Soon to release us,
Join us with the souls emparadised!

Amid life's wild commotion.

7s & 6s D.

"Beauty for ashes."

St. Anselm.

From Ger. of KARL JULIUS ASSCHENFELD, d, 1856.

JOSEPH EARNEY, 1868.

1. A - mid life's wild commo - tion, Where naught the heart can cheer, Who points beyond its

o - cean To yonder brighter sphere? Our fee - ble footsteps guid - ing, When

from the path we stray, Who leads to bliss a - bid - ing? 'Tis Christ our on - ly WAY.

2.

When doubts and fears distress us
 And all around is gloom,
 And shame and fear oppress us,
 Who can our souls illumine?
 Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,
 And making all things bright,
 The sun of TRUTH is beaming
 In glory on our sight.

3.

Who fills our hearts with gladness
 That none can take away?
 Who shows us, midst our sadness
 The distant realms of day?
 'Mid fears of death assailing,
 Who stills the hearts wild strife?
 'Tis Christ! our friend unailing,
 The WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE.

209. Now the laborer's task is o'er.

"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

7.7.7.8.8.

JOHN ELLEKTON, 1871.

Hebron.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1874.

mf Tranquillo.

1. Now the la - borer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle day is past;

Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger, at last. Fa - ther,

in Thy gracious keep - ing, Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A - men.

2.

There the tears of Earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3.

There the angels bear on high
Many a strayed and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie

In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5.	There no more the powers of Hell Can prevail to mar their peace; Christ the Lord shall guard them well, He Who died for their release. Father, in Thy gracious keeping, Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.	6.	"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!" Calmly now the words we say; Left behind, we wait, in trust, For the Resurrection day. Father, in Thy gracious keeping, Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
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Amen.

210. With silence only as their benediction.

Chant.

"It is well."

Whittier.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1845.

Arr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

Piano.

1. With silence only as their..... ben - e - diction, God's an - gels come,

Where, in the shadow of a..... great af - fliction, The soul sits dumb.

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2.

Yet would we say, what every | heart ap- | proveth, |
Our | Father's | will, ||
Calling to Him the dear ones | whom He | loveth, |
Is | mercy | still! ||

3.

Not upon us or ours, the | solemn | angel |
Hath | evil | wrought; ||
The funeral anthem is a | glad e- | vangeli; |
The | good die | not! ||

4.

God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly |
What | He has | giv'n; ||
They live on Earth, in thought and | deed, as | truly |
As | in His | Heaven. ||

211. O God, Thy judgments give the King.

"He shall set up an ensign for the nations."

10.12.10.4.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

"Der Herr ist gut!"

CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.

Vigoroso.

1. O God, Thy judgments give the King, Thy Son! Now let the handful's harvest shake like

Le - ban - on; Lead forth Thy scattered flock, and make them one; Thy Word a-bide.

2.

Uplift that cross where Love did sin atone;
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,—none other name be known!
Salvation's anthem swell from every zone,
One joyful tide!

3.

To Him the gathering of the people be,
From height and valley, wilderness and utmost sea,
All nations bow before His sovereignty,—
For man Who died.

4.

Thy years, Thou King of Ages, shall not fail!
The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail.
And they that pierce His love shall see, and wail,
The Crucified!

5.

Thou art a King! Oh, let Thy Kingdom come!
Before Thy sceptre all Thine enemies be dumb!
Throw wide the gates of Thy Millennium,
And claim Thy Bride!

6.

Rebuke for us the Foe that would devour!
 Reveal the radiant hidings in Thine hand of power;
 Robe the King's daughter with her glorious dower,
 At Thy dear side.

7.

Ye forests, sing! Ye oceans, clap your hands!
 Like mountains round Jerusalem her Saviour stands.
 Amen, and Amen! Triumph, all ye lands,
 Afar and wide!

212.

Awake, awake, O Zion.

"Whose is the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises."

7s & 6s, D.

BENJAMIN GOUGH, 1865, *abr.*

Gottland.

A SWEDISH CHORAL.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major and 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic accompaniment consisting of chords and single notes.

1. } Awake,—awake, O Zi - on! Put on thy strength divine ; }
 } Thy garments bright in beauty, Thy bridal dress bethine : } Je - ru - sa - lem the ho - ly,

To pu - ri - ty re - stored, Meek Bride, all fair and low - ly, Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2.

Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
 And shout, from Zion's towers,
 Thy halleluJah chorus,—
 "The victory is ours!"
 The Lord shall built up Zion
 In glory and renown,
 And Jesus, Judah's lion,
 Shall wear His rightful crown.

3.

Break forth in hymns of gladness;
 O waste Jerusalem!
 Let songs, instead of sadness,
 Thy jubilee proclaim;
 The Lord, in strength victorious,
 Upon thy foes hath trod;
 Behold, O Earth! the glorious
 Salvation of our God!

Burst forth, O Bridegroom.

"How many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea: wherefore also thro Him is the Amen, unto the glory of God thro us."

10.10.7.10.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1880.

Elisabeth.

HENRY SMART, 1872.

1. Burst forth, O Bridegroom, from Thy cham - ber bright! That, all Earth's

dark-ness swal - lowed up of light, Forth may stand Thy ho - ly

Bride, - The tra - vail of Thy soul be sat - is - fied. A - men.

2.

Fair as the moon, and clear as Thou her Sun,
Thine undivided garment putting on,
Thou wilt take her then, and own
The love no waters quenched, nor floods could drown.

3.

Long has she waited, watched, and mourned apart,
But now is set a seal upon Thy heart,
Wond'ring, reads the way she trod
Submissive to the righteousness of God.

4.

Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear,
Tho we know not the day He shall appear,
Even-time shall still be light,
And joyful morning follow heavy night.

5.

Oh glorious day, when Christ, our Sun, shall rise;
And Heaven's high morning fill th' unfolding skies:
None shall say, 'Lo! here!' or, 'there!'
For lo! the shining light is everywhere! *Amen.*

214. The gloomy night will soon be past.

"Our citizenship is in Heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory."

C. M.

Zwingle.

SAMUEL P. TREGELLES, 1840.

JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1792.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto parts, with the bass part providing a steady harmonic accompaniment.

2.

Thou bright and Morning Star, Thy light	Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day.
Will to our joy be seen;	The suited grace bestow.
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight	5.
Without a cloud between.	But oh! the more we learn of Thee,

3.

Ah, yes! Lord Jesus, Thou, whose heart	The more we long Thy face to see,
Still for Thy saints doth care;	And fully know Thy love.
We shall behold Thee as Thou art,	6.
Thy perfect likeness bear.	Then shine, Thou bright and Morning

4.

Thy love sustains us on our way,	Dispel the dreary gloom; [Star,
While pilgrims here below;	Oh! take from sin and grief afar,
	Thy blood-bought people home!

215. Saviour! sprinkle many nations.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."

8s & 7s. D.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1851.

The Austrian Hymn.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.

1. } Saviour! sprinkle many nations, Fruitful let Thy sorrows be; }
 By Thy pains and consolations, Draw the Gentiles unto Thee; } Of Thy cross the wondrous story,

Be it to the nations told; Let them see Thee in Thy glory, And Thy mercy man-i - fold.

2

Far and wide, tho all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain;
 Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
 Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3.

Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on Earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

216.

MARAN atha! HE is coming!
 Not as once He came before,
 Wailing Infant, born in weakness,
 On a lowly stable floor:
 But upon His cloud of glory,
 In the crimson-tinted sky,
 Where we see the golden sunrise
 In the rosy distance lie.

2.

Maran atha! HE is coming!
 Let His lowly first estate,
 And His tender love, so teach us
 That in faith and hope we wait,
 Till in glory eastward burning,
 Our redemption draweth near;
 And we see the sign in Heaven
 Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858, *abr*

217. Rejoice, all ye believers.

"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh from you."

7s & 6s, D.

Ger. LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1690.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853. *abr.*

Lancashire.

HENRY SMART, 1836.

f

1. Re-joyce, all ye be-liev-ers! And let your lights ap-pear, The evening is ad-

p *f*

vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near, The Bridegroom is a-ris-ing, And soon He

ff

draweth nigh, Up! pray, and watch and wres-tle,— At mid-night comes the cry!

2.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near.
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With halleluJahs clear.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere,
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of Earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

218. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

"I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

8s, 7s, & 4.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1758, and JOHN CENNICK, 1752.
Arr. MARTIN MADAN, 1760, abr.

Archangel.

MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

Maestoso.

1. Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain.

Thousand, thousand saints, at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train;

Hal - le - lu - Jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign!

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2.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
HalleluJah!
Shall the true Messiah see.

3.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and Earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim the day;
HalleluJah!

"Come to judgment, come away!"

4.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, of men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
HalleluJah!
See the day of God appear!

219. When came in flesh th' Incarnate Word.

"Lord, Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!"

C. M. D.

Wearmouth, (Old 81st.)

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1836.

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. When came in flesh th' Incarnate Word, The heedless world slept on, And on - ly sim-ple

shepherds heard That God had sent His Son. When comes the Saviour at the last, From

west to east shall shine The aw - ful pomp, and Earth aghast Shall tremble at the sign.

2.

3.

Then shall the pure in heart be blest ;	Lord! who could dare see Thee descend
As mild He comes to them,	In state, unless he knew
As when upon the virgin's breast	Thou art the sorr'wing sinner's Friend,
He lay at Bethlehem :	The gracious and the true?
As mild to meek-eyed love and faith ;	Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest !
Only more strong to save ;	So shall thine Advent-dawn
Strengthened by having bowed to death,	'Twixt us and Thee, our bosom Guest,
By having burst the grave.	Be but the veil withdrawn.

Wake, awake, for night is flying!

8s, 9s, 6s & 4s. P.

Gr. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862.

"The day is at hand."

"Wachet auf!"

PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.
Arr. BENJ. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing
Mid-night hears the welcome voic - es, And at the thrill - ing cry re - joic - es;—

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem at last! }
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past! } The Bridegroom comes! Awake! Your lamps with gladness take.

Al - le - lu - ia! And for His marriage-feast prepare; For ye must go to meet Him there.

2.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing.
She wakes,—she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord
O Jesus, Son of God!

Alleluia!

We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3.

Now let all the Heav'ns adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear

What there is ours:

But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

Hark! the song of Jubilee!

"Seeing that ye look for these things, give diligence that ye may be found in peace."

7s, D.

Parousia.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1825.

MAX PIUTTI, 1881.

1. Hark!—the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thunders roar,— Or the full-ness

of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;—"Hal-le-lu-Jah! for the Lord God om -

nip - o - tent shall reign!" Hal-le - lu-Jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.

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2.

HalleluJah!—hark!—the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes, above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies!
 See Jehovah's banners furled!
 Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world [done,
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end;—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 HalleluJah!—Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in All.

222. That great day of the Lord draws nigh.

"Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
Chiefly based upon the *DIES IRAE*, 1250,
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

Luther's Hymn.
JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.

1. THAT GREAT DAY OF THE LORD draws nigh, With wrath and desolation: }
When swift shall break the bitter cry, Thro all Earth's habitation. } A day of trouble,
cloud, and gloom, Of trumpet blast and rending tomb—The judgment of Cre - a - tion!

2.

<p>The world-wide millions, quick and Now meet the last arraignment. [dead, The open volume wide is spread, All things of time containing. Before that Holy Magistrate Stand manifested small and great, Naught unadjudged remaining.</p>	<p>For I that holy ransom claim; Absolve my sins by Thy great name, And pluck me from perdition!</p>
---	--

3.

Ah! what shall I, a wretch, reply—
Whom sue for mediation—
While e'en the just for mercy cry,
And all is lamentation?
O King of boundless majesty,
Heed, pity, rescue, pardon me,
Thou Fountain of Salvation!

4.

Remember all Thy mortal woe,
Thou Judge of just decision—
The cross that Thou didst undergo,
O Christ, to give remission;

5.

Unworthy is my very prayer—
A criminal appealing;
But, Thou Good One, benignly spare
A guilty suppliant kneeling!
Thou Mary's grief didst well regard,
Nor didst the robber's cry discard—
My contrite soul give healing!

6.

So lift we up our hearts, O Lord—
Redemption's day is nearing;
We hide in Thee, we trust Thy word,
We wait for Thine appearing;
With boldness face Eternity,
Because as Thou art, so are we—
Thy love hath cast out fearing!

223. Jesus, engrave it on my heart.

L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life."

Zithri.

JOHANN STAHL, 1544.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 4/4 time and features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Je - sus, en - grave it on my heart That Thou the one thing need - ful art ;". The second system is in 3/4 time and features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I could from all things part - ed be, But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from Thee."

2.

Needful is Thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God,
Needful is Thy indulgent care,
Needful Thine all-prevailing prayer.

3

Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford,
Needful Thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4.

Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Thro all life's dark and weary way ;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

5.

Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever His—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

224

LET me be with Thee, where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest ;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2.

Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3.

Let me be with Thee, where Thon art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4.

Let me be with Thee, where Thon art,
Where none can die, where none re-
move :
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

A pilgrim and a stranger.

"Whither the tribes go up."

7s & 6s. D.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1667.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1862, *abr.*

St. Hilda.

* JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1792. = ** ANON, 1872.
* † * EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.

1. A pil - grim and a stranger, I jour - ney here be - low; Far dis - tant is my

country, The home to which I go: Here I must toil and tra - vail, Oft

wea - ry and oppressed, But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.

2.

It is a well-worn pathway;
Many have gone before,—
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore;
They trod the toilsome journey,
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3.

With them my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be;
Come, Lord! and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging,
To the sweet home of peace!

Forever with the Lord.

"It was but a little that I past from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth."

S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835, *abr.*

Gorton.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be!



Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

2.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

5.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

6.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

7.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

8.

"For ever with the Lord!"—
Father! if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

9.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death, I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

The roseate hues of early dawn.

"When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

C. M. D.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

All Hallows.

ROBERT P. STEWART, 1873.

1. The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the

sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way! Oh!... for the pearly gates of Heaven! Oh!...

for the gold-en floor! Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness, That setteth nev - er more!

2.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh! for a heart that never sins!
 Oh! for a soul washed white!
 Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

3.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
 Oh! by Thy life laid down,
 Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown.

228. Ye golden lamps of Heaven, farewell.

"Go thou thy way till the end; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

C. M.

Anastasia.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

1. Ye gold - en lamps, of Heav'n, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light;

Fare-well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

2

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

229.

THE Heaven of Heavens cannot contain
The Universal Lord;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the Earth, or in the skies,
The Heaven of God is there.

3.

His presence there is spread abroad
Thro realms, thro worlds unknown
Who seeks the mercies of his God
Is ever near His Throne.

WILLIAM DRENNAN, 1815.

230. Hark! the sound of holy voices.

"They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out and passed on."

15.15.15.15.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862, *abr.*

Sanctuary.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces chanting at the crys - tal sea, — "Al - le - lu - ia,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord to Thee!" Multitudes which none can number, like the

stars in glo - ry stand, Clad in white ap - pa - rel, holding palms of vict - ry in their hand.

2.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following Thee, the Captain of salvation—Thee, their Saviour and their King; Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword, They have conquered death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

3.

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 for ever, and all truth and knowledge see,
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

231. Safe home, safe home in port.

"So He bringeth them to their desired haven."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Christ Church.

Gk. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 850.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1863, *abr. and a't.*

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865.

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord - age, shattered deck,

Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck; But

oh! the joy up - on the shore! To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er.

2.

The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3.

No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,

And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4.

The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

The sands of time are wasting.

7s & 6s. D.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

Rutherford.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857, *abr.*CHARLES D'URHAN.
Har. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1845.

1. The sands of time are wast-ing, The dawn of Heaven breaks, The summer

morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight,

But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

2.

With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

3.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

233.

The God of Abraham praise.

6.6.8.4. D.

"If ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed."

Uriel.

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1772, *ab.*

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

1. The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove, The An-cient of e-

ter-nal days, And God of Love! Je-ho-vah, Great I AM! By Earth and

Heav'n con-fest; I bow, and bless the sa-cred Name, For ev-er blest!

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2.

He by Himself hath sworn;
 I on His oath depend;
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To Heav'n ascend;
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

3.

Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nations bow,
 O'erwhelm'd at His almighty grace,
 Forever new:
 Hail! Abra'm's God, and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise!

Jerusalem, the golden.

"The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of hosts; for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

7s & 6s, D.

Lit. BERNARDE MORLAIN, 1150.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851, abr.

Ewing.

ALEXANDER EWING, 1852.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con-tem-

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, oh, I know not What

so - cial joys are there! What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com - pare!

2.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant 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 decked in glorious sheen.

3.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

There is a happy land.

"The lamp thereof is the Lamb."

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Ebury.

ANDREW YOUNG, 1838.

ORLANDO SLADDIN, 1876.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - rystand,

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is

rit.
Christ our King," Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
From sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run,
Be crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

236. Hark! hark! my soul! Angelic songs.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

P. M.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1840, *arr.*

Carmen Cœli.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er Earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

An-gels of Je - sus! An-gels of light! Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

2.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

The world is very evil.

"Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

7s & 6s.

Pearsall.

*Lit. BERNARD DE MORLAIX, 1150.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851, abr.*

ST. GALL, KATHOLISCHE GESANGBUCH, 1851.

1. The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax-ing late, Be so - ber and keep

vig - il, The Judge is at the 'gate; The Judge that comes in mer - cy The

Judge that comes with might, To ter-min-ate the e - vil, To di-a-dem the right.

2.

Arise, arise good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3.

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.

238. Heavenward, still heavenward.

"I press on toward the goal unto the prize."

7s, 5s & 4s.

Ger. J. G. SCHÖNER, *d.* 1813.
Tr. HENRY MILLS, 1845.

"Gott ist die Ruh."

JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, *cir.* 1660.

mf

1. } Heav - en - ward, still heav - en - ward, Urge thy ling'-ring feet: }
 { What de - serves thy chief re - gard, On - ly there to meet, — Not

here be - low. { Earthly hon - ors are in vain, }
 { Raise, if thou would'st glo - ry gain, } From Earth thy view.

2.

Heavenward He points thine eye,
 There to seek thy prize:
 Not depress'd, nor rais'd too high,
 By Earth's vanities.
 Her wealth is poor;
 From the good that here is won,
 Only what for Heav'n is done
 Will long endure.

3.

Heavenward, whate'er betide,
 Move the saints of God;
 Scorn'd for Him—the Crucified,
 Glad they bear the load:
 Their Saviour own!
 All for Him account but loss,—
 Willing, first to bear the cross,
 Then, wear the crown.

4.

Heavenward the Saviour led
 Thro reproach and wrong:
 In His path they too must tread
 Who to Him belong.
 Did He complain?
 Trust, like Him, His Father's care,—
 Murmur not,—but strive with pray'r,
 And vict'ry gain!

5.

Hallelujahs thou shalt sing,
 When thy Lord shall come,
 In triumphant joy, to bring
 All His people home:
 Thy fears discard!
 In that land of light and peace
 Sorrow shall forever cease,—
 On! heavenward!

239. Jerusalem! high tow'r thy glorious walls. .

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6.

"Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt."

Ger. JOHN M. MEYFART, 1634.

Tr. WM. R. WHITTINGHAM, 1859, *abr.*

HAUPT'S CHORALBUCH, 1608.

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem! high tow'r thy glorious walls, Would God I were in thee. }
 { De - sire of thee my long-ing heart enthalls, De - sire at home to be: }

Wide from the world out - leap - ing, O'er hill and vale and plain,

My soul's strong wing is sweep - ing, Thy por - tals to at - tain,

2.

Great fastness thou of honor! thee I greet! Throw wide thy gracious gate,
 An entrance free to give these longing feet; At last released, tho late,
 From wretchedness, and sinning, And life's long weary way;
 And now of God's gift, winning Eternity's bright day.

3.

Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne There shout the jubilee,
 With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone, In blissful ecstasy:
 A myriad thousand voices Take up the wondrous song;
 Eternity rejoices God's praises to prolong

*N. B. Thro the following pages, the numbers after the tune names refer to tunes in this book.
When in parenthesis, the figures refer to tune numbers in THE CHURCH PRAISE BOOK.*

240. L. M. GROSTETE. (86.)

GOD of my life! thro all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all her powers of language fail;
Joy thro my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live.
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1751, *abr.*

241. C. M. GENEVA. (120.)

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2.

Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1728, *abr.*

242. C. M. BEMERTON. (115.)

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

3.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

4.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

5.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712, *abr. alt.*

243. C. M. NAOMI. (433.)

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2.

“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3.

Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence thro my journey shine.
And bless its happy end.”

ANNE STEELE, 1760, *abr.*

244 L. M. ANASTASIUS, (303) or WARD (305.)

LIFT up your heads ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2.

Oh, blest the land, the city blest
Where Christ, the Ruler is confest:
Oh happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes.

3.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4.

Redeemer, come, I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide:
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

Ger. GEORGE WEISSEL, 1635.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1835. *adv.*

245 8s & 7s. DISCIPLE. (441.)

TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2.

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
HENRY F. LYTE, 1824, *adv.*

246 7s & 6s. WEBB. (610.)

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men! now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4.

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1838.

247. 75. SEYMOUR. (431.)

COME, my soul! thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not thee nay.

2.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *abr.*

248. L. M. HURSLEY. NO. 10.

ONCE more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

2.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

3.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

4.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest;
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5.

Thy touch hath still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

HENRY TWELLS, 1868. *abr.*

249. 8s & 7s. P. EVEN ME. (315.)

HAVE I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me,—
Even me, &c.

2.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, &c.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860. *abr.*

250. 7s. GETHSEMANE, (192.) OF NUREMBERG. (518.)

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For His sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now Thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2.

Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in Thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That Thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself Thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

3.

Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust!
Oh, remember I'm but dust!
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the Tempter's prey!
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in Thy love.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1820. *abr.*

NEARER, my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2.

Tho like the wanderer
(The Sun gone down),
Darkness be over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3.

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4.

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

5.

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

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

3.

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.

4.

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;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER, 1837.

DOXOLOGY.

To God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him our hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong,—
On Earth, in Heaven.

EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1843.

253. S. M. ST. THOMAS. (591.)

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of Thine abode
The Church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5.

Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

6.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories Earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800, *abr.*

254. L. M. THE OLD HUNDRETH. (98.)

WE'LL crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

2.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719, *abr.*

255. S. M. BOYLSTON. (339.)

BLEST be the tie, that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772, *abr.*

256. C. M. DUNDEE. (112.)

IN Thy great name, O Lord! we come,
To worship at Thy feet;
Oh! pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2.

Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand Thy word;
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

JOSEPH HOSKINS, 1788, *abr.*

257. C. M. MEAR. (63.)

ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Lo! Thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2.

Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

3.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719, *abr.*

258.

C. M. ST. ANNE, No. 103.

Oh! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3.

For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Thou earthquake shocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad.

4.

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the Earth,
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839, *alt.*

259.

C. M. WARWICK. (69.)

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime:
Thy true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

2.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working hand, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3.

How gleam thy watchfires thro the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

4.

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharm'd upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal city stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864, *abr.*

260.

C. M. PHUVAH. No. 130.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3.

We would not live by bread alone:
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

4.

Be known to us in breaking bread:
But do not then depart!
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5.

Lord, sup with us in love divine!
Thy body and Thy blood,—
That living bread, that heavenly wine,—
Be our immortal food!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825, 1849.

261.

75. FESTUS. No. 188.

Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2.

Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailling, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on Thee.

3.

Heavenly Father! thro the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do Thy will.

ELIZA LEE (CAROT) FOLLEN, 1854. (f).

262.

C. M. CORONATION. (220)

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!
 Who fixt this floating ball;
 Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

4.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call:
 The God incarnate, Man Divine;
 And crown Him Lord of all.

7.

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.

8.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
 That bound Creation's call,
 Now shout, in universal song,
 The crownèd Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779.
 (This is the authentic text.)

263.

8s & 7s. BEECHER. (217.)

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of Heaven, to Earth come down!
 Fix in us Thine humble dwelling;
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus! Thou art all compassion,—
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us, with Thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2.

Breathe, Oh! breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest:
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore Thy temples leave.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 'Till in Heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746, *abr.*

264.

L. M. (6 lines) MELITA, No. 20.

IN AGE and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a helpless soul redeem?
 Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
 Oh, could I catch one smile from Thee,
 And drop into eternity!

This stanza was CHARLES WESLEY'S last hymn. It was
 dictated from his deathbed, 1788.

NEARER, O God to Thee!
 Hear Thou my prayer.
 E'en tho a heavy cross
 Fainting I bear,
 Still all my prayer shall be,
 Nearer, O God, to Thee;—
 Nearer to Thee!

2.

If, where they led my Lord,
 I too am borne,
 Planting my steps in His,
 Weary and worn,
 Oh, may they carry me
 Nearer, O God, to Thee;—
 Nearer to Thee!

3.

Tho the great battle rage
 Hotly around,
 Still where my Captain fights
 Let me be found:
 Tho toils and strife to be
 Nearer, O God, to Thee;—
 Nearer to Thee!

4.

When, my course finished, I
 Breathe my last breath,
 Ent'ring the shadowy
 Valley of death,
 There too I still shall be
 Nearer, O God, to Thee;—
 Nearer to Thee!

5.

And when thou, Lord, once more
 Glorious shalt come,
 Oh, for a dwelling place
 In Thy bright home!

Thro all Eternity
 Nearer, O God, to Thee;—
 Nearer to Thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854, *abr.*

266.

C. M. HEBER. (381.)

HOW SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And, to the weary, rest.

3.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding-place,
 My never-failing Treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Altho with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.

5.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

6.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

267. L. M. WOODWORTH. (331.)

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—I come.

2.

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—I come.

3.

Just as I am, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come

4.

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—I come.

5.

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

6.

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—I come.

7.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

268. 75. PLEVEL. (444.)

BLESSÉD are the pure in heart!
They have loved the better part.
When life's journey they have trod,
They shall go to see their God.

Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here;
And His grace shall learn to know,
In His glorious works below.

3.

When the sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness thro' the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

4.

In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
'Thus the just shall shine,' they say,
'In the resurrection day.'

5.

God in everything they see.
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part
Blesséd are the pure in heart.

JOHN M. NEALE, 1844.

269. L. M. HAMBURG. (293.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say, than to you He
hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2.

In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.

3.

Fear not, I am with thee, Oh be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

4.

When thro the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5.

When thro fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6.

E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7.

The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

That soul, tho all Hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

GEORGE KEITH, (?) 1787.

271. 75 & 65 P. EXCELSIUS. NO. 2.

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace!

2.

From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward Voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in Thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

3.

Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought!
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to Thee!

4.

Lord, my time is in Thy hand;
My soul to Thee convert!
Thou canst make me understand,
Tho I am slow of heart.
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the power is Thine!
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love;
And all Thou art is mine!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742, *abr.*

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,
 Before th' eternal throne
 Sing, "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
 To the great Three in One.

2.

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.

3.

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.

4.

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blessed:
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858, *abr.*

Lo THE day of rest declineth,
 Gather fast the shades of night,

May the sun that ever shineth
 Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2.

Softly now the dew is falling;
 Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
 On His children, meekly calling,
 Purer influence God will shed.

3.

While Thine ear of love addressing,
 Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
 Father, give Thine evening blessing;
 Fold us safe beneath Thy wing.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, 1845.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine,
 Bid every string awake.

2.

The people of His choice
 He will not cast away;
 Yet do not always here expect
 On Tabor's mount to stay.

3.

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame;
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His name.

4.

Wait till the shadows flee;
 Wait thine appointed hour;
 Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
 Reveal His sovereign power.

5.

Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee!
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772, *abr.*

275. C. M. MARLOW. (38.)

LET every mortal ear attend,
and every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
with an inviting voice.

2.

Rivers of love and mercy here,
in a rich ocean join.
Salvation in abundance flows,
like floods of milk and wine.

3.

Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are
and boundless as our sins!

4.

The happy gates of gospel grace
stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
and drive our wants away.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707, *abr.*

276. S. M. SUNDERLAND. NO. 123.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2.

Awake my soul! and sing
Of Him who died for Thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Thro all eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1847, *abr.*

277. C. M. ARLINGTON. (350.)

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3.

Yea, tho I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4.

My table Thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5.

Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

FRANCIS ROUS, 1643.

278. 75 & 68. AMSTERDAM. (373.)

LET Thy cross my will control;
Conform me to my Guide!
In the manger lay my soul,
And crucify my pride!
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
Lowly Mind! my portion be!
Meek Redeemer! now impart
Thine own humility!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1759, *abr.*

279. C. M. ST. ANNE. NO. 103.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

2.

Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3.

Who made this throbbing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest!

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849, *alt.*

280.

6s & 4s. ITALIAN HYMN. (78.)

THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgivings, raise
 Hand, heart, and voice;
 The valleys laugh and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

2.

Yea, bless His holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Thro' all the Earth;
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth.

3.

The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise
 With one accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822, *abr.*

281.

6s & 4s. AMERICA. (578.)

MY COUNTRY 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land, where my fathers died!
 Land of the pilgrims' pride!
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring!

2.

My native country! thee,—
 Land of the noble, free,—
 Thy name—I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

4.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

282.

C. M. ST. PETER. NO. 142.

FOREVER OURS! for good or ill
 on us the burden lies;
 God's balances, by angels watched,
 are hung across the skies.

2.

Shall justice, truth, and freedom
 turn the poised and trembling scale?
 Or shall the evil triumph
 and the robber wrong prevail?

3.

This day we fashion destiny,
 our we' of fate we spin;
 This day, for all hereafter,
 choose we holiness or sin.

4.

Ev'n now from starry Gerizim,
 or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 We call the dews of blessing
 or the bolts of cursing down.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1848, *abr.*

283. 65 & 75. MISSIONARY HYMN. (622.)

CAN we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, Oh! salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

2.

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!

REGINALD HEBER, 1819, *abr.*

Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

3.

On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scatter'd wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

4.

Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

5.

Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known!
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then Earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee!

RAY PALMER, 1860.

284. 75 & 65. WEBB. (610)

THE whole wide world for Jesus;
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus;
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labor,
Till Christ His crown shall wear.

KATHARINE H. JOHNSON, 1872, *abr.*

286. L. M. WAREHAM. (665.)

Go, LABOR on! spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do thy Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2.

Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
All earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed Thee not, men praise Thee not,
The Master praises! what are men?

3.

Go, labor on! Thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not, the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

4.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843, *abr.*

285. L. M. LOUVAN. (544.)

ETERNAL Father! Thou hast said
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That He, who once a sufferer bled,
Shall o'er the world a Conq'ror reign.

2.

We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared Thy way;

287.

C. M. ABDIEL. No. 40.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high:
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.

2.

On cherub and on cherubim,
 Full royally He rode;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

3.

He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

4.

The Lord will give His people strength
 Whereby they shall increase;
 And He will bless His chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1549, *abr.*

288.

C. M. CHERITH. No. 57.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,—
 It gives, but borrows none.

2.

The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise,—
 They rise, but never set.

3.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779, *abr.*

289.

C. M. ARLINGTON. (350.)

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
 Our path when wont to stray;
 Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace;
 Brook by the traveler's way.

2.

Word of the everlasting God;
 Will of His glorious Son;
 Without Thee how could Earth be trod,
 Or Heaven itself be won?

3.

Lord, grant us all aright to learn
 The wisdom it imparts;
 And to its heavenly teaching turn,
 With simple, child-like hearts!

BERNARD BARTON, 1827, *abr.*

290.

L. M. DUKE STREET. (2)

NEW every morning is the love
 Our waking and uprising prove;
 Thro sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2.

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.

3.

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.

4.

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.

5.

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.

JOHN KEELE, 1827, *abr.*

291.

C. M. D. CONFIDENCE. No. 74.

I bow my forehead in the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim;
 No offering of mine own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead His love for love.

2.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
 Of greater out of sight;
 And with the chasteued Psalmist, own
 His judgments too are right.
 And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break:
 But strengthen and sustain.

3.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life or death
 His mercy underlies.
 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867, *abr.*

292.

L. M. STARLIGHT. No. 201.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
 In visions of enraptured thought,
 So bright that all which spreads between,
 Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2.

A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
 There those who meet shall part no more;
 And those long parted meet again.

3.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light;
 It hath no need of suns to rise
 To dissipate the gloom of night

4.

There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm, serene abode;
 The wanderer there a home may find
 Within the paradise of God.

GURDON ROBBINS JR., *d.* 1883.

293.

C. M. D. JERUSALEM. (450.)

COME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joy celestial rise!
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King,
 In Earth and Heaven, are one.

2.

One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church, above, beneath,
 Tho now divided by the stream,—
 The narrow stream, of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3.

His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
 Oh that we now might grasp our Guide,
 Oh that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the wave divide,
 And land us all in Heaven!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759, *abr.*

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of Hosts! when Heaven and Earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good;
 While they sung with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2.

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore:
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3.

Holy, holy, holy! all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

RISE my soul! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's Heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove;
 Rise, my soul! and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2.

Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
 Whilst I that coast explore;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares
 Solicit me no more!
 Pilgrims fix not here their home;
 Strangers tarry but a night;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

3.

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season,—and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below;
 And Earth exchanged for HEAVEN.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742, *abr.*

LORD of Earth! Thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power:
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease Thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I on Earth but Thee?

2.

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
 Shines a world of purer light;
 There, in love's unclouded reign,
 Parted hands shall clasp again;
 Oh, that world is passing fair!
 Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

ROBERT GRANT, 1820, *abr.*

297. 7S. NUREMBERG. (681.)

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child,—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3.

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

JOHN NEWTON, 1799, *abr.*

298. 7S. PLEVEL (444.)

LORD! for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2.

Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed:
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Tho the prophecy were sealed.

3.

Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4.

Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

299. L. M. MELCOMBE. No. 197.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

2.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began!

3.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock I rest;
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will.
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

RAY PALMER, 1858

300. 8S & 7S. AUSTRIAN HYMN. No. 215.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro the wide creation—
Be Thy just and awful praise.

2.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought,
For Thy providence, that governs
Thro Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be Thy gentle reign.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1774, *abr.*

301. 75 & 68. EWING. NO. 234.

OUR God and our Redeemer,
Accept the house we build;
And let it with Thy blessing,
While e'er it stands, be filled.
From corner up to capstone,
Provide, direct, sustain;
That so, Thou Heavenly Builder,
We labor not in vain.

2.

Here, Lord, receive the praises
To Thine Incarnate Truth,
Of old men and of children,
Of maiden and of youth.
Amid Thy happy worship,
Let care and doubting cease;
Bestow Thy royal plenty,
And in this place give peace.

3.

Let loneliness and sorrow,
The stranger and the poor,
Find here, forever open,
Thy great effectual door.
Fetch home again Thy banished,
O King! and give to them
Who thirst for childhood's waters,
The well of Bethlehem.

4.

Here let Thy Spirit hover
In Pentecostal flame;
Make beautiful these gateways,
In Christ of Nazareth's name!
Till He shall come, to gather
The Church of the First-born,
And all the bells of glory
Ring in the Bridal morn!

M. W. STRYKER, 1883.

302. L. M. EISENACH. NO. 50.

OH, bow Thine ear, Eternal One!
On Thee our heart adoring calls;

To Thee the followers of Thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2.

Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of Heaven

3.

Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4.

Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5.

And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

JOHN PIERPONT, 1823.

303. 75, D. MAIDSTONE. (587.)

LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the Church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine,
Lead us thro' the paths of peace,
On, to perfect holiness.

2.

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee;
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names, and sects, and parties fall.
Thou, O Lord, art all in all!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740, *abr.*

304. C. M. ST. ANNE. NO. 103.
 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
 And make this house Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
 Oh! come, great Spirit! come.

2.

Come as the Light; to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

3.

Come as the Fire; and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let all our souls an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

4.

Come as the Dove; and spread Thy wings—
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let Thy Church on Earth become
 Blest as the Church above.

ANDREW REED, 1829.

305. H. M. ANTI-PHON. NO. 76.
 ONE sole baptismal sign;
 One Lord, below, above;
 One faith, one hope divine;
 One only watchword—Love;
 From diff'rent temples tho it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2.

Our Sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne;
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3.

Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe;
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842

306.

"That a death having taken place for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant, they that have been called may receive the promise of the eternal inheritance."

P. M.

II CORINTHIANS 13: 14.

Der Segen.

No. 228 WURTEMBERG GESANGBUCH.

The grace of our Lord Je-sus Christ ... And the love of God, ... And the com-

mun-ion of the Ho-ly Spi - it Be with us all, for - ev - er - more, A - - men.

307 Therefore with angels and archangels.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."

Chant.

The Trisagion.

THE THIRD CENTURY, A. D.

JOHN CAMIDGE, *d.* 1859.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with }
all the company of { Heav'n, we laud and magnify Thy

glo - rious Name; evermore praising Thee, and say - ing: Ho - ly, Ho - ly,

Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and Earth are full of Thy

glo - ry. *p* Glo - ry be..... to Thee, *f* O Lord.... Most High! A - men.

INDEX OF TUNES.

A.		Elisabeth	213	Lubeck	185	St. Silvester	66
Abdiel	40	Eloise	156	Luther's Hymn	222	St. Theodolph	60
Ach Gott verlass mich nicht	166	Es ist das Heil	94	Lux Expectata	136	St. Vincent	28
Affiance	105	Esther	19	Lux Matutina	53	Schaff	112
Agnus Dei	86	Eton	95	Lux Tenebris	137	Septuor	186
A Gregorian Chant	81	Evangel	127	M.			
Allein Gottin der "Höh sei Ehr"	43	Evening Hymn	6	Magdalen College	176	Sollt' ich meinen Gott nicht singen	36
Alle Menschen müssen sterben	177	Evensong	134	Meinhold	30	Starlight	201
All Hallows	227	Eventide	18	Melcombe	197	Sterndale	15
Anastasia	228	Ewing	234	Melita	20	Sunderland	123
Annunciation	63	Excelsius	7	N.			
Antiphon	76	F.		Nassau	148	Temple	14
Apolutrosis	125	Festus	183	New Jersey	198	Thatcher	190
Archangel	218	Freudensterne	167	Nicaea	70	The Austrian Hymn	215
Ascension	97	G.		Noel	4	The Hymn to Joy	69
Aurora	205	Gloria in Excelsis	111	Norwich	44	The Old 25th	101
B.		Good Tidings	67	Nun Danket alle Gott	47	The Old 44th	107
Baraby's Hymnary No. 55	8	Gorton	226	Nun lob' mein Seel den Herren	49	The Old 124th	34
Benediction	113	Gott ist die Ruh	233	O.			
Berkshire	139	Gotland	212	Obedience	146	The Old Ten Com- mandments	55
Bethlehem	64	H.		O Du Liebemeiner Liebe 100	100	The Passion Chorale	83
Blow's Chant	91	Hafwoden	152	Old 25th	101	The Russian Hymn	51
Bradford	38	Hebron	209	Old 44th	107	Thurifer	3
Burford	131	Herzliebster Jesu	84	Old 81st	219	Troye's Chant	159
C.		Hesperus	11	Old 124th	34	Twilight	5
Carey	120	Holyoke	54	Old 137th	44	U.	
Carmen Coeli	236	Horbury	165	Owasco	147	Uriel	223
Carol	65	Horsley	77	P.			
Cayuga	206	Houghton	35	Parousia	221	Uriah	207
Cherith	57	Hubert	17	Pax Dei	13	V.	
Childhood	102	Hursley	10	Pearsall	237	Veni Creator Spiritus	1
Christ Church	231	I.		Phuvah	130	Veni Immanuel	62
Christopher	174	Immanuel	116	Pittsfield	98	Vienna	79
Christus Pastor	164	Incarnation	72	Prayer	160	Vox Dilecti	133
Clare	138	Integer Vitae	26	R.			
Clarion	181	Ithaca	187	Redemption	87	Wachet Auf	220
Coeli Gloriantur	43	J.		Robinson's Chant	62	Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan	42
Columbia	20	Jehovah Jireh	170	Rock of Ages	85	Wearmouth	219
Confidence	74	Jerusalem, du hochge- baute Stadt	239	Rutherford	232	Weber's Choral	102
D.		Jesu, meine Freude	119	S.			
Deerhurst	99	Jesus, meine Zuversicht	71	Salomè	61	Weimar	59
Der Herr ist gut	52, 211	K.		Sanctuary	230	Werde munter, mein Gemüthe	109
Der lieben Sonnen licht	16	Kabzeel	153	San Salvador	149	Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten	37
Der Morgenstern	145	King's Chapel	194	San Alkmund	82	Westminster	32
Der Segen	306	Kirke	110	St. Anatolius	27	Whittier	210
Dies Christi	9	L.		St. Andrews	178	Wirttemberg	89
Dix	63	Lambherd	203	St. Anne	103	Wyciffe	183
Dresden	93	Lancashire	217	St. Anselm	203	Y.	
Dudley	46	Langran	118	St. Bartholomew	184	Yealand	135
Durham	24	Laudes Domini	168	St. Colomba	162	Z.	
E.		Lebens Leben	108	St. Cuthbert	106	Zethar	140
Ebury	235	Iebenslicht	128	St. Gertrude	179	Zion's King	80
Ein Feste Burg	45	Liebster Immanuel	180	St. Hilda	225	Zithri	223
Ein ist noth	182	Liverpool	114	St. James	157	Zurel	169
Eisenach	50	Lobe der Herren	31	St. Michael	73	Zwingle	214
Elhada	141	M.		St. Peter	142		

AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

A.

- ADAMS, Sarah Fuller (Flower) (1805-1849). *Hymn* 251.
 ADDISON, Joseph (1672-1719). *Hymns* 241, 242.
 AHLE, Johann Rudolph (1625-1673). *Tunes* 130, 238.
 ALEXANDER, Cecil Frances (1823- —). *Hymns* 87, 197, 202, 216, 227.
 ALEXANDER, James Waddell (1804-1859). *Hymn tr.* 83.
 ALPERS, William (1817-1845). *Tune* 76.
 ANATOLIUS, S. (— -458). *Hymn* 50.
 ANDREW, S. of Crete (660-?32). *Hymn* 178.
 ANSTICE, Joseph (1808-1836). *Hymn* 219.
 ASSCHENFELD, Karl Julius (1792-1856). *Hymn* 208.
 AUBER, Harriet (1773-1862). *Hymn* 106.

B.

- BACH, Johann Sebastian (1685-1750). *Tunes and arr.* 1, 30, 37, 50, 83, 94, 109, 119, 166, 180.
 BACH, Karl Phillip Emmanuel (1714-1788). *Tune* 125.
 BACON, Leonard (1802-1881). *Hymn* 50.
 BAKWELL, John (1721-1819). *Hymn* 100.
 BARING-GOULD, Sabine (1834- —). *Hymns* 5, 179.
 BARNEY, Joseph (1838- —). *Tunes* 5, 8, 9, 19, 28, 63, 66, 95, 105, 121, 136, 157, 168, 169, 228, 209, 236.
 BARTON, Bernard (1784-1849). *Hymn* 289.
 BEETHOVEN, Ludwig van (1770-1827). *Tunes* 69, 186, 226, 228.
 BEHEM, Martin (1557-1662). *Hymn* 128.
 BENNETT, William Sterndale (1816-1875). *Tune* 15.
 BERNARD, S. of Clairvaux (1091-1153). *Hymn* 143.
 BERNARD, S. of Morlaix (12th century). *Hymns* 234, 237.
 BIBLE, 81, 91, 92, 169, 306.
 BLODGETT, Benjamin Coleman (1838- —). *Tunes and arr.* 54, 98, 112, 139, 170, 220.
 BLOW, John (1648-1708). *Chant* 91.
 BOLZE, — (1788). *Tune* 36.
 BONAR, Horatius (1808- —). *Hymns* 133, 175, 286.
 BORTHWICK, Jane (1825- —). *Hymns tr.* 217, 225.
 BORTNIANSKY, Dimitri (1751-1825). *Tune* 110.
 BOURGEOIS, Louis (16th century). *Tune* 34.
 POWING, John (1792-1872). *Hymn* 161.
 BRIDGES, Matthew (1800- —). *Hymn* 98, 115, 276.
Bristol Tune Book, (1876). *Tune* 188.
 BROWNE, J. — E. — (— —). *Hymn* 163.
 BRUCE, Michael (1746-1767). *Hymn* 41.
 BRUDERGEMEINDE *Choral Buch* (1784). *Tune* 100.
 BRYANT, William Cullen (1794-1878). *Hymn* 144.
 BURNS, James Drummond (1823-1864). *Hymn* 201.
 BUTTSTETT, Franz B. — (— —). *Tune* 112.

C.

- CALKIN, John Baptiste (1827- —). *Tune* 137.
 CASWALL, Edward (1814-1878). *Hymns and tr.* 25, 89, 143, 168.
 CAWOOD, John (1775-1852). *Hymn* 69.

- CENNICK, John (1718-1758). *Hymn* 218.
 CHARLES, Elizabeth (1828- —). *Hymn* 121.
 CHERUBINI, M. L. C. Z. S. (1760-1842). *Tune* 87.
 CHORLEY, Henry Fothergill (1808-1872). *Hymn* 51.
 CLARKE, James Freeman (1810- —). *Hymn* 117.
 CLAUDE'S (Joseph) "*Psalmodia*" (1630). *Tune* 128.
 CODNER, Elizabeth (1835- —). *Hymn* 249.
 CONDER, Josiah (1789-1855). *Hymns* 120, 171, 250.
 CORNELL, John Henry (1828- —). *Tunes* 2, 11.
 COSMAS, S. (— -760). *Hymn* 102.
 COUSIN, Anne Ross (— —). *Hymn* 232.
 COWPER, William (1731-1800). *Hymns* 40, 130, 131, 141, 162, 288.
 COXE, Arthur Cleveland (1818- —). *Hymns* 215, 258.
 CROFT, William (1677-1727). *Tune* 103.
 CRUGER, Johann (1598-1662). *Tunes* 47, 71, 84, 119, 141.

D.

- DARMSTADT *Gesangbuch* (1698). *Tune* 182.
 DAYE'S (John) "*Psalter*" (1562). *Tunes* 44, 73, 101, 107, 219.
 DECIUS, Nicholas (1519?-1541). *Tunes* 43, 86.
 DECK, James George (1802- —). *Hymn* 77.
 DIX, William Chatterton (1837- —). *Hymns and arr.* 68, 102.
 DOANE, George Washington (1799-1859). *Hymns* 19, 90.
 DODDGE, Philip (1702-1751). *Hymns* 228, 240.
 DOLES, Johann Friedrich (1715-1797). *Tune* arr. 167.
 DUFFIELD, George (1818- —). *Hymn* 246.
 DUNCAN, Mary Lundie (1814-1840). *Hymn* 199.
 D'URRHAN, Chretien (1790-1845?). *Tune* 232.
 DRENNAN, William (1754-1820). *Hymn* 229.
 DWIGHT, Timothy (1752-1817). *Hymn* 253.
 DYKES, John Bacchus (1823-1876). *Tunes*, 4, 20, 24, 27, 53, 67, 80, 85, 106, 133, 160, 165, 178, 201, 230.

E.

- ELLERTON, John (1826- —). *Hymns* 13, 51, 124, 209.
 ELLIOTT, Charlotte (1789-1871). *Hymns* 24, 159, 160, 224, 267.
 ELLIOTT, Julia Anne (Marshall) (1810?-1841). *Hymn* 9.
 ELYEY, George Job (1816- —). *Tune* 140.
 EWING, Alexander (1830- —). *Tune* 234.

F.

- FABER, Frederick William (1814-1863). *Hymns* 20, 32, 194, 236, 279.
 FAWCETT, John (1730-1817). *Hymn* 255.
 FLEMMING, Frederick Ferdinand (1778-1813). *Tune* 26.
 FOLLEN, Eliza Lee (Cabot) (1787-1860). *Hymn* 261.
 FRANK, Saloman (1659-1725). *Hymn* 106.
 FRANK, Johann (1618-1677). *Hymns* 47, 119.
 FRECH, Johann Geirg (1790-1864). *Tune* 69.
 FREYSTEIN, Johann Burchard (— -1720). *Hymn* 148.
 FRITZSCH, Ahasuerus (1629-1701). *Hymn* 180.

AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

G.

- GAUNTLETT, Henry John (1806-1876). *Tune* 35.
 GERHARDT, Paul (1666-1676). *Hymns* 36, 49, 83, 108, 225.
 GILBERT, Walter Bond (1829- —). *Tunes* 134, 198.
 GILL, Thomas Hornblower (1819- —). *Hymns* 53, 107, 146.
 GOUDIMEL, Claude (1510?-1572). *Tune* 55.
 GOUGH, Benjamin (1805-1884). *Hymn* 212.
 GOUNOD, Charles François (1818- —). *Tune* 62.
 GRANT, Robert (1785-1838). *Hymns* 35, 158, 296.
 GRAUN, Carl Heinrich (1701-1759). *Tune* 207.
 GURNEY, John Hampden (1802-1862). *Hymn* 73.
 GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (17th century). *Hymn* 175.

H.

- HANDEL, George Frideric (1685-1759). *Tunes* 38, 190.
 HASSLER, John Leonhard (1564-1612). *Tunes* 3, 83.
 HATFIELD, Edwin Francis (1807-1883). *Hymn* 252.
 HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley (1836-1879). *Hymn* 189.
 HAWKESWORTH, John (1715-1773). *Hymn* 7.
 HAUPT'S "Choralbuch" (1608). *Tune* 239.
 HAYES, William (1707-1777). *Tune* 176.
 HAYDN, Francis Joseph (1732-1809). *Tune* 215.
 HEBER, Reginald (1783-1826). *Hymns* 4, 15, 141, 184, 192, 283.
 HEERMANN, Johann (1585-1647). *Hymn* 129.
 HELD, Heinrich (1664). *Hymn* 110.
 HERMANN, Nicholas (1561). *Tune* 174.
 HINTZE, Jacob (1666). *Tune* 177.
 HODGES, George Samuel (— — —). *Hymn* 80.
 HOPKINS, Edward John (1818- —). *Tunes* 13, 14.
 HORSLEY, William (1774-1858). *Tune* 77.
 HOSKINS, Joseph (1745-1788). *Hymn* 256.
 HOW, William Walsham (1823- —). *Hymns* 46, 83, 205, 265.
 HUPTON, Job (1762-1849). *Hymn* 113.
 HUSBAND, Edward (1845- —). *Tune* 225.

J.

- JOHNSON, Katherine Hardenburgh (1838- —). *Hymn* 284.
 JOHNSON, Samuel (1822-1882). *Hymns* 157, 259.
 JOSEPH, S. of the Studium (9th century). *Hymn* 231.

K.

- KEBLE, John (1792-1866). *Hymns* 10, 57, 290.
 KEITH, George (1787). *Hymn* 270.
 KELLY, Thomas (1769-1855). *Hymns* 11, 114.
 KEN, Thomas (1637-1711). *Hymn* 6.
 KENNEDY, Benjamin Hall (1804- —). *Hymn tr.* 126.
 KLUG'S "Gesangbuch" (1535). *Tunes* 1, 222.
 KNAPP, Albert (1798-1864). *Hymns and tr.* 126, 145.
 KNECHT, Justin Heinrich (1752-1817). *Tunes* 79, 214, 225.
 KOEHER, Conrad (1786-1872). *Tunes* 52, 68, 164, 211.
 KRUMMACHER, Friedrich Adolf (1767-1845). *Hymn* 164.
 KUGELMANN, Johann (— — —). *Tune* 49.

L.

- LANGRAN, James (1835- —). *Tunes* 99, 113.
 LAURENTI, Laurentius (1660-1722). *Hymn* 217.
 LLOYD, William Freeman (1791-1853). *Hymn* 122.
 LOMAS, George (— — —). *Tune* 127.
 LONGFELLOW, Samuel (1819- —). *Hymn all.* 25.

- LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546). *Hymn* 45.
Tunes 45, 72, 170.
 LWOFF, Alexis Fedorovitch (1799-1870). *Tune* 51.
 LYTE, Henry Francis (1793-1847). *Hymns* 13, 132, 134, 156, 245.

M.

- MACDONALD, Alexander (— — —). *Tune* 184.
 MACFARREN, George Alexander (1813- —). *Tune* 61.
 MADAN, Martin (1726-1799). *Hymn tr.* 218.
 MAIN, Hubert Platt (1839- —). *Tunes and arr.* 45, 120, 138, 156, 203.
 MAROT'S (Clement) "Psalter" (1551). *Tunes* 34, 55.
 MASSIE, Richard (1800- —). *Hymn tr.* 139.
 MATHESIUS, Johann (1503-1565). *Hymn* 3.
 MAURICE, Peter (1804-1878). *Tune* 152.
 MEDLEY, Samuel (1738-1799). *Hymn* 25.
 MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, Felix J. L. (1809-1847). *Tune arr.* 43.
 MEYFAIT, Johann Mathacus (1590-1642). *Hymn* 239.
 MIDLANE, Albert (1855- —). *Hymn* 196.
 MILES, Sarah Elizabeth (Appleton) (1807- —). *Hymn* 140.
 MILLS, Henry (1786-1867). *Hymns tr.* 3, 125, 238.
 MONK, William Henry (1823- —). *Tune* 18.
 MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854). *Hymns* 43, 103, 163, 221, 226, 260, 280, 294, 298.
 MONSELL, John Samuel Bewley (1811-1875). *Hymn* 60.
 MORRIS, Eliza Fanny (1821- —). *Hymn* 127.
 MOULTRIE, John (1799-1874). *Hymn* 93.
 MUHLENBERG, William Augustus (1796-1877). *Hymn* 54, 193.

N.

- NEALE, John Mason (1818-1866). *Hymns and tr.* 27, 29, 62, 74, 82, 96, 135, 178, 231, 234, 237, 268.
 NEANDER, Joachim (1640-1680). *Hymns* 31, 53.
Tunes and arr. 31, 177.
 NELSON, Horatio (1821- —). *Hymn* 204.
 NEUMARK, George Christian (1621-1681). *Hymn* 27.
Tune 37.
 NEWMAN, John Henry (1801- —). *Hymn* 137.
 NEWTON, John (1725-1807). *Hymns* 12, 247, 266, 297.
 NICOLAI, Philip (1756-1608). *Hymns* 145, 220.
Tunes and arr. 145, 220.

O.

- OLIVERS, Thomas (1725-1792). *Hymn* 233.
 OPIE, Amelia (1769-1853). *Hymn* 53.

P.

- PALMER, Ray (1808- —). *Hymns* 252, 285, 299.
 PARR, Henry (1815- —). *Tune* 135.
 PEARCE, Joseph (— — —). *Tune arr.* 111.
 PERRONET, Edward (1726-1792). *Hymn* 262.
 PETERS, Mary Bowly (1813-1856). *Hymn* 14.
Philadelphia "Choralbuch" (1813). *Tune* 146.
 PIERACCINI, Emilio (1828- —). *Tune* 149.
 PIERPONT, John (1785-1866). *Hymn* 302.
 PIATTI, Max (1852-1885). *Tunes* 48, 97, 205, 206, 218, 221.
 PIATTI, William (1856- —). *Tunes* 59, 187.
 POTT, Francis (1832- —). *Hymn* 95.
 PRENTISS, Elizabeth (1818-1878). *Hymn* 165.
 PURCELL, Henry (1658-1695). *Tunes* 131, 194.

AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

R.

RABANUS, Maurus (776-856). *Hymn* 1.
 REDHEAD, Richard (1820—). *Tune* 116.
 REED, Andrew (1787-1862). *Hymns* 39, 304.
 REINAGLE, Alexander Robert (1790-1877). *Tune* 142.
 RINBAULT Edward Francis (1816-1876). *Tunes and arr.*
 46, 181, 232.
 RINKART, Martin (1586-1649). *Hymn* 47.
 RITTER, Peter (1760-1846). *Tune* 10.
 ROBBINS, Chandler (1810—). *Hymn* 273.
 ROBBINS, Gurdon, Jr. (—-1883). *Hymn* 202.
 ROBBINS, George (—-—). *Hymn* 305.
 ROBINSON, John (1682-1762). *Chant* 92.
 ROBINSON, Robert (1735-1790). *Hymn* 300.
 RODIGAST, Samuel (1649-1708). *Hymn* 42.
 ROSENMULLER, Johann (1615-1685). *Tune* 148.
 ROSETTI, Christiana Georgina (1830—). *Hymn* 206.
 ROUS, Francis (1579-1659). *Hymn* 277.

S.

SCHWEIN, Johan Hermann (1586-1630). *Tunes and arr.* 3, 50.
 SCHONER, Johann Gottfried (1749-1818). *Hymn* 238.
 SCHOP, Johann (1605-1660?). *Tune* 109, 129.
 SCHRIEVER, M— Christian (1629-1693). *Hymn* 16.
 SCOTT, Robert Allan (1804-1870). *Hymn* 56.
 SCUDDER, Eliza (1821—). *Hymn* 155.
 SEAGRAVE, Robert (1693-1764). *Hymn* 295.
 SEARS, Edmund Hamilton (1810-1876). *Hymns* 65, 66.
 SEIBOTHAM, John S. (—-—). *Tune* 82.
 SILCHER, Friederich (1789-1860). *Tune* 183.
 SINGLETON, Robert Corbett (—-—). *Hymn* 8.
 SLADDIN, Orlando (—-—). *Tune* 235.
 SMART, Henry (1813-1879). *Tunes* 123, 213, 217.
 SMITH, Samuel (1804-1873). *Tune* 196.
 SMITH, Samuel Francis (1808—). *Hymn* 281.
 SPERATUS, Paulus (1484-1551). *Tune* 94?
 SPITTA, Karl Johann Phillip (1801-1859). *Hymn* 139.
 SPOHR, Louis (1784-1859). *Tune* 57.
 STAHL, Johann (—-—). *Tune* 223.
 STEELE, Anne (1716-1778). *Hymns* 150, 243.
 STEGGALL, Charles (1826—). *Tune* 231.
 STEPHEN, S. the Sabaite (725-794). *Hymn* 135.
 STERNHOLD, Thomas (1500?-1549). *Hymn* 287.
 STEWART, Robert Prescott (1825—). *Tunes* 162, 204, 227.
 ST. ALBANS' *Tune Book* (1865). *Tunes* 74, 192.
 ST. JOHN, Francis Butler (1860-1879). *Hymn* 157.
 STONE, Samuel John (1839—). *Hymn* 118.
 STÖRL, Johann George Christian (1676-1743). *Tune* 153.
 STRYKER, Melancthon Woolsey (1851—). *Hymns and*
tr. 1, 16, 31, 34, 36, 45, 48, 52, 63, 71, 84, 86, 94, 109,
 112, 119, 136, 145, 153, 164, 166, 167, 169, 177, 180, 182,
 183, 185, 187, 201, 203, 207, 211, 213, 222, 301.
Tunes, Chants and arr. 17, 40, 147, 210, 233.
 SULLIVAN, Arthur Seymour (1842—). *Tunes and arr.*
 70, 179.

T.

TALLIS, Thomas (1520-1585). *Tune* 6.
 TATE AND BRADY (1696). *Hymns* 33, 64, 70, 170.
 TATE, Nahum (1652-1715). *Hymns* 64, 156.
 TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard (1697-1769). *Hymns* 22, 105.
 TESCHNER, Melchior (1613). *Tune* 60.
 THEODULPH, S. (—-321). *Hymn* 82.
 THURP, Dorothy Ann (1799-1847). *Hymn* 195.
 TOKE, Emma Leslie (1812-1878). *Hymn* 101.
 TOMALINE, James B. (—-—). *Hymn tr.* 72.

TOPLADY, Augustus Montague (1740-1776). *Hymns* 85,
 274, 278.
 TREGELLES, Samuel Prideaux (1813-1875). *Hymn* 214.
 TROYTE, Arthur Henry Dyke (Acland) (1811-1857).
Chant 159.
 TURLE, James (1802-1882). *Tune* 32.
 TUTTIETT, Lawrence (1825—). *Hymn* 61.
 TWELLS, Henry (1823—). *Hymn* 248.

U.

UNKNOWN. *Hymns* 25, 26, 28, 30, 62, 70, 95, 96, 111, 200,
 203.
Tunes 1, 16, 40, 42, 44, 64, 70, 73, 74, 81, 93, 94, 100,
 101, 108, 111, 128, 146, 162, 167, 180, 182, 185, 188, 192,
 212, 219, 222, 225, 237, 239, 306.

V.

VULPIUS, Melchior (1560-1616). *Tune* 130.

W.

W—, —, Mrs. (—-—). *Hymn* 193.
 WAGNER, E. (—-—). *Hymn* 125.
 WAINRIGHT, Robert (1747-1782). *Tune* 114.
 WALWORTH, Clarence Augustus (1820—). *Hymn tr.* 30.
 WARING, Anna Lætitia (1820—). *Hymn* 138.
 WATTS, Isaac (1674-1748). *Hymns* 33, 44, 75, 104, 172,
 174, 191, 254, 257, 269, 275.
 WEBBE, Samuel (1740-1816). *Tunes* 113, 197.
 WEBER, Franz (1805-1876). *Tune* 102.
 WEISSELL, George (1590-1635). *Hymn* 244.
 WESLEY, Charles (1708-1788). *Hymns* 2, 21, 59, 67, 73, 79,
 97, 116, 123, 147, 173, 186, 190, 218, 263, 264, 271, 293, 303.
 WESLEY, John (1703-1791). *Hymn tr.* 22.
 WHATELY, Richard (1787-1863). *Hymn* 15.
 WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785-1806). *Hymns* 154, 181.
 WHITING, William (1825-1878). *Hymn* 23.
 WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807—). *Hymns* 142, 210,
 282, 291.
 WHITTINGHAM, William Rollison (1805-1879). *Hymn tr.*
 239.
 WILHELM, Johann Christian (—-—). *Hymn* 167.
 WILLIAMS, Isaac (1802-1865). *Hymn* 17.
 WILLIS, Richard Storrs (1819—). *Tune* 65.
 WINKWORTH, Catherine (1829-1878). *Hymn tr.* 26, 37,
 42, 47, 49, 53, 105, 108, 110, 128, 129, 148, 152, 176,
 220, 244.
 WORDSWORTH, Christopher (1807-1885). *Hymns* 99, 230, 272,
Wurtemburger Gesangbuch (1853-1839). *Tune* 306.

X.

XAVIER, S. Francis (1506-1552). *Hymn* 89.

Y.

YOUNG, Andrew (1807—). *Hymn* 235.
 YOUNG, J— (—-—). *Hymn* 76.

Z.

ZINZENDORF, Nicholas Ludwig von (1700-1760). *Hymns*
 72, 152.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<p>ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide... 13 A glory gilds the sacred page..... 283 All glory, laud and honor..... 82 All hail the power of Jesus' name !..... 262 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow..... 93 All praise to Thee, my God, this night... 6 All that I was—my sin, my guilt..... 175 All the hosts of morning sing..... 71 Almighty Father of mankind..... 41 Am I a soldier of the Cross..... 174 Amid life's wild commotion..... 208 A pilgrim and a stranger..... 225 Arise, O King of Grace ! arise..... 257 Around Thy throne on high..... 124 Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 135 As pants the hart for cooling streams.... 156 As shadows cast by cloud and sun..... 144 As with gladness men of old..... 68 A Tower of safety is our God..... 45 Awake ! awake, O Zion..... 212</p> <p>BLESSED are the pure in heart..... 268 Blest be the tie that binds..... 255 Brother, hast thou wandered far..... 117 Burst forth, O Bridegroom, from Thy... 213 By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 192</p> <p>CALM on the listening ear of night..... 65 Can we, whose souls are lighted..... 283 Christian, dost thou see them..... 178 City of God, how broad and far..... 259 Come and rejoice with me..... 121 Come, Christian children, come and raise 195 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove..... 104 Come let us anew..... 59 Come, let us join our friends above.... 293 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... 247</p>	<p>Come, O Creator Spirit, Come..... 1 Come, O Thou Traveller, unknown..... 21 Come we that love the Lord..... 197 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem..... 113 Courage, doubting heart, be braver..... 177 Crown Him with many crowns..... 276</p> <p>DEAREST Immanuel, Prince of the lowly, 180 Dear Saviour ! ever at my side..... 194 Depth of mercy ! can there be..... 116 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel..... 62</p> <p>EQUIP me for the war..... 190 Eternal Father, strong to save..... 23 Eternal Father, Thou has said..... 285</p> <p>FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee..... 162 Father, let me dedicate..... 61 Father of Eternal grace..... 188 Father of Heaven, who hast created.... 126 Father, our hearts we lift..... 73 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 243 Fear not, O little flock, the foe..... 176 For all the saints, who from their..... 205 Forever ours ! for good or ill..... 282 Forever with the Lord..... 226 For mercies, countless as the sands..... 131 For that ye, young men, are strong..... 185 From all Thy saints in warfare..... 204</p> <p>GLORY be to God on high..... 111 God is forever true..... 167 God moves in a mysterious way..... 40 God of my life ! thro all my days..... 240 God of Thine Israel, none is like..... 187 God save our land ! be this our..... 52 God that madest Earth and Heaven..... 15 Go labor on ! spend and be spent..... 286</p>
---	---

FIRST LINES.

HAIL, great Redeemer! high.....	112	Jesus, day by day.....	152
Hail thou bright and sacred morn.....	9	Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....	223
Hail Thou once despisèd Jesus.....	100	Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	147
Happy the home when God is there.....	193	Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	123
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs....	236	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	199
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	67	Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	143
Hark! the song of jubilee.....	221	Jesus, Thou art nearest.....	119
Hark! the sound of holy voices.....	230	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.....	149
Hark! what mean those holy voices....	69	Just as I am, without one plea.....	267
Have I long in sin been sleeping.....	249	LAMB of God, I look to Thee.....	79
Head of the Church, triumphant.....	186	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace....	289
Heavenward, still heavenward.....	238	Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling..	137
He is despised and rejected of men....	91	Leave God to order all thy ways.....	37
He wills that I should holy be.....	173	Let every mortal ear attend.....	275
He who with His mighty hand.....	102	Let me be with Thee, where Thou.....	224
Holy God, we praise Thy name.....	30	Let Thy cross my will control.....	278
Holy, holy, holy Lord.....	294	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates....	244
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty...	4	Lo! He comes with clouds descending...	218
Holy Spirit! once again.....	110	Lo! hills and mountains shall bring....	70
Hosanna we sing, like the children.....	80	Long did I toil, and knew no earthly....	134
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord....	242	Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.....	78
How brightly glows the morning star....	145	Lord! for ever at Thy side.....	298
How firm a foundation, ye saints.....	270	Lord, from whom all blessings flow....	303
How shall I follow Him I serve.....	171	Lord, I have sinned; but oh, forgive....	132
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds....	266	Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light...	128
Hushed was the hymn, the temple dark..	201	Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	88
I AM redeemed!—the purchase of.....	125	Lord, my weak thought in vain would...	299
I bless Thee, Lord, for sorows sent.....	151	Lord of Earth, Thy forming hand.....	296
I bow my forehead in the dust.....	291	Lord of my life, Whose tender care....	28
I do not come because my soul.....	157	Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest..	43
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	133	Lord, Thou hast formed mine every part.	56
I know no life divided.....	139	Lord, 'tis not that I did choose Thee....	120
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord.....	253	Lo the day of rest declineth.....	273
Immortal love, forever full.....	142	Love Divine, all loves excelling.....	263
In age and feebleness, extreme.....	264	Lo! where that spotless Lamb for sin...	84
In heavenly love abiding.....	138	MARAN ATHA! He is coming.....	216
In sleep's serene oblivion laid.....	7	Meet and right it is to sing.....	2
In Thy great name, O Lord! we come...	256	Mighty God, Thy Church recover.....	183
I sing th' almighty power of God.....	33	Mighty God, while angels bless thee....	300
It came upon the midnight clear.....	66	More love to Thee, O Christ.....	165
JERUSALEM! high tower thy glorious....	239	My country, 'tis of thee.....	281
Jerusa'em the golden.....	234	My faith looks up to Thee.....	252

FIRST LINES.

My God, accept my heart this day.....	115	O sacred Head, now wounded.....	83
My God and Father, while I stray.....	159	O Saviour, who from Heaven came.....	72
My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	32	O Son of God, in glory crowned.....	87
My God, I love Thee! not because.....	89	O sons and daughters, let us sing.....	96
My God, is any hour so sweet.....	160	O Spirit of the living God.....	163
My heart her incense burning.....	3	O Thou Eternal, Changeless, Infinite....	34
My times are in Thy hand.....	122	O Thou final Revelation.....	109
NEARER, my God to Thee.....	251	O Thou God who hearest prayer.....	250
Nearer, O God to Thee.....	265	O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel.....	169
New every morning is the love.....	290	O Thou, who by a star didst guide.....	74
No change of time shall ever shock.....	170	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed....	106
Now God be with us, for the night is....	26	Our Father, which art in Heaven.....	81
Now I lay me down to sleep.....	203	Our God and our Redeemer.....	301
Now thank we all our God.....	47	Our God, our help in ages past.....	44
Now the day is over.....	5	Our God, our God, Thou shinest here....	107
Now the laborer's task is o'er.....	209	Our Lord is risen from the dead....	97
Now with Creation's morning song.....	25	O very God of very God.....	29
O Christ, our true and only Light.....	129	POOR child of sin and woe.....	127
O come, dear child, along with me.....	202	Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent.....	31
O day of rest and gladness.....	272	QUICKEN, Lord, our pilgrim going.....	182
O'er our blooming plains and prairies....	200	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	297
Oft in danger, oft in woe.....	131	REJOICE, all ye believers.....	217
O God, all terrible! Thou who.....	51	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	98
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.....	50	Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings....	295
O God, forsake me not.....	166	Rise my soul to watch and pray.....	148
O God, O Spirit, Light of all.....	105	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	85
O God, Thy judgments give the King....	211	SAFE home, safe home in port.....	231
Oh bow Thine ear, Eternal One.....	302	Saviour, again to Thy dear name.....	13
Oh for a shout of joy.....	76	Saviour! sprinkle many nations.....	215
Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet.....	75	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....	193
Oh not to fill the mouth of fame.....	146	See the Conqueror mounts in triumph....	99
Oh sing unto the Lord.....	92	Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless....	260
Oh where are kings and empires now....	258	Should I not, in meek adoring.....	36
Oh worship the King! all glorious.....	35	Since o'er Thy footstool here.....	54
O Lamb of God unspotted.....	86	Sing to the Lord of harvest.....	60
O Lord, we would the path retrace.....	77	Softly now the light of day.....	19
Once, in Galilee, a lowly maiden.....	63	Spirit Divine! attend our prayers.....	304
Once more, 'tis eventide, and we.....	248	Spirit of power and might! behold.....	103
One sole baptismal sign.....	305	Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	246
One there is above all others.....	12	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	10
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	179	Sweetest Fount of holy gladness.....	108
Open, Lord, my inward ear.....	271	Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go.....	20

FIRST LINES.

TAKE my life, and let it be.	189	Thou grace divine, enriching all.	155
Take, my soul, thy full salvation.	245	Thou hidden love of God, whose height.	22
Thank God, it hath resounded.	49	Thou sorrows rise and dangers roll.	141
THAT GREAT DAY OF THE LORD draws nigh	222	Thou true God alone.	53
The child leans on his parent's breast.	17	Thou who did'st stoop below.	140
The day is past and over.	27	Thro all the changing scenes of life.	38
The flowers that bloom in sun and shade.	206	Thro the day Thy love hath spared us.	11
The gloomy night will soon be past.	214	Thro the love of God our Saviour.	14
The God of Abraham praise.	233	Thy home is with the humble, Lord.	279
The God of harvest praise.	280	Thy mercy heard my infant prayer.	158
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.	306	To God,—the Father, Son.	252
The Head that once was crowned.	114	To Thee, our God, we fly.	46
The Heaven of heavens cannot contain.	229	Tranquilly, slowly, solemnly.	207
The Lord descended from above.	287	UNITE them all one cause to make.	153
The Lord our God is clothed with.	154	Upraised from sleep, to Thee we.	8
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.	277	WAKE, awake, for night is flying.	220
The lovely sun has now fulfilled.	16	We are but little children, weak.	197
There is a book who runs may read.	57	Weary of earth and laden with my sin.	118
There is a fountain, filled with blood.	130	We cannot always trace the way.	161
There's a Friend for little children.	196	We lift our hearty cry.	48
There is a happy land.	235	We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful.	254
There is a land mine eye hath seen.	292	Whate'er my God ordains is right.	42
There is an hour when I must part.	39	What less than Thine almighty word.	150
There seems a voice in every gale.	58	What sweetness on Thine earth doth.	55
The roseate hues of early dawn.	227	When all Thy mercies, O my God.	241
The sands of time are wasting.	232	When came in flesh th' incarnate Word.	219
The songs of glory here begun.	184	When I survey the wondrous cross.	269
The Son of God goes forth to war.	184	When morning gilds the skies.	168
The strife is o'er, the battle done.	95	While all the night-stars fade.	94
The way is dark: I cannot see at all.	136	While shepherds watch'd their flocks.	94
The whole wide world for Jesus.	284	Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.	172
The world is very evil.	237	With silence only as their benediction.	210
Thou art gone up on high.	101	Yea! our Shepherd leads with.	167
Thou art the Way; to Thee alone.	90	Ye golden lamps of heav'n, farewell.	228
Thou, from whom we never part.	261	Your harps, ye trembling saints.	274
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness.	24		

